THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

Established and for 27 years Edited by

C. H. SPURGEON.

1892.

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

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PREFACE.

FOR seven-and-twenty years the late beloved Editor wrote the prefaces to the Annual Volumes. Even last year, when the Magazine was necessarily, through his long and serious illness, to a considerable extent under the management of others, Mr. Spurgeon wrote the preface for the 1891 Volume shortly after his arrival in the sunny South. On this occasion, another and a feebler hand must attempt the task.

The Sword and the Trowel for 1892 is very largely a MEMORIAL VOLUME. The first two monthly numbers contain articles written specially for the Magazine by the late Editor, and most of the following issues are brightened with contributions from his busy pen and consecrated tongue, while the whole Volume abounds in "Reminiscences" and "In Memoriam" notices of the beloved servant of the Lord, whose loss is felt increasingly as the months fly swiftly by.

The management of the Magazine remains exactly as it was left by Mr. Spurgeon, and the one aim of the managers has been to follow the lines so clearly laid down by him during his long editorial life. The contributors, reviewers, &c., are almost identically the same as while he lived; and although all of them recognize that it is impossible for anyone to fill *his* place, yet they are endeavouring to do all in their power to carry on *his* Magazine as he would have done if he had been spared. They hope to continue for many years the publication of his treasured addresses and writings, as many of them have been preserved for that purpose; and they have still much to record concerning the late beloved Editor which cannot fail to be interesting to his many friends. They ask their readers, in return, to aid them by seeking to increase the circulation of the Magazine.

For many years, *The Sword and the Trowel* has not only been very largely an autobiography of Mr. Spurgeon, but it has also been the mainstay of the institutions founded by him, and carried on so successfully under his presidency. A very large proportion of the contributions for the various works has been given by readers of the Magazine; and our pages have recorded, month by month, everything that appeared likely to maintain interest in the various institutions. We trust that the Magazine will still be the means of helping the *Pastors' College*, the *Stockwell Orphanage*, the *Colportage Association*, the *Society of Evangelists*, the *Pastors' College Missionary Association*, and all the smaller Tabernacle Societies whose work and progress have been noted in our columns from time to time. No other tongue or pen can plead for orphans, students, colporteurs, evangelists, missionaries, &c., as our loved leader's could; but we can still urge the highest plea that *he* ever used, as we ask the Lord's stewards, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, will to support every department of Mr. Spurgeon's work which they believe that the Lord wishes to be continued.

We must confess that we feel some measure of disappointment when we think of the *C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund*. Knowing the intense affection that existed between tens of thousands, and even hundreds of thousands, of godly people and our late beloved Editor, we did think that a fund that would at all adequately express the esteem in which he was and still is held, would by this time have reached at least £20,000. The four principal institutions that are to benefit from this fund need £20,000 per annum to maintain them in their present state of efficiency; so that the sum we have named would not be at all excessive, when spread over a series of years, to relieve any pressure caused through the removal of the chief channel of supply. It may be that the Master will yet move some of His wealthy servants to give very largely out of their abundance, and that many others, who have not yet contributed, will do so before the fund is closed.

While Mr. Spurgeon lived, he often expressed his astonishment that Christian people did not more generously support the *Colportage Association*, which he regarded as one of the best agencies for the dissemination of good literature, and the evangelization of the villages and hamlets of our land. Since his departure, the Association has been in real need; and it will require increased help if its present operations are to be continued. The *Society of Evangelists* and the *Pastors' College Missionary Association* were both very dear to Mr. Spurgeon's heart. This intimation will, doubtless, be sufficient to secure for these Societies the continued liberality of those generous friends, who will, for Mr. Spurgeon's sake, and still more, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, also maintain his chief educational and philanthropic works, the *Pastors' College* and the *Stockwell Orphanage*.

As soon as Mrs. Spurgeon returned from her happy yet sorrowful sojourn in the sunny South, she resumed the work of her beloved *Book Fund*, which had been, to a large extent, in abeyance during her dear husband's long illness, and their absence on the Continent. Her loving ministry on behalf of poor pastors at home, and many missionaries abroad, has afforded a sweet solace to her sorrow; while, at the same time, it has enabled her to help to fill many an empty bookshelf, and to cheer many a sad minister's heart. We hope that, early in the New Year, Mrs. Spurgeon will issue a fresh Report of the Lord's gracious dealings with her in connection with her Book Fund and Pastors' Aid Fund.

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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1892.

Sweet Experiences in 1842 and 1892.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THOSE who have made most use of language are most aware of its limitations. Thoughts can usually robe themselves in words; but emotions of a fervent kind can no more be solidified into speech than flames of fire can be frozen. Christian experience not only leads believers in a way that they know not, but also in a way which they cannot make known to others. Things impossible to utter are not unusual to those who endure great trials and enjoy special favours. Many things in nature can be fairly well described, and yet, when they are actually seen, the spectator meets with a something which was not in the description, and could not have been placed there by wit of man. It is far more so in the matter of spiritual experience: here no man can really know what he has not personally tasted and handled. Though a prophet should declare it unto a man in choicest language, and he should exercise an educated understanding thereupon, he could not truly be taught experimental religion except by himself having it written on his soul by the Holy Ghost. Hence, a writer who touches upon any phase of the inner life, will soon feel that his pen fails him.

I have been led into this line of remark by feeling how little I could communicate to my friends of my own rest in the Lord. God has been so supremely gracious to his servant, that he cannot be silent concerning the Lord's tenderness; and yet speech goes not a thousandth part of the way towards setting forth the praise which is felt in his heart; much less the glory which is due unto the Father of

mercy. A deep and assured sense that all is in the hands of infinite love, and that all is well, begets a peace which passeth all understanding; and out of this peace arises a quiet joy, which makes gratitude and adoration to be as the breath and pulse of the soul. We can speak of this restful, reverent bowing before the throne, and read of its serene satisfaction; but actually to enjoy it is quite another thing. One knows what it is to "feel like singing all the time"; but to be too overawed with measureless love to attempt a song, and so to sit silent before the Lord, is a stage further on.

One reason why some of us would fight tooth and nail for our Bibles, is the fact that we have *felt* their inspiration. I abhor the superstition of those who would fish for texts in the Bible as though they would find direction according to the page which they happened to open; this is to make Holy Scripture the tool of witchery, and to treat the Word of the Lord as though it were a wizard's charm. We reverence the sacred volume far too much to make it a sort of spiritual lottery, or Book of Fate, after the manner of the semi-heathen superstitions which survive among the credulous. But, when a passage from the Book of God has been made to shine within the mind, and reveal itself to the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, it ceases to become a question as to whether it is to be obeyed or not, for it forces itself upon the soul, and impresses its divine teaching upon the entire man. To the believer who receives the sacred Word in the fulness of a divine application, it is a voice from the excellent glory, which he delights to hear; and as he hears, he lives by a new supply of divine energy, and under a fresh anointing of heavenly grace. It would be impossible to lay down upon paper rules for discerning the difference between mere fancies and true movements of the Spirit; but spiritual men have a judgment which soon detects the false, and their own spirit responds to the true. Without the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which is the fruit of regeneration, no rules for discerning are of the slightest use; but the spiritual man judgeth all things, though he himself is not fully understood by any man.

The most mysterious joy one ever experiences arises from a sense of God. Known in his covenant relation, as reconciled in Christ Jesus, and full of infinite love, the soul perceives Jehovah's all-pervading presence by an unutterable sense of overshadowing, which brings with it a delight such as nothing can rival, as much above all joys of mere nature as the heaven is above the earth. The will of God is, then, the soul's highest will; his glory, its all in all. More bliss it could not conceive; yet it is not bliss that it thinks of, but the Lord himself. Outward surroundings are then as the small dust of the balance: the secret, unseen, innermost revelation overpowers all outward perceptions. The soul is filled with the Spirit of God. It is, and is not. Never is it more consciously alive, and truly itself; but never is self so like to being dead, and so swallowed up in the All-in-all. If ever the passive and the active can melt into one condition, that singular fact is realized in the hour of full fellowship with God in Christ Jesus. I will say no more, lest I seem to babble where I try to describe the soberest fact.

While in this state of mind, wishing to write, and yet lacking expression, a venerable aunt sent me an old memorandum written by

my grandfather, on paper which is now brown with age. It suited me to a letter. I found that dear, gracious, old man, who was often timorous of himself, and liable to many a doubt as to his own spiritual condition, at the date of his putting pen to paper, swimming in a sea of peace. He writes very modestly about his own graces, but he was evidently overcome with a sense of the divine bounty. The writing may not strike others as it struck me, but I thought the lines, traced in the dear familiar hand, to be worthy of publicity; and the more so because they are so nearly the expression of my own feelings that I would make them speak for me. Fifty years have not made the language or the doctrine obsolete: I can find no better for January, 1892. Here is a portion of the document:—

"On *Friday evening, the 14th January*, 1842, as I was retiring to rest between eight and nine o'clock, as I am in the habit of going early to bed, generally the first of the family to retire, as I was going up stairs, I was struck with the thought, I shall soon have done going up these steps, I shall soon finish my journey of life, I have once less to ascend to my room, one day's journey less to take. Oh, what a kind Friend has God been to me! How many dangers has he carried me through! How many comforts has he bestowed! How many mercies has he afforded! How many times, when darkness has overspread my path, has he shone into my soul; and when sometimes I have almost been overwhelmed, how graciously has he appeared for my relief! This filled me with gratitude to the Giver of all mercies. Then, in a moment of time, those beautiful words arrested my attention, '*My God shall supply all your need.*' (Phil. iv. 19.) I could not forbear, but lifted up my soul to God in prayer and thanksgiving.

"Nearly an hour after I retired, my dear partner came to rest, and asked me whether I had been asleep. I answered, 'No, I have been meditating on the kindness of God to me, and therefore I have had no desire for sleep.' The one thought that filled my mind was, '*My God shall supply all your need.*' Well, he certainly has done so up to this present moment. What a wretch I must be to mistrust him! All men are needy, but all do not see it, or know it. I could not help thinking how mistaken many people are, and I amongst the rest. Some appear to have all and abound; but I think I can see clearly that no men in the world, whether kings or beggars, are quite free from needy times even *in a temporal sense*. A man may be very rich, yet his wealth may be locked up, so that he cannot command any of it for a time; and in this state he is glad to receive the assistance of his friend. Whoever is the person that is raised up to afford this aid, it comes from the God of love. I have seen such needs arise in many cases amongst my Christian friends, and I am witness to the truth that God has supplied them through the kindness of others. I have also myself often experienced help from brethren in Christ. But what a mercy when we can look through second causes to the First Great Cause of all things! I feel and wish ever so to do.

"I bless God for making me feel that there is one kind of poverty that all his children must know: I mean *spiritual poverty*. How little of this conscious soul-poverty is to be seen in these days! This is greatly to be lamented.

"I lay awake till after two o'clock, but the time seemed to pass away swiftly, for I felt the force of the prophet's words, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.' I felt I could trust the Lord, and I do hope I shall be enabled to do so more and more. Here is true peace, such as the world can neither give nor take away. 'I will trust, and not be afraid.'

"'*My God shall supply all your need.*' I thought, I am a bad subject to lose my rest in this way; perhaps to-morrow I shall be ill, and unfit for my pastoral work. But I dare not be anxious on that score, for the promise meets the case,—'*My God shall supply all your need.*' This must be from God, and it would be base in me to doubt it. I cannot say how soon I shall be shut up in Doubting Castle again; but I do most sincerely pray God that I may never, if it be his will, dishonour him again by unbelief as I have done: for even when I am low in spirits, he will supply all my need. If a storm should be brewing, it will, I trust, support my mind to remember that my God can and will supply my need. Oh, the sweetness I felt while I was thus musing! I cannot convey to others the joy which filled my soul.

"After this I meditated upon this precious promise of my covenant God, and I said,—Lord, I am full of spiritual wants! In the first place, there are *wants arising out of my fallen nature*, for in me, that is in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing; and I am assured I can never put any good thing there, for I find that when I would do good, evil is present with me. I have no power, and by nature no desire to think a good thought, or do a good action; therefore all my support must come from above. It was only through the grace of God that I was at first made to feel my need of Jesus, my Saviour; and he must now supply my need during every step of the journey, or I shall stumble in the way, or wander from it. I see clearly that every good gift cometh down from the Father of lights; and therefore I want words to express the gratitude I feel to God for the divine promise, which completely covers every possible necessity, '*My God shall supply all your need.*'

"The question rose vividly in my mind, 'How long will he supply you?' and then the promise was again brought home to my soul with great power, and I answered, '*To the end.*' What! to the end of time? Yes, and to the end of eternity, if such a thing could be conceivable. To the utmost end of possible existence and necessity, the supply will last. I was obliged to say, 'Lord, I have enough.' Oh, my dear Lord and Saviour, I would resign myself to thee, body, soul, and spirit; this is all I can do; and Lord, it is thou that enablest me to do even this, therefore thou deservest all the praise! I feel now a desire (Lord, evermore keep me in this frame of mind!) that thou shouldest have all the glory. To thee all the glory belongs.

"Then my mind thought of *the wants which arise from trials on the way* through this life to the next. I said to myself, 'Perhaps I shall again meet with persecutions on the road.' Again I felt the power of the Word; it spoke to me as though it had a voice, and I heard the Lord's words: 'They persecuted me before they persecuted you.' 'If ye were of the world, the world would love its own: but because

ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.' Then I inwardly felt, though persecuted, I shall not be forsaken; though cast down, I shall not be cast off. This made me find rest in the Lord. '*My God shall supply all your need.*' Sweet promise! Unutterably precious!

"Yet another thought tried to enter my mind, and disturb it. Suppose your friends should forsake you? But an answer returned directly from the sacred Word: 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' I could not help exclaiming, 'Blessed truth! Blessed God!' 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.' In this state of mind I could not but rejoice, and think my state secure for time and for eternity.

"I mused still on the great promise, '*My God shall supply all your need*': and I plainly read it as including every need which might arise *in death and throughout eternity*. At this moment my mind so realized the Faithful Promiser that I seemed to hear him say, 'I am the Lord, I change not.' 'The Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent: for he is not a man, that he should repent.' 'Hath he said, and shall he not do it? I the Lord have spoken it: it shall come to pass, and I will do it.'

"Oh, who can describe the delight I experienced, or the joy that was poured into my soul at that moment? None, without he has been in the same state, and felt the same life within. Those who understand me will not wonder at my not wanting to sleep. It was such a manifestation of my dear Saviour to me, that I hope I shall never forget its sweetness, until I enter into his presence, where there is fulness of joy, and until I stand at his right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore.

"I could not help thinking *then*, and I hope so *now*, that the Lord has more good work for me to do, amongst the people of my care, whose souls are dear to me. Gladly would I, if it please God, lose many more nights' rest by sleep to spend them in converse with himself. When my dear people hear me tell of this, my delightful experience, I pray that the Lord may bless it to their souls. Thus the Lord's manifestation of himself to my heart will not only be for my own comfort, but for the good of my flock, and for the glory of my God. The Lord grant it may be so!"

I have enjoyed the reading of the old manuscript, not because of its brilliance, or depth, or poetical suggestiveness; but as a precious fragment of experience, full of grace and truth. These plain, homespun sentences deal with realities upon which some of us live. We care nothing for the philosophies and the scepticisms of the period; we cling to realized facts. Whatever hawks may hover in the sky, our place is under the shadow of the sacred wings. The world is armed for war, the churches are to a large degree making ready for the return of chaos and mediæval darkness, the men who are sound themselves lie side by side with those who are rotten;—but the Lord liveth, his purpose abideth, his power remaineth, and his truth must and will prevail by the might of the Holy Ghost. Therefore we sing, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

"I have Prayed for thee."

Luke xxii. 32. See *Evening by Evening*, Jan. 11th.

MY way was dark; and round my pathway pressing,
Temptations fierce, from which I could not flee;
My soul, its utter helplessness confessing,
Rejoiced to hear those wondrous words of blessing—
"*But I have prayed for thee.*"

"But I have prayed for *thee*," as though no other
Could share the Saviour's thought and sympathy;
No bruisèd reed he breaks, nor faint spark smothers:
He says, in tones more tender than a brother's,—
"But I have prayed for *thee*."

"But *I* have prayed for thee,"—what intercession!
And not less precious all-prevailing plea!
"Five bleeding wounds" atone for my transgression,
And then draw forth the Saviour's sweet confession,—
"But *I* have prayed for thee."

"But I have *prayed* for thee,"—and, oh, what pleading
Is that he offers now in heaven for me!
He knows beforehand just what I am needing,
And hence at God's right hand is interceding,—
"But I have *prayed* for thee."

"But I *have prayed* for thee," the dark veil lifting,
The soul's impending danger he could see;
He yearn'd to save my treacherous heart from drifting,
And said, ere yet began the painful "sifting",—
"But I *have prayed* for thee."

"*Have prayed* for thee": thus "mercy outruns malice,"
However swift of foot the foe may be;
And when we feast in yonder Royal Palace,
No sweeter wine than this shall fill the chalice,—
"But I *have prayed* for thee."

"But *I* have prayed for *thee*,"—sweet consolation!
Who knows my direst need so well as he?
"Have prayed for *thee*": oh, wondrous revelation!
Inspiring courage for the worst temptation:—
"But *I* have prayed for *thee*."

"*That thy faith fail not.*" Christ permits no fetters
To bind the soul which he has once set free.
Oh, write again those words in living letters,
Which make our souls henceforth eternal debtors—
"BUT I HAVE PRAYED FOR THEE."

JOHN BURNHAM.

"Ministers and Men in the Far North."*

A BRIEF REVIEW, AND A LONG EXTRACT. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

MR. ALEXANDER AULD must be so good as to accept our sincere apology. He sent us a copy of the second edition of his remarkable book, *Ministers and Men in the Far North*, in the month of October last, and we have not yet given it a notice in these pages. This was not because of any disrespect to him, but because we valued his book so much that we put it aside for our own *personal* dealing, when it pleased the Lord to give us strength sufficient. Here, in Menton, when lying back on the couch through weakness, we have been able to hold up this conveniently small volume, and to read it with delight and profit. It is a book which sparkles and flashes. It may possibly be true that there is much gloom in the religion of the Highlanders, but we see little enough of it in this record: the stories are full of brightness, and pith, and we even meet with gleams of sacred mirth. The records of these godly believing lives are as gracious reading as the spiritual mind could desire; yet they are as far from dulness as the east is from the west.

The first edition of this work was published in 1869, and was speedily disposed of; the author fears that those who will welcome it are at this time much fewer in number than when it first saw the light. Judging from the tone of press and pulpit, it is so; but our impression is that these are not sure guides, and that *the people* still love the old doctrines, and will welcome the memorials of happy days when gospel truth was to the front. The modern movement makes great show in its shop-window, but our impression is that its stock is low, and pretty nearly sold out. It is more than probable that the present condition of the denominations is a case of a pretentious minority overbearing a vast majority by insolent self-assertion. For cool audacity, acting infallibility without setting forth any ground for the claim, and sneering at age and ability if they do not worship at its shrine, commend us to the gentlemen who glory in "modern thought." According to them, there are no Calvinists now alive with the exception of some half dozen fools. However that may be, this book will command a sale through its intrinsic interest.

Our readers should know that, by the term "the men", a peculiar class of persons is intended. Certain of the more experienced members of the church were naturally leaders in prayer-meetings, visitors of the sick, and instructors of enquirers, not by any official call, but by the general consent of the congregation, which showed itself in an unmistakable manner. These "men" were the minister's best assistants; or if he failed to preach the gospel, they were his most terrible critics. Ordinary hearers thought much of their judgment upon sermons, and also upon all other spiritual matters; for they were usually men of prudence and judgment, and were faithful in spirit,

* "Ministers and Men in the Far North." By the Rev. Alexander Auld. Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies and Co.

bold in speech, and prayerful in life. "The men" were peculiar to Scotland, for we have few in our English congregations who remain out of office when they are really so qualified for it; though we thank God we have, at the Tabernacle, many such in our eldership. Only sound doctrine can develop such men, and sustain them. Their sayings and doings in "The Far North" make a noble record.

We meant to have written a great deal more, had strength held out. This is, however, a very variable quantity with the writer just now; and, upon reflection, it occurs to us that we are not writing a book, but merely introducing one, and therefore a very few lines from our own pen will be quite sufficient, and we may leave the volume itself to blow its own trumpet by a fairly long extract. Our copy is marked in many places, for it abounds with tit-bits. It is, to a large extent, a pudding made all of plums. We will not give short pieces from many places, but cut out two or three pages from the life of Alexander Gair, who was a leading spirit among "the men."

"How closely nominal profession will approximate in appearance to true godliness, he illustrated by the following hypothetical dialogue between Isaac and Ishmael. Isaac, to show the superiority of his standing, said to Ishmael—'I have Abraham for my father.' *Ishmael*—'So have I.' *Isaac*—'I am the child of many prayers.' *Ishmael*—'So am I.' *Isaac*—'I have received the seal of the covenant in circumcision.' *Ishmael*—'So have I.' *Isaac*—'But I got a deliverance from heaven.' *Ishmael*—'So did I.' *Isaac*—'Yes, but I got my deliverance *through sacrifice*, and you by a drink from your mother's bottle.' (Gen. xxi. 19.)

"He supposed that one, having met the children of Israel after they had crossed the Red Sea, harnessed and in good heart, marching to the land of promise, asked them, 'What people are you?' 'Oh, we are the Lord's people, whom he has delivered from the land of Egypt, for whom he has divided the Red Sea, and whose enemies he hath drowned, so that we will see them again no more.' 'And where are you going?' 'To the land of promise—the land flowing with milk and honey.' 'And when do you expect to get there?' 'Oh, very soon; in six weeks at farthest.' Thus they parted. But nearly forty years afterwards the same person, meeting a great multitude of people, somewhat like those he had met before, said to them, 'Surely you are not the people that expected to be in Canaan in six weeks?' 'Yes, the same, and here we are yet, and it will be the greatest wonder if we ever see the good land.' The application of this to the believer's experience we suppose to be sufficiently apparent.

"'Saul,' he remarked, 'would not let the people taste food until *after* they had avenged themselves on their enemies, so if it were not for this cursed "Saul" that is in even believers, that will not let them taste the refreshing honey of the promise, they would make greater slaughter of their spiritual foes than they often do.'

"Sandy sent word to the writer, who was a theological student at the time, to beware of the 'great pot' out of which the sons of the prophets get their pottage, for there is 'death in it' (2 Kings iv. 40), which can only be cured by getting the handful of meal. 'The pot is

the college; the death in it', he added, 'is learning without grace, and the meal is the good food ground on Calvary between the millstones of law and justice, which can be gotten only by the hand of faith.'

"In the course of conversation with a Roman Catholic priest, who urged that the Pope sat in the chair of St. Peter, Sandy admitted that Peter did sit in that chair *once*, viz., when he denied his Master, and that the Pope had continued to occupy it ever since.

"On going to a funeral in his neighbourhood, Alexander found an aged pious man, William Gunn, and a number of young men, met and sitting in silence. 'Why are you not giving these young men some advice suitable to the occasion?' enquired Sandy. 'Just because they would not take it,' replied William. 'Have you,' said he, 'not seen children throwing stones on ice so hard and thick that none of the stones would go through; but, stop till the thaw came, and then every one of these sank to the bottom?'

"Referring to the brazen serpent, he said, 'That a child had been bitten by the fiery serpents; and there were many attempts made in various ways to induce him to look to the brazen serpent, but all in vain, until some one observed that the child had a toy in his hand. The toy was snatched from him, and the child, lifting its head, got a sight of the brazen serpent, and was healed.' From this legend he drew the obvious lesson that bereavements are necessary at times, in order that men may look unto Jesus. 'In their affliction they will seek me early.'

"He could become all things to all men to gain their souls. In the course of reading the last chapter of the gospel by John, he remarked, 'That when the disciples who had "no meat" came ashore, their risen Lord showed his wisdom and compassion, not by preaching a sermon to them in these circumstances, but by saying, "Come and dine."'

"Speaking of the humbling effect of the believer's experience of inward corruption, he would refer to Noah's Ark, and say, 'That the ballast which kept it so deep in the water was the number of unclean beasts which it contained.'

"On the last occasion on which he spoke at the Friday meeting in Latheron, he gave warning of the danger of speaking of exercises through which the speakers themselves had not passed. He said it reminded him of his schoolboy days, as on one occasion he had got a question wrought for him by an older pupil, and presented it to the master as his own; but the master told him to 'go through that,' and finding him unable to do so, sent him to his seat in disgrace."

* * * *

This is the sort of material which our friend Mr. Auld has provided, and we heartily thank him for the mental and spiritual feast which we have enjoyed while perusing his book. May a third edition soon be required!

"The Ugly Duckling."

A NEW YEAR'S STORY FOR THE CHILDREN. BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

HANS ANDERSEN, of Denmark, has written some of the best stories for children that were ever told. One of his prettiest is about "The Ugly Duckling." A duck sat on her nest, watching for her young brood to hatch; and at length all the shells broke but one, which was larger than the rest. Another duck declared that the big egg contained a turkey, and advised the mother not to hatch it. But she still sat for a day or two, and at length there came out such an ugly duckling. It was not a turkey, however, for it began to swim as soon as the others; but when it got to the farm-yard, all the other ducks and hens began to peck at it, and bite its neck: even its brothers and sisters were very unkind to it. So it flew away, and came to a moor, amongst some wild ducks; but it was not happy there. Then it got amongst some wild geese; but the sportsmen soon came to shoot, and the geese were killed. The sportsmen's dog came quite near the duckling, but it was so ugly that even the dog would not touch it. After that, it got shelter in a cottage, where there was only an old woman, a hen, and a cat: but the hen treated it badly because it could not lay eggs, and the cat was cruel to it because it could not purr. So it flew away again, and came to some water; but all the other creatures avoided it because it was so ugly. One day, it saw some white swans, and the duckling felt so happy in looking at them, and uttered a strange cry, which frightened itself, and when they flew away, it dived under the water to hide its excitement. But winter came on, and though it swam about on the water every day, the ice began to form, and every day there was less unfrozen surface to swim on, until at last there was none at all. The duckling was so cold that it might have died had not a peasant taken it home; but there it was so awkward, fluttering into the milk-pan, the meal-tub, and the butter-cask, that they were glad to get rid of it. All winter it lay in a thicket, and one day, early in spring, found itself on a moor amongst the rushes. It felt the warm sun, and heard the lark singing, and flapping its wings at its sides, found they were strong. So it flew up and on, and by-and-by found itself in a beautiful garden, and, what was best of all, saw some graceful swans on a lake. "They will be sure to kill me, I am so ugly," it said; "but better be killed by such royal birds than tormented by all the others." It swam up to them, and bending its neck, said, "Kill me." But what did it see in the clear water below? Its own image, no longer that of a grey bird, ugly and disagreeable; *it was a swan.*

To be born in a duck's nest, in a farm-yard, is of no consequence to a bird, if it be hatched from a swan's egg. It stayed with the other swans, and presently the children saw it, and running to their father, said, "There is another swan come, and it is the most beautiful of all."

This story is almost worth repeating simply because it is so pretty, but I tell it now because it reminds me of something else. The children of God, who are truly born of the Holy Spirit, have often been, and sometimes are yet, treated as badly by the world, and by worldly people, as was "the ugly duckling" by the other birds, who did not know it was a cygnet, and would grow to something better. Of course

it really was not beautiful when it was young, but it had the swan's nature, and grew better every day. And that is like boys and girls who believe in Jesus, and trust him day by day. They are not perfect yet, but they will daily grow better. You remember the text (do you know where to find it?): "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when HE shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Then we shall be more beautiful than the full-grown swans, and be clothed in whiter robes. So we need not mind if now our companions treat us roughly, and laugh at us. It really does not matter how much we are misunderstood here; if only we have the nature of the child of God, it will be all right by-and-by.

A Queer Chinese Disease.

AMONG the numberless diseases in China there is scarcely one more strange than that of *laziness*. One day, quite lately, during the examination of out-patients at the native hospital, a man came for some medicine to cure him of the disease of idleness; he wanted to be rid of his "lazy bout": he found it didn't pay, I suppose. Harvest-time was near, and it would be inconvenient to be idle then. Said he, "My whole body is full of it." In England, no one would think of calling this a disease; some even consider it an accomplishment, if we may judge by their actions. Now the Chinese are certainly a practical people. They know how to "call a spade a spade."

It is a notorious fact that, in the home-lands, *idleness* is quietly but surely eating out our church-life. In large churches the small minorities *work*, whilst the great majorities *look on* and grumble. Every form of Christian service seems to be in want of *workers*. It is not that the membership in the various churches is insufficient; but rather because so many of the rank and file suffer from this Chinese disease, "*Huen-shen fah-lan*" (the whole body is lazy).

We may all learn lessons, I think, from this insidious disease. Firstly, *the idle servant has forgotten one great truth:* "Ye are not your own." Selfishness is at the bottom of laziness. Other workers may spend and be spent; as for "lazy-bones", he intends to take care of No. 1. Debtorship never enters into his brain; he owes nothing, so he thinks, and therefore does nothing. Poor fellow! I trust he will soon remember his obligation to the Lord Jesus. Secondly, *idle servants do great damage*, both inside and outside the church. The Lord's enemies are swift to take notice of the "do-nothings", and they judge us often by these. The younger members of the church, also, are liable to catch the evil disease from you. Lastly, *idle servants grieve the loving heart of Christ.* The world is full of sin and sorrow, and the Lord Jesus yearns over it as he did over Jerusalem. Will you pass on, caring nothing what becomes of the perishing millions? The few may toil and die; workers may be needed, prayed for, and sought for; but what is it to you? If you are afflicted with idleness, take the great Physician's remedy, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Chefoo, N. China. JOHN A. STOOKE.

"Orthodox Paradoxes."

A REVIEW, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE have now to mention another of Mr. Howe's Reprints* from *Ralph Venning*. Of course he could not omit *Orthodox Paradoxes*, which are among the most sententious things which fell from Venning's pen. They are curiosities of theological literature. We remember quoting from the book before; but in those days there was no shilling form of it to be purchased, and we feel free to notice it afresh because of the handsome reprint before us.

We do not accept all these antithetical sentences as true, for occasionally they are the outcome of a text misunderstood, or of a doctrine strained beyond its true reach. Some of the paradoxes do not "make truth clear by *seeming* contradictions"; but darken counsel by mere word-juggling. We are glad that the author's last sentence is that "he believes that a man may be a true believer, though he should not believe all the paradoxes written here to be orthodox." He might be all the truer believer for being able to discern between the puzzle which is human, and the mystery which is divine.

Nevertheless, as Venning felt that he himself was profited by writing these notable paradoxes, so we also confess to benefit in reading them, and to help in preaching when able to quote some one of them. There are two sides to the shield of truth, and a paradox reminds one of that fact. It is often a great assistance to get two apparently opposite truths set side by side. Then faith acts as a stereoscope, and makes the reality stand out clearly before the eye of the understanding. More may be thus communicated in a line than by a laboured volume. Many of Venning's little bits are condensed meat, containing in a single pellet enough to make a thousand gallons of the thin *potage* which is ladled out in many sermons. Those who profess to despise the weighty writings of the Puritans are usually persons who have never read them, or who have been too idle to persevere in studies too profound for their shallow minds. We do *not* put Venning among the deeper writers, but there is pith and solidity in what he gives us. Let the reader judge for himself as he reads the specimens which we now submit to him:—

A BELIEVER'S EXPERIENCE.

There is nothing so clear to him as godliness; and yet there is nothing more mysterious.

He is careful in nothing; yet none so careful as he.

He believes that a saint hath a vocation on earth; but that earth is not his vocation.

He believes that all saints have a zeal for God; yet not that all who have a zeal for God are saints.

He believes that, as a man thinketh, so is he; and yet he believes there are many men who are not as they think themselves to be.

He believes that whatsoever the godly man doth, shall prosper;

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* Howe and Co., 23 St. Paul's Buildings.

and yet he believes that many a godly man doth many a thing which doth not prosper.

He believes that a Christian is not to spend all his time in prayer; and yet he believes that he is to pray always.

He believes that all Christ's own received him; and yet he believes that Christ came to his own, and they received him not.

He believes that God scourgeth everyone whom he receiveth (Heb. xii. 6); and yet he believes that God doth not receive everyone whom he scourgeth.

He believes that the saints are the fulness of Christ (Eph. i. 23); and yet he believes that Christ is the fulness of the saints (John i. 16).

He believes that the publican stood afar off; and yet he believes that he stood nearer to God than the Pharisee did.

He believes that, where there is most love, there is most fear; and yet he believes that "perfect love casteth out fear."

He believes that a believer should not seek great things for himself; and yet he finds that believers seek the greatest things for themselves without offending; yea, he believes they would offend if they did not do so.

He believes that justification is by faith alone; and yet he believes that that faith which is alone doth not justify (James ii.).

He believes that God can and doth make some men's beds in their sickness, whose beds cannot be made in their sickness.

He believes that many men receive the truth, who do not receive it in truth.

"Christ Crucified."

BEHOLD the wonder of eternity:
Jesus, who once was King enthroned in heaven,
Hangs yonder on the cross in agony,
And dies in shame, that we may be forgiven.

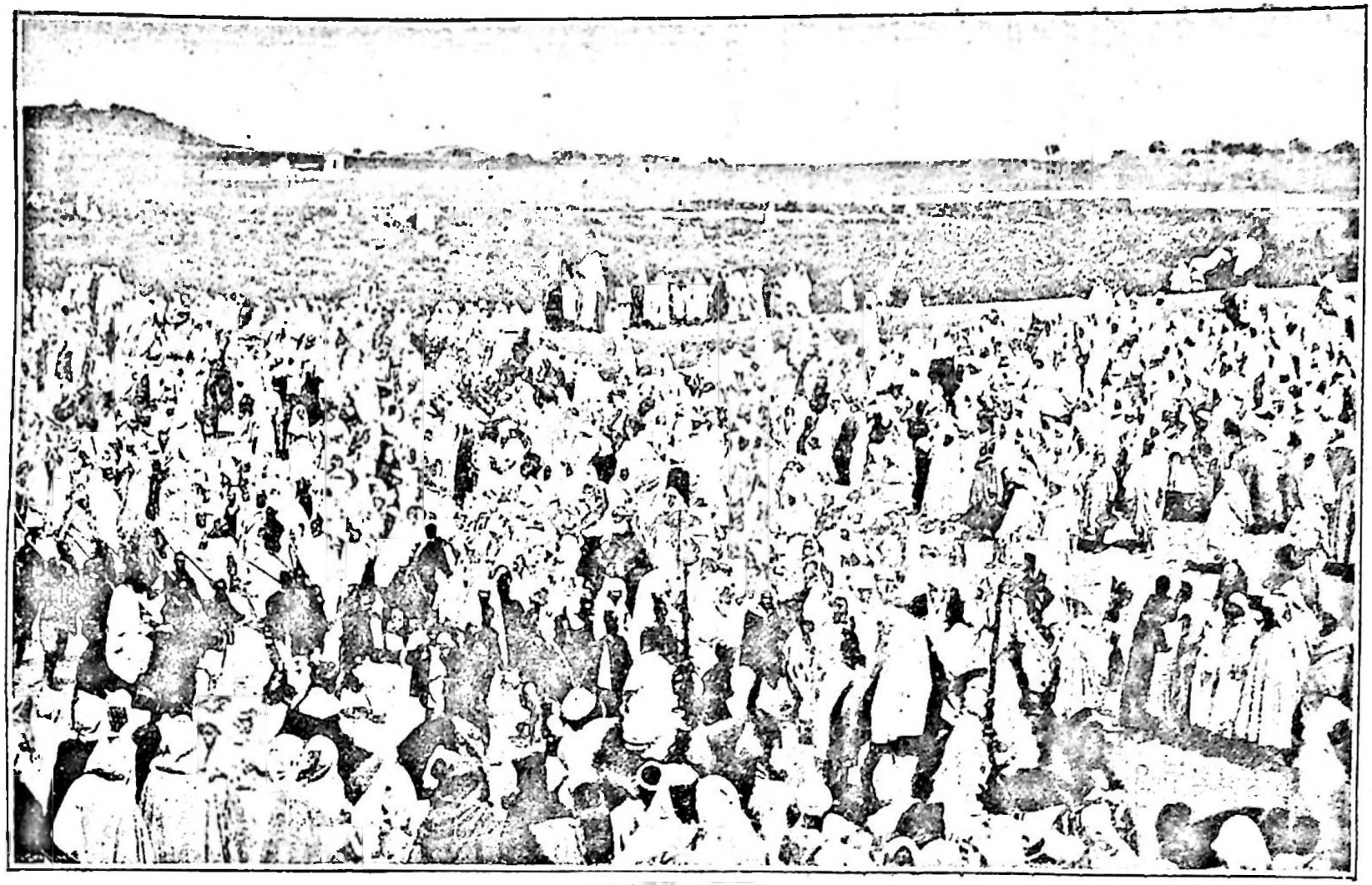
Hail, dying Saviour, silent and alone;
Forsaken and betrayed by friend and neighbour!
Thy cross is dearer to us than thy throne,
And Calvary more glorious than Tabor.

Oh, wounded Christ! we love thee better so,
As on the tree thou hangest, faint and gory:
Thy face is fairer, seamed and scarred by woe,
Than when thou reignest in thine ancient glory.

Dear Lord, we prize thee higher for thy loss
Of friends; for in thy grief thou comest nearest
To those who after thee take up the cross,
Leaving behind them all that earth calls dearest.

Hither we bring the tribute of our love,
The sweetest song that sinful hearts can fashion;
And when we rise to see thy face above,
In perfect notes we'll sing thy cross and passion.

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.



A MOORISH CROWD.

A Moorish Crowd.

BY T. GILLARD CHURCHER, M.B., M.R.C.S.

A MOORISH crowd, like most other crowds, is made up of individuals—men, women, and children.

The *men* are tall, with clean-shaven heads covered with the venerated turban; or bare to the sun and rain, with but one lock of dark hair left, to mark their tribe, and as they think, to be seized by the angel Gabriel when he comes to lift them up to Paradise! They are strong and wiry fellows; and although, cumbered with their long flowing garments, their usual movements are slow, yet they are able to exhibit great activity and speed when occasion requires, and in the use of their curved knives, or long guns, show remarkable dexterity.

The *women* are hidden entirely from our view—all but their eyes—by long thick "hikes" or blankets. The prettiest part of the Moorish crowd is the little *children*, whose brightly-coloured garments and yellow slippers—the exact miniatures of those of their parents—make them look at once quaint and interesting.

Such is the crowd as it appears on the surface; but what a picture awaits one who ventures to look beneath! All that we in Britain, though unsaved, it may be, owe to the gospel and godly ancestry, in them is lacking. The men have no idea of the sacredness of truth, while common honesty and family love are almost unknown virtues. The immediate cause of all this is to be found in the condition of their women. The Moorish child hardly ever experiences what *we* understand by that blessed word *home*. Often, within a year or two of his birth, his father has already transferred his affection to another woman; and a second wife, or purchased slave, absorbs the man's love, and spreads discord in the house. Or perhaps the mother has, for some trifling real or fancied fault, been divorced, and her boy's earliest recollection circles round a man to whom he bears no loving blood-relationship. Divorce is so easily obtained, and so common, that among the poor in the towns, marriage is hardly worthy of the name.

At the *best*, what is the home, where the women are practically prisoners, utterly ignorant and superstitious, unable to read, and seldom leaving the house? They are for a short season the sensuous playthings and then the life-long drudges of men who are scarcely more enlightened than themselves. The polluted atmosphere and evil conversation of such a home is what the growing life of the Moorish child is constantly familiar with.

Nor does the escape to school much improve matters. The boy learns but one book there—the Koran, and that by rote; neither he, nor frequently his master, understanding the words which he acquires so laboriously. Moreover, immorality is rampant in the schools; and when the young life goes forth, it is already blighted, and follows the ways of Satan rather than the ways of God.

Add to this the absence of a national conscience, and the fact that judges and rulers are corrupt, accept bribes, and practise injustice of

the grossest kind, from which the sufferers have no escape; and one's heart cries out, almost in despair, what *can* be done to bring about a better state of affairs? The voice of Jesus answers, "*Ye* are the salt of the earth. *Ye* are the light of the world. Without ME *ye* can do nothing. All power is given unto ME in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Try to picture, dear friends, a crowd one thousand times larger than that represented in the photograph from which our picture is reproduced; and recollect that such a crowd really exists within a week of your home, dying in Mohammedan darkness. Their ignorance prevents them from reading the Bible, and their religion forbids their doing so if they could. They may not even make friends of Christians. Some will say that Mohammedanism took the sword, and shall perish by the sword. In God's providence it may be so; but the only sword which the Christian wields is the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. Let *us* go forth as warriors for the King, good soldiers of Jesus Christ, our feet shod with peace, our loins girded with truth, our heads helmeted with salvation, our hearts shielded by faith, our whole being enveloped with prayer. Thus equipped, we can leave results with omnipotent love.

In the November number of *The Sword and the Trowel*, Mr. Fullerton gave us the lessons of the lighthouse. I am persuaded that is what Morocco needs just now,—lighthouse lives, which, stationed on the spot, and filled with heavenly illumination, shall shed forth gospel light upon the fatal rock of Mohammedanism, and show these storm-tossed mariners on life's wild ocean the only haven of peace and rest, the finished work of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Who will come to North Africa to shine for Jesus? Who will help to send the light to the millions here who still sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death? Brethren, millions of Mohammedans are perishing; can we let them perish?

"Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name."

I hope many will answer Bishop Heber's question by saying, "Here am I; send me:" or else, "I cannot personally go to rescue the perishing myriads of North Africa; but I will gladly help to support those who ought to go, and who will go."

Menton Meditations.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

Spiritual Discernment.

"MENTON is *itself*," I wrote to a friend, who had spent some months in our Riviera retreat; "Menton is *itself*, you know what that is." It is needless to describe this charming region to one who has lived in it for months; and it is useless to try to picture it to those who have never seen it. They think our enthusiastic expressions must be exaggerated. To be appreciated, Menton must be seen. Even a photograph cannot convey to our friends a full idea of the loveliness with which we are familiar.

To try to explain to some people what the joys of true religion are, is a very difficult task. The explanation may be easy enough for us to give; but it is not easy for them to receive. We speak a language they have never learned; we are citizens of a country they have never entered. They know not what we mean by the covenant of grace, election, redemption, sanctification, and all those blessings which, to a Spirit-taught believer, are familiar as household words. Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned, and this discernment can only come from the Spirit of God.

Bound and Loosed.

On one of our drives, we were sorry to see a fine young cockerel tethered to an orange-tree, and struggling furiously to get free. We supposed that the owner must have a good reason for what looked like unnecessary cruelty; and a week or two later, on passing the same spot, we found that the cock was at liberty, and making no attempt to fly away.

More than one of our company saw, in the bird's bonds, struggles, and emancipation, an illustration of their own spiritual experiences. Peter is not the only disciple of Christ who has been taught by a cock. Happy are they who have passed through the servitude of enforced bondage into the joyous liberty of those who have no desire to wander in their own wild way; but who say with the Psalmist, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant; . . . thou hast loosed my bonds."

Ships seeking Shelter.

Before a storm bursts over Menton, several ships may usually be seen seeking the shelter of the harbour. We can tell that they are going out again as soon as it is safe for them to venture; for they are not moored to the quay, but lie a little way off, ready to sail at any moment that the favouring wind may blow.

These ships resemble those people who join a Christian church for a little while, but take no part in the work, and go off as soon as they can to seek shelter elsewhere. They are birds of passage; spiritual gipsies, whose favourite hymn consists of but one line—

"Our rest is not here."

How different were those believers, of whom Paul wrote: "They first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God"!

They not merely gave their names or their patronage; but "their own selves", both to the Lord and to his church. (See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 2,234, "The Best Donation.")

Ready for the Blessing.

"That ship does not seem to stir; there's not a breath of wind to move her sails;" said one of our little company.

"No," replied another, "but she is where she will get the wind as soon as it begins to blow."

And so it proved; for presently her canvas began to fill, and ere long she was speeding towards her desired haven.

It is a good thing to be in the way of any blessing that may be coming. Perhaps, dear reader, you are not yet a Christian; but you say that you long to be one. Then seek to get where the sacred wind is likely to blow. The Spirit, like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth"; but there are special times and places in which his gracious influences are usually manifested. See that you are where you may expect the heavenly breeze. Prayer-meetings, Bible-classes, special services, and places of worship where the gospel of the grace of God is preached in all its fulness, are the spots where the Spirit delights to work: go there, and may the divine afflatus fill thee, and speed thee on thy heavenward voyage!

The Ingenious Fisherman.

Walking along the end of the Menton breakwater, we saw a man kneeling down, and peering between the huge blocks of concrete that join with great masses of rock in shielding the little harbour from the force of the waves outside. We were curious to know what object of interest he could see in such a place, and were surprised to find that he had inserted his long fishing-rod through a small crevice between the rocks and the blocks, and was watching, through the same aperture, the movements of his float. We had not time to see what he caught, but we hoped that such ingenuity would be rewarded with a basketful of fish.

"He that winneth souls is wise." He must be wise if he would win them; and he is wise if he wins them. Oh, for more holy ingenuity in our spiritual fishing! The Mentonese fisherman would, at the best, only catch a few small soles, or other fish, for his family or himself; but if our fishing is successful, we shall save immortal souls from everlasting death, and by so doing shall bring great glory to our Lord and Master, who has said to us, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

A Poor Excuse.

THE friends of a certain man say that if he does not believe in the absolute infallibility of every jot and tittle of Scripture, he believes in the divinity of Christ and the vicarious atonement. The friends of a thief might as well excuse him for stealing, on the ground that he had not broken the other nine commandments!—*The Western Recorder, U.S.A.*

A Prison Visitor.*

MR. CHARLES COOK, of whose evangelistic work at Hyde Park Hall, and in Hyde Park itself, we have already given an account, has probably seen as much of common prisons at home and abroad as any unofficial person since the days of John Howard. He has gone about the service systematically; and at times he seems to have actually turned the business into a holiday pastime—that is to say, he has given such time to it as could be spared from his regular work at the West End of London. From time to time, from the platform, or through the press, Mr. Cook has given many interesting narratives of his adventures, especially in connection with the work of distributing the Scriptures among prisoners; but he now, for the first time, gives the particulars of his many travels in a volume. The book contains much new and curious information; it will be read with interest by all Christian people; and it will prove that the work of John Howard needs to be carried on in the nineteenth century. It is only in certain countries that the condition of prisons has been improved. In many lands, the evils of which Howard complained, and which he laboured to lessen, have continued untouched until the present day.

After giving an account of "Historic Prisons—Past and Present", in his opening chapter, our author passes on to tell some prison stories which are, in many cases, as instructive as they are suggestive. What strikes us in reading them is the fact that unbelief is a fruitful cause of crime. "I should never have been here but for the teaching of infidelity," was the confession of a young fellow in Pentonville; and Mr. Cook charges infidelity with being a feeder of "the dangerous classes." By way of proving this, he quotes this confession of a murderer:—

"I am one of thirteen infidels: what has become of my friends? I will tell you. One became a Christian, six were sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, four were hanged, one is in the cell above, a prisoner for life, and *I am to be hanged to-morrow!*"

By way of cheery contrast to this, as showing the wonderful power of the gospel over the most hardened natures, we have the confession of one who was serving "for life" at Chatham:—

"As the door of my cell closed behind me, my whole life rose before me. Sinking on my knees, I rested on the mercy of God through Jesus Christ our Lord, and, though I have no hope in this world, I have never had a dark hour since." My friend's testimony concerning him is, "We have had no report against him since he has been here, and from my daily knowledge of him, I can say he is a quiet, contented, bright, and happy follower of Christ."

In one chapter, Mr. Cook tells what he calls a romantic prison story, relating to "an elderly person—perhaps something over fifty-six," and a young man whom this lady was desirous of getting released from a French prison. She hastened from Paris to London, and then to Yarmouth, where Mr. Cook was, the result of her application being,

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* "The Prisons of the World: with Stories of Crime, Criminals, and Convicts." By Charles Cook. Morgan and Scott.

that our friend crossed to France, and succeeded in getting the young fellow released. All finished up with a very unromantic and not very happy marriage. May and December are never likely to agree together.

Another remarkable story from across the Channel relates to some English desperadoes, who were prepared to offer heavy bribes to warders; and who actually escaped from prison; but only to be re-arrested in hampers supposed to be filled with boots and shoes.

The language of London thieves is a *patois* by itself. Take this example of a man's actual confession:—"I was jogging down a blooming slum in the chapel when I butted a reeler who was sporting a red slang. I broke off his jerry, and boned the clock, which was a red one, but I was spotted by a copper, who claimed me. I was lugged before the beak, who gave me six doss in the steel. The week after I was chucked up, I did a snatch near St. Paul's; was collared, lagged, and got this bit of seven stretch." This simply means, that the man stole a gold watch in Whitechapel, was arrested and sentenced to six months in the House of Correction, after which, for another robbery in the city, he went into penal servitude for seven years.

Mr. Cook has visited the great convict establishments of England, and he has also made difficult and dangerous excursions into many other countries. Particulars of his adventures and impressions are given in separate chapters.

The prisons of *England* greatly differ in character: Chatham being most dreaded, while Woking is chiefly in favour. There are still some reforms, which even John Howard might have advocated, to be carried out in our English prisons. From what is said about penal servitude, we learn that prison warders are, in some instances, far from what they ought to be. The sentences, also, appear to be often unjust; and it is pretty certain that innocent men have been mistaken for guilty ones in no small number of instances.

Mr. Cook visited *Ireland* during the past year; and the facts he is able to give are anything but reassuring. In the principal convict establishment of Dublin, for example, he found that a large proportion of the inmates were not of "the usual type of criminals" at all, but were "Moonlighters" from country districts, who "had been led astray by political agitators." The record of the inmates of the women's prison was even worse; for not a few of the women imprisoned for life were murderers of their husbands. The prisons appear to be all well-built, and well kept; and Dr. Spence, the chaplain at Belfast, was able to give a good account of his work among the prisoners. "One man, lately discharged, said, 'I never go to my bed without thanking God that I was sent to prison.' There was a distinctly spiritual ring about the utterances of Dr. Spence. We felt thankful for such expressions as 'The grace of God can reach any heart,' 'The new birth changes the whole man;' and when speaking of the prisoners, he said, 'I forget they are criminals, and speak to them as men.'"

The visitation of the prisons of *France* appears to be depressing work, the establishment at Caen, in Normandy, being typical of many others throughout the country. At this famous historical town, awaken ing memories of William the Conqueror, our traveller found "no Bibles

no Christ, no sermon, no attendance at chapel—the schoolmaster even forbidden to utter one word concerning religion in the prisoners' hearing." A large supply of gospel books and tracts was given away to the prisoners, the Government granting that permission, although it seems to do absolutely nothing for the prisoners beyond administering its stern "justice." As Mr. Cook says, "There is nothing in their system calculated to reform; no Word of God, no Christ, no gospel light: it can only tend to habitual criminality—to madness and despair." The gospel is the one need of France; and there seems to be some willingness on the part of the people to accept it if someone will only carry it to them. Mr. Cook gave numbers of Testaments away among the prisoners, and also to other persons along the lines of railway. "At one station we gave away sixty," he says, "the people coming from all parts to receive them." Mr. Cook got as far as Monte Carlo, and was even enabled to give away books in that gilded gambling-den.

In regard to crime and prisons, *Italy* is lower down than France; and penal servitude, or "hard labour", means work seven days a week. At Brindisi there were seven hundred and fifty men, many of whom were sentenced "for life"; and while they were scrambling for the gospels, which were thrown into their midst, "the horrible sound of their chains and fetters, clashing and clanging, was dreadful to hear."

Egypt was in a still lower condition; for no less than thirteen hundred men were found shut up awaiting trial, some of whom had been confined for years. Partly through Mr. Cook's efforts, there is now some improvement, but things are still bad. The confession has to be made, "We had never seen such unhealthy places as there, nor found so abominable a system." The most reassuring thing was the readiness with which the Scriptures were received. On board steamers, at railway-stations, and as far as was possible, through the land, Bible portions in Arabic were distributed, and gladly received.

The classic land of *Greece* was quite as low down in regard to crime and criminals as Egypt. The dirt, overcrowding, and general misery almost defied description. Coffee was ordered for all the prisoners, and then each received a copy of one of the Gospels.

Because it is so utterly Romish, *Austria* presents quite as gloomy an outlook as Egypt. The Government notions regarding religious liberty are those of pre-Reformation times. "The wife of the chaplain to the ambassador told me, that her husband cannot have a public prayer-meeting even in their own house," says Mr. Cook. "You are hindered on every hand in your endeavours to do good." Still, in four days, between four and five hundred copies of the New Testament were given away. The books were distributed by the wayside, among labourers, and also among those who were coming from or going into the country. The prisons of *Hungary* and *Bavaria* were also visited, a large number of Testaments being distributed.

Perhaps the lowest depth of all is reached in *Morocco*, where two of the Pastors' College men have been labouring for some years. It is truly said, "Egypt was bad, Greece was worse, but Morocco is too bad to describe." Mr. Cook adds:—"Lady Green, the wife of the ambassador had said to me, 'The prisons of Morocco are hopeless and

heart-breaking.' And truly I have found them so. Sometimes Europeans had thrown oranges through the gratings of the gaols, which appeared to be devoured whole; and when bread had been given to some, it was fought for by scores of hungry men."

Perhaps the prisons of *Spain* come nearest to those of Egypt, Greece, and Morocco, in point of dirt and disorder. At Linares, Mr. Wigstone was met with; and addresses were given to the English and the Spanish congregations. Of Spain generally it is said:—"Not only is it dark, but the people are cruel. Hardly a cat that I saw but had its tail and ears cut off close, while the weekly bull-fights are a disgrace indeed. With Mr. Wigstone I went to the gaol, and not only left with the prisoners nearly three hundred Gospels, but held a short meeting in the prison-yard, and exhorted those present to seek to turn from their evil ways, and serve the Lord."

Without attempting to follow Mr. Cook to *The United States*, where the chief flaw in the prison discipline is its extreme laxity, joined to the barefaced corruption of the officials, we will conclude our survey with the vast empire of *Russia*.

Though not mentioned in the book, one may say here, that, when Mr. Cook announced early last year that he was going to Russia, several earnest Christian friends strongly dissuaded him from venturing into the dominions of the Czar, a land where official corruption and official crimes of many sorts are rampant. Modern times have not seen a more infamous Government than the Russian at the present time; and the terrible famine, which has now fallen upon the fertile provinces, is a direct cause of the Czar's corrupt, cruel, and incompetent rule. It was represented to Mr. Cook, that he might never leave the country alive; and had he been murdered in cold blood, for the offence of wishing to benefit the victims of despotism, it would have been nothing singular in a land where the most hideous penalties are laid upon innocent women and patriotic men. Mr. Cook, however, undertook the journey in spite of all threatenings; but he did not tell his wife, who accompanied him, of the warnings he had received until the Russian frontier was recrossed on the way home. While thankful that the devil had not succeeded in making him a coward, he was thankful to be back again in England. All things seemed to be arranged by God's overruling providence better than he could have arranged them himself, so that the whole seven weeks' tour was not only a pleasant one, but he never had a more successful experience in the work of Bible distribution.

On reaching Russia, Mr. Cook met with a more cordial reception than he had anticipated; he had permission given him to visit the prisons to distribute the Scriptures; and in cities like St. Petersburg and Moscow, he found the officials to be kind-hearted men. In this respect, they are a contrast to the corrupt and brutal taskmasters, at times met with in Siberia and the more distant provinces.

Those writers who have attempted to prove that the Government of Russia, is, after all, not so bad, are false witnesses. Those who have depicted the horrors of Siberia in blackest colours, only tell the truth. One crying evil is that of overcrowding; and in reply to the excuse that there is no money to invest in new prisons, Mr. Cook says:—"I

have visited a few of the many palaces and other palatial buildings belonging to the Imperial family, and as I have walked through the gorgeous rooms of the palaces of Peterhof and Tsarskey, to say nothing of Gatchina and the Winter Palace, and have looked upon the trappings of the royal carriages, one of which vehicles is ornamented with diamonds and rubies throughout the whole of the interior, I could have wished that I had the power to exchange a fraction of this fabulous wealth into money, and be allowed to erect roomy and sanitary prisons for these subjects of the Czar."

There are two prisons in Moscow, which together contain six thousand prisoners; and there are five smaller ones. The city may be called a packing-off centre for Siberia, and tens of thousands of persons there take leave of liberty for the last time. Add to all this, the miseries of the Jews, who were being banished from Moscow by hundreds, and the persecution of the evangelical Christians who have turned from the deadness and superstition of the Greek Church through reading the New Testament, and it would appear that the day of revolution is not far distant. To allow a foreigner to give away thousands of copies of the New Testament in the prisons, and at the same time to persecute others outside for being guided by its teachings, is one of those freaks of kingcraft which belong more particularly to Russia.

But perhaps the true character of the Czar and his Government is but reflected in the following, which Mr. Cook quotes from a London morning newspaper, published last May :—

"Of all the scandalous deeds lately perpetrated within the Czar's dominions, by far the worst is that now reported from Courland. Three Protestant clergymen named Treu, Krause, and Eisenschmidt, were prosecuted for having urged their parishioners to remain faithful to the Evangelical Church. The first tribunal appealed to acquitted them. They were then tried on the same charge before a higher court, which likewise declared them innocent of all infraction of the law. Frantic at being thus baffled in their iniquitous endeavours to secure the condemnation of the three unlucky clergymen, the supreme ecclesiastical authorities at St. Petersburg put the matter before the Senate. The result was that Pastors Treu and Krause were sentenced to eight months' imprisonment, while Pastor Eisenschmidt was banished to Tomsk, the most desolate district of Siberia. He was the father of eight children. Driven to despair by the prospect of exile, he has committed suicide by taking poison. Pastors Treu and Krause, trusting to the clemency of the Czar, addressed a petition to his Majesty, praying for a remittance of their unjust sentence. Instead of that, however, the Czar added to their punishment by forbidding them ever again to exercise their ecclesiastical functions in the Baltic provinces."

Mr. Cook's book is one to interest all readers, and all will desire that he may be enabled to continue his visitation of distant prisons to give the prisoners the Word of life.

G. H. P.

A Record worth Preserving.

"DESPISE not the day of small things." "By little and little" (Ex. xxiii. 30) God drove out the Canaanites, that his people might possess the land of promise; but he *did* drive them out. However small and seemingly insignificant the beginnings, if God is the Worker, who can measure the widespread influence of the work?

Such were my reflections as I "pitched my tent", on leaving College, in a small agricultural village in Somerset, among as devoted a people as any pastor could wish to find.

There was a time, not very remote, when one would have travelled far to find denser spiritual darkness than prevailed in this place. John Wesley, in his itinerancy, once reached this spot, and preached in the open-air; and in his "Notes" refers to it as one of the darkest places he had visited in the West of England.

The parish church was the only place of worship in the village, and that very poorly attended; and those who went were about as heathenish as their non-church-going neighbours.

A well-to-do farmer, living near, was parish clerk, and led the responses in church. He had ten children, of whom five were sons; they were good ringers, and acquired widespread fame for their skilful manipulation of the five church bells. Occasionally, the whole of Sunday afternoon was spent in the belfry at their favourite pastime, and then the father would show his appreciation of their skill by treating them, in the evening, to an extra quantity of cider—the popular Somerset beverage of those "good old times."

Of course, the farmer's children were brought up to believe it was "the correct thing" to go to church; and to church they went with father and mother, taking a leading part in the choir with their instruments and voices.

The youngest son, usually known as "Master Joshua", was particularly bright and intelligent, full of fun and sparkling wit; hence his company was in great demand at all merry-makings in the place. Occasionally, serious thoughts took possession of the youth, and he yearned for a better life. Thus, when about seventeen years of age, he was seriously impressed by a special sermon at harvest-tide, and afterwards sought the advice of the clergyman, who counselled him to "attend the church regularly, and keep the law."

About this time, a poor old farm labourer came to the place, and worked for Master Joshua's father. His name was Robert Sweet: his fidelity, and its fruit, deserve that it should find permanent record. Years before, he had been brought to the Saviour through Wesley's preaching. Now, he found himself the sole representative of spiritual life in this dark place. He did not "hide his light under a bushel", and soon it was noised abroad that Robert was a "Meetinger"; indeed, so different was his life from that of all around him, that many of his neighbours deemed him "mad."

"Now for a bit of fun!" said Joshua to himself, as he entered the field where the old man was ploughing. Addressing him, he said—

"I'm told you're a Methodist, Robert?"

"Yes, Master Joshua, I am."
"And you can preach?"
"No, no, master; I can't preach."
"Well, what *can* you do?"
"I can tell you what the Lord has done for my soul."
"Very well, begin; and I'll be your congregation."

Faithfully and earnestly the unlettered countryman told his tale of mercy; and with such effect, that, ere he had finished, Master Joshua was in tears. God had used the old man's testimony to break the young man's heart. Leaving horses and plough a brief season, the "Meetinger" led the lad to the hedge-side, and there knelt and prayed for him with all the fervour of one seeking to win a soul for Christ.

Days stretched into weeks, during which the anxious youth was constantly seeking the old saint's side for spiritual counsel and prayer. He began to "see men as trees, walking", and longed for clearer light. At the risk of incurring his parents' displeasure, he went with the old man to a Methodist meeting in a hayloft at North Curry, until at length they were partners of "like precious faith."

The "Meetinger's" work was done, and a few days later he was prostrate on a sick bed. He sent for the lad to receive his dying benediction; earnestly he pleaded with his young master to be true to his new-found light, as he would soon be left the sole witness for Christ in that dark village. Then Elijah was translated—"God took him," and his mantle fell upon Elisha.

An earnest, prayerful perusal of his Bible soon led Joshua to see that he had not been baptized according to the Scriptural order; and now, *as a believer*, this was his duty. He applied for the ordinance and membership at a Baptist church, meeting in a house at North Curry. Eagerly he longed for the Sabbath when he should thus openly witness "a good confession"; hence, bitter was his disappointment when the time came, to find that his clothes had been hidden by his unwilling parents, who declared that their "Joshua should not be dipped!"

Some weeks later, when the ordinance was again to be observed, he forestalled his parents by himself hiding his clothes in readiness; and on the appointed morning he was up betimes, and off to the baptismal service.

Having cast in his lot with the people of God, and also formed an attachment to a young lady who was baptized with him, he attended at North Curry regularly for many years.

He married and settled in the neighbouring parish of Stoke St. Gregory, and was mainly instrumental in forming a Baptist church there, as well as materially helping in the erection of a place of worship for the parent church.

Twenty years later, on his father's death, he returned to the old home at Fivehead, to undertake the management of the farm on which his boyhood had been spent. Here he was used of God in leading to the Saviour one of his workmen, who, like his master, was baptized, and became a fellow-labourer in the Lord's vineyard. Shortly after, the man, whose name was William, brought home his wife from the Baptist church at Hatch Beauchamp, some four miles distant. Thus there were four Christians to form "a church in the house."

Sabbath after Sabbath, for a long time, did these four meet in the farm-house kitchen, at seven o'clock in the morning, for united prayer and fellowship over the Word of God; and, after their morning meal, taking their lunch with them, they walked to North Curry (three miles distant) for the day's services.

At length the time came for a "Baptist Forward Movement." At the prayer-meeting, one Sunday morning, the master said to his man, "William, I have it laid on my heart to make some determined effort to reach our poor lost neighbours; I feel I cannot rest while they are perishing in darkness. Let us consult the dear Lord upon the matter." (This was a very favourite expression with him.) As they rose from their knees, he continued, "I cannot preach, but I will drive to Taunton" (nine miles), "and fetch a preacher, if you will go round the village, and invite the neighbours to service in my kitchen this evening."

Preaching in a kitchen was such an unheard-of thing that, when Joshua and the preacher arrived, they found a crowded room awaiting them. The word preached was with power, and there were "signs following."

Thus, week after week, did the farmer drive each Sabbath, thirty-six miles, to fetch and carry home the preacher; and it was soon evident that the Spirit of God was at work among the people.

As the summer drew on, the congregations attending the services were such that, in addition to the crowded kitchen, the front lawn was covered by an eager listening throng, and the preacher would take his stand by the open window, in order to be heard by all.

Now came a difficulty; the evenings were growing chilly, the people could no longer with safety stand outside, and the room would not nearly accommodate them all. After consultation and prayer upon the matter by the Sunday morning quorum, it was decided to clear out the barn, stop up any gaps, and fit it up for an extemporized sanctuary by the next Sabbath; and there, through the winter months, the services were sustained with unabated interest.

For this little church to be domiciled in a barn was, of course, out of the question; hence the desirability of erecting a place of worship began to thrust itself upon this growing band of believers. For many years had they pleaded with God to establish his kingdom in this place; and now, with the earnest of an answer to that prayer, they began to pray for a piece of land on which to erect a house for God. The answer came in a strange way, stamping it with the divine seal. Joshua's eldest son had been greatly prospered in his business; and he had it laid on his heart to purchase a plot of land beside the old homestead, and present it for a place of prayer.

At the close of a Sunday morning prayer-meeting (their usual time for counsel touching "the kingdom"), Joshua remarked, "William, it seems to me that the Lord is saying pretty plainly to us, 'Arise, and build.'"

"I have been thinking so, too, for some time, Master Joshua."

No sooner was the matter fairly mooted, than offers of help came in from many, who, unable to contribute cash, were willing to lend their horses and time for carting, "for the people had a mind to work;"

and the neat, bright, commodious chapel, standing to-day in the centre of the village, is both the reward and memento of their fidelity.

Within its walls, "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" has been proclaimed for many years, with no uncertain sound; and scores of precious souls have there been born for glory.

As an honoured deacon, trusted and beloved by all the neighbourhood, Joshua lived and worshipped among this people whom he had been instrumental in gathering—lived and laboured till very recent years, ever the pastor's right-hand helper and trusty counsellor—lived to see the fruit of his faithful service and earnest individual testimony; then, "like a shock of corn fully ripe," he was gathered to the King's garner on February 23rd, 1884. The partner of his joys and sorrows, toils and successes, through all these years, has recently joined him in the land of rest.

William and his godly wife are still connected with the church; well-stricken in years, they are waiting the summons to join their comrades who have "gone before."

With the present generation in the place, Joshua's name and memory remain fragrant to-day; while the writer devoutly thanks God that he ever numbered this dear old saint among his bosom friends and counsellors, when, as a young, inexperienced pastor, he settled fresh from College. Nor will the rising race of Fivehead be likely to forget his consecrated life, as a tablet upon the wall, near the preacher's platform, informs the reader that "his pilgrimage as a Christian extended over sixty-five years," and bears testimony to the warm esteem in which the dear old disciple was held by all who knew him.

JOHN BURNHAM.

Where is God?

"OH, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through;
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea:
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sang and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was his song: "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

Author unknown.

A Prayer by the Roadside.

MANY years ago, soon after I became a Christian, I went to spend my summer holiday in Staffordshire. Some of my friends, knowing that I was accustomed to Band of Hope work, arranged a meeting for me at Rugeley, in the Town Hall. On the previous day I went across country in a carrier's cart to visit an old friend, with whom I spent a very pleasant time; but when I got to the station on the afternoon of the day on which the meeting was appointed, I found to my dismay that I had missed the train. It had started some minutes before my arrival. The station-master advised me to go to Lichfield, and get a train from there; but after a long walk, I only arrived to find that the next train from there for Rugeley was about half-past eight in the evening. It was now far advanced in the afternoon, the clock had struck the hour of four, and I was expected to meet three or four hundred children at six o'clock, miles away. The hall had been engaged for the purpose, a piano had been hired, and hymns had been specially printed and learnt by the children; the crier, with his bell, had announced the meeting from one end of the town to the other, and here was I in this sad fix. Suddenly it occurred to me to pray, and I stopped beside the hedge at the roadside, and asked the Lord for help and guidance. Then I hopefully began walking at a great rate, and covered a mile or two in a short time. Presently an open carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, came rolling past me, and when it had gone some little distance, the gentleman inside the carriage, who had been busily engaged reading a book, turned his head and saw me, and, like the eunuch in the desert of Gaza, commanded his coachman to stop the horses, and beckoned to me. I was soon beside the carriage, and very unexpectedly had the question addressed to me, "Can I give you a lift by the way?"

"Thank you, sir," I said; "you will do me good service if you kindly give me a lift; for I have missed my train, and I have to speak to some three or four hundred Band of Hope children at the Town Hall, Rugeley, to-night."

"It is a long way from here," he said, taking out his watch. "What time is your meeting?"

"Six o'clock," I replied.

"We will do our best," he responded; "get in." Then, turning to his coachman, he bade him drive quickly, and get to Rugeley by six o'clock, if possible.

All the afternoon my friends at Rugeley were in a state of great excitement; for although I had wired my whereabouts, and my intention to come to the meeting, their station-master assured them it was impossible for me to arrive there before nine o'clock. Under these circumstances, they scarcely knew what to do. One good lady suggested that they should make the best of it, and let the children sing while the parents listened, and look upon the evening as a rehearsal, and the next morning send the bellman round again announcing the meeting for the following night. This seemed a good plan; ladies always seem to do the right thing somehow. I often wish some of the

men who undertake to do the work in our churches had half the genius of some of the gracious women. But when they were settling down to this plan, and the clock in Rugeley church was striking six, all their fears were quieted. Up drove the splendid equipage to the Town Hall door, and I was covered with no little glory by arriving in such grand style. I thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and he said he was glad to have been enabled to get me there in time. I had not the least idea who it was that had given me this timely aid, and just then there was no time for explanations. The hall was full, and the time for commencing the meeting had come. After it was over, my friends were anxious to know where I had been, and who had introduced me to the noble lord.

"What do you mean?" I asked, in surprise.

"Mean!" said my friends, astonished at my ignorance, "we mean Lord Lichfield, who drove you here in his carriage. Didn't you know who he was?"

Very much astonished was I when I knew who had so kindly helped me. I told the people how it came about, and they all wondered what should cause his lordship to stop and take me up. They praised his kindness, and I was very grateful. But that night I knelt down and thanked my heavenly Father, not only for the timely help, but for the evidence such an unexpected way out of the difficulty gave me that he heard my prayer, and was ready to answer it. I had never before even spoken to a nobleman, and felt highly honoured, though sorry that I had not expressed my thanks more heartily for the help so readily given. But the highest honour in it was in being permitted to speak familiarly to the Lord of glory, and to obtain so speedy and so splendid an answer. I was but a beginner in the ways of God at the time; but that day I learnt where to seek for help in difficulty, and have often since found God to be a very present help in time of trouble. This record I make for his glory.

"Say not, my soul, 'From whence
Can God relieve my care?'
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere."

J. MANTON SMITH.

Sketches of Bush Work in Queensland.

SINCE my last contribution to *The Sword and the Trowel* under this heading (October, 1887), my sphere of labour has been changed from the up-country town, Toowoomba, to a suburb of the metropolis; and a visit to the bush has become an exception rather than a common occurrence. By a resolution of the Baptist Association of Queensland, the vice-president and secretary (Rev. T. Leitch and the writer) were appointed a deputation to visit a somewhat new work in the Nanango district, which I had better describe as a preface to my story. Some two years ago, a young Baptist brother, Mr. T. U. Symonds, having obtained a situation in a store at Nanango, found religion at a very low ebb in the district. There was a Roman Catholic church, visited once a quarter, and a building erected by

general subscription fifteen years ago, and vested in the Church of England, but not consecrated. This, however, was closed; and for more than six months no Protestant service of any kind had been held. The use of this building was obtained, services commenced, and the neighbouring settlements were also visited. God blessed the Word, several were baptized, and at Coolabunia a Baptist church was formed. A piece of land was given, and vested in the Baptist Association, and a slab and weatherboard building was erected, and opened free of debt. The business affairs of his employer presently became such that he no longer required Mr. Symonds' services. The little flock thereupon made an earnest effort to retain him as their pastor; and, some assistance having been promised by the Association, he returned to carry on the work. All this had been accomplished without any of the committee being personally acquainted with the locality, so we were deputed to visit the district.

We left Brisbane by early train on Wednesday, 9th September, changed at Ipswich for a line which runs along the valley of the Brisbane river, and at ten minutes past one reached the terminus at Esk—sixty-seven miles from Brisbane. This is a township of three hundred inhabitants, situated between two ranges of hills some five hundred feet high, from one peak of which we obtained a good, though limited, view of the surrounding country. Esk certainly seems over-supplied with churches, Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Primitive Methodists being all represented. We stayed for the night at the Royal Hotel, and, it may interest some to learn, that at the five meals to which we sat down, going and returning, not one of the guests partook of any stronger beverage than tea. Where this is provided at meals, including dinner, my experience here is that few persons wish anything else; this may convey a hint for Temperance reformers.

Between Esk and Nanango a coach runs twice a week, doing the journey in about twelve hours. For our greater comfort and also with a view to economy, Mr. Symonds met us with a buggy, and we started next morning about half-past eight. After leaving the township, we got into open forest country, suitable only for cattle, and timbered chiefly by ironbark. Cressbrook Station, fifteen miles, is not in sight, but by the roadside there is the site of a projected township, which at present consists solely of a church, no habitation being visible. Formerly there was also a public-house; but that was destroyed by fire, and only the brick chimney remains. About one o'clock we camped by a sandy creek in regular Australian style, and though the water was too shallow for swimming, a bath was very refreshing. Proceeding on our way, at about twenty-six miles, we forded one of the tributaries of the Brisbane river, at Colinton, the head station of which is picturesquely situated on the river bank. About sunset we reached Stonehouse, a half-way house of call at the foot of the mountain ranges. It is unusual for houses to be built of stone; but "Bob Williams" was a stone-mason, and the material is very plentiful. We thought of the days of Solomon, when we found that the partitions and woodwork generally were of cedar. Stonehouse was formerly a hotel; but I understand that the license was cancelled owing to liquor having been supplied to an aboriginal, who, under its influence, committed murder.

After a good night's rest, we were again on the road at eight o'clock. Climbing the mountains, though more tiring to the horses, is less monotonous to the traveller. Now we are all out of the buggy, walking up some steep ascent; presently we are driving rapidly down the other side. Now the prospect opens out on every side, giving fine views of mountain scenery. Next we are passing through a patch of pine scrub, thick with tangled creeping vines, festooned with luxuriant moss, and melodious with the sweet, clear notes of the bell-bird. After some twelve miles, we pass Taromeo station, on the bank of a stream running over and amidst huge granite boulders. At about twenty miles, a long and steep descent brings

us to Cooyar Creek, where we make our mid-day camp. More mountain climbing, followed by a long stretch of country, probably fifteen hundred feet above sea level, and at six p.m. we arrive at Nanango, having leisurely taken two days for the journey from Esk. Although the township is thirty years old, its population does not much exceed two hundred, the gold mines, which first caused its settlement, having, so far, not paid working expenses. An agricultural community, now settling in the neighbouring scrub lands, gives promise of progress.

On Saturday, we drove fifteen miles to Tarong station, now in the hands of Mr. W. A. Wilson, who informed us that, when an infant, in Yorkshire, the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* took him up in his arms. He is a son of the late Rev. B. G. Wilson, for many years pastor of the Wharf Street Church, Brisbane. Tarong, like all others in this district, is a cattle station. Its western boundary is twenty miles distant on the Bunya mountains. Westward of that range is the sheep country of the Darling Downs. Mr. Wilson was anxious that we should all tarry for the night; but Sunday's engagement made that impossible. Mr. Leitch, however, agreed to remain; and after a calm, restful afternoon, Mr. Symonds and I started in the cold mountain air, and the bright moonlight, for our drive back to Nanango.

Although a Sunday morning service was unusual, about forty assembled in the Church of England building previously mentioned, to whom I told the old, old story. Mr. Leitch, having held a service at Tarong, was driven over by Mr. Wilson in time for us to start together for Coolabunia, a scrub settlement eight miles distant. The church would form a novel picture for English readers. Imagine a clearing in the dense scrub, the felled logs still lying on the ground amidst the undergrowth once more springing up; an oblong building, capable of seating fifty persons; the walls of slabs, *i.e.*, split logs shaped with an adze; with weatherboards at the ends above the level of the eaves; a gable roof, shingled; and a little porch of similar construction, and you have the church. By extra seats and standing, sixty-five persons were accommodated; Sankey's familiar hymns were sung, and we delivered our message, beseeching men to be reconciled to God. We could not delay, but started speedily, so as to be in time for the evening service in Nanango. In this we were joined by the Salvation Army, who commenced operations in the Divisional Board Hall, a few months ago. Augmented thus, and also by visitors from outside, no less than one hundred and three were crowded into the church and porch—the largest gathering for public worship yet held in the township. To these Mr. Leitch spoke on the forgiveness of sins; and a lively prayer-meeting brought the day's services to a close, the fruit whereof we trust will yet appear.

On Monday we visited some families, and also went to the gold mines. On our way we met an aboriginal, dragging the body of a carpet-snake, eleven feet long, still warm and writhing through muscular action. This is, perhaps, our largest snake, and is not poisonous. It was to form a dainty meal for the black fellow. Having on our way to Coolabunia killed a black snake (poisonous), whose skin, five feet six inches in length, was then stretched on Mr. Symonds' verandah, I bargained for the skin of this also, promptly stripped it, gave "Cockie" *his* portion, stowed the skin under the buggy mat, and proceeded.

The gold mines, which are about a mile and a half from the township, were commenced about a quarter of a century ago. Many shafts have been sunk and abandoned. Those now being worked have passed through many hands for the same reason—the gold is there, but not in payable quantities. The indications are that the gold which is found is detached from a reef somewhere in the vicinity. The hope which inspires the workers is that of finding the reef itself. We were shown, in the familiar tin dish of the miner, the result of washing about three dishes of mullock. There certainly

was the precious metal—a good pinch of it, too—some rather coarse grains, but mostly very fine dust. In the uncertain hope of getting this, men will spend their strength and pains for years, while they neglect that which is "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." Two batteries are about to be erected by the creek in the township; and many are sanguine that a great future is in store for the Nanango goldfield.

Tuesday morning was devoted to further visiting, and assisting in the preparations for the tea-meeting to be held in honour of our visit; and the afternoon to a conference with the church-members. The tea-meeting was a great event. The tea, which marked the opening of Coolabunia church, was the first ever held in the district, and the one in which we were interested was the first in the township. Some had no idea what it would be like. One asked if they were to bring their own tea; several wanted to know if it would finish up with a dance. Everybody seemed willing to help; even Roman Catholics gave provisions, one of them sending a ham. One hotel proprietor provided no tea for boarders; but told them to go to the Divisional Board Hall, where our meeting was held. The organ from the Church of England was lent for the occasion, and the organist too. Some were present who had driven twenty-five miles to attend. One settler spent a long time in fixing seats on his orthodox German waggon, and brought in fourteen persons a distance of eight miles. The number present was almost equal to the entire population of the township; one hundred and fifty-seven were counted at the after-meeting. Mr. Wilson, of Tarong, occupied the chair, and the proceedings were, I believe, calculated to cheer and encourage the workers, and leave an influence for good upon all.

We were unable, through want of time, to go to all the places visited by Mr. Symonds, they being six, eight, fourteen, and one even thirty-three miles distant. Next morning we had to turn homewards. We had passed Taromeo when coming, and therefore arranged to call on our way back. The hospitality of Mrs. Scott is quite patriarchal in its generosity. That we were strangers made no difference. She had reckoned on our calling the first time, and had even made preparation for it. She certainly obeys the injunction in Hebrews xiii. 2, and we trust it may be her lot to entertain angels unawares. Here we remained for the night, Mr. Leitch conducting a service in the large dining-room.

Having to travel forty-three miles next day, we were early astir, and reached Esk safely by seven p.m. In pursuance of an intimation made when we passed through, Messrs. Dale and Snaith (Presbyterian and Primitive Methodist ministers) had announced us to hold an evangelistic service in the Public Hall. After a very welcome meal, we held first an open-air meeting, and then each of us addressed a congregation of fully fifty inside the building. For a week-night this must be considered satisfactory. What the results will be, may not be revealed till eternity. Next morning, at a quarter past six, we were in the train; the journey to Brisbane was accomplished without any special incident, and our deputation work was over.

Thus, I have tried to picture a work, the like of which is greatly needed in our Queensland bush. By the will of the late Hon. James Swan, our Baptist Association has just received a bequest which will amount ultimately to the interest on more than £25,000, which is to be used in evangelistic work in the colony. There has not yet been time to prepare any plan of campaign; but what I have described seems to teach that we want young men of grace and ability, unfettered by family cares, for a few years, at least, willing to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, content with a small pittance, an obscure field of service, and a rough and lonely life. For such, "the fields are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

Albion Brisbane, Queensland. WILLIAM HIGLETT.

Notices of Books.

The Sword and the Trowel. Vol. XXVII. Passmore and Alabaster. Price five shillings.

OUR friends should preserve the volumes of our Magazine as a chronicle of the work in which they take such a loving interest. We conceive that the volume for 1891 is not behind any of its fellows in abiding value. Many of its articles have been borrowed by other periodicals; and this is a token of appreciation which is evidently very sincere. As a mere piece of book furniture, *The Sword and the Trowel* annual volume is well worth the five shillings which it costs; but to those who hold the orthodox faith, it has characteristics which enshrine it in their favour.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit. Vol. XXXVII. Passmore and Alabaster. Price seven shillings.

IT is not for us to glory, and yet we cannot do other than rejoice as we see the *thirty-seventh* portly volume of our sermons produced by our publishers. Yet we rejoice with trembling, for this might easily have been the last of the series. How much longer shall we be able to issue a weekly message to the churches? How much longer will the Lord's people feel sufficiently edified by them to purchase them? With the answers to these questions we have nothing to do. We have sermons reported in a sufficient number to keep the press going for nearly ten years if we preach no more. Our trust is that we may yet bear witness for our Lord for years to come. It will cheer the preacher's heart if a large number of the volume for 1891 should be in immediate demand.

The Privileges of Saints. A Sermon on the Eighth Chapter of Romans. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price one penny.

IF our readers wish to taste the quality of Dr. Pierson's ministry, let them get this sermon. It was of the Lord that our beloved friend should occupy our pulpit while we are laid aside; and it has been the means of great rest to a heart all too apt to be anxious. Dr. Pierson is a full, all-round preacher, sound in the faith, and of a brave missionary spirit: what he is besides which is excellent, it would seem like flattery to write.

The Golden Text Calendar. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row.

THIS is very well arranged with daily texts, and the figure for the day of the month distinct and clear. It costs one shilling.

Benrose and Sons, as usual, publish their capital calendars. We have long been familiar with them, and the one for 1891 was conspicuous in our room in Menton. There are three kinds for 1892, *Scripture*, *Proverbial*, and *Daily*. We have given the best evidence of our approval by our constant use of them.

Eye-witnesses of His Majesty. An Argument and an Appeal. By Rev. CHARLES A. FOX, of Eaton Chapel. Partridge & Co.

WE expect great things from Mr. Fox's Annual Address, and we are not disappointed. He gives, for two pence, more thought than we can find in many huge volumes. In this instance, he endeavours to set forth our Lord's moral and natural majesty. Does he succeed? Yes, and No. He writes very graciously, and succeeds as far as man can conceive or describe the glories of our King; but he fails, as angels and archangels must, fully to set forth the majesty of our divinely-perfect Lord, who is beyond all praise. We have been made to bow in lowly reverence at the pierced feet by this discourse. Can we say more? We doubt not that thousands will find it the very gate of heaven thus to be helped to become "*eye-witnesses of His Majesty.*"

The Temperance Mirror for 1891. An Illustrated Magazine for the Home Circle. 33, Paternoster Row.

THE *Mirror* remains unbroken, and undimmed. By its means may many a drinker see himself, and quit his deadly habit! Thus may the *Mirror* upset the glass! Being nicely-bound, the Magazine makes an attractive volume.

The Baptist Almanack and Directory for 1892. Robert Banks & Son.

AN exceedingly useful Almanack for Baptists: in fact, a handbook in a minor form. Quite a mass of information for twopence, with likenesses of three Spurgeons; and, best of all, a portrait of Nellie Brown, the missionary daughter of the beloved A. G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle.

Corn on the Mountains. Sermons by Rev. JOHN ROBERTSON, The Gorbals Tabernacle, Glasgow. Nisbet.

THE tremendous energy of our excellent brother, John Robertson, will strike every reader of these wonderful sermons. We cannot criticize earthquakes, tornadoes, or discourses of this order. Everything is tempestuous and unusual, yet natural, and Robertsonian. This man's talk is a stream of lava—all sorts of things are melted into it, and blaze away as they flow. Those who wish to find errors of taste, faults of expression, and so forth, will not need to hunt long for their game; they will find enough to gratify their candid friendship with sharp remarks for the next month or two. As for ourselves, we rejoice in the uprise of a genius so remarkable and promising. Robertson is luxuriant; "his branches run over the wall." There may be need of pruning, but then there is something to prune. There is grit and stuff in this preacher. He is a real man. He has read far and wide; if he has not intermeddled with *all* knowledge, he has gone a good way in that direction; and all that he has ever read is fresh in his memory, and comes pouring forth in a lavish prodigality of illustration. Best of all, he is not infected with the modern pest of affected scientific doubt: he believes, and therefore speaks.

These sermons will be too Scotch for many English ears, and many of the allusions will be best appreciated north of the border; yet all this will be a recommendation to our northern friends, who delight in their native Doric. Young people will be led to read these racy utterances, and we trust the Lord will bless the arousing word to their souls. Older folk will look for growth in the well-beloved preacher, and will be better fed when the corn is not quite so much "on the mountains", but grows in quiet valleys, and yields heavier ears, full of fine flour. We do not doubt that, to many, this early volume of John Robertson's sermons will be better than volume twenty, which will probably appear after as many years have passed away: but the mass of spiritual people will then be rejoicing in his increased depth of teaching, and in the continued energy of a language never tamed to monotony, though sobered into compacter force.

The Glories of Christ, Illustrated by the Tabernacle in the Wilderness. By H. F. WITHERBY. Alfred Holness.

FIRST-RATE. Cannot be improved. Should be read by everybody. A *great* little book, costing sixpence bound in cloth, and worth its weight in bank-notes. We cannot write too warmly of its clear and full description of the way of access to God. No type is strained; all is simple and natural. We read it with delight. It can be bought for threepence in paper; but we say, "Buy the bound copy; read it, and lend it."

The Person and Ministry of the Holy Spirit. Edited by A. C. DIXON, Pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, Baltimore. R. D. Dickinson.

THIS little volume contains a summary of the addresses delivered by various speakers at a conference lately held at Baltimore, U. S. A., and therefore it has a strong American flavour about it. The subject is at all times a most important one: it is especially so in the present day, when the great need of the Christian Church is the teaching and convincing power of the Holy Ghost. Whilst the speakers, as their main subject, set forth God the Holy Spirit, they express clear views concerning the one way of salvation through Christ, and they are sound upon the inspiration of the Bible. The many illustrations are apposite and original. The book will amply repay a careful and prayerful perusal.

The Climber and the Staff. Addresses to Young Men on the Christian Life. By ARTHUR MURSELL. Longley.

POLISHED steel! Arthur Mursell is a master of the art of word-painting, though sometimes his colours appear to have been laid on with a trowel rather than with the artist's brush. There is much to be admired in this little volume; but it does not supply so much food for the heart as for the brain of the intellectual young man of the period. A good specimen of Mr. Mursell's satirical style is found in his chapter on "The Church of the Future", in which he says, "The word, 'Let's play at prophets,' has gone round amongst Radical editors and Socialistic preachers, who claim to live in advance of their time. Perhaps it would better define their purpose if they spelled 'prophets' with an 'f.' . . . . . Audacity soon grows into profanity, and it has not taken our manikin prophets long to reach the ungainly cubits of the ogre. Impatient of the diffidence of angels, these trespassers have hastened to rush in where they have feared to tread; and halfpenny press and penny pulpit are busy now in focusing the star of 'the church of the future.'" What do the "manikin prophets" say to that?

Conquests of the Cross. A Record of Missionary Work throughout the World. Edited by EDWIN HODDER. Vols. I., II., III. Cassell and Co.

THESE three volumes will remain for many a year the most comprehensive and complete record of missionary successes up to this date. A greater chronicle is yet to come when vaster populations shall bow before the Lord Jesus, and look to his death for their life, and to his life as the model of their conduct. Meanwhile, in every library this standard work should have a prominent place. It is plentifully illustrated, and popularly written. For its great size, it is very cheap. It is calculated to breed missionaries, by firing the ambition of saintly souls, and encouraging them with the prospect of great victories. It seems to us to include nearly all missionary work of any notable size, and it treats all with impartiality. The Christian church is laid under great obligations to Mr. Hodder and the spirited publishers at his back. Spread these volumes, you who have large means, and you will be doing the missionary cause great service.

The God of the Children; or, How the Voices of Nature Speak to us. By BEDFORD POLLARD. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a book of Sunday readings for the young, on natural theology, and is intended "to give thoughtful Christian mothers a means of interesting and instructing their young people during their Sunday afternoon or evening readings, and to help them in their efforts to lead their children to our God and Saviour, whose tender mercies are so manifestly over all his works."

The author is at some pains to warn parents against "unduly troubling their children with abstract religion", and to persuade and assist them to furnish their young minds "with the evidences of divine wisdom and bounty to be found on all hands." He sees in much of the religious instruction of the young a lack of emphasizing "that which appears almost a truism, that the first essential in coming to God is to believe that *he is*." To help in this direction, Mr. Pollard supplies, in a delightfully interesting manner, evidences of design, and illustrations of "divine forethought and economy, in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth." Whether he draws his illustrations from the sun or the swallow, the elephant or the earthworm, the atmosphere or the ornithorhynchus, he instructs and edifies the young, and refreshes the memory of those of wider reading. Some may be disappointed at not finding "the gospel" in these Sunday readings; but the very regret is some evidence of ability to supply the needed teaching. We commend the book as admirably adapted to the end proposed.

Neddy's Alphabet.
Our Little Dots' Holiday Pictures.
Our Little Dots' Bible Pictures.
Religious Tract Society.

MORE for the bairns. Colouring enough to make their eyes sparkle. The little dots come in for a large dotation.

St. Paul and the Christian's Triumph. By Rev. GEORGE NICKSON, B.A., Tutor of Ridley Hall, Cambridge. Marshall Brothers.

A SERMON on 2 Cor. ii. 14-16, in the form of a booklet, with a preface by Principal Moule. The author shows a scholar's keen appreciation of the apostle's beautiful but involved metaphor, and expounds and applies it with the joy of one who has himself been made captive to Christ, and who loves to make manifest the savour of his name to others. We are told, however, of the apostle—"There is often confusion in his metaphors." We think that there is frequently much more confusion in the author's figures, especially in the very remote illustration from acids which "attack alloy", made to extend over some ten pages of so small a book. Surely, this is both disproportionate and absolutely incongruous to the leading notion of a triumphal procession. The book, notwithstanding, has a great charm in its earnest and faithful pleading. It is well worthy of the prayerful study of young men, for whom, chiefly, it seems to have been written.

Arrows Shot at a Venture; or, Short Plain Sermons for Country Folk. By Rev. B. S. BERRINGTON, B.A. Digby and Long, 18, Bouverie St.

FIFTEEN sermonettes: very little "arrow", not much "shoot", rather more "venture", but the target fairly safe. The author has not had much education on the doctrinal side of Christian truth, and on the literary side is not strong. As to the former—indeed, both—take the following, as intended to describe our Lord's sorrow in Gethsemane: "His heart was breaking with grief, not at the sad fate (!) that was awaiting him, but at the faithlessness of his apostles, and the unbelief of his countrymen (!), upon whom he saw swift destruction coming. He can contain himself no longer, and we seem to hear him exclaim to his three favourite apostles, in mournful accents: 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Tarry ye here, and watch with me.'" Surely, all that the preacher sees here was a mere bubble on the surface of his sorrows who suffered for the sins of lost men! There is much in the volume of about the same calibre. In spite of weakness, the aim of these country church sermons is good, the tone pleasant, and the spirit reverent.

The Coming King; or, a Simple Introduction to the Subject of the Second Coming of Christ. By Rev. JAMES SMITH, Free Church, Dufftown. Nisbet and Co.

A LITTLE book upon a great but much-neglected truth. Those who love and meditate upon the "blessed hope" of "His appearing", will find this "booklet" answer the author's description of it—"A Handy Introduction" or "Pocket Guide" to the teaching of Scripture on the subject. It should be widely circulated among the many who say they know that Christ is coming, but whose views thereon are very hazy, if not altogether unscriptural. It is clear, concise, and suggestive; and costs but ninepence.

Three Questions: Why are we Christians? Why are we Protestants? Why are we Congregationalists? By H. ARNOLD THOMAS, M.A., Minister of Highbury Chapel, Bristol. Bristol: W. F. Mack.

HERE, for a shilling, we have three Sunday morning sermons, at once interesting, instructive, and eminently fair. The quotations are well chosen, and admirably to the point. All our young people, and not a few of our elders, too, would be the better for such teaching, to enable them, amidst the growing indifferentism and priestcraft of the day, to give a reason for the hope that is in them. We hold to the old Puritan idea, however, that no sermon is worthy of the name in which the gospel is not in some way presented. With this reservation, and the inevitable addition for thorough-going New Testament Christians, "Why are we Baptists?" we heartily commend the book, and (so long as the gospel is not displaced) we approve the practice of systematically informing our young people in New Testament principles.

Wedding Wine for the Bridegroom's Guests. By Rev. HENRY WINSOR, South Stockton. Shaw & Co.

ANOTHER of our Brother Winsor's admirable little penny books, making No. 4 of the series. The subject of it is the spiritual teaching of the miracle at Cana of Galilee. The author gratefully acknowledges the testimony from many of his readers, whose spiritual life has been helped by the simple truths he has written in his previous books. He may confidently expect similar results from the present little work. Our friends should send for specimens, and order as many as they can circulate.

The Problem of Jesus. By GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN. Philadelphia: John Y. Huber Company.

HERE are the gleanings of centuries crystallized in five-and-thirty pages! A book to be weighed rather than measured. The philosophical problem, "How will you account for Jesus of Nazareth?" is shown to admit only of the answer, "Truly, this was the Son of God!" The practical problem, "What will you do with Jesus of Nazareth?" leads to the same point. May the Holy Spirit lead multitudes to the solution of the problem, and thus feed them on the fruit of the tree of life depicted so loyally by our author!

Is Christ a King? By G. R. S. Elliot Stock.

A TASTEFUL and well-meant treatise, vitiated by its teaching on baptism and confirmation. The author declares Christ to be "King of the spiritual Israel, which is composed of the redeemed, gathered in from every nation" (p. 2). "The admission into the Kingdom is by baptism" (St. John iii. 5). "After baptism comes confirmation, or the laying on of hands—growth in grace by union with the LORD JESUS CHRIST the King" (p. 9). Again, "Our Lord has 'given unto us *all* things that pertain unto life (which is the eternal life) and godliness.' The things HE has given us are baptism . . ." (p. 29). This baptism is on the next page declared to be "necessary for our salvation." If this were true, the dying thief was not saved; and no infant dying unbaptized, or any of the Society of Friends, could find a welcome to the Father's home. Oh, wretched travesty of gospel ordinances, that can transmute these sacred symbols of divinest truth into spiritual fetishes and shibboleths of sect! We are not wont to use a liturgy; but with the Word of God before us, we are at times inclined to pray, "From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and Commandment, good Lord, deliver us!"

Jesus Christ and the People. By MARK GUY PEARSE. Charles H. Kelly.
Short Talks for the Times. By same Author and Publisher.

THESE works are written in the author's well-known bright and popular style, and will, we doubt not, find the ready sale which their sterling merits deserve. They are books written to be read: the thought is clear as a pellucid stream, and often as deep as it is clear. Despite the strong Arminian tinge, which we deprecate, we own the unction and simplicity, and, we may add, spiritual depth shown in these productions. It is not given to every man to combine the child and the sage, and to pack away a disquisition in a homely talk. We want more writers of this class.

The Gospel according to St. Paul. Studies in the first eight chapters of his Epistle to the Romans. By Rev. J. OSWALD DYKES, M.A., D.D. Nisbet and Co.

A CLEAR and powerful elucidation of the teaching of Paul on cardinal points; combining doctrinal grasp and practical insight. As an exposition, it is intensely thorough, while yet free from technicalities. We give this work a warm commendation. There was nothing attenuated or lopsided in the gospel according to Paul, neither is there in this forthsetting of it. Those who are not carried away with every wind of doctrine, and whom it pleases to read old truths put with freshness and fervour, will find in this work both strength of mind and sweetness of spirit.

Abraham Lincoln: an Essay. By CARL SCHURZ. Putnam and Sons, King William Street, Strand.

WE have had before us, over and over again, biographies detailing the facts of Lincoln's life, till we need no more of them. This is a very different affair, for from it we have learned more of "Old Abe" than from all the hackneyed memoirs put together; although it is only fair to say that our knowledge of the bare facts must have contributed to our profiting by the essay. Here we see the essence of "Father Abraham's" character. He was a simple and eminently natural personage. His originality was never tampered with; he aped nobody, and remained unchanged alike by exaltations and difficulties.

His temper strikes us as marvellously Christian. He bore offences as one who was not callous; and he showed his sensitiveness by increased gentleness rather than by anger. He held his position by bearing with men. He at once imputed the best of motives to his opponents, and became their apologist when they had misunderstood him. He accepted protests, and modified his own course by all that was wise in them. He made friends out of those who despised him by practically showing that he did not despise *them*, but could work with them in the common cause of his country's good. Those who thought he was too slow in proclaiming emancipation, lived to see that he was making the surest speed by his apparent delays. He was governed by principle, and by prudence; and when others rushed on in passion, he did not blame them, for he would have done the same had he been as free from official responsibility as they were. We have not given enough prominence, in our estimate of America's greatest President, to his self-forgetfulness and personal repression. His was a strength like that of the patriarch Abraham—the power of self-containedness derived from faith in God. His religion was evidently less seen in profession than in its secret support of his magnanimous soul. He was not perfect, and did not profess to be; but as a manager of men, he was made for the hour, and did its work in a way which it would be difficult to improve. Leaders of movements, pastors of churches, rulers of men, will do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this essay, and then to imitate its hero in those gentle arts which are more potent than the domineering force which Carlyle was so wont to cry up as true power.

One must not omit to mention that mother wit and humour found in him another practical proof that it is neither weakness nor sin; but when properly used, is a source of patience, a spring of energy, and an armoury of efficient weapons. A man who had no fun in him would have been borne down where Lincoln rose to the crest of the wave. Thanks, Mr. Carl Schurz, for your first-class essay! It costs half-a-crown, and it has done the reviewer more than a pound's worth of good.

Abraham Lincoln. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. Nisbet.

THIS is No. 3 of Mr. Ellis's series of "Lives that Speak"; and it is well worthy of a place in such a collection, for of Abraham Lincoln it is certainly true, "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Those who are not familiar with the history of "Old Abe" will here get an admirable outline of it, while those who have read biographies of him will probably find something in this volume that they have not previously read. Mr. Ellis has done well in giving many of the stories that Lincoln was constantly telling with very telling effect. Here is one, in answer to General Grant's enquiry whether he should capture Jefferson Davis, or allow him to escape. Lincoln said, "I told him of an Irishman, who had taken the pledge of Father Mathew. He became terribly thirsty, and applied to a bar-tender for a lemonade. While it was being prepared, he whispered to the barman, 'And couldn't ye put a little brandy in it all unbeknown to meself?' I told Grant if he could let Jeff Davis escape all unbeknown to himself, to let him go; I didn't want him." The book is well worth the half-crown charged for it.

Speaking Years. A Memory of William Carus, M.A. By Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 7, Paternoster Square.

MR. BULLOCK again! Bless the man; he never comes too often! His books are attractive externally, which shows his sense and taste. They are rich with the gospel, and this wins our loving gratitude. In this instance he redeems from oblivion scraps about Canon Carus, and Professor Sedgwick, which we are right glad to have seen. Looking back forty years, we are able personally to remember the potent and gracious influence of those two men upon Cambridge. They were not tinctured with the odious gall of modern infidelity, but stood to their Bibles as brave soldiers to their guns. When *Carus* fell asleep, the race that knew Simeon drew to its end; but another tribe of evangelicals filled up their places. *Sedgwick* was a master in the science of geology; but his faith in the Word of God was as firm as the rocks he loved to examine. This little book is made up of grains of gold from the mine of Carus; we look for some other author to bring out the big nuggets in the form of a memoir.

Peter Jackson, the Missionary Cabman. By J. FORBES MONCRIEFF. Edinburgh: A. Stevenson.

A SHORT sketch of the remarkable life of an Edinburgh cabman. Saved in early life from drowning, and converted under the preaching of Dr. Moody Stuart, he soon became possessed of the one desire of bringing others to Christ, and laid himself out, in season and out of season, to win souls. His biography is intensely interesting; and, after reading it, we laid it down with this feeling—here is a man whose life and service in a humble sphere have been a mighty power for good. Some of Peter's sayings and doings are remarkable; here is one:—"A friend recently told me that, when that disgraceful fight took place between Heenan and Sayers, her brother, then a lad, attending the Edinburgh University, took, along with various other students, a keen interest in the issue of the combat. When the result was about to be made known, he rushed down the street, somewhere near the University, in a state of great excitement, exclaiming to the first cabman he met, 'Who has won the fight? Who has won the fight?' 'Dear young gentleman,' was the grave and unexpected reply, 'Fight the good fight of faith.' He did not know the man; but I fear few cabmen in Edinburgh but Peter Jackson would have made the like reply."

Thomas Ellwood, and other Worthies of the Olden Time. By FRANCES ANNE BUDGE. Nisbet.

THESE Quaker lives have a great charm about them. To the common reader they must prove very interesting; but to the believer they will be greatly profitable. These were *living men*, men of God, men to whom the Holy Ghost was a real Person, and for whom death and suffering had no terror. The price of this neat volume is the exceedingly small sum of eighteenpence. "Friends" will find in such biographies their best arguments, and the friends of "Friends" will wish God-speed to such teachings of the value of Holy Scripture, the blessedness of trust in God, and the sweetness of adherence to the principles of peace and goodwill to men. These men lived in the heroic age of Quakerdom; and they proved that, wherever the gospel is a living power, whatever may be the peculiar form of the man's ecclesiastical position, it makes a saint of him.

Memorable London Houses. A Handy Guide. By WILMOT HARRISON. Sampson Low and Co.

WE do not wonder that this half-crown book is in its third edition; for it contains an almost endless succession of incidents about notable men who have lived in the metropolis What an ugly place London is! The pictures of its houses give you the idea that every single building is a little more unsightly than the rest. There are portions of our big town which rival the finest continental cities; but no great man has yet haunted these architectural successes, for they are of modern origin.

Archie's Find: a Story of Australian Life. By E. STREDDER. Nelson.

JUST the kind of story to set a sensible, self-reliant lad longing to try his fortune in our Australian El Dorado. There is nothing very remarkable in the plot of the story; but it is full of interesting particulars of life in the bush, with its wealth of flower and fruit, fur and feather.

Sarah, a Princess. By FAITH CHILTERN. Religious Tract Society.

A GOOD story of a little workhouse girl, who did not find the life of a "general", or "maid-of-all-work" and no play, all sweetness and light. This little maiden sighed, "Oh, dear! I wish I was somebody, and could do something!" How it came to pass that she became in truth, as in name, "Sarah, a princess", many "generals" will be pleased to learn, if kind mistresses will put a copy of her life-story into their hands. This will secure for Faith Chiltern hundreds of grateful friends.

The Rabbi's Sons. A Story of the Days of St. Paul. By EMILY WEAVER. Charles H. Kelly.

A VERY good story of its kind, but we must confess that we do not admire the kind. It is so much like adding human tradition or imaginings to the inspired Word of God. For instance, Paul's words, "perils of robbers", are made the basis of several exciting chapters on the thieves who hid in the caves near Jerusalem, and attacked all caravans that were not well guarded. Saul of Tarsus is supposed to have been captured on one of these raids. The book contains an account of a baptismal service at Athens, and mentions that the converts were baptized on profession of their faith; but readers are left to form their own opinion as to the meaning of the word "baptized", for mention is made both of a fountain and a basin. The redeeming feature of the volume is the clear gospel teaching which is given as Paul delivered it, and as it is recorded both in his epistles and in the Acts of the Apostles.

Her Associate Members. By PANSY. Charles H. Kelly.

As a story-writer, we consider Pansy to be a specialist. Her primary aim seems to be the education of her Christian sisters in the art and mystery of soul-winning; and while so doing, and, indeed, in so doing, to give wise and profitable help in many matters of domestic economy. Of the lady, whose "associate members" are photographed, or typographed—they are a queer lot—it is said, "She illustrates theology." So saying, the writer makes a motto well suited to describe her own work. All those peculiarities of style and method which constitute the charm of the Pansy books are here, not excepting a certain grotesqueness in the sayings of these American "associates", which is somewhat akin to humour. For gentle and simple, gracious and graceless, each and all, here is a bright and beautiful book.

The Mysterious House. By Mrs. WALTON. Religious Tract Society.

THIS book has several claims for public favour. First, its *readableness:* it is one of the "Shilling Illustrated Books in Large Type for Adults." Next, its *authoress*, Mrs. Walton, whose "organ recital", on "Christie's Old Organ", has charmed thousands. Thirdly, its *godliness;* for in it the three R's—Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration—are clearly taught.

Dick's Charge, and How he Fulfilled it. By Mrs. J. FERRY. Sunday School Union.

A STORY of two orphan street arabs, to the elder of whom their poor dying mother committed his weakly little brother: this was "Dick's charge." How a mother's prayers and godly teaching bore fruit under very unfavourable circumstances, is well told in this touching tale.

Self-sacrifice and its Reward. Same author and publisher.

A PRETTY little sixpenny book. The home-life of a family, where the fear of the Lord and mutual love are exemplified, is described in a pleasing and instructive style.

Christie's Next Things. By the Author of "Mrs. Morse's Girls." Religious Tract Society.

THOUGH it is three years since we read this American lady's former story, we have a distinct recollection of its attractive style and thoroughly earnest Christian spirit. The tale before us is even more full of helpful suggestiveness to our elder girls, especially to those who have "chosen the better part." Equally appropriate to the unconverted are most of the chapters; and the story, as such, will secure the attention of any sensible young person.

Margaret Allerton. By AMELIA M. WORKMAN. Charles H. Kelly.

THE heroine of this story is a young governess in a doctor's family, where much of her time is taken up with observing Ursa Major and Ursa Minor; not the heavenly bodies composing the constellations; but two old maids, so called by their naughty nephew and nieces. How a querulous, cynical invalid, and these two antiques of savage name, "put on the nature of the lamb", as the result of the long-suffering, and gentle ministrations of "Miss Allerton", is briefly, but beautifully told by "A. Workman", who needeth not to be ashamed.

Her Two Sons. A Story for Young Men and Maidens. By MRS. CHARLES GARNETT. Partridge.

IT is well that this tale should be republished in this cheap form. It is one of the few stories which we could *urge* young people to read. Works of fiction of the better sort we barely tolerate, but this we commend. It is full of the gospel spirit, and so natural that it might actually have happened. Price eighteenpence.

Notes.



WE must return to our practice of giving vignettes of our leading helpers. We have pleasure in presenting a portrait of our venerable friend, MR. JAMES STIFF, whom we love in the Lord. Increasing years are rendering him less able to fulfil his work as a deacon than he used to be; but they have not decreased his love for his Pastor, or his interest in the work at the Tabernacle. He came to us in 1864, from the little church in Regent Street, Lambeth, and was elected an elder in the same year. Mainly by his generosity, Stockwell Baptist Chapel was built, and it was judged wise that he should be one of the first company forming the new church in 1866. Therefore we lost him *nominally*, but we always retained him really; and in 1882 he returned to the place where he was most at home. In 1883, he became a deacon of the Tabernacle Church and trustee of the Stockwell Orphanage.

In the providence of God, our friend rose, from a working lad in the country, to become one of the great manufacturing potters of Lambeth. He remained, in all conditions, true to Nonconformity, to the Sabbath School, and to the orthodox faith. Young people have always found in him a warm friend, and a kind adviser. Our readers will also remember how useful Mrs. Stiff has been in her large Bible-class.

In the village where he was born, our friend has built a row of Almshouses as a token of gratitude to God for prospering him. He is a Suffolk man, well known at Bury St. Edmund's. He was a leading member of the first London School Board, and he has been Master of the Loriner's Company; but in these pages he will be better commended by his Pastor's saying that he has found him a true friend and a willing helper, and that he trusts that his last days will be full of rest to himself, and glory to God.

Friends expect a word from the Editor about his own health. I will, therefore, write my own bulletin for the New Year. Taking the result of the last month, I feel sure I have made a very hopeful advance in general health. The doctor has to judge of my disease; and his verdict is that there is a *decided* improvement, though not a very great one. He continues to write CAUTION,

in capital letters, and to remind me that there can only be slow progress, and I must not grudge the time. I am so grateful to be alive, and to have the assured prospect of recovery, that I know not how to express my thankfulness to God for answering the prayers of his people; and I may well submit to his sacred will. I cannot boast of being able to wait patiently; but I will be quiet as long as I must be. Hitherto, a very little extra thinking, writing, or conversation, has shown me that I am a poor creature at my best. My peace of mind, and cheerfulness of spirit, make me feel as good as well; but, as to strength, I cannot deceive myself with the notion that I can render any public service; for even prayer, with half-a-dozen, overpowers me. Still, my own voice is coming back in force, and the *far-away* tone, which my sickness brought me, is not often heard. The weather here is so specially superb, week after week, that I am much in the open-air, and in the glorious sun, and this is God's own strengthening medicine for weakness such as mine. My wife's presence is also a main ingredient in my cup, which runs over with mercies.

Further letters of sympathy and congratulation have come from the Baptist African Mission Convention of the Western States and Territories of the U.S.A., meeting at Kansas city; the Cheshire Conference of General Baptist Churches, held at Crewe; the Open-Air Missionaries, meeting at Exeter Hall; and various churches and friends in Denmark, Sweden, Natal, the United States, Persia, New South Wales, &c., &c. Letters have also arrived from the various Associations at the Antipodes from which cablegrams came before we left home. To all our sympathizing friends we are devoutly grateful.

Our readers will notice that the present number of the Magazine is printed in new type. We hope that many of them will feel that this is a good opportunity of securing new subscribers for us.

We also call special attention to the first sermon in the new volume of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. It is entitled "Gratitude for Deliverance from the Grave," and is the first sermon that the preacher has been able to revise since his long illness. The text is Psalm cxviii. 17, 18: "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death." This sermon is No. 2,237 in the regular weekly series, which has now been uninterruptedly continued for 37 years. We should be glad if friends, who have been profited by reading the sermons, would introduce them to others who at present are not acquainted with them.

An Illustrated Catalogue of our Works, got up in a very attractive style, has just been issued by our publishers, who will, on application, be pleased to forward it, accompanied by Indexes of Texts and Subjects of more than 2,200 Sermons.

Have all our subscribers supplied themselves and their friends with *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for* 1892, and *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for* 1892? They are only one penny each. We believe that our publishers have not yet sold out either of them. One friend regularly buys a thousand copies of *John Ploughman's Almanack* to give to his workpeople Other employers might do well if they followed his example.

The Christian Church, the new penny weekly paper advocating the orthodox faith, opens hopefully. It has evidently secured the co-operation of several able writers in different branches of the church. It presents an opportunity for producing something better, which we pray that friends will use. If earnest brethren rally to the call, and help the struggling paper, it will advance in ability; there will come an enlarged circulation, and in consequence an increase in size. Several other attempts have failed, and have led to discouragement as to the present effort; but we think there is good reason to look for success in this instance. At any rate, it is a brave thing on the part of the directors of the company to have made a beginning. Their success must remain in the hands of Christian people who sympathize in their convictions.

On *Monday evening, November* 16, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, and, after leading the congregation in supplication, and also in thanksgiving to God for his gracious care of the sick Pastor and his travelling companions, he gave an interesting description of the journey to Menton, and also a brief but hopeful account of his brother's state. He remarked that he did not think the outlook was very bright when he saw the feeble patient at Herne Hill, and started with him in the capacity of "head nurse"; but he must testify that it was not long before "God shamed his unbelief", as the patient evidently greatly enjoyed the journey, and was, to all appearance, much better when he (Mr. J. A. Spurgeon) parted from him at Menton, than when they left London together. Much more was said on this all-absorbing subject; and Pastor J. A. Spurgeon also stated that his brother had been greatly cheered by the reports of the blessing attending the work of their dear friend Dr. Pierson, at the Tabernacle. Mr. Stott then pleaded earnestly at the throne of grace for the unconverted, and Pastor J. A. Spurgeon gave a brief exhortation from the words, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

Dr. Pierson, in taking his place as leader of the meeting, referred to what had been said respecting the sick Pastor, and stated

that he must testify to the deep and prayerful interest taken in him by Christian people in the United States. "At his sick bed", said the doctor, "the whole American Church stood looking on." Brethren Hewson, W. Olney, and Buswell then offered prayer, hymn 726 was sung, and Dr. Pierson gave a brief address on the greater need, among Christians, of persistent, prayerful effort to seek the salvation of relatives and acquaintances, "one by one, as you would gather apples from the tree." For the encouragement of those whose efforts in particular cases had, to their thinking, proved fruitless, he related several instances of the conversion of hearers, about whose spiritual state he had been greatly troubled and disappointed. Elder J. T. Dunn closed the meeting by reading requests for prayer, and by leading the petitions of the assembly for the anxious writers of the letters.

On *Monday evening, November* 23, Dr. Pierson presided at the prayer-meeting, and after a hymn had been sung, he and Brother Ely offered prayer. The doctor then gave a short exhortation on "Faith in God", from Romans iv. 20. Mr. Broomhall, of the China Inland Mission, introduced two brethren just about leaving for China, who had come to ask for much prayer to be offered for the Mission and for themselves individually. Mr. Broomhall pleaded very earnestly for a deeper interest in the efforts being put forth for the suppression of the iniquitous opium traffic. The two missionary brethren, Stokes and Robertson, spoke briefly, and Mr. Stott commended them to God in prayer. Dr. Pierson next introduced Mr. Maddox, a coloured brother, from the United States, who gave an interesting account of his conversion, and evangelistic work among his coloured brethren, and of his special mission to provide Christian teachers and preachers to labour among his people, both in the States and in Africa. Dr. Pierson then spoke about the condition of the coloured people in America, and testified to the usefulness of Mr. Maddox in his chosen sphere of labour. Prayer was offered on behalf of this good work; and after Mr. Dunn had prayed for those on whose behalf intercession had been specially asked, the meeting concluded with the benediction.

Our esteemed friend and deacon, Mr. S. R. Pearce, the superintendent of the Tabernacle Sunday-school, sends us the following cheering letter:—

"My beloved Pastor,—I had the privilege of presiding at the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY, on *Tuesday evening, November* 24. There was a goodly number present, and all went off well. The Report of the Society was most encouraging. 25 had been led to Christ, through perusal of the sermons during the year. 104 districts, all told—10 vacant—4,500 sermons distributed every week; receipts £21 10s. 6d.; expenditure £20 0s. 4d.; balance £1 10s. 2d. The Mothers' Meeting, under the care of Mrs. Capel, is also in a flourishing condition. Receipts £16 9s. 7½d., expenditure £14 1s. 3¾d., balance £2 8s. 3¾d. The Maternal Society issued 24 Boxes: receipts £3 11s. 10½d.; expenditure £2 14s. 11d.; balance 16s. 11½d. The testimony of the workers all went to show that there is a band of godly men and women at work from house to house, and our hearts were gladdened as they testified of the welcome given to the visitors, and told us that many were reading the sermons because the preacher was laid aside, and others were doing this, who probably would never have read them, had he continued in health. God moves *mysteriously*, when he performs *wonders*.

"The work in the beloved Sunday-school is going along all right, and peace and love reign in our midst. Nine of our scholars joined the Church during the past quarter. We have raised for Missionary purposes £250 during the past year.

"I was highly amused, the other evening, at three boys, who are doubtless young Christians. I said to them, 'Well, when are you coming out on the Lord's side?' They unanimously answered, as though they had been talking the matter over, 'We are not going to join the Church till Mr. Spurgeon gets well, and comes back again.' 'Then you think he will get well, and come back again?' 'Oh, yes; we are sure of that, we pray for him every day.' God will answer the prayers of the children. I believe it would be a means of grace, if you could only hear the dear boys and girls plead with God for you. The teachers and officers of the school send their best love to you, and to dear Mrs. Spurgeon.

"My love for you is very deep. I cannot send it—you already have it.

"Yours faithfully,

"S. R. PEARCE."

On *Monday evening, December 7th*, Mr. Stott conducted the usual prayer-meeting; and after a hymn had been sung, called upon Mr. Samuel Thompson and Deacon W. Olney to offer prayer. Many were the brief, earnest petitions presented during the evening: among other special objects, for a blessing upon meetings to be held in Wales, during the week, by Dr. Pierson, who had gone to fulfil a long-standing engagement in the interest of the missionary cause. Our coloured brother and former student of the Pastors' College, T. L. Johnson, who has just returned from the United States, gave a very earnest address about his "dear Africa", after which prayer was offered for him and his work.

In the course of his address, Mr. Johnson said:—"I am now on my way to Africa, to seek the co-operation of the native Christians of Liberia, in planting stations from the coast to the great Soudan country, with

its ninety millions of people, and probably *not twenty missionaries*. I believe the Republic of Liberia is the hope of Africa, the open door to the evangelization of East and West Central Africa. Liberia is on the Grain Coast of Northern Guinea, West Africa, extending 600 miles along the coast, and over 200 miles into the interior. There are in Liberia 30,000 Afro-Americans, and their descendants, with two million natives subject to their control. Eighteen miles from Monrovia, the capital, the natives have established a Training Institute, called Rick's University. In connection with the work in which I am engaged, we have one missionary already in Liberia, and two are now in England waiting to go with me; twelve more are to follow as soon as God gives us the means to send them out. I am a man of one idea, and that is, 'Africa for Christ, and Christ for Africa.' Nothing else can redeem them from their wretchedness and woe. I believe that Africa must, and will be, evangelized by Africans. Dear friends, I ask your prayers, that I may be successful in my work for my dear Africa."

As at every gathering, the beloved Pastor and Mrs. Spurgeon were again and again lovingly remembered at the throne of grace.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates: Mr. H. A. Burleigh, at Drummond Road, Bermondsey; Mr. Geo. Edwards, at Fleet, Hampshire; and Mr. B. J. Gibbon, at East Street, Southampton.

Mr. F. A. Jefferd has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society, for work on the Congo River. His first duty will be the reconstruction of the steamer *Goodwill*, which has gone out to Africa by the same ship in which he has sailed.

Just as we are making up the "Notes," we hear that our brother, H. Channer, late of Sutton-on-Trent, has passed away at Hitchin. His widow needs special sympathy and prayer, for she is herself sorely suffering.

Conference, 1892.—The date of the President's return to England is still so uncertain, that it is not possible to announce even the probable time for the next Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association; but it may help brethren who have to make their engagements a long way ahead if we inform them that, in any case, the meetings cannot be held before *the middle of May*. As soon as anything is definitely arranged, notice shall be given.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—We shall need continued and increased help for this branch of our work; for DR. CHURCHER is now a *married* medical missionary, and consequently will need a larger allowance than he had as a single man. His wife has been one of the North Africa missionaries, and he believes she will be a true help-meet in his service for Christ among the people he describes in his article on "A Moorish Crowd", in the present number of the Magazine.

MRS. PATRICK, in her last letter, reported her dear husband as suffering from a slight attack of African fever, and a bad throat; she feared quinsy. She also says:—"The mission work is very cheering again. These last few weeks have made us feel our need of humbly waiting upon our Father because of encouragement given. As yet, there are but *signs* of the kingdom coming; and in our rejoicing over the twos and the threes, we feel our expectation must cling in faith for the hundreds. This is, indeed, a Christless land; but we, through abundant grace, have the assurance of *His* presence, and the promise of *His* power in all who shall believe." In a later letter, Mr. Patrick writes:—"The fever has gone, and the throat is nearly right again. I am resuming work gradually. All our meetings have gone on as usual since I have been kept indoors. God is very good to us, and always makes the times of fever, etc., times of blessing. Whenever he takes us down into a valley, he seems to lead us up a mountain on the other side."

EVANGELISTS.—Several cheering reports of *Messrs. Fullerton & Smith's* mission at Eastbourne have reached us, but no detailed account of the services has come to hand up to the time of making up the "Notes."

The evangelists have since been at Luton, where many have received blessing through their visit. Their engagements, for the beginning of the year, are as follows:—January 2 to 7, Ashford, Kent; January 9 to 17, Ramsgate; January 23 to 31, Dover; February 6 to 14, Canterbury.

Mr. Burnham has again visited Caddington and Perry Green, near Luton. In the former place he had most cheering work: there were many seekers, several found the Saviour, and many Christian workers received a great blessing. At Perry Green, much interest was evinced in the services; and it is hoped that, as it was after a former visit, much fruit will be gathered while the evangelist is labouring elsewhere. A prosperous mission at Okehampton, Devonshire, was interrupted by the death of a relative, and Mr. Burnham's enforced return home. His engagements for this month are:—January 5 to 19, Old Sodbury and Little Sodbury (second visit); January 26 to February 5, Hemyock.

Mr. Harmer had the assistance of *Mr. Jenner* in his missions at Longford (Coventry), Queensbury (Bradford), Attleborough, and Nuneaton. At Longford, the results were very cheering; among the enquirers were many young men. One of the most successful services was the one held for men only.

Pastor A. C. Carter writes, concerning the work at Queensbury:—"A number of the Lord's people have testified to receiving much blessing; and the attendance, in the enquiry-room, of people under conviction of sin, has been encouraging. We feel it is too soon yet to say how many cases of

genuine conversion have occurred. We are sure of some, and believe that, after a while, there will be a considerable ingathering. We are thankful for our brethren's labours. We are sending £5 towards the funds of the Society of Evangelists, as a thankoffering."

From January 3 to 13, Mr. Harmer is to be at Sayer Street, Norwich; January 16 to 25, at Gravesend; January 30 to February 11, with Mr. Jenner at Riddings, Alfreton; and February 12 to 22, at Mirfield, Yorkshire.

Will friends kindly remember that many of the places that most need special services are not able to meet even the necessary expenses, so that contributions are continually needed for the Society of Evangelists, from which the brethren are supported?

Orphanage.—Mr. Charlesworth's visit to Scotland, with the choir, afforded an opportunity to our friends to express their sympathy with the President, and to add substantial metallic tokens in support of the Orphanage. Large numbers assembled to hear the boys, and we have been gratified to learn that their services were greatly enjoyed. Christians belonging to all sections of the Church entered very heartily into all the arrangements for the visit, and everywhere welcomed the boys with enthusiasm. Fifty meetings were held, and seventeen Sabbath services were also included in the tour. Lord Polwarth was chairman of the Edinburgh Committee, and Dr. John Moir acted as treasurer. Provosts and professors presided over most of the meetings; and church buildings were freely placed at Mr. Charlesworth's disposal. A notable service was held in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, at which, nearly 3,000 persons were present. The Free Church Assembly Hall and the U. P. Synod Hall were crowded, and the efforts of the boys were justly applauded. Our friends gave an illustration of Scotch hospitality which the boys are not likely to forget. The President must express his hearty gratitude to all who rendered assistance in any way. He would like to thank them all by name, but this is clearly impossible, as the list includes thousands of generous friends. Still, he cannot help saying to one and all, "Thank you, dear friends, and may the blessing of the Master we seek to serve abide with you evermore!"

The Magazine is published too soon for us to give a report of the Christmas festivities at the Orphanage, so it must be deferred until next month. We send our heartiest thanks to all who helped to make the orphans merry at the festive season; and to all who remembered the fatherless by sending Christmas and New Year's contributions.

We are specially grateful to an anonymous donor of £100, sent through *The Christian*, as a thankoffering for the President's recovery; also to the Vice-President, and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, and their generous Croydon friends, who have once more rendered liberal help to the Orphanage.

Colportage.—The secretary writes:—"I have nothing to add to my report of last month, every word of which needs emphasizing, as little or no response has been made to the appeal for *increased help to the General Fund*, so as to prevent the discontinuance of districts. To continue our present workers, we need about £1,500 per annum beyond what is subscribed in the districts; so far, this year, we have only received £623, and have exhausted the remainder of the legacy left by the late Mr. Boustead. I send reports from two of our Home Counties' Baptist Association colporteurs, which point to good and useful work."

The reports are as follows:—"Visited some people to-day, who scarcely ever saw a Christian worker at their homes. I made very good sales, and spoke to them of the Saviour's love. They received the Word with joy. I trust the Lord will bless the few simple words spoken."

"I have, in visiting to-day, had several opportunities of speaking with the people concerning the salvation of their souls. I am happy to say, the longer I am working amongst the people, the more opportunities I get of speaking for our Lord and Master."

"I have had several opportunities of speaking to the unconverted again this month, and have been able to carry the message of peace to many people on beds of sickness. The people, generally, are very much drawn to the Church of England, and are resting quite satisfied with the Ritualism with which we are surrounded. There are also several Roman Catholics in the neighbourhood. Oh, may the Lord himself open the people's eyes, so that they may see the true light as it is in Jesus!"

"As I have now been settled in the district of Horsell just over twelve months, I will report in brief my labours here. I have extended my work and visits from Horsell to twenty-five neighbouring villages and hamlets. Estimated miles with pack, 2,597; Bibles sold, 131; Testaments and portions, 305; books under 6d., 2,559; 6d. and over, 868; magazines, 870; books in packets, 385; cards in packets, 2,636; texts, 1,659; Almanacks, 21; visits, 3,259; services conducted, 58; tracts given away, 1,720. Having sought God's help to carry the gospel from village to village, my labours have been blessed; as also have my wife's. The Lord has already allowed us to see the fruit of our labour in the conversion of one precious soul. I have endeavoured to be diligent as a colporteur, and also to preach the gospel faithfully. Both my wife and myself have but one aim, that every precious soul in this hamlet of Anthony's may be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—December 3rd, eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 13th to December 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Part collection at Southport Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. A. Phillips ...	3	0	0
Contribution from Stroud Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. T. Soper ...	3	7	5
Miss E. Crawford, per Mr. Beecliff ...	0	5	0
A reader of the sermons, Duns. ...	1	0	0
Miss Adderley	2	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. Philip Davies, per Mrs. James Withers	0	10	0
Mrs. Hibberd	0	10	0
Executor of the late Mr. Donald Lamont	18	12	5
Mr. W. Blott	5	0	0
Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Goff	0	10	0
Mrs. Everest	1	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Nov. 15 ... ... 31 0 0			
,, 22 ... ... 7 9 9			
,, 29 ... ... 37 7 10			
Dec. 6 ... ... 27 1 0			
	105	18	7
	£145	7	11

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 13th to December 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Lorimer	2	0	0
Miss Constance Cheyne-Brady	0	10	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	3	0
Mrs. Everest	0	5	0
Mr. W. Elmslie	3	0	0
Mr. John F. H.	1	0	0
The Misses Kirtley	2	0	0
	£8	18	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 13th to December 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thomas Low	2	2	0
A friend, per Pastor H. Oakley... ...	0	1	6
Alfold Sunday-school, per Pastor F. Joseph	0	10	6
Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland ...	0	10	0
"Yate," part produce of pear tree ...	0	2	6
Collection at Harvest Thanksgiving, Craven Arms, per Rev. M. Matthews	1	0	0
Mr. D. J. Smith	1	0	0
F. H. Preston	0	10	0
F. D. C.	10	10	0
Mr. J. K. Tutt	1	0	0
Mr. George Watson	1	0	0
Mr. S. C. Weston	5	0	0
A friend, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mrs. Morris...	0	2	0
Miss C. Barrett	0	5	0
Miss S. Bick...	0	5	0
Talbot Tabernacle Young Men's Bible-class, per Mr. W. E. Cursons... ...	1	1	0
Mr. William Torrance	5	0	0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. O. Friston	1	7	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—			
Mrs. Ferne 1 1 0			
Mr. G. Jenkins 5 0 0			
	6	1	0
Mr. Cheyne Brady...	1	0	0
Miss M. J. Warren	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
H. E.	0	10	0
Messrs. W. and J. Scott	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Postal order, Galashiels	1	0	0
"First fruits of literary effort" ...	0	7	6
Mr. D. Campbell	0	10	0
Executors of the late Mrs. M. Rawes (less legacy duty and charges) ...	89	9	6
Executors of the late Miss Jane Simpson	99	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. James Stephen	18	0	0
Lord Rothschild, and Messrs. A. and L. de Rothschild	2	2	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
O. R.	1	0	0
Mrs. Kennaby	0	5	0
Mr. A. M. Brown	0	2	6
"A widow blessed through Mr. Spurgeon's sermons," per Rev. J. N. Still	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Jackson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hurnard	1	0	0
H. E. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. Cave-Browne-Cave	1	0	0
Mr. P. E. Chapman	1	0	0
"The Haven of Peace"	5	0	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	5	0
Mr. C. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. Pepperdine	0	2	6
Mr. H. Smith	0	10	6
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. Peter Lamont...	0	10	0
"Sixpence per week"	1	6	0
"From a churchwoman"	0	5	0
J. J., Harrogate	2	0	0
Mr. C. F. Pfeil	1	0	0
Collected at Sunday morning breakfast table by Alfred C. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Raindle	0	5	0
Mr. John Lister	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Miss Fairey	0	10	9
Mr. G. H. T. Shipway	0	10	0
Mrs. Barrat	1	0	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe	10	0	0
Mr. John Potts	1	0	0
Mr. Gardiner	1	0	0
Mr. Whitfield	1	0	0
I. C. G.	1	0	0
E. B....	0	2	6
Mrs. Fryer	1	1	0
Collected by Miss C. Jesson :—			
Mr. William Stanyon ... 0 5 0			
Misses Bennet 0 5 0			
Misses Eames 0 5 0			
Miss Raynes 0 2 6			
	0	17	6
Mrs. Houldsworth...	1	0	0
Mrs. MacGregor	1	0	0
P. W. H.	0	0	6
Miss M. A. Downs...	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. W. I. Palmer 4 4 0			
Mr. W. Moore 2 2 0			
Messrs. Heelas & Co. ... 1 1 0			
Mr. P. Davies 1 0 0			
Mr. E. P. Collier 1 0 0			
Mrs. S. J. Collier 1 0 0			
Mr. James Boorne 1 0 0			
Mr. E. Harvey 0 10 6			
Mrs. Ravenscroft 0 10 0			
Mrs. Hammond 0 10 0			
Mrs. Hampton 0 10 0			
A friend 0 10 0			
Mr. Wells 0 5 0			
Mrs. Collier 0 5 0			
Mrs. Wilson 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
	14	15	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Menton:—			
M. and Mme. Schoulepnikow 2 0 0			
Miss Harris 5 0 0			
	7	0	0
Mrs. Bagster	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Laird	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies	2	0	0
Miss M. A. Butterworth	5	0	0
Excelsior	0	3	3
E. L.	2	0	0
Miss Anna Thatcher	0	2	6
Mr. Isaac Mannington	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Wykes	0	10	0
Captain James Ewing	1	0	0
Mrs. Thomas	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Winsor	1	0	0
Miss Green and friends	1	5	0
The Misses Bashall	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harris	0	3	0
J. B. C.	1	10	0
Mrs. Kilborn	0	5	0
Mrs. W. R. Best, per Mr. G. C. Heard	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Toller	0	10	0
Collected by Master M. Herries ...	0	3	8
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	100	15	0
Per Rev. W. Seaman:—			
Miss Reid 0 10 0			
Mr. W. Dinwiddie 0 3 0			
	0	13	0
Mrs. S. Arnold	3	3	0
Mrs. H. Windmill	0	10	0
Sermon-reader, Devizes	0	2	6
Mrs. Howes	0	3	0
Miss Walker	1	0	0
Miss Wild	0	10	6
By sale of "John Ploughman's Almanacks", per Mrs. Griffiths	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Nelson	2	15	6
Two Armiston coal-miners, Dalkeith ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Scott, Jun.	1	0	0
W. B., Oxenhope	0	2	0
Mrs. M. A. Seale	1	0	0
A friend, per Mr. James Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Miller	0	5	0
Mr. William Alexander	0	10	0
Mr. James Lundie	0	5	0
Mrs. James Lundie	0	2	6
Mrs. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. A. Jones	2	2	0
"A constant reader of the sermons"	0	5	0
Mrs. Colthup	0	10	0
W. W., Carluke	1	0	0
G. C.	0	3	0
A friend	0	7	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Mrs. Hibberd	1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace, per Bankers	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Ann Mackay ...	1	2	0
Mrs. Appleton:—			
Collected in box 1 3 4			
Subscription 1 1 0			
	2	4	4
Mrs. S. Thompson	0	12	6
Miss Pendlebury	2	0	0
Mrs. Le Feavre	0	10	0
Mr. W. Blott	10	0	0
Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Lily Armstrong ...	16	0	0
Mr. Samuel Chipperfield	0	4	0
Mr. J. Slater	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Goff	0	10	0
Mrs. Everest	0	13	0
Miss Bickerton Evans	8	0	0
Mrs. Elwood	2	0	0
Christmas Fund:—			
Mrs. Shearman 3 0 0			
Mrs. Virtue 0 5 0			
Mrs. Ludlow 0 10 0			
Mrs. Allmey 0 2 6			
Mr. S. Priddy 0 10 0			
Mrs. Rennard 1 0 0			
Mrs. Holmes 5 0 0			
Mrs. R. Taylor and Son ... 0 12 6			
Mrs. Hatcher 0 10 0			
Mr. W. Hamilton 1 0 0			
C. A. O., per Mrs. Newman 0 5 0			
Mrs. Warmington 1 1 0			
Mrs. Walker 0 2 0			
M. G. 1 10 0			
Miss Gertrude Bedwell ... 0 2 6			
Mr. E. Vincent 0 10 0			
Miss Clover 0 6 0			
Mrs. Carter 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Wood 0 10 0			
Mrs. G. Joslin 0 10 0			
Collected by Miss Anna Thatcher:—			
Mrs. Dobbs ... 0 10 0			
Mr. and Mrs. I. Mannington ... 0 10 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Caffyn 0 5 0			
Mr. and Mrs. C. Mannington ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Mannington (Isfield) ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Porter ... 0 2 6			
Mrs. Faulconer ... 0 2 6			
Mrs. Guy ... 0 2 0			
Miss Caffyn ... 0 2 6			
Bolney friends ... 0 3 0			
Miss A. Thatcher 0 2 6			
	2	10	0
	20	6	6
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Peterborough	25	0	0
York (2nd amount)	1	10	0
Loughboro' Hall, for expenses 2 2 0			
Sale of programmes ... 0 4 0			
	2	6	0
	£566	0	0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from November 13th to December 12th, 1891.—PROVISIONS:—1 Sheep (weighing 15 stone), Mr. W. J. Graham; 1 box Raisins, Mr. Vincent Moss; 224 lbs Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 12 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 200 boxes Figs, Mr. F. Fisher; 56 lbs Raisins, Mr. T. Wray; 6 lbs Lump Sugar, 3 lbs Tea, 3 lbs Raisins, 1 lb peel, 3 lbs Currants, 3 Cakes, 6 lbs Moist Sugar, and piece of Bacon, Mr. Alfred Tilley; 4 bags Potatoes, 2 boxes Apples, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 1 barrel Apples, Mrs. M. E. Garrood.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—1 pair Knitted Socks, "Anon"; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Kine; 18 Articles, Mrs. Helmore; 100 Bows, Mrs. S. E. Knight; 5 Shirts, Mr. John Wilkinson; 3 pairs Knitted Gloves,

Mrs. Howes; 9 Articles, Mrs. Phillips; 10 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—80 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 Articles, Mrs. Kidner; 7 Articles, Mrs. Wood; 5 Articles, Miss A. McKenzie; 104 Articles, a Christmas present for each girl in No. 1 House, Miss Salter's Bible-class; 11 Girls' Hats, per H. S., per Mrs. James Spurgeon; 11 Articles, Mrs. Peters; 6 Articles, Mrs. M. A. Harris; 23 Articles, Mrs. Helmore; 4 Petticoats and 2 Aprons, Mrs. S. E. Knight; 10 Articles, 1 Dress, Anon.; 18 Articles, Mrs. John Wilkinson; 11 Articles, Mrs. Gardner; 6 Girls' Hoods, Exors. of Miss Ann McHardy; 26 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Gosport Tabernacle, per Mrs. Bartholomew; 68 Articles, 12 yards Flannel, Miss Harper; 10 Articles, Miss Walland; 22 Articles, Mrs. Phillips; 167 Articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 6 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce.

GENERAL.—1 Basket Flowers, "From Reigate"; A quantity of Broken Toys, The Bon Marché, Brixton; 1 Large Load Firewood, Messrs. J. Keen and Son; 1 Parcel Magazines, Miss Salter's Bible-class; 1 Doll, Mrs. M. A. Harris; 30 Fancy Articles, Mrs. Bennett; A quantity Christmas Cards, Miss Bagshaw; 1 Set False Teeth, Exors. of the late Miss Ann McHardy; 8 Volumes, "Sunday at Home," "Leisure Hour," "Boy's and Girl's Own Paper," "Cottager and Artisan," "Tract Magazine," "Friendly Greetings," "Child's Companion," Rev. J. G. Van Rijn.

ERRATUM.—"S. and T." November, page 643, Collecting-boxes. Name obliterated, 12s 7d; should be Miss Merritt, 12s 7d.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 13th to December 12th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck... ...	10	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thomas R— ...	10	0	0
Bower Chalk, per Mr. Thomas R— ...	5	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. E. Brett	2	15	0
Worcester Colportage Association ...	30	0	0
Fairford, per Captain Milbourne ...	10	0	0
Somers Town, per Miss Griffith ...	5	0	0
Aylesbury District	10	2	6
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
Bower Chalk Baptist Church	5	0	0
Great Totham District	7	4	1
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough ...	10	0	0
Western Baptist Association, for Chard	10	0	0
Mr. R. Scott, for Langham	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon District	7	10	0
Mr. J. A. Tawell, for Earl's Colne ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Dodson, for Littledale	20	0	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Association	25	0	0
	£202	11	7

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Hibberd	0	10	0
Executor of the late Mr. Donald Lamont	5	0	0
"For the Master's work"	1	0	0
Miss Harris	0	7	6
Mr. G. Lorimer	1	0	0
H. A. B.	1	0	0
The Misses Kirtley	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Rabbits	5	5	0
Mr. J. Passmore, Jun.	1	1	0
Mr. Walter Mills	1	1	0
Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
Mr. F. Thompson	1	1	0
	£21	7	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 13th to December 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Jenner's services at Bromley Road Chapel, Lee	2	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at High Road Baptist Chapel, Tottenham	2	11	3
Mr. George Stephens	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Jenner's services at Queensbury, Bradford, Yorkshire	5	0	0
Mr. W. Blott	5	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. Donald Lamont	5	0	0
Mr. G. Lorimer	2	0	0
Mrs. Armstrong	20	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Jones	0	2	0
Mrs. Everest	1	0	0
J. H. L., Lancashire	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Land...	0	5	0
A reader of the sermons, Filby... ...	0	10	0
The Misses Kirtley	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Holland Road Chapel, Brighton	20	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Jenner's services at Longford, Coventry	4	4	0
	£71	2	3

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.

Special Notice.—During the absence of Mr. Spurgeon, it is earnestly requested that all donations for any of the institutions under Mr. Spurgeon's care should be addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

Breaking the Long Silence.

TWO BRIEF ADDRESSES, BY C. H. SPURGEON, ON THE LAST EVENING OF 1891, AND THE FIRST MORNING OF 1892.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I am not able to say much to you at present. I should have gladly invited you to prayer every morning if I had been able to meet you; but I had not sufficient strength. I cannot refrain from saying a little to you, on this the last evening of the year, by way of *Retrospect*, and perhaps on New Year's morning I may add a word by way of *Prospect*.

We have come so far on the journey of life; and, standing at the boundary of another year, we look back. Let each one gaze upon his own trodden pathway. You will not need me to attempt fine words or phrases: each one, with his own eyes, will now survey his own road.

Among the striking things to be noted are *the dangers we have escaped*. After Bunyan's pilgrim had safely traversed the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the morning light dawned upon him, and sitting down, he looked back upon the terrible road which he had passed. It had once seemed an awful thing to him that he had marched through that valley by night; but when he looked back, and saw the horrors he had escaped, he must have felt glad that darkness had concealed much of its peril when he was actually in the midst of it. Much the same has it been with us: thank God, now that we clearly see the perils, we have passed them in safety.

During the year which closes this night, certain of us have been

very near to the jaws of death, and some of us may also have skirted the abyss of despair; and yet we live and hope. Our path has been full of trials and temptations, and yet we have not been permitted to fall. Our heart has been torn with inward conflicts, and yet faith has proved victorious. No one of us knows how near he has been to some great sin, or some false step. A single act might have changed the whole aspect of life to us; but from that act we have been preserved. Others have stumbled, and sadly fallen; and we are of like passions with them: blessed be the hand which has held us up! The Greek liturgy speaks of the Saviour's "unknown sufferings." Doubtless they were the greatest of all his woes. We may with equal accuracy speak of our "unknown dangers", for probably they have been the greatest of our perils. The Lord saw what we could not see, and kept us where we could not have kept ourselves.

I would remind you that to have evils averted is a choice favour. A Puritan father met his son by arrangement. They had each travelled several miles to reach the appointed spot, and when they came together, the son thankfully observed, "Father, I have experienced a most remarkable providence on the road; for my horse stumbled three times, and even threw me, and yet I am unhurt." His father answered, "It is well; but I also have enjoyed a remarkable providence on the road, for my horse came all the way without stumbling once." Truly, to be kept *from* danger is as great a privilege as to be kept *in* danger; but we forget this. Let us thank God for preserved lives, continued comforts, and unspotted characters; for these wares are marked "*Fragile*", and that they are not broken is a marvel of grace. Since last we met, how many have died! Plagues and deaths have been flying around us, like shots in the heat of an action; and only he who, of old, covered David's head in the day of battle, could have kept us from death. Our spiritual life still survives, and only he who holds the stars in their courses could have maintained us in our integrity. It ought to bring tears of gratitude to our eyes while, to quote the language of the Song of Solomon, we "look from the top of Hermon; from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards."

For my own part, I dare not omit from my retrospect *the sins of the past year*, of which I would unfeignedly repent. He who does not know himself to be sinful does not know himself at all. He who does not feel his own unworthiness must surely have grown callous or conceited. Sins of omission are those which trouble me most. I look back, and remember what I might have done, and have not done; what opportunities of usefulness I have not seized; what sins I have allowed to pass unrebuked; what struggling beginners in grace I have failed to help. I cannot but grieve that what I have done was not done better, or attended with a humbler dependence upon God. I now perceive, in my holy things, faults in their beginning, faults in their carrying on, and faults in their ending. Delay to commence, slackness in the act, and pride after it, defile our best service. What an endless list our faults and failings would make! Oh, friends, when we examine one year of life carefully, looking into the thoughts and motives and secret imaginings of the soul, how humbled we ought to be! As I rode through the streets of Menton

this day, I felt bowed down with a sense of sin; and on a sudden it flashed into my mind, "Yes, and therefore, I have my part and lot in the work of the Lord Jesus, for he said expressly, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.'" Note that the words "to repentance" are most properly omitted from the Revised Version (Mark ii. 17).

Why did Jesus die? He died for our sins: he would not have needed to die for men if men had not sinned. Where there is no sin, there is no share in the sin-offering. If we have no sin, we have no connection with that Saviour who came to save his people from their sins. For whom does Jesus plead? He makes intercession for the transgressors: if I am not a transgressor, I have no assurance that he pleads for me. The whole mediatorial system is for sinful men; and as I am conscious of guilt, so am I assured, by faith, that I am within the circle of divine grace. My faith places her hand upon the head of him who was our Substitute and Scapegoat, and I see all my sins and all the sins of all believers for ever put away by him who stood in the sinner's place. Let your tears fall because of sin; but, at the same time, let the eye of faith steadily behold the Son of man lifted up, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, that those who are bitten by the old serpent may look unto him and live. Our sinnership is that emptiness into which the Lord pours his mercy. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." On that blessed fact I rest my soul. Though I have preached Christ crucified for more than forty years, and have led many to my Master's feet, I have at this moment no ray of hope but that which comes from what my Lord Jesus has done for guilty men.

"Behold him there! the bleeding Lamb!
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable, 'I AM,'
The King of glory and of grace."

A flood of light breaks over the scene if we look back upon *our mercies!* Now for your arithmetic! Now begin to make your calculations! Think of major mercies and minor mercies; fleeting mercies and eternal mercies; mercies by day, and mercies by night; mercies averting evil, and mercies securing good; mercies at home, and mercies abroad; mercies of bed and board, of city and field, of society and seclusion. Mercy affects every faculty of the mind, and every portion of the body. There are mercies for conscience, and fear, and hope; mercies for the understanding and the heart; and, at the same time, there are mercies of eye, and ear, and head, and hand. The whole landscape of life is golden with the light of mercy. In the love of God we have lived, and moved, and had our being. We see mercies new every morning, mercies old as the eternal hills; streams of mercy; oceans of mercy; mercy all, and all mercy.

God has been specially good to me. I think I hear each heart whisper, "That is just what I was going to say." Dear friends, I will not monopolize the expression: it is most true from me; I doubt not that it is also true of each one of you. Can we conceive how God could have been more gracious than he has been? If you are familiar with

the Lord of love, so that you dwell in him, and his Spirit dwells in you, you will join me in abundantly uttering the memory of his great goodness. How wonderful is his lovingkindness! How free! How tender! How faithful! How lasting! How everlasting! No, I cannot even attempt an outline of the Lord's goodness to us during the year which is now waning: we must each one review the record for himself. "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" is an enquiry which must be personally answered by each one as an individual.

One thing more before I close. What are *the lessons which our gracious God has intended us to learn* by all that has happened during the year? Each one of us has had his own order of discipline and line of learning; but all have not had the same. It is written, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord," but all the children are not reading from the same page, at the same moment.

Have we not learned to expect more of God, and less of men? To make fewer resolutions, but to carry out those which were wisely and devoutly formed? Have we not seen more of the instability of earthly joys? Have we not learned more fully the need of using time present, and ability possessed? Are we not now aware that we are neither so good, so wise, so strong, nor so constant as we thought we were? Have we been taught to go down that Jesus may rise, after the manner of John the Baptist, who cried, "He must increase, but I must decrease"? These are truths worth learning. I have neither time nor strength to suggest more of those lessons which experience teaches us when our hearts are made ready for the divine schooling. We ought to have learned much in 365 days. I hope we have. Permit me only to hint at a truth which has come home to me.

During the past year I have been made to see that there is more love and unity among God's people than is generally believed. I speak not egotistically, but gratefully. I had no idea that Christian people, of every church, would spontaneously and importunately plead for the prolonging of my life. I feel myself a debtor to all God's people on this earth. Each section of the church seemed to vie with all the rest in sending words of comfort to my wife, and in presenting intercession to God on my behalf. If anyone had prophesied, twenty years ago, that a dissenting minister, and a very outspoken one, too, would be prayed for in many parish churches, and in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, it would not have been believed; but it was so. There is more love in the hearts of Christian people than they know of themselves. We mistake our divergencies of judgment for differences of heart; but they are far from being the same thing. In these days of infidel criticism, believers of all sorts will be driven into sincere unity. For my part, I believe that all spiritual persons are already one. When our Lord prayed that his church might be one, his prayer was answered, and his true people are even now, in spirit and in truth, one in him. Their different modes of external worship are as the furrows of a field; the field is none the less one because of the marks of the plough. Between rationalism and faith there is an abyss immeasurable; but where there is faith in the Everlasting Father, faith in the Great Sacrifice, and faith in the Indwelling Spirit, there is a living, loving, lasting union.

I have learned, also, that when the one church pleads with hearty entreaties, she must and will be heard. No case is hopeless when many pray. The deadliest diseases relax their hold before the power of unanimous intercession. As long as I live, I am a visible embodiment of the fact that, to the prayer of faith, presented by the Church of God, nothing is impossible. It is worth while to have been sore sick to have learned this truth, and to have proved it in one's own person.

In this little circle, probably one and another may say, "These are not exactly the lessons that we have learned this year." Perhaps not. But if you have learned more of Jesus, and of his love, which passes knowledge, it suffices. Be thankful if you have learned even a little of Jesus. Do not judge yourself by the attainments of others who are older or more experienced; but rejoice in the Lord. Bless God for starlight, and he will give you moonlight; praise him for moonlight, and he will give you sunlight; thank him for sunlight, and you shall yet come to that land where they need not the light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light for ever and ever. May this year close with blessing! Amen.

In the morning the friends came together again, and Mr. Spurgeon sat as before, and spoke with them; this time more briefly.

Passing at this hour over the threshold of the New Year, we look forward, and what do we see? Could we procure a telescope which would enable us to see to the end of the year, should we be wise to use it? I think not. We know nothing of the events which lie before us: of life or death to ourselves or to our friends, or of changes of position, or of sickness or health. What a mercy that these things are hidden from us! If we foresaw our best blessings, they would lose their freshness and sweetness while we impatiently waited for them. Anticipation would sour into weariness, and familiarity would breed contempt. If we could foresee our troubles, we should worry ourselves about them long before they came, and in that fretfulness we should miss the joy of our present blessings. Great mercy has hung up a veil between us and the future; and there let it hang.

Still, all is not concealed. Some things we clearly see. I say, "*we*"; but I mean those whose eyes have been opened, for it is not everyone who can *see* in the truest sense. A lady said to Mr. Turner, "I have often looked upon that prospect, but I have never seen what you have put into your picture." The great artist simply replied, "Don't you wish you could see it?" Looking into the future with the eye of faith, believers can see much that is hidden from those who have no faith. Let me tell you, in a few words, what I see as I look into the new year.

I see *a pathway made* from this first of January, 1892, to the first of January, 1893. I see a highway cast up by the foreknowledge and predestination of God. Nothing of the future is left to chance; nay, not the falling of a sparrow, nor the losing of a hair is left to haphazard; but all the events of life are arranged and appointed. Not only is every turn in the road marked in the divine map, but every stone on the road, and every drop of morning dew or evening mist that

falls upon the grass which grows at the roadside. We are not to cross a trackless desert; the Lord has ordained our path in his infallible wisdom and infinite love. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way."

I see, next, *a Guide provided*, as our companion along the way. To him we gladly say, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel." He is waiting to go with us through every portion of the road. "The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee, he will not fail thee." We are not left to pass through life as though it were a lone wilderness, a place of dragons and owls; for Jesus says, "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."

Though we should lose father, and mother, and the dearest friends, there is One who wears our nature, who will never quit our side. One like unto the Son of man is still treading the life-ways of believing hearts, and each true believer cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon the Beloved. We feel the presence of the Lord Jesus even now, in this room, where two or three are gathered in his name; and I trust we shall feel it through all the months of the year, whether it be the time of the singing of birds, or the season of ripe fruits, or the dark months when the clods are frozen into iron. In this Riviera, we ought the more readily to realize our Lord's presence, because the country is so like "thy land, O Immanuel!" Here is the land of oil olive, and of figs, and of the clusters of Eshcol. By such a blue sea he walked, and up such rocky hills he climbed. But whether here, or elsewhere, let us look for HIM to abide with us, to make this year truly to be "a year of our Lord."

Beside the way and the Guide, I perceive very clearly, by the eye of faith, *strength for the journey provided*. Throughout the whole distance of the year, we shall find halting-places, where we may rest and take refreshment, and then go on our way singing, "He restoreth my soul." We shall have strength enough, but none to spare; and that strength will come when it is needed, and not before. When saints imagine that they have strength to spare, they turn sinners, and are apt to have their locks shorn by the Philistines. The Lord of the way will find the pilgrims with sufficient spending-money for the road; but he may not think it wise to burden them with superfluous funds.

God all-sufficient will not fail those who trust him. When we come to the place for shouldering the burden, we shall reach the place for receiving the strength. If it pleases the Lord to multiply our troubles from one to ten, he will increase our strength in the same proportion. To each believer the Lord still says, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." You do not yet feel that you have grace to die with: what of that? You are not yet dying. While you have yet to deal with the business and duty of life, look to God for the grace which these require; and when life is ebbing out, and your only thought is about landing on the eternal shore, then look to God your Saviour for dying grace in dying moments. We may expect an inrush of divine strength when human strength is failing, and a daily impartation of energy as daily need requires. Our lamps shall be trimmed as long as they shall need to burn. Let not our present weakness tempt us to limit the Holy One of Israel. There is a

hospice on every pass over the Alps of life, and a bridge across every river of trial which crosses our way to the Celestial City. Holy angels are as numerous to guard us as fallen ones to tempt us. We shall never have a need for which our gracious Father has furnished no supply.

I see, most plainly, *a power overruling* all things which occur in the way we tread. I see an alembic in which all things are transformed. "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose." I see a wonder-working hand which turns for us the swords of disease into the ploughshares of correction, and the spears of trial into the pruning-hooks of discipline. By this divine skill, bitters are made sweet, and poisons turned to medicines. "Nothing shall by any means harm you," is a promise too strong for feeble faith; but full assurance finds it true. Since God is for us, who can be against us? What a joy to see Jehovah himself as our banner, and God himself with us as our Captain! Forward then into the New Year, "for there shall no evil befal you."

One thing more, and this is brightness itself: this year we trust we shall see *God glorified* by us and in us. If we realize our chief end, we reach our highest enjoyment. It is the delight of the renewed heart to think that God can get glory out of such poor creatures as we are. "God is light." We cannot add to his brightness; but we may act as reflectors, which, though they have no light of their own, yet, when the sun shines upon them, reflect his beams, and send them where, without such reflection, they might not have come. When the Lord shines upon us, we will cast that light upon dark places, and make those who sit in the shadow of death to rejoice in Jesus our Lord. We hope that God has been in some measure glorified in some of us during the past year, but we trust he will be glorified by us far more in the year which now begins. We will be content to glorify God either actively or passively. We would have it so happen that, when our life's history is written, whoever reads it will not think of us as "self-made men", but as the handiwork of God, in whom his grace is magnified. Not in us may men see the clay, but the Potter's hand. They said of one, "He is a fine preacher"; but of another they said, "We never notice how he preaches, *but we feel that God is great.*" We wish our whole life to be a sacrifice; an altar of incense continually smoking with sweet perfume unto the Most High. Oh, to be borne through the year on the wings of praise to God; to mount from year to year, and raise at each ascent a loftier and yet lowlier song unto the God of our life! The vista of a praiseful life will never close, but continue throughout eternity. From psalm to psalm, from hallelujah to hallelujah, we will ascend the hill of the Lord; until we come into the Holiest of all, where, with veiled faces, we will bow before the Divine Majesty in the bliss of endless adoration. Throughout this year may the Lord be with you! Amen.

Lady Hymn-Writers.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

HAS the gentle reader ever heard of that lady who made a list of her male acquaintances in a little volume, and called it her him-book? Probably not. In the olden days, however, this was almost the only kind of him-writing possible to women. At any rate, it is only in comparatively recent years that we find the service of the sanctuary enriched by their ministry of song.

So far as we are aware, no attempt has been made, until now, to estimate the wealth of the legacy which female hearts have left us in hymns, and therefore we cannot but commend the handsome volume* before us. As we shall say further on, the effort is not completely successful; but neither was the voyage of Columbus, in the *Santa Maria*, in the year of our Lord fourteen hundred and ninety-two. Other ships have crossed the Atlantic in more splendid style since then; but none have gained such honour as the vessel that bore Columbus, because he was, practically, the first to show the way. Practically, we say, for there was a ship from Bristol which reached America before him, but no use was made of the knowledge gained on that voyage.

The author of this volume is like Columbus in her quest. Others may follow where she has led, but she is first. Mrs. Pitman has dug deeply into the subject, and has brought to the surface things new and old; and the mine which she has worked has proved a rich one.

Hymns may be divided into three classes—doctrinal, experimental, and sentimental. Those written by men belong chiefly to the first, and in decreasing ratio to the other two classes. The reverse seems to be true of lady hymn-writers; their hymns are largely experimental and sentimental, and very seldom touch the domain of doctrine. Of course, it is strongly insisted upon by some, in these days, that doctrine should not be prominent in our service of praise; and the gifted compiler of this volume quotes with approval remarks to the effect that the more poetic effusions of recent years ought, in the future, to displace the rougher rhymes of former days. But more than mere beauty in its hymns is wanted by the devout heart; and until, in addition to the elegance of diction, we get the marrow and fatness of doctrine, we shall find men and women who live in the grace of God clinging to the older hymns, remembering the Scripture, "No man, having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new: for he saith, The old is better."

One very noticeable feature of the hymns which women have given to us, is the spirit of resignation breathed by most of them. This may be accounted for, in part, by the fact that so many, whose souls have thus overflowed with song, have been invalids; but perhaps the mere fact of the writers being women, explains it all. Too often has it been true that "men must work, and women must weep." In hymns, however, they do not so much weep, as resign themselves trustfully to the will of God, and in peace sit still.

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* Lady Hymn-Writers. By Mrs. E. R. Pitman. Nelson and Sons.

Very many instances of this submissive spirit in the hymns of women might be given; a few must suffice.

MRS. BARBAULD writes:—

"Then cheer thee, cheer thee! though the flame
Consume thy wasting, suffering frame;
His gold ne'er suffers harm or loss—
He will but purge away the dross,
And fit it, graced with many a gem,
To form his glorious diadem."

MISS JEANNETTE THRELFALL sweetly sings:—

"And I shall better praise thee,
Seeing thee thus by night,
Than if the desert pathway
Had been all tracked in light."

MISS ADELINE SERGEANT follows in the same strain:—

"Far be it from me I should choose
A life of constant light;
For where the shadows are not deep,
The sunshine is not bright."

MISS BRAINERD'S hymn, "I know not what shall befal me," which appears in *Songs and Solos*, though in altered form, breathes the same spirit; while CAROLINE M. NOEL, who is chiefly known as the authoress of "At the name of Jesus", shall supply the last example, which space will permit, of this womanly submission to the will of God. Of the revelations of God which come in the darkness, she says, embodying an idea Kirke White had sung before:—

"And if the darkness had not been,
We never should the stars have seen,
Or guessed that the clear azure sky
Veiled myriad worlds that rolled on high."

Women of all classes have given us hymns which are sung by the rich and poor alike when they meet together; and all sections of the church have contributed to the common fund of praise. ANNE STEELE, the daughter of a Baptist minister, who was born in 1716, and passed away in 1778, is perhaps the earliest of the holy women whose hymns are now sung. "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss," is a well-known hymn, which has been slightly altered from a longer one of hers, and is endeared to many of God's people. Here is a verse from another of her hymns, which is one of the few doctrinal compositions we meet in our search:—

"If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a sure foundation gives—
Here let me build and rest secure."

Of course, the writings of MISS HAVERGAL, a well-executed steel portrait of whom adorns the volume, are largely laid under contribution, but they are as well-known as they are admirable, so no quotation need be made from them.

Of the beautifully-simple hymns of Miss Charlotte Elliot, it has been said, that any one of them might have been written in half-an-hour, but more than half a century of patient suffering went to the making of them. So long as the world stands she will be known as the authoress of the hymns "Just as I am" and "Thy will be done," though the latter, greatly valued as it has been, has tended, in many cases, to give a rather sombre view of our attitude towards the will of God. The prayer of a Christian heart should not only be "Thy will be *borne*," but "Thy will be *done*"; and that, you notice, is not in the passive, but in the active voice.

The name of Miss Waring is familiar to every hymn-lover; and in these days, when so many insist on the desirableness of getting free from bodily ills, and abolishing sickness by faith-healing, the following tender verse to the contrary may be appropriately inserted here:—

"On thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness!"

Of Miss Harriet Auber, authoress of that spirit-filled hymn,

"Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,"

a fresh and interesting incident is recorded in Mrs. Pitman's book on the authority of the Rev. Andrew Carter. He speaks of meeting a clergyman, who lived in the house at Ware which she formerly occupied. On one of the windows Miss Auber had written the hymn on a pane of glass. "Anxious to have it as a curiosity, he asked permission of the landlord to remove the pane, and put another in its place; but the landlord declined. And so, up to that time, some seventeen years after the author's death, the valuable manuscript of this sweet hymn remained in its place." It would be interesting to know whether it is still there, or whether any accident has befallen it. Never from the heart of the church can the hymn be taken, even should the glass on which it was first written be broken. It has itself been to many like a window, through which they have looked toward the blue sky, and have seen the descending Dove come to earth, that He might dwell with us for ever.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has written some sweet hymns. A very beautiful remark of hers is quoted by our author:—"I feel about all things now as I do about the things that happen in a hotel after my trunk is packed to go home. I may be vexed and annoyed, but what of it? I am going home soon." So the aged saint waits for her change, herself an illustration of a charming stanza in one of her own poems:—

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown."

Miss Marianne Farningham has an honourable place in the list of lady-hymnists, though the example which Mrs. Pitman chooses,

"Waiting and Watching", is evidently not quoted from her book entitled *Poems*, but from *Songs and Solos*, where the first verse appears as mutilated by some American hand. It begins—

"When my final farewell to the world I have said."

To speak of a "*final* farewell" is as great a solecism as our translators have made Balaam guilty of, when they have rendered his desire to be as the righteous, "Let my *last end* be like his;" whereas the righteous, like other people, have only one end to their career, and where there is only one there cannot be a last. The hymn originally began—

"When mysterious whispers are floating about."

The whole verse is correctly reproduced in *Evangel Echoes*, where also is another hymn of Miss Farningham's, entitled "Anywhere with Jesus", which ought to be in every hymn-book.

A hymn, by DORA GREENWELL, which also should be widely known, is reproduced by Mrs. Pitman in the hope of inducing editors to include it in any new collections that may be made. The title is, "A sinner and his Saviour." Two most suggestive verses from the centre are all that we can insert in our limited space. Here they are:—

"I saw thee sweetly condescend
Of humble men to be the Friend;
I chose thee for my Way, my End,
But found not yet my Saviour.

"Until upon the cross I saw
My God, who died to meet the law
That man had broken: then I saw
My sin, and then my Saviour."

Another hymn, by MISS ELIZA SCUDDER, on "The love of God", given in this book, should find a place amongst our songs of praise. The verses end with the lines, "The love of God most free", "most wise", "most strong", "most kind", etc., and all are inspiringly devotional.

Mention might be made of many others: of MRS. BROWNING'S hymn, which was sung at her husband's funeral, "He giveth his beloved sleep;" MISS BORTHWICK'S "Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow;" a striking hymn by MRS. MARY RILEY SMITH, upon the name of Jesus written on the forehead and the face, therefore to be kept "unflushed with shame" and ready for the glorious inscription. MRS. PARMELEE sings, and all hearts that love Christ can echo her words:—

"Oh, heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me!
Dim were the walls of jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea."

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA gives us another verse, which will find a response in many a heart: it is the last of three:—

"But now I know the joy that stays,
The ever bright and sunny rays,
And soft and low I sing the praise—
Oh serve the Lord with gladness!"

This is the last message we have space to quote from this very interesting book. It is a fitting close to our extracts, for nothing human helps us more to "serve the Lord with gladness" than the hymns which holy women have bequeathed to us.

It is worthy of remark, that nearly all the good hymns for children have been written by women. It seems to need the mother-instinct to meet the need of a child.

Thus far we have been guided by Mrs. Pitman's book; though, of course, there are many others in her volume beside those to which we have referred. There are, however, many worthy names which find there no mention, which certainly deserve to be numbered amongst "Lady Hymn-Writers"; but these we must leave for another article.

A Prayer.

KING of my heart, set up thy throne
Within the palace of my soul;
Claim all my being for thine own,
For thou art worthy of the whole.

Lord of my life, teach thou my heart
The deeper lessons of thy love;
And draw me daily more apart
From all that thou dost disapprove.

Life of my soul, unfailing store
Of living and life-giving fire,
Enkindle in me more and more
The sacred flame of pure desire.

Light of my path, whose gentle ray
Shines clearly through the darkest night,
Be thou my beacon all the way
That leads from darkness up to light.

My King, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
My Ruler, Teacher, Saviour, Guide;
In love and wisdom infinite,
To me draw near, with me abide.

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

Attraction.

AS I passed through a glade of trees upon a summer's day I heard the hum of bees. Ah! thought I, there is sweetness near! Presently I smelt the lime, the odour of the flowers of which had attracted the bees. They did not stop at the other trees, but made direct for their favourite. What a bright little lesson, Christian, for us! Are we sought after because there is the savour of Christ in us, or are we passed by like the scentless trees? *From Witherby's "Scripture Gleanings."*

Illustrations by the Way.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

NOT FOR DESTRUCTION, BUT FOR BENEFIT.

WE saw a deep trench dug around some olive-trees, and it was suggested that this was preparatory to their being felled, and the roots torn up. Yet it was not so, for the trench was meant to hold the manure which would make the olives live more vigorously and fruitfully. Many an affliction has seemed to threaten a good man's destruction; but it has turned out to be a special means of grace, by which he has been greatly blessed. It may be well for tried ones to remember this when the Dresser of the vineyard is digging about them with his sharp spade. He aims at increased fruit, and not at destruction.

THE ROYAL COURIER.

When her Majesty, the Queen, desired to winter in the South of France, she sent a courier, a man of great judgment and circumspection, to select a suitable place for her sojourn. He went to several towns, made many enquiries, and gave to each spot his own personal inspection, and at last we saw it announced that the royal residence for such a time would be at Hyeres. This care in the selection of a retreat for royalty is most befitting, and no one wonders at it; but what shall we say of the privilege enjoyed by Israel expressed in such a text as this, "*The Lord your God went in the way before you, to search you out a place to pitch your tents in*"? Here the Great King acts as courier for his subjects! God himself becomes the pioneer of his people! What he did for Israel in the wilderness, he does for believers still; and each one of them may well say, "Thou shalt choose mine inheritance for me."

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

A friend writes me from Bordighera, "As Mentone is in sight of my hotel windows, my thoughts often take wing across the bay, and enquire, 'How is Mr. Spurgeon to-day?'" Our thoughts will depend upon the turn of our mind. Which way are we looking? It may seem a small matter, and yet upon it the whole of our life may turn. If our eyes are towards the Lord, we shall commune with him. If we are looking unto Jesus; his name, person, work, and coming will often be suggested to our minds. Oh, that the window of our heart may look due east towards Calvary! May the eyes of our expectation be lifted up to the hills, whence cometh our help! May we look towards the heavenly Jerusalem, from which our Lord will shortly come!

GREAT NOISE, AND NOTHING TO BE SEEN.

A trumpet was blown as we drove down our narrow street, and we looked out for the army, or at least the troop which we supposed would be marching along. Our companion said, "I heard a great noise, but I can see *nothing!*" No, there was no uniform visible; nothing striking was being transacted; the street was altogether as usual.

Here was great cry, and no wool at all. A man was talking to his neighbour, and we saw a horn under his arm; beyond this there was nothing to be spied out.

We must not let it be thus with our sermons and addresses. Long words and sounding periods will do no good, unless they announce the presence of solid doctrine and gracious exhortation. Too much in these times are men relying upon what is merely the advertising, the horn-blowing of religion: if they had more of God's eternal truth, it would win its way without trumpeting. The good wine of the Kingdom needs no bush: at any rate, it cannot require so huge a bush as some of our neighbours are hanging out just now.

THE DISTAFF OF PATIENCE.

The old woman of the peasant family cannot do much of the hard work of the house, and so she sits down in the sun with her distaff, and spins all day long. Thus must I do while I am laid aside, and am told that my recovery is hopeless unless I practise an enforced idleness. If I cannot work with the plough of public ministry, I will spin with the distaff of patience. I fear that many a woman will beat me, for the sisters are great at endurance; but still I will do my best. What a thread of never-ending goodness have I to spin! My happy work will never be done, for there is ever more to follow than I am able to draw out. Ever telling is the tale of lovingkindness; but never is it fully told. O my soul, never weary of work so simple, natural, and profitable!

THE UNBELIEVING DOG.

A lean and hungry dog was in the public way, and a compassionate heart took pity upon him. A biscuit was bought, and he was called to eat it; but when his benefactor came near him, he turned and showed his teeth, and barked viciously. Nevertheless, a piece of food was thrown to him, and this also he for the moment resented, as if he thought it had been a stone cast at him. It was not long before he saw his mistake, and seized the bit of biscuit, and looked eagerly, but yet very cautiously, for more.

Poor dog, he was unbelieving, and could not think that a stranger would feed him. Have not we also, in our folly, turned upon our best Benefactor, spoken against the Lover of our souls, and regarded his choice gifts as if they were evil instead of good? What angry barks have many of us given in answer to the tender calls of divine love! Yet we have not the excuse of our canine doubter: he had been so badly used in former times that he had learned to be distrustful of that cruel creature, man. We have never had an unkind act or word from our ever-good Creator, God.

London Flowers, and those who Sell them.

THE taste of Londoners for flowers appears to grow in proportion as it becomes more and more difficult to grow them in perfection, even in what, not long ago, was the comparatively pure air of the suburbs. Thousands of pounds a day are now regularly expended in cut flowers alone in this province of houses called London; and, as the trade is carried on among all classes, from the aristocratic purchasers, to whom money is no object, to the humble folk who give a penny for "a button-hole", the number of girls who earn a scanty livelihood by selling flowers in the streets gradually increases. Many of them are Irish; they are often the poorest of the poor, and need to have much done for them to make their life worth living.



MR. JOHN A. GROOM.

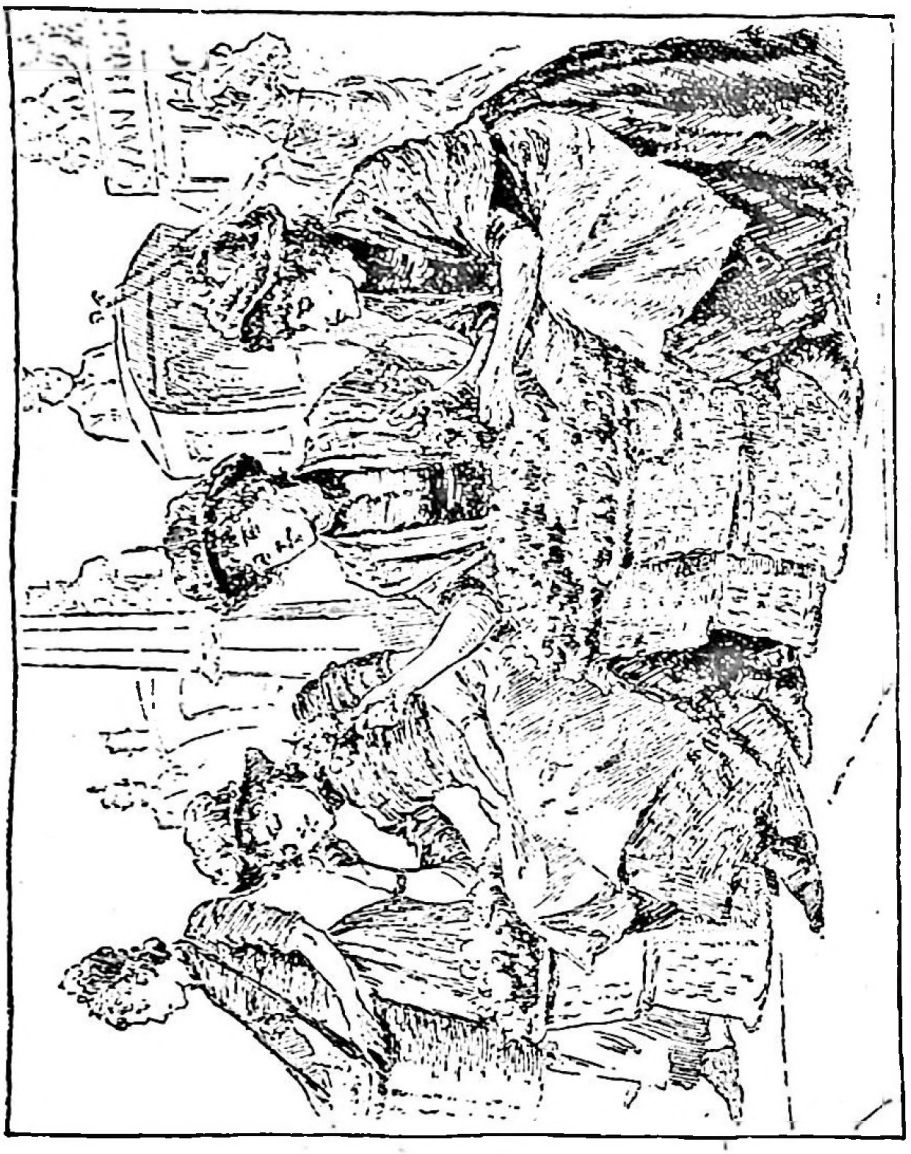
The Watercress and Flower Girls' Mission, of which Mr. John A. Groom is the honorary superintendent, has done a wonderful work among them during a quarter of a century, and is now extending its operations. Its headquarters are at Clerkenwell Close, E.C.

The lot of the ordinary flower-girl is an exceedingly hard one. Her home is usually a single room in St. Giles's, or some similar locality; and her working-day begins in the early hours of the morning, and does not close until late at night. What she suffers in wintry weather, being but poorly clothed and too often poorly fed, can be imagined. Still, her condition is better than it used to be, for in the club-room provided by the Mission, the girls and women who attend Covent Garden market to buy flowers, find a comfortable refuge from the streets as well as from the public-house, which at one time was the only shelter that offered itself. There, cocoa and bread-and-butter are provided at a small cost, and a good word in season is spoken to each visitor by the missionary or the Bible-woman.

After they have carefully made their purchases, and arranged their baskets, the flower-girls make their way to various parts of London with their fragrant stock-in-trade. They are found at every centre where flowers can be sold. Even the Royal Exchange is set off to better advantage by the row of flower-girls who are to be seen there on spring and summer mornings. Those who rank as *bonâ fide* flower-girls follow their calling all the year round; but there are others, who are less worthy characters, who take to flower-selling only in the summer, or on special occasions, such as Primrose Day, or when flowers

are exceptionally plentiful. Wrong is done when the sisterhood generally is judged by the occasional misconduct of these interlopers.

Flower-girls in London are now a numerous class, and Mr. Groom has proved that they can be reached by the gospel. The Sisterhood Guild has been founded as a means of gaining direct Christian influence over them, and it promises to be a success. This Guild has already nine stations in different parts of London; and at each of these, in addition to gospel services, there are thrift, clothing, sick,



LONDON FLOWER GIRLS.

and loan clubs. The Guild has already nearly 800 members, many of whom attend Mr. Groom's Sunday-evening service at Foresters' Hall.

Some of the best work has been done by the Flower Girls' Brigade, the members of which are taken off the streets to receive an industrial training. About 800 have already been so rescued, to be comfortably and usefully settled in life. The Brigade gives its chief attention to artificial flower-making, an art which is of course much affected by the variations of fashion. With all things in her favour, a clever

girl will earn a pound or twenty-five shillings a week, and a tasty designer will obtain much more. The manufacture of artificial flowers is a curious and interesting business, the materials used consisting of muslins, sateens, velvets, plush, etc., of the more costly kinds, and all white, the process of colouring being one department of the flower-makers' art. The petals are cut out with dies and mallets; and green-leaf-making is a separate branch. What avails all this ingenuity, however, if fashion prescribes that flowers shall not be worn? No stocks are then wanted; and even match-box makers may be better off than the skilled flower-girl. Those who have passed through the Brigade are not affected by these changes, for they are in domestic service, or otherwise settled. In addition to flower-making, each member of the Brigade is taught to become an efficient servant. Great tact and wisdom are needed in training these girls; and, at first, a strange prejudice against domestic service has to be conquered.

The late Lord Shaftesbury was always interested in Mr. Groom's work, and he was of opinion that there ought to be a more special effort made for the rescue of little waif girls, who are worse than orphans. Since the Earl's death, what is called a Flower Village has grown up on a small estate at Great Clacton, in Essex. Two Homes and a Cottage Hospital have already been erected, and by way of celebrating the "Silver Wedding" year, another home, at a cost of £800, is to be added. Over fifty little girls are already in residence. They have been rescued from the lowest depths of misery and degradation. Some, as mere infants, were practically homeless; many have had drunken fathers or brutal mothers, who taught them to get money on the streets by various dishonest tricks and arts, such gains being squandered in the lowest forms of self-indulgence. Any interested observer of London life may see these girls in all quarters of the metropolis, flitting about the markets, or outside railway stations or omnibus stands, pretending to sell faded flowers, but too often on the look-out for an opportunity of begging or stealing. Even if they have a shelter called a home, they are driven into the streets by the adult savages who have control over them. Even in wintry weather you will come upon them beneath archways, or in similar places, trying to hide in such retreats, out of reach of those who ill-use them. If taken in hand in time, these little girls are most excellent material, and pay well for what is done for them. The Flower Girls' Mission is a many-sided work, and no subjects it seeks to benefit are more needy or deserving than these girl waifs, who seem to have everything against them at the very threshold of life. A full account of the Mission, with illustrative cases, will be found in a little book published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott, *The Silver Vase; or, the Gathered Posy*, by G. H. Pike, and to which the ex-Lady Mayoress, Lady Savory, has supplied an appreciative Introduction.



Gospel Fruit in North Africa.*

BY N. HARDINGHAM PATRICK, TANGIER.

IT was a Monday evening Spanish prayer-meeting, in the Café Oriental, Tangier, at which some ten or twelve persons were present. We sang, several prayed, I expounded a psalm, we sang again, and then a Spanish working-man stood up, and said, "I must tell you what happened this morning. I was working with two Moors, in a stable, when the roof fell in, and the Moors were very badly hurt, but not a stone or rafter touched me. That was because God was taking care of me, and I felt I must tell you of his goodness."

I have known this good man more than two years. He always declared that he was a Protestant, and his brother was equally vigorous in announcing his attachment to the Church of Rome. When both of them were drunk, this was always the burning question. On one occasion they came to blows while discussing this matter, and I separated them.

But some two months ago, this valiant champion of Protestantism "turned over a new leaf", gave up the drink, commenced to read his Bible regularly, and to attend our meetings.

His wife cannot read, and is very deaf, but she understands what her husband says. In the last ten months, he, although by no means a brilliant reader, has read the Bible through, in a loud voice, to his wife. On coming home from a meeting, he invariably tells his "missus" all that has been said and done. The wife often comes to our meetings, and says that she enjoys them, although unable to hear the prayers offered, the chapter read, or the address given. If some good reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* would send along an ear-trumpet for this Spanish woman, it would be doing a good work, and would give intense joy.

The husband is a simple-minded man; but, in reading his Bible he has come across many passages that appear to him very clearly to command all believers in Christ to be baptized, and without one word from me, or any other Christian, he has asked us to immerse him. We marvel that every reader of God's Word does not come to the same conclusion that this Spanish working-man reached.

Our brother also fails to find a single verse in the Holy Scriptures commanding or sanctioning the sprinkling of babies, and therefore he refuses to allow the Jesuit priests to perform this ceremony, greatly to the horror of some of his neighbours, who are sure that no good will come to his child.

Do not think that this man and his wife are perfect. They are not angels, but sinners who can sing—

> "Saved by grace alone;
> This is all my plea—
> Jesus died for all mankind,
> And Jesus died for me."

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* Our readers will rejoice with us in this token of the Lord's blessing upon our brother Patrick's work, and they will not forget to pray that special protection may be vouchsafed to the missionaries while Tangier remains in a disturbed state.

The Congo.*

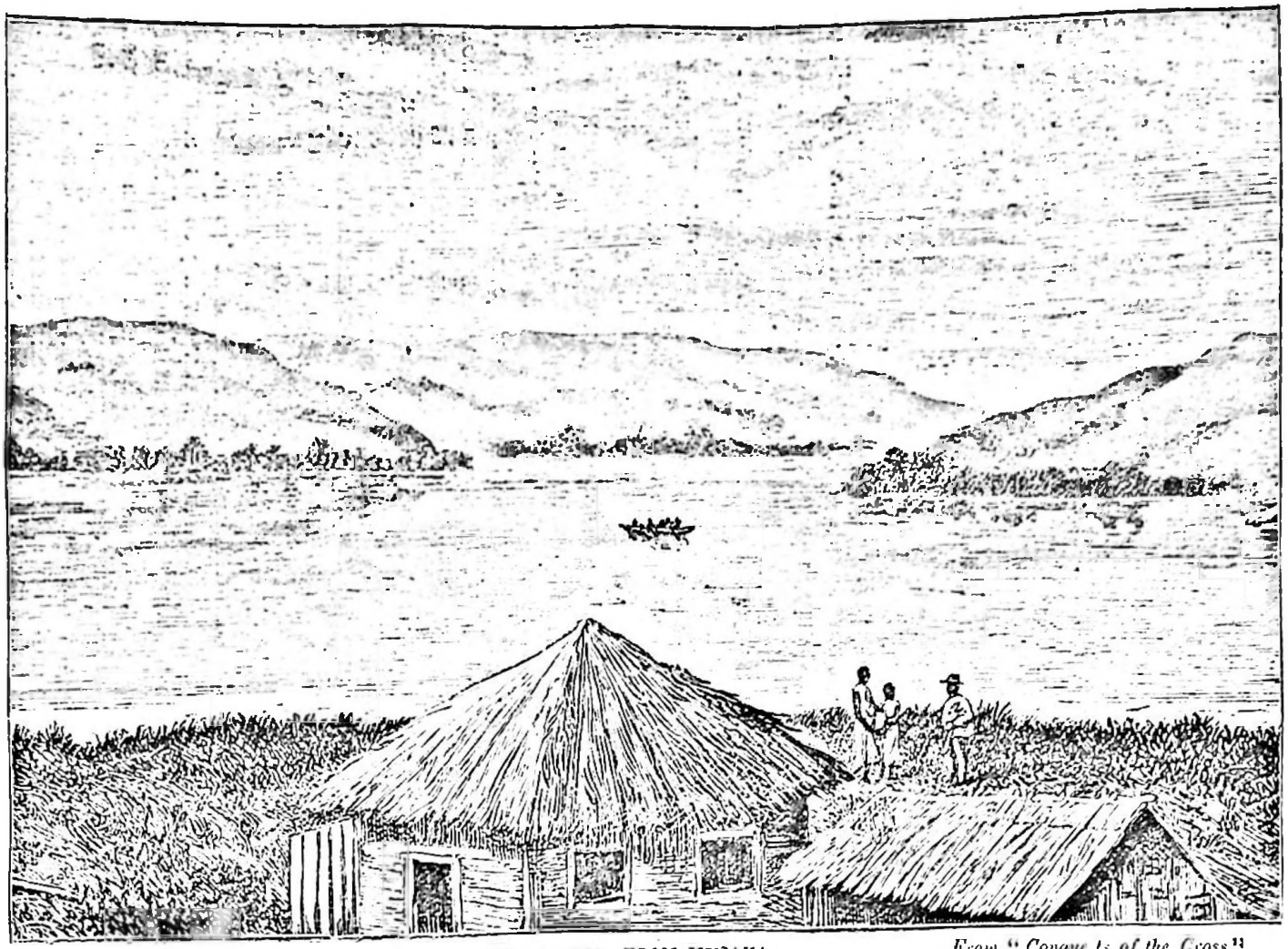
THE third volume of *Conquests of the Cross* completes a work which is, perhaps, the fullest, as it is certainly the most attractive, record of Christian enterprise with which we are acquainted. The ninety chapters of the three volumes have, of course, been written by many hands; but Mr. Edwin Hodder has held the reins of editorship with excellent effect, the result being a thoroughly good work, which will serve either for general reading or for purposes of reference. The three volumes contain quite a gallery of engravings, which add much interest to the work. The last volume is chiefly devoted to Africa and the Southern Seas. There is also a chapter on the Mission to Lepers and the work of Father Damien, of whom we should probably have heard a great deal less if he had not been a Roman Catholic, similar heroism to his being common enough among Moravians and others without any noise being made about it. Rome is, after all, the apostate church; and if one does any good within her pale, it must be in spite of his surroundings and connections.

This work would have been much more complete if a good illustrated chapter on London had been added. There is so much of the romance of real life in what has been done in the course of fifty years, that such a chapter, written as it might have been, would have exceeded in interest all the other matter.

As we cannot touch upon all the subjects dealt with in Volume III., we will say something about the Congo State, which belongs to western Africa, and has an Atlantic coast-line of about one hundred and eighty-five miles. To a European settler, the country appears to have many attractions, if not some things connected with it which remind him of home. One good authority tells us, that "for about thirty to sixty miles, the country remains comparatively flat. It then begins to rise in irregular terraces till it reaches a height of about fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred feet; and its surface is broken with an endless variety of hill and valley and undulating plateau." It is watered by the great river Zaire, now more commonly called the Congo, which has a magnificent system of lakes and many tributaries, as well as numberless watercourses which are dry, except in the rainy season. In the height of summer, the heat does not exceed that of our warmest days in England, while in the cooler season it about corresponds with our more moderate summer days at home. This low temperature for a tropical country is partly owing to its elevation; but is chiefly due to the strong breeze from the sea, which commonly keeps up during the day. It is the taking a chill from this breeze of which European settlers have to beware; for a chill is followed by fever. Thus we find it remarked in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "In its effects on the human constitution, the climate of Congo is much less deleterious than that of the coast regions further to the north; and in the higher districts even the European can maintain himself with care in a fair state of health."

The history of the Congo State for the last four hundred years has

* "Conquests of the Cross: a Record of Missionary Work throughout the World." Vol. III. Edited by Edwin Hodder. Cassell and Company. Price 9s.



THE CONGO, FROM MUSAKA. *From "Conquests of the Cross."*

been chequered. The country was discovered by the Portuguese in 1484, and the king consenting to be baptized, the country was regarded as a Christian one; a cathedral was founded, and, in due time, the Jesuits arrived on the scene. The influence of Portugal declined, however. Some of the superstitions still surviving are the remains of the teaching of these adventurers. Though the religion of the tribes, which modern missions are seeking to benefit, is a degrading fetishism, and belief in witchcraft prevails, some of the old-time crucifixes from Portugal have still more superstitious value attached to them. We are told that the testimony of such men as Livingstone, and others, is that "The influence of the Portuguese has been a curse to the country from the time they first set foot in it; and they had not in one solitary place or instance done one single thing to elevate the people; but, on the contrary, had been at perpetual feud with them, had fostered the slave trade, and had encouraged the introduction of ardent spirits."

After such a record, it is well that the claims of Portugal in regard to the African territory were set aside, in 1890, in favour of a British protectorate. What we have to understand is, that West Central Africa is still, for the most part, an unknown country to the English-speaking race. Apart from the travels of Livingstone and Stanley, some of the most heroic pioneer work has been done by young men who have gone out from the East London Training College for Missionaries, an institution which has now sent forth some five hundred missionaries into the heathen world. Mr. Henry Craven, of Liverpool, who went out about fourteen years ago, led the vanguard. It was about the same time that, as agents of the Baptist Missionary Society, Messrs. Grenfell and Comber established a station at San Salvador.

As shown in our engraving, Musaka looks like a quiet sylvan retreat to which one might go to recruit failing health; but this is what Mr. Craven says about it:—

"Musaka is a deadly place; this time of change very sickly—heat and cold both bring on sickness. The scorpion and serpent bring danger on land, the alligators swarm in the water, and there are other dangers too numerous to mention. This very week, within three hundred yards from me, a boy standing in the water helping a carpenter to make a stage, was taken away by an alligator, to be seen no more. Four days ago, a small canoe crossing the river was attacked by alligators, the side of the canoe smashed in, and one man of three lifted right out by one of these brutes, to be food for the rest. Yesterday, a native lay down to sleep, and rose no more—sunstroke. Buried to-day!"

It is not our intention to tell the story of what has been effected by Comber, Maynard, and others, who have fallen on the field of service, and by those who remain in the work of the Livingstone Inland Mission and the Baptist Missionary Society; but the narrative is an inspiriting one; and better days seem to be in prospect.

There have been objectors who have thought that the losses by death, fire, tornadoes, and native opposition, have been too great to warrant the continuance of the work; but the answer has been, that the divine command is not "Go ye into all the healthy climates of the world, and preach the gospel." Carnal warfare involves dangers of

which officers and men profess to take little account; it seems meet that similar bravery shall be shown in this work of Christian aggression. Then the outlook, even as regards the English agents, seems to be improving. "Experience has gradually been gained in regard to the choice of localities, the use of medical remedies, and the constitutions best adapted to this particular sphere of service, and the best method of living in such climates," it is remarked; "and with this advance in knowledge and experience, the terrible mortality of the first years of these missions has very much abated."

Taken altogether, the story of missions in the Congo Free State is a wonderful one, the advance that has been made in the short period of about fourteen years being, in a sense, unique. In 1878, the country, in which eight Protestant Missionary Associations now have their stations, was almost unknown. The vast territory is rapidly being brought within the pale of civilization. The Congo Railway is being constructed, and will be of much benefit. The language has been reduced to writing, a dictionary and a grammar have been compiled; the New Testament and portions of the Old, as well as *The Peep of Day*, have been translated and printed. The heathen desert of one short generation ago, is beginning to blossom as the rose.

G. H. P.

"While there's Life there's Hope."

"WILL you come and see a poor old man that's dying, sir?" said a woman to me, late one night. "I don't think he can last long. Can you come at once?" On our way, she said, "You'll find him a very wicked man, sir; he has been an infidel for years. He don't know that I have come for you." She led me to a respectable-looking cottage; but the outside was the best side of the house. On opening the door, into a cold, dirty, uninviting room, my guide pointed to the stairway, saying, "You'll find him up there, sir." Feeling my way up the rickety steps, I knocked at a door, and heard a feeble voice say, "Come in." By the light of a low-burnt candle, stuck in a bottle, I saw a most saddening sight: a dirty old box, which served for a table; and two broken-down bedsteads, on one of which lay the dying man, with his crippled wife on crutches standing by his side. It was a cold night, no fire in the broken grate, and the old woman, throwing a tattered shawl over her shoulders, had hobbled across the room "just to look at poor Jack for a minute." As I approached, she said, "It's no use a you talkin' to he; he's too far gone; and, 'sides, he don't like the likes o' you. He aint no 'ligionist." "You sit down on that bed," I replied, "and don't be such a stupid woman. I've come to talk to your husband about Jesus, 'the mighty to save.'" At this, she stood back, saying as she did so, "I know he won't listen to what you're agoin' to say. Poor man! Don't worry him." The man was breathing hard, and it was evident that bronchitis would soon accomplish its deadly work, and that there was no time to be lost. As I sat by him, on the side of the bed, he opened his eyes, and said, "Who be

you?" "I'm God's servant, and I've come to tell you the way of salvation, and point you to Jesus." Lifting his hand, and moving it in a way that betokened his displeasure, he said, in a low whisper, which sounded more like a hissing groan, "I don't want to hear nothin' about him." Relying on God the Holy Ghost for help, and, being reassured as the words came like strength to my soul, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" and, thinking of the dying thief, I said, "I've come with a message from God to you, and *I must* deliver it, and you *shall* hear." He closed his eyes as I began to tell him of ruination through sin, redemption through the Saviour, regeneration through the Spirit. He appeared not to listen; but his constant expression of dissent, by look or gesture, told that the truth was laying hold of him. I was thankful for this opposition. It fired my soul with the determination to go on until I had told the old, old story of redeeming love, and notwithstanding the old lady's constant, "Don't worry him, I tell you!" I went on to the end, and, kneeling down, pleaded that God would enlighten him, and that he might become "a brand plucked from the burning"; then, repeating clearly and loudly three times the mighty text, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin," I left, after making arrangements for the neighbour to stay with them through the night. Early in the morning I found the old man still alive. The old lady stood by him "to see him breathe his last." She would not let me speak to him. No; he should not be disturbed. "You upset him last night, you did. I told you not to worry him. He's been a sobbin' and a cryin' all night. Jack," said she, "here's this 'ere gentl'man come to see you agin. I tell you don't want to see him, do 'e?" He opened his eyes, and when he saw me, he made motions with his hand for his wife to move, and beckoned me to come close. "Sit down," he whispered. And seating myself in the place where I delivered my message, I listened, and this is what I heard, between the heavy breathing: "I'm black—black—black—sinner—but I believe—the blood—the blood of Jesus—cleanses me—from all—all sin." And with a dying gasp he breathed a "Good-bye, and God bless you!" Two days after, I buried him, and the same evening saw the poor old cripple carried away to the workhouse. "Come, and see me," said she, as she left her wretched home, in tears of grief, "and thank you for coming to see poor Jack. I shan't forget what you said to him." I thought of the words, "I am found of them that sought me not;" and remembering how "Salvation is of the Lord," I prayed—

"Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise,
While all their glowing souls are born
To seek that grace which now they scorn."

F. E. B.

My Ragged School and its Fortunes.

LONDON Arabs are a curious mixture. Their associations and surroundings tend to develop that cuteness for which they are remarkable. These little ragamuffins are, as a rule, as sharp as needles, and as cunning as monkeys. Nothing seems to come amiss to them; they seem as much at home on their heads as on their feet; and as to their digestive organs, they seem able to eat anything. If once their hearts are set on any particular school or teacher, no weather in the world would prevent their attendance.

It fell to my lot, some years ago, on Sundays to be surrounded by hundreds of rough lads such as I have described. Underneath the fragments of clothes they wear, I have sometimes found very warm hearts; but at times I have met with some whom it did not seem possible to help.

One such experience I will relate, though, I am glad to say, it is of an exceptional nature. I had consented to superintend an evening-school for ragged boys, in one of the lowest parts of London. The schoolroom was all that could be desired—lofty, clean, warm, and bright: surrounding it, there were literally hundreds of poor lads of the very class we were anxious to reach. Unfortunately, a strong Roman Catholic element predominated in the district. Several Protestants had attempted to work this school, but none had succeeded for long together. Gratis instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a religious address, made up the programme four nights in each week. In undertaking this task, I proceeded on a plan of my own, which was to try to win over the lads one by one, and so, in the course of time, to work up a good school; but in a short time I was compelled to abandon my idea.

On the opening night I found sixty lads waiting, or, rather, scrambling for admission. The door of the school was approached by some stone steps, at the bottom of which was an iron gate. I entered this iron cage, and admitted one boy only, and succeeded in locking the gate inside. Whilst performing this operation, my hat was displaced by a sharp poke from a long stick, and I also received a patch of soft mud in my left eye. Having made my first capture, I mounted the stairs inside, with the one lad following me. At the top of the stairs I lighted a candle, to enable me to see to unlock the schoolroom door; but before the key was fairly in the lock, my candle was blown out. I verily believe the young rascal whom I was especially favouring was the cause of this misfortune; but when we got the candle lighted again, he, with a face fixed like granite itself, coolly remarked, "Bad job, teacher, the light went out."

When the gas was lighted, showers of stones, and even bricks, were hurled at the windows by the boys outside; and but for the strong iron guards that protected the windows, our lives would scarcely have been safe. The hooting and shouting were past all description. However, after some fifteen minutes, this gradually died away; so taking my seat beside the lad, I said to him:—

"My boy, I want to be your friend. I will help you all I can, if

you will let me do so. Now, just tell me, is there anything particular you would like me to do for you?" "Yes, teacher," said he, "I wants to git on one of Pickford's drays. Mother's bin and seed the foreman, and he says as how if I can git a character from the ragged-school, he'd take me on."

"Well," said I, "I am glad to hear this; and if you will come here night by night, I will try to help you to read and write, prepare you for a life on a Pickford's dray, and also for the life to come. If you know any other lads who have a desire to learn, and wish to be helped, I shall be glad for you to bring them. If we can only get one more each night, why, in a few months we shall have a nice large school, shan't we?"

"Yes, teacher," replied the boy, "I knows six chaps what wants to git on to one of Pickford's wans."

After this conversation, I set the lad a few simple sums, and assisted him to read a chapter of the Bible; then he knelt with me in prayer, and thus we concluded our first evening. My second, third, and fourth attempts were much after the same fashion, increasing the number of scholars by one each evening, and passing through the usual ordeal with the lads outside.

On Sunday night, some twenty teachers from a neighbouring church volunteered to assist me in the attempt to start a Sunday-evening ragged-school for purely religious instruction. I say "in the attempt," for it was indeed an attempt, and nothing more. About a hundred scholars were present; but oh, the hullabaloo! Some struck up singing "Up in a balloon, boys," while others were singing "Down in a coal mine." The door-mat soon came flying across the room at a teacher's head; while one of the boys shouted out, "Catch 'em alive O!" To gain order was impossible. "How's yer poor feet?" said a brazen-faced girl to her teacher. "I likes the way yer does yer back hair," said another girl. One boy climbed up to the beams of the roof with a hot potato in his hand, exclaiming, as he did so, "Richard's hisself again."

At this stage of the proceedings a policeman had to be called in. His presence worked like magic, and he became at once the self-elected superintendent of the school, and remained in that capacity for the space of fifteen minutes, during which time a brief prayer was offered, and the school dismissed.

Though we prayed and laboured, and devised all manner of plans, we could not succeed with our Sunday-evening efforts; and the largest number I was ever able to admit on a week evening could be counted on my fingers.

One evening, with four lads inside, I thought I had succeeded fairly well. There seemed little or no opposition outside the building; but when starting for home, I found myself and my scholars were prisoners. I could not open the iron gate at the bottom of the stone steps. The night was very dark. It seemed to me the lock must be broken; all was quiet on the outside; not a sound could be heard; not a soul could be seen; but I afterwards found that down a court opposite were dozens of boys fully alive to our position. Unfortunately, we had not a match amongst us, so we pulled and

tugged, and strained our key till we twisted the handle off, thus rendering it useless. The boys suggested to drop from the school window above; but the fixed iron guards prevented our accomplishing this feat. After exhausting our patience for nearly an hour, a policeman on his beat came round; he heard our cry for help, and came to our assistance, and his bright bull's-eye revealed the secret of our imprisonment; two immense scaffold cords had been stolen by the outside boys from a building close by, and the gate had been secured in a skilful manner at the top and bottom. It was only by cutting the rope that we could be released. But despite these pranks, we still persevered in our efforts for another week.

The last episode at the school was an unfortunate one. To prevent being tied in a second time, a powerful-looking man, whose name I never knew, came and was engaged as gatekeeper; he was to be paid eighteenpence a night to protect the building during the service with the lads, the agreement being that he was to receive his remuneration at the close of each service. He arrived at the school armed with a thick stick, and took up his post at the time appointed. That night I was able to enter the school with my few scholars with great comfort; but a few minutes afterwards a pitched battle commenced between the boys in the street and the gatekeeper. The poor man was made the target for handfuls of mud and volleys of stones. He kept to his post for some time, but as the fight waxed fiercer, he deemed it advisable to run for it. I have never set eyes upon him since; and for aught I know, he is running now. If any of my friends in the various parts of the country should meet a man of this description still running, will they kindly stop him, pay him the eighteenpence due to him, and charge it to my account.

Thus ended the ragged-school in that district. We were fairly driven out of the neighbourhood. Remember, this was many years ago, when such efforts were novel, and fitting help not so readily forthcoming. We learn by our failures, and this disastrous attempt gave me experience, and thus helped in future efforts which proved more successful. London owes more than most people are aware of to the sustained labours of the ragged-school teachers. The work is most trying, and the reward often very scant. Though my narrative may cause some merriment, I give it chiefly to call forth sympathy for the noble army of men and women who, for Christ's sake, spend themselves in this service. In the great day of account they shall have their reward.

J. Manton Smith.

Claiming the Promise.

SUMMER-TIME is by no means the best season for a series of indoor services; only under exceptional circumstances can they be held then with any hope of success. During the summer months, the employés of shops and factories are too glad to get into the fresh air, after the day's duties, to choose two hours extra in a heated, crowded meeting; while those residing at watering-places find their time fully occupied with visitors; and in the rural districts the gardens and harvests keep the people busy. Yet, occasionally, between the hay and corn harvests, I have had most encouraging times of service.

Thus, it happened, on one occasion, I was in the Midlands toward the end of July, spending a few days with a ministerial friend, and conducting a mission some five miles distant.

Many were the cheering signs of blessing we there witnessed; but one day, especially, is marked as a "red-letter day."

At the house of one of our friends, a ritualistic curate and his wife had recently taken apartments. Hearing that the Baptist minister and the evangelist, with their wives, were invited to tea one afternoon, he asked if he and his wife might join us. Hardly caring to refuse him, yet with some misgiving at the unexpected request, our good hostess consented. We were delighted to find him a most godly, gracious spirit. His cheery intercourse, and thrilling narratives of cases of genuine conversion, were both stimulating and helpful; and ere we separated—he for a service six miles distant, and we for the village chapel—he proposed a hymn, and a few words of intercessory prayer. Together, we sang "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"; then he quoted, with tender pathos, "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels" (Mal. iii. 16, 17). Each in turn pleaded for a special blessing on the other's work, and he closed with a prayer that carried us to the gate of heaven, and from thence to our service, all on fire, and full of expectant faith. Nor was our faith in vain; we enjoyed happy freedom, and were unusually busy, after the service, with anxious enquirers.

As we were driving home, the pastor's wife told me how she longed for the salvation of her children. The eldest had found Christ a twelvemonth before, on my previous visit. Now, she longed for the second girl to give evidence of decision. "She is a bright, sunny girl in the home," said the mother; "we have no fault to find with her. She *knows* the way of salvation; but has not surrendered her heart to the Saviour. Then, there is Willie, a bright lad of fourteen, just leaving home for his first situation in London; I dread to think of him going into the midst of city life unsaved. But there is one promise has recurred to my mind again and again through the day; *this evening I have claimed it*, and believe with all my heart I shall witness its fulfilment."

"Tell me what it is," I said; "for I love to get hold of a good promise to plead."

"You will find it in Isaiah," she replied; "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children" (Isaiah liv. 13).

She referred to this portion several times ere we reached home, and I felt fully convinced that she had indeed *claimed the promise*, and was clinging tenaciously to it.

On reaching home, while supper was being prepared, I took Annie aside, and told her how her mother was yearning over her, and that I should unite with the mother in prayer for her, until she had yielded her heart to Christ.

"Pray for me?" she asked, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, Annie, I shall not cease to plead for you, that you may be led to trust the Saviour."

Bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "Then I will!"

"Yes, I believe you will; but when?"

Only a momentary pause, and she replied, "I will *now!*" Straightway she knelt, and cast herself upon the Saviour, in the language of perfect child-like trust; then, rising, with her eyes shining through her tears, she ran to tell her father and mother that she had "found Jesus."

At the close of the meal, passing the Bible to me, the pastor said, "My heart is too full to venture audible expression to-night; will *you* lead our devotions?" Eagerly I turned to Isaiah, that we might meet with the precious promise again, and read until I reached the verse, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." Then, kneeling in prayer, we thanked God for those already saved, and pleaded for the rest of the family, one by one, naming them before God from the youngest to the eldest, the dear lad already referred to.

In prospect of his speedy departure for the city, we were led to pray specially for his prompt decision. Little did I dream that God was using this prayer to awaken the lad to a sense of his need!

The pastor and I sat late into the night, talking over the work; then very quietly crept upstairs, lest we should disturb the household. We found this caution needless; for, save the youngest, none had yet retired.

My dear wife entered our room with a heart well-nigh breaking for the lad, with whom she had been in prayer for upwards of an hour, till she felt unable any longer to bear the strain. I went to his room, and knelt by the bedside with him; but felt helpless, and could do nothing but quote a few promises, and plead for their present fulfilment. As I withdrew, the father and mother of the lad came and knelt by their boy.

Some twenty minutes later, I was about to enter once more, with a fresh promise which had occurred to me, when the younger sister stepped in just before me. Thinking herself alone with him, she threw herself upon her knees by his side, her arms around his neck, and pleadingly said, "Willie, dear! won't you trust Jesus? I trusted him, and he has saved me; and oh, I am *so happy!* Won't you trust him, too?" Then she poured out her heart in earnest prayer for him, than which I have never heard sweeter music! *Is* there sweeter music than the first utterances in prayer of a newly-pardoned soul?

Early next morning the father went to call the lad, thinking he would oversleep the time after being up so late; but he had not retired; he was still upon his knees in heart-anguish. So distressed, indeed, was he, that he did not appear at the breakfast-table; it seemed as though he shrank from meeting any of us.

An hour later, returning from my morning stroll, the mother came to meet me, and tell me that Willie had found Christ, and was rejoicing "in the light."

No sooner did he hear my voice than he ran to greet me; and, as though he had been my own child, he fell upon my shoulder, and wept for joy, as he told me how he had "lost his burden", having "left it all with Jesus," and was supremely happy.

This was an hour never to be forgotten. His father and mother, the lad, and his sisters, my good wife and myself, gathered around the parlour-table, and sang with deeper meaning than ever before:—

"Tell it with joy! Tell it with joy!
Oh, the sweet rapture of pardon!
Grace divine has saved me,
And Jesus my all shall be."

JOHN BURNHAM.

The Christmas Festivities at the Orphanage.

CHRISTMAS Day at the Orphanage, in 1891, proved to the children an event over which their grateful memories will delight to linger. Old friends and new seem to have entered into a conspiracy of love; and their generous gifts gladdened the hearts of the youngsters, especially the newcomers, who had never seen a Christmas celebration on such a scale before. The best traditions of the past were maintained; and where any improvement was attempted, the effort was rewarded with success. We are not surprised that some of the children thought that, as so many good things had reached the Orphanage, outsiders must have fared badly! In this, of course, they were mistaken, and only betrayed their ignorance. Coming from homes, where the pinch of poverty is sorely felt, to one of gladness and plenty, we do not wonder that the contrast should impress them, and suggest an inference which it seemed to justify. That they adjudged themselves to be amongst the most favoured of happy boys and girls, is what we had a right to expect, for is it not true in fact? The Orphanage has discovered to them a new fatherhood, with an abounding blessedness which awakens surprise and gratitude. The goodness of God is a reality to them, and to be the favoured children of his providence is a heritage they find it difficult, if not impossible, to estimate.

The dining-hall was, if possible, brighter than ever, and the good things displayed, when the children sat down to dinner, were not unworthy of the banqueting-tables of kings. The generous gifts of our friends being ample, no demand was made upon the general funds of the Institution for the Christmas festivities. In this we rejoice, and would tender to all donors our heartiest thanks. In placing their gifts upon the altar of Orphanhood, which we have been privileged to erect, we know that all is given as "unto the Lord"; but we cannot be unmindful of the fact that these gifts are also love-tokens for the President. Thank you, dear friends, one and all; and may every blessing your hearts can desire prove your enriching and your joy throughout the year!

As the President could not be present, he sent the following letter to be read to the children:—

"Menton, December 21st, 1891.

"Dear Boys and Girls,—I send you all my love, as far as the post can carry love at twopence-halfpenny for a half-ounce. I wish you a real glorious Christmas. I might have said 'a jolly Christmas' if we had all been boys; but as some of us are girls, I will be proper, and say 'a merry Christmas.'

"Enjoy ourselves, and feel grateful to the kind friends who find money to keep the Stockwell Orphanage supplied. Bless their loving hearts, they never let you want for anything: may they have pleasure in seeing you all grow up to be good men and women!

"Feel also very grateful to the Trustees. Those gentlemen are always at work arranging for your good. Give them three times three! Then there are Mr. Charlesworth, Mr. Ladds, and all the masters, and the matrons. Each one of them deserves your love, and gratitude, and obedience. They try to do you good; try to cheer them all you can.

"I should like you to have a fine day, such a day as we have here; but if not, you will be warm and bright indoors.

"Three cheers for those who give us the good things for this festival!

"I want you for a moment in the day to be all still, and spend the time in thanking our heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus for great goodness shown to you and to me; and then pray for me that I may get quite well.

"Mrs. Spurgeon and I both send our love to all the Stockwell family.

"Yours very heartily,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

The reading of the President's letter was undertaken by Mr. Wm. Higgs, one of the Trustees, and a few kindly words were spoken by Mr. T. H. Olney, another Trustee. Volleys of cheers followed in succession; and, the children having breathed some loving wishes for the President and Mrs. Spurgeon, grace was sung, and the good things were polished off in a style that is only possible to a company of eager boys and girls.

The following letter from the children, signed by the premier girl and boy for the year, was forwarded to the President:—

"Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road,
"London, S.W.,
"December 22nd, 1891.

"To our Beloved President, "Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Christmas comes but once a year, and then we say to one another what we think and feel all the year round.

"We did not write to you when you were so ill, but we prayed for you every day, that God would make you well again, for what should we do without you?

"We have been made so happy ever since we knew you were getting better; and now we want you to get quite well, and be able to come and see us at the Orphanage; and we want to hear you at the Tabernacle again, for you always have a nice message for us.

"We think we ought to be very happy boys and girls, and so we are; and it is our own fault if we are not as good as we ought to be. Everybody is kind to us, and you are our dearest earthly friend.

"We thank dear Mrs. Spurgeon for her love to us, and we are so glad that God has made her well enough to be with you in Menton. We hope the change will do her much good, and that she will be quite well and strong again.

"We hardly knew what to send you, but we have now agreed to send you an English flower to wear on Christmas day. You have more lovely

flowers in France, but we hope you will like these quite as well, as they come from your loving boys and girls in the Orphanage.

"When your letter is read to us on Christmas day, we shall be sure to wish you and dear Mrs. Spurgeon a 'Merry Christmas', as we feel sure ours will be, and a very 'Happy New Year.'

"Signed for all the boys and girls,
"KATE BISHOP,
"ERNEST JAMES BARSON."

To this letter the President sent the following reply, which was read to the children and their relatives at the meeting on January 6, when they brought in their New Year's collecting-cards:—

"Menton, New Year's Day.

"To Kate Bishop and Ernest James Barson, who represented
"Stockwell Orphanage,

"Dear Girls and Boys,—Your flowers were very sweet, but the post people kept them six days on the road, and, therefore, when they came to me, they were—well, never mind. I knew what you meant. God bless you!

"Flowers soon fade, especially when packed in a box, and sent by railway; but the love of Jesus to us is ever the same, and no distance or time can make it lose its bloom. Dear children, do you each one know the sweetness of that unfading Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valleys?

"I send my love to you with the best wishes of my heart for each girl and boy. I wish you a Happy New Year.

"I must not write much, for I am still weak; but I should like to say that the good conduct of my dear children is a great comfort to me, and above this, when I hear of boys and girls converted, and believing in the Lord Jesus, it makes my heart leap for joy.

"May you all be well, and do well, throughout the year 1892!

"I am so glad to hear that you had a merry Christmas. It seems to me that our friends are kinder to us than ever, and we must more and more earnestly pray 'God bless them!'

"Your loving friend,
"C. H. SPURGEON."

Mr. Spurgeon also sent very beautiful New Year's cards to the orphans who signed the children's letter, and wrote on them as follows:—

"Kate Bishop, from C. H. Spurgeon.

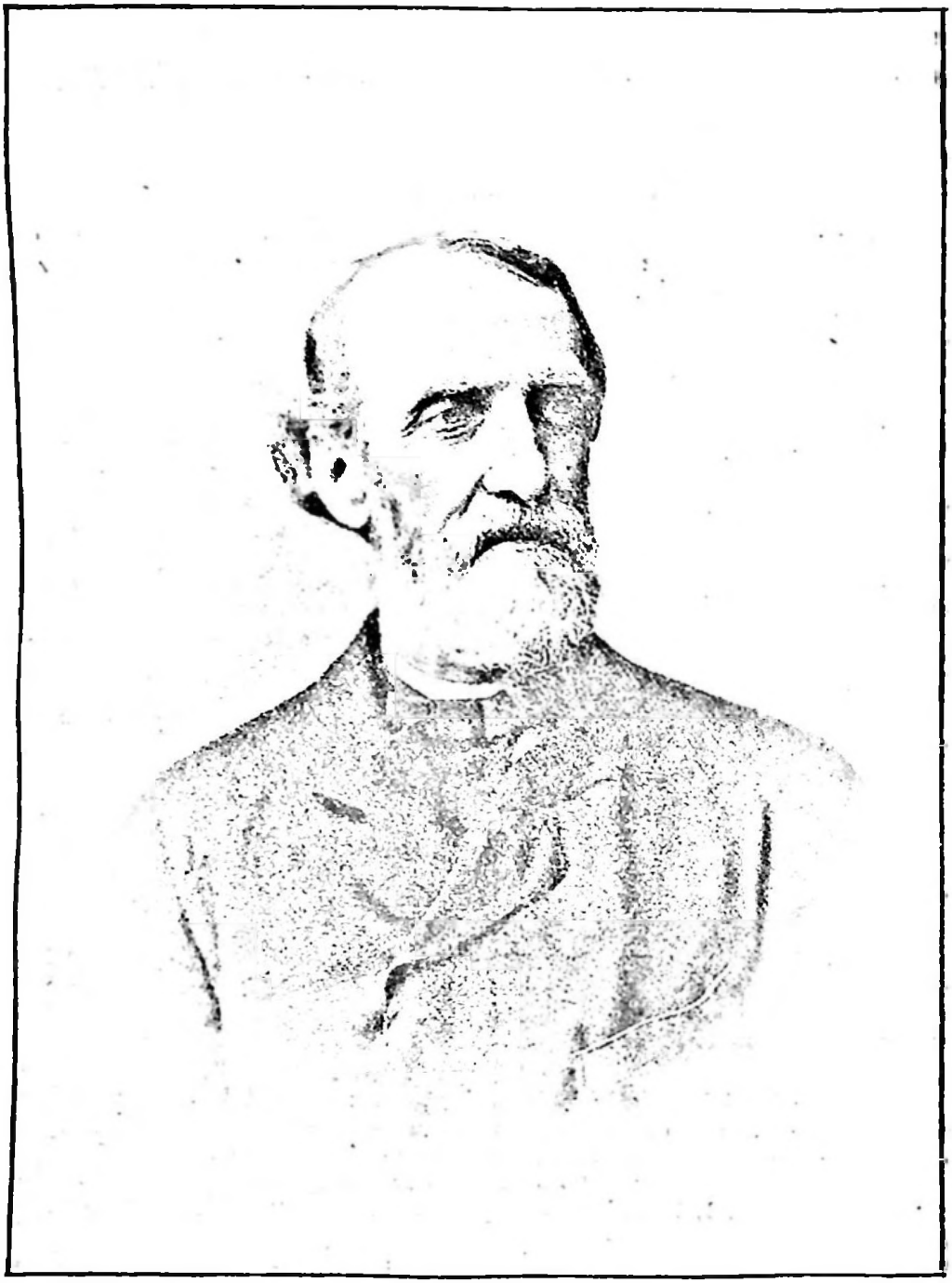
"May he, who feeds the birds of the air, watch over you, and keep you evermore! Only be sure that you find a nest near the cross of Jesus, and no harm can come to you.

"Menton, Jan. 1, 1892."

"Ernest James Barson,

"May the Lord Jesus make you his good soldier, and keep you faithful and valiant! Enlist by faith, put on your armour by diligence, keep it bright by holy service, and watch in all things unto prayer.

"So prays your loving friend,
"Menton, Jan. 1, 1892." "C. H. SPURGEON."



DR. A. T. PIERSON.

Dr. Pierson.

WE cannot convey to our readers the rest of heart we have in leaving Tabernacle affairs in the hands of our beloved brother, DR. PIERSON. It was according to the wonder-working way of God to have such a man in reserve while we are laid aside. No one could be more competent, or more suitable; no one could display a more unselfish desire to serve the cause of God, or a more loving concern to help a brother in his hour of need. It is marvellous how greatly we coincide in thought and feeling: the two ministries have dove-tailed into each other, and are indeed one.

This makes it the more delightful to see how heartily Dr. Pierson appreciates our people and work. He has written as follows in his magazine, *The Missionary Review of the World*. We feel sure that our friends will be interested in reading what Dr. Pierson says concerning the Tabernacle.

"This Metropolitan Tabernacle is a *house of prayer* most emphatically. Here are numerous rooms, under and around the great audience-room, where for almost forty years, this one servant of God has held forth the Word of Life; and in these rooms prayer is almost ceaselessly going up. When one meeting is not in progress, another is. This is a hive of bees, where there are comparatively few drones. There are prayer-meetings before preaching, and others after preaching; Evangelistic Associations, Zenana Societies, and all sorts of work for God find here a centre, and all are consecrated by prayer. Before I go upon the platform to address these thousands, the officers of this great church meet me and each other for prayer as to the service; and one feels upborne on these strong arms of prayer while preaching. No marvel that Mr. Spurgeon's ministry has been so blessed. He himself attributes it mainly to the prevailing prayers of his people. Why may not the whole Church of God learn something from the Metropolitan Tabernacle of London as to the power of simple gospel preaching backed by believing supplication?

"Referring to this great church, one cannot forget also its divine mission as a standing protest against the secularizing of the house of God by the attractions of worldly art and aestheticism. Here is nothing to divert the mind from the simplicity of worship and the gospel; no attempt at elaborate architecture, furniture, garniture. A precentor leads congregational song without even the help of a cornet; prayer, and praise, and the reading of the Word of God, with plain putting of gospel truth—these have been Mr. Spurgeon's lifelong 'means of grace', and weapons of war. And yet this remains to-day the largest congregation in the world, even when a stranger attempts to fill the place left vacant by the pastor's withdrawal to a place of rest and recuperation.

"This lesson has, in my opinion, a bearing on all work for Christ, at home and abroad. Our reliance is too much *on the charms of this world*, in drawing souls to the gospel and to the Saviour. The Holy Spirit will not tolerate our idols. If we will have artistic and secular type of music, substituting unsanctified art for simple praise; if we will have elaborate ritual in place of simple, believing prayer; if we will have eloquent lectures in place of simple, earnest, gospel preaching, we must not wonder if no shekinah fires burn in our sanctuaries. If Ahaz is allowed to displace God's plain altar by the carved, idolatrous altar from Damascus, we need not be surprised if God withdraws his power. Perhaps the reason why the work of God abroad shows more signs of his presence and power than our sanctuary services at home is in part this, that our foreign mission work has never been embarrassed as yet by those elaborate attempts at aesthetic attraction which turn many of our home churches into concert-halls and lecture-saloons and costly club-houses. May God grant us to learn, once for all, that nothing in our mission work can make up for Holy Spirit power, and that Holy Spirit power itself makes up for the lack of all else! If the angel

troubles the pool, there is healing in the waters; but if God's angel comes not down, all the doctors in Jerusalem, with all the drugs in creation, cannot impart healing virtue.

"LET US PRAY! Oh, for a new spirit of prayer to God! Oh, for a whole Church on its face before the throne, with mighty pleading for a blessing as widespread as the race of man, and as deep-reaching as man's depravity and degradation, guilt and need! Let the year now opening be—whatever else it may not be—a year of prayer; so shall it be a year of praise also, a new year of missions, introducing a new century of mission triumph and glory to God!"

Notices of Books.

The Life and Work of Archibald G. Brown, Preacher and Philanthropist. By GODFREY HOLDEN PIKE. Passmore and Alabaster.

A RECORD of a life worth recording. It comes forth at the right season, when Mr. Brown has just completed his twenty-fifth year of glorious work in East London. Mr. Pike has diligently collected and arranged the facts, and Messrs. Alabaster and Passmore have produced the memorial in their usual neat style. Our readers can get a copy in paper for 1s. 6d., or in cloth for 2s. 6d.; and if they value our friend as we believe they do, they will soon clear out the first edition. Sir Arthur Blackwood's introduction is a very happy one.

Stumbling-stones Removed from the Word of God. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Dickinson.

THIS is invaluable. No production could be more timely. Dr. Pierson will effectually remove many stumbling-blocks from candid minds. His work is well done. Even in the quality of brevity, which some might regret, we see the means of the wider spread of the book. Let every reader of the Bible get a copy, and study it carefully; and he will be both forewarned and forearmed as to many an attack upon the infallible Word of the Lord. In the fullest sense, the unerring character of the sacred Book is vindicated by our friend.

The Silver Vase; or, the Gathered Posy. By G. H. PIKE. Morgan and Scott.

WE have shown our appreciation of Mr. Pike's interesting account of the Flower Girls' Mission by giving an illustrated article upon it in this month's Magazine. We hope it will induce many of our readers to get the book, and to help the work of which it speaks.

Living Theology. By EDWARD WHITE, Archbishop of Canterbury. *The Conquering Christ; and other Sermons.* By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. *Verbum Crucis; and other Sermons.* By WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., D.C.L. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

THE idea of issuing a set of volumes of sermons, as specimens of the discourses of the period, is a very good one. Messrs. Sampson Low, and Co. are carrying out the plan in capital style, giving for three-and-sixpence a strongly-bound crown octavo volume, adorned with a first-class portrait, and containing about a dozen sermons. The first three names which appear upon the list of "Preachers of the Age" are those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Maclaren, and the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. These three volumes are before us, together with first sheets of sermons by C. H. Spurgeon. Messrs. Hughes, Knox-Little, Reynolds, Fairbairn, Dykes, &c., will follow in quick succession; but C. H. S. cannot promise that his set will be ready for some little time; for he is ordered to "hasten slowly."

Christian Loyalty. Addresses on "Why am I a Christian?" "Why am I a Protestant?" "Why am I a Nonconformist?" "Why am I a Baptist?" By G. D. HOOPER, Hendon.

THESE are four very excellent tracts at a penny each, written by one who

has personally argued these matters out. So far as they are necessarily controversial, they are fair and generous. We think them convincing, but then we are already convinced: yet we venture to say that, if readers are perfectly candid, they will, in all probability, end by agreeing with Mr. Hooper. The four tracts, bound in a cover, will be sent post-free for sixpence in stamps, by Rev. G. D. Hooper, Hendon, N.W. He is one of a little band of Baptist ministers who have kept themselves aloof from the confederacies which associate themselves with "modern thought." We heartily wish there were more of them.

Whitaker's Almanack for 1892. 12, Warwick Lane.

THIS chief of all almanacks needs no praise from us. It is a reference library, an absolute requisite, a guide throughout the year. A man who has his Whitaker with him has information upon every subject which can come up in common conversation; in fact, he has the knowledge which will make him a philosopher in his family circle if he has but the brain to use it discreetly.

The Old Path for the New Year; or, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism." By A. E. CLARKE, 144, Cecil Street, Manchester.

IN a neat little penny pamphlet, Mr. Clarke bears his own personal testimony with vigour. He is not one of those who are ashamed of their convictions.

New Every Morning; a Meditation for each Day in the Year. By THOMAS CHAMPNESS. Hodder & Stoughton.

BRIGHT, stimulating readings, having a breeziness about them that charms and strengthens.

Every Day for God. By Rev. J. GREGORY MANTLE. Wesleyan Book Room.

A VERY neat booklet, inculcating holy living in a Scriptural way. A good pennyworth.

Aids to Believers. Writings for Young Christians. By the late Dr. C. J. DAVIS. A. Holness.

AN eighteenpenny volume of papers on the lines of Brethrenism. We are sorry that where there is so much of Scripture truth, there should be so much of the peculiar teaching of our friends the Brethren. Repudiating sects, they multiply their number. Seeking to manifest the One Body, they virtually ignore the real spiritual unity of the household of faith. Yet, as lovers of the One Lord, we heartily wish them God-speed in all their endeavours to ascertain the meaning of the Word of God.

Glimpses of Eastern Cities. By ANDREW RUSSELL, M.A. Nisbet.

WE should have liked this book better if it had been a collection of *week-evening* lectures. Some will consider us old-fashioned; but we do not believe in anything else but prayer, and praise, and the preaching of the gospel, in the public assemblies for Sabbath worship. Services of song, lectures on travels in the Holy Land, and addresses on social and political topics, may be all very well on other occasions; but the Lord's-day ought, in our opinion, to be sacredly fenced around, and reserved for higher purposes than these. With this reservation, we can commend Mr. Russell's half-crown volume as a useful addition to our works on Eastern cities.

The Century Dictionary. An Encyclopædic Lexicon of the English Language. Prepared under the superintendence of WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Ph. D., LL.D. Vol. vi. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is now complete, and complete it is. It is an Encyclopædia as well as a Word-store. It is a work of over 7,000 quarto pages; it defines and describes 200,000 words, contains 8,000 illustrations, and is taken from upwards of 3,000 authorities. On many subjects it has much information, as will be found in words specially handling those themes. Besides spelling, pronunciation, etymology, and explanation, it contains a world of general knowledge. It is a dictionary of synonyms, and a treasury of quotations. Altogether, it is a library, and necessary to a library. All that is needed is money wherewith to pay for it.

The Literature of the Second Century. Short Studies in Christian Evidences. By F. R. WYNNE, D.D.; J. H. BERNARD, B.D.; and S. HEMPHILL, B.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume of two hundred and seventy pages, excellently printed and most readable throughout, consists of six lectures—two by each of the three authors—delivered to a popular audience at the Alexandra College, Dublin. They are now published at the request of the Christian Evidence Committee of the Y. W. C. A., who do well in helping to make these lectures more widely known.

Their publication at the present time is most opportune. Account for it as we may, there is among people who have read a little, and fancy that they know much, a widespread feeling that the foundations of the Scriptures are insecure. Little that is new has been contributed, during recent years, on the side of unbelief; it is only that the teachings of the past quarter of a century have filtered down among the people, and that the sons and daughters of our educated families only too readily, in many instances, lay hold of them, or rather, are laid hold of by them. The very quarter from whence such opinions come lends them a seductive prestige to young people who fear to be thought old-fashioned, and who wish, at once, to keep on good terms with "society" and with themselves.

The whole tendency of these lectures is to make those who read them ashamed of any leanings they may have had towards the ignorant pretentiousness of the cheap shilling books of scepticism, one of which, in his second lecture, Professor Hemphill so pitilessly exposes, and triumphantly confutes. No one who has an average schoolboy's knowledge of English history would venture to doubt, say, that Wellington and Napoleon fought at Waterloo, or Harold and William at Hastings. It would need more than a little hardihood for an educated person to openly assert the contrary, and not be ashamed. When some unblushingly treat the four Gospels as composed largely of an accumulation of myths, brought together at the end of the second century, when others gravely listen to such teaching, and when neither speaker nor hearer is ashamed, it is simply because their reading of "The Literature of the Second Century" is very largely behind even their knowledge of English history.

The aim of these lectures is much the same as that of our old friend, the late Thomas Cooper. In his lectures at the Pastors' College, nearly thirty years ago, he was careful in "bridging over" these first two centuries. Canon Wynne discourses on the well-known passage in the Annals of Tacitus and the letter of the younger Pliny; then, on the Shepherd of Hermas, the letter of Polycarp, the seven epistles of Ignatius, the epistle of Clement, and the epistle of Barnabas. His second lecture is devoted to "The Gradual Growth of the New Testament Canon." The Rev. J. H. Bernard wisely sets before us the puerilities of the Apocryphal Gospels, and notwithstanding these, the witness which they bear to the glory of our Lord's person and work. He also writes upon the miraculous element in early Christian literature. Professor Hemphill's two lectures deal with the Diatessaron or Harmony by Tatian, and then with the earlier witness of Justin Martyr and of Papias.

The volume is excellent throughout. We know no work which would form so good a popular handbook on the principal writers of the first two centuries, and on the worth of their evidence. Perhaps there is room for regret that other writings are not dealt with; there can hardly be two opinions as to the excellent use made of those discussed by the lecturers. The volume should have a place among our family books, and should be in the libraries of our young people everywhere.

The Word and the Book. The Question of Holy Writ. By GEORGE CLARK HUTTON, D.D. Alexander Gardner.

A GOOD production, to which our heart and intellect respond a glad Amen. Delivered, in substance, as an annual sermon for the National Bible Society of Scotland, it fitly vindicates, with masterly hand, the plenary and verbal inspiration of the original

Scriptures. The ignorance which calls this view "mechanical", is well exposed, and the argument is worthy of its subject, and also of the great Society for which the sermon was preached. We should like to hear that some wealthy Presbyterian layman had arranged to send a copy to every minister of the churches of that order. He might do worse than include our Baptist brethren in his generous thought.

The Maze and its Clue: an Enquiry into the Purport and Purpose of Christian Baptism. By JAMES TYETH HART. Elliot Stock.

DISSATISFIED with all the theories extant upon this subject, our author seeks to remedy the defect. We are bound to say that, in our judgment, the maze is in the author's view and in the traditions of men, rather than in the Word of God. All the learned ingenuity in the world cannot explain away the "one baptism" of the New Testament, enjoined by our risen Lord, practised by inspired apostles, and undergone with joy by Christians of the apostolic age. Mr. Hart does not even attempt to disprove that *that* baptism was the immersion of the believer in token of his oneness with Christ in death, burial, and resurrection. Avowing that Scripture nowhere defines baptism, he starts in search of a clue to the maze. In justice to the author's laborious sincerity, we give his position. The question of questions, in considering Christian baptism, is, "What is its *whereunto?*" The preposition εἰς, translated *in* or *into* in our versions, he holds should read *unto* or *whereunto*. As Aaron's and the Levites' washings designated them to priesthood or to service, so Christian baptism designates us to the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit (pp. 50, 51). "Normally, baptism is not an answer to, or the expression of man's faith; but faith is rather an answer to God's baptism" (p. 80). Will it be believed that this elaborate treatise, evidently earnest and devout, omits to deal with the great commission to baptize (only) disciples, and does not even notice the inspired explanation of the ordinance given in Rom. vi. 3-6, and Col. ii. 12? Mr. Hart's whole theory is built on the translation of εἰς as *whereunto*. Verily, this is an inverted pyramid! Even if we admitted his contention, it would leave untouched the great doctrine at issue, by which, in principle, at least, our Lord guarded the spirituality of his kingdom in this age. If learned treatises like the one before us were necessary to explain the ordinances of the gospel, simple folk would be in a maze indeed; but verily it is not so.

Three Christian Tests. By F. A. FAWKES. B. T. Batsford, 52, High Holborn.

THIS shilling booklet resembles in appearance the works of Professor Drummond; but the resemblance does not end here. The logical mistake of confounding partial analogy with complete identity vitiates what otherwise is so readable and attractive. The three tests dealt with are the Germ Test; the Colour Test; and the Brotherhood Test. Under the last head, the theory of the Universal Fatherhood is taken for granted, although the Scriptures plainly teach that it is only those who have the Spirit of adoption who belong to the household of faith (Rom. viii. 14, 15; John i. 12).

The Righteousness of God the Salvation of the Believer; or, the Argument of the Romans. By R. GOVETT. Norwich: Fletcher and Son.

ALL who value literal expositions, in which the one aim is to give the true sense of the Word, will value such comments as those of Mr. Govett. We go further, we love the man himself; and though we do not always exactly agree with his interpretation of a text, we always value it. We never read this author without profit. As a man of God, he writes upon subjects in which and on which he lives. He speaks as one familiar with his theme. We have not, as yet, gone through this work upon the Epistle to the Romans, but our friend is ever the same, and will not disappoint his reader. What we have read has refreshed us. We set another Govett volume among our standard expositions, and feel that we are greatly the richer for possessing it.

The Preacher and his Models. The Yale Lectures on Preaching, 1891. By Rev. JAMES STALKER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

DR. STALKER'S reputation as a writer has been well-established by books to which we have gladly given favourable notices, as they have issued from the press. His fame as a preacher has travelled so far, that he has been invited to cross the Atlantic, and deliver the annual course of Lectures on Preaching to two American Universities; and this excellent volume is the result. Herein Dr. Stalker shows himself to be a man with a call to preach to this age, and that he has a right to speak to other preachers about their vocation. He was preceded at Yale by about a score of great preachers, who were supposed to have exhausted the subject, and the Senate asked him to take up the theme from a new point of view. He took the best course to comply with the difficult requirement. He went straight to Scripture for his models, and there he mainly found his materials as well. He set up the prophets and apostles, chiefly Isaiah and Paul, as patterns for the ministers of to-day. The standard is high, but not too high for the service of Christ. These lectures set a noble ideal before the Christian preacher, and they will help any earnest man who reads them to rise toward it. The book is as sound in doctrinal teaching as it is wise in counsel and devout in spirit. There is not a "shoddy" paragraph in it. It abounds with suggestions for expositions and sermons.

The Children's Pulpit. A Year's Sermons and Parables for the Young. By Rev. J. REID HOWATT. Nisbet.

AMONG the very best sermons to children. Bright, clear, and brimful of gospel truth put in an attractive form. Happy is the man who can win the children for Christ! Mr. Howatt knows how to make out of the sweetness of the Word such honey as boys and girls delight in. The sermons carry us over a wide field of Bible illustrations. They are too short for the lazy preacher or teacher; but are suggestive and stimulating to the man who knows how to turn good things to account.

The Sabbath in Puritan New England. By ALICE MORSE EARLE. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS book has entertained us; but we put it down in something like disgust. There are many odd things to be told of the early descendants of the first settlers in New England; and as they were Puritans, and Puritans are at a discount at this point of time, it may pay to get these things together, and print them. A few very ancient stories, which have been told of preachers everywhere by everybody in all ages, may be put in to fill up gaps. The whole will show the seamy side of the religious life of godly men, and this will fall in with the taste of the period.

We took up this volume with great expectations, and we have read it with interest. We do not doubt the accuracy of its statements, or the amusing character of many of its stories; but we see no use in compiling such a book unless upon the supposition which we have just now put into words. Where so much that is great, noble, and holy might have been recorded, it is not meet that such a wretched heap of foibles, peculiarities, and bigotries should have been published to the world, and all the good things left in silence. There were flies in the pot of ointment; but how few and small they were after all! Why should nothing be painted of a fair face but the freckles?

Making the Most of Life. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

A TASTEFUL volume as to binding. Within, it is attractive, and yet disappointing. We called the binding tasteful, and we may say of the pages that they are full of *tastes*. You no sooner begin a subject, than you reach its end. The papers are so short, that they remind us of the periodical called *Religious Bits*. The matter is excellent, after its kind; good, but not very deep. Indeed, we could not expect depth in such small teacups of broth as these twenty-five chapters present.

Elijah, the Man of God. By MARK GUY PEARSE. Charles H. Kelly.

IN comparison with some well-known Elijah books, this is a small affair, as to bulk; but in its own line—it is one of a series of cheap handbooks—it is second to none. Our friend has caught the very spirit of his subject, and hence the pages are full of pith, point, and power. The wonderful events of the prophet's life are drawn with a master's stroke, and, what is more, from each chapter of the strange eventful history, practical lessons are deduced, and directed to the heart and conscience of the reader, be he professor or profane. Preachers will find not a few topics for addresses in these live chapters.

Authorized New Testament and Revised Contrasted. By B. WADSWORTH. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A TOO-SEVERE onslaught on the Revised Version, liable by its severity to defeat its object. A more temperate and less sweeping criticism would have been more effective. The "Authorized New Testament" needed revision; but we have lost more than we have gained by the version supplied by the Revisers. Still, the "Revised New Testament" has its merits, and no good purpose is served by its wholesale condemnation. We hope, when the work of revision is next attempted, we shall have fallen on better times. Meanwhile, let us not forsake the old for the new; for the old is better.

Christianity and Socialism. By ALFRED BARRY, D.D., D.C.L., Assistant Bishop in the Diocese of Rochester, and late Primate of Australia. Cassell and Co.

Lectures delivered at the Lambeth Baths, collected and published in a handy volume, are here presented for the use of those who are exercised on these questions. Dr. Barry has a clear grasp, a judicial spirit, and full knowledge of his subjects. He does not shirk difficulties, nor does he defend abuses; yet he urges that the attitude of Christianity is one of sympathy and independence. He does not dangle social Utopias before men's eyes, nor mock the seekers after bread with stones. Of the many schemes now in the air, he is convinced that some of them are wrong in principle, and therefore incapable of realization; many of them insufficient and superficial, and therefore likely, if realized, to disappoint expectation. Perhaps, to the audiences addressed, the author's mild commendation of the gospel was as much as could be expected; but we are heartily one with him in his belief that there is no other balm for broken hearts, nor any other cure for all our social ills. Make the best of life's conditions for the weak, the helpless, and for all, by all means; but no social plans will make our earth a paradise while sin still curses it, and Satan is abroad. In the "city which hath foundations", we shall enjoy the perfect state; and as for earth, the King must come and take to himself his great power and reign ere the glowing promises of the seventy-second Psalm are realized. It is a notable sign of the times that a dignitary of the Church should lecture on such themes to working-men, and the task was wisely and well performed by Bishop Barry.

Sensational Religion. By J. O. BAIRSTOW. Elliot Stock.

ELEVEN chapters dealing with the subject in past times and in the present day, or rather with what the writer conceives to be the subject. So far as he advocates life, zeal, earnestness, we are heartily one with him; but wherein he defends the extravagances and worldly tricks so common nowadays, we are compelled to call a halt. Mr. Bairstow has looked in the dictionary to find the meaning of *sensation*. It never seems to strike him that *sensationalism* is a totally distinct word, suggestive of different thoughts and practices. He defines the former, but defends the latter. Our strong conviction is, that God's work should be done in God's way. After all, it is the Holy Spirit through and by whom all spiritual work must be accomplished, while his chosen instrument is the Word of God. To as many as walk according to this rule, we follow the apostle in wishing all blessing and success.

Life of John Allison Macfadyen, M.A., D.D. By ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE glorify God for such a record. Dr. Macfadyen was well known throughout the land as an able preacher of evangelical truth; but it was as a pastor and organizer that he could be so well held up as a model to young ministers. The work he did in building up a large church, from which numerous institutions were worked, and other churches sprang, will be his best memorial; but this volume demonstrates what can be done in the service of Christ by consecrated industry and sanctified common-sense. Dr. Macfadyen was too busy in winning souls, and in spreading the kingdom of Christ, to give any time to idle speculations. He had no love for the vagaries of "modern thought." A man of respectable scholarship, and extensive reading, he used all his resources to set forth the truth as it is in Jesus. He began his ministry by professing the creed of moderate Calvinism, recognizing to the full the special grace of God as well as the responsibility of man in salvation; and the sermon on "Regeneration and Redemption", with which the volume closes, shows how he adhered to sound doctrine to the last. Dr. Mackennal has done the work of a biographer with great skill and success. He has given us a full and faithful, but not an exaggerated picture of his life-long friend. Greater care might have been exercised in regard to the choice of the sermons at the close of the volume. Out of the mass of manuscripts left behind by Dr. Macfadyen, surely four could have been selected in which there would have been no such repetition of thought, illustration, or epigrammatic expression as we find in those here given. This blemish notwithstanding, the volume, as a whole, is a most readable and stimulating book.

Analysis of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ"; with a Glance at the History of Popes, Councils, and the Church. Edited by ALFRED H. BURTON. New Edition. Stock.

THE recent re-issue of Dr. Newman's notorious work is an opportune occasion for the publication of this incisive critique. The author displays keen spiritual insight, strong grip of Scripture truth, and wide research in ecclesiastical history. With kindly, but vigorous hand, he unveils the cardinal's unconscious casuistry, and his amazing self-deception. The real struggle with Newman, as he shows, was never between Evangelicalism and Romanism, but between Anglicanism and Romanism; and that as to which could more credibly claim antiquity. "He headed his first copy-book, as a child, with a crucifix and rosary, and crossed himself before going into the dark, before he was fifteen." He accepted as a guiding principle the motto, "Probability is the guide of life;" and never knew the solid rock of evangelical assurance. We are sorry that so valuable a criticism should not have been presented in some logical order, and that its style should be marred by frequent repetitions and obscure sentences.

Heroines of Faith and Charity. By ANNIE E. KEELING. C. H. Kelly.

BEGINNING with Monica, the mother of Augustine, and finishing with Sister Augustine, a heroic nun who dared to deny the dogma of the Pope's infallibility, we have here eleven monographs on august and holy women, such as Joan of Arc, the Countess of Huntingdon, Elizabeth Fry, and others. Admirably done. *Faith* and *charity* are in the book; we *hope* it will have a wide circulation.

Lady Hymn-Writers. By Mrs. E. R. PITMAN. Nelson and Sons.

A BOOK on a beautiful subject, chastely written, and handsomely bound. One of our articles this month is devoted to a lengthy notice of it.

Tried in the Fire. Four Aspects of Suffering. A Word to Christians. By W. D. DUNN. Holness.

The Christian's Path and Portion. By W. SCOTT.

The Believer's Salvation and Blessing. Same Author. Holness.

Words of Cheer for Timid Christians. By A. MOORMAN. Stock.

NICE, helpful little books, likely to be of use to tried believers who find that the battle of life thickens, and are tempted to fear defeat.

Michael Faraday: Man of Science. By WALTER JERROLD. Partridge.

MR. WALTER JERROLD has, in *Faraday*, as a man of science, a fine subject; and he handles his theme well. Certain writers shoot out a mass of incidents which refer to a man, and call the heap a biography: they evidently see no difference between a brickfield and a mansion. Mr. Jerrold has made the career of Faraday a study, and has come nearer to the heart of the man than a mere jotter of details could possibly have done.

Our interest in the religious life of the great scientist makes us note carefully how the matter is touched upon in this admirable volume, which is not meant to give his church life, but his scientific life. Justice is done to his convictions, and no attempt is made to explain the peculiarities of them. He was an elder of the church which formerly met in the old Sandemanian Meeting-house, Paul's Alley; and he frequently preached among his brethren. Very simple, and full of quotations from Scripture, was his preaching. The philosopher had grace enough to be a very childlike believer. His faith in the great sacrifice comes out clearly in the very few lines allotted to his inner life by Mr. Jerrold. We do not agree with the author's remarks in the following sentence: "Faraday's religion was a something too sacred, and too immediately between himself and his God, as he said, for him to refer to it, except when circumstances especially called for it." Such a sentiment is a kind of half-truth, and may be very mischievous. Our living among men is a circumstance which demands our pleading with them, for God's glory and the good of their souls. Yet, if all Christian men came out as clearly as Faraday did, though they might do somewhat more, the testimony of the church would tell more forcibly upon the world.

Leaders into Unknown Lands. Being Chapters of Recent Travel. By ARTHUR MONTEFIORE, F.G.S., F.R.G.S. Partridge.

THIS collection of explorers' lives contains much that will be fresh to the general reader. Burton's journey to Mecca and Medina, disguised as a Mohammedan sheikh, is a very romance; and the roamings of Stuart in Australia, and Wallace in the Malay Archipelago, are not less than thrilling. We do not care to hear the dreams of Darwinism spoken of as assured expositions of the law of nature which has revolutionized modern science. Say that those baseless assumptions have turned scientific men off the highway of truth into the marshes and jungles of mere hypotheses and infidelities, and you will be far nearer the mark. However, the book is well worth a half-crown of anybody's money.

Redskin and Paleface: Romance and Adventure of the Plains. By ASCOTT R. HOPE. Twelve Illustrations. John Hogg.

A THRILLING story is the chronicle of the Red Man, and his dealings with the white intruders from across the sea. The record is not to the credit of either race. It would be difficult to say which has been the savage to the highest degree. Assuredly, the civilized race has just cause to confess before the Lord its murderous selfishness, which has nearly extirpated one of the families of the earth.

Where novelists have found such ample material for romances, Mr. Ascott Hope has gathered substantial facts, and has made them into a comprehensive history. His work should be in every library.

Famous Artists. By SARAH K. BOLTON. Nelson and Sons.

VERY much may be learned from the lives of such men as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Murillo; but few are able to spare time for studying their biographies. Our authoress in this instance admirably accomplishes the task of compression, and the result is an exceedingly enjoyable collection of condensed memoirs. With its choice portraits and tasteful binding, this is a delightful volume. Many striking incidents are recorded, such as might be used by the teacher of others with great effect.

Thorns and Flowers. By ANNIE RYLANDS. Charles H. Kelly.

A CONTRAST between two homes; but the well-trained brother and sister in the one lovingly interest themselves in the neglected boy and girl of the other, and their efforts are followed by the happiest results.

The Brown Owl. A Fairy Story. By FORD H. MADOX HUEFFER.

Stories from Fairyland, by GEORGE DROSINES; and *The Cup of Tears*, and other Tales, by ARISTOTLE KOURTIDOS. Translated from the Greek, by Mrs. EDMONDS. T. Fisher Unwin.

THESE daintily and quaintly got-up books form Vols. I. and III. of "The Children's Library." We have heard say that it takes a wise man to make nonsense. If it be so, Mr. Hueffer is very wise; for *The Brown Owl* story is cleverly-written and very funny nonsense. Several passages, and the names and titles of some of the characters, as, for instance, "Lord Licec" (by transposition Cecil), "The Knight of London", "The Prince of India", &c., &c., led us to think that it was a veiled satire; but all our efforts to discover moral or meaning proved unavailing.

In the preface to *Stories from Fairyland*, the translator explains that, though there are no fairies in Grecian literature, yet in some of these short stories there are all the conditions of fairy tales. We should prefer to call several of them fables, for there is some likeness to old Æsop's style, and a moral suggested though not expressed. At any rate, they are what our grandfathers would have called "pretty conceits."

In the Wars of the Roses: a Story for the Young. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. Nelson.

EXTERNALLY a very beautiful book. As to the tale, we have read nothing from Evelyn Everett-Green which has been equal to this. She has great powers, and is growing out of her peculiarities. But the moral of this story is rather mixed. Her Lollard takes good care to conceal her opinions, and her hero thirsts to avenge his master. As an instance of self-sacrificing loyalty, Paul is splendid. With his example, and with the description of the inevitable evils of civil war, we are bound to be content. The goodly volume is good reading.

The Boys of Northcote. By H. R. BALDWIN. Charles H. Kelly.

CONTAINS lessons worth learning, but lacks crispness and interest.

Andy's Friend. By FLORENCE L. HENDERSON. Religious Tract Society.

THE young doctor befriended the little ill-cared-for child, and by-and-by the opportunity arrived for grateful "Andy" to render his benefactor a signal service. What it was, and how it all happened, many a young reader will like to find out.

Sara's Choice; or, No Vain Sacrifice. By ANNIE F. PERRIAM. C. H. Kelly.

THE story of a young girl with whom Christ was "first." This led to some sorrow and sacrifice, but also to much unlooked-for joy.

The Leighton Family. By EDITH E. RHODES. Charles H. Kelly.

SHOWS how those who are physically incapable of rendering much *active* service may yet find out the secret of living "ministering lives."

Is that all? or, Little Forget-me-not. By M. A. PAULL. Andrew Crombie.

ONE more of the many touching stories by means of which this writer has so well advocated the cause of total abstinence from strong drink.

The Light of the Home; or, The Beauty of Holiness. Same author and publisher.

THE title of the story reveals the purpose for which it was written. Christianity is best evidenced by the consistent lives of Christians; or, as one of Miss Holt's characters most quaintly puts it, "Christian folks be heathen's Bibles; and they should look they be not blurred, worm-eaten copies."

Arthur Glyn's Christmas-box; and other stories. By RUTH LAMB. Religious Tract Society.

SHORT stories, well told.

A Ministering Angel; and how to become one. By Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D. Glasgow: David Bryce and Son.

A handsome book, though we don't care for its dressing-gown. Within, it is full of good advice and telling stories. Dr. Hitchens knows how to write for ladies, and Mr. Bryce knows how to make up dainty bindings to suit their boudoirs.

Notes.



Our portrait this month is that of our well-beloved friend and deacon, Mr. W. Payne. He is essentially a City man, having been born in Newgate Street in 1821, and having been in the City Chamberlain's office more than fifty years. His earliest school-days were spent in Christ's Hospital, where he attained to the class of Deputy Grecians, and gained first prizes in writing and arithmetic. Commencing at the Guildhall, as a junior clerk, in the end of 1840, he was again and again promoted till he became principal clerk to the Chamberlain, (Sir J. Key, Bart.) on 1st of January, 1851. Fulfilling other offices of trust in the Corporation, he still holds his position; but his health has seriously declined of late. Yet we trust our gracious God will spare him to us for years to come.

Mr. Payne was a man of independent and thoughtful mind, and it would have been small wonder had he been long a wanderer in the mazes of doubt; but, by sovereign grace, he found rest in Christ Jesus, March 17, 1847, and at once became a Sunday-school teacher at St. Andrew's, Holborn. A few weeks after, he was helping at Field Lane Ragged School, and he has never ceased to feel the deepest interest in that notable institution. He was speedily a communicant at St. John's Church, Bedford Row, of which the venerated Baptist Noel was the minister; and when Mr. Noel left the Church of England, Mr. Payne shared that good man's views, both as to the Union of Church and State and Believers' Baptism, went with him, was baptized by him, and became a member of the church in John Street Chapel, so fragrant with the memory of Harrington Evans, and the ministry of Baptist Noel. This was in 1849.

In 1855, Mr. Payne removed to Clapham Road, and was thereupon transferred to the church in Arthur Street, Walworth, from which he removed to the Tabernacle, in May, 1861. In 1865, he was called to the office of elder among us; and his care for the sick and the poor, and his love for the services of the Lord's house, were abundantly known to all associated with him in that work. In 1876, he accepted the position of deacon. He had so often and so admirably conducted the audits of the various accounts of the church and its institutions, that he was clearly most fit for an office in which financial judgment is needed as well as grace.

Mr. Payne has seen his sons and daughters growing up around him as helpers in all sorts of good work. With such an example as they have seen in their loving mother, it need not surprise us that the family is a very gracious one, to their father's exceeding joy. God bless them all!

Besides doing all that has lain in his power at the Tabernacle, our friend has been a very earnest member of the Committee of the South London Division of the Evangelical Alliance. No one is better known in that direction than Mr. Payne. The Aldersgate Young Men's Christian Association had him for many years on its managing Committee; and the same may be said of the Widows' Friend Society and the Book Society. He served for six years on the Committee for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases' Acts, and rejoiced when that vocation came to an end by the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. He is a Blue Ribbon man, and has a finger in pretty nearly every good thing which it is possible for one man to touch.

The Lord has, as in the case of his Pastor, heard the prayer of the Church for him in extreme sickness, and therefore we will pray on, and hope to have him spared to us. We cannot afford to lose a friend so faithful, so earnest, so tried and proved. We feel alarmed as we think of him as seventy years of age; but then we are all getting old together, and young men are coming on, with young Paynes among them. The Pastor,

however, clings to all his old friends with a tenacity only rivalled by the way in which they cling to him.

The stream of sympathy with the Editor, and congratulation upon his partial restoration has not yet dried up, although necessarily it does not continue to flow so copiously as in months past. Among the recent communications have been letters from the Breconshire Baptist Association, the Baptist Association of Victoria, and the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Otago and Southland, New Zealand. As an instance of the slowness at which news reaches distant parts, we may mention that our Brother Easton, in North West China, had only just heard of our illness when he wrote, and our Brother Gordon, at Stanley Pool, on the Congo, had not long received the sad tidings.

Friends may write as much as they please if they do not expect replies: but letters requiring answers ought not to be sent except from sheer necessity. It is murderous.

Correspondents appear to be nearly as unreasonable in writing to Dr. Pierson as they have often been in their communications to the Editor. We are sorry to hear that the kind doctor and his daughters have been kept at work far into the night answering letters, many of which never ought to have been written. One individual actually sent him fifteen telegrams. Dr. Pierson's duties at the Tabernacle, with such outside work as he feels called to undertake, is quite sufficient to tax all his powers without the extra labour and expense of needless correspondence. A word to the wise is enough; how many of the readers of this "note" will prove that they are wise by abstaining from asking our friend for service which it is impossible for him to render?

While we have been at Menton, we have received the French translation of *The Greatest Fight in the World*, the Dutch translation of *Sermons in Candles*, and the German translation of the Conference sermon, *Honey in the Mouth*. Mrs. Spurgeon has also received a very tastefully-bound volume, called *Christmas Flowers*, which consists of her *Westwood Leaflets* translated into German. *The Greatest Fight*, in English, has reached the 35th thousand. *Memories of Stambourne* has been much appreciated. Thus, while we are silent with the voice, we speak by the press.

Mrs. SPURGEON desires us to say that it will not be possible for her to prepare any Report of her Book Fund work this year. If spared, she hopes to be able to give an account of her stewardship early in 1893; and she will then send to her subscribers a balance-sheet for the two years during which her work has been necessarily so much in abeyance in consequence of her husband's long and serious illness.

On her return home, she trusts that she will be able to resume her much-loved labours; and she will be glad *then* to receive applications for grants, and also contributions to enable her to continue her book-distribution. While she is at Menton, the Fund must be regarded as closed.

The sad news of the sudden death of the DUKE OF CLARENCE came upon our English colony in Menton as a statement which we were slow to believe. As soon as the fact could be certified, there was a general gloom, and deep sympathy. I felt pressed in spirit to send a telegram as follows:—

"Prince of Wales, Sandringham, England. Grateful memories of generous kindness to me in my affliction constrain me respectfully to present assurance of tender sympathy with you and the Princess. Fervently I pray God to sustain and bless you both. Spurgeon, Menton."

I had not expected any reply, and was pleased when this response came:—

"Spurgeon, Menton. We send our heartfelt thanks for your kind message of sympathy. Prince of Wales, Sandringham."

If these repeated trials should be sanctified by the grace of God to those who are exercised by them, the result will be as much for the people's benefit as the trials have been for a nation's grief.

By this time we shall scarcely again be charged with wantonly raising the cry of "Wolf" without a cause, when we earnestly warned the churches that infidelity was permeating the ministry. A fierce controversy is now raging, everywhere, over the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; and this is involving the Deity of our Lord, and indeed every other truth of Christianity. A declaration, signed by thirty-eight clergymen of the Church of England, belonging both to the high church and the low church schools, gave much cheer to our heart; for, upon the one matter involved, it went straight to the point with evident heartiness and sincerity. There was a passage in it which was not worded as we should have wished. Was there ever a declaration, however wisely framed, which would not be liable to misunderstanding? It seemed to place *the Church* in too great a position of authority; but we saw at the time that it might only mean to teach the value of the testimony of the Church of all ages, and we guessed that its peculiar wording might have resulted from a desire to include the witness of all those in the two parties who were agreed upon the supreme authority and infallibility of Holy Scripture. The flaw could be made a great one, or it might be treated merely as an unfortunate expression, not to be too severely construed; and our judgment leaned to the latter. We are convinced, by the letters of certain evangelical signatories, that we were right in our supposition.

That eminent clergymen should feel themselves bound to unite in declaring their faith in the Word of God, is a very significant fact; but the manner in which they have been treated is even more instructive. Although their united action is in itself an instance of Christian unity, they are assailed as a set of bigots. Though many of them are learned men, their competency to give a judgment is questioned, and their opinions are sneered at as if they were a set of imbeciles. But the oddest thing of all is, that they are charged with wanting to settle matters of private opinion by the weight of their authority. It appears that, when sceptics vent their idle doubts, this is a brave display of freedom of thought; but if an orthodox man of learning states his belief, it is an insolent imposition of his authority in restraint of the liberty of this progressive age. It seems to us that the bigotry and the insolence lie almost exclusively with the gentlemen who are so apt to see them in others.

It is, indeed, a token of evil days when we read in the daily papers such open assaults upon the Book, which we had supposed was accepted by all the Reformed Churches, as the pure fount of truth; but there is yet this hopeful sign, that sincere men, who reverence the inspired Volume, are laying aside party spirit, and are beginning to come together in defence of that which is so dear to them all. It may be that, in this manner, differences will come to be examined, excrescences will be perceived and removed, and pure doctrine will be revived. The better men in the High Church will not cast over the Bible to glorify the Church, and the good men among Evangelicals will not refuse to defend the Scriptures, even though united action may appear contrary to party discipline. So far so good; but the position is instructive, as showing that to be free from all ecclesiastical entanglements is to the Christian minister a blessing worth all it has cost, even though an almost fatal illness might be reckoned as part of the price.

The following is the only complete "Note" of Tabernacle prayer-meetings which has reached us, so our friends must judge by it what other gatherings have been like:—

On *Monday evening, December* 14, Dr. Pierson presided, and after giving out the hymn, "Jesus, the very thought of thee," and offering prayer, read and expounded Isaiah vi. 1—6, as setting forth (1) Holy Worship, (2) Lowly Humility, (3) Holy Service; the qualifications for which were, first, humiliation, and next, the consecration resulting from the touch of the "live coal." "This," said the doctor, "is what we are here for; that is to say, to see the glory of the Lord, and then to go where the Lord would have us go; and to do what the Lord would have us do." After this earnest address, he called upon Brethren W. Olney, Harding, and Gwillim to lead us in prayer, and then asked Mr. Chamberlain to sing. Before doing so, Brother Chamberlain said, "I am going to sing a hymn out of Sankey's book; one that everybody knows, and that the children know best; one that is beautiful, and yet has become so hackneyed and parodied, that no singer would choose it to sing as a solo. But I am going to sing it for the following reason:—A few weeks ago, I had the privilege of paying a visit to dear old Mr. Fergusson, whose name is dear to us all, and especially so to all the College men. He had been very seriously ill, but had so far recovered as to be able to preach on the previous Sabbath. In reply to my enquiries about his state of health, and the probability of his being able to take his full church-work again, he said, 'My doctors tell me that, if I live till the spring without a relapse, I may probably be able to do so; but, Brother Chamberlain, what have I to do with the spring? What have I to do with next week, or to-morrow, or even with the next hour? I am in God's hands; yes, I am—

> "Safe in the arms of Jesus,
> Safe on his gentle breast,
> There, by his love o'ershaded,
> Sweetly my soul shall rest."'

"Never," continued Mr. Chamberlain, "have I seen a face lit up with so heavenly an expression as was 'dear old Fergie's' (as he is affectionately called), as he repeated those lines. This incident has hallowed that hymn to me, and given it new inspiration; so now I am going to sing it." Our brother then quoted the following Scriptures as present to his mind while listening to his old friend. "Underneath are the everlasting arms:" "Even to hoar hairs will I carry you." "Earthly parents", said he, "soon tire of carrying their children in their arms, especially when they are fractious, but God never tires of carrying his children. Now, please help me in the chorus of this hymn." The congregation heartily responded.

Mr. Doggett, who was leaving the College for work in connection with the Baptist Union of South Africa, gave a very interesting address, telling of his experience as "a young man from the country", just come for business purposes to London, and dropping into the Tabernacle, and getting converted, and then engaging in Christian work, entering the Pastors' College, and now being sent out by the College to preach the Word in South Africa.

Dr. Pierson then asked a Mr. Joseph Booth, from New Zealand, to tell the friends how the Lord had led him to give up his business, that he might go to the Zambesi country, Africa, and serve the Lord as a missionary, he and his son intending to provide for their own wants by farming, or such other occupations as their past experiences have qualified them for. Mr. Booth attributed his present course, and

the spiritual stimulus he had received in past work for Christ, in a very great measure to reading the works of Dr. Pierson. To see and hear the man of God, whose printed words had been of so great service and blessing to him, was the reason of his paying this passing visit to the Tabernacle, as he had heard that Dr. Pierson was expected to be present.

Brethren Ely and Keys commended these missionary brethren and their work to God in prayer, and then Dr. Pierson prayed and pronounced the benediction.

College.—Mr. H. A. Fletcher has removed from Bow, to Burwell, Cambridgeshire; and Mr. P. A. Hudgell, who recently went to Dublin, has taken charge of the church at Waterford. Mr. A. J. Parker, who is pastor at Old and Little Sodbury, has also taken the oversight of the church at Sherston Magna.

Seven of our former students, now in New Zealand, have written a loving letter which we should have liked to give in full; but our space will not allow us to insert more than the following extracts:—

"We gladly avail ourselves, as on former occasions, of the Conference of the Baptist Union, which has drawn most of us together, to send you a united letter, and this time we send with it a united gift(£7). We rejoice exceedingly that we have the privilege of addressing you yet again. For some months, during the past year, our hearts were pained by the dread thought that you were about to be taken from us to the rest you need, and the reward which by grace awaits you. We watched the news of your fearful illness with gravest anxiety, and prayed earnestly and unceasingly that, if it were the Master's will, your life, so precious in its activities and influences, might be mercifully spared.

"You will be interested in knowing what the men who represent the College in this fair young land are doing. Your son Thomas has just finished his second year's engagement as Evangelist of the Union, an office in which he has enjoyed singular success. Last year he held 19 missions, conducted 235 services, delivered 19 lectures, and had the enviable privilege of leading over 600 souls to the Redeemer's feet. He has been reappointed Evangelist, but will spend part of the year in ministering to his former people at the Auckland Tabernacle. Mr. Dallaston has recently closed a pastorate of nearly fifteen years at Oxford Terrace, Christchurch, and entered on a new sphere at Wellington, where Mr. Driver wrought very happily for six years. He was compelled by loss of voice and health to retire from active service, but we hope the retirement is only temporary. Mr. Driver retains the secretariat of the Missionary Society; an office in which God has graciously used him since his return to the Colony. Mr. Gilmore still labours on bravely and hopefully at Ponsonby, and lives in the affections of his people. Mr. Dowdney remains at Lincoln Road, Christchurch; and has enjoyed much blessing there during the year. He continues to act as Editor of *The New Zealand Baptist*, and in other ways to further the interests of the denomination. Mr. Cox serves the Church at Mount Eden with encouraging results. In Mr. Gilmore's inability to attend the Conference, it fell to Mr. Cox's lot to preach the Union sermon. The last College man to settle here was Mr. Richards, who has carried on his work at Lincoln under great physical infirmity during the year. We were glad he was able to attend the Conference, and to read a paper on 'The Great Need of the Church', which evoked a healthy discussion.

"We are all anxious, dear President, according to our varying abilities and opportunities, to spread abroad the gospel of our Lord Jesus in its fulness, purity, and power. We have not swerved aside from the foundation truths of our holy faith, or lost faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause of Christ our King. We are still one with you in our attachment to the truths that cluster around the cross, and in our loving loyalty to the Crucified.

"With much love and many prayers,

"We remain, beloved President,

"Very faithfully yours,

"Thomas Spurgeon,
"Chas. Dallaston,
"Harry H. Driver,
"Jno. D. Gilmore,
"Arthur D. Dewdney,
"George D. Cox,
"Edward Richards."

Evangelists.—Pastor F. J. Feltham writes from Luton:—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—It devolves upon me to acquaint you with the result of our recent United Mission, conducted by our good brethren, *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith*. Not only were the audiences, all the way through, larger than we could accommodate, but, in point of blessing, our expectations were more than realized. Over two hundred and fifty persons professed conversion. This, together with the striking revival which has taken place among God's own people, has filled the churches with joy and thankfulness; and never shall we cease to praise God for the 'times of refreshing' which we have been privileged to enjoy. Our brethren will, in all their work in other parts, be followed with the earnest prayers of the Lord's people in Luton; for, by their faithful ministry and loving manner, they have won all our hearts."

Accompanying the thank-offering of £45 5s. for our brethren's services in Sheffield, last October, came the following cheering report of their work:—"We had a good time during their visit. The spiritual results are more manifest since they left us than when they were present. Many young

people are seeking membership at the different churches. Our hearts are rejoiced, and you will be glad to hear the good news."

The following letter came from Eastbourne too late for our last issue:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I write, on behalf of the committee, to thank you for the recent visit of Brethren Fullerton and Smith to our churches. They have done us all good, and we are confidenty looking for continued blessing to follow their work. Many are rejoicing, and many more will, we feel sure, be added to the number, for the mission throughout was full of truth and power. The afternoon meetings in the Presbyterian Church were exceedingly helpful to many Christians. The Evangelistic meetings, in the Congregational and Wesleyan Churches, were attended by crowds of eager listeners: and the earnest addresses of the brethren went home with increasing force. The Song Services, in the Baptist Church, were much appreciated: and the might of the Lord was gloriously manifested in the Sunday services. The feeling is general that we have never had so good a mission, and our prayer is that a like blessing may attend our brethren everywhere. Enclosed please find cheque for £20, as a thank-offering from the united churches. With every good wish,

"Yours very heartily,

"W. OSBORNE."

As Dr. Pierson conducted the Watch-night service at the Tabernacle, the evangelists were able to hold a similar service at Melbourne Hall, Leicester. They have since been to Ashford, Ramsgate, and Dover. They go to Canterbury, from February 6 to 14; and to Bath, from February 20 to March 6.

Mr. Burnham went to Old Sodbury last month, as arranged, but he had to return home shortly afterwards owing to the very serious illness of two of his children. Mr. Burnham is engaged this month at Hemyock and Appleby Magna.

Concerning the mission of *Messrs. Harmer and Jenner*, at Attleborough and Nuneaton, Pastor James Parkinson writes:—"The members of the two churches, and their pastors, too, have been refreshed and stimulated; and I trust the effects will be felt for a long time to come. Some of us have much yet to learn in soul-winning, and we are glad when any servant of Christ comes and gives us a lesson."

During January, Mr. Harmer has been at Sayer Street, Norwich, and Gravesend. This month he is to be at Riddings, Derbyshire, and Mirfield, Yorkshire; but without Mr. Jenner, as stated in error in last month's Magazine.

ORPHANAGE.—The medical officer of the Institution, Dr. Soper, has again presented a five guinea silver watch, to be awarded to the best "all-round" boy for the year, over thirteen years of age. There were seventeen candidates, and all the boys were endowed with the power to vote. The head-master having addressed the boys, urging them to give an honest vote, without being influenced by fear or favour, the voting proceeded, the teachers being present to ensure order. Two names headed the list after the first poll, and on the numbers being announced, their respective partizans cheered to the echo. On the result of *the final poll* being announced, the cheering was unanimous, and Ernest Barson was carried in triumph over the playground. At the close of one of their meetings, the Trustees adjourned to the dining-hall, when the presentation of the watch was made by Dr. Soper, who addressed the boys in a few well-chosen sentences. Mr. T. H. Olney and the head-master followed, and then Master Barson made a very neat speech in thanking Dr. Soper for his generous gift, and his school-fellows for their suffrages. A similar present has also been made by Mr. James E. Passmore, for the best girl for the year, and Kate Bishop has thus become the fortunate possessor of a silver watch. In both instances, the choice of the children has the approval of the officers; and it is hoped that the custom, thus initiated, will be repeated year after year, and exert a beneficial influence upon the conduct of boys and girls alike.

PERSONAL NOTES:—A friend, living in Persia, writes:—"You cannot believe what a comfort your sermons are to me. I am an Englishman, *alone* in this place; all the others are Moslems, except my own family; no church, no minister, no Christian friends to talk to, only God and his Word. Sometimes, when cast down, I do feel so much benefited after reading one of your sermons. There is one, 'My Times are in Thy Hands,' (No. 2,205); *it should be printed in letters of gold*, and every man, Christian or not, should buy it."

Mr. Fullerton writes to us of a friend, who used to have a farm in Kansas, where he got a chapel built, and read "Spurgeon's sermons" to the people who came. One day he read, "Mary Magdalene" (No. 792), having previously induced the greatest sinner in the neighbourhood to come for the first time to the service. After it was over, he urged the people to give testimony; and the first to rise was this old man, who said, with much emotion, that he never knew before that there was pardon for such as he; but that day he had found it to be true, and would henceforth live for the Lord, who had forgiven him. It made a most profound impression in the neighbourhood, as the man was well known to be a blasphemous and ungodly character.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—December 17th, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1891, to January 12th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Part collection at Kent Street Chapel, Portsea, per Pastor J. Kemp	2	7	4
J. W. B.	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. Andrew Dunn	86	11	9
Mr. Jenkins, per Mrs. J. A. S.	2	0	0
Mr. James Groso	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Angus	1	0	0
Mrs. Dalgliesh	5	0	0
Dr. Wm. MacGill	1	1	0
Mr. C. E. Tidswell	0	5	0
Miss Dallas	2	10	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Wight	2	0	0
Mr. H. Osmond	2	0	0
Mr. J. Holt Skinner	10	0	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. MacDonaldson, per Mrs. Armstrong	2	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
C. A. M.	10	0	0
Part collection at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. J. Hiley	8	0	0
Mrs. Annan	1	0	0
Mr. E. G. Medway	2	0	0
Mr. Jno. Thorn	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Way	2	2	0
Part collection at Salters' Hall Chapel, per Pastor A. Bax	2	13	2
Mr. R. Hunt, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	15	6
Mrs. Walker	0	5	0
Mrs. Cracknell	0	3	0
J. N.	0	17	6
Adelphi	1	10	0
R. B., per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. E. Townshend	2	0	0
W. G.	0	2	6
Mr. E. Cross	0	5	0
R. G.	20	0	0
Mr. Jno. Brewer	5	5	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mrs. W. Casson	1	0	0
E. M.	8	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	10	0	0
One who is anxious for Mr. Spurgeon's recovery	1	0	0
From the estate of the late Rev. Thomas King	7	0	5
Dear granny	1	0	0
United gift of seven New Zealand students from the Pastors' College ...	7	0	0
Miss McLean	0	5	0
Mrs. Tolmie	0	10	0
Miss J. N. Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Dec. 13	30	12	9
„ 20	35	6	6
„ 27	55	7	4
Jan. 1 (watch-night) ...	20	16	0
„ 3	44	4	0
„ 10	33	0	3
	219	6	10
	£457	6	0

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1891, to January 12th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Osmond	1	0	0
Miss Smith	0	5	6
Mr. A. R. Gray	20	0	0
Mrs. Johnstone	2	0	0
From Cairngorm	2	0	0
Mr. J. Holt Skinner	5	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
C. A. M.	35	0	0
W. G.	0	2	6
R. G.	10	0	0
E. M.	5	0	0
Matt. vi. 10	2	0	0
R. B., per J. T. D.	1	0	0
	£93	8	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1891, to January 12th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Pearce	0	5	0
M.	0	5	0
Mr. John Gavet	1	0	0
Mr. H. Greenwood Brown	2	2	0
Miss J. Keay	0	4	0
Mrs. Myhill	0	5	0
Mr. W. Anderson	0	15	0
Miss E. Howlett	0	1	0
Miss I. England	0	4	0
Mrs. Brown	1	1	0
Miss A. M. Marnock	1	1	0
Miss E. Bates	0	10	0
Mr. George Bickerton	1	0	0
Rev. Edward Evans	0	5	0
B. P.	1	1	6
Miss Pearce	2	0	0
Mr. F. Kirkpatrick	0	5	0
Mr. W. I. Palmer	0	10	0
Stamps from Crathie	0	3	0
Rev. J. Campbell	0	7	6
Mr. H. Donkin	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Patterson	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker	0	10	0
Messrs. Straker Brothers and Co. ...	2	2	0
Mrs. T. Brazil	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Miller	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Oram	0	3	0
Mr. G. Anderson	0	7	0
Stamps from Paddington	0	2	6
Mr. T. Morgan Harvey	1	0	0
Susan	1	1	0
Mr. S. Cornborough	5	0	0
Mr. D. Thomas	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Bush	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas P. Potts	1	0	0
Mrs. and the Misses Lowe	2	0	0
C. C.	0	2	6
Llandrindod friends, per Miss Harding	1	0	0
Mrs. Belough	0	1	0
Mr. M. Stroud	3	2	0
Mr. James Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Buik	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scruby	1	0	0
Mr. A. Mathewson	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
"One of His stewards"	2	0	6
From Baptist, Newbury	0	10	0
Miss M. Tillotson	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Wingate...	0	5	0
Postal order, Strome Ferry	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Mr. W. Dunn	1	5	0
Miss C. Fector	21	0	0
Mrs. Thorndike	0	5	0
Rev. S. K. Bland	0	10	0
Mr. S. J. Collins	0	1	6
Collected by Master Walter Butler ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Butler	0	2	6
Orphanage office-box	0	11	1
Miss C. Smither	0	5	0
Mrs. Whittet	0	4	0
Mr. E. J. Raby	0	5	0
Mr. George Duncan	3	3	0
"Gratitude"	0	10	6
Miss S. Eyles	0	10	6
E. Y. B. C.	1	0	0
The Misses Speh	0	5	0
Mrs. Halcrow	0	5	0
Collected by Professor C. H. Talbot ...	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. F. Brown	0	9	6
Mrs. M. Pentelow	0	10	0
Mr. John Billing	0	2	6
Miss Potter	0	5	0
Mr. George Jones	5	0	0
Lisle	1	1	0
Mr. William Norton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Peachcott	0	5	0
E. R. B.	1	10	0
Miss Fort	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wood	10	0	0
Mrs. Milne	50	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Johnson	2	2	0
C. F.	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Mingins	1	0	0
From three sisters	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Fortune	0	5	0
Miss Salmond	0	10	0
"Slept in Jesus—January 13th, 1857"	0	5	0
Mrs Broom	0	5	0
Mr. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. G. Russell	2	0	0
Mrs. B. M. Swift	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Penning	0	12	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	5	0	0
Mr. H Jackson	1	0	0
Mrs. Hickisson	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Eldridge	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lunn	0	10	0
Miss Smith	0	10	6
Mr. C. W. Roberts...	10	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	2	10	0
Mrs. Tice	0	5	0
Mattie Tice	0	2	0
Lottie Tice	0	2	0
Bennie Tice	0	1	0
Mr. J. Hassall	1	0	0
Mr. S. H. Joyner	0	10	0
The Priory Sabbath-school, Abergavenny, per Miss F. Good	0	13	0
Mr. and Miss Poulter	1	1	0
Miss L. Austin	0	5	0
Miss M Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Hudson	1	1	0
Mr. E. Longmore	0	10	0
Mr. John Green	1	0	0
A. P.	0	2	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	0	0
Mr. John Marshall	0	10	0
Mrs. G. C. Crowhurst	2	0	0
Mrs. S. Dales	0	2	6
Mr. J. Fox	0	10	0
St. Simon's Sunday-school, Norwich, per Mr. John A. Moore	0	8	6
Mr. F. J. Collier	3	3	0
Mr. W. J. Norton	1	0	0
Mr. W. Alison	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Hunkin...	1	1	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	5	0	0
Mr. J. C. Latham	0	10	6
Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0
Miss E. Macnicoll	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Gordon	0	10	0
A friend, per Mr. C. L. Gordon ...	0	10	0
Mr. John O'Gram	1	0	0
Miss F. Good	0	2	6
S. E. A. L.	0	7	6
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	14	0
Collected by Miss Jessie Bennett ...	0	1	7
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0
Miss E. Botsford	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Harrison	0	10	0
Miss Hettie Blatchford	0	10	0
Mr. H. Hill	1	1	0
The Misses Cunnington	2	2	0
Miss J. R. Moore	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Rodgett	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Underhill	1	1	0
Mr. J. Briggs	0	5	0
Mr. J. T. Godwin	5	0	0
Mr. E. J. Hooley	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Field	1	0	0
Mr. R. T. Bull	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Nagle	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Barker	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Thomas	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. W. T. Clark	0	9	0
Mr. E. Romang	1	0	0
Mr. M. Romang, Junr.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hobbs	3	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Bickmore	1	0	0
Mr. W. T. Martin	0	10	0
Mrs. Gibbon...	0	5	0
Mrs. Mizen	0	5	0
Mrs. and Miss Jane Stewart	0	10	0
Mr. J. Leeson	2	0	0
First instalment of bequest of the late Miss Jane Isabella Bruce, per Mr. A. G. Hogg	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas Boys	1	0	0
Mr. H. A. Gribbon	2	0	0
Miss Yockney	0	5	0
Dysart U. P. Church Y.M.C.A., per Mr. Andrew T. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. F. James	0	5	0
Mrs. Cox	0	15	0
Mr. M. G. Hewat	2	0	0
W. S., Glasgow	0	10	0
Mrs. S. J. Johnson	0	5	0
Mrs. Dunlop	2	0	0
Stamps from Exeter	0	5	0
Mr. H. R. Parker	1	1	0
A few friends, per Mr. George Gibb ...	0	9	0
Mr. H. Thomas	1	1	0
Miss Cousin	2	0	0
Mr. D. Rees	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. George Smith	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. S. Hanning	1	0	0
"In memoriam—W. L. M."	0	10	0
J. McI., Glasgow	0	5	0
J. H. M.	0	3	0
Mrs. Forbes	5	0	0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	5	0
Mrs. Gibson...	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss A. Ferguson	0	4	0
Mr. A. T. Biggs	0	5	0
Mr. George Tingey	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Sarah Witherington (less duty and charges)	44	16	0
The late Mrs. Lawson	20	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Dee	0	5	0
An old member, per Mr. W. Mills ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Fish	0	5	0
Miss Spliedt	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Mott	1	5	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Redman	1	0	0
Miss Jones	0	2	6
Mrs. Davies	5	0	0
Mr. James Grose	2	2	0
Miss Grose	1	1	0
Miss H. A. Grose	0	10	6
Miss Hagger	1	0	0
E. and M. H.	1	1	0
Mrs. Lees	0	5	0
Mr. Drummond Grant	1	0	0
E. H. C.	1	0	0
Miss M. Fraser and friend	0	13	6
Mrs. Charles	0	5	0
Miss E. Turner	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cousens	2	0	0
Mr. John W. Whitaker	0	2	6
Mr. R. Beattie	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Elford	1	0	0
Collected by Master C. E. Male ...	0	7	6
Mr. J. P. Perrin	0	10	6
Mr. J. Dowson	1	1	0
Lady Gordon	1	1	0
Mr. E. Lees	1	1	0
Miss M. E. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. Hutchison	1	0	0
Mr. D. W. James	5	0	0
A. W., Peckham	0	5	0
Mr. John Fox	0	10	0
Miss A. Spence	0	2	0
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
Miss Murray Gartshone	0	5	0
Mrs. Meldrum	0	5	0
Mr. R. Jones	0	2	6
Miss S. A. Reeves	0	10	0
Mr. T. W. Munday	1	0	0
Dr. Macduff	2	2	0
Mr. W. Mann	0	2	6
"A grateful Christian friend"	1	0	0
Mr. N. T. Southwell	0	10	6
Miss S. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Near	0	2	0
Mr. E. Collis	0	5	0
Mrs. Bossingham	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Jenkins	1	0	0
Miss Burdon	1	1	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	5	0
Mr. T. D. Galpin	10	0	0
Mr. J. Rugg	1	10	0
Mr. G. Thorpe	0	10	0
Mr. F. J. Ackland	2	0	0
"For Jesu's limbs"	0	4	0
Miss M. Hodges	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Piper	1	0	0
Miss M. J. Duncan	0	5	0
Mrs. Brereton	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Howell	2	2	0
Mrs. Brune	0	5	0
Rev. R. Colman	1	1	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	0	0
Mr. H. C. Bridgman	0	3	1
Anonymous	0	2	0
Mrs. Knight	3	3	0
Collected by Miss F. E. Greenop ...	1	0	0
Mrs. L. Pocock	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Stocker	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Tasker	5	0	0
Mr. James Smith	1	0	0
The Misses I. and M. Salmond	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Fisher	0	5	0
Mrs. Brotchie	1	0	0
Mr. James Scarlett	0	10	0
Mr. J. Pester	0	5	0
Mrs. Bateman	0	5	0
Woodford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. French	0	14	0
Mr. W. J. Lewis	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. W. J. Lewis	1	4	6
Mr. Geo. Gray	1	1	0
Mr. R. Casburn	0	10	0
Miss Frances King	0	5	0
Mr. Geo. F. Shepherd	0	10	0
M. M., Reading	1	0	0
Miss Smith	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. Martin D. King	0	10	0
Mrs. Critch	0	2	0
Mrs. Slade	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Willis	1	1	0
Mrs. Rogers	0	11	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
Mrs. J. G. Blake	0	5	0
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0
Mrs. Russell A. Snell	1	0	0
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Master A. W. McConnell	1	0	0
Mr. J. Webb	0	5	0
Mrs. Brooks	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Riddel	2	10	6
Miss Gammon	0	5	0
"From five Gala lasses"	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Holdsworth	0	10	0
Mrs. Edwards	0	5	0
Mrs. N. Sparrow	0	10	0
Miss Haddow	2	0	0
Mr. J. T. Ford	1	1	0
Mrs. Ferguson	3	0	0
Mr. E. Goodman	1	0	0
Mrs. S. J. Smith	0	5	0
Miss E. Bowyer	0	2	6
Mrs. Newman Hall	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Baker	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith and his son	0	3	0
In memoriam, Bath	3	0	0
Mrs. Alexander	0	2	6
Miss Clout	0	2	6
Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0
Miss Smith	3	3	0
S. and N.	10	0	0
Sittingbourne Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. G. Mallett ...	0	19	4
Mrs. Speed	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Hunter	1	15	0
Collected by Mr. C. D. Judd	0	3	6
Mr. J. Miller	0	5	0
Mrs. Holbrook	0	10	0
Mr. E. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mr. G. W. Camps	0	2	6
Mr. J. Newcombe	0	5	0
Mr. A. S. Barrett	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cooper	0	2	6
Mr. S. Sprott	0	5	0
Responsive to our "old friend" ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Perkins	1	0	0
Mr. C. Allport	0	10	0
The Misses Wormald	0	5	0
Mrs. Broadbent	0	2	6
Willie and Edie Carter	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Ballard	1	0	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Mitchell	2	0	0
Miss Wilkinson	2	0	0
Mrs. Sharpington	1	0	0
Mr. Frank Dodwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Miss E. Carter	0	2	6
Mr. A. Watson	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Bell	1	0	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
Sunday-school children, per Miss A. Smith	0	15	0
Collected by Miss N. Burcher ...	0	6	0
Mrs. E. E. Strowger Lloyd	0	5	0
Mr. G. W. Irons	2	10	0
A sermon-reader	1	0	0
A well-wisher	1	0	0
Mr. John Francis	2	0	0
Miss Camps	0	5	0
Mr. E. West	2	2	0
Mrs. C. May	0	5	0
Mr. T. Trotman	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hertzell and Mrs. Mallison ...	0	2	0
Mr. R. S. Plowright	0	5	0
Mr. John South	1	2	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	0	10	0
Mr. T. Hooley	1	1	0
Mr. E. Marshall	0	5	0
Mr. A. G. Robbins...	2	0	0
Mr. F. W. Straker	2	2	0
Mr. A. C. Johnston	0	5	0
From a little four-years'-old	0	10	0
A grateful reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	5	0
Pastor W. Luke Crathern	0	5	0
Postal order, Beckenham Road ...	0	2	0
Mr. T. E. Trew	0	10	0
Miss J. Stevens	0	10	0
Miss H. Miller	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. James Perrett	2	2	0
Miss Ware	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Potts	0	5	0
Miss Cox	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Fakeley	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Balls and friends	0	14	0
Mrs. C. Smith	0	7	6
Mr. James Owers	0	10	6
Mrs. Chapman	1	0	0
A reader of the sermons, Glasgow ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Edwards	0	10	6
Mr. H. P. West	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Tullis	1	10	6
Mrs. Jones	1	10	0
Mrs. Creasey	0	1	6
Mr. James Lang	0	10	0
G. C. S., per Editor of *The Christian Leader*	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Gregory	0	10	0
Mrs. Harrison	0	10	0
"For Jesu's sake"...	0	5	0
A well-wisher, Symington	0	2	6
Mr. W. G. Healing	0	10	0
M. B. C., Dundee	0	5	0
Miss Warren	0	2	6
Mr. E. Garrett	0	2	0
Daisy, Blair Athol	0	5	0
H. K., Ashton-under-Lyne	3	0	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. W. Mitchell	0	10	0
Miss Mackenzie	1	5	0
Mrs. H. Holloway	1	0	0
Miss Blake	0	10	0
S. A.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Clews	2	7	0
Collected by Master W. M. Higgs ...	1	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pierce	0	10	0
Mrs. John Lord	0	2	6
Collected by Miss H. Burleigh... ...	0	5	0
Elsie, Willie, and Nellie...	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Lamb	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Downing	5	5	0
Miss Rees	0	2	6
Mr. H. T. Trevanion	2	0	0
Mr. A. Ross	1	0	0
Mr. J. Z. Marshall	1	0	0
Three friends, per Mr. S. Amery ...	0	10	0
Postal order, Bures	0	3	6
Ebenezer	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Barnaby	0	10	6
Lundie	0	10	0
Mr. T. W. Denne	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Weir...	1	0	0
Miss Greenwood	1	0	0
Mrs. Thompson	0	12	0
Mr. S. Grey...	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Husk	0	10	0
Mrs. and Mr. J. A. Watson	0	4	0
Mr. John Storey	1	10	0
Mrs. Budd	0	10	0
Miss E. Millar	0	5	0
Miss J. Allan	0	2	6
Mrs. Sluce	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Chudley	1	1	0
Mr. G. Blake	0	5	0
From the Lord's purse	1	0	0
Mr. H. W. Hoar	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hunter	0	10	0
A thankoffering from Thorley, per Miss Tarver	0	5	0
T. S.	1	0	0
Stamps from Pulborough	0	2	6
J. M., Aberlour	0	5	0
Readers in Kemnay	0	2	6
A sympathizing friend, Southport ...	0	2	0
Mr. W. McEwing	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Parsons	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. William Jones ...	1	2	0
Mr. John Lewis	2	2	0
From an old collector	1	10	0
K. M....	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Laflin	0	3	0
Proceeds of sale of work at West Croydon Baptist Chapel, including a thankoffering of £50, for the President's recovery from Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, per Miss Whiteman	170	0	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. J. Humphreys ... 5 5 0			
Dr. A. T. Pierson 2 2 0			
Mr. Alder 1 1 0			
	8	8	0
Collected by Mrs. McSkimming ...	1	11	3
Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard... ...	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Jones	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Milroy	2	0	0
A weaver and sermon-reader, Bradford	0	5	0
Mr. W. Squibb	0	7	6
Miss Searle	0	1	0
Mrs. Ironside	1	0	0
Mr. T. Robinson	2	10	0
Mr. J. Dougall	0	10	0
Mrs. Ansell...	0	10	0
Mr. F. Duffell	0	5	0
J. C. S.	1	10	0
Mrs. M. Underwood	0	2	6
Mrs. L. Marshall	0	1	0
Mrs. Mattick	0	5	0
A friend, Aberdeen	0	1	6
A few friends, per Pastor W. Gillard...	1	15	0
Mr. George Bevan...	0	5	0
J. B., Bridgend	0	5	0
Mr. D. Cowan	0	1	0
Mr. M. Falden	0	10	0
Baptist Sabbath-school children, Anstruther, per Mr. J. Jamison... ...	1	0	0
Mr. James Bazeley	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Rice Daniel	0	10	0
Mr. J. Smalley	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Bell...	0	5	0
Mr. John Aldington	0	10	0
Mr. B. Nicholas	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson	1	0	0
Mr. John Barnes	0	10	0
Mrs. S. E. Goslin	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Mills	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Slade and friend...	0	5	0
Mrs. Shaw	0	10	0
Mrs. Gulliver	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Gregory	0	3	0
Mr. Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. Brown	0	2	6
Miss Chew	0	2	6
Midway Place Sunday-school, Rotherhithe, per Mr. J. M. Wilkinson ...	0	14	9
Mrs. Mills	1	1	0
Miss Janet Chalmers	0	3	6
Mr. Edwin Smith	2	2	0
Mrs. F., Kilmarnock	0	7	6
Miss B. Parkes	0	10	0
Miss Parkes	0	10	0
Mrs. Parkes...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hunt	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Steer	0	10	0
H. M. F.	0	5	0
Mrs. Gifford	0	10	0
R. A.	0	5	0
W. A.	0	5	0
Miss C. Ferguson	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Toomer	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Mitchell	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Merry	0	5	0
Mr. George Unwin	2	2	0
Mrs. C. Murray	0	10	0
Mr. William Tennant	0	5	0
Miss Blake	0	5	0
Miss Sims	1	5	0
Mr. W. Willis	0	10	0
Mrs. B. Imlach	1	0	0
Miss D. V. Young	0	10	0
Mr. William Baddon	3	0	0
Mr. Berridge	2	2	0
Per Mr. W. Turnbull:—			
Mrs. W. Turnbull — 2 0 0			
Mrs. Mackie — 0 10 0			
Mrs. Mackessack — 0 5 0			
Miss Stewart — 0 2 6			
	2	17	6
Mrs. Drummond	0	5	0
Mr. James Scott	1	1	0
Mr. J. Bell	2	0	0
Mr. W. A. Weightman	3	0	0
Dear Katie's box	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Little	1	0	0
Mr. William McLaren's children	1	0	0
Mr. A. Davis	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wale	2	0	0
Mrs. Anne Watts	0	2	6
Mr. William Mackie	0	3	0
Miss Cochrane	2	0	0
Mr. N. H. Saker	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Grounds	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Workman	0	10	0
Mr. R. Sherringham	0	2	6
Mrs. H. S. Gifford	0	7	6
Mr. J. Gibbs	0	1	0
Collected by Miss M. Lanchbury	0	2	6
Postal order, Croydon	0	1	6
Union Baptist Chapel, Shirley, per Pastor Edgar R. Pullen	0	10	0
Mr. J. Irwin	0	5	0
Mr. J. M. Scott	0	12	6
Mrs. M. J. Lewis	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Harding	0	5	0
E. C.	0	2	0
H. H., Bath	0	5	0
Friends at Southall Brothers and Barclay, Birmingham, per Mr. J. B. Millard	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tanner	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Kilborn	0	5	0
A lady at Caithness	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. M. Long	2	5	0
Mr. W. H. Pollard	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Snape	0	12	0
Miss L. Davey	0	1	3
Mr. F. F. Doggett	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Doggett	1	0	0
Mr. J. Baskerville	0	5	0
Mrs. Beale	0	3	0
Mrs. Gardner	0	3	2
Mr. P. T. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. A. More	0	10	0
Anonymous	0	2	0
Rev. J. F. Linn	0	2	6
Mrs. McPherson	1	0	0
Mr. Roger Bate	1	10	0
A few friends, per Rev. Chas. Recs	0	7	6
Mr. Sawyer	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Lewis	0	5	0
Gosport Tabernacle Baptist Chapel, per Mr. William Ogg	4	2	6
Mr. R. Dawson	0	10	0
Postal order, Dunoon	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Rossiter	2	2	0
Mrs. Cheeseright	0	5	0
A freewill offering from Carnarvon	0	5	0
"Seventy-one"	2	0	0
J. M. R.	0	3	0
Stamps from Rotherham	0	2	6
M. G.	0	1	0
Orphans' old friends, per E. B.	1	15	0
Mr. H. Coltman	1	0	0
Miss L. Caffyn	0	10	0
Mrs. Munn	0	2	6
Mauchline Free Church Sabbath-school, per Mr. D. McKie	0	5	0
Mrs. Moss	0	10	6
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	10	0
Mr. James Smith	1	0	0
X. Y. Z.	1	0	0
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates	0	16	5
Collected by Miss Atley	0	2	4
Colonel A. M. Arthur	1	1	0
Mrs. L. Howard	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. P. Jackson	0	5	6
Part collection at St. Leonards-on-Sea Baptist Chapel, on Christmas morning, per Mr. B. Bickle	1	5	0
Little Melton Sunday-school, per Mr. Carr	1	10	0
Per Pastor E. Spurrier:—			
G. C. — 1 0 0			
E. F. B. — 0 10 0			
36, High Street — 1 0 1			
Mrs. Arnold — 2 10 0			
	5	0	1
First Free Church Sabbath-school, Blairgowrie, per Mr. L. Falconer	1	0	0
The boys at the "Redlands", Ipswich	0	7	6
Miss I. Samuel	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Biddall	0	10	0
Mrs. and the Misses Kemp	15	0	0
Mr. George Mitchell	1	0	0
Mr. J. Thomson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Willis, Q.C.	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Doughty	0	10	0
Miss A. Webster	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Webster	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Moir	3	0	0
From a friend	0	5	0
Mrs. M. R. Sharman	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Stephenson	1	1	0
Mrs. Munro	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. Bollard and friends	0	10	6
Mrs. Pirrin	0	10	0
Mrs. Williams	1	0	0
Mr. A. Adam	1	0	0
Mr. Jno. Cameron	0	5	0
Mr. H. Barnes	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Geo. Tolley	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. A. Roberts	0	15	0
Miss Cudworth's class at Waterbeach	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. C. B. Casey	1	7	0
Miss Dorothy Wenham	1	0	0
An aged believer	0	5	0
Mrs. Poynter	1	0	0
Mrs. Birch	0	1	3
Mr. and Mrs. Weekes	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, New Barnet, per Mr. G. Pavitt	1	0	6
Mr. W. H. Dowling	0	19	0
Ministers' Bible-class of East Bank U. P. Church, Hawick, per Mr. M. Currie	1	0	0
Otley Baptist Chapel, per Mr. S. Barker:—			
Collected from friends by Miss L. Dunnett — 1 10 0			
Sunday-school boys, per Mr. Dunnett — 0 12 6			
Sunday-school girls, per Miss Barker — 0 7 6			
	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Master S. V. L. Gage ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. P. Morris	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. Phillips	1	1	0
Mr. F. J. Cox	0	2	6
Mr. Robert Stewart	0	10	0
Mrs. Franklin	0	10	0
Mr. H. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. W. R. King	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston, per Miss Brennand	0	10	0
Mrs. Tucker	0	2	0
Messrs. Henry Head and Co.	1	1	0
Collected by Miss A. L. Boyd	1	12	0
Mr. E. Hall	0	5	0
Mr. George Tyler	0	2	0
Mr. William Rudd...	0	10	0
Miss Wilmot	0	5	0
Dr. William MacGill	2	2	0
Mr. C. E. Tidswell...	0	5	0
Miss Dallas	5	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	10	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0
Mr. H. Osmond	1	0	0
Miss C. Thomson	1	0	0
Miss S. A. Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Miss Harrison and friend	0	7	6
Mrs. Chapman	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
C. A. M.	10	0	0
Part Collection at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. J. Hiley	6	6	2
Mr. W. Mathewson	70	0	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Mr. D. McKercher...	7	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	1	13	10
Mr. Lawrence Dundas	1	0	0
Mr. John Colborne	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Wiley	0	5	0
J. H., Isleworth	0	5	0
Children at South Parish Mission Sabbath-school, Aberdeen, per Mr. P. Howie	0	9	0
Hetty, Willie, and Florrie Reburn ...	0	2	0
Mr. James A. Rattray	0	5	0
Miss E. D. Yerbury	0	10	0
Mr. A. Dance	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox (for the maintenance of three orphans for one year)	50	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Hethersett, per Miss Buckingham	0	7	6
The Misses Gribbon	0	10	0
Mrs. Veale (instead of legacy)	20	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Lewis	1	10	0
Mr. W. A. Mactie	0	11	0
Mr. Earl, per Mr. A. Davis	1	0	0
Mr. D. Cundliff	0	10	0
Mr. William Elliot	15	0	0
Helen	0	8	0
Mrs. Latta	0	10	0
Mr. Stephen Gammon	1	0	0
A reader of *The Sword and the Trowel*, Calcutta	1	0	0
Mr. F. J. Bülow	0	10	0
Mr. James Emery	0	1	6
Mr. William Price...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Birch	0	10	0
Mr. Charles West	1	1	0
"Friends at Hampstead"	1	0	0
Mrs. Grant	1	0	0
Mrs. Pittman	0	10	0
Miss Jackson	0	10	6
Mr. D. G. Patterson	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Lance	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Mitchell	1	0	0
Mr. S. Holttum	1	11	6
Mr. J. Shaw...	1	0	0
Mrs. Crane	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. J. Foxwell...	0	10	0
Messrs. Harry, Charlie, and Hubert Curtis	1	0	0
"In memory of a loving wife who went home on December 25th, 1891 ...	1	0	0
A grateful reader of the sermons ...	3	0	0
Mr. J. Clark...	1	0	0
A reader of the sermons...	0	5	0
Mr. S. S. Scowen	0	5	0
Mr. R. Edgerley	0	5	0
Mr. S. White	0	5	0
Mr. W. Barritt	0	5	0
May, Stanley, Emlyn, and Elsie Jones	0	5	0
Mr. George Burgess	0	5	0
Mrs. Eaton	0	5	0
Mrs. Ewins	0	5	0
Anonymous...	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. Joseph Davies ...	0	10	4
The Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Miss Fairey ...	0	7	0
Mr. Joseph Fleming	0	5	0
Mr. W. Heywood	0	7	0
Mr. T. W. Powell, Washington, U.S.A.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pillman	2	2	0
Postal order, Turriff	0	5	0
Mr. A. A. Stephens	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nicholl	1	0	0
Mrs. Bateman Wilson (annual) ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. Adams	1	1	0
Mr. T. Lucas	1	0	0
Miss Greenlees	0	5	0
Mr. F. J. Aldridge	1	5	0
Mr. E. Ridgway	5	0	0
Collection at Watch-night service at Penge Tabernacle, per Pastor J. Wesley Boud	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cocks	1	1	0
West Brompton Railway Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. J. W. Gooding...	1	1	0
Mr. E. Martell	3	0	0
Mrs. Alston...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. McClure	0	15	0
Clough Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. McClure	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. John Beecroft ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. Higbed	0	3	0
Per Mr. W. J. Gardner :—			
Baptist Sunday-school, Tewkesbury 0 12 6			
G. 1 0 0			
	1	12	6
Mr. H. J. Barrett	5	0	0
Mr. William Biggs	1	0	0
Mrs. Bailey	2	2	0
Executors of the late Mr. Andrew Dunn	86	11	9
Mrs. Down	0	5	0
The late Mr. O. R. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mr. C. Hunting	2	2	0
Mrs. Quilty...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. Gregory	0	2	0
Proceeds of Nellie, Dollie, May, and Bertie's Bazaar	2	5	0
Mr. T. Fleetwood	0	10	0
Mr. Stephen Sharp	0	10	0
Mr. J. Goodchild	1	0	0
Mr. John Martin	2	0	0
Mr. George Baker	0	10	0
Mrs. Hodges	0	3	6
Pastor W. Jenkins...	0	2	6
Mrs. Dauncey	0	5	0
J. J. W.	0	2	0
Mr. W. Morris	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson ...	1	2	0
S. W. London Band of Hope Union, per Miss S. R. Carr	2	2	0
Mr. George Turner	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr E. K. Stace	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Kate Sivers	0	9	0
Mrs. Peel	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Sharp	0	8	6
Part proceeds of Bazaar at Ecton, per Pastor J. Field	5	5	0
Mr. William Ronald	1	10	0
"A thankoffering from three"... ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Harvey...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dodwell	0	5	0
Mr. W. Powell	0	2	6
From Mid-Annersdale	0	10	0
Mr. George Lloyd	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Roberts	0	2	6
Battersea Park Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. S. J. Collins	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. H. Doorbar, junr. ...	0	8	6
George Street Baptist Sunday-school, Aberdeen, per Mr. Alexander Law...	2	9	3
Miss M. Hay	0	5	0
Collected by Miss McArthur	1	5	0
Mr. T. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. Reed	3	12	0
Collected by Mrs. Chaplin	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Archer...	0	4	3
A trifle for the orphans	0	0	6
Mrs. Hanmer	0	2	6
Mrs. Jones	1	1	0
Miss M. Clark	0	5	0
Miss C. Ely	1	0	0
Miss A. Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. William Sewell	1	1	0
Mr. John Begg	1	0	0
Miss C. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Jeynes...	10	0	0
Mr. Walter Maclean	1	0	0
Miss Lily Morley and friends	0	12	0
Mr. F. S. Gaylor	0	12	0
Mrs. S. Haward	1	1	0
Mr. W. A. Bradley	0	5	0
Mr. W. Perry	0	10	0
Miss Cunningham	0	10	0
Agricola and his wife	5	0	0
Mater; Sutton, Surrey	1	1	0
W. G., West Bromwich	0	3	0
E. B., Blackheath	0	5	0
Mr. H. Lake...	0	10	0
Mr. John Lewis	0	3	0
Miss Florence Boustield	15	0	0
Mr. R. Morres George	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Perriam...	0	10	0
Hamilton Sunday-school, per Rev. J. R. Chrystal	0	10	0
Half contents of Helen, Sybil, Margie, Jean, Roberta, and Willma's box ...	0	10	7
Collected by the Misses Griffiths ...	1	15	0
Y. M. C. A., Grangemouth, per Mr. P. Kincaid	1	0	0
Miss Brenchley	0	2	0
Mr. A. Cowan	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Cooper	1	0	0
Mrs. Anderson	0	7	0
Mr. R. Pope-Froste	2	0	0
Mr. John MacMaster	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Martin	0	7	6
Miss Jane Key	1	1	0
D. M., Old Deer	6	0	0
Mrs. Spence	0	2	6
Mrs. A. L. Davies	0	2	0
Half-yearly dividend on £5000 debenture bonds, Cory Bros. & Co., Limited	121	17	6
A friend, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Pastor R. S. Latimer	0	10	0
Mr. S. Coxeter	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Mills	0	5	0
Mr. B. C. Forder	0	18	0
G. H. S.	0	10	0
Mr. James Hallam	0	2	6
Miss Janet Scott	2	0	0
Mrs. Bond	0	5	0
Mr. R. Greenwood...	0	10	0
The Misses E. A. and E. Dunstan ...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Per F. R. T.:—						
"In memoriam, E. E. P."	0	5	0			
Mr. Probin	0	5	0			
Mrs. Probin	0	5	0			
Mr. Henry Keen	0	10	0			
Mr. L. Pewtress	0	5	0			
Mrs. Henry Brown ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. Adrian...	0	5	0			
Mrs. George Dix	0	5	0			
A. A. T.	2	0	0			
Mrs. R. Taylor	0	5	0			
F. R. T.	0	5	0			
"In remembrance of J. R. T."	0	5	0			
				5	5	0
Collected by Miss Congreve				1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Jones				5	0	0
Mrs. H. F. Hood				0	5	0
Mrs. Bagster				2	2	0
Collected from friends at the Downs Chapel, Clapton, per Miss Payne ...				5	13	0
A. A. J.				5	0	0
Miss M. E. White				1	10	0
Mr. W. B. Parsons				1	0	0
Mrs. F. C. Orr White				10	0	0
G. S.				0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Eaton				0	2	6
Mrs. Cooper and friend				0	5	0
Mr. Thos. Batho				1	0	0
Mrs. Llewellyn				0	5	0
Proceeds of sale of silver				21	18	9
Miss A. Pritchard				0	5	0
Mrs. C. Stone				0	5	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Harriet Cookman				8	4	3
Executors of the late Miss C. Robertson				28	12	1
Mr. F. West...				0	10	0
R. B., per J. T. D....				1	0	0
Mr. A. Mendham				1	0	0
Mrs. Cracknell				0	3	6
Dr. Jackson				0	10	0
Postal order, Brentford				1	0	0
Collected at the Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth, per Miss Robinson ...				25	0	0
Miss Robinson				5	0	0
Mrs. Vowles and readers of the sermons				0	17	0
Miss E. Bartlett				1	0	0
A friend, per Miss E. Bartlett				0	1	0
Mr. J. Gifford				0	10	0
Mrs. Haywood				0	5	0
Per Mrs. James Withers:—						
Mr. Thos. Huntley ...	4	0	0			
Mr. J. O. Cooper	2	0	0			
Miss Mackrill	0	15	0			
Mr. C. R. Stevens	0	10	6			
				7	5	6
A friend, Thame				0	5	0
Mrs. Anderson				1	0	0
Masters J. Stormont and Alex. A. Bisset				0	5	0
Mr. R. B. Warren...				5	0	0
Mr. David Hirst				0	10	6
Per Pastor W. Burnett:—						
Mrs. W. Burnett (box) ...	0	17	6			
Pastor W. Burnett (box)	0	15	0			
Mrs. Record (box)... ...	0	4	6			
Mr. Perry (subscription)...	0	5	0			
				2	2	0
Mr. Thos. Blayney				0	5	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Menton:—						
Mrs. Crossby	10	0	0			
Rev. J. E. Somerville, B.D.	5	0	0			
The Baroness Kathe von Hahn	0	16	0			
The Baronesses Olga and Alma Dellingshausen ...	0	16	0			
Mr. and Mrs. A. Williams Hearn	0	16	0			
Baron Prisse	1	12	0			
				19	0	0
Miss McLean				0	5	0
Mrs. Tolme				0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss J. N. Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
May, Fanny, and Mabel Crocker ...	0	5	0
Orphan Boys' cards, as per list... ...	55	17	4
Orphan Girls' cards, as per list... ...	36	13	7
Mrs. M. F. Chesters	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robertson...	0	15	0
Mr. E. Townshend	2	0	0
Mr. E. Cross	0	5	0
R. G.	20	0	0
Mr. John Brewer	5	5	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
W. G....	0	2	6
E. M....	5	0	0
Mrs. Price's children	0	10	0
Mrs. Bonsema	1	10	0
Mrs. Charles, per Mrs. Bonsema ...	0	2	6
Miss Ferrier, per Mrs. Bonsema ...	0	1	0
Mr. W. Ings, junr.	1	0	0
From the estate of the late Rev. T. King	7	0	5
Dear granny	1	0	0
E. and R. Ward	0	10	0
Miss Underwood	0	2	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Balance of Scotch thankoffering fund, per Lord Polwarth	950	0	0
Waltham Abbey	6	14	2
Peckham :—			
Collection 5 0 0			
Sale of programmes ... 0 18 9			
5 18 9			
Mildmay Park :—			
Proceeds of meeting ... 12 12 0			
Sale of programmes ... 2 2 9			
14 14 9			
Metropolitan Tabernacle Total Abstinence Society 2 0 0			
Sale of programmes ... 0 6 3			
2 6 3			
Sale of programmes in East London Tabernacle	0	16	8
Christmas Festival Fund:—			
Mrs. Lane	2	0	0
Endymion	0	10	0
Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0
Mrs. Davie...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. H. Edwards	2	0	0
Miss Janet Wood	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kay...	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Mackay	0	1	0
Mrs. Wicks	0	2	0
Mrs. E. W. Lock	0	5	0
"In Memoriam, E"	1	0	0
Mrs. Brake	1	0	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	4	0
H. E. S.	1	1	0
Rev. Wm. Parry	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	2	0
Mrs. A. Knott	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Bush	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock	0	5	0
Miss E. J. Farmer	0	2	6
Mr. W. Forsyth	0	10	0
Mrs. Dodwell	0	10	6
Mr. James Hooker...	0	5	0
Emma	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Drayson	0	5	0
Miss Lilian Barefoot	0	5	0
Mr. James Fear	0	5	0
G. C.	0	10	0
Miss Nellie Sortwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Faulconer	2	0	0
Mrs. B. Fox...	0	5	0
Miss A. L. Thompson	0	4	0
Miss Darley	0	10	0
Violet and A. F. Spottiswood	0	10	0
Stamps from Walworth	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. R. S. Porter	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Frost	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Keevil	2	0	0
Mrs. Harrison	0	10	0
Mrs. Manlove	0	10	6
Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons (a new shilling for each orphan boy on Christmas day)	12	10	0
Mr. Charles Hudson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Taylor	0	3	6
Mr. Jno. Lane	0	2	6
Mr. F. Cook...	1	15	0
Mr. H. Humphrey...	0	2	0
Messrs. Hine Bros.	1	1	0
Mr. T. A. Kelly	0	5	0
Miss E. H. Fielder...	0	2	0
The Misses Milner...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. J. Walker...	0	7	6
Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0
Mr. R. Adcock	0	10	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	0	5	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	1	0	0
Mr. John Hardy	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Smith	0	1	0
Mrs. Freeman	0	5	0
Miss Brown	0	2	6
Miss M. E. Edwards	0	5	0
Mr. John Norkett...	1	0	0
Mr. W. G. Green	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dunbar	1	1	0
Mrs. Filer	0	2	6
Miss L. A. Bennett	0	5	0
Mrs. Bennett	0	2	6
Mrs. Hall	1	0	0
Mr. T. Farrow	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Best :—			
Miss Richards 1 0 0			
Mr. Heynes 0 10 0			
Miss Best 0 5 0			
1 15 0			
Mrs. E. Fairey	0	10	0
Mr. R. Jones	0	10	0
Mrs. Harvey	0	10	0
Master Harvey	0	1	0
A sinner, Carrickfergus	0	7	6
Mrs. E. L. Smith	0	10	0
Miss Mattie Seaton	0	10	0
Mr. H. Stevenson	0	10	6
Mrs. H. Stevenson...	0	10	6
"Nameless"	0	10	0
J. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Rust	1	0	0
Mrs. Buick	1	0	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	0	0
Mr. W. Rawlings	1	0	0
Master C. Perrons	0	1	0
Mr. A. F. Shrapnel	0	10	6
Mr. S. Harvey	0	2	6
A. P., for plum puddings	0	10	0
R. D.	0	5	0
Mrs. Oldfield	0	10	0
Miss Beebey...	0	2	6
Mr. John Phillips	0	10	0
Mrs. Hackett	0	2	6
Miss Merritt	0	1	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	0
E. A. V.	1	0	0
Miss Broackes	0	10	0
Mrs. Davies...	0	5	0
Postal order, Clapham	0	5	0
Mrs. Ives	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Cuthbert Axtens ...	1	1	0
S. D., Bridgend	0	10	0
Mrs. Beddome	0	2	6
Master Gordon Winn	0	1	0
Postal order, Glasgow	0	5	0
Mrs. Norris	1	0	0
Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	0	5	0
Mr. W. Olney	2	2	0
"Grove Road, Hardway"	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Lawrence and friends	12	12	0
Mr. J. Binstead	0	17	0
Mr. F. Gilbert	0	15	9
Mr. George Wood	0	2	8
Mr. W. Penkaman	0	10	0
Miss B. G. Keylock	0	2	6
The Misses L. and A. Rowland ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Sydenham	1	0	0
Mrs. Hewkley	1	10	0
Mrs. Vinson...	0	10	0
Pastor C. T. Johnson	0	1	0
Mr. E. Davis	0	10	0
Friends at Bures, per Mrs. Monk ...	0	19	6
Mrs. Irwin	0	5	0
Mrs. Owen Clover	0	15	0
Mrs. Pleasant	0	10	0
Mrs. Stevenson	0	2	6
Postal order, Banchory	0	5	0
Mrs. Offer	0	2	0
Miss Jackaman	0	6	6
Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Miss E. Few...	0	1	6
Mr. J. Horn...	0	5	0
Mr. John F. Verry	0	5	0
Mrs. Rogers...	0	5	0
Postal order, Greenock	0	5	0
Mrs. Baker	0	5	0
Mrs. Terrell...	0	6	0
Mr. E. J. Reed, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Mr. James Gray	0	1	0
A servant, Sussex	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Holland	0	5	0
A plum for the orphans' pudding ...	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Bentley	0	2	0
The Misses Stocker	2	0	0
S. M.	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	0	5	0
Mr. W. Loveland	0	5	0
Postal order, St. Marychurch	0	1	0
Anonymous...	0	7	6
Wilts	0	5	0
Mrs. E. M. Asho	2	2	6
Postal order, Bromley	0	5	0
Miss Ethel Miles	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jones	0	11	6
Mrs. Munro	0	10	0
Mr. John Wingfield	0	10	0
Mrs. Oxenbridge	0	1	0
Mrs. Rettie	0	5	0
Mrs. Cheyne Brady	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Padgett	0	10	0
Mr. J. E. Freegard	0	6	0
Mrs. Barlow, per Mrs. Royce	2	0	0
Mrs. MacQuibban...	1	0	0
Mr. Haddow	0	5	0
Mrs. Annan...	0	5	0
M. A. L.	0	1	0
Mrs. J. A. Luke	0	10	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Menton :—			
Mr. S. M. Burroughs	2	2	0
	£2,977	17	7

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—Allnatt, W., 11s; Abbott, H., 6s 8d; Beattie, S., 5s; Burroughs, D., 10s; Burling, L., 7s 7d; Burkett, C., 1s 2d; Boggis, A., 12s; Baker, F., £1 1s; Bowen, W. G., 3s; Bird, A., 4s 1d; Bates, W. A., 2s 6d; Brend, A., 3s; Byrne, F., 2s 6d; Barrett, B., 4s 6d; Bristow, G., 2s; Buddle, W. L., 1s 3d; Bromhead, W., 4s; Bryett, C., £1 5s; Battishall, W., 3s; Browne, C., 7s; Baldwin, F. R., 5s; Constable, F., 4s 7d; Cordrey, H., 14s 3d; Childs, C., 10s; Copping, H., 1s; Clayden, W., 5s 2d; Cook, L., 1s 6d; Cooper, A., 3s; Cole, J., £1 11s 6d; Cooper, C. W., 1s 6d; Carman, A., 14s; Davies, J., £1 1s; Davies, J., 1s; Davis, A., 15s; Day, H., 3s 4d; Darling, A. E., 5s; East, G., 10s; Earthrowl, A., 2s; Evans, G., £1 3s 3d; Edwards, W. G., 4s 6d; Fryer, F., £1 1s; Flogdell, J. H., 9s 6d; Francis, H., 3s 10d; Gant, F. C., 4s 5d; Greenhough, G., 10s; Green, A., 5s; Gardner, D., £1 1s; Gubbins, S., 5s; Hockley, F., 10s; Hadlow, E., 3s 7d; Henderson, G., £1 1s; Horn, P. W., £1 1s; Hooker, E. R., 1s; Hale, W., 7s; Head, C., 13s; Heywood, L., 13s; Hadley, J. F., 1s; Haines, J., 6s 6d; Heath, W., 3s; Hodgetts, R., 8s 4d; Hills, E., 5s 3d.; Isaac, J., 9s 6d; Jennings, J., 10s; Jeacock, A., 5s; Jones, D., 2s 6d; Knappett, C., 3s 7d; King, H. A., 5s; Knights, W. J., 5s; Lee, J., £1 1s; Love, A., 3s 6d; Longhurst, T., 7s; Lucy, F., 2s 6d; Langridge, J., 9s 11d; Lawrence, A., 10s; Leach, E., 6s 2d; Legge, W., 13s 2d; Laflin, E. G., 8s 4d; Long, H., 5s; Mitchell, B., £1 1s; Marks, A. T., 3s 6d; Moore, H., 2s 6d; Mathias R., 11s; Manktelow, P., 4s; Michael, E., 1s 5d; Mansell, E., 12s; Morgan, R., £1 2s 6d; Mimpress, E., 15s; Martyn, W., £1 0s 7d; Perral, J., 3s; Pegg, G. W., 13s; Platt, A., 16s; Pevernall, W., 10s 6d; Paskell, H., 2s; Pinder, S., 1s; Phillips, W., £1 1s; Quilter, F., £1 1s; Rogers, W., 13s 6d; Rossiter, G., 2s 6d; Redmill, G., £1 1s 10d; Richards, G., 3s 8d; Rastall, F., 5s 11d; Rodwell, B., 6s; Ryland, A. C., 5s 6d; Rhodes, J. H., 5s 2d; Rickwood, S., 12s 2d; Robinson, S., 3s 3d; Suttle, R., £1 1s; Strike, R., 4s 4d; Smith, R., 6s; Seward, P., 6s; Stringle, W., 1s 4d; Sheppard, H., 2s 6d; Sargeant, D., 10s 8d; Sones, P., 5s; Sharp, W., 3s; Start, P., 1s; Tier, C., 5s 1d; Taylor, F., 2s; Thomas, J., £1 1s; Tanner, W., 1s 6d; Tanner, J., 16s 6d; Townrow, H., 5s; Taffs, P., £1 1s; Virtue, C. F., 2s 8d; Ward, P., £1 1s; Williams, C., 2s 10d; Wallis, H., 3s 2d; Webb, E., 6d; Woods, C., 2s 6d; Williams, A. C., 2s 4d; Wellard, L., 6s; Woolfenden, H., 15s; Whiting, A., 3s; Walker, C., 6s; Worker, S., 6s 6d—Total, £55 17s 4d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards:—Attfield, B., 14s 6d; Aldrich, M., 3s 7d; Arthur, H., 5s; Adcock, S., 5s; Brown, R., 4s; Bond, N., 3s 6d; Bishop, A., £1 1s; Bülow, E., 2s 1d; Buddle, F., 1s 3d; Briggs, M., 7s; Brander, J., 1s; Butcher, L., 2s 8d; Bassett, L., 12s; Bliss, F., 7s 6d; Bull, L., 5s; Church, M., 5s; Cable, F., 6d; Court, Beth and A., £1 5s 2d; Cullen, A., 6s 5d; Clarke, L., 1s; Cartwright, B., 6s 3d; Coppendale, E., 2s 6d; Cordwell, H., 3s; Dunlop, E., 3s 9d; Dear, A., 2s 6d; Drew, E., £1 1s; Dolling, M., £1 1s; Day, M., 10s; Freathy, E., 2s 8d; Field, M., 4s 2d; Gurteen, B., 10s; Gurney, B., 7s; Goodwin, M., 7s 6d; Gutteridge, F., 15s 3d; Hall, G., 11s 2d; Hicks, M., 1s; Hall, B., 1s 10d; Hazelton, D., £1 1s; Heath, K., 4s 2d; Hollingworth, M., £1 1s; Hoy, M., 10s 7d; Hoidge, A., 12s 5d; Hobbs, E., 1s; Hull, A., 17s 4d; Hunter, F., 5s; Hyland, E., 5s 3d; Hollins, L., 8s; Heath, E., 5s; Jackman, S., 8s; Johnson, N., 3s 2d; Jones, E., 1s; Jaques, K., 2s 6d; Jackson, A., 14s 3d; James, F., 5s; Knotts, A., 1s; Kimber, R., 14s; Lawrence, C., 6s 8d; Langdon, E., £1 1s; Lamb, R., 2s; Last, E., 4s 8d; McKinley, F., 5s 6d; Myhill, C., 3s; Martin, A., 4s 3d; Moulder, E., 4s; Mitchell, A., 2s 10d; Miles, M., 7s; Mitchell, E., 6s 9d; Mash, L., 1s 3d; Meader, R., 8s; Morgan, L., 7s; Nutt, M., £1 1s; Papworth, E., 16s; Page, L., £1 1s; Price, C., 10s; Palmer, B., 4s 6d; Pithn, W., 2s 8d; Peck, E., 5s 6d; Pope, A., 3s 3d; Parker, N., 5s; Robottom, G., 9s; Selby, E., £1 1s; Smith, M., 5s; Sayers, A., 5s 4d; Seymour, I., 5s 8d; Tyler, R., 1s 6d; Turney, H., 4s; Turner, L., 5s 6d; Townsend, B., 7s; Taylor, D., 5s; Twynam, B., 2s; Villars, C., 2s 9d; Wilkins, E., £1 1s.; Willmore, E., 2s 7d; Wicks, E., 2s 6d; Warburton, H., £1 1s; Woodcock, I., 10s; Woolfit, M., 2s 6d; Westwood, F., 5s; Youens, E., 4s.—Total, £36 13s 7d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from December 13th, 1891, to January 12th, 1892.—PROVISIONS:—28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 1 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. I. Walton; 5 Bushels Flour, Mrs. G. Collins; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. Henry Watts;

1 dozen Tins Compressed Beef, The Australian Meat Company; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Pastor T. Philpot; 3 Boxes Valencias, 7 lbs. mixed Peel, 1 lb. Spice, 42 lbs. Sugar, 56 lbs. Currants, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 1 cwt. Corn Flour, Messrs. Brown and Polson; 1 box Oranges, Mr. E. Newman; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 20 lbs. Raisins, 24 lbs. Currants, Mr. Reynolds; 88 lbs. Fresh Pork, Mr. Saml. Barrow; 3 casks Broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. C. Goddard; 20 half-bushels of Apples, Messrs. E. and S. Fowler; a quantity of Savoys, 3 sacks Potatoes, Mr. Norkett; 20 Ox Hearts, Mr. Stephen West; 6 18-lb. Boxes Sweets, Mr. James Pascall; 1 case Oranges, Mr. Jno. Cooper; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. Jno. Handy; 1 pig (weighing 12 stone), Mr. T. S. Price; 6 Geese, Mr. W. Paxman; 2 cases Oranges, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 2 bags Potatoes, Mr. G. Hoar; 30 half sieves Brussels Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Clifton; 1 case Oranges, Mr. Wm. Taylor; 148 packets Coombs' Flour, Mr. W. A. Coombs; 1 lb. Tea, Mr. Allen; 2 sacks Flour, 1 case Oranges, Mr. E. L. Gatward; 4 cwt. Jam, 2 cwt. Sweets, Messrs. Chivers and Sons; 53 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 24 pieces Meat, Mr. S. Rayner; 2 Geese, Oranges, Nuts, Tea, &c., Mr. Jno. Butler Elgar; 1 large barrel of Apples, Mr. James Stiff; 80 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 4 cwt. Potatoes, Carrots, and Turnips, Mr. H. Steed; 1 piece Pork, Cake, Apples, &c., Mr. Walker; 1 large Cake, Miss Morris; 1 cwt. Cake, Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co.; 1 Sheep, Mr. W. J. Graham; a quantity Bread, Mr. Nelson Read; 1 Cake, Mrs. Hassell; 1 box Biscuits, Mrs. and Miss B. Pring; 1 chest Tea, M. H. Lafone; 1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Medcalf.

Boys' Clothing:—11 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson; 7 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 4 pairs Knitted Socks, 6 pairs Cuffs, 1 pair Gloves, Mrs. Armstrong; a few Remnants, Mr. B. T. Parris; 6 Shirts, Miss Torr; 2 Shirts, Anon. (Dec. 17); 2 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Bland; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 3 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. M'Dowell; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Miss McCairns; 54 Articles, for No. 8 Boys, Miss Salter; 20 Shirts, The Children's Sewing Circle, Downs School, Clapton, per Miss Cope; 1 dozen Scarves, Mrs. C. Mills; 6 Handkerchiefs, "Anon." (Dec. 22); 15 pairs Knitted Socks, The Misses Sherwood; 14 Articles, Miss Hunter; 4 Shirts, 2 Remnants, "S. H. L."; 1 pair Knitted Stockings, "One who desires to serve Him"; 3 Shirts, The Chatham Ladies' Working Mission, per Mrs. H. Underdown; 1 dozen pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Morris; 6 Shirts, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 6 pairs Knitted Cuffs, 6 White Handkerchiefs, Mrs. Mannington; 2 Worn Suits, Mr. A. H. Apsey; 7 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Matthews; 31 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Miss McLean; 28 pairs Assorted Slippers, Mr. F. Upton; 7½ yards of Shirting, Mrs. M. Corbyn.

Girls' Clothing.—50½ yards Red Flannel, 59 yards White Calico, 53 yards Dress Material, 3 dozen pairs Stockings, Mrs. Francis Gray Smart; 4 Aprons, Mrs. Wicks; 50 Small Articles, Miss Descroix; 1 pair Worn Boots, 1 Article, Mr. Binley; 79 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 Articles, from a Well-wisher, J. D.; 12 Pinafores, Mrs. Walton; 10 Articles, Miss Pendlebury; 6 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Mrs. and Miss B. Pring; 12 Scarves, 1 short length Calico, 6 Articles, Miss Torr; 11 Articles, 11 yards Dress Material, Mrs. Browson; 3 pairs Knitted Cuffs, 3 Scarves, Miss L. Reynolds; 12 Articles, Anon. (Dec. 17); 144 Articles, Miss Chandler's Bible-class, West Croydon Baptist Chapel; 16 Articles Anon. (Dec. 21); 12 Knitted Vests, Miss S. Youles; 2 Articles, Miss E. Botting; 6 Girls' Ulsters, Mrs. W. J. Heath; 25 Articles, Messrs. S. T. and E. Ellison; 8 Articles, Miss E. R. Reid; 7 Articles, Mrs. Robins; 25 Articles, Miss Mears; 8 Articles, Mrs. E. Brierley; 20 Articles, Miss Hunter; 60 pairs Knitted Gloves, Mrs. Axten's Children; 53 Articles, Mrs. E. Luckhurst; 59 Articles, Fleet Baptist Chapel Working Society, per Mrs. Aylett; 72 Articles, The Needle and Thread Society, Southsea, per Miss Giles; 8 pairs of Knitted Stockings, Mrs. B. Gregory; 6 Skirts, Mrs. A. Holmes; 2 pairs Knitted Stockings, Miss M. A. Hardy; 6 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. Casburn; 2 pairs Knitted Stockings, Anon. (Dec. 28); 29 Garments, The Chatham Ladies' Working Mission, per Mrs. H. Underdown; 10 Articles, Mr. Jno. Hodgson; 18 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 6 yards Welsh Flannel, Mrs. M. Rich; 4 Caps, Miss Matthews; 3 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. Cunningham; 30 yards Print, 30 yards Dress Material, 2 Holland Aprons, 4 pairs Gloves, Mrs. M. Corbyn; 21 Articles, Miss Poole.

General:—20 7-lb. Cotton Bags, 40 3½-lb. Bags, Messrs. T. and W. Judge; a large quantity of Articles, S. I. T. and D. C. D.; 4 Magazines, Miss E. Randell; a parcel of Magazines, &c., The Committee of The Religious Tract Society; 1 Fancy Needle Box, &c., from "A Dorset Friend"; 500 Book Marks, Messrs. Brown and Polson; 1 Box Dolls, Magazines, &c., Miss G. Nobbs; a quantity Christmas Cards, Miss Botting; 7 Picture Books, 1 Volume "Sunday at Home," Mrs. Bland; 1 parcel Books, Scraps, &c., Mr. E. Newman; 1 load Firewood, Mr. John Cooper; a few Christmas Cards, Mrs. Vigg; a quantity of Decorations, Mr. Edwards; 52 copies "Yule Tide," with Plate, Messrs. Cassell and Company; 1 box Fancy Decorations, Messrs. Axtens Brothers; a quantity Cards, Mr. E. G. Aldridge; One Year's "British Workman" and "The Band of Hope Review," Mr. J. B. Mead; a quantity Magazines, "Good Will to Men." "The Early Days of Queen Victoria." Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.; 66 Volumes, Mr. Edward Joy; 12 Scrap Books, Miss Harper; 1 load Firewood, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 2 Scrap Books, Miss Poole.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1891, to January 12th, 1892.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Southern Baptist Association	47	10	0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson... ...	5	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Disley District, per Rev. C. S. Macalpine	10	0	0
Hadleigh, per Rev. W. H. Durant ...	10	0	0
Harborne, per Mr. H. M. Harwood ...	7	10	0
Horley, per Pastor B. Marshall ...	2	10	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for West Wickham	10	0	0
Oxford Association, Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Wolverhampton and Shipley District...	10	0	0
Halesowen, per Mr. H. M. Harwood ...	5	0	0
Norfolk Baptist Association, for Barrow and Neatishead	20	0	0

			£	s.	d.
Borstal District			10	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association			37	10	0
Suffolk Congregational Union			30	0	0
Calne, per Mr. H. Wilkins			7	10	0
Ludlow District :—					
Rock Lane, collection	0	17 6			
Mr. James Evans, subscription	0	10 6			
Brimfield Cross, collection	0	12 6			
Mr. James Evans, subscription	0	2 6			
Mr. Leake, subscription	0	5 0			
Mrs. Edmond, subscription	0	5 0			
Mrs. Ackroyd, subscription	0	7 6			
Mr. Pattison, subscription	0	5 0			
Mrs. Theo. Davies	5	0 0			
Miss Emma Leary	0	4 0			
Advanced by Mr. J. Evans	1	10 6			
			10	0	0
Ross, per Mr. Thomas Blake			10	0	0
Thornbury District, per Mrs. Taylor			5	0	0
East Church, Sheppey, per L. H.			40	0	0
Horley, per Pastor B. Marshall			2	10	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham			10	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thomas Harris			10	0	0
Pastor E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's			10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford			10	0	0
			£350	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

			£	s.	d.
Mr. William Laurie			0	10	0
Mr. James Grose			1	1	0
Mr. Jenkins, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon			1	0	0
Mr. J. Hall			2	2	0
Mr. H. Osmond			1	0	0
Miss M. McKay			0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman			10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——			5	0	0
C. A. M.			10	0	0
Mr. A. L. Biggart			5	0	0
R. G.			20	0	0
Mr. W. Casson			0	10	0
W. G.			0	2	6
Mr. C. W. Roberts			5	0	0
Annual subscriptions:—					
Messrs. C. E. and W. R. Fox			10	0	0
Mrs. Hellier (1890)	0	10 6			
Mrs. Hellier (1891)	0	10 6			
			1	1	0
Messrs. Cassell and Co.			2	2	0
Mr. E. Brayne			0	10	6
Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton			2	2	0
Mr. J. J. Cook (half-yearly)			1	1	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson			7	10	0
			£85	17	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1891, to January 12th, 1892.

			£	s.	d.
Thankoffering from the United Churches, Eastbourne, for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services			20	0	0
Miss Cox			0	10	0
"From a young Scotchman"			1	0	0
A lover of the old gospel			0	5	0
Miss Dallas			2	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Sheffield			45	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Leighton Buzzard			2	2	0
Mr. H. Osmond			1	0	0
Mr. J. Holt Skinner			5	0	0
Mr. G. Hacksley			0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman			10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——			5	0	0
C. A. M.			10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Caddington and Perry Green			2	0	0
Mr. E. G. Medway			1	0	0
Mr. Jno. Thorn			0	10	0
Mr. R. P. Dayton			1	0	0
Mr. J. Young			1	0	0
Mr. D. McKercher			3	0	0
Mr. Joseph Benson			5	0	0
R. B., per J. T. D.			1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Jenner's services at Attleborough and Nuneaton			4	0	2
Mrs. M. F. Chesters			2	10	0
Mrs. G. E. Rees			0	5	0
B.			0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robertson			0	5	0
Mr. E. Townshend			1	0	0
Mr. E. Cross			0	5	0
R. G.			20	0	0
Mr. W. Casson			0	10	0
E. M.			5	0	0
Mrs. Price			1	0	0
Mr. W. Ings, junr.			1	0	0
A constant reader of the sermons, Folkestone			1	1	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Norwood Congregational Church, Liverpool			14	16	5
Mr. Jno. Currie			1	1	1
			£170	5	8

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.

Special Notice.—During the absence of Mr. Spurgeon, it is earnestly requested that all donations for any of the institutions under Mr. Spurgeon's care should be addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1891.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings	1,337	0	0
,, Donations	5,418	13	9
,, Legacies	1,180	3	2
,, Collections by Students	512	3	3
,, Interest	51	19	2
	8,499	19	4
,, Balance in hand, 1st January, 1891	1,623	13	7
	£10,123	12	11

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Salaries	1,836	15	2
,, Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance...	3,062	6	8
,, Clothing	85	7	0
,, Lighting, Cleaning, and Warming	156	13	3
,, Books, Printing, Stationery, Bookbinding, Advertising, and Office expenses	350	7	11
,, Book-grants to Students	131	2	8
,, Preaching Stations—Home Missions and New Chapels ...	1,353	1	5
,, Annual Conference and Supper—Hire, Labour, and Decorations	313	5	2
,, Furniture and Fittings	42	1	0
	7,331	0	3
,, Balance in hand, 31st December, 1891	2,792	12	8
	£10,123	12	11

Examined and found correct, January 21st, 1892.

HARRY HIBBERT, *Secretary*

FRANK THOMPSON,
JAMES HALL, } *Auditors.*

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1891.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations	926	10	7	By Salaries of five Evangelists, and help to others	1,110	7	2
„ Contributions from Churches visited	431	1	6	„ Travelling Expenses, &c.	102	18	6
„ Legacies	5	0	0				
	1,361	12	1		1,213	5	8
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1891	105	3	7	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1891	253	10	0
	£1,466	15	8		£1,466	15	8

HARRY HIBBERT, *Secretary.*

Examined and found correct, January 21st, 1892. { FRANK THOMPSON, JAMES HALL, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1891.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1891	255	14	4	By Loans to Churches :—			
„ Repayments of Loans	936	0	0	Peckham Rye	600	0	0
				Grantham	100	0	0
					600	0	0
				Balance in hand, December 31st, 1891	591	14	4
	£1,191	14	4		£1,191	14	4

	£	s.	d.
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1891 ...	4,526	10	0
Cash Balance in hand „ „ ...	591	14	4
	£5,118	4	4

THOS. H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*

Examined and found correct, January 21st, 1892. { FRANK THOMPSON, JAMES HALL, } *Auditors.*

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

MARCH, 1892.



Mrs. Spurgeon's Message of Thanks

TO THE MANY CORRESPONDENTS WHO HAVE SO LOVINGLY SHARED HER SORROW.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Out of the solitude of my great grief there must come to you a note of deepest gratitude for the sweet stream of human sympathy which has flowed unceasingly since God took my treasure from me. If tender, loving words could heal a wounded heart, mine would, ere now, have lost its soreness; for all the world has

mourned with and for me! I have no need to say, as Job did, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!" for, all spontaneously and freely, and with the utmost tenderness, balm has been poured into my sorrowful soul by those who wept for their own loss; and gracious pleadings with God, on my behalf, have risen from lips which trembled under a sense of their own need of heavenly comfort.

Now, in thanking you for all these precious letters and prayers, I long to speak to you individually, and tell you what God has done for me. This not being possible, on account of the vast number of communications, I am obliged to write collectively, asking each loving heart to take the thankful words as addressed to them, apart.

You *have* strengthened and helped me wonderfully. My loss is your loss, so we could weep together. You loved my beloved, and we could rival one another in his praise. You will miss his dear face, his sweet voice, his gracious, genial presence, not so *much* as I do, but as *truly;* and here, too, we mourn together. But so many of you, when writing to me, put aside at once the selfishness of grief, and looked up from earth to heaven, that I tried to do the same! And, blessed be the name of the Lord, *I have done it!* His "abundant entrance", the "Well done, good and faithful servant!" of the Master, the great throng of white-robed spirits, who welcomed him as the one who first led them to the Saviour, the admiring, wondering angels, the radiant glory, the *surprise* of that midnight journey which ended at the throne of God; all this, and much more of blessed reality for him, has lifted our bowed heads, and enabled us to bless the Lord, even though He has taken from us so incomparable a friend and pastor. All that was choice, and generous, and Christlike, seemed gathered together in his character, and lived out in his life. He was pre-eminently the "servant of all", yet he served with such humility and wisdom, that, with him, to *serve* was to *reign*. All are feeling now the power he wielded over men's hearts; and because a prince of God, and a leader of men, has passed away, "our houses are left unto us desolate." I must not attempt to speak of his worth; words would utterly fail me; but the tears of multitudes, all over the world, testify to the irreparable loss they have sustained.

I will tell you of one fact which has greatly comforted me in my deep grief; it will ever be a precious memory to me, and a theme of praise to God. It may rejoice your hearts also to have such an assurance from my pen. It is that the Lord so tenderly granted to us both three months of *perfect earthly happiness* here in Menton, before He took him to the "far better" of His own glory and immediate presence! For fifteen years my beloved had longed to bring me here; but it had never before been possible. Now, we were both strengthened for the long journey; and the desire of his heart was fully given him. I can never describe the pride and joy with which he introduced me to his favourite haunts, and the eagerness with which he showed me each lovely glimpse of mountain, sea, and landscape. He was hungry for my loving appreciation, and I satisfied him to the full. We took long daily drives, and every place we visited was a triumphal entry for him. His enjoyment was intense, his delight exuberant. He *looked*

in perfect health, and rejoiced in the brightest of spirits. Then, too, with what calm, deep happiness he sat, day after day, in a cosy corner of his sunny room, writing his last labour of love, *The Commentary on Matthew's Gospel!* Not a care burdened him, not a grief weighed upon his heart, not a desire remained unfulfilled, not a wish unsatisfied; he was permitted to enjoy an earthly Eden before his translation to the Paradise above. Blessed be the Lord for such sweet memories, such tender assuagement of wounds that can never quite be healed on earth! Up to the last ten days of his sweet life, health appeared to be returning, though slowly; our hopes were strong for his full recovery, and he himself believed that he should live to declare again to his dear people, and to poor sinners, "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

But it was not to be, dear friends. The call came with terrible suddenness to us; but with infinite mercy to him. The prayer, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory," was answered in his case. His Saviour wanted him up higher, and could spare him to us no longer. He is gone to his everlasting reward, and the hallelujahs of heaven must hush and rebuke the sobs and sighs of earth.

Looking up, with tear-dimmed eyes, to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we can say, "Even so, Lord, for Thou hast made him most blessed for ever. Thou hast made him exceeding glad with Thy countenance."

Yours, "sorrowful yet rejoicing,"



C. H. S. on John xvii. 24.

WHO among us will go next? We stand like men amazed. Some of us stood next in the rank with those who have been taken. Why this constant thinning of our ranks while the warfare is so stern? Why this removal of the very best when we so much need the noblest examples? . . . . The Master is gathering the ripest of His fruit, and well doth He deserve it. His own dear hand is putting His apples of gold into His baskets of silver; and as we see that it is the Lord, we are bewildered no longer. His word, as it comes before us in the text, calms and quiets our spirits. It dries our tears, and calls us to rejoicing as we hear our heavenly Bridegroom praying, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory."—*From The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, No.* 1,892. *C. H. S.'s Sermon on the Death of Dr. Stanford.*



C. H. SPURGEON, 1856.



C. H. SPURGEON, 1891.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Menton Memorial Texts.

"O Lord my God, I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me! O Lord, Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave! O Lord, Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul; Thou hast redeemed my life. In the day when I cried, Thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee! For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living. We will bless the Lord from this time forth, and for evermore."

AS soon as Mrs. Spurgeon reached Menton, she began to work, on perforated cards, a series of texts, selected by her dear husband and herself, to be fastened around the cornice of their sitting-room, as a grateful memorial of the Lord's goodness to them in bringing them both in safety to the sunny South, after the terribly trying summer and autumn in England.

When the beloved Pastor gave his New Year's address, reported in last month's Magazine, the texts were finished as far as the words, "strengthenedst me with strength"; and he affectionately attracted the attention of the little company to his dear wife's work, in the progress of which he took a tender, loving interest. When revising the address for *The Sword and the Trowel*, he said, "I won't put in anything about your texts, wifey, as they are not complete yet."

The busy, patient fingers continued at work; and by the time the Pastor's illness had assumed its most serious form, the dear worker had reached the last sentence but one. I shall never forget how she looked up to me one day, and with tearful eye, and in trembling tones, strangely full of deep significance, enquired, "Which is *the land of the living?*" I replied, "*Not this;* this is the land of the dying." We said no more just then; but both of us thought much of the new meaning that was being revealed in the whole of the memorial texts above quoted.

When the beloved one was taken, from the sorrows and struggles of this mortal life, to "walk before the Lord in the land of the living", the working of the texts was still continued, for, with deeper emphasis, and fuller meaning, husband and wife could unite in saying,

"We will bless the Lord from this time forth, and for evermore."

The glorified saint is higher up in the heavenly orchestra than his beloved and bereaved wife, but their voices blend in perfect harmony; while each of them sees, in the memorial texts, a fulness and a depth that they had not perceived until he was translated from the kingdom of grace into the kingdom of glory.

J. W. H.

Mr. Spurgeon's Pocket-books.

IN a private pocket-book, that was left where it could be easily found after his departure, Mr. Spurgeon had written the following couplets. They ought to come to all readers with peculiar solemnity now that the hand that wrote them is still in death.

No cross, no crown—no loss, no gain;
They first must suffer who would reign.

He best can part with life without a sigh
Whose daily living is to daily die.

Youth builds for age; age builds for rest;
Who builds for heaven will build the best.

Poor they may live, but rich they die,
Whose treasure is laid up on high.

Oh, the sweet joy that sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives"!

We cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
But all is well that's done by thee.

Prepared be
To follow me!

In our "Notices of Books" will be found a brief review of *The R. T. S. Pocket-book*. This was written by Mr. Spurgeon, and intended for insertion last month; but it was crowded out. The beloved reviewer was very pleased with the arrangement of Daily Texts, and Meditations from many of his favourite authors; and he began to make outlines on the texts. He said to his dear wife, and also to his "armour-bearer":—"It will be such a help to me to have a number of sermons ready to preach when I get home." We wonder now how many of them he has preached in his heavenly "home"!

It is very remarkable that the first text in the book is Rev. ii. 10:—"*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*"

The following is Mr. Spurgeon's outline upon this passage:—

I. The nature of the grace. "Faithful."
II. The measure of its endurance. "Unto death."
III. The reward of its triumph. "Crown of life."
IV. The personality of the whole. "Be thou . . . thee."

In future numbers of the Magazine, other outlines will be given, in the hope that, though the living voice cannot be heard, the Holy Spirit will bless the printed word, and make it the means of salvation to many sinners, and of help to many saints.

It is noteworthy that the only texts on which there is no outline, as far as C. H. S. had gone on with his work, are these:—"*Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ,*"—Jude 21; and "*Yea, He is altogether lovely.*"—Solomon's Song v. 16. One would like to hear him preach on those texts now! He said to me, "I must look up that text in Jude *when I get home.*" No doubt he *has* "looked it up", in a better commentary even than his valued William Jenkyn wrote.

J. W. H.

Letter from Rev. John Spurgeon.



MY DEAR MR. HARRALD,—I thank you sincerely from my heart for your kind letter, full of sympathy and Christian love; and I assure you that I have as deep sympathy with you, my dear son James, the officers, workers, and all connected with the Tabernacle, as with my own family. Dear Mrs. Spurgeon and her family, as well as my dear daughters, lie very heavy in deep sympathy upon my feelings; but not more so than the immense responsibility resting on those connected with the Lord's work. I cannot write about it at present.

If you will kindly return my thanks for all the sympathy shown to me and mine, I shall esteem it a great kindness. I am, like yourself, overpowered by letters from every part of the country—votes of sympathy from church-meetings, prayer-meetings, ministers, Y.M.C.A.'s, and friends. I cannot answer all. If you can thank them in the Magazine, I shall be glad. I will send something for next month, and following months, if you wish. As afflictions abound, so consolations abound. Wishing you every good at this time,

I am, heartily yours, JOHN SPURGEON.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon's Loving Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS BELOVED FATHER.



TO pass by in silence such an event as the death of my beloved father, would be sinful; for, if there is no other reason, our gratitude to God for having ever given to us such a man, should move us to praiseful utterance. Indeed, I feel that this is the cause that prompts me to write these words.

What my father *has been* to me, to many thousands, and the world at large, none can ever fully estimate; what he *now is*, in glory before the presence of the God he loved

and served, is beyond our imagination; but whether we think of him in the past; or, looking beyond the grave, dwell upon his present position, our sorrow must abate, and our comfort and joy abound.

There is one spot at which our flesh fails, and our spirit sinks; but even the tomb may become the burial-place of our tears and fears; for at the sepulchre we hear the Master say,—

"I am the resurrection, and the life:"

and we behold His sympathy in our hour of sorrow, for "Jesus wept."

"We sorrow not even as others which have no hope," for our beloved one is standing before "the King", and has entered into "the joy of the Lord."

There was one trait in his noble and godly character which, among many others, always shone out with a lustre peculiarly its own, and I would be the last to infringe the sacred rights of such a Christlike quality. His humility demands, of those who speak of him, the utmost regard, for words of eulogy concerning himself were ever painful to him; his creed in this, as in all other matters, being "Not I, but Christ"; and yet from his own loving child some meed of praise may surely come, and the son would fain do honour to the memory of the best of fathers. To God be all the glory for the matchless grace and goodness manifested in the home, as well as in the public life, of this servant of the Lord.

His blameless example, his holy consistency, his genial love, his generous liberality, his wise counsel, and his fearless fidelity to God and His truth will survive him, for in the very hearts of those with whom he came in contact have these qualities been enshrined.

The inspiration of his robust and benevolent presence will be wanting, but the essence of that inspiration remains with us; for it was because he possessed an indwelling Christ that he was able to stimulate the lives of others, and all who knew him best understood the reason of his magic power. The spirit of the Master permeated the life of the servant, and we felt that he had been with Jesus, and that Jesus lived in him.

His life's work is too well known to all to need me to be his biographer in this respect; but it is in each of the labours of love which he undertook that we learn his true character.

He had an Eleazar grip, as regards his hold of the Old Gospel, and he said, in the words of David in respect to "the Sword of the Spirit", "There is none like that; give it me!" As a preacher, he was second to none; and although my judgment may be deemed very partial, I venture to express the opinion, that, since the days of the apostle Paul, there has not lived a greater or more powerful exponent of the doctrines of grace, or a more faithful preacher of the "saying" which is "worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." What multitudes have been saved through his instrumentality! To God be the praise for the marvellous gifts which were used in the winning of souls to Christ!

As a teacher and author, his works speak volumes; and those who have sat at his feet, or read his writings, appreciate the memory of his powers therein displayed. While the wonderful voice is silenced

by death, one cannot but rejoice that thousands of his discourses are preserved in the volumes of printed sermons; and these shall, in years to come, bring forth fruit, for

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

Many have already written wisely and well concerning his College and Orphanage, and all the noble institutions which cluster around the Tabernacle. None among the number have exaggerated the boundless generosity, tender sympathy, practical sagacity, and Christ-like zeal displayed in the manifold agencies of which he was both head and heart. All these works are monuments to the memory of a great man—great because the grace of God made him good.



Pages could be filled by my pen in writing of this beloved father: but I must refrain. The loss is great because he was *such* a father; but it is not only mine, my sorrow is shared by many.

My precious mother is bereaved indeed, but "strong consolations" have been and will continue to be vouchsafed to her. The absence of her beloved one will be most keenly felt, for she was ever a true "help-meet" to him. May the God of all comfort be her strength and stay!

My only and dearly-loved brother will need special grace and help to bear the sorrow, for he is an exile from home and dear ones. So far away and fatherless, may the Lord remember him!

Our side of the cloud is black indeed; our father's side, which is God's, is all glory; and when the mists of our grief have rolled away, we shall see somewhat of the sunshine—indeed, there are even now rays of light penetrating the gloom.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

A Note from Georgia, U.S.A.

AS one of the Orphanage Old Boys, I cannot help expressing my great sorrow on hearing of the death of Mr. Spurgeon. Lord, help me to follow in his footsteps! I am glad to say the seed which I obtained in the Orphanage is springing up within me; and I am fully trusting in Jesus.

SAMUEL PAVEY.

Pastor J. A. Spurgeon's Personal Thanks.



AN avalanche of love and sympathy has been poured upon me of late, and I feel utterly overwhelmed by it. To all the host of kind friends, I can only feebly, but heartily, return my sincerest thanks, and say how much we are all comforted by it. My dear brother well deserved the praises heaped upon his memory; and if we feel the greatness of his loss, we cannot but thank God for what has been our past privilege, and what is now his great gain.

Our unity of sorrow binds us together with all who have mourned with us; and as the Church of Christ has shown the practical oneness of believers—for "all members have suffered with us"—so I pray that the consolations, which have greatly abounded towards us, through all this severe trial, may be shared, as needed, by every member of the "One Body." To all who have sent our family and church some message of love, permit me thus to express my warmest acknowledgments of gratitude in return.

Yours, much obliged and grateful,

James A. Spurgeon

GENERAL LETTER TO ALL HELPERS OF THE INSTITUTIONS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—At the unanimous desire of all my dear brother's (the late C. H. Spurgeon's) church officers, I have agreed to continue the discharge of the leadership vacated by his removal from us, until "the will of the Lord" in the whole matter shall be more fully revealed to us; alike as to the future of the church at the Tabernacle, and of the varied agencies now connected with it.

The past years of his life were so much broken with long periods of pain and affliction, that, under his direction, the whole area of his work, save the pulpit duties, was otherwise provided for, under my supervision. By God's good providence, the staff of helpers is ample and efficient; and if we can command the continued confidence and support of his many long-tried friends, we can carry on all his varied works without any change, save that involved in the

inevitable loss of that inspiration which his name and presence ever afforded to us all.

It is in calm reliance upon God's promised power, and in obedience to what I believe to be His divine will, that I assume, for the present, the conduct of this great, and, to me, familiar work; though now, alas! as to the leadership, it will be no more unitedly with him.

The gracious Master, whom, in all this, I wish alone to honour, greatly comforts me with the prayers and aid of a goodly band of "brothers in the faith", who have stood by our side many years, and who now promise to remain, and share with me the heat and burden of the day, till our Lord's will in all matters shall be made clear.

My heart is and will remain at rest as to the "preaching of the Word" in our midst, while my true colleague, Dr. A. T. Pierson, continues to carry that load for us, with so much satisfaction to us all.

May I not confidently rely, in this time of need, upon the continued generous support of all who have helped hitherto, and also of many others, who will step in to take the places of many who have of late fallen on sleep, and whose kind gifts we shall sadly miss in the future?

May God richly bless and carry on His own work here and everywhere, prays

Yours to serve, in gospel bonds,

JAMES A. SPURGEON.

Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E., Feb. 15, 1892.

Another Star in Heaven.



MR. FULLERTON writes:—On the Sunday night on which "our beloved Pastor entered heaven", an unknown astronomer discovered a new star. On the Monday morning on which the sad news was read with keen anguish, an anonymous post-card reached the Edinburgh Observatory, stating that in the heavens the new body was to be seen, near the Milky Way, almost at the zenith, a star of the fifth magnitude. Since then, astronomers have been nightly observing the phenomenon in the skies; and it is well that they should do so. But that night there was another star in heaven. One who had turned many to righteousness then entered the glory, to shine as a star for ever and ever (Daniel xii. 3).

Mr. Spurgeon's Senior Secretary's "Wreath."

EVER since the stroke fell, which parted from me—for how short a time, the Lord knoweth—my dearest, kindest, earthly friend, I have wished in vain for words wherewith to tell his worth, and my love and loss; but though—

> "Vex'd, I try, and try again;
> Still my efforts all are vain:"

he only was "master of sentences" fit for such discourse.

As Pastor, President, and friend, he was, to me and mine,—

> "Faithful, but meekly kind,
> Gentle, yet boldly true."

To me, "one of his hired servants", during five-and-twenty years, how like his Master, of whose words to His disciples he was the living exposition: "I call you not servants . . I have called you friends"! yea, more; he called us "brethren."

He who could have said, as truthfully and emphatically as the great apostle, "I laboured more abundantly than they all," has "heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto Me, and rest;'" and we are left to sorrow that here we shall see his face no more. But "he, being dead, yet speaketh;" and in his own words, true *immortelles*, we would weave a wreath of "Flowers from a Puritan's Garden":—

"With what joy will the voice from heaven, 'Come up hither,' sound in the ear of the man wearied with labour! The world shall know, . . . when we die, that we have not been idle; but we have served our God beyond our strength. . . . Oh! there may be some of you, in whose name I can speak now, who have served God with throbbing brow, with palpitating heart, weary *in* your Master's service, but never weary *of* it; springing to the collar when the load was far too heavy for your single strength; ready to labour, or ready for fight; never putting off your armour; standing harnessed both by night and day, crying in your Master's name,—

> 'Hast thou a lamb in all Thy flock
> I would disdain to feed?
> Hast Thou a foe, before whose face
> I fear Thy cause to plead?'

The time must come when age shall take away the juvenile vigour which for a while carried off weariness, and you shall be constrained to lament, saying, 'When shall the shadows be drawn out? When shall I fulfil as a hireling my day?' Happy for the minister when he shall hear the voice, 'Come up hither,' and shall—

> His body with his charge lay down,
> And cease at once to work and live.'"

"What a joy to fall asleep on the bed of languishing, and to wake up amid the celestial Hallelujahs! 'What am I? Where am I? Ah, my God! my Christ! my heaven! my all! *I am at home!*'"

J. L. KEYS.



The "Armour-bearer's*" Last Despatch

CONCERNING HIS GLORIFIED CAPTAIN.

ALAS! David's seat is empty, and his "armour-bearer" must sit alone in the study at "Westwood", and write the last despatch concerning his captain's promotion to the shining ranks of the glorified. How changed everything is, both for him and for us, now that the chair at the head of the table has lost its accustomed occupant! No more will that happy face give me my usual hearty morning welcome! No more will that cheery voice bid me, "Good-night, and God bless you, my dear friend!" No more will those twinkling eyes flash with fun, sparkle with genius, and beam with love upon the worker by his side! Yet, all is well, for the Lord hath done it. HE gave, and HE hath taken away; and we have nothing to say but, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Few, if any, who read the two addresses, published in *The Sword and the Trowel* for February, under the title, "Breaking the Long Silence," expected the startling message that flashed around the globe soon after the last number of the Magazine was issued.

* Mr. Spurgeon's favourite name for his private secretary, Mr. Joseph W. Harrald. Next to the members of the bereaved family, the "armour-bearer" feels that he is the greatest loser by his loved leader's promotion to glory; yet would he not grudge his captain his well-earned rest and reward. Many friends have expressed to Mr. Harrald their sympathy with *him* in his sorrow, and to all of them the "armour-bearer" sends heartiest thanks for their kind messages in his time of sore trial.

On the first morning of January, 1892, the beloved Editor thus began his little talk to the fourteen friends who gathered in his sitting-room for praise and prayer, and the reading of the Scriptures:—

"Passing at this hour over the threshold of the New Year, we look forward, and what do we see? Could we procure a telescope which would enable us to see to the end of the year, should we be wise to use it? I think not. We know nothing of the events which lie before us: of life or death to ourselves or to our friends, or of changes of position, or of sickness or health. What a mercy that these things are hidden from us! If we foresaw our best blessings, they would lose their freshness and sweetness while we impatiently waited for them. Anticipation would sour into weariness, and familiarity would breed contempt. If we could foresee our troubles, we should worry ourselves about them long before they came, and in that fretfulness we should miss the joy of our present blessings. Great mercy has hung up a veil between us and the future; and there let it hang."

On the last night of the same memorable month of January, the dearly-loved speaker, who uttered these wise and weighty words, "fell asleep in Jesus." The words are quickly written; but who can tell all that they meant to him, and to us who are left to mourn his loss?

Many friends will like to know how that last month on earth was spent; and by means of a diary, begun by C. H. S., and continued under his direction, much interesting information can be given. In future numbers of the Magazine, "Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives at Menton" will be described, with illustrations prepared from photographs, taken either under his personal supervision, or by his special request. Two of the views will be peculiarly sacred souvenirs of the sunny South, for in them Mr. Spurgeon will be seen, seated in his carriage, as he appeared as late as *January 8th and 12th*. These are absolutely the last photographs of him that were ever taken; and, of course, are much more recent than any that have been or can be published elsewhere.

During the early days of January, the following short pieces were written for the benefit of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*. The handwriting of both articles is as distinct as anything the beloved author ever penned; and those who read them will at once perceive that his mental eye was not dim, nor his spiritual force abated, when he wrote as follows:—

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1892.

At Menton, the first day of the year was as one of the days of heaven upon the earth. Almost cloudless and windless, beneath the bluest of skies, the day was warm and bright with the glorious sun. Did we draw the inference that, all the world over, New Year's Day was like summer? Did we disbelieve the paragraphs in the daily journals which told another tale of other lands? We were not so foolish.

A certain brother has an exceedingly rapturous experience, full of confidence, communion, and conquest. Does he, therefore, conclude that all true Christian experience must necessarily be of this delightful order? Does he cast a doubt upon the sincerity of others, whose

spiritual weather is clouded, and even darkened with storms? Let us trust that he will not be so uncharitable, so unjust.

But if a friend, from a land of fogs and frosts, should insinuate that our report of the New Year at Menton was fanciful and fictitious, because he had experienced far different weather, would he not be very ungenerous? So the brother of sombre spirit and troubled experience is not acting as he should do when he judges the cheerful as being frivolous, condemns the rapturous as excitable, and looks upon the confident as presumptuous. He has no right to set up his painful experience as the standard by which to discern the people of God; neither is he justified in denying the possibility of unbroken peace because he has never long enjoyed it.

We may not judge others by ourselves. We may not infer general facts from individual cases. We must take into consideration a thousand things, and many of these we do not know: wherefore, let us not judge, that we be not judged.—C. H. S.

PROVOCATIVES OF GENEROSITY.

The mail from India brings news of the narrow escape from death of the ruler of the State of Morvi, on the 18th November, 1891. It is said that his Highness was at his stables on the evening of that day, and found his grooms searching for a snake that had been seen half-an-hour before. The pursuit was, however, given up, and the Prince drove out as usual. On the way, he suddenly felt a warm sensation on his chest. He had put on an overcoat; and as he unbuttoned it, a black, venomous cobra fell to the ground in a heavy coil, and glided away. His Highness drove back at once to the palace, and distributed a sum of Rs. 500 among the poor, and gave feasts the following morning.

We, too, have seen a deadlier serpent drop at our feet; but have we been as practical in our gratitude as this Indian Prince? The deadly thing was coiled about our heart, and only by a miracle of grace have we been delivered from its venomous tooth: have we shown our thankfulness to Christ Jesus our Lord by helping his poor people with our substance? Have we made feasts for his saints by the utterance of the Lord's goodness?

Every time we have a providential escape, or a gracious rescue from temptation, let us think of the Rajah of Morvi, and make haste to celebrate the happy event by bountiful liberality. If such were the case, one could see a new reason for the existence of black cobras, and other dangers: they would become provocatives of generosity.—C. H. S.

On the first Sabbath evening in January, most of the guests in the *Hôtel Beau Rivage* remained downstairs in the *salon* after dinner. My duties required my presence elsewhere, so I can give no report of the gathering, except that Mrs. Spurgeon played the piano, while the friends sang some of her favourite hymns from *Sacred Songs and Solos*, and C. H. S. closed the engagements of the evening with a prayer that will be long remembered by all who were present.

Jan. 5.—Rev. R. Balgarnie came over from Bordighera to see C. H. S. Like everyone else who saw the dear sufferer, he was surprised to find him *apparently* so well, and wrote to the papers the

cheering reports that gave such hope and joy to those who read them. Mr. Balgarnie is the "friend" referred to in the "Illustration by the Way"—LOOKING UNTO JESUS—in February *Sword and Trowel*.

Jan. 8.—(The thirty-sixth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon's wedding-day.) A beloved deacon of the Tabernacle Church, Mr. Frank Thompson, being at Lyons, thought he would go as far as Menton, just to have a look at his dear Pastor. He formed one of the happy company that drove as far as Mr. Hanbury's new schools at Latte, while Mr. W. C. Houghton photographed various views



selected by C. H. S. to illustrate his "Drives at Menton", and also took a portrait of C. H. S. sitting in his carriage (These will appear next month). On his return to London, Mr. Thompson was able to give a glowing description of the Pastor's progress.

Jan. 9.—C. H. S. completed the revision of the MS. of sermon on Psalm cv. 37, "A Stanza of Deliverance" (No. 2241). Never did he revise a sermon with greater ease or more delight. His pen seemed to fly along the pages; and many times he paused, that he might tell

us of the joy-bells ringing in his heart, as he recounted the glorious story of the wonder-working Jehovah: "He brought them forth also with silver and gold; and there was not one feeble person among their tribes." How little he or anyone else thought that he would never revise another sermon for *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit!*

Jan. 10.—During the week preceding this Sabbath, several fresh guests arrived at the hotel; and not knowing whether all would approve of hymn-singing and prayer in the public *salon*, the Pastor's friends in the house were invited to meet, after dinner, in his sitting-room. (This room is at the right-hand side of the picture, underneath the lower of the two balconies. Only the top of the window is visible, as the rest is hidden by the palm-trees.) There were nineteen present, and a very hallowed season was spent. No record was kept of the hymns sung; but one of them was the same that the little company sang in the train that conveyed the Pastor and his beloved wife and friends from Herne Hill to Dover on October 26, 1891:—

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing."

What a new meaning has been given to the second verse:—

"Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home"!

"*I shall be home in February,*" was the Pastor's reply to everyone who asked him when he thought of being back. *He was home* in February; not at "Westwood", however, but at the heavenly home that his Saviour had gone to prepare for him.

Prayer was presented by Deacon Thompson, Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., and the "armour-bearer." C. H. S. read and expounded Psalm lxxiii., and afterwards read part of his printed sermon on verse 28 of the Psalm, entitled "Let us Pray," (No. 288). The portion selected contained the three sub-divisions:—(1) *Prayer explains mysteries.* (2) *Prayer brings deliverances.* (3) *Prayer obtains promises.*

Jan. 12.—Mr. Spurgeon drove round the *Boulevard Victoria*, in order that another friendly photographer, Mr. P. W. J. Mackenzie, of Dover, might take more views to illustrate his "Drives at Menton." These will, in due course, be presented to our readers.

In the afternoon, Rev. Wm. Arthur, author of *The Tongue of Fire*, had a brief conversation with C. H. S. If they had only known what was about to happen, how much more the veteran warriors would have wanted to say to one another!

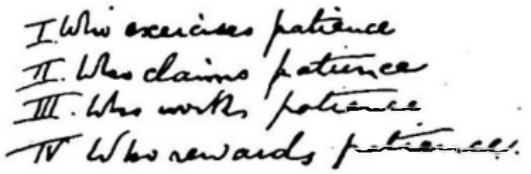
Jan. 13.—C. H. S. wrote *The Sword and the Trowel* "Note" on "The Bible and Modern Criticism." Let those who are insinuating that Mr. Spurgeon had changed his attitude with regard to the Down-grade controversy read this "Note" in the February number of this Magazine, and then say whether his last blow was that of a man striking his flag, or nailing his colours to the mast. Let everyone especially ponder the memorable words with which the writer concludes: "The position is instructive, as showing that to be free from all ecclesiastical entanglements is to the Christian minister a blessing

worth all it has cost, *even though an almost fatal illness might be reckoned as part of the price.*" We must now take out the word "almost", for "part of the price" paid by our beloved Pastor in his contention for the faith was his own life. Henceforth his name must be enrolled as one of "the noble army of martyrs" for the truth's sake, for he counted not his life dear unto him in vindicating that gospel for whose defence he was "set" as much as the apostle Paul ever was. Those who are best qualified to speak upon the matter know that he never fully recovered from the strain of that terrible conflict; and as one who was with him to the last, I can bear my testimony to the fact that his latest conscious moments were embittered by grief over those who had departed from the faith. The Baptist Union and "our own men" who had turned aside from the truth, were specially mentioned; and our dear sufferer was only comforted by the knowledge that he had done all he could to bring about a better state of things.

Jan. 15.—A day of mingled gladness and sadness—Mrs. Spurgeon's birthday, and also the day on which the rumours as to the death of the Duke of Clarence were proved to be only too true. Remembering the kind enquiries of the Prince of Wales during his illness, C. H. S. telegraphed to express his sympathy with the sorrowing parents; and he was especially pleased when he received a telegram conveying the Prince's "heartfelt thanks."

Jan. 17.—This afternoon, while we were arranging the hymns for the evening, C. H. S. said:—"I am going to give a short address to-night." Fearing that he was not well enough to do this, we persuaded him to read something that he had already written. We knew that he was doing more mental work than he ought, though he assured us that he was only amusing himself, and that it was much worse for him to be idle than to employ his time in such literary labour as he felt able to perform without effort or weariness. He yielded to our entreaties, though he evidently wanted to give another little talk to his company of friends; and he never had another opportunity of addressing us! I found out, afterwards, what text he had selected, and the divisions of the subject that he had made. Here is an exact *fac-simile* of the outline he had prepared; but oh, what would we not give to know what he would have said upon this topic, or what he could say upon it now?

"The God of patience."—Rom. xv. 5.



The first hymn sung was the Scotch version of Psalm ciii.—

"O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord!"

Then the Pastor read and expounded Psalm ciii., and called on his secretary to pray. The next hymn was—

"Jerusalem the golden!"

C. H. S. then read his commentary on Matthew xv. 21—28, prayer was presented by Pastor G. Samuel, of Birmingham, and C. H. S. announced *the last hymn he ever gave out.* How appropriate it was to his approaching end, for it was that choice poem which is often wrongly attributed to Samuel Rutherford—

"The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks."

C. H. S.'s closing prayer was peculiarly impressive; and well it might be! Probably our readers will not grudge the space required if we give them the portion of *Mr. Spurgeon's Commentary on Matthew* that he read to the twenty-one friends gathered on that memorable night, at *the last service he ever conducted on earth.* It will give them a specimen of what is in store for them when the volume is published.

XV. 21. *Then Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon.*

He left the loathsome company of the Pharisees, and *went thence,* going as far away as He could without quitting His own country. The great Bishop went to the very borders of His diocese. An inward attraction drew Him where He knew that a believing heart was yearning for Him. He was sent to the house of Israel as a preacher; but He interpreted His commission in its largest sense, and went *into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon.* When those at the centre prove incorrigible, the Lord goes to those who can be only reached from the circumference. Let us always plough to the very end of the field, and serve our day and generation to the extreme limits of our sphere.

22. *And, behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto Him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.*

Behold: here is something worth beholding; good for eyes and hearts. Just as Jesus went to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, *a woman came out of the same coasts* to meet Him. Sooner or later, a meeting will come about between Christ and seeking souls. This *woman of Canaan* had no claim on account of her nationality: she was a Gentile of the worst sort, of a race long before condemned to die. She came from the narrow strip of land whereon the Tyrians dwelt; and like Hiram, of Tyre, she knew the name of David; but she went further, for she had faith in *David's Son.* Love to her daughter led her to travel, to cry, to beseech, to implore mercy. What will not a mother's love achieve? Her need had abolished the barrier between Gentile and Jew; she appealed to Jesus as though she were of the same country as His disciples. She asked the healing of her child as a mercy to herself: "*Have mercy on me.*" She asked it of Jesus as "*Lord.*" She asked it of One greater than Solomon, the "*Son of David,*" the wisest and most potent of wonder-workers. She put the case briefly and pathetically, and pleaded for her daughter with all a mother's loving anxiety.

Her need taught her how to pray. Until we, also, know what we require, and are full of hopeful longings, we shall never plead

prevailingly. Do we pray for our children as this woman pleaded for her daughter? Have we not good reason to take her for our example?

23. *But He answered her not a word. And His disciples came and besought Him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us.*

Silence was a hard answer; for it is translatable by fear into something worse than the harshest speech. *Not a word*, not a word from Him whose every word is power! This was a heavy discouragement. Yet she was not silenced by the Lord's silence. She increased her entreaties. The disciples were mistaken when they said, "*She crieth after us.*" No, no, she cried after *Him*. Should this have afflicted them? Oh, that all men would cry after Him! Such a blessed annoyance should be longed after by compassionate hearts among the Lord's servants. The disciples were, however, driven to appeal to their Master, and though that was something, it was not much. Possibly they meant their complaint to help the woman by obtaining an answer for her one way or another; but their words have a cold look—"*Send her away.*" May we never be so selfish as to feel troubled by enquirers! May we never send them away ourselves by cold looks and harsh words!

Still, the disciples were not able to neglect her; they were forced to plead with Jesus about her; they *came and besought Him*. If Christian people are apparently unsympathetic, let us warm them into feeling by our persistent fervency.

24. *But He answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.*

When Jesus did speak, it was not to her, but to His disciples. She heard the word, and felt it to be a side blow which struck heavily at her hopes. She was not of *the house of Israel;* she owned that she could not number herself among the *sheep:* He was *not sent* to her; how could He go beyond His mission? It would have been small wonder if she had retired in despair. On the contrary, she redoubled her pleading.

25. *Then came she and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me.*

Instead of retiring, *she came* nearer, and she *worshipped Him*. It was well done. She could not solve the problems of the destiny of her race, and of the Lord's commission; but she could pray. She knew little about the limitations of Messiahship, but she knew that the *Lord* had boundless power. If, as a shepherd, He may not gather her, yet, as Lord, He may *help* her. The divine nature of Christ is a well-spring of comfort to troubled hearts.

Her petition was brief, yet comprehensive; it came hot from her heart, and went straight to the point. Her daughter's case was her own, and so she cried, "Lord, help *me*." Lord, help us to pray as she did!

26. *But He answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs.*

At length He turns, and gives a reply to her pleading; but it is not a cheering one. How hard its language! How unlike our Lord's usual self! And yet how true! How unanswerable! Truly, "*It is*

not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs.". Of course, privileges must not be given to those who have no right to them, nor must reserved boons be wasted upon the unworthy. The blessing sought is as bread for children, and the Canaanites were no more members of the chosen family than so many dogs. Their heathen character made them like dogs as to uncleanness. For generations they had known no more of the true God than the dogs which roam the streets. Often they and other Philistine tribes had snapped as dogs at the heels of the Lord's people. The woman had probably heard such phrases as this from proud Jewish bigots, but she had not expected it from the Lord.

27. *And she said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fal from their masters' table.*

It was humbly spoken: "*Truth, Lord.*" It was bravely spoken; for she found food for faith in the hard crusts of our Lord's language. Our Lord had used a word which should be rendered *little dogs*, and she caught at it. Little dogs become the playmates of the children; they lie under the table, and pick up the fragments *which fall* to the ground from the table of their little masters. The householder so far takes the little dog under his care as to allow him to be under the table. If, Gentile dog as she is, she may not be shepherded as one of the flock, she will be content to be tolerated as one of the household in the character of a little dog; for then she will be allowed *the crumbs which fall* from the children's bread, from the dog's little *masters' table*. Great as was the blessing which she sought, it was but a crumb to the Lord's bounty, and to Israel's portion, and therefore she begged to have it, dog as she owned herself to be.

Let us accept the worst character that the Scripture gives us, and still find in it an argument for hope.

28. *Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour.*

Our Saviour loves great faith, and grants to it whatever it desires. Her faith was great comparatively: for a heathen woman, and for one who knew so little of the Saviour, she was surpassingly strong in faith. But her faith was not only great comparatively, it was great positively: to believe in a silent Christ, in one who treats her with a rebuff, in one who calls her a dog, is exceedingly great faith, measure it how you will. Few of us have a tithe as much faith in our Lord as this woman had. To believe that He can cure her daughter at once, and to cling to Him for that boon, is faith which sets even the Lord a wondering, and He cries, "*O woman, great is thy faith!*" How splendid the reward: "*Be it unto thee even as thou wilt!*" According to her will, her daughter's cure was immediate, perfect, and enduring. Oh, for like precious faith, especially for such faith in reference to our sons and daughters! Why should we not have it? Jesus is the same, and we have even more reasons for trusting in Him than the Canaanitess could have had. Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief, and make our children whole!

Jan. 20.—Mr. Spurgeon went for *his last drive* this morning. It was to Monti, one of his favourite short drives. (See *Sword and Trowel* for May, 1890.) In the evening, his hand was so painful from gout, that he went to bed early; and from that bed he never rose.

The following day, gout in the head gave us increased anxiety concerning our beloved patient, and from that time until the end, it was needful that he should be lovingly attended and carefully nursed both day and night; and this service was most cheerfully and willingly rendered. No one anticipated that the illness would assume such a terrible form, although the dear sufferer assured us that his head ached just as it did when he returned from Essex in the summer, and he feared that he was going to be as ill as he had been at "Westwood" during those anxious months last year.

It was about this time that Mr. Spurgeon said to me, "*My work is done*," and spoke of various matters that showed that he felt that his end was approaching. Even then, we all clung to the hope that he would be spared to us, and even permitted to preach again; but on *Tuesday morning, January* 26, Dr. FitzHenry was obliged to report his patient's condition as "serious." This was, for many reasons, a memorable day, for it was the time appointed for bringing to the Tabernacle the thankofferings for the Pastor's partial recovery. (For an account of what took place at Menton that morning, see my address at the Tabernacle on *Wednesday morning, February* 10.—J. W. H.)

It has been very widely published that Mr. Spurgeon quoted to me, as his latest utterance, the words of the apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." There is not the slightest foundation for such a statement. Without flattery, we may say that those words *might* have been truly used by him; and they were most appropriately inscribed upon the olive-wood casket that contained his remains; but *he did not utter them:* it would have been contrary to the whole spirit of his life for him to have done so; he had far too humble an opinion of his own work and worth to use the inspired language, which, by almost universal consent, has been put into his lips. Loving and jealous regard for the honour of my glorified leader makes this statement necessary.

Little can be added about the following anxious days and trying nights. Dr. FitzHenry did all that medical skill, constant attention, and loving care could suggest; Mrs. Spurgeon, Miss Thorne, Mr. Allison, Mr. Samuel, and myself were unceasingly watchful for opportunities of helping the beloved sufferer; but alas! for most of the time he was completely unconscious, and unable to communicate any parting word to the loved ones who waited eagerly for the faintest syllable from his dear lips. He could utter no "dying testimony"; his forty years' ministry made that unnecessary. If there is a regret that he passed away without being able to give any word of farewell, there is also the satisfaction of knowing that there was, on his part, no pain at parting from his beloved wife and family and friends, and no anxiety as to the Church, College, Orphanage, Evangelists, Colporteurs, and the many works and workers he was leaving behind him. We might have desired a different ending to such a wonderful life; but our Lord knew best, and against His will we must not rebel.

When all was over, *about an hour before midnight on Lord's-day, January* 31, 1892, the little company of five, before mentioned, knelt by the bedside, and the "armour-bearer" first gave thanks that the dear sufferer was at rest, and then commended all who had been so sorely bereaved to the sustaining grace of the Divine Comforter. Ere anyone stirred, another voice was heard—it was that of the beloved widow, who, even in that trying hour, thanked the Lord for the precious treasure so long lent to her, and sought at the throne of grace the strength and help so sorely needed. Nor did she seek in vain, for when it became needful to send the sad tidings, not only to relatives and friends in England, but also to "Son Tom" in New Zealand, the simple yet comprehensive message was telegraphed to the dear one far away:—

"*Father in heaven. Mother resigned.*"

What wonderful re-unions took place in that midnight hour, when "absent from the body", he was "present with the Lord"! Doubtless, multitudes were at the beautiful gate, waiting and watching for the man who led them to the Saviour. One must not begin the list of loved ones, parted for a while on earth, and "re-united in glory"; but we have put, on the next page, the portraits of some who would be among the first to welcome him to the ranks of the glorified. He always said that, when he got to heaven, he would say to dear old Father Rogers, "Well, you were wrong about that infant sprinkling, after all, weren't you?" While we have wept, what joy there has been to mother and son, pastor and deacons, and many, who never saw him in the flesh, who now, with him, are "for ever with the Lord."

Feb. 1.—To the praise of the Lord's providential arrangements, it ought to be recorded, that the very first letter opened by me after our loved one fell asleep in Jesus, contained the notice of a legacy of £500 for the Stockwell Orphanage. I took it as a gracious indication that the Lord would still continue to provide for the five hundred fatherless children in "Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage." God buries His workers; but His work goes on. Doubtless He will move many of His stewards to bring of the substance with which He has entrusted them, that all parts of the work that He inspired His now glorified servant to undertake may be maintained with equal or increased efficiency.

This already too long "despatch" must be closed with one bright reminiscence. Mrs. Spurgeon had been looking at the planets, Jupiter and Venus, which were unusually bright even for Menton, where the stars generally shine with a brilliance unknown in our dear dull island-home. Speaking of her beloved, she said, "I wonder what he thinks of those planets now." I replied, "If they are inhabited, he has asked the Lord to let him go, that he may preach the gospel there." "No doubt of it," she added, "for how often he said that, when he got to heaven, he would stand at the corner of one of the streets, and proclaim to the angels the old, old story of Jesus and his love!" This was his interpretation of the text—"To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Re-united in Glory.



W. OLNEY.



W. HIGGS.



C. H. S.'s MOTHER.



C. H. S.



B. W. CARR.



REV. GEORGE ROGERS.

"For Ever with the Lord."

First Memorial Service at Menton.

WHEN it was finally decided that the remains of our beloved Pastor were to be laid to rest in England, it was felt that there must be a Memorial Service in the little town where he had spent so many winters, and had been so great a blessing to many people in various ways. It was also felt that there was no place so suitable for such a service as the Scotch Presbyterian Church, for Mr. Spurgeon had preached at the opening of that building, just about a year previously, the sermon which was afterwards published under the title of "Redemption through Blood, the Gracious Forgiveness of Sins" (No. 2,207). The minister of the church, Rev. J. E. Somerville, B.D., made all the arrangements, in consultation with Mr. Allison and Mr. Harrald, and in accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Spurgeon.

Thursday, February 4, was "a real Menton morning"—not a cloud could be seen in the bright blue sky, the sun made the Mediterranean glisten like "a sea of glass mingled with fire", and everything in nature seemed to remind us of the joy into which our loved and lost leader had entered, in the land where—

> "Everlasting spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers."

There were many sad hearts among the representatives of all sections of the Christian church, who gathered around the olive-wood casket enclosing the precious body. Canon Sidebotham and Rev. A. M. Topp, the ministers of the two Episcopal churches, were there, with, Rev. Talbot Greaves, M.A., vicar of Clifton, Revs. Arthur W. Phelps, R. Logan, and other clergy from "The House of Rest"; Rev. J. Lings, a constant Menton visitor, and friend of Mr. Spurgeon; Mr. C. E. Faithfull, the sailors' friend, from Marseilles; M. Palmaro, the British Vice-Consul, Dr. FitzHenry (Mr. Spurgeon's medical attendant and faithful friend), Mrs. Hanbury, and all of C. H. S.'s Menton circle who could possibly attend.

Many friends sent very beautiful wreaths, for the dear one went home from the land of flowers; but Mrs. Spurgeon contributed *palm branches*, as the most appropriate emblems of the victory of her beloved, as he stood with the great multitude "before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

The hymn beginning—

> "Give me the wings of faith to rise,"

was sung. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell, of Nice; and Mr. Somerville read Isaiah xl. 1-8, 1 Corinthians xv. 19-26, and 53-57; 2 Corinthians iv. 17—v. 10; and Revelation vii. 9-17; and then delivered the following address:—

"In the presence of the dead, words of man seem inappropriate, and eulogy is out of place. A prince and a great man is fallen in Israel. We meet, to-day, a company of mourners, and we desire to join in their mourning, the family, the congregation, and that wide circle who have sustained so sore a bereavement; for Charles

Spurgeon belonged not to the Metropolitan Tabernacle only, nor to London, nor to England, but to all English-speaking countries, and to many others besides.

"In him, God bestowed upon our *age* and on the *world* a great gift; and we are thankful that for so many years he was permitted to witness with such fearlessness, eloquence, and power, for the Lord, whom it was his delight to serve; and that he was honoured to be the instrument of salvation to multitudes, many of whom never saw his face.

"That active life is over here. No more shall that mellow and wondrous voice (the first that was heard in this church) plead with men, nor the ready pen counsel and delight. The labourer rests. The warrior's 'sword' lies idle, the 'trowel' has fallen from the workman's hand, because the Master has said 'Come.'

"'Charles Haddon Spurgeon is dead,' many are saying to-day; nay, not dead, but entered on life more abundant. The chamber of suffering has been exchanged for the land where the inhabitant shall no more say, 'I am sick.' He has gone from us; but he sees the King in His beauty.

"Shall we lament because another voice has been added to the chorus of the redeemed above, that the servant has been rewarded, that the victor has been crowned? Gone *home*, not gone *away*, he is present with the Lord. In *one more* the Saviour has seen of the travail of His soul.

"Only four days ago we prayed that he might be spared to us, and be allowed to labour longer; but Jesus prayed, 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory.' We cannot now wish that that prayer had been denied.

"Shall we selfishly grudge *the Lord* satisfaction over his redeemed, or *our brother* the blessedness and joy of the Master's welcome, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord'?

"He has been called away in his prime, when to us his presence seemed necessary, and when he gave promise of years of usefulness. But his work was done, and we must learn to say—

> 'Just when *Thou* wilt, O Master, call,
> Or at the noon or evening fall;
> Or in the *dark*, or in the *light*,
> Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.'

So we bow the head, and say, 'The will of the Lord be done. Hallelujah!'"

Pasteur Delapierre, of the French Evangelical Church, spoke in French concerning the great influence exerted by our departed friend over the French-speaking churches, and bore testimony to his fidelity to the revealed Word, his practical charity to all men, and his humility and love, which endeared him to so many. M. Delapierre also offered prayer for the bereaved family, friends, and church. Mr. Harrald delivered Mrs. Spurgeon's message to the congregation: "If you want to tell them anything from me, say—

> 'He hath done all things well,'"

and gave some touching reminiscences of his beloved leader's last days. Pastor G. Samuel, of Birmingham, spoke on behalf of the 800 ministers trained in the Pastors' College, and especially referred to the tenderness and gentleness of the departed President. The hymn—

"For ever with the Lord,"

was solemnly sung, and then all stood while the coffin was carried to the open hearse, which proceeded at once to the railway station, followed by probably a larger and sadder company of mourners than ever gathered for a Protestant funeral at Menton.

Memorial Services at the Tabernacle.

REPORTED BY VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

ALMOST as soon as it became known in London that our beloved Pastor had entered heaven, the Memorial Services at the Tabernacle began. *Monday, the first of February*, had previously, at his suggestion, been set apart as a day of prayer that the epidemic of influenza, which then prevailed, might be removed. The prayer-meetings were held, and a very speedy answer was given, for the disease abated the same week; but little did anyone imagine that the gatherings thus arranged would be turned to such solemn purpose as they were that day. With but little interval, the people met together during the morning and afternoon; and in the evening, an immense prayer-meeting was held, one of the largest ever known, even at the Tabernacle, and, amidst the hush of stricken hearts, God visited His people, and spoke peace to many. Mr. Spurgeon's own version of the thirty-ninth Psalm, often used at these Memorial gatherings, was then sung with deep feeling, for the first time.

Every succeeding day, informal meetings were held, and on *Thursday, February* 4, Dr. Pierson, who has stood like a giant, strong in faith, all through the trying ordeal, preached from Psalm xc. 16 and 17, a sermon for which everyone who heard it afterwards expressed the utmost gratitude. It was just such a steadying message as was needed at such a crisis in the history of the church. The little-faith of many was rebuked; and new hope born that, though the chief worker was removed, the work of God would be established; and that the beauty of the Lord would yet be given instead of mourning, ay, even in the midst of the sorrow.

Lord's-day morning, February 7—the first Lord's-day without a Pastor—dawned grey and misty. Many an aching heart turned wistfully towards the place of solemn assembly, with mingled feelings of faith and fear. Very early, meetings for prayer were convoked, and our spirits were thus braced for the more public gatherings. A great crowd, dressed in deep mourning, filled the building in every corner, when Pastor James Spurgeon led, in the opening act of worship, a short invocation modelled on what is usually known as "the Lord's prayer." Very beautiful and pathetic it was, a fitting

prelude to the exercises of the day. Though the tension of heart and mind was intense, Dr. Pierson, evidently helped by our Covenant God, upon whom he had cast himself without reserve, was able in the reading, and in prayer, to speak comfortable words to the people. The sermon, which referred to the present state of those who fell asleep in Jesus, was based upon Revelation xiv. 13, "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." As a full report of it, and of all the Memorial Services, will be issued, we will not attempt an extended notice, only saying that the preacher was able to control his own emotion, and to lead the thoughts of the congregation in great measure from their own terrible loss, to their beloved Pastor's exceeding gain.

On the evening of the Lord's-day, such crowds flocked to the familiar rallying-point, that, before the time of service, the Tabernacle was densely thronged with a subdued, black-robed congregation. The number of those unable to gain admission was so great as to fill the open space inside the railings in front, and reached across the road. Again, with great power, Dr. Pierson preached, taking as his motto Revelation iv. 1, but allowing himself ample margin to gather up the general teaching of the Apocalypse as to the glory of the future; and so vividly picturing the blessedness of heaven, as to make us almost greedy to join our beloved in the land of light.

The great Communion Service followed. He who has missed seeing one of these services at the Tabernacle, has missed a sight unique in Christendom. The body of the building, and half the first gallery, filled with communicants, and the rest of the space occupied with interested spectators, is almost an overwhelming spectacle at any time. But now, with the Pastor's chair empty, it was quite overpowering. With few words, and quiet movement, the simple emblems of our Lord's death were taken in token of His body broken and His blood shed for His people. As Christ's death has become the gate of life to us, some of us felt then that perhaps the removal of C. H. Spurgeon might become, by the overruling grace of God, a deep and widespread benediction.

At the close of the Communion Service, Deacon Thomas H. Olney read a statement to the church, which gave universal satisfaction. By unanimous voice of the officers, Rev. James Spurgeon had been desired and had consented to continue as *Pastor in charge*, and Dr. Pierson had also, in response to an earnest appeal to that effect, expressed his willingness to continue as *Officiating Minister*. Only one sentiment prevailed in reference to this temporary arrangement, and that was deep gratitude. We all thanked God that, though one brother had been taken, the other was left. As we had never known how much we loved our departed Pastor until he was called away from us, we never knew how much we esteemed and valued his brother until he was left alone. Nobly has he fulfilled his part, and as, between him and Dr. Pierson, for whom we devoutly thank God, there exists a most fraternal union; and between them both and the church, the heartiest sympathy; long may the arrangement last, which has so auspiciously begun!

At eleven o'clock, on *Monday morning, February* 8, the precious burden from Menton was expected to arrive in London. The officers of the church and a few friends gathered at Victoria Station in good time; and as the appointed hour drew nigh, many of the public began to loiter about. A plain hearse and a few ordinary carriages were in waiting, and a very few minutes past the time the train from Newhaven drew slowly up to the platform. The coffin, which had crossed from Dieppe during the night, and, in answer to the prayers offered the previous evening, had arrived safely, had been taken from its outer case at Newhaven. There, and also at Lewes, informal meetings were held by the ministers of the town. As the beautiful olive-wood sarcophagus was quietly and reverently lifted into the vehicle, the crowd eagerly pressed forward to look at it. With bared heads, and, in many cases, with streaming eyes, the people stood, while the magnificent palm-branches, which had been sent by Mrs. Spurgeon all the way from the South of France, were placed above the coffin. Then, through the crowd, which now numbered thousands, the solemn procession passed on its way to the Pastors' College. The rain now came down in torrents, and we, who were weeping, thought it meet that the English skies should weep, too, for him who had fallen in the fight. Along the route there were many who recognized the meaning of the hearse and palm-branches, and when the *cortège* turned into Temple Street, immediately at the back of the Tabernacle, there was a great hurrying to secure a place near the College gates.

The beloved body was at once borne to the Common Room of the College; common, that is to say, in the sense of being open to all the students, but not "Common" even in that sense that day, and in any other sense common nevermore, since it was the first resting-place in England of the mortal body of *the late* CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON. The room had been beautifully prepared for the reception of the remains, plants of the palm species, and white arum lilies being placed in profusion around the room; and now there lay there that most suggestive olive-wood casket, with the official black seals of the Vice-Consul and the Commissary of Police, which had been placed upon it at Menton, still clear: within it—ah! how the tears came—there was all that was mortal of the beloved Pastor, the honoured President, the revered friend; the "man greatly-beloved", who had the seal of God so clearly upon his forehead, that all owned the sanctity of his life.

Immediately there was held a short and simple service, attended only by the officers of the church and a few invited friends. The time was chiefly spent in prayer, bowing low before our God. Then a few of the students of the College were admitted to gaze upon the coffin, and pay homage to the memory of their leader.

In the afternoon, another short service, specially for the members of the bereaved family, was held.

Of the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, *in the evening*, little need be said, except that it was very largely attended, and was filled with a sense of God's presence. We turned away saying, "How awful is this place!" Dr. Pierson made a personal statement as to the remarkable leading of God with reference to his present sphere; and, after reading the Word of God, urged strongly that when God took away Moses, He

always had a Joshua to lead His people; and it was now the attitude of the hour to wait expectantly on Him, who never fails those who put their trust in Him.

Several earnest prayers were offered for the remaining services of the week. It was desired of God that hundreds might be blessed by means of them, and special petition was made that the great throngs which would gather might be kept calm, and free from any accident. Hearty thanks were also rendered for all the streaks of light in the midst of the darkness, and for the last favour in that the sacred dust of the dear Pastor had at length been safely brought to the scene of his many labours.

As "devout men carried Stephen to his burial," it was appropriate that, towards ten o'clock at night, a band of the students of the Pastors' College should carry the sacred burden from the College to its place in the Tabernacle. They counted it an honour to be entrusted with the task; and some pews at the front having been removed, the lifeless clay was deposited in the great building where the living voice had so often been heard in loving persuasion, and in outspoken defence of the truth.

Only those who have taken part in the arrangements for the memorial meetings which were to follow, can have any conception of the labours involved in carrying them so safely to a satisfactory issue. Everyone about the Tabernacle was busy from morning to night, and sometimes all night long. Each vied with the other in helping forward the necessary preliminaries. Until Monday night everything was spontaneous, and without much definite pre-arrangement; but the dimensions of the matter in hand required, for the future gatherings, the most careful judgment and the greatest precision. Nothing was lacking. Both the cool, clear head to plan, and the warm, eager hand to execute, were available; and events have proved the wisdom of the plans, and the completeness of the organization. Letters poured in literally by the thousand, demanding an answer. A most miscellaneous assortment of tickets had to be allotted; careful arrangements for the comfort and safety of the people had to be devised, and all the other necessary funeral fixtures had to be made. Now, when all is over, let it be said, to the praise of the presiding Spirit of God, that not one thing seems to have been forgotten; not a single accident has happened; not a jarring note has been heard. All those who shared in the services are greatly indebted to the earnest workers who so willingly and efficiently conceived and carried out the excellent arrangements.

From seven o'clock in the morning of *Tuesday*, *February* 9, until seven in the evening, the Tabernacle was open, and two continuous streams of people passed up the aisles to view the coffin enclosing the body of him who had been the greatest spiritual force of his generation in London, or perhaps in the world. All classes were represented, from the very poor to the well-to-do artisan, and from the tradesman to men of the city and suburbs. Passing the coffin, over which were triumphantly placed Mrs. Spurgeon's palm-branches, many were moved with evident emotion. It is variously estimated that 50,000 to to 60,000 persons must have visited the spot during the day. This was

a very memorable day, and a remarkable preface to the days still more memorable which were to follow.

The precious body was enclosed in a leaden casket, and the outer coffin of Menton olive-wood had plates at the head and foot, bearing the following inscription:—

In ever-loving memory of
CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON,
Born at Kelvedon, June 19, 1834,
Fell asleep in Jesus at Menton, Jan. 31, 1892.
"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Around the coffin were many beautiful tributes from loving hearts. First came a pretty anchor, composed of lilies and hyacinths, from the Rev. John Robertson and the congregation of Gorbals Tabernacle, Glasgow, with the quotation from one of Mr. Spurgeon's most recent letters, "The sun shines at length." Next to this was a handsome wreath, "In loving and grateful remembrance," from the children at the Stockwell Orphanage. Side by side with this testimony of affection was the large floral harp, formed of lilies, with golden strings, one of which was significantly broken, which had been sent from the sister isle. It was inscribed, "'He, being dead, yet speaketh,' Hebrews xi. 4. A loving tribute to the memory of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, from the Baptist churches of Belfast." Attached to this were a sword and trowel fashioned in violets, and accompanied by the following extract from a memorial poem written by Mr. Maxwell:—

"Oh, master-builder thou, on Zion's wall
Thy busy *Trowel* knew no cankering rust.
Thy *Sword* was keen and double-edged withal
To smite th' invading foemen to the dust."

Pastor A. G. Barley, on behalf of Pasteur R. Saillens and Christians in Paris, brought a magnificent wreath.

Flowers and wreaths would have been sent in almost incalculable numbers, but it was specially requested that the memory of the glorified Pastor should be honoured by gifts to the College and Orphanage. A reference to our list of contributions will show that in many instances this has been done right heartily.

At the coffin sides were several cards, which attracted the notice of many. That from Mrs. Spurgeon read: "'With Christ, which is far better.' I will follow thee, my husband. Undying love from 'the wife of thy youth.'" On behalf of his departed brother, Mr. James Spurgeon had a card, "Behold, I die, but God shall be with you," Gen. xlviii. 21. On behalf of himself and his wife, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon had another card, "So an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," 2 Peter i. 11; "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him," 1 Thessalonians iv. 14. Pastor Charles Spurgeon's card read: "His," Rom. xiv. 8; "Now he is comforted," Luke xvi. 25; "In fondest memory of the dearest of fathers, from his son Charles." The next card read: "Within the veil," Heb. vi. 19; "Absent .... present with the Lord," 2 Cor. v. 8;

"In affectionate remembrance of dear father, from son Tom." This was attached to the coffin by Mr. Charles Spurgeon on behalf of his brother in New Zealand. Mr. Harrald's card read: "In fondest memory of my dearest earthly friend, my beloved Pastor and father in the faith, and 'the good soldier of Jesus Christ', whose armour-bearer desires to be faithful unto death as his captain was." The card of Miss E. H. Thorne (Mrs. Spurgeon's companion) read: "In loving memory of the best and kindest friend I ever had on earth."

On the black drapery of the upper rostrum was the very significant admonition, "Remember the word that I said unto you while I was yet present with you;" while, on the lower platform, the text, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," was inscribed. None could question that it was a true description of the life of the man of God whom they had come to honour; and a marble bust of whom looked down upon them from between the two platforms.

The most intensely solemn of all the gatherings was when, on *Wednesday morning, February* 10, the members of the Tabernacle Church gathered together with the body of their departed Pastor in their midst. Admission to this service was only by the Communion Cards for 1892; so, as several speakers said, it was, in reality, a great family gathering; and we were more like bereaved children meeting around the remains of a loved father, than a gathering of strangers assembled to do honour to a dead leader.

Pastor James A. Spurgeon appropriately and efficiently occupied the chair, though evidently hard put to it to keep back his own sorrow; and he wisely contented himself with announcing the speakers in a few kindly words. It is impossible, in the limits at our disposal, to chronicle all the notable words spoken at these meetings; and it is unnecessary to do so, since the book containing the Official Report will so soon be in the hands of the public.

Dr. Angus, of Regent's Park College, spoke first, as a former pastor of the church; and although he was not clearly heard by everybody, his reminiscences of fifty years ago, and his exhortations for the present emergency, were both interesting and edifying.

Dr. Pierson, who, immediately on rising, commanded the sympathetic attention of the meeting, first of all read the following very touching extract from a personal letter which he had that morning received from the beloved widow at Menton. The letter was written on the previous Lord's-day. We are sure our readers will like to have the extract in full:—

"I want to tell you how perfectly happy my beloved was during the three delightful months of his residence here. The joy of bringing me to the place he loved so well, and showing me eagerly all the beautiful scenery in which he so delighted, was greatly enhanced by the assurance that you were standing in his place at home. How little we thought what God meant to do with His dear servant when He called you from beyond the seas! but our faith shall not fail. 'He hath done all things well;' and though the future, both to you and to me, may seem clouded and uncertain, we will trust, and not be

afraid. With me it is an absolute necessity that I keep looking up. 'He is not here; he is risen,' is as true of my beloved as of my beloved's Lord. To-day he has been a week in heaven. Oh, the bliss, the rapture, of seeing his Saviour's face! Oh, the welcome home which awaited him as he left this sad earth! Not for a moment do I wish him back, though he was dearer to me than tongue can tell. I shall pray much for you all during the week of grief. I feel myself like a shipwrecked mariner who has with difficulty reached the shore, and now looks with streaming eyes and fainting heart on others still struggling through those awful waves of sorrow. With Christian love and intensest sympathy, "Your grateful friend,

"SUSIE SPURGEON."

Dr. Pierson then spoke of Mr. Spurgeon as an Evangelist; as a Pastor; and as a Christian believer, evoking hearty responses from the congregation many times. Perhaps the happiest point was the comparison of the deceased Pastor to Paganini, in which he insisted strongly that, so far from the limitation to the one topic, "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified", being the blemish of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, it was in reality the glory of it; even as it was the glory of Paganini to evoke melodies from one string, that no other living performer had been able to bring out of four strings.

The greatest interest of the meeting centred in the message of Mr. J. W. Harrald, the gentle, wise, indefatigable secretary of the late Pastor, who had only arrived from Menton, the previous evening, with Mr. C. F. Allison, one of the deacons, both having been present at the final scene in the death-chamber. Amongst many hallowed reminiscences, were the following; all that space will permit of; the rest will appear in the forthcoming volume:—

"You cannot tell all that those three months at Menton mean. Little by little it will come out, and you will be thankful as you see how true is the text which has been placed on one end of the coffin. The question has been put to me already, 'When did the Pastor say to you, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith"?' Let it be known, as distinctly as possible, *the Pastor did not say it at all.* I have taken every opportunity I could get to say that the last message he was able to deliver to the congregation, or to anyone, was that remarkable message telegraphed to you on the very day that you were bringing in thankofferings for his partial recovery. Read that message again, in the light of what I am certain he knew at the time, and then see how characteristic it was.

"He and Mrs. Spurgeon were talking together, and they called me into the bedroom. They said, 'There is a little matter of business for you to attend to'; and then our dear Pastor dictated to me a telegram to be sent to the Tabernacle. He began, '*Self and wife*, £100, *thankoffering*'; but altering the wording, he said, 'No; put it, "£100, *hearty thankoffering towards Tabernacle General Expenses. Love to all friends.*"'

"I waited for more, but he had fallen asleep. That terrible unconsciousness, that soon seized him in its dreaded grasp, was already beginning to affect him. I waited, perhaps half an hour, and when he awoke, I said,—

"'You did not finish the telegram.'

"'Hasn't it gone yet?' he asked.

"'No,' I replied; 'there is plenty of time. They do not meet at the Tabernacle till four o'clock this afternoon; and I could not send it off without telling them how you are, for all will be anxious to know about you.'

"In his own characteristic way he said, '*Let them find out; that is all I am going to say.*' Was it not just like him? Of course, I put a few words at the end of his telegram, that the friends at home might know how ill he was; but his last message was in harmony with his whole life—all for others, and not a word about himself. Was not his action characteristic even to the end?

"In most solemn conversation with me, several days before that, he had said, '*My work is done*'; and he began talking of certain matters which no man would speak of, least of all such a man as he, unless he was certain that his work was ended. Yet, knowing that he was upon his dying bed, and perhaps, for aught one can tell, knowing that this was the last message he would ever send, he only said, '*Hearty thankoffering.*' Notice that he did not say, '*for recovery*'; every word was carefully weighed. '*Love to all friends.*'

"This was his last message to you, and it is no use asking for any other. There is no other. We watched day and night with him. Oh, what would we not have given if we could have had another word? We hoped against hope that there would have been some other final message, but no other was given. There you have it all: '*Hearty thankoffering. Love to all friends.*'

"But has not our dear Pastor a last word for us? Ay, that he has; and here again I must link his name with that of his beloved and bereaved wife! You know what, by a most remarkable overruling of the providence of God, last week's sermon was—('God's Will about the Future,' No. 2,242). Even more remarkable, the Pastor's message for this very week is what Mrs. Spurgeon has herself entitled, 'His own Funeral Sermon' (No. 2,243). The text is, 'For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep.' That sermon is his special message for to-day."

Mr. Charlesworth, the excellent head-master of Stockwell Orphanage, then read a most appropriate selection of passages of Scripture, after which Pastor T. W. Medhurst, who was the first student of the Pastors' College, led in a heartfelt prayer. Mr. T. H. Olney then surprised us all by his able and interesting remarks; and though he desired sympathy as an unpractised speaker, he rose to the occasion in a striking manner. He had eight points, on each of which he bore his own testimony, and witnessed, on behalf of the deacons, to the high worth of the late Pastor, and the great love and esteem in which he was held; as a man of faith, a man of prayer, one who was most grateful, one eager for the salvation of souls, one who had the esteem of the church officers, who inspired confidence, who drew out devoted service, and, last of all, who was a charming companion. Good words were spoken, and the extracts from the letters and telegrams, which Mr. Olney had received at various times, proved very interesting.

Mr. J. T. Dunn, representing the elders, also spoke hearty words of

affection and stimulus; Mr. W. Corden Jones, of the Colportage Association, announced a hymn; and, to the regret of all, we learned that Principal Gracey was too ill to attend.

Mr. William Olney, the last speaker, on behalf of all the Mission workers in connection with the twenty-three mission stations and twenty-six branch schools, spoke most admirably of the interest Mr. Spurgeon had always manifested in mission work. This he traced to two causes; first, because he valued the souls of poor men; and next, because of his kindliness of heart. An interesting incident, which Mr. Olney narrated, will be appreciated: "Just before Mr. Spurgeon was taken ill last summer, with that illness which has ended fatally, he used to recount, sometimes in his addresses at the prayer-meeting, sometimes in private conversation, a little incident in mission work which was very touching. A dear brother who, I expect, is present here this morning, wrote to his Sunday-school class in a mission-school, and in consequence of those letters, some half-dozen of his boys were brought to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Our dear Pastor used to tell that story with tears, and to ask all his Christian hearers to be as earnest as this brother was in telling the story of the love of Jesus by tongue and by pen."

During the meeting, the following telegram from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon was read:—"My heart bleeds with yours, but our beloved's joy is full. We shall see him again, and our hearts shall rejoice. Death shall be swallowed up in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces. "SPURGEON, Menton."

During the interval between the morning and afternoon meetings of *Wednesday*, *February* 10, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon for a few minutes met as many of the members of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association as could be gathered together by a necessarily short notice. The proceedings were commenced by the singing of the first stanza of "The College National Anthem"—

"Hallelujah for the Cross!"

There was a tremor in many a strong voice as the singers remembered the last occasion when that grand battle-cry of the church militant rang out in the Conference Hall; for *the President was present then!* Pastor C. B. Sawday, of Leicester, led the mourning assembly in a very tender, touching prayer; and then the Vice-President (who becomes, by his brother's promotion to glory, Acting-President till the close of the Conference year), spoke briefly but bravely concerning the great loss that he, in common with all his brethren, had sustained, only adding that he had lost two brothers—one in the flesh, and one in the Lord. He then explained the arrangements that had been made for the ministers' and students' participation in the funeral services on the following day; and said that, as soon as it could be conveniently done, the Emergency Committee would be summoned, for if there ever was an "emergency" in the history of the College Association, it had arisen through the calling home of the beloved President.

Mr. Spurgeon bore witness to the indefatigable industry of the Conference Secretaries, Pastors H. O. Mackey and Sydney J. Jones,

in connection with the memorial meetings; and also spoke of the indebtedness of every member of the Association to Mr. Harrald for his devoted service to the President. It might truly be said that he had probably shortened his own life in his desire to spare and save his loved leader; and all the brotherhood felt that he had bestowed a personal favour upon them by his loyal and heroic devotion to the dear one they all mourned. Mr. Harrald briefly expressed his heartfelt thanks for the words that had been so kindly spoken; and then said that he felt fully rewarded for whatever the service had cost him, in the knowledge that the beloved President was thereby the more able to carry on his world-wide work. He also asked the brethren to send on any "Reminiscences" that might be worth preserving in the Memorial Number of *The Sword and the Trowel*. Pastor G. Samuel, of Birmingham, gave a short account of the first glad and then sad weeks spent at the Hôtel Beau Rivage, Menton, and joined Mr. Harrald in saying that he knew that many of the brethren in the Association would have been only too pleased to render the service that they had been privileged to give, or would willingly have laid down their lives if their President might thereby have been spared a little longer.

The time for the afternoon meeting was approaching, so the assembly was dismissed with the benediction. Never had so sorrowful and quiet a company of brethren ascended and descended the steps of their "dear old College."

Perhaps the most memorable meeting of the series was the gathering of ministers and students on *Wednesday afternoon, February* 10. Close upon five thousand men, representing all sections of the church, Conformist and Nonconformist, assembled at three o'clock. Very seldom has there been such a magnificent gathering of ministers; and probably never such a heterogeneous assemblage, called together by a common instinct. To hear these thousands of men's voices, all in measure trained to congregational singing, lifted up in the hymn, "Come, let us join our friends above," or in "Far down the ages now," was a gloriously elevating experience, and suggested a vision of the power the church of God would have in the world if all sections of it which are loyal to Christ were united to publish his praise. But, alas! that day is not yet.

After prayer by Dr. Pierson, and the singing of a hymn, announced by Rev. David Davies, of Brighton, Dr. McLaren, of Manchester, who presided, struck a high key-note, and, throughout his eulogy of the glorified Pastor, maintained it. Enforcing the lessons he himself had learned from the life of him who slept under the olive-wood, he drew attention to the staple, the spirit, and the hidden spring of a successful ministry. His exposition of the central verities of the Christian faith was very fine. Here it is:—"Salvation through Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Lamb of God; life through the Divine Spirit; faith in Christ the uniting bond, and simplicity of life the manifest token." "I do not believe," he said, in another connection, "that any truth is so deep that it is not capable of expression in the English tongue, which John Bunyan and Charles Spurgeon wielded. I do not believe

that we Christian ministers have anything much worth saying to-day, which cannot be said in language that the old women in their garrets, or the little children in their nurseries, can understand and remember." Dr. McLaren's weighty words will long be remembered.

Canon Fleming, who spoke of a friendship of twenty-five years with the absent Pastor, referred to the intense way in which he loved his friends. To prove it "you have only to recall", he said, "the grasp of the warm hand, and the 'God bless you!' that leaped to his honest lips." Having emphasized the true unity of God's people, underlying all their minor differences, the Canon referred to Mr. Spurgeon's suffering, to his marvellous memory, to his humility, and to his teachableness, as great elements of his power; and then, urging men to imitate him, he said, "But I venture to suggest that a man will best imitate Spurgeon by not attempting to imitate him at all, and he will best follow him by following Him whom he loved and served."

An earnest prayer for a present blessing having been offered by Pastor William Cuff, and the suppressed emotion of the meeting relieved by the singing of a hymn, which Rev. John Bond announced, Dr. Monro Gibson, Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod, stepped forward to address the meeting. His remarks were chiefly of a consolatory character, recognizing to the full the terrible loss, but urging as the paramount duty praise for the life, rather than sorrow for the death. "Measureless as is the loss, just so measureless was the gift. Forty years of such service, and shall we murmur because it was not lengthened out to sixty years?"

"What touched you most in the meeting?" was the question addressed to several persons. "The orphans' singing", said one; "the sight of the coffin", a second; "Herber Evans' speech", was the answer of a third. Truly, the emotion of the meeting reached flood-tide during the next address. As Dr. Herber Evans, Chairman of the Congregational Union, himself almost reaching his native Welsh *hwyl*, drew in pathetic tones, a charming picture of "the Spurgeon of history", who could not be buried, who would live in the hearts of those whom he loved so well, and "gave his life to save", tears came to nearly every eye. A moment later, strong men sobbed like little children, when he added, "Many a man, from distant parts, will come to that grave, and will say, 'I read his words far away in my distant home, and they turned me to Jesus; and I vowed that, when I came to London, I would drop a tear over his grave. It is not a tear of sadness; but it falls as naturally as April rain when I think of him.' Mothers will take their little children to that grave, and tell them quietly the name of the man that turned them homeward, and changed their earthly home to a place of peace." We should like to quote many other passages in this marvellous oration, especially that bit about Mr. Spurgeon's advantages of birth and training; but must forbear. All will appear in due course in the Memorial volume.

The next speaker was the eloquent President of the Wesleyan Conference, Dr. T. B. Stephenson, who said that the meeting he addressed was unique, and would be historical. After noticing Mr. Spurgeon's early references to Methodist doctrine, he drew a magnificent parallel

between John the Baptist and the great Baptist preacher, whom all sections of the church now lamented.

At this point, the little band of orphan boys chimed in with the hymn, "The Homeland", already referred to. Some of the lads could scarcely sing for sobs, and many a responsive tear, amongst the audience, spoke eloquently of the pathos of their song.

Dr. Pierson was the next speaker, and as a representative of America, he laid a garland beside the grave. His theme was, first, the natural, and then the supernatural, elements in Mr. Spurgeon's usefulness. With fine dramatic force, he compared him, in his sturdy defence of the truth, to "Seneca's pilot, who, in the midst of the stormy waves, looked up to heaven, and said, 'Neptune, you may sink me, or you may save me, but I will hold my rudder true.'" A responsive thrill greeted this metaphor. Added to love of truth, Dr. Pierson instanced love of hard work, and singleness and simplicity of aim, as being the natural basis of Mr. Spurgeon's success. Then, venturing on to the supernatural basis, he became himself Spurgeonic in his boldness. Only a hero would have dared to take the line he adopted before such an audience; but he not only entered upon a cogent argument for the supernatural in the Bible, and in the believer, he triumphantly carried his point. By the effectual working of the Spirit of God, may it be found, in days to come, that conviction of the truth may have been wrought in some wavering hearts!

At this point a telegram from D. L. Moody was read; a message of sympathy and a text, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Mr. Meyer, who represented the London Baptist Association, was called upon when the time was already exhausted, and at the front of the building the people were gathering for the evening meeting. He compared Mr. Spurgeon to a vessel of gold filled with the power of God, in which respect the vessels of inferior material could still imitate him; and having spoken for a brief space, wisely turned his speaking into a prayer of dedication, after which Dr. McEwan pronounced the benediction, and brought one of the most remarkable meetings of the century to a close.

The meeting on *Wednesday evening, February* 10, was for Christian workers of all denominations; and the building was crowded almost as soon as the doors were opened. In fact, all day long, as soon as one audience left the Tabernacle at one end, another poured in from the opposite direction. Thus four different crowded meetings were held during the day. We are now to speak of the third. A beautiful prayer having been offered by Mr. W. J. Orsman, of the Golden Lane Mission, and Mr. Spurgeon's version of Psalm xxxix. having been announced by Mr. A. H. Baynes, secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, a burst of sacred song filled the courts of the sanctuary.

The chairman, George Williams, Esq., President of the Young Men's Christian Association, then opened the meeting with a sympathetic speech, in which, after speaking of the wide sphere of Mr. Spurgeon's influence, and the wondrous grip of his faith, he linked the names of Whitefield, Wesley, and Spurgeon as likely to go

down together, along the ages, as the names of the foremost modern leaders in the ministry of the Gospel. Following him came Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., who, in the course of a lengthy speech, quoted many of the opinions of great and eminent men as to the late Pastor. Most interesting were his references to Mr. Spurgeon's visits to the Mildmay Conference, of which Sir Arthur is President; and a ripple of laughter followed his narrative of Mr. Spurgeon's remark to him on one occasion, when he expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet the speaker. "We always know where to find you," was the hearty greeting. "I felt six inches taller after that," said Sir Arthur, which, considering that he was the tallest man on the platform, was really a formidable intimation.

Great pleasure was expressed at the presence of Ira D. Sankey, who spoke of his frequent visits to the Tabernacle, and of the blessing he had often received there. It came as a pleasing surprise to many, when he said that Mr. Spurgeon's clear enunciation had first taught him how to use his voice effectively in song. Most pathetically he then sang that beautiful poem—

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast:
We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee best—
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!"

When the last verse, with the final "Good-night," was reached, it came only as a whisper through the quivering lips of the singer; and as he bowed his head, it reached, like a far-away echo, the weeping hearts of eager listeners, who longed yearningly for the dawning of the day of reunion with those who had gone to their rest.

The Vicar of Newington, the parish in which the Tabernacle is situated, Canon Palmer, was the next speaker. As he spoke of the way in which he first came into touch with Mr. Spurgeon, through the Pastor's protest against the ringing of the bells in the adjacent church, some amusement was caused by the reading of the correspondence. This also will appear in the Memorial volume, so need not be here further referred to. Paying an eloquent tribute to the work and influence of the departed man of God, he, in conclusion, urged all to put over the differences of outward religion the cloak of charity, that charity which is the "bond of perfectness."

Colonel Griffin, representing the Baptist Union, followed with reminiscences and eulogy; after which Mr. Barley, one of the Pastors' College men, who is working in Paris, presented an address, which Pasteur Saillens, who was ill, had drawn up on behalf of the Baptist Union of France, and which was accompanied by the beautiful floral tribute previously mentioned.

Mr. C. Russell Hurditch, the last speaker of the evening, took the two texts Mr. Spurgeon heard the day in which he found rest in Christ, and grouped all his life around them. His preaching to unconverted men was ever "Look unto Me," and his teaching for the people of God was constantly of the privileges and power which became ours when "Accepted in the Beloved." An impassioned appeal, thrice-repeated, that those in the audience who as yet knew not his Lord, should that instant repent and believe, brought this third meeting of

the day to its close. With a hymn and the benediction, the congregation was dismissed, to make way for another which was already gathering at the doors.

One of the most remarkable of the series of meetings was that for the general public, announced for 10.30 on *Wednesday night, Feb.* 10. Long before opening the doors at 9.30, a crowd of eager ticket-holders had assembled at the gates, the police having hard work to keep the pavement clear. When at last the doors were flung back, in they surged, and quickly seized the best places, though yet an hour was wanting before the service should begin. The stream of incomers never stopped; gradually the more distant and less advantageous seats were filled, and by ten o'clock there was scarcely a vacant place in the whole vast building. What a sight it was! A sea of eager faces, on which the brilliant lamps shone from floor to giddy roof!

At 10.15, a quarter of an hour before the advertised time for beginning, Mr. Fullerton and his colleague, Mr. J. Manton Smith, closely followed by the welcome Mr. Sankey, the American songster, and a few friends connected with the Tabernacle, were seen coming down the staircase that leads to the platform. A moment's pause for quietness, and then came the first hymn, announced by Rev. H. Grainger, assistant pastor to Rev. Newman Hall. It did not take long to learn who the singers were. There was a massiveness of sound that told that men's voices largely preponderated, and that an unusual congregation had been secured by this unusual hour for a service. Many a toiler, whose late hours make it difficult to attend ordinary services, had managed to secure his ticket for this, that he might pay his last respects to the world-loved Pastor. With what power came the verse—

"The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear"!

A brief prayer for God's blessing on the service was offered by Pastor H. O. Mackey, and then Mr. J. Manton Smith sang, with tenderness penetrating and pathetic, "Rock of Ages", afterwards telling us of the death of an earnest, devoted preacher who, in his last hours, besought his friends to "tell the people about Jesus."

Before Mr. Sankey sang, he spoke of how, at a convention in Minneapolis, at which 12,000 persons were present, when the news of Mr. Spurgeon's illness came last summer, they all joined in earnest prayer for his recovery. The song he chose to sing now was entitled, "Only remembered by what we have done," which was given with his usual distinctness and force.

Rising to announce his text, Mr. Fullerton gave a tenderly beautiful description of the scene in the death-chamber at Menton ten days before; spoke of "the precious body that lies there"—pointing to the coffin; and declared how millions of hearts were bleeding for his loss, feeling that something more than they could describe had gone out of their lives. With manifest sincerity, he declared how that he, with many others, would willingly have gone instead of Mr. Spurgeon if

he could have secured to him bodily vigour and opportunity for longer service. Coming to his text, he announced that he should speak on Isaiah xlv. 22, the text that led to Mr. Spurgeon's conversion when a lad of sixteen. The main lines of the sermon, or address, were:—

(1) *He was a man of God.* He knew God; lived in His presence; had close heart-talk with Him. He trusted in God's covenant. He believed God would reign.

(2) *He was a man of the people.* He was a wise, real man because he loved Jesus, and sought to make known His will.

(3) *He desired to bring the people to God.* He entreated, commanded, expected the people to be saved. "Be ye saved," was the lifelong burden of his speech and activity. Like Jacob Boehme, he believed that men and women must be "born of God, saved in Christ, sealed by the Spirit."

(4) *He pointed to the Christ of God.* He never spoke of himself, except to give glory to God. Christ was everything to him. He thought much in later years of the Second Advent of Christ, yet still wished to "sleep in Jesus."

Closing with a delightful comparison of Mr. Spurgeon's entry into heaven with the discovery of another star in the sky on the night in which he was called away, the preacher entreated his hearers to receive Christ, that they might at last meet His honoured servant in glory. Then, with a brief prayer for blessing, the meeting closed; the thousands passing out into the street, after lingering to have one last look at the "olive casket", in which lay the earthly tabernacle of the man so "greatly beloved" of God and man.

Funeral Services at Newington and Norwood.

THE day so long dreaded, when Charles Haddon Spurgeon was to be carried to the grave, at length dawned. Sad, yet submissive, were the hearts of the people who gathered for the last service at the Tabernacle, on *Thursday morning, February* 11, at eleven o'clock. Some slight difference had been made in the position of the coffin during the night, rendering it more accessible for the bearers. The mourners and delegates were accommodated with seats in the centre of the area of the Tabernacle, and the other seats were filled by seat-holders and friends.

Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, announced the hymn, "Servant of God, well done," and Mr. Harrald, who looked very worn, led in a most comprehensive and touching prayer.

Pastor Archibald G. Brown read most appropriate selections of Scripture, interspersed with a few suggestive and suitable comments. God spoke by his word to not a few; and when, after reading the last verse, "And John's disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus," he quietly turned to his seat, saying, "This is all we can do,"—a hush, like the hush of the grave, came upon the assembly. Surely the Lord Jesus was not far away with His comforting grace in that hour of need.

Rev. Robert Taylor, of the Upper Norwood Presbyterian Church,

announced the last hymn which Mr. Spurgeon had given out at Menton, "The sands of time are sinking"; and at no time during the meeting had the sympathy of the people risen higher than while this hymn was being sung. Dr. Pierson, who has spoken so often, and yet with constant variety and freshness, again stood forward to deliver the last eulogium. First drawing an interesting historic parallel between the two brothers, John and Charles Wesley, and the two brothers, Charles and James Spurgeon, he then proceeded to speak of Mr. Spurgeon's genius in the intellectual, in the moral, and in the spiritual sphere. The whole was a beautiful and subtle piece of analysis, keenly appreciated by the audience; and when, at the end, looking down to the olive-wood casket, he apostrophized the departed Pastor, the hearts of all went with his words.

"My brother," he said, "we shall never see another like unto thee! Those eyes now closed in death, that twinkled like two stars in the dark firmament, and brought joy to many bereaved and saddened hearts, have lost their light for ever. That voice, which spoke in tones so convincing and persuasive, is hushed in death. That hand, whose grasp uplifted many a fallen one, and gave new strength and encouragement to many a stricken one, will never again take our hand within its holy grasp. We bless God for thee, my brother! We are glad that heaven is made richer, though we are made poorer; and, by this bier, we solemnly pledge ourselves that we will undertake, by God's grace, to follow thy blessed footsteps even as thou didst follow thy blessed Lord."

A long and impressive prayer from Rev. Newman Hall; a verse of "For ever with the Lord!" and the benediction, concluded the service.

While the coffin was slowly carried down the aisle, the orphan boys sang softly—

"Thou art gone to the grave,
But we will not deplore thee."

Thousands of handkerchiefs were raised to tearful eyes, that took a last loving look at the beautiful casket that contained all that was mortal of him to whom all owed so much, and the mourners followed in sad procession down the aisle. Thus the dear body left the Tabernacle for the last time.

The open hearse had, on both sides of it, the appropriate text which was also on the coffin, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Thus, a sermon, five miles long, was preached as the procession slowly passed through the streets. On the coffin itself was placed Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit Bible, wide open, with a marker pointing to that precious passage which long ago brought salvation to the beloved man of God: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." As a warrior has his helmet and sword placed on his bier, the warrior of God had the Sword of the Spirit, which he so valiantly wielded for so many years, carried with his body to the grave. His death, as well as his life, was a continuous sermon.

It is not ours to chronicle the progress of the funeral procession along the roads crowded on either side with silent, awe-struck people, many of whom were in mourning and in tears; nor ours to praise the

arrangements and courtesy of the police force, though no praise, however high, would be more than they deserve. But we must notice that as the *cortège* moved along the route, the bells of St. Mary's, Newington, and St. Mark's, Kennington, were tolled, all the shops were shut, many of them draped, and some with portraits and mottoes upon them. The very public-houses were closed, and flags floated half-mast high. Thus the procession passed on, the hearse headed by mounted police, and immediately followed by *the empty brougham* of the departed preacher. After this came the carriage bearing his son, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, who ventured from a sick-chamber to pay this last homage to his beloved father: Mrs. Charles Spurgeon accompanied him, and Pastor Archibald G. Brown rode in the same carriage. Pastor James A. Spurgeon shared his carriage with the Bishop of Rochester, who desired to pay the parting tribute to Mr. Spurgeon of being present at the grave. Other relatives were followed by Secretaries, Deacons, Elders, Representatives, Delegates, and Friends, and so the long line of vehicles passed on between the living throng.

At the Stockwell Orphanage, a covered platform had been erected; and, in deep mourning, the children sat there, supposed to be singing, but most of them weeping, now doubly orphaned as they were; for Mr. Spurgeon had taken them all to his heart, and a child's instinct for a true friend is seldom at fault.

When the procession started from the Tabernacle, a meeting of ministers and students of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association began at Chatsworth Road Chapel, close to Norwood Cemetery. Pastor W. Fuller Gooch and Pastor Geo. Turner conducted it, while Brethren Wainwright, Edwards, Lauderdale, Edgerton, Morris, and Marsh assisted in the meeting, upon which rested a most gracious blessing. Those present at this service joined those who came in the procession, and a most striking sight it was to stand at the cemetery gate, and watch the long curving line of men reaching right up to the grave, all of them in black. The arrangements at the grave itself were perfection; and when the coffin, with the open Bible still upon it, had been lowered into the midst of the palms and lilies, Archibald Brown stood forth like a giant in the presence of the hushed, sad throng. Whether to say he was more like a Roman senator, or a Greek orator, we do not know; but with chosen words and few, he commended himself to all our hearts, as he simply and softly committed the body to the grave.

While we gathered around the grave, a little patch of blue sky appeared, just over our heads, as if to remind us of the glory-land above; and while Mr. Brown was speaking, a dove flew from the direction of the Tabernacle towards the tomb, and wheeling in its flight over the crowd, almost seemed to pause. In ancient days it would have been an augury: to us it spoke only peace. As the service proceeded, a little redbreast poured forth its liquid note all the while from a neighbouring tombstone; the redbreast made appropriate music, fabled as it was to have had its crimson coat ever since it picked a thorn from the Saviour's bleeding brow. Well, we do not believe that; but we believe what we sang at the grave, the truth that the beloved Pastor lived to preach, and died to defend:—

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

Nothing could have been more beautiful, and more suitable, than Mr. Brown's closing words. They were delivered from the heart: they will lodge in thousands more. With great pathos and many pauses, he said:—

"Beloved President, Faithful Pastor, Prince of Preachers, Brother Beloved, Dear Spurgeon,—We bid thee not 'farewell,' but only for a little while 'good night.' Thou shalt rise soon, at the first dawn of the resurrection day of the redeemed. Yet is not the 'good night' ours to bid, but thine. It is we who linger in the darkness; thou art in God's holy light. Our night, too, shall soon be past, and with it all our weeping. Then, with thine, our songs shall greet the morning of a day that knows no cloud or close; for there is no night there.

"Hard Worker in the field, thy toil is ended! Straight has been the furrow thou hast ploughed. No looking back has marred thy course. Harvests have followed thy patient sowing, and heaven is already rich with thine ingathered sheaves, and shall be still enriched through years yet lying in eternity.

"Champion of God, thy battle long and nobly fought is over! The sword, which clave to thy hand, has dropped at last; a palm-branch takes its place. No longer does the helmet press thy brow, oft weary with its surging thoughts of battle; a victor's wreath from the Great Commander's hand has already proved thy full reward.

"Here for a little while shall rest thy precious dust. Then shall thy Well-Beloved come, and at His voice thou shalt spring from thy couch of earth, fashioned like unto His body, into glory. Then spirit, soul, and body shall magnify thy Lord's redemption. Until then, beloved, sleep! We praise God *for* thee, and by the blood of the everlasting covenant hope and expect to praise God *with* thee. Amen."

When Dr. Pierson had prayed, and the Bishop of Rochester had pronounced the benediction, all was over. We gave a sigh of relief; for a little while we watched the crowd as they tried to gain a glimpse of the grave; and then turned back to the weary world again, sad at heart for ourselves, rejoicing for him who had gained his place in the heavenly country, and determined, by the grace of God, to mark his ways, and to follow in his steps, as they led upward to the City of God.

Many remarked that the whole of the memorial services, unique as they were, were characterized by a simplicity and heartiness entirely in harmony with the whole life of the beloved Pastor; and it was most significant that, when the olive-casket was lowered into the vault, not even the glorified preacher's name was visible—it was just as *he* would have wished it—there was nothing to be seen but the text at the foot of the coffin, and the open Bible. Of course, the Bible was not buried; it is not dead, it "liveth and abideth for ever"; and who knows whether it may not prove, more than ever, the means of quickening the dead, now that he, who loved it dearer than his life, can no longer proclaim its blessed truths with the living voice? God grant it!

Second Memorial Service at Menton.

BY the kind permission of Miss Dudgeon, a service was held at the time of Mr. Spurgeon's actual interment, on *Thursday, February* 11, at Villa Les Grottes, where so often the voice, now silent on earth, has been heard preaching the gospel of the grace of God. After the hymn, "Rock of Ages", had been sung, and prayer offered, the Rev. Arthur Phelps, who presided, read Psalm ciii., stating briefly, how he had himself been helped in that very room by an address from Mr. Spurgeon, on that Psalm, in December, 1881. He had come out to the Clergy House of Rest that year, on the advice of his doctor. On his arrival on the Friday, hearing that Mr. Spurgeon was to leave the following Tuesday, he had left a note saying how anxious he was to hear him, and asking if he was going to preach on the Sunday. Mr. Allison most kindly came to the House of Rest the next day, to say that Mr. Spurgeon was going to speak the following morning. One sentence, uttered on that occasion, he had never forgotten, "You cannot *remember* all God's mercies, but you need not *forget* them all."

Mr. Phelps said that he had received this year a most kind reply, from Mr. Spurgeon, to an invitation he had been asked to send him, It was dated January 3, 1892, and was as follows:—

"It will give me much pleasure to lunch with the brethren at Maison St. Jean. Leave it till I feel stronger. May you all by that time improve in health also! To you and all the brotherhood I wish a very happy and holy New Year.—Yours heartily, C. H. SPURGEON."

Subsequently, Mr. Spurgeon had arranged to come on Saturday, January 23, but on the preceding Thursday, Mr. Harrald wrote:—"Mr. Spurgeon desires me to say that he regrets that he will be unable to meet you and the other brethren at the House of Rest on Saturday, as he is suffering from gout in his right hand. We trust it will prove to be only a slight attack; but, in any case, he could not expect to be well enough to be with you this week. He hopes his visit will not be long delayed, and he sends his kindest Christian regards to you and all the other brethren."

He had been asked, the previous day, what he believed was the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's power. If he might venture to answer, it would be thus—"Two things; first, he had one single object before him always, 'to win souls for God by preaching Christ, and Him crucified and risen'; second, his own personal faith in Christ was always feeding on Christ as revealed in Holy Scripture. In him was eminently fulfilled John vii. 38: he that is exercising a personal faith in Christ, as the Scripture speaks of Christ, out of his inner man shall flow the water of life in rivers. His subject was always one—Christ; but it was Christ afresh from his view of him in God's written Word. Ever the same sun, but the sunshine is fresh every day."

Several suitable extracts were read, including part of Mr. Spurgeon's New Year's address; and the last hymn he gave out—"The sands of time are sinking"—was sung. The service was concluded with extracts from the Burial Service.

His Prayer was Answered.

"He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."—Psalm xxi. 4.

HE asked for life, yet day by day
We saw him fading as he lay;
Till death, with silent step, drew nigh,
And stilled the pulse, and closed the eye;
And in our bitter grief we cried,
"Oh, why hath God his suit denied?"

If it be life to stay on earth,
To taste its sorrow, share its mirth,
To bear the burden, brave the fight,
Resist the wrong, and urge the right;
If *this* be life, must we not say
That God hath turned his prayer away?

But, if to see the unveiled face
Of Jesus, in the holy place
On high, to know as we are known,
And stand before the golden throne;
If *this* be life, then God hath heard
His prayer, according to His Word.

And it is so; "He asked for life,"
And God hath given—beyond the strife
Of earth, and all its vain endeavour—
True life, e'en length of days for ever.

Sidcup. E. A. Tydeman.

In Memoriam.*

"The vista of a praiseful life will never close, but continue throughout eternity. From psalm to psalm, from hallelujah to hallelujah, we will ascend the hill of the Lord, until we come into the Holiest of all, where, with veiled faces, we will bow before the Divine Majesty in the bliss of endless adoration."—*Closing words of an address by C. H. Spurgeon at Menton, January 1st*, 1892.

"THE vista of a praiseful life"
Bless God, will never end!
The hallelujahs of the sky
In full accord shall blend.
The Master's own sweet welcoming,
His blessed word, "Well done!"
Has greeted him with full acclaim,
His crown of life is won.

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* Memorial verses, acrostics, elegies, &c., have streamed in upon us in overwhelming quantities. We are grateful for the kindness which has prompted many to write, although we cannot print their poems. We think our readers will value the three that we have selected.

With grateful psalm he now ascends,
With gladness, God's own hill;
While we are left down in the vale,
The darkness shrouds us still;

But he has reached the glorious mount,
And now, with veiled face,
Beholds the Majesty Divine
Within the Holiest Place.

We dare not mourn with hopeless tears—
Our loss is his great gain;
Those lips now sing the endless song,
That here were pale with pain.
The vista of his praiseful life—
The path he here hath trod,
Is beckoning us to follow him
E'en as he followed God.

February 1st. K. RUSSELL.

In Memoriam: Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

AN ACROSTIC.

"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."—Rev. xiv. 13.

C alled home! Not dead, is he whose face we miss;
H ome, to the mansions of eternal bliss;
A ll pain and toil and weariness are o'er,
R adiant he stands upon the heavenly shore.
L over of God and man, how blest is he
E ver to dwell with those that happy be,
S afe in His arms who hung upon the tree!

H ow must his heart with holy rapture glow,
A ll the delights of yon bright world to know;
D rinking pure draughts of never-ending joy,
D rawn from a fountain free from earth's alloy!
O ut of this world, so full of woe and sin;
N ow, in that world where neither enters in.

S weet the reward that now for him remains;
P eace, perfect peace, and joy for all his pains.
U nder the banner of Eternal Love,
R esting secure, no fears has he above.
G od is his portion, Jesus Christ his Friend,
E vermore, bliss shall on his path attend.
O n his dear head a star-lit crown doth shine,
N or fails he, Lord, to own the glory Thine!

February 1, 1892. EDWIN PUTLEY.

Reminiscences of Pastors' College Brethren.*

WITH THE DEAR PRESIDENT TO THE LAST.

My dear Mr. Harrald,—I like your idea that the next number of *The Sword and the Trowel* should be "In Memoriam" of its now glorified Editor, and that the matter should be supplied by the reminiscences of men from the Pastors' College. You know how he loved us all, and how sympathetic was the interest he took in all that concerned our personal well-being and ministerial success. In the first interview I had with him concerning my settlement in my first charge, at Penge, I was amazed at how much he knew about me. When I came to have occasional intercourse with him, I found that he knew all about every other man who had gone through the College. How generous he was toward all! It might be said of him that, concerning all men he had to do with, he was—

> "To their faults a little blind,
> And to their virtues very kind."

He abhorred the suspicious eye. I remember him once saying in College that, if any man was of a suspicious temperament, he should not enter the ministry; but would better serve his country in the detective force. Whatever his general attitude toward men, he looked upon his students with a father's loving solicitude. I have often thought that we were greatly helped toward uprightness, integrity, and holiness, by his example, and the influence he exerted over us. Have we not left his company resolved that we would be and do our best to justify the trust he evidently reposed in us? In temptation's darksome hour, have we not been strengthened to resist the wrong, and do the right, not only as unto God, but that our President, who loved us so well, might have naught but pleasure in us? How he admired and commended high character, devoted labour, and fidelity to truth and duty on the part of all his men, however humble their gifts, or obscure their spheres!

I rarely ever met a man from the College who could not join me in telling of repeated acts of personal kindness. The President was the dear friend of every brother. To those who needed help of any kind, he not only gave it, but often anticipated the want, and seemed rather to be receiving than conferring any favour. When I went to Australia, a few years ago, I found awaiting me, at Adelaide, a letter of loving commendation to the Christian people of the colonies. Not satisfied with that, he put a kindly note in *The Sword and the Trowel*, so that, when I reached Melbourne, I was received by the Secretary of the Victoria Baptist Union with the warmest cordiality; for he had read the note in the Magazine, and was looking out for me. If ever Mr. Spurgeon met with any of my people, he usually said some very kind thing about me, and charged them with a message of love to me.

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* "Our own men" have sent their loving tributes to our beloved President's memory so numerously, that we must leave the most of them until next month. No one knew him better, and no one loved him more, than his College "brethren."

Even in acknowledging a collection for the College, he would accompany his receipt to the treasurer with a short letter that would gratify the church, and commend the minister to their increased confidence. This, I believe, is how he acted toward all; and such action was well calculated to strengthen a minister's hands, and help him to stand well with his people.

Of Mr. Spurgeon as a host, others will probably speak. To my mind, he was a model. How he could set every one at his ease! How he could draw out the most diffident and taciturn! How he flavoured all the talk with grace, while he kept it unrestrained!

Concerning the last seven weeks of his life, I might say much; but you are the proper person to give an account of that sad end. You know how considerately he treated me when I went to the Hôtel Beau Rivage, in an enfeebled state of health; how anxious he was about every little point that had to do with my comfort; how happy he was when he saw me rapidly recovering; how cheerfully he made the whole place interesting to me in many ways. How refreshing those seasons of prayer! How pleasant those times of happy and cheerful talk! How we rejoiced as we saw him improve, and how dreadful those last ten days of gathering gloom, ending in the darkness of death! Such was the will of the Lord, and we bow to it; but we shall keep his memory green while life shall last.

Yours ever sincerely,

GEORGE SAMUEL.

Birmingham.

HOW THE NEWS AFFECTED TWO EVANGELISTS.

My dear brother Harrald,—I have refrained from writing till now, for I knew my silence would not be misinterpreted. Oh, how my heart has ached during the past week! First, for dear Mrs. Spurgeon, in this season of overwhelming sorrow. Next, for you, in the loss you have sustained, and the heart-breaking you must have felt in the midst of these scenes, and crowded with work all the time. Then, for myself, and hundreds who, like myself, feel they have lost the dearest friend they ever claimed on this side of heaven. I never knew *how much* I loved the dear President till now! I cannot think of him, nor hear his name, but at once the tears *will* start, and I cannot help it. Hardly have I known how to venture a service; but I felt, if the dear President could speak to me, he would bid me "Go forward," and fill up my cup of service; and this I have endeavoured to do.

The shadow of this great grief has hung over this distant village (Hemyock, Devonshire), as well as over the city; and, as a consequence, with subdued and sympathizing hearts, the people have crowded the chapel night after night, and 'tis a long, long time since I witnessed such a gracious season of ingathering. Numbers of young men have been led to Christ. Our "Praise and Testimony Meeting," of Thursday evening last, will never be forgotten. I will only mention one case, and that, because it is a very striking answer to prayer. On arriving, on January 26, I began looking round to see where to begin "fishing", and asked Deacon James Wide if all his family were converted. "Yes." "How about your brother John's long

family?" "All saved but one." "Then I'll go for him." "You can't, he is in Taunton." "I *can*, and will; I will pray for him, and the Lord can find him in Taunton, as well as at Hemyock." Quite unexpectedly, he came home on Thursday last, for a few hours, to tell father and mother that he had found Christ, and could not wait to write the news. Hallelujah!

JOHN BURNHAM.

When the sad news came, we were in the midst of a gracious season of revival at Riddings, Derbyshire. My first impulse was to go home, and to the Tabernacle at once; but then the thought came—No, my President would say, "The Master's service first," so I remained to close the mission.

On Monday evening, Feb. 8, I gave a talk about our beloved President; but made an earnest endeavour that, as I spoke of C. H. S., all the glory should belong to I. H. S. The results were that the nets were full, and we had a glorious ingathering of souls for Christ.

The next day, a working-man came to me in tears; and, with deep emotion, he said, "Please take this for the orphans,"—giving me two sovereigns,—"I can't do much, I am only a poor man; but my heart is grateful for all that man of God has done for me."

In the same district, I visited a man who has been a great sufferer for years; by his side was his Bible, and Spurgeon's sermon. The sufferer said, "Have you seen my brother, lately?" meaning our beloved President. "When you do, give my love to him, and tell him how he refreshes my soul every week."

The great preacher is now with his Saviour, whom he loved so well. The poor, weak, suffering man, still lingers, and mourns for the loss of a true "brother."

A. A. HARMER.

A LONDON PASTOR'S "GARLAND."

Permit me to wreathe one small garland in loving memory of dear Charles Haddon Spurgeon. He is gone; that means, I have lost a friend, a counsellor of unspeakable value, a man I love as I never loved any other man. Never can I forget how, when his Friday lectures were over, I felt I must preach or die, such great influence was his. He used to say, "Demosthenes so spake that men went home and whetted their swords for the fight," and I silently added, "O man of God, that is what thou art doing!" I never read his sermons, but his great personality stands out boldly to my view. I have gone to him weighted with sorrow; he has listened as if I had been a son, then his words have sent me home rejoicing. I never grasped a warmer hand, nor felt a greater honour than to have been born so seasonably as to have heard and known him.

Holborn. FRANK JAMES.

The Head-Master, Stockwell Orphanage.



A SENSE of loss has fallen upon the world with the sad, sad tidings of the death of our beloved and revered President.

To speak of his departure as other than a loss, would be to ignore one of God's great gifts, if not the greatest, to the church and to the age.

How severely the loss will be felt by those who stood nearest by the ties of blood; and by his beloved wife, who awoke to a sense of her widowhood in a strange land, can never be expressed: words are too weak to voice a sorrow such as theirs.

The loss falls heavily upon all the Institutions over which he presided so happily, and upon the church which he loved and served so faithfully and so well.

The loss to the Orphanage of such a President it is impossible to estimate, as the mystery of the providence which removed him from our midst is too profound for our solution as yet.

Dark as is the cloud which overhangs our sky, it only hovers; it has not come to stay; when it lifts, we shall see that the dew has fallen, and that each pearly drop holds and reflects light from beyond.

Had our beloved President been permitted to choose the *day* for his departure, his choice would have been the Lord's-day: and the *hour* that which our gracious Lord determined, when the day was far spent. To him the morrow of the 31st of January, 1892, is an everlasting day, whose sun shall know no setting.

"'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love."

As our hearts enshrine the image of what he was, and our minds enthrone the memory of what he did, his life and labours must be to us all an incentive to higher attainments, and an inspiration for heroic daring and endurance, "till the day break, and the shadows flee away."

The yearnings of our late beloved friend, pastor, and leader, quickened by the Spirit, and often voiced in our hearing, are satisfied now; and he is where he longed to be—

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in!"

The echoes of his rapture and resolve will be woven into the song of our pilgrimage—"Come in, O strong and deep love of Jesus, like the

sea at flood-tide, cover all my powers, drown all my sins, sweep away all my cares, lift up my earth-bound soul, and float it right up to my Lord's feet, and there let me lie, a poor broken shell, washed up by His love, having no virtue or value, and only venturing to whisper to Him that, if He will put His ear to me, He will hear within faint echoes of the vast waves of His own love, which have brought me where it is my delight to lie, even at His feet for ever!"

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

Testimony of Two Neighbours.

AND so he is gone; the most popular and powerful preacher of Christ's gospel to whom this nineteenth century has listened; more than this, one of the eight or ten great preachers who, since the apostles fell asleep, are recognized as being of the first magnitude among those who have turned many to righteousness, and who shine, as the stars, for ever and ever. The loss of such a man, especially at such a crisis in religious thought and life, is simply incalculable. We dare not say it is irreparable, although it may turn out that it will not, in our day, be repaired. And yet, following the example of his faith, we must pray and hope that He, who found a successor to the first great preacher and martyr in the young man who kept the clothes of those who stoned him, and who found this Stephen of our day, a preacher full of grace and power, and in sore suffering a martyr, too, in the boy-pastor of the Cambridgeshire village, may have His eye now, and may lay His hand, in due time, on someone who will take his place, and continue his work. We do not expect, however, to see a second Spurgeon. Genius is *sui generis*. The greatest men are unique. You may have any number of imitations; but a *facsimile* is impossible. Those whom admiration and love make jealous need have no fear. We shall never look on his like again. One star differs from another star in glory; and each great soul is, in this respect, like a star, and dwells apart. But we must not limit the power of Him who holds the seven stars in His right hand. Having removed this star from our sky to shine where stars never set, we look to Him to kindle another light to guide and cheer His church, in this night-time of her pilgrimage, "till the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Notwithstanding the unexampled and all but universal testimony both to the grace and goodness, and to the genius and greatness of the beloved dead, we stand as yet too close to him to measure how far he towered above his contemporaries. Like St. Paul's Cathedral, as seen from the heights on the north or south of London, standing head and shoulders above the level mass of ordinary buildings, and dwarfing the towers and spires around, Mr. Spurgeon's true proportions will be more clearly seen when our generation lives only in history. When the many who are now prominent are forgotten, and the conspicuous few are known only to students, the name of Spurgeon, with such names as Luther and Latimer, Bunyan and Wesley, will live in the

hearts and be a household word on the tongues of generations yet unborn.

But, great as Charles Spurgeon was in genius and in grace, in influence and in spiritual success, he was, above all, great in LOVE. Recalling his splendid endowments of both head and heart, we can truly say that his heart was even greater and better than his head. Yes, because love is greater than knowledge, or power, or faith, or hope! Oh, how he loved his home, his church, his friends, his fellowmen—ay, even his enemies—but, above all, his God and Saviour! How his voice thrilled, and his eyes filled whenever he spoke, whether in public or private, of the love of Jesus! And that theme, dear to him beyond words, was often on his tongue, and always in his heart. I never knew one who could more truthfully make his own the words of the apostle, to whom the Lord three times said, "Lovest thou Me?"—"Whom, having not seen, I love; in whom, though now I see Him not, yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." And now he is before the throne of God and of the Lamb, seeing his Saviour's face, and doing Him service, where there shall be night no more, because the Lord God shall give them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Upper Norwood. ROBERT TAYLOR.

Dear Mr. Harrald,—As a near neighbour, and a warm personal friend of the late Mr. Spurgeon, may I express my sense of the deep loss which the Church of Christ has sustained in his removal to the higher service of the heavenly courts above?

As a preacher, Mr. Spurgeon had no living equal. His clear views on the Inspiration of Holy Scripture, and his wonderful conception of the Atonement of the Divine Jesus, will make his writings imperishable. I can truly say, I have learnt more of the deep things of God from his sermons, than from all the books on theology I have ever read. We who knew him personally can testify that his private life was thoroughly consistent with his public utterances. If he flashed like a comet on the open firmament of the platform and the pulpit, he also burned with the steady glow of a lamp, fed by the choicest oil, in his peaceful home at "Westwood."

How refreshing and encouraging was an hour spent in his genial presence! He was one of the best examples of a Christian gentleman I have ever met. Never once have I seen him display the air of superiority assumed by popular idols. Simplicity and refinement were blended with upright living at the fireside of Mr. Spurgeon and his dear, gentle partner. Beautiful it was to see his tender devotion to the wife who was his joy and solace in his few hours of ease, and his many days of sickness.

"How can we replace him?" is the question on many lips. Let the answer be—By preaching more faithfully than ever man's need of the Atonement through the blood of the crucified Son of God, and by living in closer union with God our Saviour.

Yours in Christian sympathy,

Upper Norwood. J. W. W. MOERAN.

Notices of Books.

From the Usher's Desk to the Tabernacle Pulpit. The Life and Labours of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. By Rev. R. Shindler. With over 50 Illustrations. Passmore & Alabaster. 2s. 6d.

Our publishers thought, some months ago, that the time had come for a new "Life" of the late beloved Editor, as so many events of interest had happened since their previous one was issued; but they little thought what "a new life" was about to be given to him in glory! The present volume is brought down to the date of publication, and its special merit is that it is as *correct* a record of "The Life and Labours of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon" as could be made. Necessarily, much that is here printed has been already made public in various ways; but there is also a considerable quantity of new matter. The numerous portraits, engravings, etc., give increased interest to the book, which is certainly cheap at half-a-crown. All our readers, who wish to know what a friend can say of the late Editor and his surroundings, should at once get this new "Life."

The R. T. S. Pocket-book, with Text and Meditation for every Day of the Year. Religious Tract Society.

Very useful. The Puritanic quotation for each day so pleased us that we pocketed the pocket-book at once, and hope to find the seeds of sermons in it.

(Readers of the present number of the Magazine will see, on page 115, what good use the now glorified reviewer made of this pocket-book.)

The Great Rest-Giver. By William Haig Miller. Religious Tract Society.

We sorrow that the pen of our dear friend, Mr. Haig Miller, will no more write for his Lord, upon pages scanned by mortal eyes. *Ah, he could write!* He had been a mighty reader, and a great taker of notes, and so his writing was like opening a fountain which flowed from an inexhaustible fulness within. He loved the Lord Jesus, and lived on Him and with Him; and so he wrote of Him as of a dear, dear friend. We never enjoyed any kind of reading more than that which he produced; he was a master of the art of simple, touching, illustrative book-talking. He charmed you on with story after story, and epigram after epigram, so that you came to the end of his book and wished it were only the beginning. Best of all, he aimed at real usefulness; and this, his last book, will be good seed-corn for a fruitful harvest. We would have all men read it if they desire peace of mind and joy of heart. No, it will be no task, but a delight—a delight yielding, we trust, a world of present happiness and future glory. God bless the book, so that, by it, our beloved brother, being dead, may yet speak of the Great Rest-Giver!

(Alas! to quote the reviewer's opening sentences, "We sorrow that the pen of our dear friend (C. H. Spurgeon) will no more write for his Lord, upon pages scanned by mortal eyes. *Ah, he could write!*" He little thought, when he wrote this review, that he would so soon join his friend in the presence of the Great Rest-Giver.)

A Tangled Yarn: Captain James Payen's Life Log. Edited by Thos. Durley. C. H. Kelly.

This publication exactly answers to its title; but the "yarn" is of right good material, and many a precious bit of stuff is twisted into it. It is a sailor's log full of real truth, but much of it as strange as romance. The old salt had been everywhere, and had kept his weather-eye open, and when he came into dock, in his old age, he jotted down his recollections just as they came to him. The tale is not ship-shape; but it is like a vessel made of heart of oak, and carrying rare and racy articles among its cargo. Well done, good old Captain Payen! Being dead, thou speakest by this record; and may be some of thy mates will read and learn thereby.

(This was one of the last reviews written by C. H. S. Like Captain Payen, he has left a "record" behind him: "may be some of *his* mates will read and learn thereby.")

"I was not Rebellious." Thoughts for God's Tried Ones. By FLORENCE MORETON. Marshall Brothers.

MOST gracious. The simple utterances of a tried believer, who feels much fellowship with others who are under the rod. A small book, full of great consolations.

Pioneers of Civilization. By JOHN TILLOTSON. John Hogg.

THE more of such books the better. The interest is sustained throughout; but, somehow, we are left with a sense of literary indigestion upon us at the close of our reading. The subject is too vast for one half-crown book. Why, here we have soldiers, traders, explorers, adventurers, missionaries, and all other kinds of persons who can be called "pioneers of civilization", made to march before us; and we have not room for them all in the circle of one commonplace skull! What a course of lectures might be given upon such themes! Mr. Hogg is to be congratulated on the healthy moral tone of his publications, and in this instance religion also occupies a prominent place.

The Iron Chain and the Golden. By A. L. O. E. Nelsons.

A STORY produced in Messrs. Nelsons' incomparable style. Everyone knows that A. L. O. E. wields a powerful pen with a sanctified hand. In this case, she very vividly sets forth the iron chain of the tyranny of Romanism in its law of celibacy, and this she sets in contrast with the golden chain of domestic love. In these days of reviving superstitions, it is a great pleasure to read an able argument for Protestant liberty, stated in an attractive manner, and worked in with most interesting incidents. The way in which our authoress speaks of *Anselm* is a very remarkable instance of candid judgment. He is honoured as a man of God, and yet he is neither spared as an ecclesiastic, nor justified as a persecutor. For our young people, we cannot desire more out-and-out Protestant reading: we do not refer to political Protestantism, but to gospel teaching, and its historical results.

The Way to Succeed; or, the Secret of Success in Life. By W. M. THAYER, Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. THAYER is a first-rate writer. He has the wonderful faculty of arranging all sorts of stories, proverbs, incidents, and epigrams, into a mosaic of great value; and he does this so naturally, that you never detect his art, but follow him, page by page, as if all this capital talk had been extemporized upon the occasion. It is easy reading, because it must have been laborious writing. It is the outcome of a forty years' study of biography, and is therefore rich, varied, and instructive. This is, in every way, just the book to give to young men who are setting out in business life. Seven sixpences will buy a copy.

Royal Youths: a Book of Princehoods. By ASCOTT R. HOPE. T. F. Unwin.

WELL written. Full of points. Sparkling with the rarities of history. Those best acquainted with history will probably here find something new; while those who are not so well posted up as they might be, will find, from cover to cover, much that will be quite fresh. Conradin, Louis XIII., Don Carlos, Ivan VI., and Queen Anne's son, are stories that will not soon be forgotten. Frederick the Great has been made familiar to us by Carlyle, but this is a capital summary of what that great writer piled up into huge tomes. To us, this life of a son, whom his father so sorely provoked to anger, is very instructive to parents. Of all things it is a most wretched sight to see a father and son at war: the one a tyrant, the other a wanton rebel. The result, whatever it may be, must be injurious to both. As a rule, when this is the case, there are faults on both sides, and faults which need not have been, had they not been forced out by the heat of opposition.

But we are moralizing. This book is vastly better than any novel. It is well worth the six shillings asked for it: at least, to us the pleasure of reading it has been far greater than any other enjoyment, to be procured for that amount, could possibly have been.

Notes.

Our "Notes" this month must, necessarily, be very brief, as we have deservedly devoted so much space, *including sixteen extra pages*, to memorials of the late beloved Editor. It is only needful here to say that *The Sword and the Trowel* will be continued, as far as possible, as *he* would have had it, if his precious life had been spared. There will be no lack of material from *his* pen and tongue for a long time to come, as so much that he wrote and spoke has been preserved for use in case of need. The management of the Magazine remains in the hands to which C. H. S. entrusted it during his long illness. Even when he was partially restored, he did not re-occupy the Editorial chair; for he had implicit confidence in those who carried on the work on his behalf. All communications for the Editor should be addressed to "Westwood", Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

Notices of Books.—All the reviews in the present number of the Magazine, except the one relating to the "Life and Labours of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon", were written by the now glorified Editor. He was so busy right up to the last, that we have several more pages of *his* notices already in type. These will appear in future numbers, with those prepared by other writers at his request. Mr. Spurgeon frequently intimated that he was unable, personally, to review all the books sent to him; and he had a numerous staff of helpers in this work. These friends will still continue their services as in the past. Authors and publishers can direct their books for review either to "Westwood", or to the care of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons.—Many of the readers of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* have expressed their fear that the calling home of their beloved preacher would mean the cessation of the publication of his sermons. It cannot be too widely known that there is no foundation for such a fear: at least, for many years yet to come. Several hundreds of Mr. Spurgeon's Lord's-day evening and Thursday evening discourses still remain unpublished: and these will be issued, week by week, as long as the supply lasts. The revision of the sermons will be carried on by those who have been engaged in that privileged service during the past nine months. (They may be pardoned for saying here that the dear preacher, when he critically examined their work, on several occasions declared that he could not have done it better himself. Of course, the revisers do not claim such credit as this for themselves; they merely state it to show how their labours were appreciated by the one most concerned.)

Is not this the time for largely increasing the circulation of the sermons, which have been the means of salvation to so many, and of guidance, comfort, strength, and blessing to others? One friend has written, offering £10 towards starting a society for the distribution of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons; but at least two agencies already exist for that purpose—Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, and the Spurgeon's Sermons' Tract Society, at the Tabernacle. Probably, through both those channels, as well as in other ways, the printed word may be much more largely circulated. At any rate, let every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* and *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* make a beginning at once by spreading, far and wide, the remarkable series of sermons issued during the past month:—"God's Will concerning the Future" (No. 2,242), "His Own Funeral Sermon" (No. 2,243), "Members of Christ" (No. 2,244), and "Living, Loving, Lasting Union" (No. 2,245). These four discourses are included in the monthly part for February (Price 5d., post free 6d.), which can be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, or through all booksellers; and every sermon in the series, from No. 1 to No. 2,245, is always kept in stock.

Donations for the Institutions.—We desire to call our readers' special attention to the letter, on page 119, from Pastor J. A. Spurgeon to all helpers of the institutions connected with the Tabernacle, and also to the new notes at the end of the lists of contributions on page 172. Intending donors will greatly assist those who have the management of the different works if the directions there given are followed. During the late beloved Editor's lifetime, *The Sword and the Trowel* was the means of securing and retaining the sympathies of thousands of generous friends of the College, Orphanage, Colportage Association, Society of Evangelists, and Pastors' College Missionary Association; and it is hoped that the readers of the Magazine will show their regard for *his* memory by continuing to support those portions of the Lord's service in which he took so deep an interest.

Messages of Condolence and Sympathy.—An attempt was made to prepare, for the present number of the Magazine, a record of the principal telegrams, letters, and resolutions received by Mrs. Spurgeon, other members of the bereaved family, and the church-officers; but it was found impossible to have it ready; first, because of the vast number of communications; and, next, because, up to the time of going to press, they were still arriving in almost overwhelming quantities. It may not be possible, even next month, to publish any list of the messages so kindly sent from all

quarters; but the letters in the earlier pages of the Magazine will show how grateful all the mourners are for the wealth of sympathy that has been lavished upon them in their season of sore sorrow.

COLLEGE.—Mr. H. A. J. Suter has accepted the pastorate of the church at Oakham, Rutlandshire.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. T. B. Field, from Cheddar, to Irwell Terrace Church, Bacup, Lancashire; Mr. A. H. Stote, from Lawrence, Kansas, to the Third Baptist Church, Kansas City, U.S.A.; and Mr. H. G. Blackie, from Longford, Tasmania, to Albert Park Church, Melbourne, Victoria.

Pastor H. Clark, of Barking, who sailed for Australia in October, arrived safely at Adelaide; but he had suffered so severely, from rheumatic fever, on the voyage, that he was, for some weeks after he landed, completely invalided. He asks us to mention, with heartiest thanks, the great kindness of the Rev. Silas Mead, who took him into his house, and with other members of his family, nursed and attended him with most loving care. When Mr. Clark wrote, he had been able to preach for the first time for twelve weeks.

EVANGELISTS.—All our brethren were with us for the memorial and funeral services of our beloved President.

Messrs. Fullerton and Smith did not go to Canterbury, as arranged, their presence being needful at the Tabernacle; but they went to Bath from February 20 to March 6. From March 12 to 20, they are to be at Canterbury; and from March 26 to April 3, they go to Exeter.

Mr. Burnham has given, on a previous page, a report of his services at Hemyock, when the terrible tidings from Menton arrived. From March 1 to 10, he is to be at St. George's Chapel, Bristol: from March 15 to 23, at Rayleigh, Essex; and from March 29 to April 4, at Saltash, Cornwall.

Mr. Harmer has also written an account of the mission he was conducting at Riddings when the news of the President's promotion to glory came to hand. He has, since the funeral, been at Mirfield, Yorkshire; and this month goes to East Plumstead; and Faringdon, Berkshire.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Two of the last letters read by Mr. Spurgeon, both of which greatly interested and cheered him, were the following:—"Dear Sir,—You are no doubt aware that some forty-eight or more of your recent sermons have been translated into Arabic, and published by the American Press in Beirut; and now that you are temporarily hindered from the active work of the pulpit, you may be glad to hear something of the fate of those sermons in Arabic. I am a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, and my place of work is an eagle's nest of a town in Lebanon, only four hours away from Baalbec, and about half-way between Beirut and Damascus. It is called Zahleh; and around it is a population of some 20,000 people, made up of Greek and Roman Catholics, followers of the Jesuits, Maronites, Moslems, &c. The Catholics are most firmly established, and the Jesuits oppose us at every point in our eighteen out-stations. The people are not *hostile* now, but they will not enter our church and services for fear of social and religious ostracism. Hearing of the great work of *Sermon Distribution* in Berlin, we resolved to try something such here. If the people will not come to worship, and hear the gospel, we will send the gospel to their houses. We have already sent *the Bible*, and he is a foolish priest who would destroy such to-day. Now we must send something to waken and sustain interest in that Divine Book. So yesterday, *Christmas Day*, we sent out and went out, and distributed 1,000 of the Christmas sermons, two kinds—'God With Us' (No. 1,270), and 'A Christmas Question' (No. 291). I have distributed many hundreds in my service here, but we never before undertook the work on so large a scale. We mean to follow it up, and before many weeks I want to make use of 'Your Personal Salvation' (No 1,521), and 'Salvation by Works, a Criminal Doctrine' (No. 1,534). Then we plan to extend the distribution, at intervals, to every station and village in our field, where our schools have already trained hundreds to *read*, who are thus ready for such work.

"So, when prayers go up for 'the printed word', you can have in mind this little corner of the Lord's vineyard. We use your *Interpreter* in our daily worship; and I use weekly your *Treasury of David*."

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Your letter to the readers of your sermons constrains me to write and tell you that, for many months past, we have sent one to each of our four children in India. In ——, where three of them live, there are no missionaries or public means of grace; hence they welcome the weekly message and *Sword and Trowel* (this we have sent them for fifteen years past). With all the religious privileges we possess, we can scarcely realize what it is, in these neglected districts, on mail day, with the home letters, to get a good supply of religious literature, showing our dear ones that our solicitude for their religious life knows no lessening. We could send them nothing better for their Sabbath evening reading in their own homes than your truly gospel sermons. I never fold them for post without breathing a prayer that they may be made a blessing to all who read them. Sometimes, when our children have been travelling, they have got no home news or literature for a week or two. In one letter, when this happened, they wrote us, 'We just hunger for Spurgeon's

sermons; and not only do we miss them, but many others to whom we send them.' If all Christians, who have dear children abroad, would seek to cheer your heart, and respond to your appeal for a larger circulation of your sermons, who could tabulate the good that might result? Only in the great day of account would it be manifest. I often suggest to mothers, the good that they might do in this way, and am met with the remark, 'Oh! my boy would not care for a sermon; a novel would please him better.' To this I reply, 'Do your duty, and leave the result with God.'"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—January 28th, twelve; February 4th, six.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 15th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Welch	0	5	0
Collections at Cottage Green Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	1	15	2
Collected by Miss Jerhs	1	12	6
Half collection at Upton Chapel, per Pastor W. Williams	5	14	5
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.	2	2	0
Prayer-meeting collection, Mansion House Mission, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0		
Contributions from Kingsgate Street Chapel, per Pastor F. James	0	15	0
Mr. John Neal	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0
Contribution from Peckham Park Road Chapel, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	3	6	10
Pastor A. G. Haste	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Collins	2	0	0
Mrs. Hawkey		10	0
Mr. David Carnegie	1	0	
Part collection at West Street Baptist Chapel, Dunstable, per Pastor F. J. Flatt	1	3	6
Miss Husk	0	2	6
G. S.	0	2	6
Mr. John C. Francis	1	1	0
Mr. William Smellie, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Wilkins	0	10	0
A tribute of reverence and love, from an American invalid friend	100	0	0
Mrs. Vizard	0	5	0
W. R.	1	0	0
Mr. S. Sargent	0	10	0
Mr. A. Newark	0	2	0
Mr. W. Andrews	0	10	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	5	0
W. E. D.	0	15	0
Mrs. Welsh	0	10	0
Mr. E. Marsh	3	18	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haydon	1	1	0
From the Baptist Church, Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	2	2	0
A Memorial tribute, from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Greenwood	100	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Simmons and Miss Miller	1	0	0
Pastor W. Ruthven	0	10	0
Per Pastor T. B. Field:—			
Mr. and Mrs. Scorse	0	5	0
Pastor T. B. Field	0	2	6
	0	7	6
A. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Davies	10	0	0
A few friends at Maldon, per Pastor E. S. Cole	1	2	6
A wreath from Stow-on-the-Wold	2	6	7
Mrs. Prentice	0	10	0
"A little bit of sympathy", from A. M. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Prior	1	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	0	0
Moiety of Memorial offering at Metropolitan Tabernacle	138	1	6
Mr. George Kingerlee	1	1	0
Mr. W. McClintock	10	0	0
"Church of England" (a thank-offering for printed sermons)	5	0	0
Mrs. B. McConnell	2	0	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	5	0
Mr. W. W. Shepherdson	1	3	0
Mrs. Wilson	2	0	0
Mrs. Mulligan	0	10	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon	10	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Gilmour	1	10	0
Mr. Alexander McArthur	5	5	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. E. O. V. Lloyd	5	5	0
Per Pastor G. Wainwright (after Memorial sermons)	0	10	0
Mr. James Grose	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rainbow	0	7	6
Mr. George Williams	50	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Jane Allan	44	19	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Jan. 17	6	13	6
,, 24	20	1	0
,, 31	28	14	6
Feb. 7	88	4	3
,, 14	74	15	3
	218	8	6
	£775	15	0

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 15th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Broadhurst	0	4	0
Mr. W. McClintock	5	0	0
Miss Smith	1	0	0
W. and J. E. M.	0	15	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon	5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	18	17	2
	£28	16	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 15th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Maxted	0	8	8
Mr. S. Lucas	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Harper	2	10	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Eld Lane Sunday-school, Colchester, per Mr. H. Letch	2	6	6
Messrs. James and H. Letch	1	0	0
Mr. W. B. Jones's children	0	5	0
Niton Baptist Sunday-school, Isle of Wight, per Mr. J. Palmer ...	1	3	6
Collected by Pastor T. R. Matthews ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilshere	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Rouse	0	10	0
Miss Pratt	0	5	0
Postal order, King's Lynn	2	10	0
Mr. Thomas Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Mr. John Brown	0	5	0
Mr. J. Keith	1	10	0
Mr. J. Kipling	0	10	6
Postal order, Hayle	0	2	6
Mr. John Walker	0	2	6
Mr. William Wilcocks	1	1	0
Mrs. Hoare	0	10	0
Mr. John McBeth	1	0	0
F. S., per Mr. W. J. Evans	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Shaw	1	0	0
A reader of the Almanack	0	5	0
Miss Keys	0	5	0
Halbeath Sabbath-school, Fifeshire, per Mr. Robert Morris	0	4	9
Mr. H. Higbed	0	3	0
Part of harvest thanksgiving collection at Stowupland Chapel, Stowmarket, per Mr. T. E. Carter	0	5	3
Mr. William Bates	5	0	0
Mr. John Weir	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Adam	1	0	0
Mrs. Benjamin Saunders...	0	8	2
P. and P.	0	5	0
From three little cubs, Bearsden ...	1	0	0
Miss R. C. Drake	0	5	0
Mr. J. Jones	1	0	0
M. N.	1	0	0
Baptist Chapel, Cadoxton Barry, per Rev. L. Ton Evans	1	1	0
Collected from friends by Mrs. Runciman	1	4	0
J. D.	0	10	0
Mr. John Pugh	3	3	0
Collected by Mr. Bolton, per Pastor W. Burnett	0	6	0
Mr. G. Nowell	5	0	0
Presbyterian Mission Sunday-school, Stoke Newington, per Mr. J. Pollock	0	15	0
Mr. George A. Hulbert	2	0	0
Miss M. M. Berry	0	5	0
Mrs. C. W. Owen	0	2	6
Miss R. Thomas	1	0	0
A constant reader of the sermons ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hassall, sen.	1	0	0
Mr. James Grant	0	2	6
Miss M. Joscelyne...	0	2	0
Mr. James Wilson...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Spilman	0	10	0
Mr. H. Driver	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Lindley	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Fawkes	3	0	0
Mr. G. W. Smith	1	0	0
Miss A. Lewis	0	2	0
Miss J. Murray	2	0	0
Mrs. Dunn	1	1	0
Kemnay	0	3	6
Mr. D. Thwaites	0	2	6
Miss E. Geddes	50	0	0
Mr. E. Roberts	0	10	0
Wesleyan Christmas carol singers, per Mr. G. W. Sanders	1	0	0

				£	s.	d.
Per Mr. Richard Giles :—						
In memory of Bertie ...	0	5	0			
In lieu of Christmas cards	0	5	0			
A thankoffering	0	5	0			
				0	15	0
Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Eastry, per Mr. W. Clark				0	16	0
H. E.				0	2	6
Collected from friends by Mr. Peter Grant				2	0	0
Mrs. Hudson				0	3	0
Collected by Mr. H. Willis				0	14	0
Miss Ball				0	13	0
Mrs. H. W. Thompson				0	14	6
A friend at Ellon, per Mr. J. H. Brown				0	10	0
Mr. D. Humphrey...				0	10	0
Miss E. S. White				0	10	0
Mr. John F. Wilkinson				0	3	0
Mission Hall Sunday-school, Lockerbie, per Mr. J. Laidlaw				0	10	0
Mr. E. Joscelyne				2	2	0
M. L., Glasgow				0	5	0
Mr. C. Ibberson				0	2	6
Mr. John H. Jones				1	0	0
A friend				0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen				0	7	0
Collected by Miss Richardson				0	6	3
Collected by Miss Flo. Richardson ...				0	8	0
Mr. R. M. Scott				0	5	0
Mr. A. MacRae				0	5	0
Mrs. J. C. Higham				4	0	0
Anon....				0	2	6
Mrs. Gardner				0	5	0
Box at orphanage gates				2	10	7
A friend, per Mrs. Hay				0	10	0
Two sisters, Arbroath				0	7	6
Miss M. E. Jenkins				0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Gowing				1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Norman				6	0	0
Mr. John Bovey				0	5	0
Mr. S. Halstaff Coles				0	10	0
Miss A. M. Duckett's Sunday-school class, Keighley, and Mrs. Duckett ...				2	6	8
Collected by Miss B. A. Zurhorst ...				6	5	6
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust				0	6	6
Mr. H. G. Start				2	2	0
Mr. S. Popplestone				0	5	0
Mrs. Spear				0	2	6
Mr. J. A. Yoxall				1	0	0
Miss Jarman				1	0	0
Mrs. Renfree				0	2	6
Mr. Levi Haigh				1	0	0
Mr. R. Finlayson				1	0	0
Mr. George Biddle				2	0	0
Mr. A. Carter				0	5	0
Mrs. Rowlands				1	0	0
M. A. W.				0	3	0
"One of his stewards"				4	16	0
Mrs. Beer				0	3	0
Mr. W. Vergette				0	10	6
Matser James and Miss Lamb				0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. J. Taylor				1	3	0
In memoriam, the late Mrs. E. Tarbox, per Rev. E. W. Tarbox				5	0	0
Llangynidr Sunday-school, per Mrs. W. Evans				0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. E. N. Edgerton :						
Mr. A. Butterworth, J.P.	0	10	6			
Mr. James Proctor... ...	0	5	0			
Mr. Robert Orme	0	5	0			
Mr. Daniel Orme	0	5	0			
Mr. John Schofield ...	0	5	0			
Mr. Broadbent, sen. ...	0	5	0			
Mr. James Shepley, jun....	0	5	0			
Mrs. Hinton...	0	2	6			
Mr. T. S. Hague, C.C. ...	0	2	6			
				2	5	6

	£	s.	d.
From Vegetarian	0	10	0
A servant, Edinburgh	0	5	0
Mr. John Carter	0	2	6
Collected by Pastor T. G. Gathercole	0	5	0
Mr. W. Munkin and friends	1	0	0
Collected by Master A. Freeman	0	7	6
Mr. D. Peck	0	2	6
Mr. Samuel Ferguson	5	0	0
Mrs. Emsden	0	2	6
Miss J. H. Mann	0	10	6
Mrs. Nunn	0	1	0
Mr. William Mackie	0	5	0
Mr. S. Sargeant	1	0	0
Mr. W. Druce	0	10	6
Pastor John S. Hockey	0	10	6
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	0	0
Miss G. Bedwell	0	2	0
Free St. Ninian's Church, Leith, per Mr. Oliver Scott	0	10	0
Mrs. East	1	0	0
Mrs. Goodiff	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school children, Lossiemouth, per Mr. William Smith	0	15	0
Mr. Richard H. Briscoe	20	0	0
Mrs. Briscoe	10	0	0
Mr. D. Burgess	0	10	0
Mr. John Reid	1	0	0
Mrs. Semple	0	5	0
A friend, Lavenham	0	15	0
Collected by Miss Edwards	0	10	9
Mrs. Thomas's children	1	0	0
Postal order, Lesbury	0	5	0
Beauly Sabbath-school children, per Mr. John Paterson	1	0	0
Stamps from Torquay	0	2	6
Mr. John Woodward	5	5	0
Gildencroft Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. T. Bullimore	0	13	0
Mr. W. B. Scott	1	0	0
Mr. Isaac Vinall	1	1	0
Mr. T. Fordham, jun.	1	1	0
Mrs. Harvey	2	0	0
Mrs. Frearson, Barlings	2	10	0
Miss Kate Frearson, Market Rasen	0	10	0
Mrs. Gray	0	6	0
A friend, per Mrs. Gray	0	2	0
Mr. Charles Rogers	1	0	0
Miss Annie Meikle	1	0	0
Messrs. George Borwick and Sons	20	0	0
Miss Broomhead	0	10	0
A grateful grandmother	0	15	0
Chatham Ladies' Working Mission, per Mr. Underdown	1	0	0
Miss B. Davies	0	2	6
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0
Mrs. Somes	2	0	0
Miss L. Fidkin	0	5	0
Ruthie and Jackie, Hull	2	2	0
A few friends, per Mrs. Henderson	0	5	0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wiles	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Fryer	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Phillips	0	7	6
Mr. W. J. Lewis	1	1	0
A few friends, per Mr. W. R. Scott	0	10	0
Mr., Mrs., and Master Thomson	0	12	6
Mr. R. Morgan	0	13	6
Mrs. E. Walker	2	2	0
Mr. John Robson	0	2	6
Mr. Pask	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Adlem :—			
P. M.	1	0	0
Church of England	0	5	0
Hunt and Son	0	2	0
M. G.	0	1	0
A. D.	0	1	0
Friends	0	2	6
Mrs. Adlem's family	0	5	6
	1	17	0
Collected by Miss A. Day	0	3	6
Mr. Anderson	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A little flower from a poor old man	0	10	0
Mrs. Talbot	0	5	0
Mr. John H. Tuck	0	10	0
In loving memory of Rev. E. Oldfield	1	1	0
Free Church Sabbath-school, Lockerbie, per Mr. E. Moffat	1	7	0
Anonymous, Surbiton	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne	1	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	0
Employés at Mr. T. L. Pugh's Grocery Stores, Tintern	0	6	0
Lochee Baptist Sunday-schools, per Mr. J. Peebles	1	0	0
Miss Pinckstone	0	5	0
Mrs. McCallam	0	5	0
Miss R. Daniell	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. C. J. Page	0	5	0
Mrs. Thirza Haynes	10	0	0
Mr. Alfred Jeynes	10	0	0
An afflicted missionary in India	1	0	0
Mr. S. Slodden	0	2	6
H. C., Monmouth	0	2	6
Mrs. James Medwin	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Jackson	1	0	0
Mr. John Neal	1	0	0
Mr. John White	1	0	0
G. H. S.	0	10	0
In loving memory of C. H. S., John xvii. 24	0	10	0
Mr. J. Woodward	0	10	0
Mr. Rupert Snell	0	10	0
"In loving memory," from an aged widow	1	0	0
I. G.	0	10	0
Mr. H. J. Sutton	5	0	0
N. W., in memory of dear Mr. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Miss Craig	0	5	0
Mr. G. A. Veasey	0	5	0
Mr. John Harris	2	2	0
J. G., "wreath in memoriam"	2	2	0
Mr. J. C. Toovey	0	2	6
Miss Watts	1	0	0
Mrs. Mead	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Watts	0	2	6
Mr. T. Gibson's daughters	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs J. Robinson	1	1	0
Mr. John Bottrill	5	0	0
Mr. C. A. Goodbody	0	10	0
Mr. J. Emerson	1	1	0
Brockley Road Church, per Rev. J. T. Wigner	7	17	10
Collected by Miss P. Pentelow	1	1	0
Friend at Harrold	0	10	0
Postal order, New Wandsworth	0	2	6
Miss C. E. Smither	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dodwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Shaw	1	1	0
Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.	1	1	0
Mrs. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. John T. Stevenson	10	10	0
Collected by Miss Sochon	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Elsie Davie	0	7	6
A tribute in loving memory of our late beloved President, from an old boy, T. S. H.	5	0	0
Manor Park Mission Hall, per Mr. K. Narracott	0	9	0
Miss Holt	2	2	0
Belle Isle Mission, per Pastor J. Benson	12	12	0
Mrs. Blayney	0	10	0
Mr. T. D. Galpin	100	0	0
In memoriam, W. B. V.	0	2	6
Mrs. Faulconer	10	10	0
Miss Steedman	10	10	0
Collection at Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, after sermon by Mr. Henry Varley, per Mr. F. N. Charrington	20	0	0
Mr. John Hunt	5	0	0
Mr. John Neal	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	5	0	0
H. M. H.	0	5	0
E. L. H.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bettman	5	0	0
Mr. J. Allder	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Read and children	3	4	6
Baptist Church, Waterbeach, per Pastor F. Thompson	4	4	6
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Combs and daughter	1	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. Frank H. White ...	0	10	0
Rev. J. G. Van Rijn	2	0	0
Collection at Kingston Baptist Chapel, per Pastor George Wright	7	16	7
Mr. Egerton Burnett	5	5	0
Malden, Kilburn, and Conference Halls, per Mr. C. Russell Hurditch	5	0	6
First Lord's-supper collection at Barnet Tabernacle, per Mr. A. Lockhart ...	1	15	6
Mr. E. G. Church	0	10	0
Mrs. Shepperd	1	0	0
Grafton Square Baptist Chapel, Clapham, per Mr. G. M. Cunningham	1	15	0
Mr. C. Gray Hill	10	10	0
Mrs. Rees	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hillier	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bottrill	2	2	0
Mr. T. L. Wakelin	1	1	0
Mr. H. T. Meakin	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Larcombe	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Robinson	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge	0	10	0
Miss L. Farley	1	0	0
Mr. Duncan S. Miller	0	10	0
Mr. W. B. Croft	0	5	0
Mrs. Creasey	1	1	0
Mr. A. Grose	0	10	0
Mrs. Randell	0	2	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	0
Mr. John Lewis	0	2	6
Teddington Baptist Chapel, per Mr. J. Gibb	2	0	0
Mission Station, Palmer's Green, per Mr. C. P. Ford	0	10	0
Mr. James Toovey	0	5	0
Rev. L. S. E. Tronsdale	1	1	0
Mrs. Dovey	1	1	0
Mr. William Northcroft	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dafforne	1	0	0
A flower for the beloved departed ...	0	5	0
Carshalton Mission, per Mr. H. C. Crawley	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barnard	0	5	0
Cottage Green Chapel, Camberwell, per Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S. ...	2	15	0
Mr. E. Rayner	20	0	0
A. B. C.	0	5	0
E. B.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jordan	1	1	0
Mrs. Anton	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	6
Miss M. Wilson	0	10	0
Miss K. Bailey's Sunday-school class, Witney	0	7	0
Mrs E. Larcombe	0	2	6
Mrs. Musgrave	0	7	0
Mr. G. H. Laurie	0	7	6
Mr. J. Taylor	0	10	0
Mrs. Bevan	0	5	0
Mr. J. R. Stevens	1	1	0
Mr. G. Stockdill, Canada	0	10	0
Mr. J. Taylor	0	5	0
From a widow	1	0	0
L. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Fraser	0	6	0
Miss A. M. Burditt	1	0	0
Mrs. Charles Curling	3	0	0
Central Hall, Swindon, per Mr. W. Brown	1	12	6
Wimbledon Baptist Chapel, per Mr. W. Freeth	5	11	6
Mr. and Mrs. Pummery	0	10	0
A Folkestone working-man	2	2	0
A thankoffering, G. M.	2	0	0
Mr. George Coote	0	10	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Menton:—			
The Misses Wright ... 2 0 0			
Mrs. Camac 1 0 0			
	3	0	0
E. R., In loving memory of our late Pastor	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Congreve	10	0	0
Mr. William Smellie, jun.	1	1	0
Westbourne Park Chapel—collections after sermons by Rev. Dr. Clifford ...	31	10	0
Miss L. Wilford	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horton	1	1	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis and family	1	0	0
Mr. W. T. Flew	0	5	0
Mrs. Farrow	0	2	0
Tredegar Baptist Chapel, Cardiff, per Rev. Alfred Tilly	5	0	0
Mr. T. R. Hooper	0	5	0
Mrs. Davidson	0	3	0
Mrs. Solomon	0	2	6
Postal order, Holborn	0	2	6
Mr. J. Barber, per Pastor H. Abraham	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Higgs, sen.	5	0	0
Miss Lowne	0	2	6
Collection after memorial service at Union Chapel, Manchester, per Mr. H. Stevenson	7	12	9
Four friends at Baptist Chapel, Ilford, per Mr. C. Allard	1	0	0
Mr. E. N. Absolon	0	5	0
"In honour of the departed"	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Blant and friends	2	2	0
Mr. J. Innocent	0	1	0
"Our palm-branch"	0	10	0
Mr. E. Woodhams	0	2	6
Rev. Robert and Mrs. Dawson	1	0	0
From a Peterborough household, who use and value C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning" in their daily worship	1	1	0
From a poor deaf sermon-reader ...	0	2	6
In loving memory	1	0	0
A. E. J., in lieu of wreath	0	10	0
Mr. S. Ormrod	1	0	0
Miss J. Jordan	3	0	0
An evangelical layman of the Church of England			
Mrs. Evans			
Mighell Street Baptist Chapel, Brighton, per Mr. George Virgo, jun.	2	2	0
Collection at united memorial service, at Holland Road Chapel, Brighton, per Pastor David Davies	9	10	0
A free-will offering	25	0	0
Mr. A. Fleetwood Shrapnel	0	10	6
Collection at Memorial Service, Baptist Chapel, Poole, per Mr. J. P. Godwin	1	5	0
Mr. W. Davies	0	2	0
H. E. S.	5	0	0
Mr. T. Houghton	0	5	0
Mr. Hendrie	0	5	0
Miss M. Hayward	0	10	0
In loving memory of Mr. Spurgeon ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Hooker and family	0	10	0
"A token of loving remembrance of our dearly-loved master, from all the household at 'Westwood', with gratitude that cannot be expressed" ...	1	15	0
Mrs. Hubbard	0	18	0
Memorial service at West Kensington Congregational Church, per Mr. T. H. Holding	1	7	0
Mr. John Joyce	1	0	0
A humble member of the Tabernacle, C. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. Gover, sen.	1	0	0
Mrs. Wane	10	0	0
Miss C. Clarkson	1	0	0
Mrs. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. Samuel Cone	1	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A. C.	0	5	0
Jersey Baptist Church and Congregational, per Pastor C. A. Fellowes ...	5	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1	10	0
Upton Vale Baptist Chapel, Torquay, per Rev. W. Emery	8	10	0
Mr. H. Boorman	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Hartley...	0	10	0
Mr. Donald Munro	0	5	0
A well-wisher, instead of sending a wreath	2	2	0
Mrs. James	0	2	6
Mr. Robert Sortwell	1	1	0
A thankoffering	0	2	6
Christian Workers' Mission, George Street, Camberwell, per Mr. Dale ...	0	18	3
Baptist Chapel, Tunbridge Wells, per Mr. G. Finch	6	8	10
Mr. John Barton	5	5	0
Mrs. S. J. Clarke	1	1	0
Rev. James Knaggs	1	1	0
Messrs. Sinclair and Co.	2	10	0
In memory of Mr. Spurgeon	5	0	0
A loving tribute from Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith	5	0	0
Postal order, Hatton Garden	0	2	6
W. P....	0	1	0
Mrs. S. J. James	0	10	6
Ebury Mission, Pimlico, per Mr. W. Middleditch	0	17	0
Per Pastor W. Williams:—			
Mr. James Clark	52	10	0
A wreath of love from Upton Chapel	11	11	0
	64	1	0
Collected in boxes at the Victoria Baths, Peckham	1	13	6
Rev. C. Field	2	12	0
Employés of Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons, per Mr. W. Baker...	2	1	0
Mr. George Kingerlee	10	10	0
Mr. William McClintock...	20	0	0
The Misses Van Notten Pole	1	0	0
Widow A. H.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	15	0
W. and J. E. M.	0	5	0
P. J.	2	0	0
Mrs. Whatley	0	5	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon...	20	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Gilmour	2	10	0
Mr. Alexander McArthur, M.P. ...	5	5	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. E. O. V. Lloyd	5	5	0
Bournemouth Baptist Chapel, after Memorial sermons, by Pastor G. Wainwright	3	3	6
Orphan Boys' collecting-cards (second list)...	12	9	7
Orphan Girls' collecting-cards (second list)...	8	3	5
Mrs. A. Aland	0	10	0
Part collection from West Street Baptist Chapel, Dunstable, per Pastor F. J. Flatt	1	3	6
Moiety of Memorial offerings in Metropolitan Tabernacle	138	1	6
Mrs. Hale	1	1	0
Mrs. Kemp	0	5	0
Miss S. A. Hunt	0	3	0
Mr. W. C. Downing	1	0	0
Mrs. Bewes	1	0	0
Mr. S. Kirk	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0
Mr. F. Fisher	1	1	0
Mr. Deady	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. May	0	10	0
Mrs. Stevens	0	5	0
Mrs. Rust	0	2	6
Mr. W. Harris	0	2	6
Mrs. Hawkey	2	10	0
Mr. W. G. Elliott	0	5	0
Mr. G. Hollands	0	10	0
Mr. G. E. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. Strube	0	4	0
Miss Knowles	1	0	0
Mr. Stephen White, per Pastor R. T. Lewis	0	10	0
Miss A. Laver	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spice	1	0	0
Mrs. Jeffery's workpeople	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Berrill	0	5	0
Mr. E. Marsh	3	15	0
"A friend of the Orphans"	100	0	0
Mr. W. Jowell	1	1	0
"In memoriam", C. H. S.	0	5	0
Baptist Chapel, Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor T. L. Edwards...	2	2	0
Rev. E. J. Welch	1	0	0
Little Rowley Hill, per Pastor T. B. Field	0	5	0
Mr. W. Appleton	100	0	0
A few friends at Maldon, per Pastor E. S. Cole...	1	2	6
Mr. W. C. Greenop	1	1	0
A friend	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Pearson	1	0	0
An aged pilgrim	1	0	0
Mr. William Dempsey	1	1	0
Collected by M. R. and E. T.—Affection's offering from sorrowing hearts	3	12	0
Mr. W. J. Brown	1	0	0
Miss L. G.	0	2	6
Collections at Harlesden Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. C. Williams	7	4	3
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace, per Bankers	0	10	0
"Tearful, but thankful"	100	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Jane Allan	44	19	1
Mr. G. Spanswick	1	1	0
Readers of "The Christian", per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	22	14	6
Messrs. Morgan and Scott	3	3	0
"A wreath laid on the tomb of dear C. H. S. by the Stepney orphans and workers"	17	10	0
Mrs. Phillips	3	3	0
Mr. R. Craft	3	3	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Stockwell Congregational Chapel, per Miss Bennett 1 0 0			
Sale of programmes ... 0 8 9			
	1	8	9
Lady Ashburton's Mission	5	16	10
	£1,638	11	9

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list).—Abbit, H., 5s; Beer, W., 1s, Bartholomew, H., 1s; Barson, E., 5s; Broom, B., 3s; Cose, L. B., 11s; De St. Legier, J., 2s 6d; Dixon, A., 2s; Fyfield, F., 4s 6d; Fowler, A. H., 5s; Goddard, C., 5s; Hurt, S., £1 1s; Hutchinson, H., 5s; Hewlett, H. £1 3s 4d; Hilder, J. L., £1 1s; Henderson, P., 8s 10d; Jansen, W., 3s; James, A., 5s; Llewellyn, H., 8s 3d; Manser, S., 3s; Nichols, J., 4s 6d; Roe, F., 1s; Sanders, W., £1 1s; Sambell, F., 10s; Taylor, F., 1s; Wilkins, J., 5s 2d; Wheeler, E., £2; Wells, S., 3s; Wilson, G., 10s 6d; Warren, W., 10s.—Total, £12 9s 7d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list).—Arnold, S., 6d; Bateman, M., £1 1s; Boyles, L., 2s 3d; Coplestone, G., £1 1s; Dickerson, E., 14s 4d; Dennis, M., 2s 6d; Ellis, E., 5s; Fitt, M., 3s; Fairhead, L., 4s; Grimes, E., 3s; Gray, G., 1s 6d; Hall, F., 1s 9d; Holman, E., 6s 3d; Hinckley, L., 4s; Houching, M., 2s; Hyde, E., 3s; Howell, N., 4s; Hoffman, M., 5s; Lawler, L., 5s;

Leitch, G., 2s 6d; Moorcroft, R., 1s 3d; Moles, E., 1s 2d; Maynard, M., 17s 1d; Nugent, L., 6s 2d; Shaw, H., 5s; Sands, M., 4s; Searing, S., 1s 6d; Sharp, M., 3s; Stevens, E., 5s; Weston, A., 1s; Willmott, 4s 8d; Williams, A., 2s.—Total, £8 3s 5d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from January 13th to February 15th, 1892.—PROVISIONS: 1 pair of fowls, Mr. John Rees; 1 Turkey, 3 Cakes, Mr. and Mrs S. T. Barrah; 1 Pudding, Mrs. James Barrah; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 5 sacks Flour, Mr. J. G. Taylor; 224 lbs Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 20 lbs Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 8 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 2 jars Honey, and 1 Pocket Knife, Mrs. Daintree; 1 cwt Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Sons.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—2 pairs Knitted Socks, 1 pair Cuffs, "Anon"; 8 Flannel Shirts, Miss F. Hall; 9 Articles, Mr. James Street; 40 pairs Shoes, Mr. G. H. Kerridge; 1 pair Cuffs, 2 pairs Socks, Mrs. Clews.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—16 Articles, Mrs. Green; 42 Articles, for No. 4 Girls, Miss Jones; 240 Trimmed Straw Hats, a friend to the orphans; 2 Articles, Mrs. Pilgrim; 8 Jackets, 2 Dresses, 1 Ulster, Mr. D. Smith; 11 Articles, Mr. James Street; 18 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 pair Boots, Mr. John Hillier; 41½ yards Material, Mr. J. McDonald.

GENERAL:—13 Dolls, for No. 4 Girls, Miss Jones; 3 boxes Artificial Flowers, Mr. Lambert Samuel; 600 Text Books, Miss S. Robinson; 6 Book Marks and 4 Mats, Miss A. Mitchell.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 15th, 1892.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor, per Major Tustin	10	0	0
Mr. D. White, for Uxbridge	5	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission, per Mr. S. W. Page	7	10	0
Newton Abbot District, per Mr. Baker	5	0	0
Hockliffe, per Rev. J. K. Baker ...	10	0	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	2	15	11
Rendham District	7	10	0
Miss Griffith, for Somers Town	10	0	0
Mrs. White, for Tewkesbury	2	10	0
"In Memoriam"	20	0	0
Kettering District	10	0	0
Mrs. Robinson, for Tewkesbury ...	5	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon District	7	10	0
Newbury, per Mr. A. Jackson	10	0	0
Pastor E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's ...	10	0	0
	£122	15	11

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Rogers, "instead of flowers"	1	1	0
Mrs. John Neal, "in lieu of a wreath"	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Withers, "A wreath, in affectionate memory of C. H. S."	5	5	0
Mr. W. McClintock	5	0	0
The Misses Van Notten Pole	1	0	0
"Practical Praise"	0	5	0
Mrs. Whatley	0	2	6
Mrs. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon	5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	10	0	0
Miss S. R. Robinson	20	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Marshall, per Mr. Mears	1	1	0
Mr. Phillips, per Mr. Mears	0	5	0
	£50	19	6

For the widow of the late Mr. R. Beard:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Laurie	0	10	0
M. P.	0	5	0
O. B.	2	2	0
	£2	17	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 15th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services, at the United Mission, Luton	20	3	0
Mr. John Neal	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Hemyock, Devon	3	16	0
A grateful reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	5	0	0
Mr. W. McClintock	10	0	0
"Church of England" (a thankoffering for the printed sermons)	5	0	0
P. J.	2	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	2	0	0
Mrs. L. Haward	0	5	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon	10	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Gilmour	1	0	0
Mr. George Williams	50	0	0
	£120	4	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbelton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Society of Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

APRIL, 1892.

Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives at Menton.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

REGULAR readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* are aware that the late beloved Editor, in the volume for 1890, commenced a series of articles entitled, "Drives at Menton." It was his intention, had he been spared, to write descriptions of all the drives around his Riviera retreat, and then to publish them in a volume. He often met with people who had "done" Menton in the usual tourist style; but who really had scarcely seen the charming valleys and mountain villages by which it is surrounded, and which, in his estimation, so greatly added to the attractions of the little town on the Mediterranean shore. The articles in the Magazine evidently answered the end the dear writer had in view; for not only were his ordinary readers greatly interested by them, but we heard of many visitors to the sunny South who brought with them a complete set of *The Sword and the Trowel* containing Mr. Spurgeon's "Drives", in order that they might go over the route under his direction. They have borne testimony to the fact that his "guide-book" was of more use to them than any other; while residents in Menton have been glad to learn from it all that he could teach them about the region he knew so well, and loved so dearly. In the articles on "Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives", we shall use, as far as we can, all the materials that he had been, for years, industriously collecting; and the completed volume may yet see the light.

Mr. Spurgeon frequently said that he wished he had some friend at Menton to take photographs, to illustrate his drives, as Mr. T. H. Nash did for his little book, *Memories of Stambourne*. During his last

visit, two such friends, Mr. W. C. Houghton and Mr. P. W. J. Mackenzie, most willingly placed their services and their cameras at his disposal; and their kindness enables us to give our readers accurate reproductions of the last views upon which Mr. Spurgeon looked before he was called up to "see the King in His beauty."

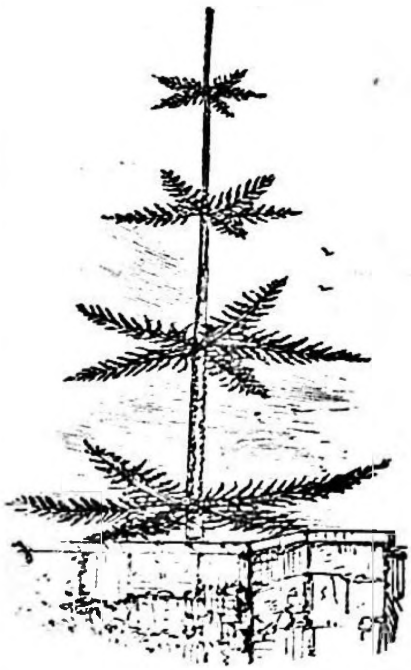
On *January* 8, 1892, accompanied by Mr. Houghton, Deacon Frank Thompson, and his "armour-bearer", Mr. Spurgeon drove as far as Mr. Hanbury's new school, at Latte. All drives, previously described, had been on the north or western side of Menton; this morning we turned eastwards, towards Italy.

Starting from the *Hôtel Beau Rivage*, we pass the first villa, built for the accommodation of visitors in 1855, the *Grand Hôtel*, the Custom-house, the mud-river, and the level crossing, of which Mr. Spurgeon wrote in *The Sword and the Trowel* for February, 1891, when describing THE BOULEVARD VICTORIA. Instead of turning to the left, as on that occasion, we keep on ascending until we reach the *Pont St. Louis*, the bridge that unites or divides the two countries, France and Italy. Many years ago, Mr. Spurgeon wrote:—"By means of this bridge, we cross from one land to another right easily, though a deep gulf frowns beneath. Is not the Lord Jesus such a bridge between the state of condemnation and the region of salvation? Our sins and our spiritual inability divide us from God; but the divine Mediator makes a way for us, both safe and easy. Oh, that all our unsaved readers would cross that bridge by an act of faith, and find themselves in the fair land of rest! There are no guards to block the passage, and no toll is asked of those who come. All is free and open; at all hours of the day or night, the passage is unobstructed. Only believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou hast passed from death unto life. Do this, dear friend, and we shall then meet in the land where we shall never again say, 'FAREWELL.'"

We pull up at the bridge just to tell the guardians of the Republic our destination, that they may have no suspicion as to what we may bring back with us from the "foreign country" whither we are bound. Looking across the chasm, we notice that one tall cliff bears a remarkable resemblance to Victor Emmanuel, while another is in the exact form of a woolly-headed negro; and an enthusiastic German lady said that the rock in the middle of the ravine reminded her of the old Kaiser, Wilhelm I. By the action of time, tempests, earthquakes, rain, &c., the sides of the hills have been torn and twisted into such fantastic shapes, that you can imagine that you see all manner of creatures, including the children's friend, Jumbo, on the crest of the mountain, with Bruin, and other animals, not far away. To see the ravine to perfection, it is said that you must walk up the gorge, from the sea-shore, on a moon-light night; but we never want to see a finer view than that which we get from the bridge we are now supposed to be crossing.

Here we are at the great quarry which has furnished the stone for the breakwater and many of the villas, hotels, and other buildings in the neighbourhood; but which has plenty left for future works. You will receive due warning if blasting is likely to take place while you

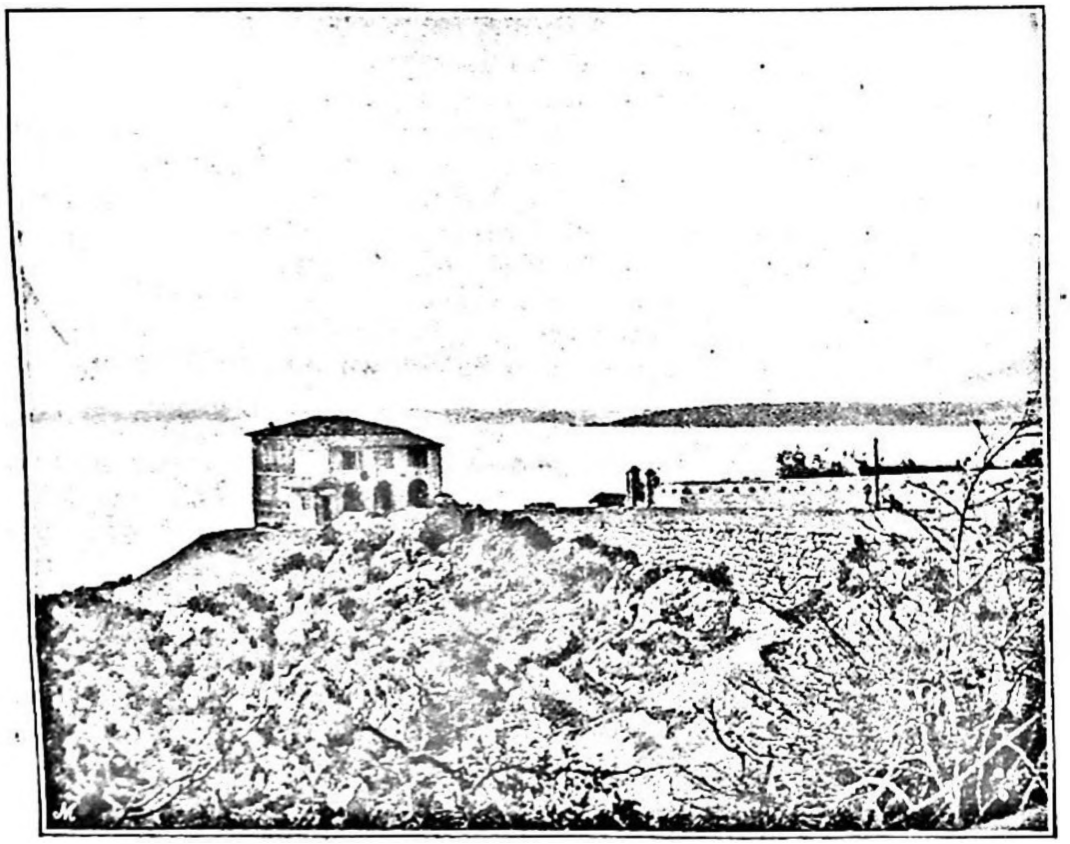
are near. Now we are at the beginning of what Mr. Spurgeon used to call the Italian kingdom of *Bennetia*.* Dr. Bennet's busy life ended last year, and he had, more than a year before his death, sold this property; but it will always be to us "Dr. Bennet's garden." How many happy memories cluster around that bright spot! We used to know every terrace and almost every tree in the garden. We could tell the seat on which Mr. Spurgeon sat when he made this sketch for the Book Fund Report for 1882, and sent it home to his dear wife with the following "Message from Menton":—"Sitting in Dr. Bennet's garden, I saw, rising above a building, the top of a fine young pine, named *Araucaria excelsa*. Its highest point seemed a simple line, or straight shoot, the growth of the present year, not yet quite complete. Below were five little branches (I dare say that is not the right word, but I know no better), and these were succeeded by another length of stem, and then again a fivefold growth. Looking at it, it seemed to be like the Book Fund, with its annual periods of labour, and the consequent Report, which crowns the growth of each year. I know that a new Report is soon to be thrown out, and I remember the pain and labour of its development; but it will come as surely as the Araucaria will put forth its star. Each outgrowth is nearer heaven, and tends to the perfecting of the tree. To you, I dare say, each year's work has less in it whereof you might glory, even as the tree grows less as it climbs higher; but there is to the eye of an onlooker a beauty and a symmetry about the whole of a work which is done for Jesus, and my love may rest assured that her service is beautiful to Him whose approbation is her chief reward. He marks the Book Fund tree, not as I do this pine, *in part;* but He sees it from the root upward, and notes each leaf of its evergreen foliage. You see, I have used my unaccustomed pencil to depict what I saw, and it is a feeble failure; but when all things done on earth shall have their photographs exhibited at the last day, your Book Fund will be "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever", and holy intelligences shall agree in the verdict of 'Well done.'"



This year, the beloved writer had the joy of pointing out to his dear wife, from the road below, the tree he had sketched. The day he made the drawing, he also prepared the rough outline of his sermon on "Supposing Him to be the Gardener" (No. 1,699), and the companion sermon, "Growing on the Wall", which was published in *The Sword and the Trowel* for April, 1889.

* Menton owes much to the able author of *Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean;* and we are glad to know that the town is raising a memorial in grateful remembrance of his services.

We must stop at the Italian guard-house, which is perched on the very corner of the cliff overhanging the sea; but it does not take us long to convince the smart-looking soldiers that we have nothing that we want to smuggle into Italy. There is a story about this guard-house that Mr. Spurgeon delighted to tell. In the days when the phylloxera was committing such deadly havoc among the vines of France and Italy, the two countries tried to prevent its further spread by forbidding the transport of fruit, flowers, shrubs, &c., from one land to the other. It was a stupid regulation, for the phylloxera was already in possession of both sides of the frontier; and it led to many amusing scenes. One day Mr. Spurgeon was going, with a party of friends, for a picnic; and amongst the articles under his charge were a couple of oranges. He understood sufficient Italian to comprehend that the fruit could not be allowed to pass; but his ready wit suggested the best way out of the difficulty, so he walked into the

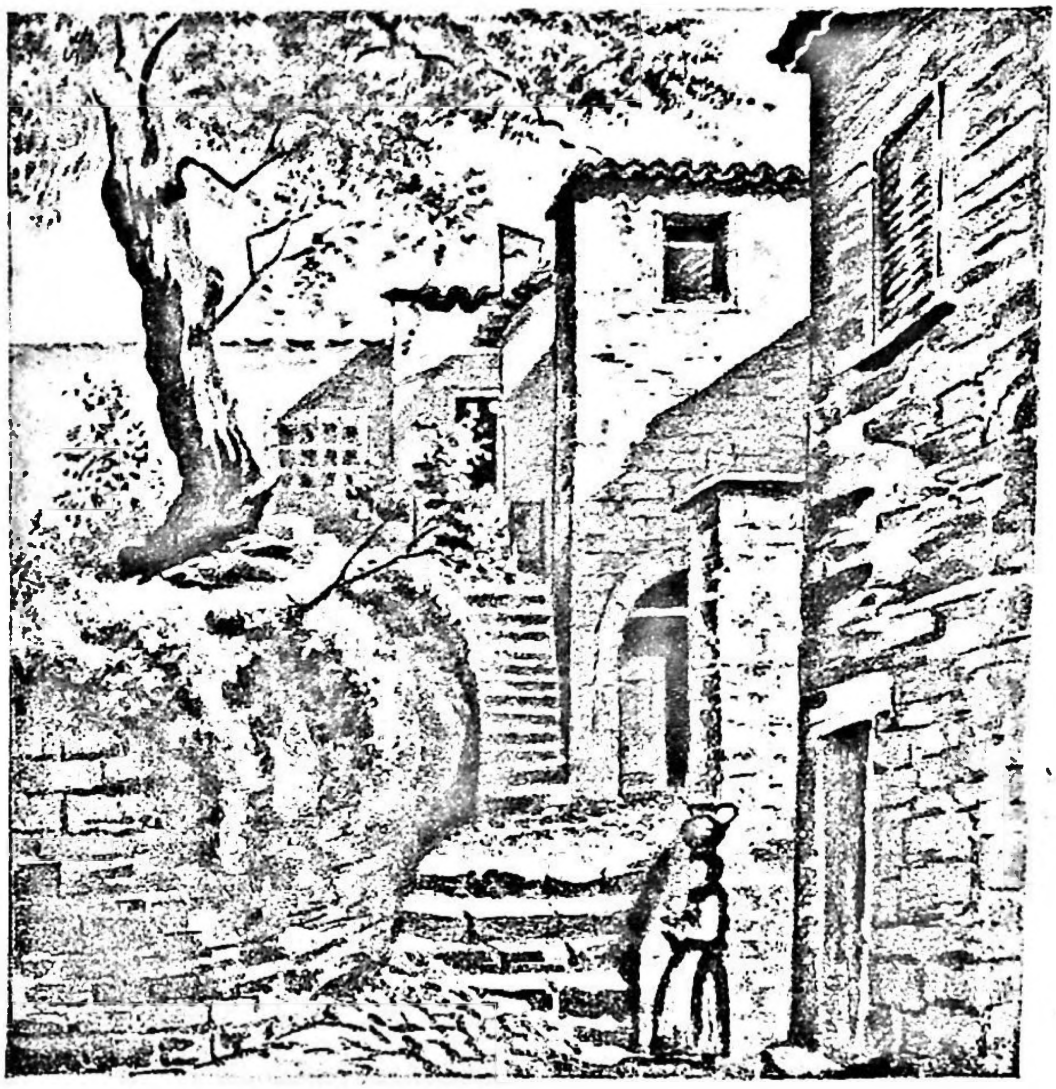


soldiers' room, peeled the oranges, carefully putting all the peel into the fire, and ate them, to the great amusement of the defenders of the crown rights of the King of Italy! As the story has been published in various papers and books, Mr. Spurgeon is represented as having "stepped back, five or six paces, into France," in order to defy the Italian guards; whereas, at the time, he was probably one or two hundred yards beyond the boundaries of the Republic!

The road continues to ascend rather steeply, so we have plenty of time to notice the different objects of interest that we pass. On our right, embowered in olive-trees, is an open-air threshing-floor, which

has been recently used. A little further on are the stone staircases outside the houses, to which Mr. Spurgeon always called the attention of fresh visitors. That singular arrangement, doubtless, gave more room in the dwellings; but it would not be very comfortable on wet or windy nights, and those who have to go up to bed in that style had need have their heads clear and their feet steady. Close by, you may often see the baker-women taking their cakes out of the oven. They can hardly be called Boulangists, for this is not a *boulangerie*, as it would be if it were in France. Being in Italy, it is a *panatteria*—the same thing under another name.

The mule-track, on the left hand, leads to the villages of *Grimaldi* and *Ciotti*. Mr. Spurgeon was never able to mount to those heights; but a kind friend, Mr. S. Kerswell, of Plymouth, who did so, painted a portion of Grimaldi Street, which we are able to reproduce here.

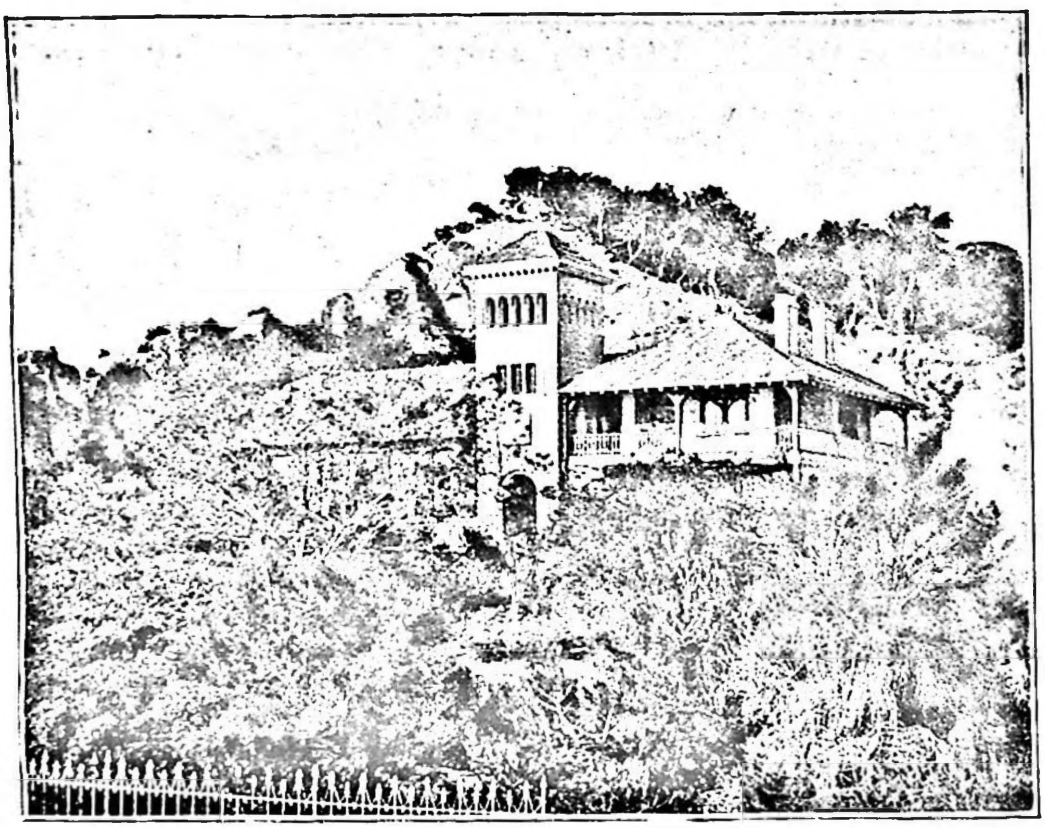


From this point we keep a sharp look-out for *the fountain in the sea*, a spring of fresh water that forces its way right through the solid and liquid mass above it. Mr. Spurgeon has often gone out in a boat

to the spot, and he has also frequently used this fountain as an illustration of the power of the divine life within the soul of a believer to overcome all obstacles, and manifest itself to the praise of God's grace.

As soon as we reach the top of the hill, we stop, for Mr. Houghton to take a photograph of *Mr. Hanbury's School* for the children of the three villages of Mortola, Grimaldi, and Ciotti. We were present at the opening of this building on January 1st, 1880. The day on which Mrs. Spurgeon accompanied her dear husband along this road for the first time, just as the carriage stopped opposite the school, the children were singing, in Italian, but to the familiar tune—

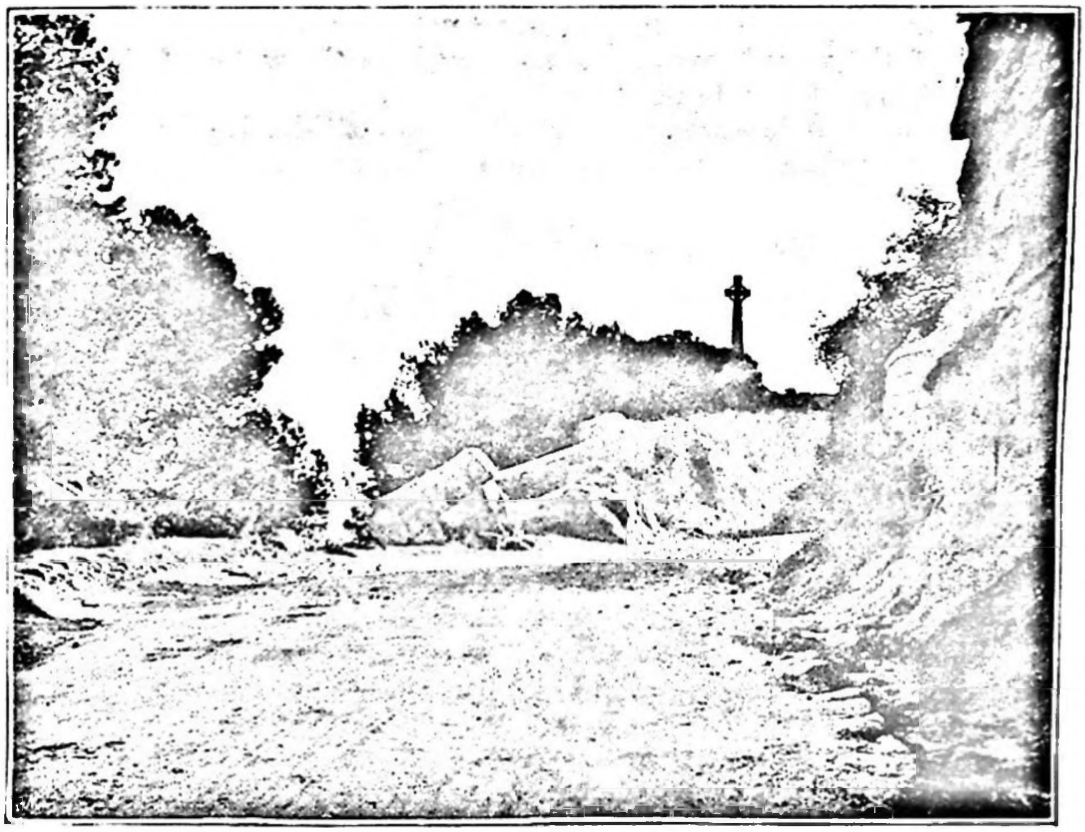
"Safe in the arms of Jesus."



Commendatore Thomas Hanbury, to give him his Italian title, has been the great benefactor of the whole of this neighbourhood. Seats and drinking-fountains, erected by his generous gifts, abound throughout the region; and not content with the school above depicted, he has erected quite a noble pile of buildings at Latte, where the children belonging to some fourteen villages are being educated. To-day we are driving as far as the new *Scuola Hanbury*. Unfortunately, Mr. Houghton's camera is not suitable for the purpose, so we cannot give a photograph of the building; but armed with an authority from Mr. Hanbury, we are able to go into the various rooms, to see the teachers and children at their work.

In speaking of the schools, we have anticipated the end of our morning's drive; so must retrace our steps, and return to the Mortola School. On the opposite side of the road stands the *Croce della*

Mortola, or cross of Mortola, of which we give the view taken by Mr. Houghton. Mr. Spurgeon was anxious to have this, as he has often spoken of the spiritual lessons to be derived from the cross that is such a prominent object in the landscape. Just beyond the cross, the road for some distance runs at the foot of high rocks that effectually prevent the beams of the sun from reaching the traveller, so that, as soon as you get *away from the cross, you are out of the sunshine.* The illustration is even better as you are returning, for *it is all cold till you come to the cross.* See how the sun shines upon the road near the cross.



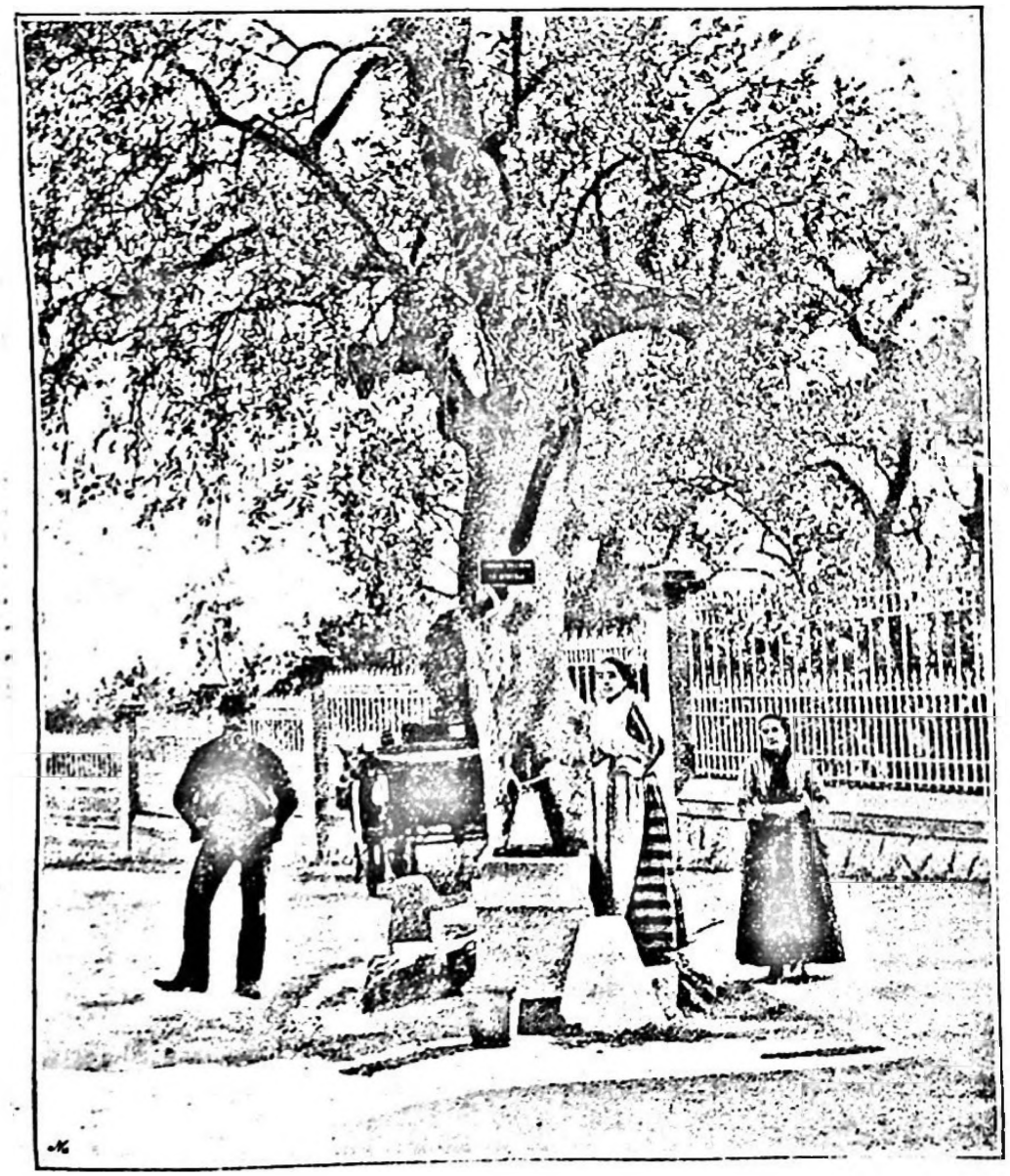
"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend."

Knowing that Mr. Spurgeon wished to have his portrait taken for the readers of the Magazine and Sermons, and knowing also that the two attempts that had been made had failed because he knew that he was being photographed, I said to Mr. Houghton, "If you get an opportunity, be sure to secure Mr. Spurgeon's likeness without his knowing that you are doing it!" So, after taking the cross, he arranged his camera, and obtained the portrait which is given as a frontispiece. This is a precious memento, and no doubt will be highly prized by our readers. It was deemed advisable to enlarge the photograph from the small one in which Mr. Spurgeon appeared seated in the carriage, so that his features might be more clearly recognized. (N.B.—This portrait is copyright, and must not be reproduced without the permission of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster.)

Driving round the cold corner, we soon emerged again into the sunshine, and in a few minutes halted at the gate of the *Palazzo Orengo*,

where Mr. Spurgeon alighted for a brief interview with Mr. Hanbury, little thinking that, just one month from that day, his bereaved wife would go to stay in what she has truly called "one of the fairest of earth's Paradises", that she might regain sufficient strength after her great trial to enable her to return to her saddened home. While Mr. Spurgeon was in the garden, Mr. Houghton, at his request, photographed *the fountain in the olive*, at which the Pastor and others had often stopped to drink, and while doing so had been reminded of Him of whom the olive is such an instructive type; and who, when on earth, stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." By a most ingenious arrangement, the water is made to flow out of the very heart of the tree, even as the water of life comes from the heart of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(In our next article we shall include views of Mr. Hanbury's house and garden, and others taken on the way back to Menton.)



"Under the Rod."

THE SUBSTANCE OF AN ADDRESS, DELIVERED IN THE TABERNACLE, BY PASTOR JAMES A. SPURGEON.

"I will cause you to pass under the rod."—Ezekiel xx. 37.

FOUR main lines of thought are associated in the Bible with the figure of the Rod; and we need to keep all in mind to gather the full meaning of the words of God to His people by the prophet.

I. The foremost idea to us as a church, just now, is THE ROD OF CORRECTION. Even as a father chasteneth his children, so the Lord is dealing with us as a church, till, with Job, we say, "Let Him take His rod away from me" (Job ix. 34). Meanwhile, we would "hear the rod, and who hath appointed it" (Micah vi. 9). Solomon says, "The rod and reproof give wisdom" (Prov. xxix. 15); let us, therefore, listen for the lessons of tenderness, and learn the messages of mercy which are conveyed even by the severe stroke which has removed our beloved leader from us.

We will not, for a moment, think with Jeremiah, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of His *wrath*" (Lam. iii. 1); for there is no trace of anger in the calling home of a faithful servant to the rest and reward of heaven. In love we are being thus dealt with. There are high purposes to be answered in all this terrible chastisement. Let us watch for the hand which holds the rod, and run into the Father's arms. We must not be driven away from Him; but be led rather to seek Him, saying, "Shew me wherefore Thou contendest with me" (Job x. 2). The Captain of our Salvation was made perfect through sufferings (Heb. ii. 10); how much more shall we need them to develop our graces, mature our powers, and conform us to the will of God in all things?

Nor must we look at second causes, but raise our eyes to the First Great Cause of all our trials. To-day some of you are wounded in the house of your friends; others have had the arrows of God's enemies shot at you; but alike the hand of God is in it. Afflictions spring not out of the dust; all are ordered by infinite wisdom to meet the case God designs to bless. The thorn in the flesh, mayhap, has grown in a bush which burned, and was not consumed; and the messenger from Satan, buffeting you, may perhaps have felt the Master's power in days gone by, and will be under your feet shortly, though, meanwhile, permitted to provoke your repeated prayers, and prepare you for richer supplies of grace. But whether the cup is mingled from ingredients gathered from your business, your family, your person, or your church-life, the mixture is compounded by an all-wise hand, which, with consummate skill, will adapt the potion to the patient's needs. The result of all sanctified affliction is to make the sufferer say, "It was good for me that I was afflicted." Let us, then, dearly beloved, kiss the rod, as our heavenly Father permits it to be used upon us individually, or as a church. Every twig of the rod is needed, and He will dip it in balm, that the stroke may convey its own healing.

A gracious stroke was that with which the angel smote Peter, at midnight, to arouse him, and lead him out to liberty once more. Even so, may every grievous blow, as we may deem it, result in new life and liberty, and lead to a higher joy, and holier service for our Lord!

II. THE ROD OF WONDER-WORKING must have been constantly in the memory of a Jew, who could never forget the marvels wrought through the Rod of God as used by the hands of Moses and Aaron.

(1) Wonders of *deliverance* were wrought in Egypt, when that Rod was used to work the mysteries and plagues which awed and drove the tyrants to obey the behests of Jehovah, and let His people go free. The salvation was perfected at the Red Sea, which opened its bosom, and made a pathway of safety for God's chosen, at the lifting up of that outstretched Rod over the face of the deep (Ex. xiv. 16). There is a sacred tree which has wrought marvellous deliverance for us. Our prison-house has been emptied, and our deliverance is complete. A prophet like unto Moses, mighty in word and deed, has the Lord our God raised up unto us; and, brought by Him through the Red Sea, there is no possibility of return to the darkness and drudgery of Egypt. We march now ever onward to the land of promise, singing our song of deliverance to Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, verily a Red Sea, in which all our sins are first drowned, and then seen by us dead upon the shore.

(2) A second wonder was that of *refreshment*, when, with the Rod of God, Moses smote the rock, the waters gushed out abundantly, and ran like rivers in the dry places. It pleased the Father to bruise His Son, till our smitten Rock poured forth a mingled stream. Of that water from the cleft of the Rock of Ages we have drunk, and would fain drink still. A stricken Saviour is the fountain of blessing for every thirsty soul. All true cleansing is derived from this suffering. "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed."

(3) Again, we note a marvel of *victory* through the uplifted Rod. When, on the overlooking summit, Moses sat to survey the conflict between Joshua and the Amalekites, in the vale beneath, it was as that Rod was raised or lowered that the tide of victory waxed or waned. Moses had promised to stand on the top of the hill with the Rod of God in his hand; and it came to pass that when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed (Ex. xvii. 11). So is it still, if God's will be done, and the Rod of the divine mouth, even the Word of His truth, exalting Him who is "The Word of God", be faithfully uplifted by holy hands, it must prevail, and the victory shall certainly be won. The man of God, who has done this here for these many years so patiently and successfully, is gone; but not the Rod, nor the God. We must still hold it aloft; for it shall triumph, whosoever may use it at the divine command.

(4) But another wonder wrought by a Rod was that of *witness* to the call and authority of God's true servant, when his right to office was challenged. It was not the Rod of the Lord, but of Levi, which "budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds" (Num. xvii. 8). All this happened in one night; for, when

God means to give a speedy testimony, He can ripen His work right speedily; one day to Him is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Oh, for a speedy fruiting here in this church! We are in a night of sorrow; but we will spend it "before the Lord in the tabernacle of witness" (Num. xvii. 7); and pray that, when it is past, and the morning of His favour shall arrive, we may find, not only bud and blossom, but ripened fruit, to show that He has chosen us, and ordained us to bring forth much fruit, for so shall we be His disciples. Only by fruit-bearing can we prove our divine commission. We must manifest this, or we shall find ourselves as the fruitless dry sticks, which will be bound in bundles to be burned.

III. Another Rod mentioned in Scripture is, THE STAFF OR SCEPTRE OF KINGLY RULE. He who came forth out of the stem of Jesse, "shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips, shall He slay the wicked" (Is. xi. 4). He it is who shall break them with a rod of iron, and shall dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel (Ps. ii. 9). So shall his enemies know the power of Him who "doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?" He is King; then let Him reign. His will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. We bow in submission to His authority, at whose girdle hang the keys of death and of the unseen. He has taken away our head as a church; but the Monarch has called him from the footstool to the throne, and we must try and so love him as to rejoice that he has gone to the presence of the Saviour in the Father's house on high. Hence, then, every thought that does not submit to King Jesus in these His sovereign dealings with us.

His sceptre, however, to us, His subjects, is not a rod of iron; but we the rather claim the promise,—"The Lord shall send the Rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule Thou in the midst of Thine enemies" (Ps. cx. 2). We have a strong Rod to be a sceptre to rule for us; and it is ever outstretched to grant favour and life as we come into the courts of our King.

Jonathan's rod, dipped in honey, opened his eyes so that they were enlightened; and the rod of our beloved Leader drops honeyed blessings, of which we may ever freely partake, and find no after-ill from the refreshment it will give. Oh, it is a sweet rod He rules us with; come, taste and see that the Lord is gracious!

> "They who find Him, find a bliss,
> Nor tongue, nor pen can show;
> The love of Jesus, what it is,
> None but His loved ones know."

IV. Our last use of the term is THE ROD OF THE SHEPHERD (1) *comforting us*. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me" (Ps. xxiii. 4). So sang David of the Lord his Shepherd. We are in the shadow of death indeed. How deep the valley! How dark the shade! God help us, or we shall fear much evil! May the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep, say,

"I am with you; I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you"! May His staff drive off our enemies, and His rod support our feebleness!

The touch of that Shepherd's rod (2) *numbering us*, as He calls us by name, and we pass under the rod as He counts His own, is very cheering. I am His, and He is mine. There is sweetest comfort in it. Is His rod on me? Then His hand is near, and He cannot be far away. Oh, gentle, loving Shepherd, touch me with Thy secret power, for virtue will follow, and I shall be refreshed!

What (3) *rescue* is there not in the Shepherd's crook, as He lays hold of me, and draws me out of the deep mire in which I am sinking; plucks me from the tangled thicket into which I have fled in my terror; raises me up from the pit into which I have fallen, and rescues me from the rocky ledge whence I cannot, without His aid, ever escape, and where I must perish with hunger if left alone! O Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, Thy pastoral crosier is no mere jewel-ornamented symbol! It is a real power to restore my soul, to lead me in the paths of righteousness for Thy name's sake, so that my head is lifted up above my enemies round about me.

Let us add all these thoughts together for your comfort and mine to-night. The Rod of God is laid upon us by our Father, chastening us for our profit. It will work wonders of deliverance, refreshing, victory, and testimony through our faith. Anyhow, it is the sceptre of a King, who rules in righteousness, and we bow to His will of wisdom, love, and power. Numbered by it amongst His sheep, we feel safe under His guidance, and are comforted by His presence. Amidst all our chastisement, we can still say, "Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord;" declaring to them, in love and mercy, "I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant."

"Certainly I will be with Thee."

I HAD a treasure so dear, so dear,
So strong for comfort, so fair to see;
A whisper came from the heavenly shore,
"Wilt thou give the light of thine eyes to ME?"

My jewel! my jewel! But I only cried,
"He must not take thee by force away;"
I gave thee, I gave thee, with joy and pride,
Such a gem at *His* feet to lay.

And I thought of the glow that would light His eyes
As He turned from angels to welcome thee;
But, ah! my Lord, if with Thee I joy,
Thou wilt not forget to weep with me!

E. B. BAYLY.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

AN INTERRUPTED SERVICE.

A PLEASANT life-work laid aside, that the sweet, sad ministry of love to my precious husband might be constantly and tenderly fulfilled; first, by his bed of terrible sickness, in the spring and summer-time; then, with expectant joy, by his side in the bright three months at Menton: and after that, till the close of that memorable Sabbath, January 31, 1892, when his Saviour could no longer spare him to us, but "willed" that he should be with Him where He is, that he might "behold His glory."

Such is the brief, sorrowful record of the Book Fund for the past twelve months; but behind these few words are hidden great deeps of grief too sacred for comment, a stricken heart that must have been crushed but for the sustaining consolations of God, and daily and hourly mercies, so tender and manifold, that praise is pressed from my lips like wine from the trodden grapes.

"Praise God the Shepherd is so sweet!
Praise God the Country is so fair!
I could not hold him from His feet;
I can but haste to meet him there."

A month's seclusion in one of the fairest of earth's Paradises has somewhat soothed the surgings of sorrow in my soul, and strengthened me physically for renewed service. "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry." So now it seems to me that the time has come to resume my work; and I believe God will help me to fulfil my earnest desire to do His will in all things, and serve Him faithfully, even unto death. As long as I have life, the Book Fund must be my life-work; and I expect to be able to increase its usefulness, and scatter its blessings more widely, if health be granted to me.

By the time this "note" is published, I shall be ready (D.V.) to receive donations from all dear friends willing to help in this important service, and also applications for books from ministers who are unable to purchase them for themselves.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. S. SPURGEON.

Dr. Pierson on Prayer Promises.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

DR. PIERSON called attention to three marked promises with regard to prayer, of which he said that the first taught a lesson on *believing*; the second, a lesson on *agreeing*; and the third, a lesson on *claiming*. The passages of Scripture in question were Matthew xvii. 20; Matthew xviii. 19 and 20; and Mark xi. 23 and 24.

The lesson of the first passage, remarked Dr. Pierson, turns on FAITH. This is a very much misunderstood passage. Our Lord says, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and

nothing shall be impossible unto you." Among the Jews, a peculiarly eloquent and instructive teacher was called "one who tears up mountains." The common understanding of this passage is, that our Lord is here contrasting a very little faith with a very great mountain obstacle; but this is not the lesson. If he had had *quantity*, and not *quality* in mind, he might have said, "If ye have faith as a grain of sand;" but it is noticeable that he said, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed." The difference between a grain of mustard seed and the mountain is manifestly more than a difference of size or quantity. It is mainly a difference of quality. The mountain represents just so much dead matter. The mustard seed represents just so much vegetable life. And it is this principle of life in the mustard seed that, when conditions are favourable to growth, makes it mighty even to the heaving of a huge mass of dead matter. A German countess, who was an infidel, in her will directed that her body should be buried beneath great blocks of stone, so that it might never be disturbed. Some seeds, however, found their way into the crevices between the stones, and some earth was washed into the crevices by the rain. The little seeds thus took root downward, and pushed their stems upward; and by their growth actually, in time, lifted those great stones from their base. And so our Lord says that, if we have faith, which represents the life-principle of God, we shall be able to remove obstacles which are as great as mountains, but which have in them none of this divine life.

The second passage, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," turns on the word "AGREE." The Greek word is the one from which is derived the English word "symphony." That word has reference to the accord or concord produced by the notes or keys of a musical instrument. The common notion of this passage is that, if two or more disciples should arbitrarily agree in covenant to pray for a certain object, their prayer would be answered, because, wherever they meet in common, the Lord is present to grant their requests. But, when we carefully study this passage, we shall see that the lesson taught here is rather the reverse of this. It is the Lord's presence with true disciples which becomes the secret and source of their real agreement. You cannot strike two keys on an instrument, arbitrarily, and produce concord. In fact, you may, by so doing, produce the most horrible discord. But when the skilful musician puts his fingers upon the keys, he touches those which are naturally in accord; and so, when disciples are moved by the same Spirit, they are brought into accord with each other, and with the mind of God. Thus, the great lesson of this passage is, that we must live in fellowship with Jesus Christ, and with the Holy Spirit, in order that we may be led to pray in unison with each other and with the mind of God. Then, though far separated, and even strangers to each other, we are led by the same Spirit to agree in prayer.

The third passage teaches us a lesson on CLAIMING A BLESSING. It is Mark xi. 23, 24: "For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the

sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." We oftentimes supplicate God to grant us what his promise justifies us in claiming, that is, in appropriating. It is like food already provided; for which we need not ask; but which we are only to take, and eat, and drink. And therefore the Word of God says that, when we pray for things known to be agreeable to the mind and will of God, it is our privilege to believe, not only that we shall receive them, but that we have already received them, that they are ours by the promise of an unchanging God. For example, in the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, God says, "My Word shall not return unto Me void." If, in preaching and teaching, we magnify the Word of God, and, as far as may be, avoid corrupting it with our own words, we have His positive promise that his Word shall not return to Him without accomplishing the mission upon which He sends it forth. We are therefore to do our duty, and not concern ourselves unduly about results. We are to sow beside all waters; and when the waters bear the seed away where we cannot follow it, we are to rest in the promise of God that the harvest shall not fail. Very seldom in prayer-meetings do we hear prayers for those who have heard the Word, and gone out, no one knows whither. Yet a large portion of the harvest may be that which it is impossible for us to trace. Should we not follow it with our faith and prayers? We should not be too dependent on visible results; but do our simple duty, and leave to God all the issues of our lives and labours.

Exemption from Trial a Probable Loss.

I HAVE read that a gentleman once kept and reared numbers of the beautiful emperor moth, the cocoon of which is flask-shaped, a narrow opening—very disproportionate to the size of the imprisoned insect—being left in the neck of the flask, through which it forces its way after many hours of labour and difficulty. Once, pitying the poor creature's suffering, he snipped the opening of one of the cocoons with a pair of scissors, making it larger, and, without any struggling, out crawled the moth. But alas! only a poor disfigured, undeveloped creature; the wings, which should have been so beautiful, and carried it soaring into the heavens, were shrivelled up and useless, and the poor thing only dragged out a miserable existence till its death. The watcher was obliged to acknowledge that God knew best how that which he had created could be brought to perfection, and that his own tenderness had proved its ruin. How often we, too, would fain cut short the suffering and agony of our loved ones! But he who is working for their perfection and beauty is the strong and patient One, who will not cease from our cries until as living stones they are cut and shaped and polished and made fit for his spiritual temple—"made perfect through suffering."—*From "I was not Rebellious." Thoughts for God's Tried Ones. By Florence Moreton. Marshall Brothers. (Selected by C. H. S. for insertion in the Magazine.)*

Travelling in Morocco.

BY T. GILLARD CHURCHER, M.B., M.R.C.S.

FRIENDS who have subscribed to the Pastors' College Missionary Association, by which Mr. Patrick and myself are supported, and other readers also, may be interested in hearing about some of the difficulties of travelling in Morocco at certain seasons of the year. Here we have no railways, no roads, and no vehicles to facilitate our movements; so travelling becomes quite a new art to an Englishman. Then, also, the climate differs from that at home; consisting, as it does, of two fairly distinct seasons; the first, very dry, without one drop of rain, the second, very wet, with floods of water everywhere. The height of each season is to be avoided for travelling, as too much heat or too much wet is alike troublesome.

On returning to Tangier, after my marriage, the weather seemed settled, and not wishing to lose time, we ventured to start inland. Loading our tent, our medicines, with bedding and cooking things, on three mules, and depositing ourselves, *i.e.*, my wife, myself, and my native boy, on the top of our worldly goods, off we went. After journeying a few hours, as evening drew on, we camped at a village where we soon had natives about us; and next morning we were able to doctor a few sick folk, and tell them of Jesus. On the road again, we soon had to climb a steep and rocky hill; and at a lonely part of the way, were accosted by a party of well-armed men. Taking no notice of them, we kept on our course, which was wise on our part, as they proved to be a number of thieves, on the look-out for solitary travellers, whom they would seize, rob of their clothes and money, and if opposed, even murder. However, they did not meddle with us; so we journeyed safely on till a river stopped our path. Like most rivers in Morocco, there was no bridge to cross, only one place more shallow than the rest, and even that not clearly marked. The stream was some thirty yards wide. The men and animals did their best to get across safely; but, three parts of the way over, down went two of the mules in deep water, and stuck fast in the mud. The riders had to scramble out as best they could, and the wet burdens had to be removed before the poor mules could get out. Wet bedding was the most serious part of this accident; and as the third animal, carrying my wife, got through all right, we sang "Praise the Lord!" and pushed on. With only one other upset upon the road, we arrived safely at the little town of *Orzila*, containing about two thousand inhabitants; and pitching our tent in the yard of the ruined keep or castle, we soon went to supper, and to bed.

Several years ago, two lady-missionaries, of the North Africa Mission, were stationed here; and though it is years now since they left, one having died, and the other having gone to labour in the great city of Fez, their works remain; a testimony alike to their faithfulness to God, and His faithfulness to them, and to His own Word. Almost every person in the town seems to know the gospel, *at least in his head;* and all associate with it the holy and benevolent lives of these two devoted women.

In this town we remained several days, preaching the gospel, and healing the sick who came to us. Going among the people, we met several who, with bright faces, professed their simple faith in our Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. We should have remained longer had not the weather suddenly changed. As the rain came down in torrents, our canvas house was in a very short time rendered unfit to stay in; so we turned homeward, trudging through mud and marsh. One river which, in summer, is only a small stream, was such a rushing flood that it was quite impassable; and we had to toil for hours along the bank before we could cross it higher up, happy, even then, to get over safely. Readers may imagine how bad these streams become sometimes in the winter, when we tell them that, quite lately, three mounted soldiers, in trying to cross a flooded river near Tangier, were all swept away, men and animals being all drowned.

For the present we must be content to work in and near Tangier, as the country is too wet for travelling. The dispute between the country people and the government is now settled. A large discount might have been taken off all the alarming reports which appeared in the newspapers; for at no time has there been, to the Europeans resident in the towns, any danger worth mentioning.

"The Son of His Love."

Col. i. 13—20. (R. V.)

"SON of His love"—the image of
The great Invisible!
First-born of all created things—
His glories who can tell?

"Son of His love"—pre-eminent,
The church's risen Head!
Before all things, and bond of all,
The First-born from the dead.

It pleased the Father that in Him
Should all the fulness dwell,
It pleased Him by the blood-stained cross
All enmity to quell.

"Son of His love"—the sweetest name
Of all that Jesus bears;
For in the love that crowns the Head
The meanest member shares.

"Son of His love"—and this dear Son
Declares *His* passion too:—
"E'en as the Father hath loved Me,
I also have loved you."

Oh, love of loves! Oh, joy of joys!
What happy souls are we!
God loves us as He loves His Son,
And Jesus loves as He!

Auckland, December, 1891. THOMAS SPURGEON.

The First Lord's-day.

THEY sought in grief, while day was slowly waking,
The grave where Jesus lay;
And lo! an angel-voice, the silence breaking,
Was heard to say:—

"He is not here, for whom your hearts are grieving;
Remember how he said,
'I am the Life,' and seek not for the living
Among the dead.

"Behold, the Lord has wakened from his sleeping,
The guards in haste have fled;
But fear not ye, for angel-bands are keeping
Vigil instead.

"Begone the tear of sorrow; Christ has risen;
The victory is won;
The grave is now a chamber, not a prison;
Death's sting is gone.

"Stay not beside the sepulchre to ponder
In sadness, or in fear;
Nor seek to gratify the sense of wonder
By lingering here.

"Remember those who sit apart in sadness,
Whose hearts with sorrow bleed;
Go, cheer them with this Easter note of gladness,
'The Lord is risen indeed.'

"And with this gospel of the living Jesus,
Go forth the lost to win;
Tell how our risen Lord for ever frees us
From death and sin.

"Ring out the tidings, till all men shall hearken,
And by a living faith,
Arise, from shadows that oppress and darken,
To life from death."

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

Iron Shoes for Rough Roads.

IN the blessing of Moses, pronounced upon the several tribes, before his death, there was this among other things for Asher: "Thy shoes shall be iron." A little geographical note will help to make the meaning plain. Part of Asher's allotted portion was hilly and rugged. Common sandals, made of wood or leather, would not endure the wear and tear of the sharp, flinty rocks. There was need, therefore, for some special kind of shoes. Hence the form of the promise: "Thy shoes shall be iron."—*From "Making the Most of Life." By J. R. Miller, D.D. (Selected by C. H. S. for insertion in the Magazine.)*

The Orphanage and the Electric Railway.

NOW that judgment has been delivered by Mr. Justice Kekewich in this case, the friends of the Institution are anxious to know the extent of the injury inflicted, and what relief, if any, will follow the ruling of the Court.

The injury may be stated in the terms used by the expert instructed to examine the premises. Mr. H. Graham Harris says, in answer to the question of the Judge:—"In my judgment, the defendants' engines and machinery in their buildings, as they now exist, do occasion such noise and vibration as to interfere, to a very serious extent, with the ordinary comfort, physically, of any occupants there might be in Houses Nos. 1 and 2, and, probably, those of No. 3, of the plaintiffs' Orphanage; and this according to plain and sober and simple notions prevalent amongst the English people."

The following sentences are from Mr. Harris's detailed report of his visits:—"In all the rooms of the house, the noise and vibration are very great; indeed sufficient, in my judgment, to constitute a nuisance."

"The beat of the engine is most distinctly heard, and there is a vibration of the whole building at each stroke."

"Came to the conclusion that there was a very decided cause of complaint."

"There was vibration of the whole house, and the booming noise was very distinct indeed."

"The whole building appears to be in a state of vibration, responding to each stroke of the engine."

"The noise and vibration are very distinct indeed, and sufficient to constitute a thorough nuisance."

The Judge himself, having heard the evidence of the witnesses, and the report of Mr. Harris, said in the course of his judgment:—

"Notwithstanding all that had been done by the company, there remained the intolerable nuisance to persons dwelling in the plaintiffs' buildings, and his Lordship was afraid that, in spite of all the efforts to abate the nuisance, the diminution was not much."

"Part of the premises might still be used for some purposes; but with regard to another portion, they had been rendered, for ordinary purposes, uninhabitable."

Of the facts, stated upon such authority, there can be no question, and NINETY CHILDREN are thus deprived of the home which was provided for them, at a cost of nearly £4,000. For twelve months, these houses have been quite empty, and the children have been lodged in hired houses a little distance off. This arrangement is attended with considerable expense and inconvenience; the unity of the Institution is broken, and the discipline impaired.

The judgment is of so much importance that we give the main portions of it.

Mr. Justice Kekewich said the law was settled by various authorities that, when powers were given to a public body by statute, there was also given to it every subordinate or incidental power which could be reasonably required for the exercise of the main powers; also that, if you found, on

looking into the Act of Parliament conferring the powers, an intention on the part of the legislature that the powers should be exercised free from liability to damages or interference by injunction, that intention must be given effect to, notwithstanding consequent injury to private individuals. His Lordship had therefore to consider whether the defendant company's Acts of Parliament had, as a matter of fact, given the company power to do that which they said they were empowered to do, notwithstanding it created a nuisance; and if he found they had the power, and were creating a nuisance, he must further inquire whether they had done all that could be done to prevent a result which could not have been intended if it could be reasonably avoided. His Lordship then referred to and commented on the company's Acts, by which the company were empowered to work their railway by electric power, or by such other means, other than steam locomotives, as the Board of Trade might from time to time approve. If, said his Lordship, the company, in carrying out their statutory powers, did create a nuisance, that nuisance must be borne with; he would be departing from the reported authorities on the point if he decided otherwise. But there was a serious question beyond that. According to the authorities, the company were liable for omitting to do all that was to be reasonably required of them, if they caused a nuisance. His Lordship thought, upon the evidence, when the case first came on before him, that what the company were doing did create a nuisance, and that they had not done all that could be reasonably required of them to avoid it; and he accordingly directed an adjournment in order that the company might put themselves upon a sound footing, and Mr. Harris, to whom the case had been referred, had made a report. The result was that, notwithstanding all that had been done by the company before that report was made, there remained the intolerable nuisance to persons dwelling in the plaintiffs' buildings, and his Lordship was afraid that, in spite of all the efforts to abate the nuisance, the diminution was not much. His Lordship thought that they had done all that they could be required to do, and that they had done as much as they could to prevent this intolerable nuisance, though he was afraid not much had been done. Part of the premises might still be used for some purposes; but, with regard to another portion, they had been rendered, for ordinary purposes, uninhabitable. The company were wrong in June last, but they removed that wrong as far as they could. His Lordship thought, therefore, that they must pay all the costs of the action up to, say, the 31st of December last, by which time they had made their alterations; and they must also pay some damages, which his Lordship would assess at £50. As to the costs since the 31st of December, although the company had succeeded in point of law, his Lordship could not forget that when the action was commenced they were in the wrong. Accordingly, he could not give them any of those costs. The costs, however, of Mr. Harris's investigation and report, as it had been useful to both parties, would be divided between them.

It will be clear to our friends that this judgment does not give us ample compensation for the past, nor does it secure us any relief for the future. The amount of damages—viz., £50—is only given for the excess of nuisance over and above the nuisance which of necessity attends the working of the engines and machinery, after every reasonable provision had been made to reduce the nuisance to a minimum. It does not represent the damage actually done to the Institution; still, this is all the Court could allow.

Although the railway company must pay the costs of the action up to the end of December last, the taxed costs, as is well known, do not cover the outlay, and the Institution must bear the loss of the difference.

From the 1st of January till the hearing of the case on the 23rd of February, the parties to the suit must pay their own costs; and the expenses of the expert appointed by the Judge to examine and report must be divided between the plaintiffs and defendants.

We are not yet in a position to state the amount, but the loss and damage to the Institution are very considerable.

In the first place, two houses, to accommodate ninety children, are, according to the report of the expert, rendered uninhabitable.

2. A large schoolroom for eighty children has had to be abandoned.

3. The Institution is only awarded £50 damages, and this does not equal half-a-year's rent of the two houses we have hired.

4. The Institution must pay the difference between the law costs to 31st of December last and the taxed costs which are allowed by the Court.

5. The whole of the law costs on our side since the 1st of January must be borne by the Institution, and half the expense of the report of the expert.

The President and Managers fully hope that the friends of the Orphanage will approve the efforts that have been made to deliver the Orphanage from the nuisance with which it has been visited by the working of the engines of the Electric Railway, although the application to the Court failed to secure the relief sought. An appeal must be made for funds to meet the expense incurred, and to provide for the ninety children who have been deprived of shelter in the Institution. To reduce the number of inmates by ninety, is an alternative the President and Managers are assured their subscribers would not desire them to entertain. The present must be a time of waiting upon God in prayer, that a way out of the difficulty may be made clear to us, and that the friends who have stood by us in the past will not withdraw their sympathy and help in this hour of trial and of need.

What is "Heresy-Hunting"?

WHAT is cheaply stigmatized as "heresy-hunting" is commonly a simple demand that no minister shall betray his own colours, and be false to the standards of doctrine which he has solemnly sworn to defend. Freedom of thought and of speech are very excellent things within certain just limitations; but no soldier has a right to wear the uniform and draw the pay of his regiment, and then point his rifle at his own comrades, or cut down the regimental flagstaff. When a Christian minister sincerely dissents from the vital tenets of his own Church, the honest place for him is outside its communion. If his fellow-ministers ask him to retract, or to withdraw from the Church whose creed he rejects, they are not "heresy-hunters", but honest men demanding honest dealing.—*Dr. Cuyler.* (*Selected by C. H. S. for insertion in the Magazine.*)



MR. SPURGEON'S BEDROOM AFTER HIS REMOVAL.

The "Armour-bearer's" Memorial Jottings.

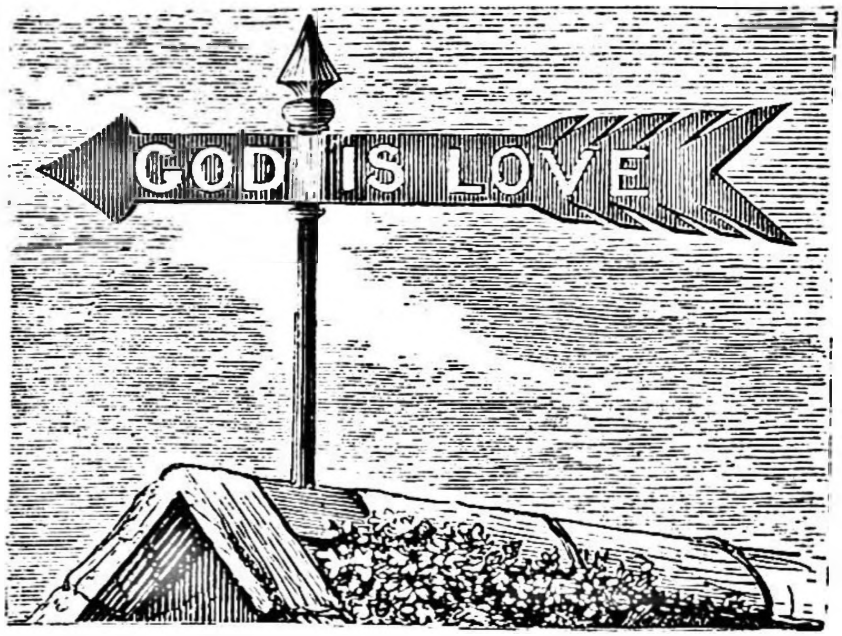
"MR. GREATHEART."

ON that night, long to be remembered, January 31, 1892, when the bereaved wife and her sympathizing friend had withdrawn from Mr. Spurgeon's bedroom, one of the three mourners who were left in the room said, "That was one of the grandest brains God ever made." I said nothing, my heart was too full; but I thought more of the great *heart* that had just ceased to beat than of the active brain which had thought so much *of* God and *for* God. In Mr. Spurgeon's early days in London, there was an engraving published, in which he was represented as Mr. Greatheart, and the black-plumed knights of the press were assailing him on all sides. He lived long enough to see almost all of them ranged on his side, not because he had altered his attitude, but because they had changed theirs. What a true Greatheart he has been to many "pilgrims to Zion's city bound"! How many a poor widow's heart has been made to leap for joy through his help to her and her children! The full story of his generosity can never be told; but those who knew him best can most truly testify, "Ah! he had a great heart."

"GOD IS LOVE."

The first thing that caught my eye, as I entered the empty study at "Westwood", was the text, "*God is love.*" It was a present to Mr. Spurgeon from a sermon-reader in Canada, and it had remained where we left it, in a conspicuous position, I believe unintentionally, but certainly providentially.

Many years ago, visiting a friend in the country, Mr. Spurgeon noticed that the vane over his barn bore this motto,—"GOD IS LOVE."



The friend was asked whether he meant to imply that the love of God was as fickle as the wind. "No," he answered, "I mean that,

whichever way the wind blows, God is love; if cold from the north, or biting from the east, still God is love as much as when the warm south or genial west wind refreshes our fields and flocks." Mr. Spurgeon added, "Yes, so it is; our God is always love. We saw our friend the other day, when he had lost his dearly-loved wife, but amidst his heart-ache and crushing loss he still said, 'My barn teaches me the truth I put over it in my prosperity, when the desire of my eyes was by my side,—God is love.' Poor troubled one! may you feel this to be true in your experience; for it certainly is so."

This witness is true. The dear husband, father, Pastor, President, has been called home; but it is still true that "God is love." Once, when Mr. Spurgeon was ill, he wrote:—"Over all, under all, within all, and around all, is infinite love." The sunshine of God's love makes a rainbow out of our tears; and we bow before a providence we cannot understand, and, with unfaltering faith in our heavenly Father's wisdom, say, "It is well."

All the illuminated texts in the study at "Westwood" were peculiarly appropriate to the trying experience of those who had to return to it under such different circumstances from those under which they left it. Here is a list of them:—"My grace is sufficient for thee." "Kept by the power of God." "He faileth not." "Praise the Lord."

In the "den", Mr. Spurgeon's private study, just under Mrs. Spurgeon's portrait, as though it had been specially intended to comfort her on her return, was the exhortation and promise, "Be not afraid; for the Lord shall be thy confidence." This motto has a specially tender interest, for it was painted by one of Pastor Charles Spurgeon's children "for dear grandfather." In the same room were the reassuring words; "The Lord will go before you." "He will be our guide." "Able to keep." Blessed be His name, He is able to keep us, and all that we have committed to Him, against that day of reunion with the loved ones gone before, when he will present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy!

SWEET SORROW.

Mrs. Hanbury said to Mrs. Spurgeon, one day at La Mortola, "Your sorrow is sweet; there is no bitterness in it." Mrs. Spurgeon said, "I thanked God for this testimony; for I do try to glorify Him by submission to His will."

There are some of God's children, whose sorrow is embittered by rebellion against His dispensations. This ought not to be. Has not He, "who gave", the right to "take away" when He pleases; and shall not we say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord," even though our utterance is choked by sobs that cannot be repressed? We may sorrow, for "Jesus wept;" but we must not sorrow as others, who have no hope.

"Have you not forgiven God yet?" was the faithful rebuke to one who seemed to think that the Lord had done her an injury in taking away her loved one to be for ever with Himself.

He has a greater right to our dear ones than we have; they were only lent to us, but they belong to Him; and He shall do what He wills with His own. On the first morning that Mr. Spurgeon was in heaven, I came to this text in the course of my regular daily reading

of the Scriptures, "Victory belongeth unto the Lord" (Ps. iii. 8. R. V. margin). That explained to me what otherwise would have been a great mystery.

MR. SPURGEON'S CALVINISM.

Many newspapers, including some bearing the title "Christian", have spoken disparagingly of Mr. Spurgeon's Calvinism; and it has been amusing to notice how many of them do not even know how to spell the word, for it has been both written and printed "Calv*a*nism" in many instances. Probably the writers are as much mistaken in their view of what constitutes "the doctrines of grace" as they are in the name of the system they so fiercely assail. If they understood it better, possibly they would love it more. If they called Mr. Spurgeon's teaching, "Galvanism", and then wrote concerning it as though it were what they misnamed it, they would be as near the mark as some who are quite out of their depth when writing about the deep things of God as taught by His now glorified servant.

NEWSPAPER NOTICES.

"I suppose you believe all that you read in the newspapers about Mr. Spurgeon," said a friend to me one day. I replied, "Yes, if I put a 'not' into it." That was how one of the friends of his boyhood profited from her minister's preaching; by putting a "not" in all through, and taking the opposite of what the preacher said, she was able to get some food for her soul.

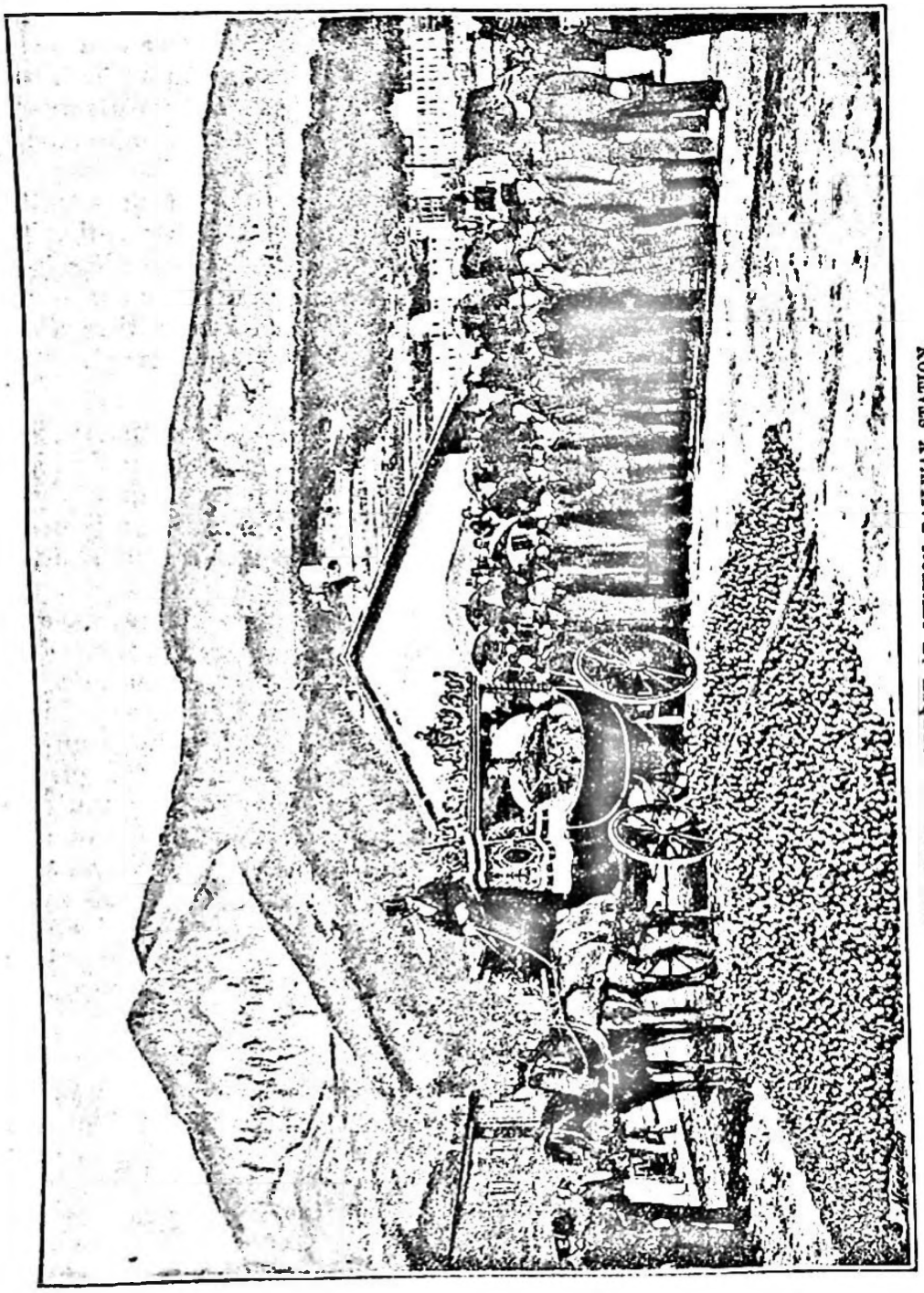
During Mr. Spurgeon's lifetime, it was a continual annoyance to him to have all sorts of silly stories, without the slightest foundation, published concerning him; and it is only natural that, when he is not able to repudiate them, they are re-told with additions and embellishments that, of course, do not make them any more truthful. Many of them carry their own contradiction upon their face; but the pity is that so many people, seeing them in print, conclude that they must be true, and give them a wider circulation by telling them to others, and even republishing them as "authentic." The utterly unreliable character of many of the notices published makes it all the more important that, when the right time comes, what *The Christian* calls "Mr. Spurgeon's Monumental Biography" should be published, in order, among other objects, to relieve his memory from the masses of rubbish that have been piled upon it.

CASH YOUR CHEQUES.

A person, who received one of Mr. Spurgeon's cheques, was so pleased to have the Pastor's signature in his possession, that he retained the draft. When it was presented at the bank, it was returned, endorsed "*Drawer deceased.*" Of course, another cheque was forthcoming; but the man who had delayed cashing the former one had to wait a while for his money.

Are there not some who treat God's cheques in this way? They admire the signature, so they lock the precious promise in a safe place, instead of taking it to the Bank of Heaven, and getting it exchanged for the current coin of the Lord's kingdom, that it may be used for the ordinary affairs of daily life or for the King's service.

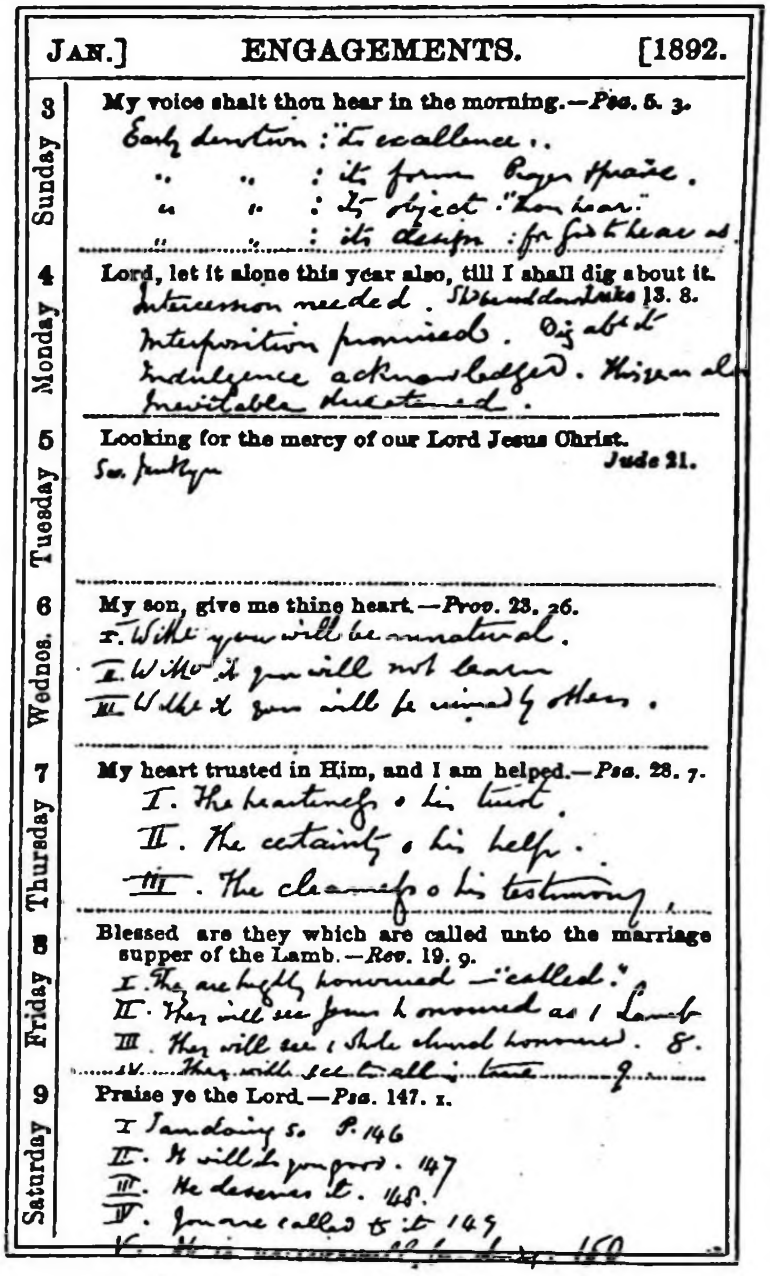
J. W. HARRALD.



THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE AT MENTON RAILWAY STATION.

Mr. Spurgeon's R. T. S. Pocket-book.

THE following is an exact *fac-simile* of a page in the Religious Tract Society's pocket-book referred to in last month's *Sword and Trowel*. It may be necessary to explain to some of our readers that Mr. Spurgeon, in accordance with his general custom, has made use of the following abbreviations in his sermon-outlines in this pocket-book:—*l* for *the*, o for *of*, t for *that*, ab^{t} for *about*, and with^{t} for *without*.



JAN.] ENGAGEMENTS. [1892.

3 Sunday — My voice shalt thou hear in the morning.—*Psa.* 5. 3.
Early devotion: its excellence ..
" " : its form Prayer & Praise.
" " : its object "thou hear."
" " : its design: for God to hear us

4 Monday — Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it.
Intercession needed. Should do it.
Intervention promised. Dig abt it
Indulgence acknowledged. Thrive also
Inevitable threatened.

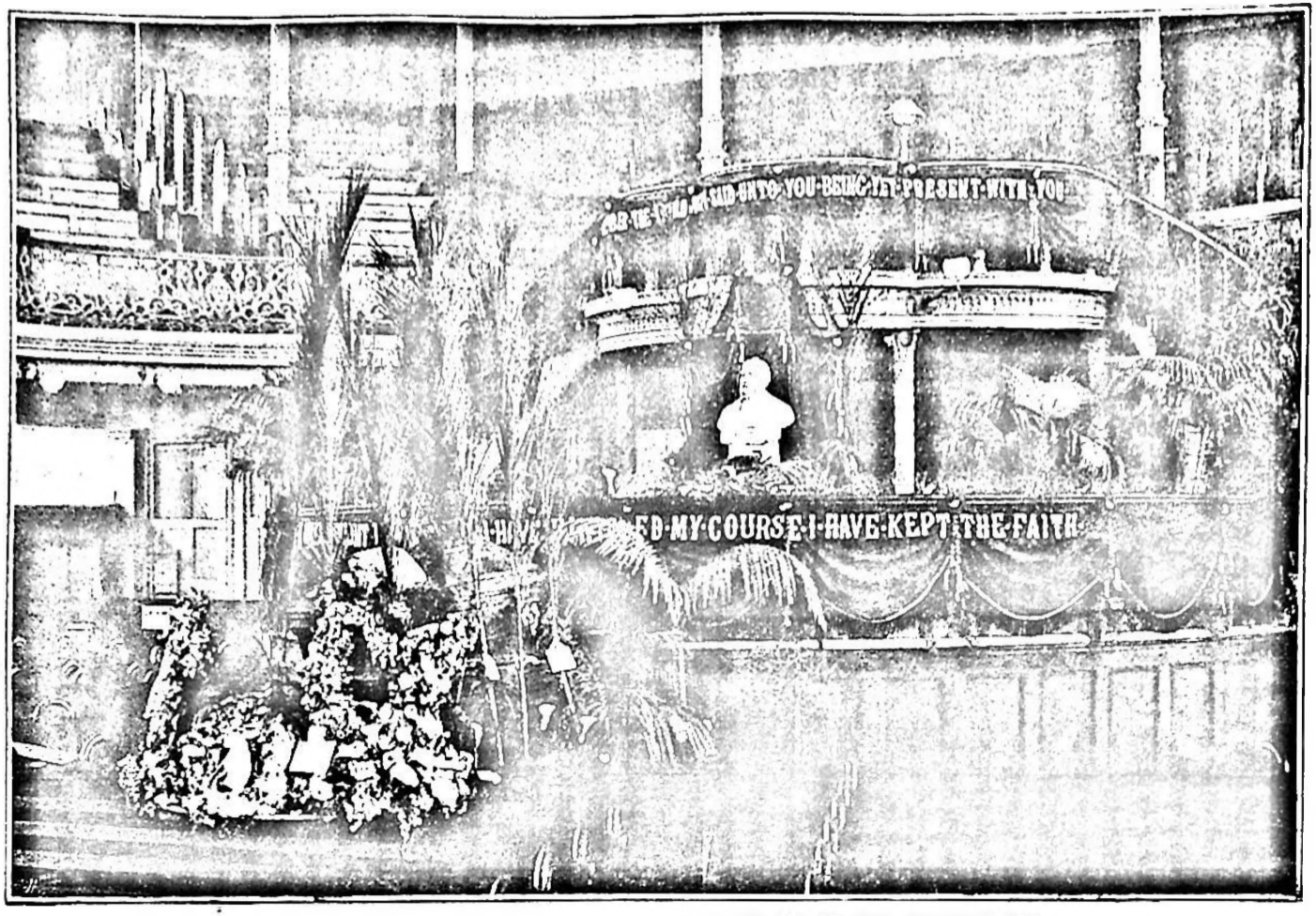
5 Tuesday — Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Jude 21.
See Junkyn

6 Wednes. — My son, give me thine heart.—*Prov.* 23. 26.
I. With you will be unnatural.
II. Without it you will not learn
III. Without it you will be ruined by others.

7 Thursday — My heart trusted in Him, and I am helped.—*Psa.* 28. 7.
I. The heartiness of his trust.
II. The certainty of his help.
III. The clearness of his testimony.

8 Friday — Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.—*Rev.* 19. 9.
I. They are highly honoured—"called."
II. They will see Jesus honoured as / Lamb
III. They will see / Bride eternal honoured. &.
IV. They will see to all in time & ..

9 Saturday — Praise ye the Lord.—*Psa.* 147. 1.
I Jam doing so P. 146
II. It will be good. 147
III. He deserves it. 148.
IV. You are called to it 149
V. [illegible] 150



THE OLIVE-CASKET UNDER THE PALM-BRANCHES AT THE TABERNACLE.

The Tabernacle Church's "In Memoriam" Resolution.

THE following resolution, drafted by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, proposed by him at the Annual Church Meeting, and seconded by Mr. Wm. Olney, was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be entered on the Minutes :—

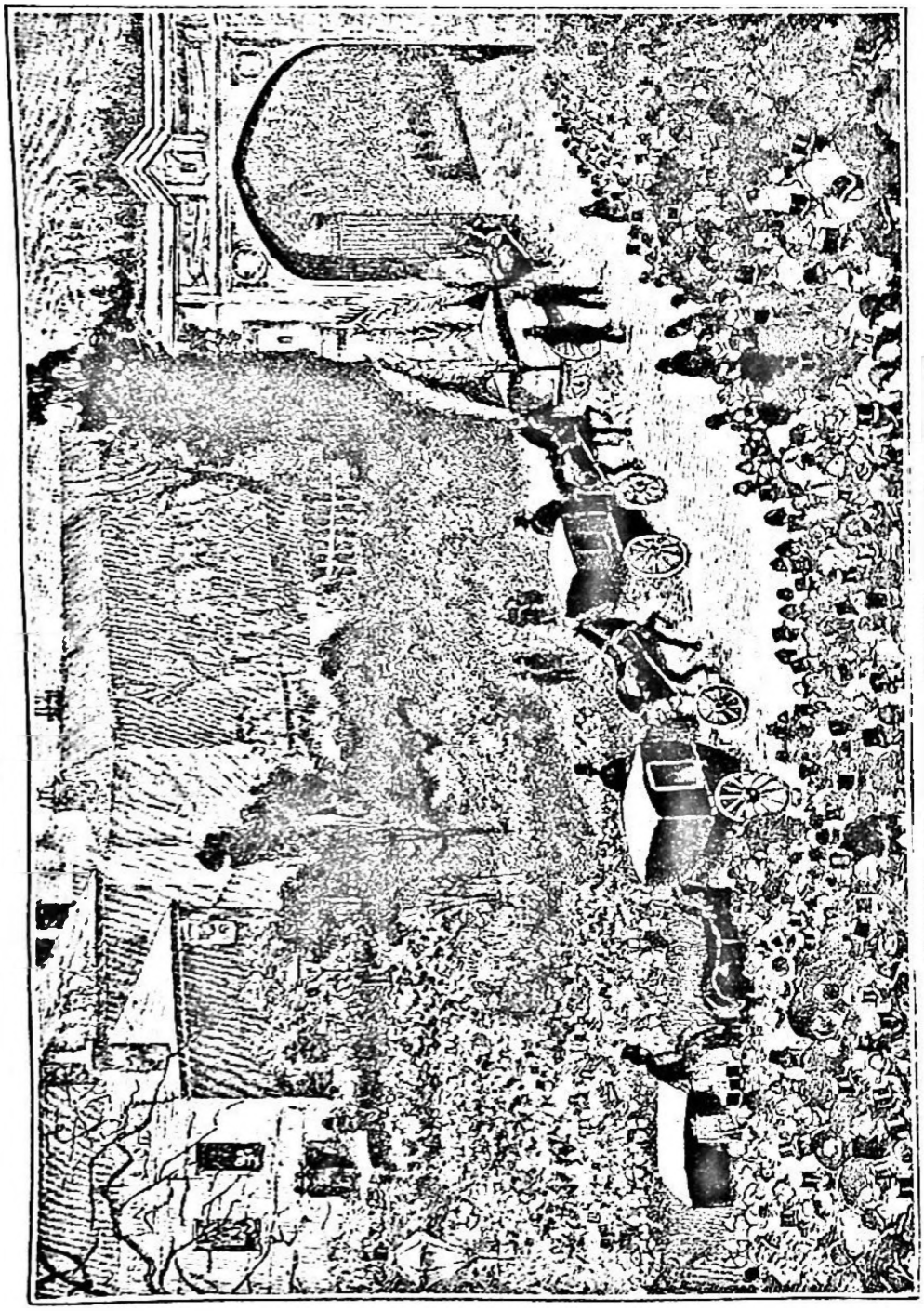
"That, with unutterable grief, we record the sad fact that our much-beloved Senior Pastor, CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, departed this life for the higher home, January 31st, 1892, at Menton. He was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; he feared God only; gave much alms, and prayed continually; he was greatly afflicted, but bore the divine will, as he did it also, with conspicuous grace, and to the glory of God.

"He was buried by us, amidst tokens of national sorrow and universal esteem, at Norwood Cemetery, on February 11th, 1892. Devout men of all sections of the Church of Christ shared our mourning, and accompanied us to the grave. We put his sacred remains to rest in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to everlasting life.

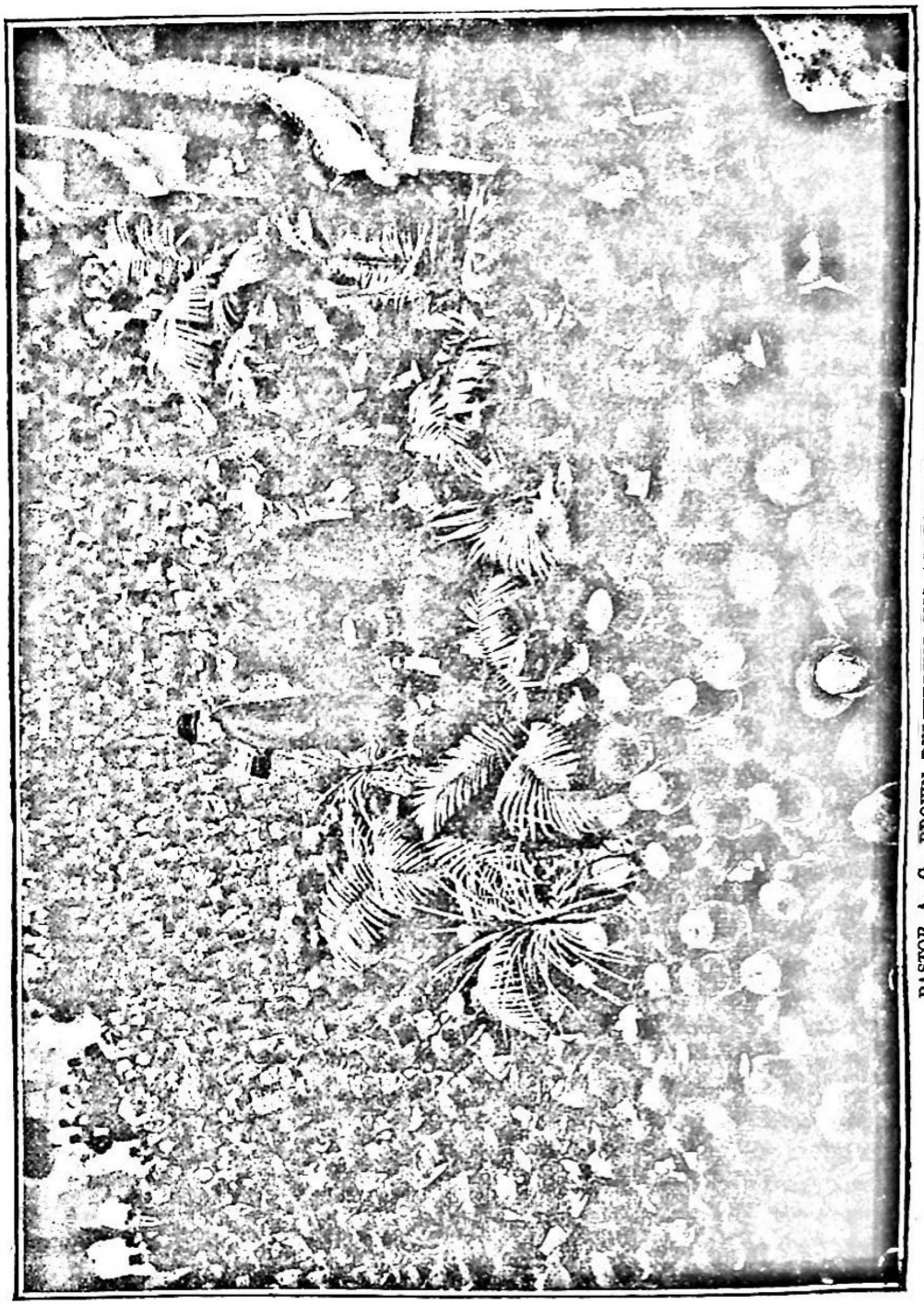
"We feel that the decease of our dear Pastor has deprived us of a father in Israel, the like of whom has never been given to any people. For the long period of thirty-eight years, we have been favoured by the Lord, through him, with such manifestations of the Spirit's presence and power, that we have been linked on to apostolic times in fulness of blessing attending the preaching of the Word, and in the richness of increase rewarding His servant's toil. As the result of his sowing of the good seed of the kingdom in our midst, no less than 14,691 souls have been added to our communion-roll during his pastorate; but these are only as the first-fruits of the far larger harvest which has reached, for the glory of God, to the ends of the earth.

"With bleeding hearts, we thus record the loss we have sustained, as we feel we shall hear his melodious voice no more in the ministry of the truth; but we bless God that our dearly-loved one was given to us, and honoured amongst us so long. Endowed with talents of the highest order, alike in preaching and guiding, and enriched with an irresistible charm of character, he was a true leader for godly men in every good word and work. Instant in season and out of season, he counted not his life dear unto him in the service of the Church of Christ. He was to us a pattern to imitate, as well as a guide to follow. We cherish his memory beyond all that words can express.

"Full of honours rather than of years, he has passed from us. Having faithfully served his day and generation by the will of God, he has fallen on sleep; and we hereby testify our undying love for him for his own sake, but more for that truth's sake which he so fully, so lovingly, and so eloquently preached throughout his whole career and life with us. We hereby pledge ourselves to the maintenance and defence of the same gospel and doctrines, and to the carrying on of his varied works for Christ, until our time shall come to join him in the rest and reward of heaven."



THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE ENTERING NORWOOD CEMETERY.



PASTOR A. G. BROWN DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Letter to the Students of the Pastors' College.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I thank you very much for the kind expression of your sympathy with me in my unspeakable loss, which seems to grow sadder and sorer every day, although I am sustained and comforted by God's grace in a most wonderful way. Sitting down now to write to you, I feel overwhelmed—not so much with a sense of my own sorrow, as with tender sympathy for you in your present bereaved position, and anxiety concerning your future responsibility as "Students of the Pastors' College." Your peerless President was a "master in Israel", at whose feet you might well be proud to sit; he was a "tower of strength" to you; a man whose faith, and love, and courage, and entire consecration to God were as so many magnets to attract in you "all things lovely and of good report", and to repel all that could be contrary to the Spirit of Christ. *You will never see his like again.* "God does not make duplicates of *such* a man." He was a star of the first magnitude, and now he shines for ever in the glory-land beyond. Only the Lord who "gave" him and "took" him can estimate your loss.

But—the faith he loved so well, and fought for so valiantly (even unto death); the gospel of the grace of God which he preached so fully and faithfully; the "sound doctrine" which was at the foundation of his power and success; these are yours still, and are left for you to defend and proclaim in the stormy days to come. God help you *all* to be worthy of the sacred charge committed to you! God forbid that any *one* of you should "depart from the faith", or "turn aside unto vain jangling", as the manner of some is! More than ever now will the eyes of those who "have erred concerning the faith" be on "Spurgeon's men", to discover and exult over any departure from the "old paths", or the shadow of a swerve from the up-grade line. *Never* let them be successful in your case, dear brethren! Better never to have been connected with the "Pastors' College" at all, than to be one of "our own men", and afterwards dishonour the Lord, and our now glorified President, by believing in and preaching "another gospel." But, beloved, I am persuaded better things of you; and my earnest prayer for you is, that the Lord Jesus Christ may "count you faithful, putting you into the ministry", and keeping you there by His grace to "war a good warfare", and win the crown promised to those who are "faithful unto death."

Your leader died fighting; his sword clave unto his hand to the last; but he fought *only* for the cause of the Lord he loved, and the truth which he held so dear; and now he wears that "crown of righteousness", which the Lord, the *righteous Judge*, has given him. May it be so with each one of you! Keep to your battle-cry, "Hallelujah for the Cross!"

Yours, in deep sorrow, but expectant faith,

S. SPURGEON.

La Mortola, Ventimiglia, Italy,
March 1, 1892.

"Son Tom's" Loving Tribute

TO HIS DEAR FATHER'S MEMORY.

JUST as we were going to press, the New Zealand mail arrived, bringing a letter from the sorrowing "Son Tom", in the far-away land, to his beloved and bereaved mother; and also a report of his address at the memorial service in the Auckland Tabernacle. We are glad to be able to make our Second Memorial Number complete by the addition of his tender testimony to his dear father's work and worth; although it necessitates our holding over the Reminiscences of Pastors' College brethren for another month. At the service, Mr. Spurgeon's version of Psalm xxxix. was sung. The last verse reads,—

"Though I'm exiled from glory's land,
Yet not from glory's King;
My God is ever near at hand,
And therefore I will sing."

"Son Tom" composed the following verse, which was also sung at the Auckland Tabernacle:—

"The prayer is heard, the time has come,
To quit the exiled band;
For 'glory's King' has called him home
To sing in 'glory's land'."

Mr. THOMAS SPURGEON, after expressing his heartfelt gratitude for the loving and widespread sympathy that had been manifested towards himself, his dear mother and brother, and all the members of the bereaved family and church, said:—It would be some satisfaction, though a sad one, if it were possible for me to pay such a tribute to C. H. Spurgeon as he deserves from a far-off but filial son. It is now six years since I saw him last; and we are not to meet again on earth. Often and often have I spoken of his worth and work while he was yet alive. Such references have been too frequent and too flattering for some, but not for all. It is no small comfort to me, however, to know that I have not reserved all the garlands for my dear one's grave. He, to whose memory we pay our sad respect to-night, has been spoken of in his various public capacities—preacher, author, tutor, benefactor; and right well the themes were handled; but there were only two men in the world fully qualified to speak of him as a father—and I, thank God, am one of these! True, he has been a father to many more than his two sons. He has been a father to the fatherless! The portrait of him that I like best of all, though it is an ordinary wood-cut, is that in which he is seated in a chair surrounded by a throng of happy orphans—happy because he has befriended them, happy, just then, because he is having a fatherly talk with them. Oh, that his body might be buried, said I, soon after the sad news came that his life's work was done, in the grounds of the Orphanage! And let these words be written, with the rest, upon the tomb—"He caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

The man who was so good to other people's children, was, you may be sure, a good father to his own. So busy a life prevented him from

taking a very active part in the upbringing of his boys; besides, my precious mother was the best possible trainer. We learned from father's example rather than by his precept. And if his home-life might be told, it would prove as striking as his public life. I fear me, we have not profited by it as we should; but it was bound to tell. There, at "home, sweet home", we marked his generosity, so unstinted that scarcely anyone appealed in vain, unless, indeed, he himself, just then, was as poor as the applicant, by reason of his constant giving. There we saw the daily, hourly piety, so natural and unconstrained, the trustful confidence in God, the humility which ever spake in praise of others, but never in his own. What a lesson, too, was his unwearying activity! I never knew him waste a moment. His geniality and humour brightened a home over which the cloud of sickness so often hung. Not even amidst my tears can I obliterate the recollection of his wit and fun; nor do I wish to do so; for these were consecrated, too; the man himself was God's.

Some twelve years ago I enjoyed the privilege of the closest possible acquaintance with my father. I had been summoned from Australia; for mother was feared to be dying; and she still lives! She was better ere I arrived; but father was sick. I took my share in the sad task of tending him, and we thus knew each other better than ever in the years before. So greatly did we love each other, that when he became well enough to remove to Menton, I must needs be with him. For three months (for he was taken ill again while there) we dwelt together in that sunny land. Can I ever forget it? There, to advantage, I saw his love of Nature; the humblest flower spoke to him, and the insects had a message, and the blue air, and the still bluer sea. How he loved the olive-trees, chiefly because they told him of his Lord and of Gethsemane! What drives and walks (when he was able) we had together; and what glad work it was to read to him, or to write at his dictation! Then, there were the Sabbath talks in the hotel; and there was a kind word of cheer, one Sunday, when I had tried my hand at preaching, and he had heard with joy. It was from Menton, as you know, that his freed spirit took its flight to a still sunnier land.

What, I suppose, will prove his last letter to his distant son, reached me almost at the same time as the tidings that he had ceased to live. He did not often write. How could he amid such toils? And when he did, the letter was not long, but there was much in little. This last was a perfect benediction; and if no other message comes to me, this will well content my heart. "The Lord bless thee, my son, and thy spouse, and the little one! God's own triune blessing rest on the three!" Then there were some words of kind encouragement in the work of the ministry. How notable is this sentence now: "I write this day joyfully because I feel better than for many a month. I am weak, but I have the hope that I have turned the cold corner, and am turning to the warmer side of the hill." Was he mistaken? Yes, and No. Yes, for restoration to health and work was not to be. No, for all the cold corners are safely passed, and "the warm side of the hill" is reached for ever.

I was on the platform of the Auckland railway-station, a few weeks since, in order to meet my friend, Mr. Mayers (of Dr. Barnardo's

Homes), on his return from the Waikato. The secretary of the Y.M.C.A. was there as well. He it was who handed to Mr. Mayers a telegram which brought the sad news of his dear father's death. It was as though one had stabbed him; for he knew not even that his sire was sick. He clapped his hand upon his heart, compressed his quivering lips, and turned his head away; yet not so far but we could see big tears and many hurrying down his cheeks. So we stood in sad and solemn silence for a few minutes. But presently he faced us again, with these brave words, "It's all right; it must be right." 'Twas there and then I learned the lesson that has stood me in good stead this bitter week. Yes, I too can say it; though the tears still flow, "It's all right; it must be right." Right, though the work seems to be unfinished; right, though we wonder who can fill the gap; right, though the gap be never filled; right, though the partial answer to ten thousand prayers makes the final mystery the greater; right, though the bell-like voice will never sound on earth again,—it is promoted to the campanile of heaven; right, though the busy hand will wield the pen no more,—it waves a palm instead. Yes; right, all right, for "Himself hath done it." My sad, sad message, read, "Father in Heaven; Mother resigned." Thank God for that latter clause—Mother resigned. Behold what grace suffices for, for never was there a fonder wife. She, too, exclaims, "It's all right; it must be right."

The First Student's "Wreath."



PERMIT me, as *the first student*, and for some time *the only student*, of THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, to add my "wreath" in memory of my ever-beloved father in Christ Jesus, my ever-faithful friend, wise counsellor, and always loving helper, CHAS. HADDON SPURGEON. He was, from the first hour I knew him, in the year 1854, up to January 31st, 1892, my best of earthly friends. Through his instrumentality, I was first led to "believe on the Lord Jesus." He led me through the baptismal waters, in dear old Park Street Chapel, Southwark, on September 28th, 1854. He sent me to study for the work of the Christian ministry, under the Rev. C. H. Hosken, at Mill Road Boarding School, Bexley Heath, Kent, in July, 1856, and subsequently, under the Rev. George Rogers, then pastor of the Independent Church, Albany Road, Camberwell. He introduced me to my first church at Kingston-on-Thames,

where he united me in marriage to my first wife, on May 26th, 1859. By his advice, I accepted the pastorate of my second church, at Coleraine, Ireland. Here is his letter:—

"Dear Medhurst,—Go, and the Lord be with thee! You make me very glad when I see your unfeigned love and confidence. Rest assured that your interest is ever mine, and that I shall have as much joy in your prosperity as in my own. What will poor Kingston do? I will help them as aforetime.

"Excuse brevity, and believe me, ever yours truly,

"C. H. SPURGEON.

"Geneva, Monday, July 2, 1860.

"Preached yesterday in the cathedral—Calvin's pulpit."

In seasons of deep affliction, many were the words of loving sympathy the dear departed one sent his "first student," a few of which I would transcribe:—

"I am very sorry for your personal and domestic afflictions. It must be through much tribulation that we enter the kingdom. There is no escaping the cross. Should we desire to do so? Nature says, 'Yes,' but grace holds us to complete submission.

"The Lord sitteth upon the floods: the Lord sitteth King for ever and ever. Hallelujah!

"May you have overflowing grace, and inflowings of glory!

"Yours most affectionately,

"Dec. 6th, 1884. "C. H. SPURGEON."

When my beloved daughter was taken home, I was greatly cheered by the following letter:—

"May 24, 1884.

"Dear Friend,—May you be sustained under your heavy trial! Now that you and your dear companion are most fully realizing the void which is made in your household, may you find living consolations flowing into your hearts! 'It is well,' and faith knows it is so; and worships the Lord from under the cloud. How time has flown! It seems but the other day that you were married; and now you are an old father, bereaved of a daughter. Dear Caleb Higgs, too, is gone home—long ago.

"We shall meet above before long. Till then, in our Lord's business we will find solace, and in Himself delight.

"Yours ever heartily,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

"Dec. 10, 1885.—The Lord help you! You are indeed tried. I wonder whether there is some special need in your case and mine for these continual cuts of the knife. It is assuredly according to wisdom and love, and there we must leave it.

"I ought to have been long ago out of this fog and frost, but have not been able to move hitherto. Perhaps I may fly to-morrow. God bless you and yours! You are a dear, tried, never-failing friend.

"Yours very heartily,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

The following note came after the death of my wife, after a long and trying illness:—

"Feb. 20, 1886.

"Dear Brother,—The Lord sustain thee! It is well that your trial should end, even though it be in this crushing loss. The Holy Ghost Himself is your Comforter. My heart is with you. I pray our Lord to reveal His love in this dark hour. I am troubled on all hands by loss of friends, and distress of the poor. O Lord, how long!

"Yours always lovingly,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Two more characteristic notes I must give:—

"Dear Friend,—My hand is bad, but I must scratch a line to say, *God bless you!*

"Never mind for me. I have set my face to bear all weathers for Christ. It will not be long; but be it what it may, I will not be false to His charge. The matter is in the eternal hands.

"Yours heartily,

"October 14, 1887. "C. H. SPURGEON."

"Dear Friend,—The Lord reward you! HE is on my side; and if none else should be, it will not matter. He will win in the end. I was troubled, but now I am resting.

"Your faithful love is sweet to me.

"Yours heartily,

"March 5, 1888. "C. H. SPURGEON."

At the risk of being considered *egotistical*, I must make mention of a precious gift I have in my possession, which I count as one of my choicest treasures. It is Volume V. of *The Treasury of David*, with this inscription penned by his own hand:—

"To my always loving and ever-faithful friend, and brother, and son, T. W. Medhurst, to whom I am most tenderly attached, in whose usefulness I heartily rejoice, and by whose loving acts I am often solaced in my affliction—a small token of my love.

"Jan., '79. "C. H. SPURGEON."

Now, what more shall I say? My heart at times seems well-nigh ready to burst with anguish now that my beloved friend, father, and president is gone. "Jesus wept" at the grave of his friend Lazarus. The Jews said, "Behold how He loved him!" 'Tis thus I weep—I weep because I loved him. I love him still; I shall never cease to love him. To me, the beloved Spurgeon is not dead—he will never die—he will ever be a living presence, an inspiration. I love him because he loved his Master. I love him because he loved me. As I looked upon the olive-casket containing his precious mortal remains, instinctively my heart said—

"HERE LIES A MAN, SENT FROM GOD."

Thank God, "*the last* of the Puritans" is not dead; but the best, the grandest, the noblest Puritan of this nineteenth century has gone to his rest and reward. There are nearly seven hundred of us who called him "President beloved", and we, by God's grace, have not bowed the knee to the modern Baal, and will not. C. H. Spurgeon, like

John the Baptist, did no miracle; but all things that Spurgeon spake of Jesus Christ were true.

In an album I have these lines in his handwriting:—

"'E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Christ's flowing wounds supply;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.'

"April, 1862. "C. H. SPURGEON."

Nobly and faithfully he kept his resolve. Here are the notes of a sermon he gave me, written on half a sheet of paper, in the first year I knew him. They might have served for the notes of the last sermon he ever preached on earth, so faithfully did he keep to "the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."

"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. ii. 5.

The solemn necessity for salvation.

I. THE PLAN.
By grace in the sense of Free Favour.
Election.
Redemption.
Justification.
Adoption.
By grace in the sense of Power.
Regeneration.
Conversion.
Perseverance.

II. ITS NECESSITY.
Or none would be saved.

III. ITS EXCELLENCE.
Then the vilest may be saved.
Then none would be saved without it.
Then how secure are God's people!

IV. ITS LESSONS.
Be kind.
Be humble.
Be grateful.

How those three lessons were wrought into the entire fabric of his whole life! He was ever *kind*, ever *humble*, ever *grateful*. The grace of faith ever kept him steadfast, immovable; and by that grace he was enabled to keep the faith of the gospel unflinchingly to the end. Fare thee well, beloved Spurgeon, thy memory shall ever be precious to thy "first student"! Till we together cast our crowns at Immanuel's feet in the glory-land, fare thee well!

"He rests from his labours, his work is done;
His goal is attained, the weary race run;
His battle is fought, the struggle is o'er;
The crown now replaces the cross he bore;
The pilgrimage path shall no more be trod,
The rest remains to the servant of God."

Cardiff. T. W. MEDHURST.

Notices of Books.

From the Pulpit to the Palm-Branch. A MEMORIAL OF C. H. SPURGEON. Including the Official Report of the Services in connection with his Funeral. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 2s. 6d.

THIS volume, which will shortly be published, is a sequel to the sketch of Mr. Spurgeon's life and labours, issued last month under the title, "From the Usher's Desk to the Tabernacle Pulpit." The preface contains a masterly exposition of Isaiah lviii., which is said to give a full-length portrait of "our modern Isaiah, the *Evangelical Prophet* of his age." There is a brief sketch of Mr. Spurgeon's long illness last summer, the widespread sympathy expressed with him and his dear wife, his gradual recovery, and journey to Menton, with a record of his last month in the sunny South, ending with his entrance into heaven on the last night of January. The book then gives a description of the sorrow-stricken church, and a full report of the memorial services at Menton and the Tabernacle, and the funeral at Norwood cemetery. Five of Dr. Pierson's sermons are included in the volume, together with several portraits and photographic views taken in Menton and London, and a list of the churches, societies, &c., from which telegrams or letters of sympathy have been received by Mrs. Spurgeon or at the Tabernacle. We recommend all our friends to procure copies of this admirable record of the unique series of services in connection with Mr. Spurgeon's "promotion to glory."

The Miracles of Missions; or, the Modern Marvels in the History of Missionary Enterprise. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Funk and Wagnalls.

The Divine Enterprise of Missions. Same AUTHOR. Hodder & Stoughton.

The Greatest Work in the World; or, the Evangelization of all Peoples in the Present Century. Same AUTHOR. W. G. Wheeler, 21, Warwick Lane.

EVERYTHING that Dr. Pierson writes is worth reading. His facile pen fitly expresses the clear thought in his own mind, which has resulted from his prayerful study of the Word of God. The publication of these works is most timely, now that the centenary of Baptist Missions is about to be celebrated, and thousands of earnest Christians of all denominations will be gathering together for the annual meetings of the various Missionary Societies. Speakers will find both argument and illustration in Dr. Pierson's writings; and his fervent utterances will help to bring to the cause of missions the men and the means which have been too long withheld.

What is the Church? or, the Argument of the Ephesians. By R. GOVETT. Also, by the same writer, *Christ the Head; the Church His Body; or, the Argument of Colossians.* Norwich: Fletcher and Son.

WE have read these commentaries with much interest and profit. They are marked by unction, and, notwithstanding what seem to us blemishes and errors of exposition, are well worthy of a frequent perusal. One of the unique features of these works is the elaboration which the subject of Christian baptism receives. Mr. Govett's keenness of scent on this point certainly equals, if it does not surpass, that of any other living man. We do not instance this as a blemish, but as a gem of purest water. Would that all God's children saw this ordinance through the spiritual lens that Mr. Govett uses!

Both the experience and place of the Old Testament saints are, in our judgment, underrated by this writer. We do not see that the parenthetical character of the present dispensation necessitates the exclusion from the body of Christ of those who, like Abraham, "saw His day afar off, and were glad," and who, moreover, looked, no more than we do, for an earthly city. We also look upon the construction put upon Christ's descent into Hades as unwarranted. By the spiritually-minded, these commentaries will be read with a relish.

The Light of the World, and other Sermons. By PHILLIPS BROOKS. R. D. Dickinson.

THERE is a great deal of fresh, vigorous, and stirring thought, and much manly earnestness in this volume. The light here, however, is more from an intellectual orb than from one illumined by evangelical insight. No hearer or reader of these sermons could, we think, fail to be conscious of their rare excellence in their particular line. At the same time, the main essential of all true preaching is not sufficiently forthcoming in this volume. We want the cross of Christ made more vivid, and the way of salvation more clearly set forth than it is in these brilliant pages.

The Moral Culture of the Christian. By Rev. J. MCCANN, D.D. Nisbet.

THIS little book has our heartiest commendation. It is full of strong thought, clear expression, and happy illustration. The writer has a vigorous logical faculty, but illumines it with figure and picture. A capital book to give to Christians of every age; calculated to build up a sturdy and high-principled type of believer.

Lessons to an Adult Bible-class on the Life of Christ. By R. MILNER. Vol. I. Stock.

IT is seldom that discursive Bible-class lessons will bear printing in full. The personal element has gone from them, and with it the force and power. This volume is no exception to the rule, and we fear, though well-intentioned, will not secure public favour.

The Old Documents and the New Bible. The Old Testament. By J. PATERSON SMYTH, LL.B., B.D. Bagster.

A LEARNED and able attempt to put, in popular style, the story of how the Old Testament grew. Generally, the author is on the side of the Bible in its integrity; but, now and again, he seems to be afraid of what is called the "higher criticism."

For his *facts* about the different MSS. and Versions, and their lucid setting forth, we are deeply grateful; but when he begins to *theorize*, we dare venture to dispute with him.

Once he says, "The reader will clearly understand that this little book deals only with the *external* history of the Jewish Bible . . . with the composition and internal history, and the whole fascinating but difficult question of what is called 'the higher criticism', we have nothing to do here." It is a pity he did not strictly adhere to this rule. It would have saved him from the unworthy sneer at the "sentimental pietism" of those Bible lovers who are jealous of any tampering with its precious words.

This little volume answers to our author's description of the Talmud—"a mixture of law and legend": the former we accept; the latter we judge. Still, even with these abatements, it is a book crammed with information, and transparent in style, and cannot fail to be of great service to students and other readers whose attachment to the Bible is already established.

Biblical Difficulties, and How to Meet Them. Partridge and Co.

A MORE accurate title, at least, as far as part of this book is concerned, would have been "Biblical Difficulties, and How to *Increase* Them."

Those of our readers who wish to see how a Bible-student deals with one of the papers in this curious collection, should read *Dr. Clifford on "Inspiration." Examined and criticised by Henry Varley.* With introduction by Dr. Sinclair Paterson. (Holness, 3d.)

Without endorsing all Mr. Varley's statements and arguments, we rejoice to see his searching exposure of the fallacies in Dr. Clifford's paper. More power to his pen!

Messianic Prophecy. By E. RIEHM, D.D. Second edition. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A COLD, dry treatise on a subject which might have fired any Christian expositor's mind and heart. There is learning, research, logical grasp, but all at icy temperature. Even students of tough themes like a little more warmth and enthusiasm, and the general religious public will never read a book lacking these. Another specimen of German theological prosing. "Next, please!"

Talks with Men, Women, and Children. By Rev. DAVID DAVIES, Brighton. Alexander and Shepheard.

THERE are talkers *and* talkers. Some talk because they wish to say something, others because they have something to say. Mr. Davies holds a high position among the great talkers of this age. Some are egotistic, he is modest; some are superficial, he is experimental; some are unsystematic, he is methodical; some miss the good way, he keeps on the lines of grace and truth; some are amusing, he is edifying; some are wearying, he is alluring. For years he has been talking, and drawing numerous listeners; his "talks" have been published in weekly numbers, and here we have the third volume of them. Mr. Davies "talks" the gospel to "men, women, and children" in a natural, easy, and animated manner, and with much freshness and force. May thousands, who cannot listen to him from the pulpit, hear him through the press!

Ruth the Gleaner. Esther the Queen. By W. M. TAYLOR, D.D. Charles Burnet & Co.

ANOTHER of those admirable Bible biographies by which Dr. Taylor has been for many years enriching our theological literature. In this line of things he is peerless; and though other good books have been written on the subjects he has treated, his works hold the field. This volume is well up to the high standard of its predecessors. Here we have no mere sketches; but with graphic descriptions we have sound expositions, and a good deal of powerful evangelical and ethical teaching. No real difficulty is shirked; but ample learning and robust common-sense are brought to the solution of every perplexing problem. Those superior persons who pose as modern critics are so eminently spiritual that they can easily appraise the relative spiritual merits of the various portions of the Word of God, and they do not think much of the Books of Ruth and Esther. The former is a mere pastoral poem, and the latter does not so much as mention the name of the Most High; therefore neither can be inspired, or have any spiritual, or even moral, authority for us. But a careful and devout study of the Books, such as that to which Dr. Taylor here helps us, bears home upon the mind the truth that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." Ruth and Esther do not, at first sight, appear to yield much evangelical teaching; but Dr. Taylor is such a lover of the gospel, that he has no difficulty in finding it where others cannot. In these lectures he deals faithfully with some of the glaring national, commercial, and social sins of his own time and country; and what he says may be read to profit on both sides of the Atlantic.

Jehovah Titles. By JAMES SPRUNT. G. Stoneman, 21, Warwick Lane.

THIS small book is the enlargement of a leaflet, entitled, "An Elevenfold Motto", founded upon eleven titles of Jehovah. It is a simple, but gracious exposition of the various names of God, and is well calculated to edify and refresh the Christian heart. Such literature as this cannot be too widely spread or too largely read.

The Handwriting on the Wall. The Casting out of Satan into the Earth, and the gathering of Israel. By THOMAS GODFREY JACK. Houlston and Sons.

IN the former of these volumes, the author describes his spiritual experience, beginning with cultured Agnosticism, and passing on to blank despair, and the appearance of Satan to lure him to ruin. Then he tells us how he was graciously delivered, and enabled to rejoice in Christ as his Saviour and Lord. The second is a portly volume of 433 pages, weaving the experience of the former book with various prophecies and present-day movements, such as Spiritualism and Theosophy. Both are the testimony of a living soul, who seeks to praise his Lord; but they would have been more readable if the themes had been classified, and the whole broken into chapters. The lack of system will mar the effectiveness of an otherwise well-intended and faithful witness.

Darkest Britain's Epiphany. By Rev. ROBERT DOUGLAS, M.A. Nisbet.

LENGTHY, learned, and laborious. It is impossible not to regret that so much talent and devotion should be absorbed in the propagation of this Christian-Israel and British-Ephraim idea. In seeking to prove "the Israelism of Christianity", Mr. Douglas not only spiritualizes the prophecies, but continually confuses the passages dealing on the one hand with Israel and their earthly calling, and on the other with the Church and its heavenly calling. The get-up of the book is worthy of a better theme.

The Christian's Recreations. By the Rev. HENRY SUTTON, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, Birmingham. Nisbet.

MR. SUTTON handles this delicate subject with great discretion. He does not fiercely denounce, but he forcibly persuades. In almost every point we are agreed with him, and we should not wonder if the moderns should tar him with the same brush which they have used upon us, and call him a gloomy Puritan. It is impossible to give even a summary of his judgment upon Billiards, Cards, Theatres, Dancing, Oratorios, and so forth; for he is never indiscriminate in his censures or approvals, but considers circumstances and conditions which many would overlook. The work is likely to be very useful because of the moderation of its tone. There is no compromising of principle, but there is a candid admission of all that can be truthfully said on the other side; and this, since it is accompanied by an all-round view of each matter, has great influence with honest minds. For a shilling, this is an extremely cheap book; and it is as good as it is cheap. If the rest of THE CHRISTIAN UNDER REVIEW series are as excellent as this, Nisbet and Co. are to be congratulated upon issuing such admirable publications.

The Drifting Island; or, the Slave Hunters of the Congo. By WALTER WENTWORTH. Nelsons.

FROM the first chapter to the last of this boys' book, we were made to feel that "wonders will never cease." Hatred of the slave-trade will be a leading impression left upon the youthful mind, and for the sake of that moral effect we can excuse the huge improbabilities of these adventures; but that they are a little too-too, we still consider. That wild boy Jack, if he gets this story to read, will be just delighted; and he will be all too likely to get Congo on the brain, and want to get among the serpents, elephants, dwarfs, and blacks of Africa, with a gun, and an electric battery and search-light.

The Slave and his Champions. By CHARLES D. MICHAEL. Partridge.

IT is a glorious story, and can never be too often repeated. Our eyes sparkled as we read again the names of Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson, William Wilberforce, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and William Knibb. At last the consummation came:

"Thus saith Britannia, Empress of the sea,
'Thy chains are broken, Africa be free.'"

We are glad to see such a book as this: well-written, plentifully-illustrated, and so cheap as to be a surprise. Only one-and-sixpence for such a volume! The public will not know when it is well served unless it calls for a hundred thousand. The publication is timely, for there is need to keep all eyes open to what is still being done by traders in Africa.

Windows; or, Suggestions for Addresses and Lessons on Scripture Emblems. By SARAH G. STOCK. Sunday School Union.

A VERY useful little book for Sunday-school teachers, and especially so for those called upon to give addresses. If the subjects are used as suggestions, and worked out in one's own way, the book will be of real service; but merely to use the matter here to hand will encourage indolence, and cramp the power of thinking-out an address. Teachers, like preachers, to be useful and successful, must be original. If these suggestions be really used as "*windows*" to let light in upon your subject, then both teachers and taught will be benefited.

Senaniza, the Faithful Kaffir. A story of South African Life. By Mrs. A. C. R. FREEBORN. Sunday-school Union.

Alison Brand's Battle in Life. By JULIA GODDARD. Same publishers.

Two pretty little shilling books.

The first is a marvellous story of a Kaffir "boy", who braved many dangers, and at last died to save one of his master's sons, who had been taken prisoner by a band of Kaffirs remarkable for their cruelty. The writer, if not an Africander, must have spent many years in South Africa; for he gives much information about that region in her little book. We have seldom read a story so strange, and yet so evidently based on fact.

Alison Brand is a religious story for the elder girls, especially for any whose faithfulness to duty has resulted in the loss of lover or friend.

Mrs. Lupton's Lodgings. By LAURA M. LANE. Partridge and Co.

NOVELISTS are wont to characterize lodging-house keepers as, next to lawyers, the most undesirable persons for present, and far less for future, companionship. They are supposed always to look not only "on their own things, but also on the things of others" as their own. Mrs. Lupton's lodgers, on the contrary, found their landlady one who honestly "did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame." They also made another discovery, namely, that of romance and love in the Reading Room and Sculpture Galleries of the British Museum. From these hints it will be seen that Miss Lane's story does not run in the old ruts, although towards the end it is a bridal path. It is a very good story indeed.

The Little Bugler. A Tale of the American Civil War. By GEORGE MUNROE ROYCE. Partridge and Co.

THE story, though not new, has the merit of being American, *and true.* It records the experiences of a youth of fifteen, who would follow his brother, an officer, to the war which ended in the emancipation of the slaves. He received two wounds, one from a Confederate bullet, and another from Cupid's dart. To hear him fight his battles o'er again will cost a shilling.

Notes.



OF all Mr. Spurgeon's helpers none came into such close and constant contact with him as Mr. J. W. HARRALD, whose portrait, at the head of these "Notes", will be gladly welcomed by all the departed Pastor's friends. Familiarly known as "the armour-bearer", he was, in many things, Mr. Spurgeon's most trusted friend, and faithful ally. For the many years during which he has occupied the post of private secretary to the late Editor of this Magazine, he has placed every faculty of his life at the disposal of his chief; and by his wise thoughtfulness, unremitting industry, and exact method, he very considerably lightened Mr. Spurgeon's anxieties, and greatly aided him in his toils. During the Pastor's sad illness last year, Mr. Harrald laboured day and night to discharge the extra duties which then pressed upon him; and notwithstanding the terrible pressure of responsibility, Mr. Spurgeon gratefully found, on his partial recovery, that every part of the great machinery was in exact order: nothing had been overlooked, and everything had been arranged to his complete satisfaction. All that loving devotion and tender solicitude could do, Mr. Harrald did, without considering his own health or convenience. For many years he accompanied Mr. Spurgeon to Menton, as his efficient help was well-nigh indispensable to the hard-worked Pastor, even in his time of comparative rest; and to his practised hand the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* have long been indebted for the admirable reports of Mr. Spurgeon's utterances. He still has many of these reports in reserve; so for a considerable time we shall hope to receive, through him, some

of the precious words which came from the lips now silent. Mr. Harrald is also a preacher of no mean power. For some years he was pastor of the church at Shoreham, and more recently he ministered at Thornton Heath, in the pretty chapel erected by Mr. Spurgeon. Last year, however, owing to the demands of his secretarial work, he was compelled to resign this charge. On several occasions he has occupied Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit with acceptance; and many will be glad to know that, in future, he is to conduct the Lord's-day afternoon services, at the Tabernacle lecture-hall.

C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund.—We hoped to have been able to announce the arrangements that are being made for raising a Memorial Fund in aid of the Orphanage, and other institutions founded by Mr. Spurgeon; but the details are not sufficiently complete. We may, however, intimate that Mr. George Williams, and Mr. Thomas H. Olney, have agreed to act as treasurers of the fund, to which they have promised to contribute 200 guineas each. They will be happy at once to receive donations towards the fund, addressed to either of them at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E. It is intended to ask leading members of different denominations throughout the country to allow their names to be used in support of the appeal, which will shortly be issued. So many friends have expressed their desire to show their love to our late Pastor, by raising appropriate memorials to him, that we anticipate a noble response when the proposals now under consideration are submitted to the public.

(N.B.—Will brethren who have published Memorial sermons kindly send two copies to "Westwood", if they have not already done so?)

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have published, price one penny, *A Memorial Memento of England's Greatest Preacher (C. H. Spurgeon)*, by J. Manton Smith. It is written in our brother's well-known bright, chatty style; and ought to be sold by thousands. Containing portraits of C. H. Spurgeon, W. Y. Fullerton, and J. Manton Smith, it is cheap at a penny.

Mr. Spurgeon's Photographs.—Friends who wish to have really first-rate permanent photographs of Mr. Spurgeon, would do well to write to Mr. T. H. Nash, St. Paul's Cray, Kent. He was the gentleman who went to Stambourne with Mr. Spurgeon last summer, for the purpose of taking various views for the new book then in course of preparation. He has enlarged two of the photographs, taken on June 10, 1891, to 11 inches by 9, in platinotype, on plate-sunk mount, Indian grey tint, 16 inches by 22. They will be printed by Mr. David Lavender, Bromley, and no pains will be spared to bring them out in the best style of photographic art. The price of each is 10s. 6d., post free, and *the whole of the profits will be given to the Stockwell Orphanage.* One of the portraits is a serious-looking one, the other has caught Mr. Spurgeon's expression when smiling; purchasers should mention which they prefer. All communications should be addressed to Mr. Nash, as above.

Photographs, in various sizes, of portrait forming the frontispiece to this Magazine, may be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Sunday-school Missionary Society.—The quarterly meeting of the Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Society, was held on *Tuesday evening, February* 23. The superintendent, Mr. S. R. Pearce, presided; prayer was offered by Mr. S. Wigney; and the Report was presented by the secretary, Mr. G. H. Judd, who made a touching allusion to the last meeting, at which they had Mrs. Spurgeon's letter, announcing her arrival, with her dear husband, at Menton, and now he had reached the better land. The total amount raised by the School, during the year, for home and foreign missions, was £250. Mr. Pearce read the late Pastor's last message of love to the teachers of the School, in which he said, "The School has done nobly for missions. Give my love to all the teachers. I know of no exception; they are all dear to me. The superintendent is, however, specially dear; God bless *him* and *his!*" Mrs. Armstrong, from Burmah, and Mr. F. Marcus Wood, from China, gave interesting addresses; and the meeting was closed with prayer by Mr. Pearce.

Annual Church Meeting.—The annual meeting of the members of the Tabernacle Church was held on *Tuesday evening, March* 1. The lecture-hall, school-room, and glass-room were well filled for the tea-meeting; and the gathering afterwards in the Tabernacle was one of the largest that has ever assembled on a similar occasion. Alas! there has never been quite "a similar occasion", for the beloved Senior Pastor was not presiding over the meeting, although the influence of his life and teaching manifestly guided the proceedings of the evening. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and after the opening hymn and prayer, proposed the resolution which is given on page 203. This was unanimously passed with great solemnity. Then came the critical business of the meeting; and as such misleading reports of what transpired have been published, it will probably be well to give the resolution in full:—

"That the members of this Church, in annual meeting assembled, take the first opportunity of assuring the Officers of the Church of their heartfelt sympathy with them in the trying position in which they were placed, by the promotion to glory of our beloved Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon.

"They hereby heartily endorse the action of the Officers in inviting Pastor J. A. Spurgeon to serve the Church for a limited period as Acting Pastor, during this most solemn crisis, until the will of the Lord in the whole matter shall be more fully revealed to us; and that the Church be further consulted before any permanent engagement be made.

"The Church also endorses the invitation of the Deacons and Elders to the Rev. Dr. Pierson, to continue his gracious and successful ministry of the Word in our midst, during our present trial and need; and the members pledge themselves to maintain the efficiency of the various services by their prayerful and generous support."

On being put to the meeting, this was carried with absolute unanimity, and with heartiest enthusiasm. Pastor James Spurgeon had retired during the consideration of this matter. On returning, he received a most gratifying welcome, which culminated in the whole assembly singing—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Pastor J. A. S. then delivered a most appropriate address. A resolution was unanimously passed, inviting Dr. Pierson to continue the ministry of the Word in the Tabernacle until the end of June, when he must return for a while to America, and heartily thanking him for the great service he has rendered to the Church during its season of sore sorrow. Mr. T. H. Olney reported a balance in hand on every fund, and bore his hearty testimony to the great generosity of our glorified Pastor. The treasurer was most cordially thanked for his past services, and asked to retain his office for the ensuing year, which he agreed to do. The College accounts were adopted, and the members pledged themselves to continue their support to the institution which was so specially dear to the beloved President. The following statistics were read by Mr. Dunn:—Increase, by baptism, 182; by letter, 51; by profession, persons previously baptized, 28: Decrease, by dismission to other churches, 148; by joining other churches without letters, 16; by emigration, 4; by removal for non-attendance, 26; and for other causes, 7; by death, 77. The net decrease of 17 was accounted for by the fact that, owing to the Pastor's long illness, there were only seven receptions of members during the year. The present number of members is 5,311. There are 22 mission-stations, and 27 Sunday and Ragged Schools, with 3,840 sittings, 612 teachers, and 8,034 scholars. The election of the elders, and a brief prayer by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, brought to a close a meeting for which all present could devoutly thank the Lord.

COLLEGE.—Mr. D. L. Donald has accepted the pastorate of the church at Coupland Street, Manchester. Mr. T. Hagen, of Bradford, has sailed for Canada.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. R. Baily, from Grays, to Guernsey; Mr. C. J. Fowler, from Lady Ashburton's Mission, to West Row, Mildenhall; Mr. A. Lester, from Borough Green, to Dawley, Shropshire; Mr. M. Noble, from Winlock, to Roseberg, Oregon, U.S.A.; Mr. A. Phillips. F.S.S., from Wantage, to Warwick Street, Leamington; Mr. C. Stanley, from South Shields, to Waterhouses, Co. Durham; and Mr. S. T. Williams, from Leamington, to Whitchurch, Hampshire.

Two more brethren have been "called home" recently—Pastors C. E. L. Good, of the Falkland Islands, and W. Jackson, of Waltham Abbey. Reports of the illness of Mr. Good had reached the Vice-President, and he had written to arrange for his return, when a telegram arrived announcing his departure. Mr. Jackson went out to Menton, and was for a time in the same hotel as his brother-in-law, Mr. Spurgeon; but probably neither of them thought they would meet so soon in heaven. Mr. Jackson was not educated in the Pastors' College, but he was an associate of the College Association, and no man in the whole brotherhood more truly loved and contended for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. His widow has been bereaved indeed, losing such a brother and such a husband within only about a month. We lovingly commend her and her sorrowing children, as well as the relatives of our Brother Good, to the sustaining grace of the Divine Comforter.

While making up the "Notes," we hear that Mr. Corpe, one of the students, has been called to the higher service of heaven, instead of to the ministry on earth.

CONFERENCE.—The special or "emergency" committee of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association met at the College on *Monday afternoon*, *February* 29, the Vice-President presiding. Several brethren in prayer sought divine guidance in the emergency that had arisen through the beloved President's promotion to glory. After appointing a sub-committee to prepare suitable resolutions of sympathy with those who had been so sorely bereaved, the brethren unanimously decided that there should be a Conference this year, and that it should be held from May 2 to 6, that is, the week *after* the Baptist Union Meetings, as it was impossible to hold it before those gatherings. The committee passed various recommendations, both to the London brethren and to the Conference, with the view of making the approaching meetings specially profitable under the sad conditions that must to some extent affect the assembly. The general feeling appeared to be that the calling away of the President ought to lead to deeper consecration of the whole brotherhood to the great work for which the College was established.

On *Friday afternoon*, *March* 11, the London brethren met at the College under the presidency of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, the Acting-President of the Association.

After a hymn, and specially touching prayers from Brethren D. Russell and Barnard, suitable references were made to the home-going of the President and Pastor W. Jackson, as well as of Brethren Channer and Good. The recommendations of the special committee were considered, and the various arrangements for the forthcoming Conference were fully discussed. The Monday evening gathering this year will be combined with the Tabernacle prayer-meeting; other particulars will be duly announced on the programmes.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Patrick writes:—"Since last writing you, we have given up the Café Oriental, as we found it so unhealthy. We have transferred our work to a private house, that will answer very well for a time. It is splendidly situated, and in many ways very suitable; but the biggest room only seats sixty people. Our meetings in the new premises have been very well attended.

"A good friend at Norwich has sent us an ear-trumpet, which suits the deaf Spanish woman exactly. She danced for joy when we gave it to her, and rather upset our gravity on the following day, when, in the middle of our morning prayers, she exclaimed, 'Oh, I can hear all you say!'"

Mr. Patrick greatly desires to visit England this spring, and hopes to be home for the Conference.

EVANGELISTS. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have had very successful missions at Bath and Canterbury, but no detailed reports have come to hand at present. This month they are to be at Exeter, Southend, and Foot's Cray.

Mr. Burnham's services at Mount Pleasant Baptist Chapel, St. George's, Bristol, were greatly blessed, both to the quickening of the church and the salvation of sinners. He has since been at Rayleigh, Essex; and this month he is going to Saltash, Isleham, and Chiswick.

Pastor J. Kitchener writes, concerning *Mr. Harmer's* mission at Mirfield:—"His visit was greatly enjoyed by us all. His words were quickening words, and helpful in every way. Our members have been stirred to greater prayerfulness and zeal, and I believe some who were long undecided have been led to definite decision for the Lord Jesus." Mr. Harmer has since been to East Plumstead and Faringdon. This month he goes to Washbrook, Ipswich; and Queen's Road Chapel, Barking.

ORPHANAGE.—On *Tuesday evening, March* 8, the collectors met at the Orphanage, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas H. Olney. After an opening hymn, and prayer by Rev. Clarence Chambers, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presented to the chairman a framed copy of the inscription on the Sunday School House, of which Mr. Olney laid the foundation-stone. In making the presentation, Mr. James Spurgeon mentioned that his earliest recollections of his brother's work in London were associated with the godly family that bore the name of Olney; and he was glad that such good representatives of the family still remained, though many had gone home. Mr. Olney suitably acknowledged the present; and referring to the additional responsibilities that had fallen upon Pastor J. A. Spurgeon since his brother had been called up higher, asked all present to promise to support him in carrying on the work of the Orphanage. The children sang and recited, and addresses were delivered by Pastors J. A. Spurgeon and Z. T. Dowen, and Mr. Harrald. On the announcement of the amount brought in, it was found that it exceeded the total at the corresponding meeting last year, and by the generous help of the chairman and various friends, it was made up to £200; and thus, a very profitable evening was brought to a satisfactory close. Necessarily, there were many sad hearts present; but many appeared to feel what one of the speakers said, "Now that dear Mr. Spurgeon is gone, we must all do all the more for the Orphanage, to try and make up for his loss." If any of our readers feel in the same way, they can send for collecting-cards or boxes to the Secretary, Spurgeons' Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Annual Festival.—Will all friends, far and near, make a note of the date of the annual festival? Mr. Spurgeon had arranged for it to be held on *Wednesday, June* 22; so it will be on that day, and an interesting programme will be arranged, of which full particulars will be announced.

COLPORTAGE.—Many letters of deep sympathy have been thankfully received from friends of this department of the late beloved President's work. In some of these, anxiety was expressed as to the continuance of the Association; but friends may rest assured that, so far from any intention being entertained of allowing the work to flag, no effort will be spared to maintain and extend its operations. Mr. Spurgeon repeatedly remarked that "it was second to none" of the institutions, and deserved larger support than it ever received. One friend writes (after expressing sympathy): "The work must go on; but how?" No reply was added; but the practical method was indicated by the enclosure of a cheque. If each reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* will kindly "do likewise", no difficulty will occur, as the organization remains intact, and is under the management of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and the same committee and staff as before. The funds are sufficient for present purposes; but will need the continued and increased help of all lovers of God's Word, and good literature, if the

same number of men is to be retained. £40 per annum will be indispensable as the local contribution for each colporteur, in addition to the donations for the General Fund. During the last year, the sales reached the large sum of £11,134 19s. 11d., which is considerably in excess of any previous year. The object of the Association is the sale of the Scriptures and salutary literature, blended with personal evangelistic effort to take the gospel to the homes of the people, and to conduct simple gospel services.

All communications will receive prompt attention if addressed to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTE.—The following paragraph appeared in *The Missionary Herald* of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Boston, Massachusetts, March, 1892:—

"An illustration of the world-wide influence of Mr. Spurgeon, whose recent death has caused such universal sorrow, is found in the fact that the Professor of Homiletics in the Theological Department of the Doshisha University of Kyoto, Japan, has for several years used in the class-room a volume of Spurgeon's sermons, among others, as a means of practical instruction in sermon-making. He has found it a great privilege to read these thoroughly Biblical sermons with the young Japanese preparing for the Christian ministry, and to note the impression produced upon their minds by them. It was quite a common experience, after the study had been completed, to have the students come, with their slender earnings from teaching, etc., to buy for future use the volumes which had been loaned to them for class-room use, whose power they felt and thus acknowledged."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—March 3, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Pantin	10	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cowie	10	10	0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott	5	5	0
From the readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	2	10	0
Miss Hall, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Pastor H. Dunington	0	5	0
Friends at Enfield Tabernacle, in loving memory of the President, per Pastor G. W. White	8	5	2
An old Independent	20	0	0
Mrs. Forbes, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. G. Jenkins	6	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Teddington Baptist Chapel offering	0	10	6
Pastor H. C. Field	0	10	6
	1	1	0
Pastor F. J. Greening, Dartmouth, and friends	1	5	0
Pastor F. Durbin	1	0	0
Mrs. Grant, for the late Mrs. Bennett	5	0	0
Part collection at Memorial services, Abbey Road Chapel, per Pastor H. E. Stone	12	6	2
Mrs. H. Thomas	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Cowen	0	5	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
Mr. J. Compton Rickett	2	12	6
From Zion Chapel, Bacup, per Pastor S. J. Baker	10	5	0
Mr. Charles E. Smith	10	0	0
Miss St. Clair Trotter	1	10	0
Pastor H. Wood	0	10	0
Pastor W. L. Crathern	0	5	0
A wreath from Haddon Hall, per Mr. W. Olney	5	5	11
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.	2	0	0
Collection from Lower Edmonton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Russell	2	0	5
Mr. John La Touche	5	0	0
A friend, per Pastor C. B. Sawday	0	2	6
Mr. R. J. Beechiff	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Parker Gray	2	0	0
Mrs. A. J. Gordon	1	1	0
Mr. John Coutts	3	3	0
Memorial service collection, at King's Road Chapel, Reading, per Pastor C. A. Davis	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Underwood	0	2	6
Collection at Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wallington, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	2	16	0
Mrs. Cope	1	1	0
In memoriam of our dear Pastor, S. E. C.	0	5	0
Miss J. N. Dixon, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Miss Palmer	0	10	0
Mr. Stephen Hubbard	2	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Urquhart	1	0	0
Mr. George Hearson	2	2	0
Mr. John Mozer	10	10	0
Pastor G. D. Hooper	1	1	0
Pastor G. T. Gillingham	0	5	0
Mrs. Soady	5	0	0
N. B.	25	0	0
E. K. G.	40	0	0
Collection at City Road Baptist Chapel, Winchester, per Pastor W. J. Harris	3	15	7
Collection at Paradise Row Baptist Chapel, Waltham Abbey	3	0	0
Mrs. A. Baker	5	0	0
Mr. T. Medley	2	0	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	1	0	0
Baptist Church, Guildford, per Pastor J. Rankine	1	5	0
Miss Hetherton	1	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Cay	1	1	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Miss Bloom	2	0	0
Mr. L. Haigh	0	5	0
Pastor T. Lardner	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Feb. 21	56	8	10
,, 28	57	18	6
Mar. 6	37	7	10
,, 13	42	9	6
	194	4	8
	£449	15	11

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. W. Eales	1	0	3
An old Independent	5	0	0
The Misses Buswell	2	0	0
Mr. Charles E. Smith	10	0	0
Mr. G. Armstrong...	1	0	0
"The armour-bearer's wreath of love to his glorified captain"	2	2	0
A friend, per Pastor J. Smale	3	3	0
Mrs. James Baxter	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	10	0
Jno. F. H.	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	2	0
Mr. E. Harris	2	2	0
J. M. R.	1	0	0
Miss Palmer	0	10	0
	£32	9	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. W. Arnold Hepburn	10	10	0
Islington Medical Mission, per Mr. H. Soltau	1	14	0
Mr. E. Roberts	0	5	0
Mr. C. Mizen	0	10	0
Mr. E. E. Wright	3	6	0
Friends in Norfolk	0	5	0
Master Warren A. Lewis...	0	10	0
Victoria Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth Road, per Pastor E. Henderson ...	3	19	6
Mrs. Drake	1	1	0
"Not unto us"	0	5	0
Rev. Alexander W. Pay's Bible-class ..	0	10	6
Mrs. Belough	0	0	11
S. B. S.	1	1	0
Mrs. A. L. Street	0	5	0
Mr. G. F. Jobbins	5	0	0
Mrs. G. Walter Blow	0	5	0
"In memoriam" from St. Albans ...	0	5	0
Memorial offering from Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Margate, per Pastor B. Brigg	5	1	0
Mrs. S. Clout	1	0	0
Mr. G. C. McKenzie	0	7	6
Miss F. Rouse	0	5	0
Mr. L. Atkinson	0	10	6
Ada West (orphan girl's collecting-card)	0	2	0
Rathead Y. W. C. A., per Miss A. B. Main	1	0	0
Mr. W. Piper	3	17	6
Mrs. Watson	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Halstead	0	5	0
Collection at Young People's Meeting, Garscribe Hall, per Mrs. Adams ...	1	10	0
Mrs. M. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
A few friends at Irvine, per Mrs. S. Muir	2	2	2
Annual collection at Coul Street Sunday-school, Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashby	1	10	0
In memoriam, from the officers, teachers, and scholars of Centenary Memorial Sunday-schools, per Miss Buswell ...	3	0	0
Miss Raitt	0	5	0
Mr and Mrs. Wood	0	10	0
Two little boys who read John Ploughman's Almanack	0	1	0
Mr A. Telford	0	10	0
Per Mr H. J. Pearson :—			
Rookery children's box .. 0 11 0			
In memoriam, C. H. S. ... 1 0 0			
	1	11	0
M. L. Williams (orphan girl's collecting-card)	0	10	0
Mr Robert Mathieson	0	5	0
Mrs. Mitchell	0	2	0
Collection after Memorial service of the United Nonconformist Churches of Hastings and St. Leonards, per Mr. W. Slade	15	6	10
Mr. R. E. Sears	0	5	0
Mr. John R. House	4	4	0
Miss Torr	1	1	0
Mrs. Thiel	0	2	6
Misses F. J. Tollit and H. Cook ...	2	2	0
Part proceeds of a musical entertainment at Crewkerne, per Pastor J. Cruickshank	1	1	0
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Collen	0	3	0
Mr. James M. Rattray	0	2	0
Rev. W. Y. Fullerton	5	5	0
Mr. M. H. Webb	1	1	0
Mrs. Heffer	1	1	0
Mrs. M. W. Thomas	0	10	0
Miss M. Clift	0	2	6
From the friends of the Working Men's Mission, Collingwood Street, per Mr. T. G. Young	10	0	0
A tribute of love from Chatsworth Road Chapel, per Pastor W. Fuller Gooch	20	0	0
Children of Baptist Sunday-school, Pittenween, and a friend, per Mr. J. Gay...	0	18	0
Mrs. M. Westrope...	0	10	0
Per Pastor Charles Spurgeon :—			
Mrs. Donaldson 5 0 0			
In memoriam 0 10 0			
Miss Duffield 0 2 0			
	5	12	0
Mr. Andrew H. Stephen	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Woodeson	1	1	0
Mr. Ernest P. Woodeson...	1	1	0
Mr. Austin Woodeson	1	1	0
Miss J. Westaway, per Pastor C. A. Fellowes	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas A. Flitton	1	0	0
Baptist Chapel, Horncastle, per Mr. George Speed	0	13	1
Mrs. Bush	0	5	0
Mr. James Lloyd	0	10	0
Miss E. Rogers	0	2	7
Mr. A. F. Rogers	1	1	0
Messrs. S. Norton and A. White ...	0	15	0
Mrs. M. L. Drury	0	2	6
Haddon Hall Sunday-school, per Mr. H. J. West	4	0	0
Miss Gilbert, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	0	5	0
Bogbain Sabbath-school, per Mr. A. Grant	0	7	6
Mrs. McIntyre	1	0	0
Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	10	0	0
Mrs. Berry	1	0	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—			
Mrs. G. T. Harris 1 0 0			
Mrs. Read 0 10 0			
	1	10	0
J. and E. A. B., in memoriam, C. H. S.	0	10	0
L. P. M.	0	5	0
Per Mr. W. Lloyd :—			
Collection at Corfe Mullen Baptist Chapel 0 16 0			
Mrs. Elliott... ... ... 0 2 6			
Mr. W. Lloyd 0 2 6			
	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
In memory of the late beloved President, from a Dorset Friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilson	1	1	0
"A friend"	25	0	0
W. S.	5	0	0
H. J. C.	1	0	0
Mr. D. Herbert Lloyd	3	0	0
Mr. T. H. Hopping	0	5	0
A sermon-reader, Northampton	0	10	0
Miss L. Francis	1	0	0
Collection after Memorial service at Little George Street Mission and Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Shurmer	0	10	6
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
L. A.	1	0	0
Mr. S. Morrison	1	0	0
Friends at Christ Church, per Mr. W. Webb	5	9	0
Teachers and scholars of Duke Street Sunday-school, per Mr. C. F. Dafforne	1	1	0
Freemantle Baptist Chapel, East Boscombe, per Pastor C. H. Parrett	1	5	0
Rev. J. W. W. and Mrs. Moeran	1	1	0
Scholars and friends of Bethel English Sunday-school, Maestag, per Mr. Isaac Rees	2	2	1
Mrs. Cowell	1	0	0
Mr. J. Bloodworth	1	1	0
Sunday-school teachers at the Orphanage, per Mr. W. J. Evans	4	0	0
Mr. G. J. H. Walker	5	0	0
Mr. J. Hallam	0	2	6
A reader of "Evening by Evening"	0	5	0
W. B. B.	0	2	0
Mr. James Brown	0	10	0
Collection at Portmahon Chapel, per Mr. W. P. Skerritt	6	10	0
M. L. C.	0	10	0
Collected by Miss B. Dixon:—			
Misses Bullen and Peck	0	4	0½
Misses Dixon	0	2	9
Mrs. Jupp	0	2	6½
Mr. Sear	0	6	2½
Mrs. Sear	0	4	0½
Mr. Swaffield	0	7	6
Mr. Stuchfield	0	2	10
Miss E. J. Dixon's farthing fund	0	0	6¾
	1	10	6
Collected by Mrs. S. Walter	1	0	0
A few friends at Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor Z. T. Dowen	4	4	0
Miss St. Clair Trotter	1	10	0
The Countess of Seafield	2	2	0
Mr. A. W. Auden	0	6	0
A friend	0	5	0
M. G., a mite for the orphans	0	2	0
J. S. M. H. Y., per Mr. John Lobb	1	0	0
Mr. E. Carlile	5	0	0
Brixham Baptist Chapel, per Mr. W. P. Spark	2	15	0
Mr. P. Thuell	0	5	0
A well-wisher	0	2	6
Mr. John Brown	0	5	0
C. F.	0	1	0
S. A. R.	0	1	0
In loving memory of Mabel, from father and mother	1	1	0
Per Mr. John Keeling:—			
Cinder Bank Church	1	1	0
Sweet Turf Church	1	1	0
Ebenezer Church	1	1	0
	3	3	0
Per Mr. G. Finch:—			
Miss Heasman	1	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Tunbridge Wells (second amount)	0	16	0
Collected by Masters Finch	0	14	3
	2	10	3

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Grimwood	0	2	6
Mr. W. H. Clark	1	10	0
Mrs. Fruen, per Mr. F. Cockrell	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Beresford	0	10	0
Mr. L. Perrett	0	5	0
Collection at Memorial service, Mount Zion Chapel, Birmingham	9	0	0
Mrs. Fordham	10	0	0
Mr. F. Ford	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	2	0	0
Pastor H. Dunington	0	5	0
An old Independent	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Johnson, per J. T. D.	2	0	0
Miss Halls, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
From the Liverpool Baptist Union	28	9	0
Mr. Henry Abbitt	26	5	0
Mr. Walter M. Hitchcock	2	2	0
Miss C. E. Barnard	0	10	0
Half collection at Memorial service, Abbey Road Chapel, St John's Wood	12	6	2
Offerings at Memorial services, Garland Street Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmunds	5	0	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Nunn	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Cowen	0	5	0
Surrey Square Mission and Sunday-school	3	0	0
Mr. J. Compton Rickett	2	12	6
Mr. Charles E. Smith	10	0	0
Mr. J. Hayes	0	2	6
Rev. W. Wright, D.D.	5	0	0
Postal order, Manchester	0	5	0
Mrs. Hinton and Miss Armistead	1	5	0
"A lover of Jesus"	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Halls	0	5	0
Mrs. Brown	2	2	0
Postal order, Buckland	0	10	0
Buckley Baptist Chapel, per Rev. J. Grinnell	0	8	9
Dr. Wilson	2	0	0
A. F. M.	0	5	0
For the late Mrs. Milligan	2	0	0
Miss M. K. Milligan	2	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Gillett	1	0	0
Mr. Matthew Steel	0	10	0
Mrs. Parson	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Knights	0	7	0
Mr. W. D. Crowhurst	0	10	0
Maggie	0	2	6
M. S. N.	0	5	0
Miss Hood	0	5	0
Mrs. Renshaw	25	0	0
Mr. E. Davies	1	1	0
Alpha	0	10	0
Battersea Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. C. Shepherd	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Shepherd	1	1	0
J. S. A.	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Brown	10	10	0
M. A., Bideford	0	10	0
Collection after Memorial services at Shoreditch Tabernacle, per Mr. G. Cartwright	10	10	0
Mr. H. P. Coombs	1	0	0
Mr. A. E. Goodbody	1	0	0
Great Hunter Street Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Rodgers	1	5	2
Collected by Mrs. Gregory	0	4	6
Mr. S. A. Lester	0	10	6
Friends at Goudhurst, per Pastor J. J. Kendon	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Potts	0	12	0
Mrs. Kirkpatrick	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lister	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Roberts	0	6	0
Mr. Dunlop	0	10	6
Mrs. and Miss Helen Inglis	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. Johnson	1	2	3
Mrs. Stockman	0	12	0
Mrs. E. Sangar	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker Gray	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	6
Rev. Alexander Goodfellow	0	5	0
Boreham Wood Tract and Visitation Society, per Mr. Eldridge	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd	1	0	0
Mrs. Michael	1	0	0
Captain Howard Sprigg	2	0	0
Miss Bate	1	0	0
Mr. G. F. Dean	2	2	0
The Misses Walters	10	0	0
Mr. William Williams	0	10	0
Mr. D. Smith	4	4	0
Mr. E. Dodge	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Thomas Ackland ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. James Binstead ...	1	14	0
Friends at Baptist Chapel, Friston, per Rev. Robert Frankland	2	0	0
Mr. J. Spiers	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Webb	0	12	6
In loving memory of Mr. Spurgeon, Cambridge	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. George Halsey ...	0	12	7
Mr. J. Phillips	1	0	0
Mrs. James Battershill	5	0	0
Mr. Webb	1	5	6
X. Y. Z.	0	10	0
L. Cargill (Orphan boy's collecting-card)	1	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Forsdike	0	8	0
Pastor George Cobb	0	10	0
B. B. S. S.	0	7	6
Mr. J. G. Swatton...	1	0	0
Miss G. Hunter	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hart	0	10	0
A thankoffering	1	0	0
Mrs. Spencer	1	0	0
Mrs. E. B. Willis	5	0	0
Mr. D. Thomas	5	0	0
Mr. John Parry	2	0	0
Miss N. Cross	0	5	0
Miss Bessie Cross	0	2	6
Mrs. Heasman	0	5	0
Mr. John Hooper	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas Fox	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	7	6
Young Women's Christian Band, Baptist Chapel, Deal, per Mrs. Pledge ...	1	12	0
S. E. A. L.	0	5	0
Collected by Rev. T. H. Williams ...	0	5	6
Collected by Mr. T. Watts	0	4	6
Keppel Street Strict Baptist Sunday-school, Regent's Park, per Mr. T. R. Wakelin	3	3	0
Mrs. Martin	0	5	0
Y. W. C. A., Dunning, per Miss M. H. Wright	0	5	0
A. G., in loving memory of Mr. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Fawkes, instead of wreath	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. John Berry	0	11	0
Mr. N. Macpherson, praise meeting ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Howard	1	0	0
M. G.	1	1	0
Mr. John Winckworth	5	5	0
Mr. B. Nicholson	1	1	0
A friend, per Mr. R. Allsop	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Lang	2	16	6
Mrs. Speed	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	2	5	0
Mr. J. Mackay	0	2	0
Miss C. Roch	0	1	0
Collected by Miss L. Giles	0	5	0
Mrs. Mabbett	0	6	0
In memoriam collection at Baptist Chapel, Wednesbury, per Rev. Wm. Williams	9	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Keddie	0	12	6
Emily...	0	2	0
Mr. P. Campbell	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hooker	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Grigsby	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Watson	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Battam	1	5	0
Mr. J. L. Stanley	0	10	0
Mr. J. Smalley	0	10	0
Mrs. E. M. Smith	0	1	8
Collection after Memorial service at Baptist Chapel, Oswaldtwistle, per Mr. J. Halstead	2	2	0
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Robotham	1	0	0
Mr. Robotham	1	0	0
"In grateful and loving memory" ...	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. John Cairns	1	3	0
Mrs. Horn's Sunday-school class ...	0	18	0
Collected by Mr. E. Hall...	0	0	6
"Moorgate—In memoriam, C. H. S."	10	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Dixon	1	3	0
Mr. Joseph Russell	10	0	0
Collected by Miss F. Good	0	9	2
Mrs. E. Allmey	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Tucker	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. W. Muchamore ...	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. A. Colley	0	11	0
Collected by Master D. C. Lewis ...	0	10	0
A friend, per Mr. G. A. Smith	5	0	0
Mrs. Warriner	0	2	6
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.	2	0	0
Miss C. Job...	0	5	0
E. N.	5	0	0
P. W. L.	1	0	0
Mr. S. J. Towler	0	5	0
Mrs. Rust	1	0	0
Mrs. Arthur Rust	1	0	0
A friend, per Pastor C. B. Sawday ...	0	2	6
Another palm-branch	0	10	6
Memorial services at Coggeshall ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Jackman	0	10	0
A few friends at Leicester	0	10	0
Anon....	1	1	0
Collection at Mint Lane Baptist Chapel, Lincoln	2	12	4
Mrs. A. J. Gordan...	1	1	0
W. P., In memoriam	0	10	0
Mr. Edwards, per J. T. D.	0	4	0
Exors.	76	12	3
Collected by Miss Bennett	0	6	6
Collected by Mrs. H. Bentlett	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. E. Hill	1	2	6
Collected by Miss Barker	0	6	0
Collected by Miss B. Buck	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Vaughan	1	6	3
Collected by Mr. F. J. Cullum	0	7	6
Collected by Master W. A. Lewis ...	1	3	2
Mrs. E. Williams	0	10	6
Mrs. Jones	0	5	0
Miss Brown...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss D. Martin	0	5	0
Mrs. S. A. Urquhart	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. M. Rattray ...	0	15	0
Collected by Miss L. Battam	1	6	8
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
Per Mr. S. Church :—			
Teachers and children of Regent Street Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Smethwick 0 15 3			
Friends 0 4 9			
	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. E. Mouse	0	10	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	1	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Axton...	0	3	0
Collected by Miss A. Solomon	1	1	4
Collected by Miss M. Saunders	0	7	0
Collected by Miss Walters	1	2	3
Collected by Miss M. Blackburn ...	0	7	6
Collected by Miss Annie Bunting ...	0	12	6
Collected after Memorial service at Cambray Baptist Chapel, Cheltenham, per Pastor T. J. Longhurst	4	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. T. Davies	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Terrell	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Skilton	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Masters J. and H. Caffyn	0	1	0
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick	1	8	0
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	1	5	0
School-room collections, per Mrs. Burton	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. J. L. Blake	0	17	6
Collected by Miss Bagshaw	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. Lloyd	0	15	0
Mr. H. Hillier	0	2	6
Mr. George Emery	1	1	0
Mrs. E. J. Barnes	0	10	0
Miss E. Baker	0	5	0
Teachers and scholars of Mundesley Sunday-school, per Rev. T. R. Matthews	0	7	0
Mr John Lewis	0	2	6
Collected by Miss L. Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. A. L. Davies	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Bruin	1	4	0
Miss C. M. Petter	25	0	0
Mr. Thomas Skinner	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	2	6	0
Collected by Mr. James Harman	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Cox	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. A. Davis	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Slade	0	16	0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Pavey	0	7	0
Mr. James Forrest	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Holiday	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. E. J. Culyer	0	7	6
Miss M. Hewlett	0	5	0
Mrs. Edwards	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Mott	0	12	6
Collected by Master Gordon Roberts	0	4	7
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Stokes	0	4	0
R. W.	2	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Weeks	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. E. Pitman	0	4	0
Mr. T. W. Smith	1	0	0
Per H. H. K.:—			
Mantle-shelf collecting-box	0	12	0
Subscription	1	0	0
	1	12	0
Collected by Miss E. Cobley	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Shaw	0	16	0
Collected by Mrs. Wooltorton	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Kate Sivers	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Plummer	1	5	0
Collected by Miss H. Wood	0	6	0
Mr. Elliot Stock	3	3	0
Collected by Miss Hunter	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. James Hooker	0	19	0
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	13	0
Christ Church, Kew, per Rev. A. C. Foster	10	17	1
Sale of Memorial sermons by Rev. Evan Thomas, of Mare Street Chapel, Hackney	3	3	0
Collection after Memorial service at Martyrs' Memorial Baptist Chapel, Beccles, per Pastor L. H. Coles	3	0	0
Mrs. Latta	0	10	0
Mr. J. L. Evans	0	10	0
Collection at Freedom Road Chapel, Walkley, Sheffield, per Mr. John Milne	1	2	6
Collection at Cross Street Chapel, Islington, per Pastor F. A. Jones	9	17	9
Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland	0	7	6
"Only remembered"	0	5	0
Mr. F. A. Fawkes	1	1	0
A. S., Aberdeen	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Simonds	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. S. Short	0	7	3
Collected by Mr. W. G. Booth	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. R. Nearn, Cottage meeting	0	4	0
Mrs. S. E. Goslin	0	2	0
Miss L. A. Millen	1	0	0
Rev. J. Reid	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKeown	1	0	0
Mrs. Gale Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Cope	1	1	0
Mrs. F. Bartlett	1	0	0
Mrs. Mannington	1	0	0
Miss J. N. Dixon, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Rogers	1	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Deane	0	10	0
Miss M. L. Thornton	1	0	0
Mrs. Ashworth	0	1	0
Collection at Welsh Baptist Chapel, Bethania, Cardigan	2	13	6
Miss Crofts, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. E. Farr	0	6	0
Sunday-school children of Sedburn Chapel, Leighton Buzzard, per Miss Harper	0	6	0
M. B., Penpont	0	7	6
"In loving memory of Mr. Spurgeon" —Matt. xv. 22	0	5	0
Mrs. Ellis	0	2	6
Mr. H. West	0	1	0
Postal order, Reading	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Spry	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brown	0	10	0
In memoriam, S. E. W.	0	10	0
"Strangeways"	0	1	0
Mrs. Woolland	0	10	0
Members of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Upper Norwood, per Rev. Robert Taylor	37	13	0
Collected by Mrs. Wilmot	0	7	9
"For Jesus' Sake"	0	5	0
"Inasmuch"	0	10	0
Mrs. Joslin, "In grateful remembrance"	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace, per Bankers	0	10	0
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	1	2	6
Collected by Mr. T. Vincent	0	5	6
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. W. Moore	5	0	0
Mr. D. Heelas	2	0	0
Mrs. G. W. Palmer	0	10	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
	7	17	6
Mrs. Fryer	0	1	0
Messrs. Taylor Bros.	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
C. T's last token of love for C. H. S.	2	2	0
In memoriam of C. T.:—			
Mr. Pewtress and family	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Probin	0	10	0
Mrs. Paddison	0	10	6
Mrs. Darke	0	5	0
F. R. T.	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blight	1	0	0
	7	19	6
Baptist Church, Guildford, per Pastor J. Rankine	1	0	0
Edinburgh, "Go on"	0	5	0
Dr. and Mrs. Cay	1	1	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Miss Bloom	2	0	0
Mrs. E. York	0	10	0
Collected by Miss J. Frost	0	16	0
Mr. W. Mackie	0	2	6
Mrs. Wood	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wilson, "A tribute in memory of our late beloved Mr. Spurgeon"	1	6	0
"We loved him well, but Jesus loved him best"	0	5	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	106	19	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. B. Thomson	0	5	0
Pastor A. G. Haste's Bible-class ...	0	10	6
Mr. T. Medley	2	0	0
Mr. John Coutts	2	2	0
E. K. G.	40	0	0
Mrs. M. Beales	2	2	0
In memoriam, C. H. S., from friends at Clapton Hall, per E. B.	2	15	6
"In loving remembrance of dear Caroline"	1	0	0
For the dear little orphans	1	0	0
A few friends, per Mrs. Howie-Muir ...	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Watts...	0	7	2
"Jesus knows all about it"	0	2	6
Mrs. J. A. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. A. W. Moule	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McCay ...	2	0	0
Collection at Union service of Evangelical Churches, at St. Thomas, W. Indies, per Dr. Oggel	1	9	5
Children of Pulteney Mission Sabbath-school, per Mr. A. Mackay	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. E. Jones	1	17	3
A wreath from Mr. D. Dougharty ...	5	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Heatherland, per Mr. W. Parnell	0	10	6
Collection at Townley Street Mission Hall, per Mr. R. H. Tomkins... ...	0	12	0
Mr. C. Trelease	1	0	0
Mr. Dunn's Bible-class, instead of wreath	5	15	0
G.	1	0	0
Box at Orphanage gates, and Office-box	1	5	8
Mr. W. Eastman	0	10	0
Committee of Cyprus Hall, per Mr. S. Loveday	3	0	0
Miss Munro...	0	5	0
Meeting by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Mrs. Sinclair Paterson's Mothers' Meeting	2	11	9
Received at Collectors' Meeting, 8th March: Collecting Boxes:—			
Allen, Miss	2	0	1
Attwater, Miss E.	0	8	8
Alderton, Mr. J.	0	7	1
Anthony, Mrs.	0	13	7
Bown, Miss M.	0	9	4
Brice, Master B.	0	1	4
Brook, Miss	0	7	9
Barber, Miss	0	5	0
Bell, Mrs.	0	6	2
Brewer, Misses A. and L.	0	6	11
Bartlett, Miss	0	8	2
Bown, Master C.	0	12	9
Barnden, Mrs.	1	11	2
Bartlett, Master E. .	0	3	0
Brice, Misses F. and G. ...	0	2	7
Buswell, Miss	1	13	10
Burton, Mrs.	2	10	1
Butler, Mrs....	0	16	3
Brake, Miss G.	0	10	3
Beale, Miss	0	12	3
Burgess, Misses E. and A.	1	13	0
Cairns, Miss M.	0	11	6
Cooke, Miss...	0	10	10
Crowder, Mrs.	0	8	11
Cooper, Mr.	1	16	8
Carter, Miss...	0	8	10
Conquest, Mrs.	0	8	6
Crawford, Mrs.	0	7	2
Clinch, Miss	0	9	7
Chapman, Mrs.	0	19	0
Charles, Miss L.	0	5	0
Court, Master F.	0	7	10
Cooper, Master W. ...	0	8	1
Cowles, Miss	0	7	3
Clurd, Mr. T. P.	1	10	3
Chance, Master E.	0	3	9
Cook, Miss A. M.	0	12	6
Chance, Master M. ...	0	3	2
Davis, Mrs.	0	5	2
Davies, Mrs.	0	3	2
Dennish, Master A. ...	0	14	3
Elford, Miss E. M. ...	0	13	6
Elliott, Mrs....	0	3	5
Eyles, Miss A.	0	2	2
Elder, Mrs.	0	7	2
Everett, Mrs.	0	5	0
Fowler, Miss	0	19	10
Father, Mrs.	0	8	0
Fletcher, Miss G.	0	5	8
Farmer, Miss	0	11	0
Fuller, Miss E. A.	0	5	8
Forbes, Mrs.	0	7	0
Field, Mrs.	0	4	0
Farmer, Miss E. J. ...	1	0	8
Frisby, Miss A.	0	16	3
Fisher, Masters E. and H.	0	15	3
Grose, Master	0	1	1
Godbold, Miss	0	6	6
Grimes, Mrs.	0	5	5
Grant, Miss	0	11	1
Gravely, Miss A.	0	2	7
Groom, Master P.	0	1	5
Hunt, Miss	0	1	0
Holland, Master J. ...	0	9	0
Ham, Misses C. and M. ...	0	1	1
Harris, Mr. E.	1	0	0
Harvie, Miss G	0	7	7
Hillier, Mrs.	0	11	6
Hazeltine, Mr.	2	12	6
Hoyles, Masters H. and F.	0	7	3
Hawgood, Mrs.	2	13	5
Hill, Miss E.	0	1	9
Henderson, Mrs.	0	9	1
Hoyles, Mr. A.	0	8	4
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	5	3
Johnston, Miss N	0	1	9
Jones, Master H. A. ...	0	6	6
Keys, Misses C. and M. ...	0	2	9
Kirby, Mrs.	0	2	11
Keys, Master F.	0	3	6
Laflin, Mr. C.	0	3	3
Ling, Master A.	0	2	3
Lambert, Miss J.	1	0	0
Luckhurst, Mrs.	1	4	4
Larkman, Miss B.	0	10	9
Lockyer, Mrs.	0	7	9
Little, Mrs.	0	6	8
Lloyd, Miss	0	5	11
McCullow, Miss	0	7	7
Marriott, Mrs.	0	3	10
Mills, Mr. W. R.	0	10	6
Montague, Master S. ...	0	1	2
Meredith, Master C. ...	0	2	8
Madell, Miss F.	0	2	5
Macgregor, Mrs.	0	7	9
Mulley, Miss	0	2	7
Merritt, Miss	0	19	9
Moore, Miss E.	0	7	4
Mackay, Mrs.	1	0	0
Mills, Mr. F. C.	0	5	7
Munday, Mrs.	0	14	0
Madell, Miss	0	16	0
Morgan, Mr. J., and Employés	0	15	6
Moon, Mr. T.	0	1	8
Mallison, Mrs.	0	3	7
Middleton, Mrs.	0	5	6
Oliver, Miss...	0	12	5
Olley, Miss	0	1	4
Pindard, Master W. (deceased)	0	0	8
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	10	5
Parker, Master H.... ...	0	1	5
Palmer, Mrs.	0	6	4
Pitt, Mrs. S....	0	4	3
Parker, Master W. ...	0	1	10
Parker, Miss E.	0	2	0
Porter, Mrs....	0	10	6
Pavey, Miss...	0	14	10

	£	s.	d.
Pain, Miss C.	0	9	6
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	6
Probyn, Miss G.	0	1	5
Pogson, Mrs.	0	7	7
Podmore, Mrs.	0	12	1
Pegg, Mrs.	0	8	6
Price, Miss E.	0	10	1
Pearce, Misses C. and P.	0	15	9
Pierce, Mrs.	0	5	0
Reavell, Miss M.	0	4	10
Roper, Mrs.	0	6	1
Rose, Master W.	0	4	1
Ricketts, Master S.	0	3	7
Roberts, Mrs.	0	5	0
Robert Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Everett	0	12	9
Ross, Mrs.	0	5	5
Russell, Mrs.	0	3	2
Stevens, Mrs.	0	7	7
Senechal, Mrs.	0	2	3
Selth, Miss	0	8	3
Staines, Miss C.	0	4	5
Syrett, Misses F. and K.	0	2	4
Smith, Miss D.	0	1	8
Smith, Mrs. W.	0	5	5
Shoultz, Miss	0	2	6
Saunders, Mrs.	0	2	9
Simmons, Mrs.	0	1	8
Smith, Master A.	0	1	10
Skinner, Miss E.	0	10	5
Seaton, Miss M.	0	7	7
Seacombe, Mr.	0	6	10
Smith, Miss	0	1	1
Sidery, Mrs.	1	0	0
Stockbridge, Miss O.	0	6	10
Stockbridge, Miss G.	0	6	9
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E.	0	7	8
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	10	9
Seymour, Mrs.	0	2	3
Smith, Mr. C.	0	4	2
Soulsby, Miss G.	0	9	3
Smith, Miss V.	0	1	0
Tapling, Master F.	0	13	9
Turner, Miss	0	5	1
Thomas, Miss A.	0	4	9
Tyson, Mrs.	0	6	10
Thomas, Miss G.	0	3	5
Trim, Mrs.	0	5	4
Tarrant, Mrs.	1	5	8
Taylor, Miss E. J.	0	15	3
Ville, Mrs.	0	9	9
Willett, Mrs.	0	5	1
Wicks, Master W.	0	2	4
Watling, Mrs.	1	13	7
Wyld, Miss M.	0	1	6
Way, Mrs.	0	5	10
Whitelock, Mrs.	0	6	3
Whittington, Miss	0	6	7
Ward, Miss	0	0	10
Wright, Mrs.	0	8	0
Warren, Miss F.	0	11	3
Wilkinson, Mrs.	0	6	6
Willoughby, Mr. G.	0	3	0
Name obliterated	0	4	1
Name obliterated, Mrs. Spink, odd halfpence and farthings	1	15	3
			81 13 4
Collecting Books:—			
Alderton, Miss	0	16	0
Broughton, Mrs.	0	16	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	2	3	6
Bonser, Miss	0	6	0
Brown, Miss	0	16	7
Charles, Miss F. Boyle	0	7	6
Coleman, Mrs.	0	5	0
Crumpton, Miss	0	8	6
Fryer, Miss S.	0	15	0
Fowler, Miss N.	2	10	0
Hazeltine, Misses A. & N.	2	14	8
Jephs, Miss	1	13	0
Lawson, Mr.	0	11	0
Miller, Mr. C.	1	10	0
McDonald, Mrs.	1	0	0
Ricketts, Mr. W.	0	4	2
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	4	0	0
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E.	0	12	0
Snellgrove, Mr. H.	0	10	0
			21 18 11
Donations:—			
A friend	1	0	0
A friend	0	2	6
Anon.	0	2	0
Barrett, Mr.	0	10	0
Barton, Mr. John	0	5	0
Brown, Mr. I.	0	5	0
Chew, Miss	0	5	0
Dowen, Rev. Z. T.	0	10	0
Horner, Mrs.	0	5	0
Hibbert, Mr. H.	1	0	0
Hunt's, Mr., friends	0	10	0
Jones, Miss M.	0	5	0
Miss Limebeer's school-children (for a memorial to the Pastor)	0	5	0
Olney, Mr. T. H.	10	0	0
Pankhurst, Mrs.	1	0	0
Raybould, Mrs.	1	1	0
Spurgeon, Pastor J. A.	2	0	0
Smith, Mr.	0	10	0
Thompson, Mr. Frank	1	1	0
Twaites, Mr.	0	5	0
Upton, Mrs.	2	2	0
Sale of tea tickets	2	6	6
Annual Subscription:—			
J. H. A.	5	5	0
			30 15 0
			£1243 6 4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from February 16th to March 14th, 1892.—PROVISIONS:—1 Sheep, Mr. W. J. Graham; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 1 hamper Bread, Mr. Nelson Read; 28 lbs. Tapioca, 7 lbs. Lemon Peel, 1 dozen Essence of Beef, half-dozen boxes Dates, Mr. R. Speller; 15 Pork Pies, 1 dozen Christmas Puddings, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 2 sacks Flour, Messrs. Owen Clover and Sons; 1 cwt. Prunes, Mr. F. Fisher; 12 lbs. Tea, Mr. A. Wilson; 11 lbs. Lard, 11 Pigs' Cheeks, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 pairs Socks, Miss Graham; 11 Garments, The Working Class at the Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Mrs. Phillips; 2 pairs Socks, Miss L. Salter; 16 Boys' Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 3 Small Overcoats, Mr. C. Foster; 11 Shirts, 12 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. G. Thompson.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—90 Hats, Miss L. Murdock; 80 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 98 Straw Hats, Mr. J. Mardle; 15 Garments, "H. C.," per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 19 Articles, The Working Class at the Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Mrs. Phillips; 12 Articles, Mrs. H. Kidner; 12 Articles, Miss L. Salter; 6 yards Scarlet Flannel, 1 yard Silesia, Miss A. Milner; 1 pair Cloth Boots, "A Dorset Friend"; 10 Muffs, Mrs. J. O. B. Gough; 12 Garments, Mrs. J. Goodwin; 6 Articles, Mrs. Wright; 6 Aprons, Mrs. Porter; 10 Collars, 1 Jacket, Mrs. E. L. Keevil; 1 parcel Clothing, Mrs. Howie-Muir.

GENERAL:—1 Antimacassar, Miss Moffatt; 2 loads Firewood, Mr. W. Johnson; a quantity Scrap Books, Drawing Slates, &c., from the Scripture Union Members at Chelmsford, per Mrs. F. A. Wells; 6 Dolls, Mrs. Wilmshurst; a quantity of Magazines, Mr. E. L. Keevil; 12 gross Pens, 6 gross Holders, 2 gross Lead Pencils, 3 gross Best Pens, a quantity Puzzles, Mr. B. P. Bilbrough; 1 box Toys, "Anon."; 100 copies of "The Baptist." Mr. Elliot Stock; 1 load Firewood, Mr. F. Fisher.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1892.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Fairford, per Captain Milbourne ...	15	0	0
Cambs. Association, for Swaffham Prior	10	0	0
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell ...	10	0	0
Ironbridge, per Mr. A. Maw	7	10	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Walworth	10	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, J.P., for Cardiff and Penrhikyber	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ..	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam ...	20	0	0
Orpington District:—			
Per Mr. W. Vinson ... 5 0 0			
M. A. H. 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Mr. Hogben, for Portsmouth	1	0	0
Sellindge District, per Mr. Thos. R——	10	0	0
Home Counties' Baptist Association ...	30	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castletown, Cardiff, and Penrhikyber	20	0	0
Dorking District	15	0	0
Yorkshire Baptist Association	20	0	0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck ...	10	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for West Wickham	10	0	0
Okehampton District	10	0	0
Peckham Rye Tabernacle Church ...	20	0	0
	£308	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
From the readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Bully	0	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. Charles E. Smith	10	0	0
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.	1	0	0
A friend, per Pastor C. B. Sawday ...	0	2	6
Mr. F. Fisher	1	1	0
Mr. J. Slinger, per Mr. F. Singleton ..	0	5	0
E. K. G.	20	0	0
Mr. E. Crane	0	1	0
Mrs. E. York	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Baker	2	10	0
Mr. W. Tennant	0	5	0
Mr. D. Heelas, per Mrs. J. Withers ...	1	0	0
	£38	19	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
From the readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott ...	0	10	0
An old Independent	5	0	0
Mr. Charles E. Smith	10	0	0
Mr. George Armstrong	1	0	0
A friend, per Pastor C. B. Sawday ...	0	2	6
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services, from the United Missions, Dover	31	0	4
Mr. F. Fisher	2	2	0
Mrs. A. Baker	2	10	0
Mr. James R. Bayley	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Mirfield	1	10	0
Mr. Ph. Sarasin-Bischaff	1	0	0
Memorial offerings from Bath, per Messrs. Fullerton and Smith:—			
L. S. 2 0 0			
Mrs. Clark 0 10 0			
W. R. W. 2 0 0			
Mrs. Wilton 0 10 0			
Mr. J. J. White 1 1 0			
G. P. M. 1 0 0			
Kate 0 5 0			
	7	6	0
"Rose," a thankoffering from Bath ..	0	10	0
A friend, New Zealand	20	0	0
	£83	10	10

For the General Work of the Lord as most Required.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
O. B.	50	0	0
Mrs. P.	5	0	0
Mr. John Barrie, Scotch note	1	0	0
	£56	0	0

ERRATA.—March *Sword and Trowel*. "H. E. S., £5," should be "In memoriam, from H. E. S." Mr. E. O. V. Lloyd, College, £5 5s., Orphanage, £5 5s., should be "A memorial tribute, from Mr. E. O. V. Lloyd. Mr. Alexander McArthur, College, £5 5s., should be "Mr. Alexander McArthur, M.P."

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbelton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Society of Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

MAY, 1892.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon and the Holy of Holies.

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

IN the ancient tabernacle, the altar of incense was close by the mercy-seat, with only the veil between; and, as everything in that remarkable structure seems to be typical of spiritual truth, we take this to mean that the individual altar of supplication brings the believer into the closest proximity to the actual presence of God.

There is a phase in Mr. Spurgeon's life which, so far as I know, has never yet been properly treated, if at all, in the numerous biographical notices which have appeared concerning him. And upon this phase of his life I design now to expatiate.

The key-note of what I have to say may be found in one sentence. As a believer, he lived so near to God, that it was easy for him to go into His immediate presence and have access to God at any moment. There was, in other words, spiritual proximity, which left its fruit and seal in all his public as well as his private life. This is so important a key both to his character and his career, that it deserves a special treatment and even more ample than it will now receive.

There are four departments in which this spiritual proximity reveals itself and tells upon his life. First, in the realization of the divine presence; second, in the facility with which he resorted to prayer; third, in the actual preparation for daily duties; and fourth, in the practice of personal piety.

First, in its effect upon the realization of the divine presence. There

is no word in the English tongue which can express so perfectly as the word "presence" the peculiar phase of the contact with God which lies at the basis of the higher life. The Psalmist says, "In Thy presence is fulness of joy." God, being invisible and spiritual, His presence is difficult of realization. It seems vague and visionary rather than vivid and visible; and yet, upon the realization of that presence, as an actuality, depends almost everything that is effective in the believer's experience. The man that exercises the most spiritual power, is the man to whom the divine presence is most real, actual, and constant. It is this which brings invisible and eternal things down to the realm of the material and temporal. No amount of time is lost, in the communion with God in the secret place, which is expended in obtaining, first of all, this vivid sense of God's presence. It is this presence which enables the believer to walk with God, as Enoch did—to go in the same direction with God, to leave behind him what God leaves behind him, to keep step with God, neither going before nor lagging behind, to feel the touch of God, at times, if not at all times, to speak with God and hear God speak, and to feel himself consciously approaching to the place where God pre-eminently dwells. Mr. Spurgeon more, perhaps, than any believer I have ever known, seemed to me to abide in the presence of God; like Elijah, to stand before His presence as a servant ready to do His bidding, watching for the glance of His eye, or the beck of His hand, or any indication of His will, hearing the still small voice which is lost in distance, and drowned by the clamours of this world. He seemed to find remarkable facility in passing from the presence of others into this divine presence, and at times impressed those who knew him best as enveloped in a certain atmosphere of the divine presence, so that he could move in the midst of every other surrounding like one who bears with him into the midst of distractions and diversions a little world of his own.

Secondly, we note the facility with which he resorted to prayer. This naturally follows on the heels of what has already been said. Prayer is a twofold experience: first, it is an experience of supplication or speaking to God; and secondly, of impartation, or hearing God speak, and receiving impressions and communications from God. This latter phase of prayer is too often lost sight of. When, for instance, our Lord went into the mountain, and continued all night in prayer to God, we are not to imagine that He was all night asking, but rather that He spread out His soul, as Gideon spread out his fleece on the plains of Jezreel, that he might drink in the heavenly dew, and go, in the strength of a divine nectar, into the midst of life's temptations and trials. No man knows the fulness of prayer who does not understand its receptive as well as its supplicative aspect. When a man lives in the sense of the divine presence as a reality, it becomes both habitual and natural for him to speak to God in prayer. There is no violent transition from any of his ordinary employments to that of direct supplication. In fact, as with Nehemiah, ejaculatory prayer is the habit of his life. In the midst of human joys, converse of friends, in a walk in the fields, at the banquet board, it becomes perfectly natural for him to say, "Let us have a word of prayer," or, perhaps, even without such introduction, to pass from ordinary conversation and even from

sprightly humour and innocent mirth, at once, to an act of direct supplication. Any place is thus made what, in Matthew vi. 6, Christ calls the "closet", that is, the secret place of communion. On the streets of a crowded metropolis, as well as in a private apartment, the secret place may be found; for wherever three conditions exist, this divine communion may be realized. First, the silence of the soul in God; second, the withdrawal into the secrecy of divine contact; and third, the conscious lifting of the soul to the divine Lord. But, as has been said, the receptive side of prayer is by no means the most unimportant. This enables the true disciple to hold his soul continually open to divine impressions, and makes him a sort of prophet, because he is one who is constantly receiving such impressions, and therefore prepared to communicate them to others. He becomes a medium through which God reaches both the church at large and the dying world. And it may be safely said that there never has been any very high attainment in holiness upon the part of a disciple who has not, in some way, been taught the secret of such easy, natural, constant, and instant access to the mercy-seat. Even the veil between the altar of incense and the mercy-seat must be a rent veil, which needs not even to be pushed aside to effect an entrance into this Holy of Holies. One very marked effect of such facility of access will be the form, or, at least, the effect, of direct approach to God as a person. I have noticed in the prayers of different men a very marked difference in the use of the second and of the third person. For example, there are many who seldom say to God, "Thou", but generally speak of God in prayer as "He." This praying in the third person to God, reminds one of the complimentary communications which pass between man and man. "Mr. So-and-So presents his regards to Mr. So-and-So, and begs to say that he desires his company at such and such a place, at such and such a time." How much both of public and of private prayer seems to lose sight of the fact that God is to be spoken to, rather than to be spoken of; and, little as this distinction may seem to be, it marks a wide gulf of separation between formal prayer and actual personal real approach. When this vivid sense of the divine presence, and of the privilege of access, unite in a believer's experience, the effect cannot but be felt in every department of life; we shall content ourselves, just now, with a further illustration of this principle in the two departments already indicated.

For instance, the actual preparation for daily duties.

As Mr. Spurgeon was pre-eminently a preacher, it may be well to dwell somewhat upon the department of sermon preparation. In Galatians, first chapter, eleventh and twelfth verses, the apostle Paul tells us, "The gospel which was preached of me is not after man; for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." There are two great laws of the sermon: the first is the germinal, and the second is the terminal law. By the germinal, we mean that the true sermon is the development of a Scripture germ which, being buried in the heart, takes root downward and bears fruit upward; that the primal suggestion of a true sermon is imparted by the Spirit of God through the Word, and through the experience of the believer. And by the terminal law, we

mean that the true object, the terminus of a discourse, is to be found in the glory of God, in the salvation of souls, and the edification of believers. From beginning to end, therefore, a true sermon is especially a divine product. Now, how can such a sermon be developed except by one who realizes the divine presence, and has facile access to the throne of grace? Mr. Spurgeon could say, with scarcely less truth than the apostle Paul, that the gospel he received was not after, that is, according to, man, neither received of man, nor taught by man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. It was this sense of the divine presence which made preaching seem to him so responsible, and even awful. It was like preaching in the vast crater of Mount Eden, in New Zealand, with the slumbering volcanic fires beneath his feet, which might at any moment produce a convulsion, and overwhelm in ruin a vast audience of hearers. It was this which made him feel like Captain Murray, of the *Alaska*, in a fog at sea, that the only way to steer the ship safely was to steer it on his knees. It was this which made all superficial and transient impressions seem like the legend written with the finger on dewy glass, which disappears when the sun is hot; or like Michael Angelo's statue of snow, which could not survive the change to a warmer atmosphere. We have fallen upon an era of worldly preaching: the matter, the manner, the motive of many sermons need radical change. It has been said that some sermons are born, some are made, and some are given. How few are born of the Holy Ghost, or given by God, and how many bear the evidence of being mere human manufactures! Mr. Spurgeon might have made the same declaration with Robertson, of Irvine, "On looking back on my ministry, I cannot charge myself with ever having uttered from the pulpit a word which I did not believe, and I never spoke what was frivolous. If I were to express in one word what has been the great aim of my ministry, it would be this, to lead all the human race to cry, 'O Lamb of God, have mercy upon us!' I never cared to reckon up conversions." Those who heard Mr. Spurgeon preach felt sometimes tempted to say what was said of Christ, "Never man spake like this man." There was something in the man, in the matter, and in the manner, which seemed different, sometimes immeasurably different, from those of any other man. And there was a reason for it. Mirrors that are turned downward reflect only the material and the temporal. Mirrors that are turned upward alone reflect the immaterial and eternal. Any preaching is, like worldly pleasures, shallow and hollow, that does not take both its depth and its reality from prayerful contact with the Word and the Spirit of God.

Finally, general practice of personal piety.

There is a curious law of temporary and permanent impressions which seems to be referred to by the apostle Paul, when he says, "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord we are changed into the same image from glory to glory." By what Mr. Lockyer calls a magnificent arrangement, the impressions which images make on the back of the eye are never deepened and extended beyond a certain limit, however long we gaze; the first fade to give place to those that follow. It is exactly the opposite with the sensitive plate: the

longer the exposure the intenser the image, and the minuter the details. By long-exposed plates, distant stars are therefore depicted, which never could be seen by the naked eye. There is an exactly corresponding spiritual fact. Impressions that are made by ordinary processes on the eye of the mind are never deepened and extended beyond a certain limit: they make way for other impressions that follow. But when the sensitive plate of the spiritual life is exposed continually to the impressions of celestial things, the image becomes the more intense, and the details more minute; so that objects which the natural man never could see are clearly depicted on the spiritual sensibility of a truly godly man. And hence the realization of the divine presence, the easy and natural access to God in prayer, which affects the preparation for every duty, must still more radically influence the daily practice of piety. We have observed in Mr. Spurgeon a constant holding of himself open to new impressions, and a reluctance to embarrass himself with far-reaching plans of his own, lest he might not be open to particular leadings of God. He did not even like to pre-announce a special sermon for a special date, or indicate the subjects upon which he was intending to preach; for he said to himself, "How can I tell what I may be led at the time to feel is the will of God, or what new communications it may please God to make to me which may demand a revolution of my plans?" He could never tell with certainty what subject he was going to treat, or how he was going to treat it; for it might be that just before entering the pulpit, or even after it, the sermon might take new shape, or might even shape itself upon a new theme; and we contend most earnestly that this is the only frame of mind for any man who speaks as one that declares the oracles of God—he must hold himself open to the latest impression of the oracle-speaking Spirit. He must move in everything step by step. Pre-occupation of mind, like the pre-occupation of the inn at Bethlehem, may shut out the Lord, or drive him, as it were, into a corner. That is a beautiful expression which the apostle Paul uses in 2 Corinthians xiii. 11, "Be of good comfort," which might be translated "Be paracleted," the same word from which comes the word, Paraclete, applied to the Holy Spirit; it more than suggests that it is the privilege of the disciple to be continually filled with the Holy Ghost.

> "There are two worlds about us,
> Two worlds in which we dwell,
> Within us and without us."

One is external, and furnishes the realm of history and science; the other is internal, and is surveyed by experience and conscience. He who lives in God, lives not less in the internal than the external world. To him a spiritual experience is the recording history, and an enlightened conscience is the true science.

There has been no other man of his generation that has been the father and founder of such a church, with so many branching institutions, whose fruit is perennial, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. We cannot but believe that this is pre-eminently due to the closeness of the contact with the unseen glory of which we have spoken; that he went to the mercy-seat that, in the divine presence

he might receive the suggestion of whatever he undertook, and the encouragement in whatever he undertook; that in times of trial, and crises of difficulty, he found in such access the inspiration to new endeavour, and the confidence in new success.

That Mr. Spurgeon was one of the geniuses of history, we dare not dispute; but that in those things to which we have adverted he who wills to follow a similar course may reach and touch the sphere of a similar experience, we have no question. Men are not constructed on the same mould, but God is the same God, and is equally willing to impart the fulness of blessing to any one who opens his mouth wide that God may fill it. Christ breathes upon us all the Holy Ghost; how much of the Spirit we shall enjoy depends on the eagerness with which we breathe in what Christ breathes out. And, though Mr. Spurgeon is dead, we cannot but hope that, being dead, he yet speaks; and that there are many who have felt the power of his spoken or written words who will, by his testimony, be beckoned to greater nearness of spiritual access to that Holy of Holies, in the atmosphere of which he pre-eminently dwelt.

"As thou Wilt."

BY PASTOR JAMES A. SPURGEON.

"Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."—Matthew xv. 28.

"NOT my will, but Thine, be done," is a prayer of infinite wisdom, and it well befits the lips of every son of God. Breathed first in unequalled agony, by the "Beloved Son", it is, for all time, a pattern prayer for every saint in the Gethsemane of his life's trial. Note, however, that the One who first offered that petition gave the wondrous response of our text to a suppliant worshipping at his feet, "Be it unto thee even as *thou* wilt." Reversing the order of things, He hands over to her the key of the storehouse, and bids her help herself to anything and to everything she needed, or as should seem good to herself. Can you find another case quite like this? Is it not unique in some of its aspects? Anyhow, it will repay our careful study.

How much we are ever needing as individuals, as church-members, as parents, as workers for Jesus! We are constant beggars at Christ's door. Shall we go empty away, or have done to us even as we will? God guide our meditation to the full enrichment of our souls, and the immediate and ample supply of all our wants! To each of us may the Master be able to say, "As thou wilt. I give thee the measure to mete out the grace thou dost desire"! To this end God help us to answer the question:—

I. To WHOM WAS THIS WONDROUS DISCRETION GIVEN? We will suppose the enquiry,—Who is the one best fitted to have his will accomplished in answer to prayer? We might, then, well expect that the reply would indicate some Abraham, a father of the faithful, a pattern of believers, and a friend of God (Isa. xli. 8). Or perhaps a Moses, faithful as a servant over God's house, whose face had gathered

brightness in the Mount of Communion, where he had seen the glory, and heard the voice of God like a trumpet loud and long, till he had said, "I exceedingly fear and quake" (Heb. xii. 21)? Is it a David, a man after God's own heart (Acts xiii. 22)? Perhaps a Daniel, a man "greatly beloved" (Dan. ix. 23), whose windows, open to Jerusalem, witness how faithful he is in prayer thrice a day? Can it be a Paul, to whom this great boon is granted—a gazer into heaven, who has seen the unutterable, and beheld the Lord Himself in His glory? No. The woman mentioned here has no official position, nor glorious experience to apparently justify the high honour conferred upon her by our Lord Jesus.

What then? Has the suppliant grown old in the Master's service? Is the bowed head frosted with age, and covered with the white "crown of glory" (Prov. xvi. 31) "in the way of righteousness"? An aged mother in Israel, like Anna, the prophetess, who has "served God with fastings and prayers night and day" (Luke ii. 37)? Or, mayhap, a Dorcas, who has made not a few "coats and garments" (Acts ix. 39) for the Lord's poor, of whom it might be said, "She hath done what she could"? Is it one, whose alabaster box has filled the house, with the odour of its ointment most sweet and precious, for the dear Master's honour? No; she has never known Him, nor had part nor lot in Him!

What, then, can be the secret of this unstinted grant of what she wills to have done unto her? Can we find it in the fact of a pious ancestry? Is she reaping the blessing of a long line of holy toilers in the field of service? Is God's file full of prayers not yet answered, but waiting the due season, when long-past pleaders shall have their children after them reaping what the bygone generations have sown at the mercy-seat? Can she plead names potent with God as being in covenant relation with Him, with a "remainder over" for the heirs of grace yet unborn? No! She is of the tribes accursed, doomed to destruction, "children of wrath, even as others" (Eph. ii. 3), a woman of Canaan, out of the coasts of Tyre and Sidon (Matt. xv. 21, 22). No birthrights are to be pleaded by her.

Where, then, shall we find the reason we seek for this unparalleled munificence of the Master to her? Hers is a special case. Christ steps outside His commission, and, with a largess of grace, enriches a manifestly unworthy recipient, that all may see elements of a qualification "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John i. 13). Any mother, any pleader, may find an equal right, and reach a platform of favour like to hers. An alien to the commonwealth of Israel, she has heard of David, and of David's greater Son. To what strange gods she may have prayed aforetime, I cannot tell. What victims had been offered to propitiate the evil-spirit's sore-vexing her child, we do not know. This is however clear, she feels now shut up to Christ. Nothing else but His power will suffice. No one else can satisfy her heart. She has come to the right source of supply now; and she urges her case with an intensity which brooks neither denial nor delay. A seeker after Christ is this mother. God give us to see in her a type of thousands of once-heathen mothers, who shall stretch out holy hands to implore the

blessing of our dear Lord upon their daughters that they may be saved! All Gentiles may gather hope and encouragement to come to this full fount with empty vessels, and find all they need to make them satisfied with the favour of God. All we can wish for can be supplied; let us, then, make no mistake; but seek our share of the blessing from the one and only Giver of every good and perfect gift.

This leads to our next question:—

II. BY WHOM WAS THIS BOUNDLESS RESPONSE BESTOWED?

(1) Mark His *wisdom*. Here is no Herod, rashly pledging his word for what he would afterwards have gladly withheld. Nor yet a Solomon, promising, at his own mother's desire, what he nevertheless did not eventually perform (1 Kings ii. 20). The Master has not been trapped into compliance, as was the monarch of the Medes and Persians (Daniel vi. 7), foolishly speaking words to be repented of not long after their utterance. No; Christ is the wisdom of God (1 Cor. i. 24). It is all well and wisely done. He could read her heart, and knew what was there, and all it involved. It was right and just that her will should be done, and He knew it to be so. What can He who searcheth the heart read down in the depths of *our* wills? Can He say to us that, reading the secret desires of our spirits, all is well, and may come to pass? Of Him it was written, that "He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man: for He knew what was in man" (John ii. 24, 25). What testimony can He give, in answer to our prayer, of the state of heart in which we pray? He is the faithful and true Witness (Rev. iii. 14), and as Judge will do right in all His decrees which He pronounces in summing up our pleas.

(2) Note specially His *authority*. The prince of the power of the air has held fast and "sore vexed" his prey; but a greater than the strong one has come, and, with a sovereignty that cannot be resisted, gives instant relief. Primeval darkness fled at the beginning, when the fiat evoking light was given in a word; and here the kingdom of darkness is spoiled, and the captive let go free at the will divine of the Son of God. Who would then and there have questioned the inspiration of the words of Jesus? They were their own witness in their results. So believed the great Teacher himself, when He sent John the Baptist back potent comfort to his drooping spirit, "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them" (Matt. xi. 5). These are the proofs of His being sent of God; there is therefore no need to "look for another." Here we may rest, for so is it still that the effects of the gospel are its true defence. Its triumphs are its unanswerable arguments. Satan's kingdom shaken, the "captives of the mighty taken away, and the prey of the terrible delivered", is prophetic that "all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour, and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob" (Is. xlix. 25, 26). May God give us a revival, and a cloud of converts through the preaching of a risen Saviour, and the question of Bible inspiration will have a practical settlement none will be able to gainsay!

(3) Again, we are struck by His *power*. His might is as clear as His right to do what He willed in this case. See the ease with which

He emancipates the possessed one. He wills it to be done in answer to her mother's prayer, and then He does it as easily as if you gave a morsel of meat to an animal to eat, or let fall some crumbs from the feast to satisfy the need of a hungry dog. It is His giving freely, or, in a word, His *grace*, that flows from Him at a touch of faith, which is so conspicuous here. A smitten rock of old gave out rivers of water, and the Rock of Ages pours out a rushing torrent of supplies to-day at but a wish of Jesus. All power is given to Him in heaven and in earth. "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast" (Ps. xxxiii. 9). What comfort for desperate cases, and sinners sore vexed with sin; for lo! here is a wondrous Saviour, One who travels in "the greatness of His strength", "mighty to save" (Isa. lxiii. 1). Look unto Him, "and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," for He is God, and beside Him there is none else.

(4) But is it not His *love* which shines brightest of all His attributes here? He is touched with pity at the grief of the mother, and evidently is stirred to the depths of His being; and then His loving heart responds with an exuberance of relief. Surely it were enough to feel for the woes and wants of one race, "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." This was the limit of His commission; but love knows no barrier, and the charity of Christ runs over all its banks in a deep stream of tenderness and blessing to meet all the necessities of the case. So was it then; so is it now. There is room in the heart of Jesus for all who fly to the shelter of His wounded side. The arms of love which welcomed us would all mankind embrace. The measure of relief is not how little He can give, but how much we are willing to receive. Will He not freely give us all things? Yes, "He delighteth in mercy" (Micah vii. 18). Will you not believe in the love of Jesus, and how He wants to give us all we need? Though His words and ways seem rough, and even painfully humiliating, yet His dealings with this suppliant were all in love. So, beloved, it is with us to-day. All is in love to us. All is working together for our good, and to those whom He loveth He will prove His love, even to the end.

III. WHY, however, DOES CHRIST hand over the prerogative of decision into this woman's own control, and GIVE THIS UNLIMITED RESPONSE? "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt?" Such peculiar treatment argues some special and noteworthy attributes in the case. Not all pleading gets unbounded answer from Him who heareth when we pray, but then doeth what seemeth good in His own sight. Not a few ingredients are mingled to make this fragrant offering of devotion upon the altar of supplication.

(1) *She merged herself in the case for which she pleaded.* "Lord, help *me*." "Have mercy upon *me*." Now, she was pleading for her daughter. It was the case of another for which she was interceding; but she lost herself in the prayer by putting herself into the place of the needy one. So prays the great Example of all true pleading, the Lord Himself. Our Advocate has taken, and does take our place, He gave and He still gives Himself for us; and all He is, He is for us as High Priest within the veil. So only can we hope to pray aright. Put yourself, all your heart, mind, and spiritual powers, into the praying;

and you will take the kingdom of heaven by storm. Such sacred unselfishness, because of self-consecrated pleading, is one foremost element of success. There must be no self-seeking, but self-losing, if we would prevail with Him who denied Himself, and emptied Himself on our behalf.

(2) *Hers was earnest public pleading.* She cried after Christ as He passed by. With no 'bated breath did she supplicate for her child. We do not think it necessary to shout as if God were deaf, nor to cry aloud as did the priests of Baal; but we think that in our pleadings, especially in public, we must urge our case with such importunity as we should employ before our fellow-men. The drawling, droning, sleepy style of some leaders of devotion is a veritable "curfew bell" for putting out all the altar fires burning in the place. Oh, for a breeze of the Spirit, a gracious gale to inspire some lungs as well as some spirits! It is true that "the Lord was not in the wind" (1 Kings xix. 11), as some have said about loud preaching; but we know that four winds were appealed unto, to breathe upon the slain that they might live (Ezek. xxxvii. 9), and we need fourfold vehemence to urge our plea for the quickening of dead souls. More than once we find how successful was this crying out after Jesus. It will be found helpful to hear your own voice in private prayer, to quicken attention. It is hard to keep up inaudible devotion for long; to speak certainly helps to fix the mind, and give consecutiveness to supplication; and in public, let all be made to hear distinctly, and avoid maundering on with subdued voice, as if having a private consultation in the presence of others, without their being taken into your confidence so as to hear what you say.

(3) *With what perseverance she maintains her importunity!* She does not give a runaway knock at the door. She settles down to bombard and besiege, till she captures, and bears away her precious spoil; victress, indeed, in this holy campaign of prayer. Have you ever pictured her as watching over her frenzied child; oh! so patiently in the periods of exhaustion following those terrible tortures of the demon-haunted hours? Herself unwearied, though nearly as much tormented by witnessing, as if she had *felt* the very pangs which rent her child. How long this conflict had been raging, we cannot tell; but wrestling with demons has given her prowess in conflict, and she will not easily be wearied by any procrastination in relief by Christ.

"Lord, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow,"

is the condition of her heart; and she clings, like the champion of old had done, until she, too, prevailed (Gen. xxxii. 28). So must we "pray without ceasing" (1 Thess. v. 17). The church at Jerusalem, praying for Peter, won the victory through the fact, that "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him, (Acts xii. 5). "Continuing instant in prayer" (Rom. xii. 12), is a wise and inspired injunction, repeated to the saints at Colosse, "Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving" (Col. iv. 2). Give me such praying, and in due time the desired blessing must come.

(4) Another noteworthy feature of this marvellous intercession was *the boldness displayed*. Did you not, as a boy, find that, to fly your kite, you wanted to go against the wind, and the stiffer the opposing breeze, the higher it would mount in the sky? It rose by the very resistance of the air against it. Let it go with the wind, and it would droop; but run and pull it against the air-current, and up it would go at once. So this pleader, undaunted by an apparent denial, and even seeming insult, rose higher by the very opposition she experienced; and the stronger the current against her, the more she rises to the height of this great occasion, and she soars aloft and wins triumphantly. Note, however, that the order of grace is the reverse of that of nature; for here we "stoop to conquer." Loftiest grace takes the lowest place; and so she, when nearest victory, takes the lowliest position. She comes up to Christ, worships Him, and is prepared to occupy the place of a lap-dog under the table if she may but share family bread in the household of Jesus. Have you never met some who would want "to rule the roast", and carve at the head of the table to be satisfied? To wait upon the hand that throws the crust, and run up to worship one who is treating you like a dog, is far beyond their measure of grace. Our dear Lord knew with whom He was treating, and manifested the strength of her courage through a test which would have far surpassed the endurance of a feebler mind. God make us bold pleaders, asking and expecting great things from the King!

(5) The Master, however, commends, beyond these excellences, a still nobler one, for He says, "*O woman, great is thy faith.*" Hers was *believing* prayer. She trusted the Son of David, and relied upon His power, mercy, and wisdom, to the fullest extent. How she honoured Him in this! He had, He said, no commission to deal with such a one; but she honours Him as the Head of the house, and will be His dog to get His blessing, for that would be enough relief for her. What she thought a child's portion from Him might be, I cannot tell. He has supplies adequate for every need, and His resources were, she felt, ample to meet her case, even though only a crumb from his table fell to her share.

We close as we remark, that the Creator of her soul could read its inner depths, and see her will attuned to His own, and in perfect harmony with it; so He could leave her to strike the key-note, and play the tune herself—"As thou wilt." A sanctified will gets all it wants. Self-will misses the mark; but he who has no will but Christ's can confidently expect all he desires to be given to him. Oh, for a heart right in the sight of God, wholly surrendered to Jesus, and moving in step to the measure of God's command; and then, if we abide in Him, and His words abide in us, we shall ask what we will, and it shall be done unto us (John xv. 7). Even so may it be with each reader of these words! Amen.

Our Master's Messages.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"*Remember Me.*"—Luke xxii. 19.

"REMEMBER Me; My life, My love,
My death upon the tree;
This Supper is a souvenir
To prompt your memory.
So, think of Me, disciples dear,
I would not be forgot."
How can we be unmindful, Lord,
With this "forget-me-not"?

"*Sing with Me.*"—Matt. xxvi. 30; Ps. cxviii. 12, 24.

"*Sing praise with Me;* for though by foes,
Like bees, I am beset,
And though I'm chastened sore, I have
A hallelujah! yet.
So, sing with Me, disciples dear,
Sing with a cheerful voice."
"*This is the day the Lord hath made,*
In it we will rejoice."

"*Abide in Me.*"—John xv. 4.

"*Abide in Me;* and I in you,
So shall 'much fruit' be borne;
No purple clusters of the grape
The broken boughs adorn.
So, dwell in Me, disciples dear,
As branches in the vine."
"*Yes, Lord, our life is hid with Thee,*
And we partake of Thine!"

"*Wait for Me.*"—1 Cor. xi. 26; John xiv. 2, 3.

"*Keep watch for Me,* until I come:
'Tis but a little space
Ere, in the many-mansioned house,
I have prepared your place.
So, wait for Me, disciples dear,
For, soon I'll take you home."
"*E'en so, Lord Jesus,*" *we reply,*
"*Come quickly, Master, come!*"

The above lines were suggested by an address delivered by Mr. W. J. Mayers, at a united communion service, held at Auckland, New Zealand, during the week of universal prayer, January, 1892.—T. S.

"De Profundis."

BY PASTOR E. A. TYDEMAN, SIDCUP.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."—Ps. cxxx. 1.

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
My God, my God;
Oh, let my prayer come nigh to Thee,
My God, my God!
My heart is rent,
My life is spent,
In sorrowing and weeping,
Oh, hear me, and down-sweeping,
On Thy broad pinions bear me,
Up from the foes that tear me,
Up to Thine own abiding-place,
And be Thyself my hiding-place,
My God, my God!

Look on my want and lowliness,
My God, my God;
Sinful, I need Thy holiness,
My God, my God;
And this the plea
I bring to Thee,
Lord, I am a transgressor,
But Christ, my Intercessor,
Died from my sin to save me,
And lives, that He may have me,
With Him, and His, in heaven to stand,
For evermore at Thy right hand,
My God, my God.

Truly for Thee my soul doth wait,
My God, my God;
Watching with eager eye Thy gate,
My God, my God;
Watching, I say,
Like those who pray
"Oh, when shall come the dawning?
When shall we see the morning?
When shall the night be followed
By day, and darkness swallowed
Up in the light that evermore
Breaks from Thy throne on yonder shore,
My God, my God?"

Let me in hope still come to Thee,
My God, my God
For mercy hath its home with Thee,
My God, my God
Thy saving might
Is infinite,
On love Thy throne is founded,
And sovereign grace, unbounded
By human limitation,
Delighteth in salvation.
Redeem, from all iniquity,
The soul that rests its hope in Thee,
My God, my God.

Little Miss Bonser.

VISITORS to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, who have coveted a seat in the lower gallery, to the left hand of the preacher, have found themselves face to face with a very active and obliging little woman, who was at once concerned for their comfort. From the time the church met in New Park Street Chapel, she has been an honorary, and we may add, an honourable helper, and her praises have travelled far and wide. From all parts of the world casual or periodical visitors make their way to the block of seats over which Miss Bonser holds rule, and count with certainty upon securing a seat in the best position available. They are always sure of the latest information concerning the current events in the history of the church. Not that she is garrulous or talkative, although she converses as freely with a peer as with a peasant. She has a bit of history to tell, and makes no fuss about the narration. She has never degenerated into a mere gossip, however, and knows how to keep a silent tongue upon all matters of mere rumour or personal scandal. Reputations are safe in her keeping, and character is sacred. She never misses a service, be the weather what it may; but is almost the first to arrive and the last to leave, whenever the Tabernacle is open for a service or a prayer-meeting. Since 1834, a period of fifty-eight years, she has never been absent on more than two Sundays—a record not easy to parallel, if, indeed, it may not be regarded as quite unique. All the changes in the church and congregation, during these years, have taken place under her eyes. She has been present at



baptisms, weddings, and funerals, as though these "functions" could not have been duly performed without the sanction of her presence. Indeed, she is always "in evidence", though never in the way.

Her connection with the church dates as far back as the time when old Carter Lane Chapel was in existence. Her father was a Wesleyan, but he was an occasional attendant upon the ministry of Dr. Rippon, and Miss Bonser remembers, when quite a child, being taken by her father on one of these excursions from his familiar fold. As a child, she read and studied her Bible, and she remembers plying her parents with sundry questions upon the subject of believers' baptism. That the questions expressed more information than they sought to elicit is evident, for her father remarked on one occasion, "That girl, when she grows up, will be a Baptist!" This proved to be a correct forecast of her future, and Miss Bonser was one of eight candidates to be baptised by Dr. Rippon at the first baptismal service in New Park Street Chapel, in 1834. Being laid aside by illness, however, when the day arrived, Dr. Rippon was unable to conduct the service, so the sermon was preached by Dr. Cox, of Hackney, and the ordinance was administered by Dr. Rippon's assistant. The scene is as vivid to Miss Bonser as though it had taken place but yesterday, and her conviction as to the sacred obligation of believers' baptism is as fixed as ever. When a conviction is formed from an independent study of the Scriptures, it cannot be dislodged, but is permanent and operative.

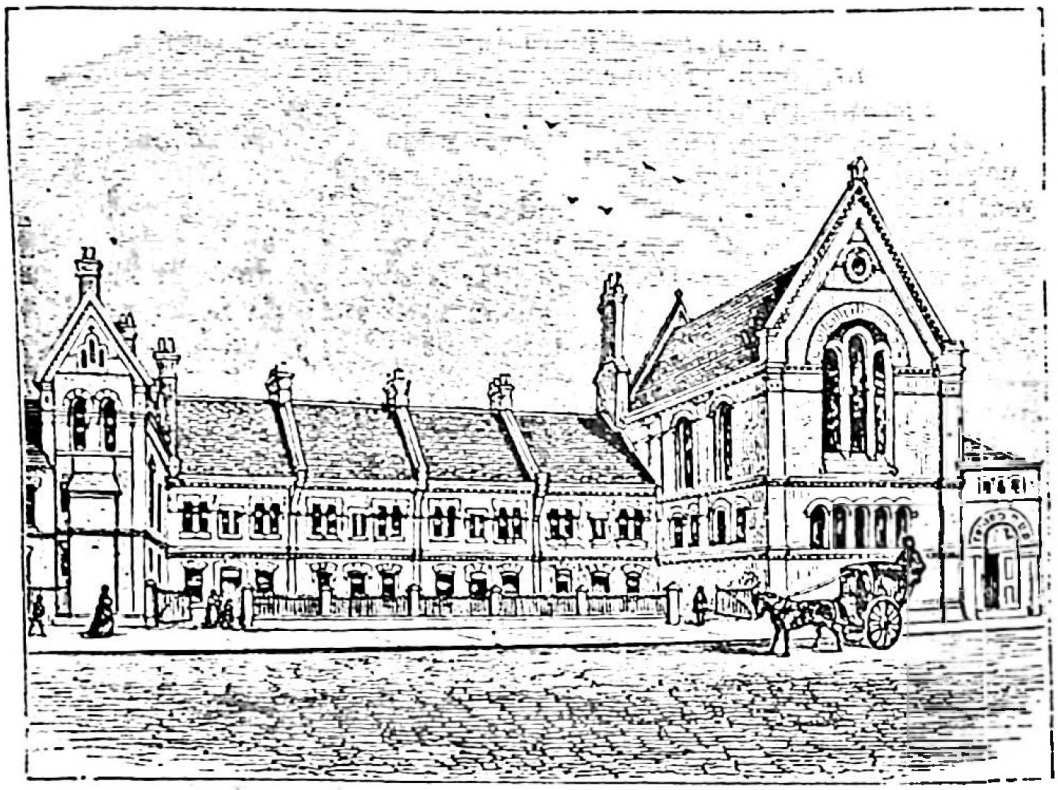
Miss Bonser was present at the communion service in New Park Street Chapel, when Dr. Rippon expressed his disappointment at finding the building of a less capacity than he had expected. The deacons came in for a sound rating, as, stroking his chin, and looking around, the old man exclaimed, "This is a little box! By-and-by you will have a very young minister, who will fill the place, and then what will you do with the people?" Having done their best, however, in erecting the largest chapel within their means, the officers were more impressed with their pastor's petulance than with the prophetic nature of his grumble, and were quite content to leave the enlargement of the building to wait upon future events. As our readers know, the time came when "a very young man" was called to the pastorate, the chapel was soon crowded, and, after being twice enlarged, was superseded by the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Of the ministers who succeeded Dr. Rippon, Miss Bonser speaks in terms of reverence and love: she was not only devoted in her attachment to the place, but to every minister in turn, and they all had an affectionate regard for Miss Bonser. This devotion has a voice to our young people of to-day; for the love of the sanctuary and delight in worship count for less than was the case a generation ago. Miss Bonser has escaped the malady, all too common now, of having "itching ears." Church-membership to her means constant attendance upon the means of grace at her own place of worship—loyalty to her own minister.

As far back as 1848, Miss Bonser found an asylum in one of the almshouses founded by Dr. Rippon; this was granted as a premium upon her services as an honorary pew-opener. For many years, however, she has enjoyed, by the right of election, what was thus

conceded as a favour. She is the spokeswoman for the rest of her favoured sisters, and, without meddling with their affairs, exercises a sisterly oversight, for which they are very grateful. At a tea-meeting or an excursion, Miss Bonser busies herself with her charge as proudly as a duchess concerned for the comfort of her distinguished guests. Verily, she may be said to be, "a succourer of many":

"A heritage it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee."



THE TABERNACLE ALMSHOUSES, STATION ROAD, WALWORTH.

Born in 1804, Miss Bonser celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday on the 8th of January; and though she has but little beyond the allowance from the church and the almshouse Fund, she is well content. Her years sit lightly upon her, and she retains much of her former sprightliness. "A good hope, through grace," keeps her heart young, and though domiciled in an almshouse now, she knows that a mansion awaits her by-and-by.

For some time past, her name has stood first on the roll of the church at the Tabernacle—no mean honour when it is remembered that nearly 5,500 names follow hers on the list. Others have enjoyed this distinction before her; but they have gone home. In the ordinary course of nature she cannot retain the honour much longer; and when she is gone, she will be missed; but those who remain will cherish her memory, and speak lovingly of her gracious ministry of gentle and lowly deeds.

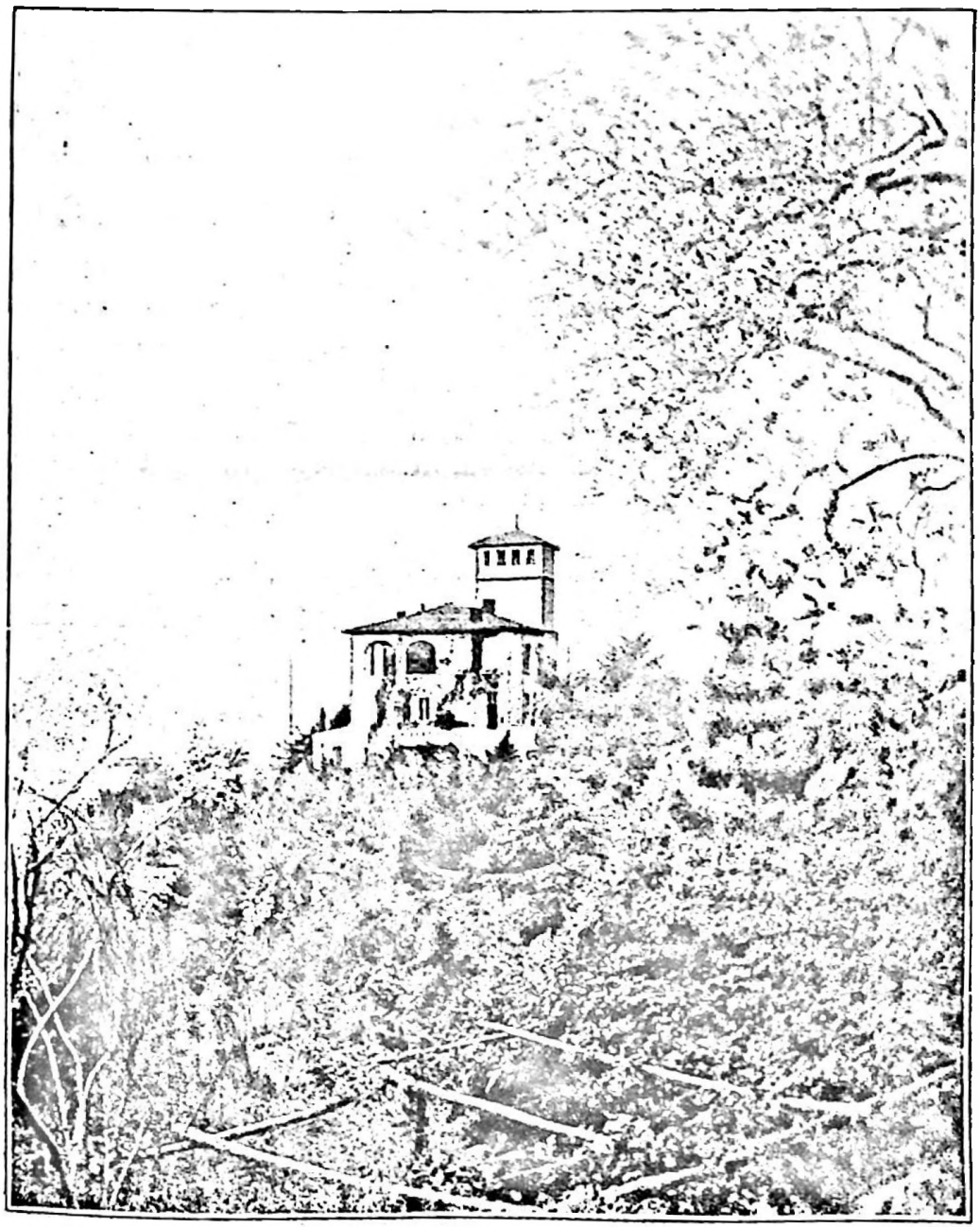
V. J. C.

Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives at Menton.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

(*Continued from page* 182.)

IN our last article, we left Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Hanbury talking together in the garden of the *Palazzo Orengo*. The late beloved Editor was anxious to obtain information as to the regulations in France and Italy with regard to photographing buildings, &c., and he also wished Mr. Houghton to have permission to take views of Mr. Hanbury's house and grounds.



Consent having been cheerfully given, we are able to present our readers with a picture of the *Palazzo Orengo*, at which Mrs. Spurgeon was so kindly entertained for the first month after her great bereavement. Her dear husband had often been invited to stay at La Mortola; but he had never been able to accept the invitation. During his annual visits to the Riviera, he always took an early opportunity of going to see Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury, and the seasons spent in their charming garden, were always red-letter days in Mr. Spurgeon's history. It was a delight to walk through any part of the garden, with the owner as a guide; for he never seemed weary of explaining the objects of interest which abounded on every hand; and he had an unfailing store of interesting stories about many of the trees, and plants, and flowers. For instance, the last day that the whole of our company spent at La Mortola, while some of us were looking at a cork oak, he told us of a lady, who was travelling in a different compartment from her maid, and who, at the end of the journey, said to her, "Did you notice the cork-trees that we passed to-day?" "Oh, yes, ma'am;" was the reply, "and I saw the corks, too," meaning the cones on the pine-trees!

On various visits, I have made many notes of illustrations, two of which may be appropriately introduced here:—

Mr. Hanbury showed us a kind of gourd, the seeds of which are furnished with a sort of parachute, which enables them, when released from their shell, to travel some distance. By this means, the plant may be propagated over a wide area; and just thus does the gospel win its way in the world; the living seed is like a bird or winged insect, all we have to do is to set it flying, trusting to the Spirit, who bloweth where He listeth, to carry it to the spot where the Lord will cause it to germinate, and bring forth fruit. Every Christian should not only sing—

"Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,"

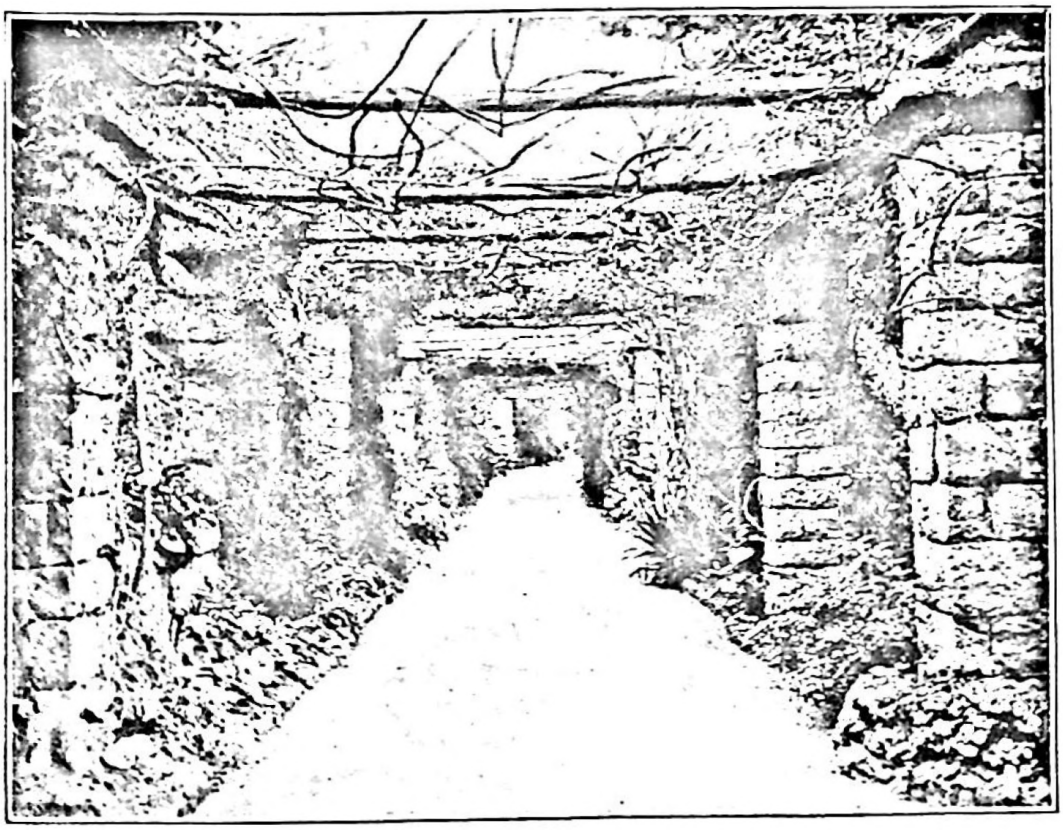
but by personally scattering the good seed of the kingdom should help it to extend its blessings far and near.

On another occasion, the esteemed owner of the garden pointed out to us a plant, the leaves of which are eaten by the Arabs to keep them awake. Some Mohammedans were of opinion that the plant belonged to the opiate family, and accordingly "a committee sat upon it." Their decision was that "the faithful" might still continue to chew it, especially as it had the further property of making those who ate it good-tempered as well as lively. We were all sorry to learn that there was not much likelihood of this peculiar shrub becoming acclimatized in England, as otherwise every church and chapel-yard might be filled with specimens of it, so that the congregations might pluck some leaves to keep them awake while listening to their ministers, and to make them good-tempered when going to their homes. There is, however, in every land where Jesus is known, "a Plant of renown", whose virtues far exceed those of any plant which grows in nature's soil.

To give a full description of the garden and grounds surrounding the *Palazzo Orengo*, would require more than one whole number of the Magazine, and also an amount of botanical knowledge which the

present writer does not pretend to possess. Imagine, dear reader, if you can, some eighty acres or more of land, sloping down to the sea, and filled with the products of almost every clime, but especially of tropical and sub-tropical countries; put into your imaginary picture a great variety of palm, olive, orange, lemon, citron, fig, carob, medlar, eucalyptus, acacia, camphor, pepper, pine, fir, evergreen oak, and cypress trees, with magnificent specimens of flowering aloes, agaves, euphorbias, cacti, myrtles, &c., &c., and an almost endless profusion of flowers of every kind, which need thousands of bottles for the preservation of the seeds of a single year, and you have some slight idea of the place we are supposed to be visiting. No wonder that such a spot is a favourite resort for botanists, horticulturists, and lovers of the beautiful and curious handiwork of our great Creator.

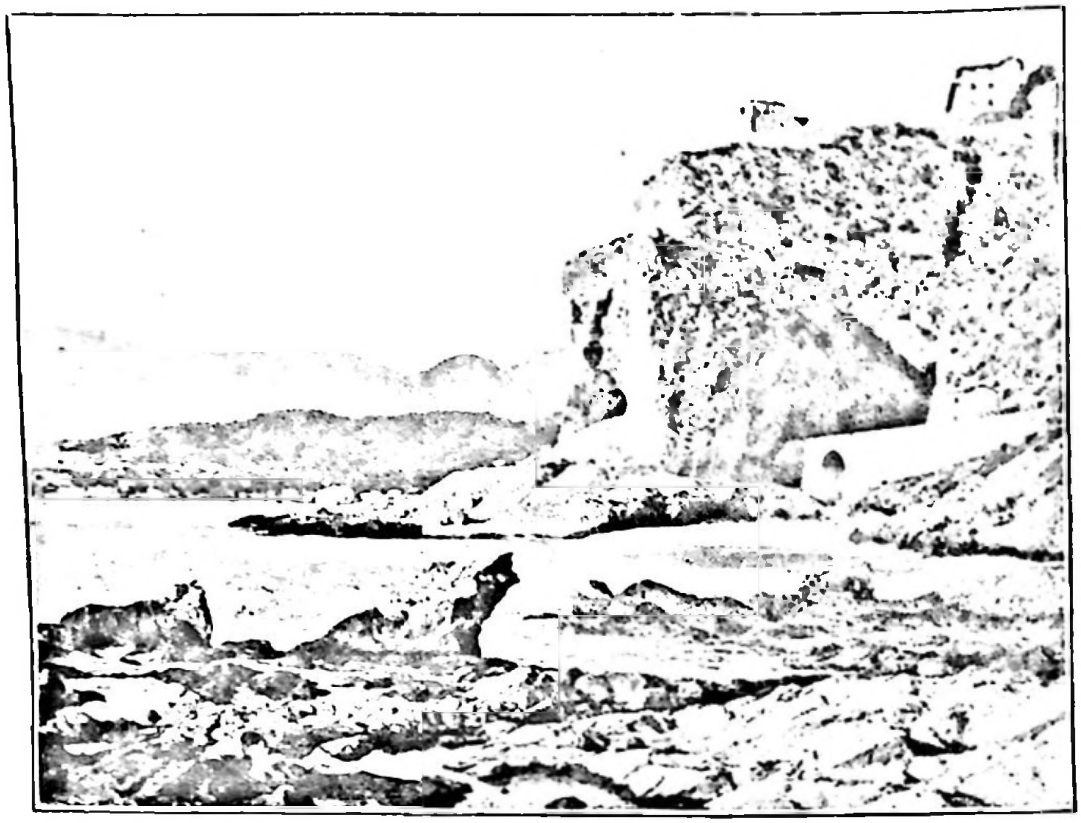
One part of the garden that we never missed, however often we visited La Mortola, was the *topia*, or trellis-covered walk, of which we give an excellent view taken by Mr. Houghton.



The last time Mr. Spurgeon spent a day at the *Palazzo Orengo*, he rode in a Bath chair along this flower-bordered pathway, that from the end he might show his dear wife one of the most charming panoramas in the whole region—the valley of Latte, with Ventimiglia, basking in the sunshine. In another article I hope to describe the objects of interest in this first Italian town that we reach from this part of France. On this occasion, we have lingered so long in the garden, that we must soon think of returning.

Before starting on our journey back to Menton, I must, however,

introduce another of Mr. Houghton's views, which has at least three points of interest about it.

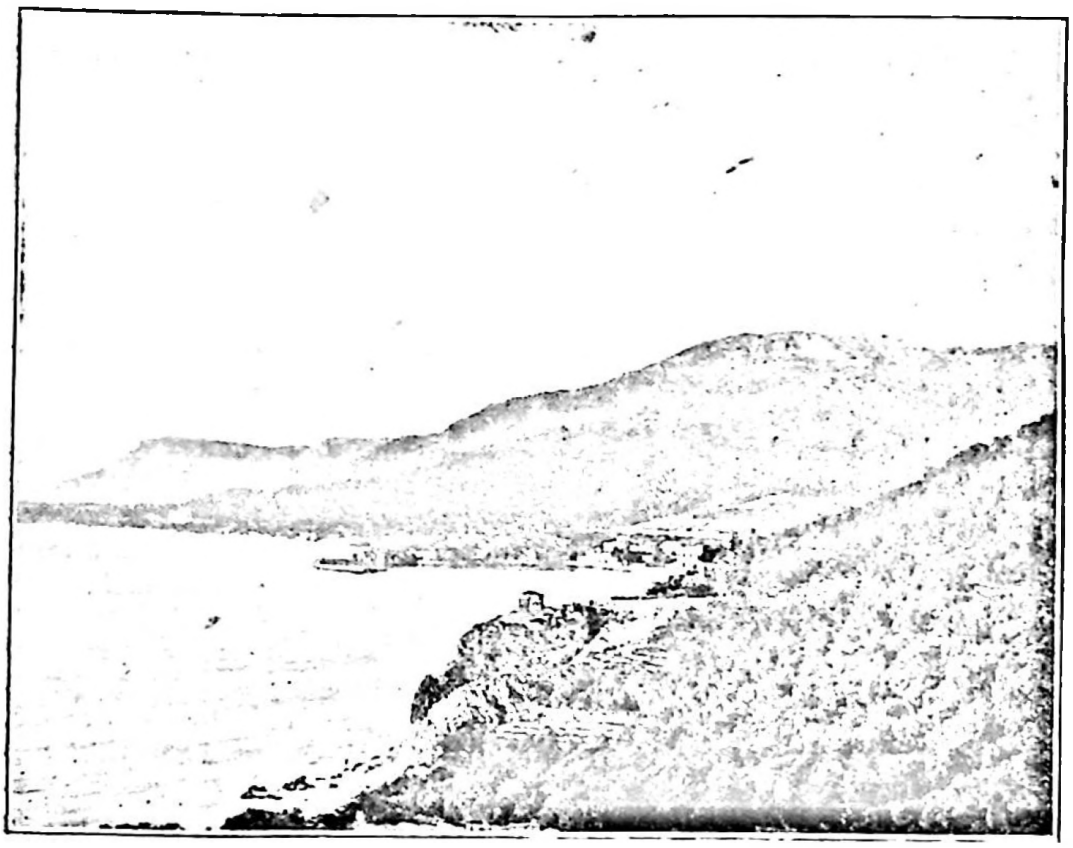


These high rocks cover the famous bone caves, in which remains of supposed pre-historic men and animals have been at various times discovered; but they will be of greater interest to readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* because they indicate the point to which Mr. Spurgeon was accustomed to walk when he was well enough. Friends will notice the railway embankment on the right, just before the line enters the tunnel through the red rocks, and opposite the archway it will be seen that the ground slopes down from a level platform at the foot of the cliff on which the guard-house is perched. During the winter before last, the beloved Editor gradually increased the distance he walked each day, until he reached this spot, which was quite as far from the Hôtel Beau Rivage as a person in fair health could go. What happy hours were spent here on many sunny afternoons! I especially remember one day, when Mr. Cheyne Brady came from Cannes to spend a few hours with Mr. Spurgeon, and the greater part of the time they had together was occupied in talking of divine things just at this point. It was anything but wasted time to sit and listen to the conversation of these veteran soldiers of the cross. I think they have not met since that day; but they will meet again, to part no more for ever.

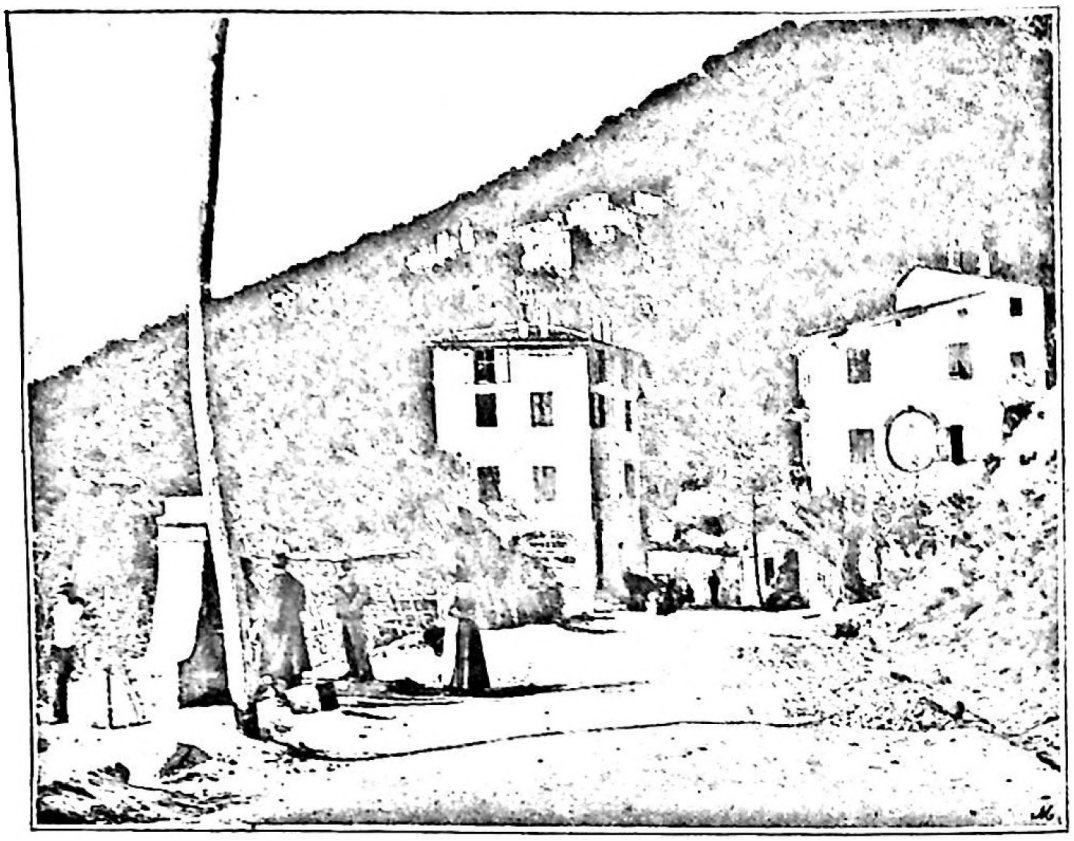
The incident linking this place with Mr. Hanbury's garden carries my mind back to my first visit to Menton in the winter of 1879-80. Mr. Spurgeon and a party of friends were going in a boat to La Mortola; but preferring, like the apostle Paul, to "go afoot", I was advised to take the old Roman road, which I was told would conduct

me right into Mr. Hanbury's garden. Accompanied by the dear Pastor's faithful man-servant, George, I started off in full view of our friends in the boat. We had not proceeded far, however, before we found that there was no way to advance unless we could fly; so we turned back, clambered up till we reached the Corniche road, and then marched boldly along *the king's highway past the cross*, of which we gave a view last month. This experience taught both of us a spiritual lesson which we have never forgotten. If any one recommends us to try to travel to heaven by "the old Roman road" of salvation by works, we reply, "No, we prefer the King's highway past the cross—salvation by grace, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." This road leads "to the palace of the King", as the road we travelled led to the "palace" whither we were bound.

Having reached the cross, on our return journey, on that memorable *January 8th*, 1892, we are not long before we are at the point from which our next view was taken, showing Menton, with its rampart of mountains behind, and the blue Mediterranean in front.



In another minute or two we pass, on our left hand, the last new drinking-fountain erected by Mr. Hanbury, and wonder what our English laundresses would say to the arrangements for open-air washing operations, at the back of the fountain by the telegraph-post, of which part only is visible in our next view. The women appear to stand on the very edge of a precipitous rock overhanging the railway and the sea; but they do not appear to be at all nervous; probably use is second nature.



Our picture gives a good idea of the olive-embowered village of *Grimaldi*, which suggested to Mr. Spurgeon, many years ago, the following instructive sentences:—"Nature would build her house on plains watered by the rivers of earth; but faith aspires to dwell on high, and to draw her sustenance from the munitions of craggy rocks, which to the superficial gaze threaten perpetual famine. To us the townships on the crags are symbols of our faith-life. Living at a great elevation, in a pure atmosphere, and seeing afar from their lofty outlook, the inhabitants of the streets on the hills are a healthy and cheerful race. They are by no means ill-supplied; for, hard as the rocks may be among which their cottages are perched, the olive pours forth for them its oil, and the vine is generous of its juice. We, too, who have learned to dwell on high, are made to see afar off, and to drink in the breath of heaven; and we find that we are not left to want, even when circumstances are at the worst. True is that sacred word, 'Thy bread shall be given thee, thy water shall be sure.'"

On the right hand side of the road is a house which is adorned with a large picture bearing the words *Virgo Potens*. If any poor Romanist thinks that the Virgin Mary is powerful enough to be his Saviour, he will be grievously mistaken. Let him rather say with the lowly mother of Jesus, "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Opposite this house is the wayside inn bearing the name, *Trattoria Garibaldi*. Mr. Spurgeon often recalled an incident that happened to me here.

Going as far as this for a walk, and to look at the view of Menton, which is a particularly charming one from this spot, I met some ladies, who were loud in their praises of a certain kind of "tea" that they had been drinking. Being partial to the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate, I asked for the exact name of the beverage; and was somewhat surprised and disappointed to hear that it was "Vin d'Asti", with the emphasis on the last syllable! That put quite a new light upon the matter. Such tea (!) was not at all to the taste of a teetotaller.

In less time than it takes to record this incident, we are back at the hotel; and Mrs. Spurgeon is delighted to hear from her beloved all about the happy morning he has spent, and what progress he has made with his "Drives at Menton." How little either of them thought that he would so soon take his last drive, and that, after only a few days' confinement to his bed, his emancipated spirit, upborne by angels, would wing its way to the throne of God, to serve the Lord even more perfectly above than he had done here below! Yet so it was to be, in our Lord's unerring wisdom and unfailing love.

I was struck with the appropriateness of the following lines to the circumstances under which Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon for the first time visited together the "sunny shore" described in the poem; so venture, without knowing who the author is, to insert them here, with thanks to the unknown writer:—

MENTON.

"And there was given unto them a short time before they went forward."

"Upon this sunny shore
A little space for rest. The care and sorrow,
Sad memory's haunting pain that would not cease,
Are left behind. It is not yet to-morrow.
To-day there falls the dear surprise of peace;
The sky and sea, their broad wings round us sweeping,
Close out the world, and hold us in their keeping.
A little space for rest. Ah! though soon o'er,
How precious is it on the sunny shore!

"Upon this sunny shore
A little space for love, while those, our dearest,
Yet linger with us ere they take their flight
To that far world which now doth seem the nearest,
So deep and pure this sky's down-bending light.
Slow, one by one, the golden hours are given,
A respite ere the earthly ties are riven.
When left alone, how, 'mid our tears, we store
Each breath of their last days upon this shore!

"Upon this sunny shore
A little space to wait: the life-bowl broken,
The silver cord unloosed, the mortal name
We bore upon this earth by God's voice spoken,
While at the sound all earthly praise or blame,
Our joys and griefs, alike with gentle sweetness
Fade in the dawn of the next world's completeness.
The hour is Thine, dear Lord; we ask no more,
But wait Thy summons on the sunny shore."

Mr. Spurgeon's R. T. S. Pocket-book.

THE following outlines of sermons, in addition to those on the texts for January 1 and 23, published in *The Sword and the Trowel* for March, and those for January 3 to 9, printed in *fac-simile* last month, were made by Mr. Spurgeon at Menton during his last visit:—

Jan. 2. "*Holding faith, and a good conscience.*"—1 Tim. i. 19.
I. VIEW EACH APART.
II. BEHOLD THEM IN CONJUNCTION.
III. SEE THEIR REFLEX INFLUENCE.

Jan. 10. "*Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith.*"—2 Cor. xiii. 5.
I. A CURE FOR CENSORIOUSNESS.
II. A CASE FOR CARE.
III. A CAUSE OF COMFORT.

Jan. 11. "*Strive to enter in at the strait gate.*"—Luke xiii. 24.
I. THERE IS NO ENTERING IN ANY OTHER WAY.
II. MANY SHUN IT: DO YOU STRIVE FOR IT.
III. IT MUST BE THE RIGHT GATE.
IV. IT ALONE LEADS TO LIFE.

Jan. 12. "*I keep under my body.*"—1 Cor. ix. 27.
I. THE BODY AN ENEMY.
II. THE FIGHT TO BE REAL. "I bruise."
III. THE CONQUEST TO BE CONTINUED.
IV. THE MOTIVE POWERFUL. "Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

Jan. 13. "*In His favour is life.*"—Ps. xxx. 5.
I. THE VITALITY OF FAVOUR.
II. THE CONTINUANCE OF FAVOUR. "Lifetime."
III. THE PROPHECY OF FAVOUR. "Joy cometh in the morning."

Jan. 14. "*Remember not the sins of my youth.*"—Ps. xxv. 7.
I. REMEMBER THEM YOURSELF.
II. LET THEM BE ONLY THE SINS OF YOUR YOUTH.
III. REST IN HIM THROUGH WHOM GOD FORGETS.

Jan. 15. "*It is good to sing praises unto our God.*"—Ps. cxlvii. 1.
I. IT IS GOOD ALWAYS.
II. IT IS GOOD FOR THE SINGER.
III. IT IS GOOD FOR THE HEARER.
IV. IT IS GOOD FOR ME, NOW.

Jan. 16. "*Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.*"—1 John ii. 12.
I. WHO? The privilege of God's *children*.
II. WHAT? "Sins are forgiven."
III. HOW? "For His name's sake."
IV. WHAT THEN? "I write unto you."

The Religious Outlook in France.

BY PASTOR GEORGE SAMUEL, BIRMINGHAM.

WHEN I arrived in France, a few weeks ago, the first French newspaper I bought, on getting into the train at Calais, showed that the government was *in extremis*, the parliament in tumultuous uproar, and the Republic throbbing with fanatical excitement. It was further evident that this was no mere surface or partisan agitation, which would soon subside. Great constitutional questions were at stake; and the peace of Europe might even be broken by the issue of the crisis. Yet it was all brought about by what seems a most trifling incident.

A party of French pilgrims had gone on a pilgrimage to Rome. While mixing pleasure with devotion, by way of seeing the sights of the Eternal City, one pious pilgrim innocently wrote in the visitors' book, that lies near the tomb of Victor Emmanuel in the Pantheon, the simple words, *Vive le Pape!* When this was discovered, it was reported to the Italian government, and published in the Italian newspapers. It acted like a spark of fire dropped into a magazine of gunpowder. The Italian government treated it as a national affront, and the Roman populace was enraged. The Italian government complained to the French authorities, and would not be easily satisfied. The French government, knowing of the Triple Alliance, and remembering that, on a quarrel raised about the Pope, Italy might well reckon on the support of Germany, made the best reparation within its power. Instructions were issued to the Catholic bishops of France declaring that such pilgrimages must cease. The bishops were forbidden to organize them, and were required to discourage them. This soothed the wounded susceptibilities of the Italian government, and allayed the anger of the Roman populace; but it aroused the fanatical fury of the faithful in France, and brought upon the French government a cannonade of attack from the most diverse quarters. In the church, in the press, in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, by all sorts and conditions of politicians, it was violently assailed. One proud prelate, the Archbishop of Aix, hotly denounced the government in the interests of the church. He was promptly prosecuted, and heavily fined.

This spirited action on the part of the government by no means quelled the agitation. A question was put in the Senate which led to a debate, and a division. The same move was made in the larger and more popular Chamber of Deputies. Here two resolutions were moved, and prolonged debates, characterized by some disgraceful scenes, preceded the critical divisions. One of the resolutions raised the question of the conduct of the government, and the other the entire question of the connection of the Church and State. The government firmly stood on its defence, and as resolutely opposed the separation of the Church from the State. In the speech with which the premier wound up the debate, he laid it down that, by the connection of the Church with the State, the bishops were under the authority of the executive as much as the officers in the army and navy, and the chiefs

of the civil service; and that, in all matters affecting the State, they must obey the orders of the executive as promptly as the heads of other departments. He resisted the proposal to sever the Church from the State, as it would give the hierarchy a free hand, by which they might work mischief to the executive; and he held that the Church could not be permitted to hold property in the State, for, thus set free, and possessed of vast resources, it would be a standing menace to the Republic. Though confronted by the heterogeneous opposition of Clericals, Boulangists, Loyalists, and Ultra-Radical enemies of all religion, the government triumphed in both divisions.

The matter, however, did not end there. The agitation goes on in various quarters, and assumes various aspects. The heads of the hierarchy have issued a declaration to the Republic. Père Didon, one of the most eminent men in the French Catholic Church, has eloquently exhorted the clergy to abandon their sullen aloofness from all the affairs of state, and take part in political discussions and elections. Some extraordinary ecclesiastical measures have been laid on the table of the house, and the government seems resolutely determined to increase rather than relax its control over the entire affairs of the Church. So we may see strange things before long.*

Some may be puzzled to know why the simple words, *Vive le Pape*, written anywhere in Rome, should enrage a Roman Catholic populace, and give offence to the government of a Roman Catholic country; and why the French government should be so ready to conciliate them, and on what ground a Republican government should issue such peremptory instructions to the bishops. Here we must call in our history to help us.

Until the year 1870, the word Italy was a mere geographical expression. The Emperor of the French stationed troops at Rome to keep out the King of Italy, and to maintain the Pope as a temporal prince in the city of the seven hills. But when, in that year, he foolishly declared war against Prussia, he soon found that he wanted all his soldiers to fight his battles, so he had to leave the Pope to shift for himself. As soon as the French troops were withdrawn, Victor Emmanuel, without waiting to see the issue of the war, to make sure that he would not be ejected by a victorious French army, flushed with the glory of a triumph over the Prussians, entered the eternal city, and made it the capital of united Italy. By that stroke, he not only established his kingdom, but he destroyed, without discussion, diplomacy, or bloodshed, the temporal power of the Pope. He who previously claimed the City of Rome as his, and aspired to rule from it, not only the Catholic Church, but the nations of Christendom, was limited to the mastery of his official residence, in the same way that any other man is master of his own castle, cottage, or office. Then the occupant of "St Peter's chair" received a superabundant accession of meekness, and tried to excite the pity of the faithful by calling himself "the prisoner of the Vatican." It will easily be seen, then, that

*Since this article was written, the government has fallen; and although the issue was so obscured that the President demurred to receiving the resignation of the cabinet, this vexed ecclesiastical question was at the bottom of the ministerial defeat in the Chamber.

for a French pilgrim to write "*Vive le Pape!*" in the visitors' book in the Pantheon, close by the grave of that Italian king who wrested the city from the dominion of the Pope, may seem to Romans and Italians not such a simple and innocent proceeding as at first sight it appears to us. Thank God, when Victor Emmanuel, the king of United Italy, entered Rome with all the apparatus of government, James Wall, the Baptist missionary, entered, too, with the Bible in his hand; and from that day the religious liberty, which was so ruthlessly trampled upon by the "holy Catholic Church", has been freely accorded to the messengers of a free gospel in Rome itself, and throughout the whole of Italy.

When the French army was completely vanquished by the Germans, and the French Emperor sought the refuge of inglorious exile in England, the French nation still remained, and a Republic took the place of the Empire which had fallen amid such ignominy. The newly-organized Republic refused to be the oppressor for the Pope as the Empire had been. It left the Italians free to enjoy religious liberty in their own land, and it began an era of religious liberty in France itself; although it refrained from any fundamental change in the relations to the State of the Church.

From the days when the power of Pagan Rome was broken, and France became one of the nations of Europe, the Church of Rome has been closely connected with the French government. The dignitaries of the Church were often the advisers and even the performers of some of the foulest acts of oppression perpetrated under the *régime* of the most dissolute kings of France. When the nation rose, a hundred years ago, and threw off the oppressors' yoke, and overturned the throne, the Church and all forms of religion were voted down amid the tumult and upheaval of the Revolution.

But religion, even when grossly superstitious, is hard to kill; and when Napoleon the First had waded through rivers of blood to an imperial throne, he recognized the religious forces of the nation; and he had read enough of history to know that a Church allied to the throne becomes its most tractable supporter, even in acts of outrage on popular liberty; so he revived the union, but on his own terms. The Church was to receive the pay of the State, but the head of the State was to be master as well as paymaster; he was to appoint the bishops, and they were to hold their sees subject to him; the Church was to hold no property of her own, but the State was to hold it for her. These and all other arrangements were formulated in the famous Concordat.

This *modus operandi* still obtains, with the simple difference that the executive of the Republic stands in the place of the autocratic Emperor. Hence the recent action of the government, and the stand the premier took on the question of separation.

While, in England, we have only one state-endowed Church, lifting up its haughty head in baneful ascendancy over all others, calling itself *the* Church, and practically refusing Christian recognition to others, in France there are several state-supported Churches, and the Churches that refuse to accept State aid, and to submit to State control, are not frowned upon by richly-endowed neighbours, and suffer no disabilities or inequalities in the eyes of the law.

Les Eglises reconnues, or the state-recognized Churches, are chiefly the Roman Catholic, the French Reformed, the Lutheran, and the Jewish. Other forms of religion obtain subsidies in some forms; and I read, a short time ago, that a Mohammedan propaganda received State aid; but this would probably be in some dependency outside the Republic proper. Of the four established Churches mentioned, the Roman Catholic is out of all comparison the largest.

Out of a population of thirty-seven millions, there are only six hundred thousand Protestants shown in the returns. These figures cannot be taken as absolutely accurate; there are probably one hundred thousand more Protestants not returned as such. Those in the army do not require to declare their religion, and there may be many, in rural districts, who either do not avow their faith, or get left out of the reckoning. Before the war with Germany, the number of French Protestants was estimated to be a million and a half; but, at the end of the war, Alsace-Lorraine reverted to Germany. That district was largely Protestant; hence the drop in the figures shows no decrease of Protestantism. Then there is a large number of men in France who have renounced the Church of Rome, and have not become Protestants, but have sunk into infidelity. The custom is to belong to the Church, whatever life a man may lead; so there are crowds of utterly godless men and women who are still good Catholics; and it is computed that the Church of Rome can claim for her communion eighty per cent. of the French population.

The Protestant and Jewish Churches that receive State aid receive it on about the same terms as the Church of Rome. They are under State control in various ways. One important point is that the churches can only appoint their own ministers subject to the approval of the executive of the Republic.

Outside the Reformed and Lutheran Churches, there is the Protestant Free Church, declining all State patronage and control; and outside that Church again are to be found, in some parts, single Protestant Evangelical churches that judge it best to stand free from all denominations. There is generally some local or temporary explanation of such an attitude.

The difference between the free and the endowed Churches is obvious; the difference between the two endowed Protestant Churches is partly historical, but chiefly sacramental. The Lutherans cling tenaciously to consubstantiation; the Reformed Church holds to Calvin's view of the Lord's Supper. Wherever the Zwinglian view is held in any church, it is generally the accompaniment of Rationalism—a conjunction Zwingle never contemplated. The attitude of the Lutherans concerning the sacrament erects a barrier between them and their fellow Protestants, and otherwise works evil results. A Lutheran pastor will extort from his young people going out into life a most solemn promise, amounting to almost a vow, or an oath, that they will never take the communion with those who do not hold the real presence in the elements. Lutheran churches are few throughout France, and the young folk may find themselves located where there is no Lutheran church, though in every important town a Protestant church of some kind will probably be found; but the promise bars

communion. Then there is a struggle with conscience, and a shaking up of all religious opinions; and if the promise is kept, it is sometimes at the expense of the person's Protestantism, and sometimes to the complete loss of religious profession; and, in any case, it entails sore suffering of mind and probably injury to spiritual life.

Happily, there is now in France the utmost religious liberty. In past generations, it has been a land where the saints of God have been ruthlessly oppressed! Its fertile soil has been drenched by the blood of countless martyrs, and its fair skies have often been darkened by the smoke from the martyr's stake. Even within the memory of people still in middle life, confiscations, fines, and imprisonments were the reward of men who faithfully preached a free gospel to their fellow-countrymen. Now, there is almost as much religious liberty in France as there is in England or America.

With religious freedom, there is free education, from *l'École première* right up to the universities. In many State schools there is no religious instruction. Protestants have a fair field, and they need ask no favour. Many are using their opportunity to good purpose, and so the truth is spreading. Conspicuous among evangelizing agencies is the McAll Mission. It began its work in Paris; but it has spread to the provinces. It is undenominational, and that is at once its strength and its weakness. It thereby secures more general financial support; but it is thus prevented from forming its converts into churches, and providing them with the ordinances and organizations necessary for the maintenance of their outward Christian life. The constitution of the Mission provides only for evangelistic work, and scarcely admits of distinctly Protestant teaching, even for the converts. This defect sometimes causes a serious leakage of the *habitués* of the Mission. There comes to them, sooner or later, a time of testing, such as marriage, the death of a relation, or some festival of the Church, which in some way touches the every-day life of the people. If the convert has not grasped the principles of Protestantism, he is apt to slide into conformity with the practice of the Catholic Church. This gives the priest his opportunity of enticing the convert back into Romanism. It may be difficult for the missionaries to avert this danger. They may fairly say that they have not come to lecture on Protestantism, but to preach the gospel; and that they could not expound and enforce Protestant doctrine, even to their converts, without appearing to attack the Church of Rome; and that might evoke annoyances and hostilities from the priests that would cripple their evangelistic operations. I am informed that, though the Mission keeps itself aloof from the Protestant churches, its attitude towards them is very friendly, and that such of its converts as wish for church-fellowship and Christian ordinances, are passed on to Protestant evangelical pastors in the neighbourhoods where the converts reside.

There are several other evangelizing agencies at work in France. Some of them have borne noble witness for the truth in times of darkness, and amid bitter persecution. The "Baptist Forward Movement", under the leadership of M. Saillens, one of the Associates of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, received a kindly notice and a cordial commendation in the pages of this Magazine only a few months ago.

The C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund.

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And the MINISTERS and DEACONS of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church.

CONTRIBUTIONS will be appropriated to any of the following objects, specially designated by donors, and should be addressed to the Treasurers of the Memorial Fund, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E.

GEORGE WILLIAMS, Esq.,
President of the Young Men's Christian Association.
THOS. H. OLNEY, Esq.,
Treasurer of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church.
} TREASURERS.

All Cheques to be crossed London and County Bank, Newington Branch.

The lamented death of Pastor C. H. SPURGEON has evoked universal praise of his stainless character and unselfish devotion to his great life-work, and grateful witness to his world-wide influence and usefulness.

All classes are joined in a common grief, and in a common desire to contribute to a fund whereby his memory shall be honoured and his Master glorified.

To give effect to such a purpose, a representative committee has been formed to create such a fund, special contributions to be devoted to one or more of the following objects, as individual donors may designate:—

1. To AID THE INSTITUTIONS founded by Mr. SPURGEON, and for the continued support of which, after his decease, he often expressed his deep concern.
2. To PLACE A FIT MEMORIAL over his resting-place in Norwood Cemetery.
3. To ERECT A WORTHY MONUMENT in the grounds of the Stockwell Orphanage.

To rear costly memorials would be extravagant and needless.

THE SPURGEONS' ORPHANAGE

itself will ever stand as his most suitable monument. We seek not so much to endow, as to aid this Institution by the judicious investment of a part of the Memorial Fund; but no gifts of money can make good the loss sustained in the death of the beloved Founder and President. The support of the 500 fatherless children who find here a home, requires at least £10,000 per annum in voluntary contributions.

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE

seeks to fit young men to preach the gospel in this and other lands.

It was very dear to its Founder, who would have borne any sacrifice for its sake. To have been compelled to restrict its numbers, or its usefulness, would have been to him a sore grief; and to maintain this school of the prophets, where a definite system of doctrine in accordance with Evangelical standards will be taught, is not only to carry out the dearest wish of its departed President, but to administer a sacred trust bequeathed to us by his death. This Institution expended last year the sum of £7,331 0s. 3d.

THE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION

was organized by Mr. SPURGEON for the wide diffusion of the Word of God and gospel literature, especially in rural districts. During 1890, its devoted agents distributed 342,816 books and packets, and 339,445 Scripture texts and cards; gross value, £11,135; which fact is sufficient reason for continuing and expanding this good work, whose outlay last year was £7,368 13s. 11d.

THE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS,

likewise originated by the late Pastor, has for many years carried on its mission in various parts of the country, and thereby churches have been revived, and many souls have been saved. The need for such work is daily increasing, as are also the signs of God's blessing. The average expenditure for the last three years was £1,200.

THE TABERNACLE CHURCH will continue to maintain its own Societies and Sunday-schools; and only by expressed wish of contributors will this part of the church work receive any aid from the Memorial Fund.

All the above-mentioned Institutions were, by long association, dear to Mr. SPURGEON's heart. We appeal for this Memorial Fund with confidence that there will be a generous response; and that so we shall pepetuate the work and memory of one who "served his own generation by the will of God," and died, as he had lived, in the esteem and love of disciples of the Lord of whatever name.

Pastors' College Brethren's Reminiscences

OF THEIR GLORIFIED PRESIDENT.*

A TRIBUTE FROM THE UNITED STATES.

Beloved Mrs. Spurgeon,—I cannot begin to tell you how much, through God's grace, I am indebted to Mr. Spurgeon, and to you. I don't see how he could have been more to me than he was, if he had been my own father. He was my father spiritually, always ready with words of wisdom and of love; and, when necessary, with generous helpfulness. I thank God for his life. I owe more to him than to any other man. His last communication to me was a post-card from Menton, dated December, 21, 1890, full of benediction, and

* When it was decided that the next Report of the Pastors' College should, in part, contain our brethren's reminiscences of our late beloved President, it was felt that several communications that had been sent for the Magazine might more appropriately appear there, and they were accordingly transferred. We have others still in type, which have been crowded out by the continued pressure on our space.

closing with these words,—"How are you getting on? I would like to hear all about you, for your name is pleasant to my heart. With warmest love, yours heartily, C. H. SPURGEON."

I did not write again, for I dared not. It seemed to me a cruelty to inflict letters upon him when he was so overwrought. He was generously eager to carry the burdens of all; when, at the same time, his own were crushing him into the grave. But I must not write any more. May you be comforted of God! It is no small mercy to have shared the life of such a man; to have possessed him so long; to inherit his benediction, and to anticipate the time of reunion. He was faithful unto death; his memory is unclouded; his sun went down while it was yet day; he did not survive his usefulness. He has no successor, but he has ten thousand sons. Hallelujah!

Belvidere, Illinois, U.S.A. JOHN J. IRVING.

A "WREATH" FROM IRELAND.

Though I have only been intimately acquainted with the dearly-beloved President and Pastor some six years, I have learned to affectionately revere him, and hold him in the highest of estimations. While I was struck with his unique greatness, in relation to his mental faculties and spiritual power, I was even more astonished at his lovable, childlike spirit, and remarkable humility. Never shall I forget some choice interviews it was my honour to have with him, in which I had abundant opportunity of closely regarding the man who had moved the world. Truly Charity found a splendid person in him, through whom to unveil her lovely nature to the world, while Faith and Hope discovered in his big, loving heart a perpetual abode. As one that was great in goodness, grace, and the graces, and is now equal in glory, his memory will ever be most blessed to me.

With many, I am to-day what I am, under God, by virtue of his princely generous nature, and inspired and inspiring life. It was my mournful duty and high privilege to attend his funeral, which was in every way worthy of him, and to lay my wreath of heart-gratitude alongside of the thousands of other tokens of affection. "The Lord be thanked for Spurgeon!" will be uttered by millions of lips throughout all succeeding ages; and at all times by his sorrowing and affectionate pupil,

Waterford. PHILIP A. HUDGELL.

A COUNTRY PASTOR'S "FROND."

Dear Mr. Harrald,—It is impossible to describe the sense of loss I feel through the removal of our beloved President. It seems as if a great piece of my life had been taken away! From infancy I have known the honoured name of C. H. Spurgeon. Born not far from his native place, nurtured amid many of the same scenes, and upon the same theology, hearing him preach in 1855, when I was only seven years of age, joining the same church in youth as did his grandfather, my whole life seems to have clustered about our dear friend. In 1872, I was privileged to enter the College; and I feel that, next to our blessed Lord, I owe everything to his honoured servant. He has been to me instructor, counsellor, guide, and friend; his interest was truly

paternal; what could we do but love him? As long as life lasts, and in eternity, I shall bless God for bringing me under his influence, and permitting me to enjoy his friendship, and share his love. Words cannot express our gratitude, neither can they our sorrow. We were hoping to hear his cheery voice again, and to see that beaming face, which, at the Conference, chased away so much heaviness and gloom from our spirits; and then came the startling news, which well-nigh staggered us. God and our own brethren alone know through what we have passed, and yet we are comforted by the assurance that it is well with our beloved one; but the tears will come notwithstanding. Very earnestly do we pray, for dear Mrs. Spurgeon, and all the family, divine consolation; and commend them to the tender sympathy of our great High Priest. I cannot write as I feel I ought; but this little "frond" comes from the heart, in which our dear President will ever live. By God's grace, we will "cling to the gospel of forgiveness through the substitutionary sacrifice, and spread it with all our might."

Desborough, Market Harborough. ISAAC NEAR.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF FAITH.

Like his Lord, C. H. Spurgeon loved to be trusted. Let me give an illustration from my own experience. During my College course, I was requested to preach one Sunday evening in the neighbourhood of Nightingale Lane. A letter was handed to me, in which I was invited to take tea with my dear President as I was on my way. Knowing well how sacredly the afternoon of the Sabbath was set apart for pulpit preparation, I was tempted to doubt. It seemed too good to be true, that *I* should be asked to have tea with *him!* But faith in my beloved teacher at last conquered; and on the afternoon of the appointed day, I presented myself at the door. The servant seemed overwhelmed with surprise; but my letter overcame every obstacle, and I was ushered into the study, to have my reward in Mr. Spurgeon's warm greeting and gracious talk as we sat together in his sanctum. If I had disbelieved him, he would have been justly displeased. How genially he laughed, and how heartily he agreed with me when I said that my simple trust in his word was like the faith the Lord Jesus loved men to show when He invited them to believe in Himself by saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To any burdened sinner who may read these words, let me say, Believe *Him!* Take Him at His word! He cannot deny Himself! Trust Him, and He will give *you* rest; such sweet rest; rest from sin, and rest from weariness; a glorious girdle of rest, for He gives us "rest on *every* side." To my dying day, I shall never forget the kindness of my President when I thus showed my faith in him; and in the *un*dying day, I know that I shall praise my Saviour for the mercy that I found when, as a poor lost sinner, I came by faith to Him.

South Stockton. HENRY WINSOR.

WHY THE POOR LOVED MR. SPURGEON.

I was a witness to a little episode which, while it showed the tenderness of heart and sincere concern for the trials of a poor widow, on the

part of our dear President, exhibited the honesty of purpose under which the Orphanage is managed. He had just issued from the old Board Room at the close of a meeting of the Trustees, when his eye rested on a poor widow with an infant in her arms, and a little boy clinging closely to her gown. Whether he knew her, or she had been led by some means to believe her child would be received, I know not, but no sooner did he see her, and the little boy carrying a small bundle, I suppose, of his poor belongings, than a tear started to his eye, while the poor woman looked radiant with hope. He said, "I am so sorry, my poor woman, that we cannot receive your child to-day, for there came a poor widow with five children, so we were obliged to admit hers." Upon hearing this decision she began to weep; the President immediately put a sovereign into her hand, telling her to go home and if she needed further help to let him know, expressing the hope that probably her child would be admitted next time.

One Thursday evening, some years ago, when our dear President could walk fairly well, I remember meeting him coming from the Almhouses to the Tabernacle by way of the front entrance. As we neared the gates, a considerable crowd attracted our notice. "A horse down, I am afraid," said he. Very soon a boy's plaintive cry, "My father! My father!" met our ears. On nearing the crowd, it was evident that the Pastor was by no means unknown, for a way was at once made for him to the centre of the group. There lay a poorly-clad boy, amid a quantity of carrots and turnips which had evidently been shot from a coster's broken barrow. The poor lad seemed to be in agony of despair, though to all appearance unhurt in body. He seemed oblivious to everything but his sense of sore trouble. My kind companion gently prodded him with his walking-stick, exclaiming at the same time, "Well, well, my boy, what about your father?" The boy's reply seemed like the unburdening of his heart:—"My father's been ill a long while, and we boys try and carry on a bit of business to keep us, and that fellow's took off our wheel."

This information, illustrated as it was by the "spill" around him, was eloquent to the Pastor's heart; and, as was natural to him, he quickly sought to make it so to others also. Appealing to the on-lookers, he said, "How can you stand by, and not make an effort to help the poor boys? Take up their things, and put them inside our railings." This was the signal for setting of many willing hands to work. One recognized member of the Tabernacle church was quickly despatched for what he called the "doctor", by which he meant the wheelwright, to undertake his part of the restorative work which at once suggested itself to the kind heart of the Pastor. An officer of the church accompanied the boys to their so-called home, where the poor father was found a needy invalid. A true "good Samaritan" work was done, and the interest of the neighbours, several of whom were members of the Tabernacle, was aroused on his behalf. Thus the seemingly untoward incident became a great blessing to the family. Need we wonder at so many weeping eyes among the poor of the neighbourhood as their friend was being borne from their midst?

Cheltenham. W. L. LANG.

Notices of Books.

In consequence of the absence from home of the late beloved Editor, our usual reviews of *Annual Volumes* were postponed until his expected return. Since his translation to heaven, the space necessarily occupied by memorial notices has left so little available room, that we can only mention the titles and the names of the publishers of the annuals we have received, and promise prompt references to next year's volumes, if we are spared to see them. The following have not previously been acknowledged :— *Hazell's Annual for* 1892: a Cyclopædic Record of Men and Topics of the Day. Hazell, Watson, and Viney. *The Minister's Pocket Diary and Clerical Vade Mecum.* Hodder and Stoughton. *The Expository Times.* Edited by Rev. JAMES HASTINGS, M.A. Vol. II. *The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature.* Edited by Professor S. D. F. SALMOND, D.D. Vol. I. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark. *The Homilist.* Edited by Rev. J. J. S. BIRD, B.A. Vol. LXII. Houlston and Sons. *The Preacher's Magazine.* Editors : MARK GUY PEARSE and ARTHUR E. GREGORY. C. H. Kelly. *The Sunday-school Teacher.* Vol. V. Sunday-school Union. *The Fireside. Hand and Heart.* Vol. XV. *The Day of Days.* Vol. XX. *Home Words for Heart and Hearth.* All edited by Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Publishing Office, 7, Paternoster Square. *The Shield and Spear.* Edited by W. EVANS HURNDALL, M.A. Vol. VI. Elliot Stock. *The Mother's Friend.* Edited by Mrs. G. S. REANEY, Vol. IV. Hodder and Stoughton. *Old Jonathan.* Vol. XVI. Collingridge. *Our Own Magazine.* Edited by T. B. BISHOP. Vol. XII. The Children's Special Service Mission, 13A, Warwick Lane. *Bible Women and Nurses.* Vol. VIII. Cassell and Co. *The British Messenger.* Vol. XXXIX. *The Gospel Trumpet.* Vol. XXXV. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling. *Early Days*, and *The Methodist Temperance Magazine.* 2, Castle Street, City Road. *The Methodist Family.* Vol. XXII. 62, Paternoster Row. *Onward.* Vol. XXVI. *Onward Reciter.* Vol. XX. *Onward and Upward.* The Journal of the Haddo House Association. Vol. I. *Wee Willie Winkie.* Edited by LADY MARJORIE GORDON. Vol. I. All published by Partridge and Co. *The National Temperance League's Annual.* Edited by ROBERT RAE. 33, Paternoster Row.

Christ Crucified. Remarkable Sermons preached from the same text, by ROWLAND HILL and C. H. SPURGEON. With Introduction by Rev. B. SENIOR. Passmore and Alabaster.

IT was certainly remarkable that C. H. Spurgeon, preaching at the opening of New Surrey Chapel, should take the same text that Rowland Hill had chosen, more than a century before, for the first sermon in the old Surrey Chapel. Both discourses are well worth reading, and deserve a wide circulation. Here they are, with portraits of the preachers, for threepence ; or fourpence in better binding.

The New Life. By ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

YOUNG Christian, gather this manna early every morning, before "the sun waxeth hot", "the day's portion in its day"; gather it *upon your knees*, and of you it shall be truly said, as of God's ancient people, "Man did eat angels' food."

Character Sketches. By W. T. STEAD. Haddon and Co.

MR. STEAD evidently holds a very exalted position in the opinion of one individual, and from his lofty pinnacle he looks down on Kaisers, princes, prelates, and such small fry, as though they were so many gold fish in an aquarium, with whose movements and habits he was perfectly familiar. Friends have asked if no notice is to be taken of his depreciatory remarks on our late beloved Editor. Certainly not in *The Sword and the Trowel*, for since Mr. Stead installed himself as chief priest of Satan's "church of the future", we have ceased to care for anything he may say.

Darkness and Daylight; or, Lights and Shadows of New York Life. By MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL, COL. T. W. KNOX, and Inspector THOMAS BYRNES. Hartford, Connecticut: Worthington and Co.

IT is said that everything American is large. Here is a large book, with large type, large margin, large revelations, and large aims. It should have a large circulation. It is gratifying to find that, while certain of our American cousins regard with pardonable satisfaction the numerical prosperity of their metropolis, and believe it will be the *largest* city in the world before the opening of the next century, others are chiefly concerned that it should be the *best*.

The growth of New York is, indeed, one of the greatest wonders of modern times. Two hundred and sixty-nine years ago, Dutch settlers paid twenty-four dollars for the island on which it stands. To-day, it is said that the ground and buildings of the great city could not be purchased for less than *seven thousand tons of gold coin of standard fineness*. Within a radius of twelve or fifteen miles from the City Hall, it has a population of nearly four millions. Every nation has its representatives, and so has nearly every form of religion. In the great city, wealth and poverty, virtue and vice, dignity and degradation, are found side by side. The house of God is flanked by a gambling-house on one side and a drink-shop on the other. In the oldest part of New York, especially in the region of the tenement-houses, there are many crooked and narrow streets, and dirty alleys, forming a labyrinth that puzzles even an old resident. Many of these are dark and irregular alleys, swarming with children, reeking with filth, and abounding with almost every form of vice, crime, and wickedness. Some are not a yard wide, and the only entrance is by a door or archway on the street. It is possible to pass scores of such alleys for years, and remain wholly unconscious of the dreadful life that exists at the other end of the dark passage-ways. The volume contains narratives of mission and rescue work in tough places, with personal experiences among the poor in regions of poverty and vice; an all-night missionary's experience in gospel work in the slums; a journalist's account of little-known phases of metropolitan life; and a detective's experiences and observations among the dangerous and criminal classes. The writers have told startling stories, which are calculated to hold the reader's attention with a peculiar fascination; and they have illustrated them by upwards of two hundred and fifty engravings, selected from nearly a thousand photographs taken from life. The seven hundred and forty pages do not contain a dull or uninteresting line; but furnish a mine of information and amusement, together with material for profound thought. The humorous and the pathetic phases of life are depicted with a power which alternately fills our mouth with laughter and suffuses our face with tears.

The Queen's Prime Ministers. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. By G. W. E. RUSSELL. *Lord Palmerston.* By The MARQUIS OF LORNE. *The Marquis of Salisbury.* By H. D. TRAIL, D.C.L. Sampson Low & Co.

THE idea of issuing a series of books on related subjects has been in great favour among us for some time. It will be somewhat difficult to carry it out effectively in the case of "The Queen's Prime Ministers." While each "English Man of Letters" is a distinct personality, with no relation to others of his craft living in other generations; and while the "Preachers of the Age" will each produce a distinct volume of sermons; the Queen's Prime Ministers have, for the most part, been contemporaries, playing different parts in the drama of her reign, so that there is danger of overlapping. Whoever reads all the volumes must expect to get practically the same dish served up several times. Still, each Premier has his own place, and each author tells his story after his own fashion.

Though Mr. Barnett Smith's "Life of Mr. Gladstone" was received with favour, and though we have here an excellent sketch of the Great Commoner, his life has still to be written in a fuller and more enduring work

than we have seen, or can see, until his career has closed. Mr. Russell does his work with sympathetic intelligence and discrimination, and with a good deal of literary skill.

If Mr. Gladstone must biographically increase, Lord Palmerston must decrease. No one now asks for a great volume about him. Why should Lord Lorne disfigure his preface by a story about the Duke of Wellington, in which the old warrior figures as a profane swearer? If he was in the habit of using bad language, when decrepit with age, no one will think any the more of him for it; and if a kind of brutal brusqueness was characteristic of both him and Palmerston, surely neither will stand better with posterity on that account.

Lord Salisbury has not so much of life behind him as Mr. Gladstone, nor has he held office as long as Palmerston, neither has his name been identified with great legislative achievements; and the fact of his being a peer rather than a member of the popular assembly is adverse to the interest and success of a biography. Dr. Trail, however, overcomes these disadvantages by a vivacity and brilliancy of style, and conspicuous literary ability and resource. He is in error, however, when he says, on page 200, that Lord Salisbury, on the formation of his first ministry, "assumed the position of Foreign Secretary, in conjunction with that of First Lord of the Treasury." In that ministry Lord Iddesleigh held the latter office.

The Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser. By JOHN W. DIGGLE, M.A. Sampson Low & Co.

THE life of a bishop does not always yield interesting material enough for even one biography, but we have now two of Bishop Fraser. We thought we were well served in the one written by Mr. Thomas Hughes, but evidently Canon Diggle and his friends thought there was more to be said for the eminent prelate they so justly admired. From the title of the book, it may be supposed to have a special or an exclusive value for Lancashire churchmen; but any intelligent man, interested in the questions of the day, who takes it up to read, will find it hard to leave off till he has read it through. Dr. Fraser was not an evangelist, exclusively preaching the gospel; we wish he had done more in that way. He was a prophet, lifting up his voice for righteousness on all social, industrial, and commercial questions. He was not a theologian, though he knew and valued Christian doctrine. His pulpit and platform gifts brought him into great demand for sermons and speeches. The reporters followed him wherever he went, and while they allowed his preaching, in the usual sense, to go, they reported verbatim whatever he said on the questions of the hour. These reports, together with letters, and many semi-private utterances, are judiciously and skilfully reproduced in this volume. It was inevitable that a man, who was continually speaking out of the fulness of a warm heart, should sometimes fail to say the right thing. His opinions were often too hastily formed to be sound. Probably no man will be found to endorse all these utterances, but every fair-minded individual will admire the courage, capacity, and transparent sincerity of their author, and read in this volume an explanation of his popularity, and the hold he had on the heart and mind of Lancashire.

Thomas Cook's Early Ministry. By HENRY T. SMART. Chas. H. Kelly.

THIS is a smart book. "Yes," you say, "it is sure to be so if it is a memoir of Thomas Cook the tourist." But, good friend, it does not describe the veteran traveller, but Thomas Cook the youthful Evangelist. "Ah! some common person, I suppose." Quite the reverse, we assure you; he is a man who has long lived in the best society; in fact, he is well known to the angels. For the last ten or twelve years, as he has laboured amongst the Wesleyan churches of this country, multitudes by his ministry have been led to Christ. This volume is an appreciative sketch of his earnest work written by a brother minister, and is full of excellent matter, and good suggestions, well arranged.

Divine Footprints in the Bible. By Rev. WILLIAM GRIFFITHS, M.A. Elliot Stock.

IT is not every believer in the divine authority of Holy Scripture who has an eye to see so many divine footprints therein as this author, or to descant upon them with such point. Many modern divines are adepts at raising a dust, and creating obscurity and doubt where the Bible is concerned. Mr. Griffiths is *not* one of these. His aim is to lay dust, remove obscurity, and extinguish doubt. Not only is his object excellent, but the ability shown in attaining it is also considerable.

Christ or Satan; which Prince beloved? By HENRY EDWARDS, Lausanne. Shaw and Co.

THE object of this writer is to effect a total severance between a professedly Christian Church and a world-power which, whatever may be its avowed leanings, is practically in the power of Satan. This work is not likely to have the weight and influence which its sterling merits deserve. Nowadays, faith in every kind of political and social nostrum is in full blast, and there will be but few, either in the Church or out of it, who will care to listen to a voice that is as of one crying in the wilderness. We wish, however, the trend of modern Christianity were in this writer's direction. He may push his principles somewhat too far; but he writes as one who is not ignorant of Satan's devices, and who can warn others concerning them.

The Christian Ministry: its Origin, Constitution, Nature, and Work. By WILLIAM LEFROY, D.D., Dean of Norwich. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS elaborate treatise is written in a devout spirit, and betrays no obvious trace of bias. It is, however, hard to see how, in connection with such a theme, the personal equation can be totally eliminated. On the whole, the conclusions drawn are Episcopal, though the grounds for these in apostolic times are exceedingly inchoate. The question turns largely on the virtual continuance, under another name, of some of the apostolic functions. It is clear enough that the localized ministry in apostolic times was dual; but, despite this able and dispassionate treatise, it is not yet quite clear to us why bishops should be exalted above Presbyters, or should carry on, in any sense, a kind of apostolic succession. The difficulty lies here. We quite admit that the distinction between apostles and adherents before the resurrection was continued after it, and that this distinction was deepened rather than decreased by Pentecost. It is also clear that some others besides "the twelve", such as Paul and Barnabas, had apostolic rank. Still, evidence of succession is not forthcoming, and to assume the enlargement of the bishopric to fill the gap created by their absence, or to supply what was permanently essential in connection therewith, is to us a Rubicon we still must fear to cross. Whether the crossing of this Rubicon means courage or temerity, we leave our readers to judge. For the writer of this work we have a high respect; and with his fundamental thesis, that the Church is not a formal organization, but constituted by the breath and power of the Holy Ghost, we are in heartiest accord.

The Analogy of Existence and Christianity. By CHARLES J. WALLACE, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE line taken in this book is a dangerous one. Writers in it are apt to elevate analogies into parallels, and parallels into identities, until, instead of the natural being made to help us to realize the spiritual, the two get confused; and so far from reason and intelligence aiding faith, they are brought into conflict with it. But Mr. Wallace pursues his course with sobriety and substantial loyalty to Scripture. He tells us in his preface that here he tries his "'prentice hand" at authorship, and modestly apologizes for shortcomings. While the style is crude, and the form defective, the matter is good, and the moral purpose excellent. Whoever invests six shillings in this book, and reads it with care and judgment, will have an ample mental and spiritual return for his outlay and labour.

Animals and their Young. Partridge.

THIS is a choice line of zoological study, and it is well followed. To see the love of the dam to her offspring, even among ferocious creatures, has a softening effect upon the heart. One of the surest cures for cruelty is an observation of the love which glows even in the heart of beasts of prey towards their little ones. Mr. Harland Coultas has done his work well, and the result is a great prize for so small a sum as two shillings.

The P. S. A. What it is, and how to start it. By A. HOLDEN-BYLES, B.A. James Clarke and Co.

EVERYTHING in a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon must depend upon the aim of those who conduct the proceedings. Mr. Byles has a good idea of what can be done, and puts his notion into plain practical form. A Bible-class seems to us to be what is wanted; but you may call a thing what you like if a new name will secure an audience. Our only fear is that the whole business may get shaped for the pleasure rather than the profit of those who come. This need not be the case.

Everybody's Book of Wit and Humour. (1) *English*; (2) *Scotch*; (3) *Irish. Everybody's Book of Proverbs and Quotations.* Selected and classified by W. H. HOWE. Howe and Co., 23, St. Paul's Buildings.

THESE four little books belong to a very popular series, and can be had for sixpence each in cloth, and in limp leather for a shilling. They are singularly clever and cheap. The first three upon English, Scotch, and Irish humour are put together in a fine volume for half-a-crown, and furnish a wealth of fun. The Proverb-book is very full, handy, and attractive. We think that the author of "John Ploughman" could claim more of the proverbial sentences than he is credited with; but in the business of proverbs we may as well have all things common, for no man can be sure that aught which he possesses is his own. A note placed at the commencement about "lifting" from the collection somewhat amuses us, seeing that the collection itself owes its existence to "lifting."

The Elder at the Plate. A collection of Anecdotes and Incidents. By NICHOLAS DICKSON. Glasgow: Morison Brothers.

THIS is not only a collection of anecdotes, but it might have been entitled "Anecdotes of the Collection", and very lively stories they are. The Scotch custom of having the plate at the door of the kirk, with an elder on guard over it, gives the title to the book, and furnishes the picture for the cover. It is this official's duty not only to see that nothing is taken out, but also to watch what is put in. Thus we are told that, when a gaudily-dressed young woman placed her offering in the plate, the elder followed her to the gallery, and holding up a counterfeit coin, exclaimed aloud, "Here, ma woman, tak' back yer bad ha'penny; how daur ye offer the blin' an' lame to the Lord?" When a wealthy landowner threw in only a penny, the watchful elder at the Parish Church of Old Monkland called out, "Come back, laird; ye maun do mair for the plate than that. I'll no tak' it off yer hand." In this case "the contribution was largely increased," but whether it was a "freewill offering" the historian does not say.

Sowing Beside all Waters. By Rev. J. G. PATERSON. With Introduction by HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D. Glasgow: D. Bryce and Son.

A CHATTY and interesting narrative of a journey of sixty-six thousand miles over land and sea. The author is on such evident good terms with himself, that he makes his readers quite at ease. He gives the reader happy glances at colonial life and church struggles; sometimes hitting out at Christian friends; as when he takes two pages to denounce the tyranny of the Temperance movement, or later to laugh at believers' baptism; but always in so cheery a style, that we dissent without anger, or commend without flattery. We trust our friend's proclivities for itinerancy may be abundantly blessed to many souls.

Notes.



AT my dear brother's request, I obtained the following information concerning our esteemed elder, MR. F. COCKRELL, and sent it to him at Menton, ready for publication with the accompanying portrait. Many readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* will be interested in the story of how the Y. M. C. A. originated.—J. A. S.

MR. COCKRELL came to London in 1837; and three years later he went to Hitchcock and Rogers', then known as 72, St. Paul's Churchyard. In 1841, Mr. George Williams came to London from Bridgewater, a young man just out of his apprenticeship. *The next morning* after his arrival in town, he asked Mr. Cockrell, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" He replied, "Yes; He loves me, therefore I love Him." "Are there any more Christian young men in this house?" he enquired. The answer was, "Yes, four; Thomas Gibbons, George North, Thomas Jackson, and Christopher Smith; only five Christians out of 120 young men in the house." Mr. Williams next asked, "What is being done for these unconverted young men?" Mr. Cockrell replied, "Nothing." Mr. W. then said, "Shall we meet for prayer?" Continuing the narrative, Mr. Cockrell says, "We did meet that evening in my bedroom, which was commodious; and we all six prayed. We afterwards announced to all the others in the house, that we purposed meeting there for prayer each Sunday morning and evening, and on Wednesdays. At first there was much sneering; but soon the bedroom was too small, and we took a large room in the Ludgate Hill Coffee House, and at once asked the young men from other establishments; and the Young Men's Christian Association sprang out of these gatherings. Mr. Hitchcock was the first President. I heard him, at a meeting in the Freemasons' Tavern, say that he never knew how he was converted, but he traced it to the prayers of those who met in the bedroom of one of the young men in his house, and who always prayed for their employers. Mr. Williams married Mr. Hitchcock's daughter, became a partner in the firm; and on Mr. Hitchcock's death, became the second President of the Y. M. C. A. I went into business for myself in 1843, being then a member of the Church of England. I came to the Tabernacle about twenty-five years ago, was baptized by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and that same year four of my children believed in the Lord Jesus. I have been an elder of the church at the Tabernacle twenty-three years. My life has been one string of mercies. I am nearly blind, have been twice knocked down and driven over in London, twice nearly drowned, twice called out of bed because the adjoining house was on fire; but I am still rejoicing in the Lord; for—

"'In Christ I have believed,
And through the spotless Lamb,
Grace and salvation have received;
In Him complete I am.'"

Our friend Cockrell has had many trials: not long ago he lost his dear wife: but, upheld by divine grace, he continues always cheerful, and by his bright and happy conversation helps to make others as glad in the Lord as he is himself. Notwithstanding his physical infirmity, he faithfully discharges the duties of his eldership, as far as he can; and he has no dimness of spiritual vision. Loyal to the church and his pastors, he is a specimen of many of the less-known workers at the Tabernacle, to whose quiet, persistent service and godly lives, much of the church's success is due. May the evening of his life be bright with the light of the glory yet to be revealed!

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—In response to the unanimous request of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon and the deacons and elders, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon has "gladly" consented to supply the Tabernacle pulpit while Dr. Pierson is in America, during the months of July, August, and September; after which, it is hoped that Dr. Pierson will resume his work in the Tabernacle.

HADDON HALL, BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.—The annual meeting was held on *Wednesday evening, March* 16. S. Barrow, Esq., of Redhill, presided, and the speakers included Pastor H. O. Mackey, and Messrs. F. W. N. Lloyd, Joseph Benson, and W. Olney, president of the Mission. The Report stated that twenty-five friends had professed their faith by baptism during the past twelve months. The total number of baptisms at Haddon Hall for the eight years since the opening has been 280; and there

are 302 communicants now on the register. Services in the Hall are held every Lord's-day morning and evening, and also on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The largest congregation gathers on Sunday evenings, when there are present over 400 people. Open-air services are held, summer and winter, six times a week. The Tract Society consists of 33 distributors, who visit over 1,000 families on Sunday afternoons. A Benevolent Fund, first started to help the poorest cases upon the districts, is the means of giving over £100 in relief tickets during the year. The Sunday-school has an average attendance of 39 teachers, and 656 scholars in the afternoon. The Mothers' Meeting, under the presidency of Mrs. Olney, is held on Monday afternoons. The attendance is over 200. Gospel Temperance Meetings are held on Monday evenings. One thousand copies of the monthly magazine, *The Haddon Hall Evangelist*, are freely distributed. Each number contains a verbatim report of one of Mr. Olney's sermons, and the workers often hear of good resulting from reading it. Other agencies in active operation are the Dorcas Society, Lodging House Visitation, Dissolving View Services, Small Tract Fund, etc., etc. The total income for the year 1891 was £691 7s. 7d. This Mission is a great blessing to the region in which it is situated.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—On *Wednesday, March* 23, the annual meeting of the above Society was held in the lecture-hall, when a large and enthusiastic audience was present. Colonel H. McGregor, C.B., presided. The Secretary (Mr. S. C. Bowker) read the Committee's Tenth Annual Report, in which they had to record, with feelings of deep sorrow, the decease of their beloved and honoured President, C. H. Spurgeon.

The small number of pledges taken, viz., 253, and the decrease in the membership, were fully accounted for by the Society not being able to hold its usual mission owing to the late Pastor's long and serious illness, and the number of meetings held, viz., 37 (the smallest number in any year of the Society's existence), was owing to the meetings having been given up for prayer-meetings for Mr. Spurgeon's recovery. During the ten years of the Society's existence, 714 meetings have been held, and 22,581 pledges have been taken.

In concluding their Report, the Committee asked all Christian friends, who are in sympathy with the good work, to come to their help, and so make the new year the most successful in the history of the Society, in "rescuing the perishing" from the curse of drink, and leading sinners to the feet of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Treasurer (Mr. W. Stubbs) then read the balance-sheet, which showed that the receipts amounted to £57 19s. 0d., and the expenditure to £50 9s. 8d. Able addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Hon. Canon Leigh, and Messrs. Wm. Noble, Ambrose Pomeroy, Clarence Chambers, and F. Cowley; and sacred solos were sung by Madame Sophia Alder. The regular meetings of the Society are held in the lecture-hall every Wednesday evening.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—On *Tuesday Evening, March* 29, the annual meeting was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon took the chair, supported by Dr. Pierson, Rev. David Davies (of Brighton), Mr. S. R. Pearce (Superintendent), Deacon Frank Thompson, and several of the elders of the church. The Sunday-school choir, under the direction of Mr. H. W. Harvey, sang a selection of hymns, the audience joining in two of them. After prayer by Mr. S. Wigney, a report of the year's work was presented by the Secretary, Mr. C. Wagstaff, who was able to announce that all the departments of the work were well sustained. The number of teachers, including officers, was 100, all church-members, according to the rules of the school. There are 1,353 scholars, 401 of whom are over fifteen years of age, and 120 are church-members, 29 having been received into fellowship during the year. £250 was raised for Home and Foreign Mission work. The Report further referred to the Young Christians' Association, Band of Hope, Library and Periodical Department, Sunday-school and Colportage Working Society, and the International Bible-reading Association, all of which were said to be in good working order.

The chairman, having delivered an address, called upon Dr. Pierson, who spoke, firstly, of *Encouragement found in Children*, and told the story of the little girl who collected the first gold dollar which led to the erection of a Sunday-school in Philadelphia, the inscription over the door being, "A little child shall lead them." The doctor stated that he went to Sunday-school when he was four years of age, and he believed that he was converted before he was five years old. He next spoke upon *Encouragement found in the Teacher*, illustrating his subject by describing the conversion of a poor boy, who lay dying in a garret. The teachers should aim at the immediate conversion of each scholar. After a collection for the school funds, the Rev. David Davies entertained the audience with an exceedingly happy talk concerning the *genuineness and the possibilities of the work*. After the usual votes of thanks, the choir sang, "God be with you till we meet again," and Dr. Pierson closed this interesting and pleasant meeting with prayer.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this long-established and useful Society was held in the lecture-hall on *Monday Evening, April* 4. Pastor J. A.

Spurgeon presided, and spoke on behalf of the work, as did Dr. Pierson and Mr. William Olney. The meeting was well attended, and the proceedings were of an interesting character. The Report stated that about £65 had been received and expended during the year, and gave a list of articles made and given away, together with material not made up. There is continued need of the work of this Society in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle. Any ladies who can join the working party will be welcomed at the Ladies' Room on the Thursday after the first Lord's-day in each month; and donations of money or material for making up will be gratefully received by Mrs. Phillips, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.

COLLEGE.—Mr. H. K. Byard has completed his course with us, and settled at Winslow and Swanbourne. Mr. C. H. Homer is going to South Africa after the Conference; and Mr. E. C. Murphy will go to the Falkland Islands, to occupy the place of our late brother Good. Mr. D. G. Graham, who returned to Australia last year, has become pastor at Canterbury, Victoria.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. R. Herries, from North Shields to Leeds Road, Bradford; Mr. C. E. Stone, from Northcote Road, Wandsworth, to Middlesbrough; Mr. J. Clark, from Antigonishe to Cobourg, Ontario, Canada; and Mr. E. Vaughan, from Yorke's Peninsula to Mannum, South Australia. Mr. S. T. Williams has gone to Whitchurch, Shropshire, not Hampshire, as stated last month.

CONFERENCE.—Earnest prayer is asked that a special blessing may rest upon the gatherings of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, from May 2 to 6. Meeting without the late beloved President, grace and wisdom will be peculiarly needed by all who will take part in the different meetings; but if believers everywhere will cry mightly to the Lord, even our heavy bereavement will be overruled for His glory and for our good. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon and those associated with him will be greatly cheered by the generous support of old and new friends of the College at the subscribers' supper on May 4, when G. T. Congreve, Esq., of Brighton, has kindly promised to preside.

The next issue of *The Sword and the Trowel* will be a *Special Conference Number*, in which we shall give as full a report as is possible of the proceedings at the Conference. As this number will also contain the Annual Report of the College, we trust that all our brethren will assist us in securing for it a wide circulation.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor W. Townsend writes, concerning *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* mission at Canterbury:—"We were full of hope that their coming amongst us might result in an increase of spiritual vigour in the church, and an ingathering of souls to our Lord Jesus Christ; and we have not been disappointed. Every evening large congregations gathered to hear the gospel. Towards the end of the mission, the crush was so great, that we were compelled to hold overflow meetings, and there is little doubt that the building would have been filled if it could have held twice as many. Mr. Fullerton's clear and forcible, and withal, tender presentation of the gospel, moved many hearts; while Mr. Smith's singing not only drew the people, but impressed them. Some idea of the power of God which rested upon the services, may be learned from the fact that more than one hundred persons entered the enquiry-room for conversation with the Evangelists or their helpers. Among these were several backsliders, who, we trust, have been restored to fellowship with God; and many of our own congregation, who were not far from the Kingdom, and are now rejoicing that they have crossed the line. Some, too, who before the mission were outside of all religious influences, have, we believe, been savingly converted. Our brethren, by their genial kindness and earnest work, thoroughly won the hearts of my people, and already many are expressing the hope that they will return to us."

We have received the following report of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at South Street Baptist Chapel, Exeter:—

"After a week of special prayer in anticipation of the mission, many came to hear the Word, many hearts were prepared to accept the message, and night after night, in the after-meetings, enquirers were directed to the Saviour, and went home rejoicing in Him. The interest of the meetings increased daily, until the crowning blessing was granted on the last Sunday evening. Many went away from the crowded chapel, unable to gain an entrance, and all who were there must have felt the power of the Holy Spirit manifest in the preacher as he solemnly put 'Life and death' before us, and in the earnest, pleading voice of the 'sweet singer' as he sang the gospel invitation. But perhaps the most precious times of all to believers were the quiet 'Hours with the Bible' enjoyed by all who could attend the afternoon meetings. Many friends will long remember the mine of wealth opened to them as Mr. Fullerton expounded, and illustrated so beautifully, the subjects chosen for study.

"May God bless our friends the Evangelists, and from Exeter, and wherever they go, may rich harvests of souls be ingathered to the praise of their Lord and ours!"

They have since been at Southend-on-Sea, Foot's Cray, and Bromley, Kent. On May 7 and 8, they are to be at Croydon; from May 14 to 22, at Cheltenham; and May 29 to June 5, at Annan, N.B.

Pastor R. H. Coe sends a cheering report

of *Mr. Burnham's* services at Mount Pleasant Baptist Chapel, St. George's, Bristol. He testifies that at the meetings several were brought to decision, and that the spiritual life of many believers was deepened and increased. From Rayleigh, Pastor I. Bridge writes:—"The addresses each evening were all gospel—simple, interesting, and telling. . . . We were refreshed and stimulated; but, best of all, a soul was brought into happy gospel liberty."

Mr. Burnham has since been at Modbury, Saltash, Isleham, and Chiswick. After the Conference he goes to Crane Moor Primitive Methodist Chapel, Sheffield.

Mr. Harmer's mission in connection with the United Nonconformist Churches, Riddings, Derbyshire, was a great success. One of the ministers writes:—"Some of us who have been marching Zionwards for years felt it to be a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and we have reason to believe also that many sinners were induced to cross the line."

Pastor T. Henson reports "a happy and useful mission" at East Plumstead; and Pastor H. Smith writes from Faringdon, concerning Mr. Harmer's visit:—"We are thankful to have had him with us. The double blessing, salvation for many of the unsaved, and quickened life for believers, has followed his labours. The chief characteristic of the mission was the decision of a large number of young people from the Sunday-school. Mr. Harmer is evidently at home with the boys and girls, and a great harvest will surely attend this part of his work. We believe that lasting good has been done; yea, everlasting."

Mr. Harmer has been, for the fourth time, to Washbrook, and Burlington Chapel, Ipswich; and also to Queen's Road Chapel, Barking.

ORPHANAGE.—On *Friday, April* 8, the Annual Distribution of Prizes, awarded by the Sunday-school teachers, took place. Mark Beaufoy, Esq., M.P., presided, and gave an interesting address. Several of the Trustees were present. The Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., addressed the children, and afterwards gave the award of merit to the premier girl, consisting of a silver watch, presented by Mr. Wm. Higgs; a silver watch to each of the premier girls in the six houses, presented by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Passmore; and six volumes to the six premier boys. The recipients were elected for these marks of distinction by their companions.

On *Lord's-day, April* 10, the Quarterly Service was held, the address being given by the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, Junior, M.A., of Brixton Church. These quarterly meetings of the children and officers are amongst the most interesting and important in connection with the Orphanage, addresses being given by local ministers of all denominations.

Old Boys' Assembly, June 4 *to* 6. The Whitsun Holidays afford an opportunity for the re-union of "Old Stockwellians." All who are able to attend should write to Mr. Charlesworth in good time to allow the necessary preparation to be made.

At the *Annual Festival* to be held (D.V.), on *Wednesday, June* 22, there will be several features of special interest. W. L. A. B. Burdett-Coutts, Esq., M.P., and Alexander McArthur, Esq., M.P., have promised to preside at the afternoon and evening meetings. The President and Committee of Management are most anxious to secure the presence and support of generous friends of former years, and all who desire the perpetuation of the Orphanage as one of the memorials of the late beloved founder and President. Collecting-boxes and books may be had on application to the Secretary, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, London.

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.—The *Annual Meeting* and Conference will be held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle on *Monday, May* 23, when the Report for the past year (a very encouraging one) will be presented. A number of the Colporteurs will be present, and give some account of their work. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon will preside, and Dr. Pierson will deliver an address.

Ninety-one districts are being worked, and applications for others are being considered. How far the present staff can be retained, and new Colporteurs started, will depend upon a liberal response from our friends to the appeal recently made for increased help for the General Fund.

All communications addressed to W. Corden Jones, Secretary, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, will receive prompt attention.

PERSONAL NOTE.—To the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel*,—Dear Sir,—This is the Seventh Annual Report of my distribution of *Extracts from the Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*, and *Spurgeon's Illustrated Tracts*, from 5 to 7 a.m. on week days, and 7.45 to 10.45 a.m. on Sundays, on my way to public worship at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. I do not know how I can better utilize the early mornings, than by rising at three o'clock; and, after occupying two happy hours in carefully reading the Scriptures, psalm-singing, &c., going out of doors, and distributing the above-named literature in house letter-boxes, over an area of a square mile; and handing it on the streets to working-men while on their way to their employment. I have thus the privilege of introducing the gospel into thousands of houses; and presenting it with kindly words to thousands of working-men, whose reading must necessarily be very limited; and who cannot but receive a stimulus to reflection upon subjects of infinite and eternal importance by means of these tracts. In these "perilous times",

Christian patriotism, as well as an earnest desire for the salvation of souls, urges one to zeal and vigilance in the use of every possible means to impress the hearts and instruct the minds of men in a knowledge of the only way of true peace and happiness in this world, and the only way that leads to heaven.

The number of the Sermons, Illustrated Tracts, and Cards, entitled "Trust Jesus", distributed during seven years, ending March 31, was 172,350; also many New Testaments, and some thousands of religious periodicals.

Where has all this literature gone? How has it been received? What are the results? These questions are more easily asked than answered. Many families may have received blessings by means of these messengers of mercy without my knowledge; and an incident, which occurred to myself fifty-one years ago, encourages me to believe that such is the case. In the year 1841, a stranger abruptly entered the place where I was at work, and handing me a parcel in white paper, bearing no name, said authoritatively—"This is for *you*"; and then he instantly vanished into space without even "thanks." I opened the parcel, and discovered a little book entitled, *The Anxious Enquirer after Salvation Directed and Encouraged*, by the late John Angell James, of Birmingham. That book exactly suited the condition of my soul, and under the divine blessing it was of great service to me: yet Mr. James died in the year 1859 without being informed of the fact, and the friendly stranger who gave me the book is to this day unknown to me.

How has this literature been received when presented to working-men? Mostly with thanks, some of it with indifference, and a small portion of it has been torn up, and scattered upon the streets.

While away from London last summer, I availed myself of offered opportunities to address Young Men's Christian Associations, Sunday-schools, &c., in Kingstown, Bray, and Wicklow, in Ireland; Ayr, Newburgh, and Peebles, in Scotland; Tobermory (Island of Mull), Stornoway (Isle of Lewis), Stromness (Orkneys); Morpeth, Richmond (Yorkshire), Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Whitby, Bridlington, and Bridlington Quay, in England; and distributed some of the above-named Sermons, &c., at all the meetings; and as widely as I could in every town I visited.

Months ago, I wistfully looked forward to the pleasure of handing this little Report to the revered Pastor who kindly received the six former ones; but the Lord has willed otherwise; and as the best token of gratitude I am able to render for the benefits I have received by his sermons and holy example, I have forwarded £100 to the Memorial Fund in aid of the Orphanage and other Institutions founded by Mr. Spurgeon, announced in *The Sword and the Trowel*.—

Yours truly,

T. G. OWENS.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—March 24, thirteen; 31, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 12th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raworth	1	0	0
Mrs. L. Cox	1	0	0
Mrs. Keevil	5	0	0
Pastor E. Baker	1	0	0
Pastor E. R. Pullen	0	3	6
Mr. R. Booth	1	0	0
From a friend	0	1	0
Mr. Joseph Spurge	1	1	0
From friends at Melbourne Hall, Leicester, per Pastor C. B. Sawday...	2	0	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
A thankoffering, 1892	1	0	0
Pastor C. Deal	0	10	0
Pastor R. J. Williamson	1	0	0
Pastor G. T. Ennals	0	10	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Pastor H. A. Fletcher	0	2	6
Mrs. Halcrow	0	5	0
Miss Dale	0	10	0
Rev. John Burnham	3	3	0
Miss Maclean	0	5	0
Collection at Manver's Street Baptist Chapel, Bath, per Pastor H. F. Gower	4	10	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. Mead	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow, for Merstham ...	30	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0
Mrs. Gray, senior	0	2	0
Miss Durham	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at New Brompton Baptist Tabernacle, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	6	5	0
Dr. Pain	1	1	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	1	0	0
From Christ Church, Aston, Birmingham, per Pastor G. Samuel	2	11	0
M. H. B. S.	0	10	0
Mr. Moses Savage	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
Mr. Brazil, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Russell	5	0	0
Mrs. Welch	0	5	0
Actuary	10	0	0
Mr. Edward Pink	1	1	0
Miss Powlesland, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Cook	5	0	0
Mr. Alexander Blackwood	5	0	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. Payne, Copthorne, per J. T. D. ...	1	0	0
Mr. Fredk. Howard	4	4	0
Miss E. E. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. J. A. Tawell	5	0	0
Mr. George Duncan	10	0	0
Mr. Martin Hope Sutton	2	2	0
Mr. Martin J. Sutton	5	0	0
Miss Hadland	1	1	0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	1	0
Mr. E. Marsh	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Robert Gunston	2	2	0
Mr. J. Whittuck Rabbits	10	10	0
"In loving memory of Mr. Spurgeon, Singapore"	1	0	0
Miss Adderley	1	0	0
Mr. E. W. Jacobs	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Mar. 20	11	0	6
Mar. 27	53	3	0
April 3	41	9	5
,, 10	60	4	6
			£ s. d.
			171 17 5
			£347 4 5

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 12th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. H. West	0	10	0
From a friend	0	1	0
A friend (2678)	0	5	0
W. J.	0	5	0
Mr. Reuben Rockliff	5	0	0
Miss M. M. Ewing	2	0	0
	£8	1	0

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 12th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
M. G. W.	5	0	0
Miss E. Macnicoll	0	10	0
Mr. T. A. Collen	0	10	0
A friend	0	2	6
Mr. J. H. Rice	0	5	0
"To help little children to love Jesus"	0	5	0
C. W. L.	0	2	6
Miss McNeil	0	1	0
R. W., a well-wisher	0	1	0
Collected by Miss F. Jeffery	0	6	0
Mrs. Millar	0	2	6
"In loving memory of C. H. S." ...	1	0	0
Miss A. L. Ashley	0	5	0
Mrs. Goodfellow	0	10	0
"Zeta"	0	5	0
Mr. John Hodges	1	10	0
Mr. Alexander Mitchell, jun.	3	0	0
Mrs. E. Fyson	0	5	0
C. S.	0	2	0
Amy, aged ten years	0	0	6
G. H. S.	0	10	0
Mr. F. A. Pearce	0	5	0
A few friends at Lymington, in loving memory of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, per E. M. H.	0	10	6
Proceeds of lecture delivered in Lockwood Baptist Chapel, at Huddersfield, by Rev. W. Stott	4	2	0
Proceeds of Lantern lecture by Mr. A. Walker, colporteur	1	10	0
Orphanage-box at Tabernacle gates, and office-box	6	17	4
C. H. S., memorial, Bennerley Hall ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
A. P.	0	1	10
W. P., a thankoffering	0	2	0
Collected at Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, per Pastor C. Joseph ...	34	13	5
Postal order, Portsmouth	0	5	0
Mr. Jonathan Crocker	5	0	0
Miss M. Barker	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. H. Harrod	1	0	0
East London Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. Butler	3	3	0
Pastor W. Jenkins, a thankoffering ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Spencer	0	6	0
Mr. H. Werner	0	10	6
Mr. A. Small	0	6	6
Miss Amy Kavanagh	0	16	0
"Instead of sending a wreath," from the Dowager Lady Abercromby ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Clark	1	5	0
Mr. John Miles	0	10	0
Mr. W. Fyson	0	10	0
Mr. A. Cummings Air	2	2	0
Miss How	0	5	0
Mrs. Coker Davies	1	1	0
Mrs. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. George Reid	20	0	0
Miss Hall	3	3	0
Mr. James Broadbent	5	0	0
Sale of old prints from Vegn.	1	0	0
Executor of the late Mrs. D. Turnbull	9	2	4
Miss E. A. Craggs	0	2	0
Mr. E. Muil	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Hooper	0	2	6
E. Mee, Trowbridge	0	5	0
Mr. Langton, per H. E. S.	0	6	0
Mr. J. Ballantyne	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. George Tolley ...	0	10	0
E. S., a thankful heart	0	5	0
S. M.	0	5	0
A reader of the late Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, W. F.	0	5	0
Mr. C. Walter	10	0	0
Mrs. Baker	10	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Pilgrim	0	10	0
The late Miss Ellen Williams, per Mr. R. M. Williams	0	10	0
Per Rev. Robert Taylor :—			
Miss Sprot, Edinburgh ...	10	0	0
N. N., London	1	0	0
Camden Square	0	10	0
			11 10 0
Mr. W. Lewis	1	2	0
Mr. Alexander Paxton	1	0	0
The late Miss Scates, per Miss Cufley	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. F. Benzies	1	0	0
Miss E. Bowering	0	5	0
Mr. A. Fowler	0	5	0
Mrs. S. James	0	2	6
Mr. S. Slodden	0	2	6
Mr. T. Jones	0	2	6
A friend, Liverpool	0	2	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, Bridgend	0	10	0
A friend, Porteynon	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
A thankoffering, Bristol	0	5	0
D. McP., a crofter's mite	0	2	6
Postal order, Grangemouth	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Vane	0	5	0
Mr. S. Robinson	0	1	6
Miss H. Edmonds, "In memory of my dear mother"	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Hallam	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Watts	2	0	0
The Misses L. and P. White	0	5	0
J. W.	0	2	3

	£	s.	d.
M. F. U.	0	5	0
A well-wisher, Delta	0	4	0
J. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. A. White	0	2	6
Mrs. Newman	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	7	6
Friends at Lewes, after sermon by Pastor W. K. Armstrong, B.A.—"In Memoriam, C. H. S."	1	5	6
Sale of oil painting	1	0	0
Profit from sale of "In Memoriam" cards, C. H. S., per H. B. Bedford	0	5	0
Mrs. Thomas	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Sexton	0	11	0
M. J. R., Aberdeen	0	10	0
A thankoffering	0	5	0
Anonymous	0	5	0
E. R. B.	0	3	0
Miss H. Jacob	1	0	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. George Wood	0	2	8
Mr. Douglas Young	2	0	0
"In Memoriam—Ethel Bertha"	1	1	0
Mr. Earl	0	10	0
Mr. Earl's Bible-class	0	10	0
Mrs. B. H. Sampson	0	1	0
Mr. D. Hawkins	2	2	0
Mr. Samuel Brett	0	10	0
Psalm xxi. 6	0	2	6
J. M. O., Maria	1	0	0
A poor disciple	5	0	0
No. 386,563	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hann	0	2	6
Mrs. Sparrow	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. F. Simeo	0	4	0
Collected by N. and C. Simeo	0	11	0
Mrs. M. Ewart	1	0	0
A mother, Linden Grove	0	10	0
Mr. David Lawson	10	0	0
From Dorton	3	3	0
Mrs. Newmarah	5	0	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. W. J. May	0	10	0
Mrs. Hague	1	0	0
Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
From the Baptist Church, Crieff	1	0	0
Teachers and Scholars of Townsend St. Sunday-school	1	2	0
Mrs. Rogers	0	10	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Spurge	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Ward	0	3	2
Mr. H. Jackson	1	0	0
Miss I. Wornell	1	1	0
Teymoor	2	0	0
S. M. S., A thanksgiving offering	2	2	0
Mr. George Spicer	5	0	0
Exors of the late Mr. W. Bowyer jun.	45	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wates	5	0	0
P. and P.	0	5	0
Mary	0	2	0
Mrs. Hallett's children	0	10	4
Mr. Jno. Morris	0	5	0
Mr. Jno. Crean	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Smee	0	6	0
Mr. Frank H. Brown	0	10	0
Bethel English Baptist Sunday-school, Maestag, per Mr. Isaac Rees	0	15	6
Collection at Lantern lecture, per Mr. J. Pringle	0	5	0
Pastor G. Hearson	1	1	0
Miss Butcher	0	7	0
Collected by Miss Buckingham	0	9	7
Mrs. Hullett	1	0	0
Miss West	0	5	0
J. H. A.	2	2	0
Mr. A. Black	0	10	0
Free St. John's Church Mission Sabbath-school, per Mr. George Kydd	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Anderson, per Rev. Thomas Newlands	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Postal order, Waltham Abbey	0	10	0
Children of Sabbath-school, Glenbarry, per Miss M. Clarke	0	15	0
Mr. James Broadbent	5	0	0
Mrs. Polden	0	5	0
Mr. D. McIntyre	0	10	0
Mrs. M. W. Gill	0	5	0
Miss Atkins	5	0	0
181 Halfpennies	0	7	8
Miss Lowne	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Lewis	1	1	0
Mrs. Warren	1	0	0
S. G.	0	5	0
Mr. Pullen	0	10	0
Mr. F. Battley	5	0	0
Collections at lectures, per Mr. J. W. Seaman	1	15	0
Mr. Robert McMurtry	1	0	0
S. A. R.	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	8	6
Mr. and Mrs. Wiseman (A wreath laid upon the grave of the late dear President)	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hyde (Instead of a wreath)	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
High St. U. P. Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. Alexander Morice	0	10	0
Per Mr. Charles Gray :—			
Fochabers Free Church Sunday-school	0	12	10
Bogmoor Free Church Sunday-school	0	4	6
I. W.	0	2	0
	0	19	4
Mr. C. W. Bull	2	0	0
W. H. H.	0	5	0
Geramont, Stronsay	0	2	0
A reader of the "S. and T."	0	5	0
Mr. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Pastor W. McKinney (A wreath laid on the dear President's tomb)	1	5	0
Per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge ;—			
Mr. Hammond	3	13	6
Mr. Sheepwash	0	10	0
Mr. Hayley	0	5	0
Mrs. Rhymen	0	5	0
Mr. Holland	0	5	0
Messrs. W. Webb & Co.	0	5	0
Mr. Murry	0	5	0
Mr. Mackay	0	2	6
Mr. Talf	0	2	0
Mrs. Stapley	0	1	0
Mrs. Vose	0	1	0
Miss Phillips	0	1	0
Mr. Stephens	0	1	0
Mr. Gould	0	1	0
Mrs. Harvey	0	1	0
Mrs. Jarvis	0	1	0
	6	0	0
Mrs. Benham	1	0	0
Miss A. Speh	1	0	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	0
E. H., Thankfulness	0	5	0
M. E., Doncaster	0	3	0
A friend and well-wisher, Tunbridge Wells	0	10	0
Mr. A. Stratton	5	0	0
Mr. J. E. Seaton	0	10	0
"A thankoffering from three"	0	5	0
Baptist Chapel, Liskeard, per Mr. W. Foddy	1	10	0
The late Mr. Mainwaring	0	10	0
T. R., Redruth	0	5	0
Postal order, Hatton Garden	0	2	6
Lisle	1	0	0
Executor of the late Mrs. Harriet Bunting	47	4	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Moore	0	4	6
Mr. James Wilson	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
My wreath	1	0	0
Mr. B. Bull	0	10	0
M. Gts.	0	1	0
Children of Skelson Mill Sabbath-school, per Mr. John Conn	0	3	6
Mrs. Robinet	0	2	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Clara Park	1,897	8	8
A thankoffering from an Irish friend...	1	0	0
Mr. H. J. Mansell	1	0	0
Miss M. Watson	0	5	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Miss Maclean	0	5	0
Mr. John Mead	2	2	0
Mrs. Mead	2	2	0
Thankoffering for special mercies, from a sermon-reader	3	16	0
Mr. James Gray	0	5	0
Mr. J. Gwyer	1	0	0
Mr. J. Daniel	0	3	0
Mrs. Devenish	0	5	0
Mr. W. Harrison, a thankoffering for life spared	1	0	0
Mrs. Hemsley, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Anonymous...	2	0	0
"In loving memory of Mr. Spurgeon, Singapore"	1	0	0
G. M. L., Aberdeen	0	5	0
A. R., A country minister	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Peddle	0	7	6
A thankoffering, Exeter	0	10	0
T. W....	0	5	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Burnham, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	0	11	6
M. S., in loving memory of her father and C. H. S.	1	0	0
S. C. K.	0	5	0
Mr. George W. Ball	0	10	0
Mr. John Lewis	0	2	6
Mrs. M. A. Verdera	1	0	0
Miss H. Jack	5	0	0
S. A. C.	0	5	0
Miss L. French	0	1	0
An English Presbyterian, Streatham ..	0	5	0
Miss Polly Griggs	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0
Pastor Jesse Gibson	0	8	0
Mr. Henry Finch	3	0	0
Pastor G. H. Trapp	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Evelyn Campkin ...	1	10	0
Mr. James Fletcher	0	10	0
Children of Free Church Sabbath-school, per Mr. S. Gordon	0	10	0
Mrs. Watson	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel Priddy	0	10	0
Mrs. Whyte...	0	11	0
Young Women's Bible-class, Salters' Hall Church, Islington, per Mrs. Allnutt	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace, per Bankers	0	10	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	1	0	0
Mr. H. Cooper, per Mrs. J. Withers ...	0	10	0
Miss Durham	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Pain	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Howard	100	0	0
M. H. B. S.	1	0	0
Mr. Brazil, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. T. M. Whittaker	3	3	0
Actuary	10	0	0
Gratitude to Jehovah Jireh	1	0	0
Miss Powlesland, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
In memory of dear Alice, from her loving friends at the C. H. B. ...	1	8	6
Mrs. C. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. H. J. Roff	0	10	0
United Memorial Service, West Hartlepool	1	7	0
Mrs. E. Porter, 5 per cent. per annum, 1890—1891	2	12	0
Mr. F. Fordham	0	5	0
A loving tribute to the memory of C. H. Spurgeon, from friends at Boddy's Bridge Mission, per Mr. E. Cottam :—			
Miss Coles 0 3 2			
Miss F. Coles 0 2 3			
Miss Surrett 0 5 3			
Mr. Quin 0 8 6			
Mr. Neuff 0 5 6			
Mr. Swan 0 4 0			
Mr. Burnay 0 2 6			
Mr. Cottam 0 13 0			
Smaller sums 0 0 4			
	2	4	6
Collected by Ernest	0	5	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Lackland Hall, Chelsea :—			
Mr. H. J. Veitch 21 0 0			
Proceeds of meeting ... 1 19 6			
	22	19	6
Finsbury Park Congregational Chapel :—			
Proceeds of meeting ... 3 5 0			
Sale of programmes ... 0 15 3			
Donation 0 4 9			
	4	4	3
Hanover Hall, Peckham :—			
Proceeds of meeting ... 5 7 0			
Messrs. Jones and Higgins 5 5 0			
Sale of programmes ... 0 5 6			
	10	17	6
	£251	0	19	10

For Legal Expenses in re *Electric Railway:*—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. J. Evelyn	100	0	0
Mrs. Shearman	5	0	0
Mrs. Kemp and daughters	15	0	0
A friend, per Miss Hayward	5	0	0
Mr. John Usher	2	2	0
Watford friend	1	0	0
	£128	2	0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from March 15th to April 12th, 1892.—PROVISIONS :—224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 bags Potatoes, Mr. J. Johnson; 30 lbs. Pork, Mr. W. J. Graham; 1 Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 hamper Bread, Mr. Nelson Read; 28 lbs. Butter, Mr. S. Newton; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 88 small Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 5 New Zealand Sheep, A New Zealand Farmer, per Mr. William Semple; a quantity Rhubarb and Cauliflowers, Mr. W. Taylor.

BOYS' CLOTHING :—2 Shirts, from the Band of Union, Wynne Road Baptist Church, per Mrs. Dowen; 6 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Church, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 12 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Hale.

GIRLS' CLOTHING :—32 Articles, Mrs. Pilgrim; 10 Muffs, In memoriam, C. H. S.; 67 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 Articles, Miss Bennett; 28 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. S. Cox; 119 Garments, Miss Salter's Bible-class (for No. 1 Girls); a parcel of Sundries, Mrs. S. Mumford; 10 Articles, Miss Passmore; 21 Garments, 1 piece Alpaca, Mrs. G. Thompson; 2 pairs Stockings, A friend; 9 Articles, A friend visiting the Orphanage; 6 pairs Stockings, "Anon."; a parcel of Sundries, "Anon."; 1 Dress, 1 Fur Cape, "A Dorset friend"; 10 Articles, The Ladies Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Church, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce.

GENERAL :—2 Apple Trees, "C. K."; 3 loads Firewood, Mr. John Cooper; 41 Presents and 1 large Cake, Miss Dawson; 245 Framed Steel Engravings, Mr. Henry Bent Fern; 1 large load Firewood, Mr. Keen; 1 set Mats, 1 Scarf, 100 Bows, 2 Aprons, Mrs. S. E. Knight; 7 Cartoons, 3 dozen Texts, Mr. E. Joy.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 12th, 1892.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—

	£	s.	d.
Estover District, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	20	0	0
Harborne, per Mr. H. M. Harwood ...	7	10	0
Langham, per Mr. R. Scott	10	0	0
Shipley and Wolverhampton	10	0	0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, for Stow and Aston	10	0	0
Borstal District	10	0	0
Western Baptist Association, for Chard	10	0	0
Greenwich District, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Calne, per Mr. H. Wilkins	7	10	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. E. Brett	1	5	0
Hadleigh, per Rev. W. F. Durrant ...	10	0	0
Miss Robinson, for Portsmouth ...	10	0	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0
Swadlincote, per E. S.	10	0	0
Norfolk Baptist Association	20	0	0
Kent and Sussex Association	37	10	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association ...	25	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thomas Harris ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	30	0	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. Taylor	5	0	0
Rendham, per Mrs. Crispe	7	10	0
Miss Fitzgerald, for Ludlow	1	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union ...	7	10	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	10	0	0
	£309	15	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund :—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. Mead	1	1	0
From a Friend	0	1	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
M. H. B. S.	0	10	0
Actuary	10	0	0
Mr. E. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
From a friend	0	1	0
	£19	14	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 12th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
From a friend	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Riddings	5	2	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Faringdon	2	2	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Canterbury ..	12	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Ashford ...	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Bath... ...	31	4	9
Miss Rickwood, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at East Plumstead	2	2	0
Mrs. B., for Mr. Burnham's support, 1892...	50	0	0
Actuary	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Mount Pleasant Baptist Chapel, St. George's, Bristol	1	11	2
From a friend	0	1	0
	£123	7	11

For the General Work of the Lord as most Required.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 12th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Moore	10	0	0
In grateful remembrance of C. H. S.	0	10	0
Actuary	10	0	0
Mr. E. Marsh	5	5	0
	£25	15	0

Mrs. Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £5, from J. B. G., "For General Use in the Lord's Work." She will be happy to receive other amounts for allotment to various works that may need assistance from time to time.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Camphelton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Society of Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

JUNE, 1892.

Mr. Spurgeon's First Institution.

BY DAVID GRACEY, PRINCIPAL OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

ALL who are acquainted with the life of Mr. Spurgeon, know that the Pastors' College was the first of his philanthropic institutions, that it was dearest to his heart, and that he prized it most as meeting a great want in the existing machinery for spreading the Saviour's kingdom. As "a good minister of Jesus Christ", looking upon the masses of the population with the true sympathy of his Master, seeing, too, how they responded to the gospel from his own lips, our beloved President and Founder felt that the crying need of the times was for faithful men, who should proclaim, in simple and homely language, and, as Sheridan said of Rowland Hill, "red-hot from the heart", the same life-giving truths that formed the staple of his own ministry.

There were probably enough and to spare of gifted men, who could deal with gospel truth in its relation to the philosophic thought of the period, of those who could enlarge and enrich the literature of Christianity with their pens, of distinguished scholars, of learned commentators, antiquarians, and Church historians, of polemical and critical divines, of ecclesiastical politicians, committee men, organisers and directors of Christian work and tactics. Of men of this stamp the country possessed not only an abundant supply, but also the means to secure a constant succession; but in the matter of a direct provision for what has been sometimes contemptuously called, "the simple preaching of the gospel", the churches were lamentably poor, much more destitute, indeed, than many would care to acknowledge. Where preaching ought to have been the primary aim, it was all but

neglected; and where it ought to have been most conspicuous, it was jostled out of place in the rush for other honours. Yet this same "simple preaching of the gospel", being in the church what the world's harvest is to natural life, contains the heart-strength of all Christian life and activity, and forms the nutriment of the whole kingdom of Christ throughout the world. The poverty of the distinct and direct means for supplying "the simple gospel", assuredly most splendid in its simplicity, appeared great on all hands, but greatest where the population was poorest and most dense.

This want, felt so deeply in the early days of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, has deepened rather than lessened in the last eight and thirty years. Profoundly felt by the servant of Christ long years before politicians and social reformers began to touch the social problem, the very inception and progress of social reforms have only enlarged before the public view the dimensions of the people's need of the gospel. Even the supply, the happily ever-increasing supply of the gospel itself to the masses, has intensified and must continue to intensify the need of more preachers, whose sympathies shall draw them to the masses, and whose ministry shall draw the masses to Christ.

The Pastors' College was founded pre-eminently in the interests of "the masses." "The classes" had been long and abundantly cared for by other colleges in the country. With instinctive wisdom, Mr. Spurgeon perceived that the time of the masses had come, and would come with ever-increasing fulness, and the Pastors' College was his practical contribution for spreading the divine leaven amongst them. It is true, indeed, that not a few Pastors' College men have gone forth to fill and to adorn some of the time-honoured and most eminent pulpits in the land; still, the chief aim has been, and is, to train men, whose hearts the Lord has touched, to carry the heart-rejoicing truths of the gospel to "the people", "the common people", even to those for whose souls no man cared.

In natural accordance with this aim, its students have been drawn from the ranks of those of broadest sympathies with the men and women to whom they are to minister. They are emphatically men of the people. No consideration of social superiority, means, or even educational attainments only, has ever weighed in favour of a candidate; and no early drawbacks of poverty, lowly station, or educational defects, have ever of themselves closed the door against an applicant. The one demand pressed on every one who would enter, is to produce evidence that he has been called of Christ, and endowed by Him with natural and spiritual gifts for effectively preaching the Word, as pastor, or evangelist, or missionary. All who can bring forward such evidence are heartily welcomed, according as there is room. They who have means provide for themselves, or contribute to the funds; they who have no means are maintained out of the funds. Many who have already been approved pastors, evangelists, or local preachers, enter; and though in their case we do not increase the number of the labourers, yet we seek to improve their quality and efficiency.

Generally speaking, this latter is a main feature of our work. It is

also a matter of prime importance, as regards the actual presentation of the gospel; for such is the zeal of the men who come to us, that they would be preachers if there were no Pastors' College, but they would preach deprived of the instruction and training the College supplies. Zeal and ardour in their wild efforts might readily become a perplexity, and have frequently proved so to the church; but when welcomed, put under discipline, and rightly directed, the forces that seemed to tend towards confusion become the most potent in extending and consolidating the kingdom of our Lord. Considered in the true light, such forces come of the abundant grace the Saviour pours upon His people, and they are the very glory of our time. Whenever gifts like these have been despised and opposed, there religious stagnation has set in, as in the days of Elizabeth, and in the reign of Charles I. and Charles II.; but whenever they have been welcomed and utilised, as under Edward VI., the Commonwealth, and in the days of Whitefield and Wesley, there "the liberty of prophesying" has greatly refreshed God's own people, and pushed forward the frontiers of Messiah's kingdom.

In its educational methods, the aim of the Pastors' College, from the first, has been and still is to develop, strengthen, and train the individual gifts of each student. Repression and the rule of red tape are avoided. It is felt that all sorts of talents and experiences are wanted in the kingdom of Christ, to catch and to reflect the many-hued wisdom of the gospel; and each man is urged to make the best and the most of himself for Christ's sake. The pattern is therefore endless in its variety, though the spirit is one. Some men more readily develop into pastors, others into evangelists, and others again into missionaries. Among these great divisions manifold types arise, striking, peculiar, original, and, it must be added, at times not a little bewildering. Our methods of class-work are therefore free and elastic, while we yet seek to be thorough and solid in all that is done, striving to fill our men with enthusiasm to utilize all their attainments for the winning of souls to Christ, rather than to *infect* them with ambition for academical honours. Full scope is given to the play of question and answer, and every man is encouraged frankly to state his difficulties. Nor are these treated as if they were some strange thing; neither are the perplexed held up to ridicule or contempt, but dealt with in a brotherly and sympathetic spirit, and helped, if possible, to a clearer view and firmer grasp of the faith. The honest wrestling with these personal difficulties, we regard as an invaluable part of the training of our men, bracing them up manfully to meet and confront the great practical problems that lie before them in their ministry.

Our men are incited to quit themselves like men, and take up a distinct and avowed position on the side of truth and doctrine, discarding all dissembling and trimming and masterly neutrality; though they have to pay the price for such moral bravery by enduring the odium and scorn of all caterers of the last new thing in theology to tickle and please the popular taste. So much success has been granted to our efforts in this direction, that for spiritual power and moral fibre, for pluck, industry, and faithfulness in the work of Christ, the sons of the Pastors' College come behind no set of men on the face of the

earth. The recognition of these qualities is often shown in a way not a little curious; it comes in the compliment so frequently paid them in inviting Pastors' College students, as a last resort, to preaching-stations and churches which have become the despair of all others. We devoutly thank God for the honour of this compliment, and trust that we may still be used as the forlorn hope of the churches.

The doctrines of the College are well known. Our President spent his life in advocating them. They are the truths that ever come to the front in times of spiritual awakening and revival, and have accompanied those gracious outbursts of spiritual energy and evangelical activity which have characterised our own and the best ages of the Church of God. In taking our stand on these truths, we do so, not only in the exercise of our liberty as men, but also the more faithfully to express our conception of the Christian life as God has taught us by His Word and Spirit. The doctrines of the evangelical revivals of the present and of the eighteenth century; the doctrines of the Puritans, of the Reformers, of Augustine, and of the Pauline Epistles, form the burden of the testimony the Pastors' College seeks to deliver to the world for Christ. It is assuredly believed amongst us that they contain the vital essence of the gospel, that they express the eternal verities of Christ's salvation, and that they form the most potent and persuasive, though not always the most pleasing appeal ever addressed to the hearts of men. We hold that they are at once the clearest mirror of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the chosen channels through which the Holy Spirit pours his renewing light and life and love upon mankind. With few, very few exceptions, considering the numbers who have gone forth from us, our brethren have upheld, and do still uphold, by deed and word, these divine and renovating truths.

The company of the preachers is vast, scattered in every land, and encircling the globe. At home, they take their stations from Wick to Redruth, from Norfolk to Wales. They minister to the largest congregations in the Metropolis. They have made their own almost every Baptist pulpit in the Isle of Wight, and are planted in Jersey, Guernsey, and the Isle of Man. Their labours are giving new hope to the churches of Ireland. They are pursuing missions in Spain, and at Turin and Naples. They are among the few brave men who testify for Christ among the fierce Mohammedans of North Africa. The banks of the Congo hold the sacred dust of some, and witness the energy and devotion of others. The growing kingdom of South Africa has a Pastors' College man in almost every important town. Away to the South, throughout New Zealand and Tasmania, and from Brisbane to Western Australia, they have been doing, and are doing, good service for the Saviour. They have carried the gospel to the Falklands, the Bahamas, and Jamaica. They occupy pastorates from Rio de Janeiro to Canada, and from New England to the frontier States of the far West. They have gone as missionaries and pastors to India; ministered as Christ's servants to the famine-stricken peasants of China; and carried the torch of saving truth to their neighbours of Japan.

Their testimony thus, like the roll of a British drum, goes round

the world, and with it a continuous concert of prayer—for a Prayer Union links all together—that the Great Head of the Church would grant ever-increasing times of refreshing from His presence. So greatly has God owned and blessed the Pastors' College, that almost literally the words are true of it, "The little one has become a thousand." We bless God, and take courage.

Christ's Likenesses.

ADDRESS, BY PASTOR J. A. SPURGEON, AT THE FIFTH CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

YOU will find the subject of my address, brethren, in the last verse of the third chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians, "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

There are memories sad and sweet that are stirred within us to-day; and your hearts are keeping tune with mine, saying,—

> "Oh, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

But we should ill have learnt the lessons which he has given us from this spot, if we either fainted or feared because he is gone. He has left behind him an inspiration as well as a memory, and we hear him still in the silence. His speech has been silvern; may his silence be golden! We hear him in the solemn hush still bidding us be faithful even unto death, and urging us to follow him so far as he has followed his Lord. The breach in our forum is wide. Each man must be a Curtius. We shall need all to leap in if the chasm is to be filled. Then if, by God's grace, we shall be enabled to reconsecrate ourselves to his Lord and ours, even this huge loss will prove the church's gain. They have told us that we have "imitated" him. Let their taunt be a prophecy. Let us imitate him wherein he has imitated his Lord. We shall never imitate that trumpet-voice, with music in all its tones, some of them sweet as accents of whispered love, and others of them that rang like battle-axes crashing in the fray; but always dear to us, because they always spoke of Christ. We shall never be able to imitate his genius—and he had that; not only capacity for hard work, but that indescribable something that wooed, and won, and wedded each heart to himself, and made him a true leader amongst us. And I fear that we shall never be able to imitate that charm of manner, manly as the sons of Anak, gigantic; tender as womanhood, motherly; guileless as childhood; perfected humanity almost it seems to us, as full-orbed as it could be in every aspect under which it was presented to us. We cannot imitate all this.

But he was not merely a voice, a genius, and a charm. He was Christ's servant; and more and deeper than all I have said, we have honoured him because he honoured his Lord; and to that extent you

and I can imitate him. We cannot make a circle so large as his. We will make a circle, if we can, equally round.

I say, he imitated Christ. The Bible has three figures, amongst others, with which you are familiar. You may consider yourself as melted and poured into Christ, and you may come out fashioned after His image. My dear friend, Dr. Pierson, spoke wondrously of my brother at the Memorial Services in the Tabernacle. Amongst other good things, he said that, "When God made Charles Haddon Spurgeon, He broke the mould." He did. But when He makes a Christian minister, He need not break the mould. He can make another like that one; may He take each one of us, and so fuse us into Christ, that we shall come out like Christ, as my brother was!

The second figure, you will remember, is that of Christ being the pattern; and the tracing-paper is laid over Him, and the Master-hand comes and sketches on the paper what is seen through. God give unto us to have Christ so shining under us, and we so near to Him, that when the Spirit shall write over us, He may write Christ over us, and we may become "living epistles" of Jesus, He being our pattern.

But our text gives the third figure, and upon this I want to dwell. Here is the illustration of the mirror in which the face is seen; and with unveiled face we behold Christ mirrored there, and we look till what we see is seen on us, and the reflection in the mirror is impressed upon the onlooker. Then, beside the *impression* of Christ, I think there is the *expression*. We are to go and manifest Christ; for we shall be "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." You see my subject, brethren; first, THE IMPRESSION, and then, secondly, THE EXPRESSION, BY THE HOLY GHOST.

I. Now, where is that IMPRESSION to be seen? Where can I behold my Master mirrored? I have not seen Him in the flesh. The writer of these words had done so; but he said that, though he knew the Lord in the flesh, yet he would know Him so no more; for there was a higher platform to be reached than that which eyes of flesh could attain, and a vision clearer than that to be obtained by seeing with these organs of clay. You and I, I hope, have that higher privilege of having seen Christ by faith; and we have beheld Him where He told His disciples to find Him. We have found in Moses, and all the prophets, the things concerning Himself. He bade them of old to search the Scriptures; for He said that they testified of Him. And here, mirrored in this glass of the Holy Spirit, I find my Master in typical men and typical things—in psalm, in history, in prophecy, in the Gospels, in the Epistles, in the Apocalypse. From beginning to end of the sacred Book, I see my Master mirrored, and I behold Him, to imitate and to love Him there.

But if I have such an exhibition, such a portraiture of Christ, I want three things. I want that it shall be authoritative; I want that it shall be adequate; and I want that it shall be available.

(1) I want it, first of all, to be *authoritative*, for in our traffic we know no coins that have not the mint mark upon them, and that do not bear the image and superscription of our Cæsar. I expect, if God has made me, that He will reveal Himself to me; and that if He should reveal himself to me, He will do it like a God; and when I

search the sacred page, I say, "This is the finger of God." As I apply every test that I think I may apply to it, I am satisfied that it is most certainly not of man, but of the Spirit of God. I find indubitable proofs that it tells me what I know not, and takes me where I have never been; and, as far as I can judge, I conclude it to be of God, and then I find that it goes far beyond any test that I can apply. When I have thus once for all discovered it to be God's Word, then I criticise it no more; it criticises me. I judge it no more; I stand at its bar, and I let it judge me. Having once ascertained it to be the truth of the living God, I sit at its feet as did Mary at the feet of my Lord, and I feel that I have chosen that better part that will not be taken from me.

Having thus discovered that the Book is of God, I now become dogmatic; not as to my opinion of what is in the Book, or my deductions from it, or my arguments in connection with it; but of its certain truths. That is my creed, and I know it; and I will speak of it with no 'bated breath, but I will herald it out as the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." We have no hesitation when we have to speak of a "Thus saith the Lord." Our views, merely considered as such, are not worth much; but that view which the Bible gives of Christ is the all-important consideration; and when we can see Jesus, we will utter what we have seen, and we are not afraid to declare openly, confidently, and dogmatically (I use the word again), what we have felt and tasted and handled of this good Word of life.

(2) I want the portrait of Christ to be *adequate* as well as authoritative; adequate because adapted, as the light is adapted to the eye, as the ear is adapted to the music; as bread is adapted to meet my hunger, and as water is adapted to slake my thirst. So I find, when I come to this precious Book, that it is light to my eyes, music to my ear, bread on which I feed, the water of life of which I can freely drink; and as I take this sacred Book, it answers to every want of my heart as a sinner and as a saint. It opens every recess of my being, and brings in a blessing wherever it goes. Adapted? I know of nothing that seems to be so adapted to my need as this truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

(3) It is also *available*. They tell us that truth dwells at the bottom of a well. Some truth may, but not ours. It comes from beneath the throne of God and of the Lamb, and it flows even to our feet. We have not to ascend to bring it down, nor to descend to bring it up; it is nigh us; it is in the word that we speak. It is round about us as the water is round about the fish that is in the sea; so that we have but to look and live—to call upon the name of the Lord and be saved. The truth is put within the reach of every man to whom that truth is spoken; and you and I, with unveiled face, have but to look and see the glory of the Lord as it is revealed in this glorious gospel of the grace of God.

And, beloved, we want to have that portrait hung upon the line; not "skied", where we cannot see it, nor put beneath our feet, where we can scarcely find it. We want the picture hung in the right light;

and not only so, we want it *finished*. We do not desire continued alteration in Him in whom there is no shadow of a turning. Our portraits we need to have taken every year; even then they scarcely keep pace with the changes which take place in us. There are some people always revising their creed, and they seem to want every year a new portrait of their Master. There are some of us who are "fossils." We have a fixed portrait which was finished years ago, and which is as faithful to-day as when the Master-hand drew the lines and put in the beauteous colours. God never wants to republish His Bible, with a "New Edition, Revised and Improved." He does not need to publish His works with a list of "*errata*" at the end, to which you must refer for corrections. We have a perfected revelation of Jesus Christ. We possess a portrait that is finished. They have a "varnishing day", I believe, at the Academy, and the artists go and review the pictures, and they are busily occupied putting in this and that and the other alteration, or colouring, to harmonize them with their "environment." Is not that the word? We have a varnished picture, finished and completed already; and because that is fixed we are fixed. I learnt the multiplication table some years ago, and I have been a "fossil" about it ever since. I was taught something about a circle and a right angle years ago, and I do not want to know about "modern thought" on those things. "Advanced thought", I think, is the expression. The music of the street is not the advanced music of the day, nor is my *beau ideal* of musicians, a German band; nor is my theology in the pulpit "advanced thought" when it is of the German-band type. "Splendid audacity"—is not that the right term to use?—"splendid audacity" in the street is a nuisance, and it does not alter when it gets into the pulpit. No, brethren, we have a faith once for all delivered to the saints. We have found the Master here, and we have never known Him change. He is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"; and where we stood, we stand; and, God helping us, we will stand there until we die.

Now, having such a portrait, authentic, adequate, perfected; my attitude is to stand and gaze upon it with a face unveiled, till the impression that is there becomes the impression that is here, the Word of the Lord dwelling in me richly, Christ formed in me the hope of glory; and whatever I find there being also found in due time here, in my heart; thus the impression of the Book becomes the impression made upon my mind, from glory in Christ to glory in me.

Now, I think that, if that is to be the case, you will see at once that there must be *contact*—nothing between. Moses veiled his face when he went to God's people, but it is specially written that he took off the veil when he talked with God; and you and I must take off every veil when we come nigh to the revelation of the fair beauties of Christ in this Book. Sin that separates—oh, may it be taken away! Self, in all its aspects, that would come in and turn us from Him—may it be taken away! Every prejudice, born either of ignorance or of my supposed wisdom—may it be taken away! There must come nothing betwixt the sensitive plate and the person, if the portrait is to be made; and there must come nothing betwixt me and my Lord, if I am ever to be changed into His image, and made like to Him.

The contact, you will perceive at once, must be *complete*. If it is a life-sized portrait of Christ, it will want a life-sized man. A full-orbed Christ demands the whole of my being, and that part which I do not expose to Him will never represent Him. Ah! me, how much I have kept back! Have I always laid bare my intellect and judgment to Him? Have I always opened up every recess of my heart to Him? Have I always submitted my will to Him? Have I come into His presence to find Him in His fulness, and then to put myself in my perfect emptiness to be filled with Him? If I have kept back part of the price, to that extent I have missed my Master's likeness; and it will only be as I expose every part of my being to Him, that the glory of the Master will be transferred to me, and I shall find myself metamorphosed into His image, from glory to glory.

This contact, also, must be *calm*, as well as complete. You have seen often, I have no doubt, the heavens reflected upon the lakes of earth—the stars, the moon, reflected there in their silvery beauty, until the breeze came, and some breath of earth stirred the pool, and the fair vision was gone. Oh, you and I have had tremors and earthquakes and breaths that have come from the four winds, and we have been perturbed by this and that, and our communion has been broken, and to that extent the beauty of the Lord has not been upon us! We must come back to this abiding in Christ, this being rooted and grounded in Him, steadfast, immovable. There must be with us a constant keeping of quietness before God. David was still once in sin, and he tells us that, when he kept silence, his bones waxed old; he did not want to see God then. He tells us elsewhere of having kept silence before God, when he waited at the divine feet till he obtained all he wanted. And you and I, silent before Christ, waiting calmly at His feet, shall not wait long before He will write upon us, with His own blessed Spirit, all our hearts would fain discover and know of Him.

Then I further need that there shall be about this contact something that is *constant*. There must not be a perpetual shifting. You do not take pictures in an express train. I believe that they photograph a bullet in its flight, and they show how it ripples the air in front, like the prow of a ship cutting the water, and that it leaves behind it an open space just for a fraction of an instant. That is the way they photograph a bullet; but if they want to photograph a world, they have to expose the plate for hours; and, as they do so, the distant stars, that at first cannot be discovered, come out upon the sensitive surface, and the magnifying-glass will discover, after long exposure, the far-off star that otherwise would never be known. I have to photograph the Lord of the worlds, and if I want to get a perfect exhibition of all His beauties, those hidden charms that I discover the more I know Him, I must come and wait before the Lord. Give me contact that is complete and calm and continuous, and I think then that I may get upon myself the impression of Jesus Christ my risen Lord.

II. But all this is that we may have an EXPRESSION. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give"—not merely *to* us; that is a small part of it, but to give

through us—"the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." A portrait is not painted to have its face turned to the wall. It is painted that it may be seen. And you and I, beloved, have this portraiture of Christ written upon our hearts that we may be known and read of all men.

(1) There must be an expression; and this expression must be *accurate*. It is not what we think of Christ, but being what Christ is, that makes us faithful. The expression of the portrait is best when it is most like the man that is painted. It is not our eloquent adornments of Christ, if such a thing could be; it is not our improvements upon the Master, if that were possible; but it is when we best and most simply put before our hearers, and live out in the world, what we have known certainly about Christ, that we shall have truly done the duty of the day in the day. Let the expression be accurate.

(2) I would say, further, let the portrait be *conspicuous*. I have no picture-gallery, but I have pictures painted upon ivory, and upon copper, and upon panel, and upon canvas; but when I look at the pictures, I do not desire to see ivory, or copper, or panel, or canvas at all. I want all that to be hidden, that the picture alone may be visible. Dear brethren, how I do rejoice to look you in the face! How I thank God for your varied talents, and for the difference that He has made in you! Which shall I name ivory? Which shall I call copper? Which shall I speak of as panel? Which of you is canvas? When I hear you preach, I do not want to know anything about that. What I pray you to do, when you go back to your people, is not to show yourselves, but to say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." I know that you have resolved to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

(3) Let me add this further thought here. I wish this portraiture of Christ to be *aggressive*. There are clocks that you do not see at night-time, and there are illuminated clocks that shine in the dark. I want you to be illuminated portraits of Christ, so that of you it may be said, "From you sounded out the Word of the Lord." I want, as they say, "a speaking portrait." Yes, in another sense than that in which the term is used, I want you to be speaking portraits of Jesus Christ, sounding out continually, and through the whole earth, what you know of Him whom you call your Lord.

Dearly beloved, we must be in this age something that turns the world upside down. We must not be at peace with the world, and we shall not be, if we are faithful to our Lord. By exhibiting Christ, we must make this generation know that we are in it; and, if we do, the old hatred against the Master will most certainly be revived. It is not the popular thing to do, to exhibit Christ. There is still the offence of His cross. Be it as it may, "God forbid that we should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

I have done, beloved, when I say that all this is "by the Spirit of the Lord." The writing in this Book was as holy men were borne along by the Holy Ghost. To us the inspiration is full and complete,

and the work that is carried on within us is not our own; it is the fruit of the Holy Ghost that is born within our heart; and, if there be a garden of the Lord within, each plant will be a plant of the Lord's right-hand planting. And if work shall be done for Christ in the world, it will not be by might, nor by any power that we shall command, but it will be solely by the Spirit of the Lord.

Brethren, that Spirit of God must first be honoured by us. We honour Him in the Book. We honour Him in our own hearts; and I trust that we shall constantly honour Him in our ministry till we die. And we honour Him best, in a twofold way, when we *trust* Him most. Some people fancy that we are afraid of our Bible being tested, and criticized. I read, years ago, about an asp biting a file. I have seen it done, and the process interests me still. I have my fears, I admit, but it is for the creature's teeth. When, upon those plates on which we have written the Master's name, or rather, upon which the Spirit has written the Master's name, men come with their plate-powder and their leather, and say that they are going to rub out the letters, I reply, "Rub on; rub on. You will brighten the plate, and you will leave the characters unaffected." Do not think that we have any fear about this sacred Book. Oh, how many dead men I have seen my opponents kill! I have seen upon their dissecting-tables many a man of straw, that they had made themselves, to cut to pieces; and as they have held it up, they have exclaimed, "How clumsily this thing is made!" Yes, I know who made it. They made the difficulties that they discovered in the Bible.

I am sometimes greatly amused as I see them, and as I hear them ask, "Whatever will Mr. So-and-So say and think about this?" My learned friends, do not think that we are so concerned as you fancy we are! There stands our rock of truth, immense, immutable; and you are going with your little crowbar to turn it over! If you fall upon it, it will break you to pieces; and if it falls upon you, it will grind you to powder. I stood, years ago, outside a provincial town, and I saw the light shining upon some windows of a house close by, and I was rather startled for the moment, and I said to an inhabitant, "How curious that is!" He replied, "Yes, it is; it looks as if it were on fire." I said, "Yes." My friend added, "When they first glazed that window, the people in the fire-station, down below, thought that the house was on fire, and they brought the fire-engine up here to put it out; and they went back again." I have seen many men coming up the hill with a fire-engine to put out God's sun. Let them alone. They will go back again. The sun will shine on, brethren, and you need not fear. I beseech you, be not afraid of all the assaults that may be made against this Book. It has stood, and it will stand to the end. Be you found standing by it, built on it, and you will be steadfast, too.

Finally, I beseech you to believe in it in your own ministry unto the end, with an unshaken confidence. There may be "a modern school", and there may be "an old school"; and some stand halting between two opinions. Take what you find here, and live upon it, and die upon it; and honour God's Spirit, who has inspired that Book, by believing up to the hilt all that is written therein, and

believing it and preaching it right on to the end in the attitude of *supplication* to that Spirit. As you read that Book, I do not say, literally, read it on your knees, but I mean that. The attitude of searching is the attitude of devotion, too. Seek that the Spirit who has penned the lines may reveal what that Spirit meant when He penned them; in that spirit of devotion live, cultivating your own heart before this Book that reveals your Lord; and in that spirit of devotion go always to your pulpit, and go always to your post of duty; and rest assured that he that thus lives, praying without ceasing, shall be able to live rejoicing evermore, and so ever to sing, and pray—

"Baptize the nations far and nigh;
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord."

"The Tongue of the Learned."

PAPER READ BY PASTOR A. BAX, SALTERS' HALL CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.

THE short phrase which I have ventured to appropriate as the title of my paper, is found in the fiftieth chapter of the book of the prophet Isaiah. In the passage in which it occurs, a speaker is introduced, who refers to his qualifications for his ministry in the following beautiful words:—"The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned" (or, better, as the learner). In such a company as the present, I need not justify the Messianic application of these words. The imagery of the passage is that of the ancient instructor, who, morning by morning, arouses his sleeping disciple, that he may receive instruction. The Messiah, in His human nature, is here represented as a learner in the school of Jehovah; listening to divine communications; and to that fact is ascribed His ability to speak a word in season to the weary. The passage is not alone in teaching Christ's human development. We read how, as a child, He was found in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing and asking them questions, and how He increased in wisdom, and stature, and in favour with God and man. I shall not, however, violate the spirit of the passage, if I regard our blessed Lord's gracious ministry, as here described, as the model of our own. It is observable that not a word is here said concerning earthly culture, or merely human attainments. The whole account of the qualifying fitness of this ministry is a divine endowment.

Our subject then, to-day, is THE DIVINE SIDE OF A PREACHER'S QUALIFICATIONS. It is confessedly, and intentionally, a one-sided view of a preacher's requirements. No one here to-day will imagine that, in fixing our attention exclusively on this side of our subject, the necessity of human culture is ignored, or regarded as necessarily antagonistic to that higher, holier preparation for the work of the

ministry, on which we lay stress. We admit the immense importance of a thoroughly educated ministry; we plead for the very best mental equipment that can be gained for theological students; and if, to-day, we do not allude further to this point, it is because we are being so persistently reminded of it on all sides, that we are not likely to forget it. In my view, what needs now to be clearly accentuated, is the fact that the really vital and indispensable element in our ministry is that which we individually receive from God.

I. The tongue of the learned, *what are its distinguishing characteristics?*

(1.) It is divinely imparted. "The *Lord God* hath given me the tongue of the learned." In a very true sense, all ability to speak powerfully and convincingly to men, is of God. The tongue of eloquence is a gift, just as music, poetry, or the artist's faculty, are gifts. You cannot manufacture an orator; he is born, not made. The gift of eloquence is something that God has put within him. The true orator owes almost everything to God, and little, comparatively, to man. How clearly was this seen by our deeply-loved and revered Pastor, President, and friend, whose removal from our midst has smitten each individual heart here to-day as it never can be smitten again! His unrivalled eloquence, his power to sway the hearts of all, rich and poor alike, was held in wonderful and beautiful humility, because he recognized so fully that it was God-given. But the tongue of the learned must not be confounded with the possession of merely natural eloquence. As the artist's vision, which beholds hidden loveliness everywhere, is above common sight; as the ear of the musician is above common hearing; so the tongue of the learned transcends the tongue of eloquence. Eloquence may, and often does exist, apart from religion altogether. There are eloquent politicians, eloquent men of science, eloquent historians; but the tongue of the learned is possessed by the spiritual seer alone. The one is a gift *from* God, the other a gift *in* God. Eloquence may be the beautiful portion that the graceless prodigal bears away with him into the far country, and uses against the very Father who gave it; but the tongue of the learned is only the possession of the home-dwelling child, who dwells, with loving heart and listening ear, hard by the audience-chamber of his Father-King. Neither is this blessed gift a portion given once for all; which can be held, when once given, in independence of God. It is a daily bestowment, it is possessed in larger or lesser degree, according to our earthly walk, our communion with God, our consecration to His service. It is an unction from the Holy One, an inner baptism of the Holy Ghost, enlightening the mind, warming the heart, and making our lips a well-spring of life to others.

The experiences of devout ministers, in every age, show that this divine aid has been most graciously received by God's faithful servants while preaching the gospel. Take the following illustrative example, as supplied by Dr. Kidder, in his "Treatise on Homiletics," from the published life of Dr. Bangs: "I no sooner opened my mouth, than the Lord filled it with words and arguments. The Scriptures seemed like a fruitful field before me. The Word of God was like fire in my bones, and its utterance was attended with the

Holy Ghost and with power." Again he writes: "I had a blessed time in preaching on Sabbath morning, on the influence of the Holy Spirit. It seemed as if the fire of His inspiration came down upon me while speaking, and upon the assembly while listening; so that we were abundantly refreshed and strengthened, and felt as if we could go on our way rejoicing." Brethren, no attainments that we may enjoy can compensate for the absence of this divine aid. We may spend laborious days in perfecting our style, until it becomes a model of lucid beauty and literary excellence; we may win for ourselves the appreciation of an admiring multitude; but the great end of our ministry will be missed. What is all our work worth if it does not glorify God, if it does not break the sinner's sleep of death? It shines and glitters; so does a wrecker's light upon the treacherous shore. It draws the multitude; so will a mountebank. It entertains and interests; so will a novel. Our ministry is worse than useless if it be not a spiritual power. This truth must win more than our intellectual assent; it must be allowed to burn its way into our souls, until it becomes an overmastering conviction.

(2.) This divine endowment, when received, will prove supremely qualifying. Then, and not till then, shall we know "how to speak."

To know how to speak, is a more rare attainment than some have imagined. It requires a precision of thought, an accuracy of statement, an adjustment to existing needs and circumstances, that no Professor of Elocution, in this, or any kindred institution can give us. We do not know how to speak merely because we can enunciate distinctly, or place with unerring accuracy the emphasis upon the significant word in the sentence. Brethren, contemplate those wonderful human spirits that gather round you Sabbath by Sabbath. Each, as separate from the other, as worlds, that dwell apart. Each, with its own peculiar bias, its temperamental weakness, its strange longings, its passions, its hopes, its fears; under those placid exteriors, who, but God and themselves, know what mental and spiritual tempests may be raging there? To know how to speak, means to speak accurately to all that hidden anguish, that vague longing, that soaring hope, that shuddering fear. Ability to do that, can come from one source alone; when God gives us the tongue of the learned, we shall know how to speak.

(3.) A ministry thus endowed, will be sweetly seasonable. Then we shall know *how* to speak "a word in season." An unseasonable word is a sorry offering from us to our people, meeting no want, touching no chord, laying balm on no wound, casting no light upon a darkened way. Have we never been guilty of offering these unseasonable words? Have our people never sat in their pews and felt, "This sermon may possibly be a message to someone, but it no more concerns me than it does a dweller in another world. Oh, that a little word could come to my poor heart to-day; I am being overmastered by forces that are too strong for me, I am beginning to sink—where is Peter's Lord at this moment? I want to feel the grasp of that hand, it would be my salvation now. I came hoping that I might hear something that would bless me, but there is nothing this morning"? An unseasonable word! A stone, offered for

bread; a handful of hot desert sand, offered to the parched traveller, instead of a cup of cool water drawn from the well; a bunch of withered flowers, from which the grace and fashion have fled. How different is a word in season! "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" Fresh as a July morning, bright as sunshine, fragrant as summer flowers, refreshing as dew, musical as the song of birds. A word in season! how helpful! A staff for a tired wayfarer; a light upon a midnight path; a way-mark at the point in the journey, where ways diverge; a cup that runneth over; a table spread in the presence of one's enemies. A word in season "to him that is weary"! And how many are the weary ones; men weary of sin, weary of self, weary of the world's hollow friendships, weary of life's burden of daily cares, weary of the ineffectual attempts at self-reformation—ah, it is a great sad company; how well our dear Master knew how to speak the seasonable word, when He said to such as these, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

II. The tongue of the learned, *what is the secret of its attainment?* (1.) It is the awakened ear; the disposition of a docile scholar, to listen morning by morning to divine instruction. Dr. Stalker, in his book, "The Preacher and his Models," says: "The prophet had to stand in a double attitude, and a double process had to be performed in his mind. He had, in the first place, to turn himself wholly round to God, and away from the world, and clear his mind of everything else, that he might receive the message in its purity; but then he had, in the second place, to turn himself round toward men, and, taking their circumstances into account, deliver the message to them in the most effective way." Again he says: "It was the privilege of the prophets to approach so near to God, to enter so completely into sympathy and fellowship with Him, and to know so clearly what were His purposes, that their own thoughts became identical with His, and therefore, when they spoke, their words were God's words." Again, in another passage of this helpful book, he says of the minister: "Unless he has spent the week with God, and received divine communications, it would be better not to enter the pulpit or open his mouth on Sunday at all." This listening attitude of the preacher's soul is beautifully depicted by the prophet Habakkuk: he shows us what the position of that man must be who would catch the deep, still messages of God. "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me." Observe, it is not to see whether He *will* speak—he is always speaking—but WHAT He will say. It is not for us to anticipate God. We can little guess what He has to say to His people at any time. There is the gravest danger, unless this listening attitude of soul be kept, that we shall make up our own message, and call it God's.

It is to be noted, that all God's great and effective workers have had long periods of silence secured to them, solely that they might listen to Him, as He spoke to them in His own absolutely sovereign way. Moses spent forty of the best years of his life in desert seclusion, in solitary communion with God; that he might be fitted for his great work as the leader of Israel. In the desert, Elijah heard the still small voice which commissioned him for some of his most important

service. Immediately after his conversion, Paul was sent three years into the desert of Arabia, to hold communion with his own heart and with God. And above all, our blessed Lord spent thirty years of His short life in the silence and solitude of Nazareth, before entering upon His brief but wondrous ministry.

(2.) But, in order to catch the finer suggestions of the still small voice, it is absolutely necessary that we should have *leisure*, that the heart be calm enough, and disengaged enough, just to listen. For the time, books, and services, and engagements, must be forgotten; so that a great hush of holy expectation may fall upon our hearts. This is our *receiving time*, and receiving work is always still work. It is in the calm evening, when all nature seems in silent prayer, that the dew falls. It is the still water of the lake, unrippled by a single whisper of the summer air, that catches the clear reflection of rock and tree, passing cloud, and flying bird; any agency that throws those waters into unrest, takes from them their power clearly to reflect.

Such times as these are absolutely *necessary* to us. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that the power and usefulness of our ministry will be in exact proportion to the time spent in lonely communion with God. What we are in public before our people largely depends on what we are in private before our God. Much as some men might wish it, it is impossible, on the spur of the moment, to extemporize deep spirituality, merely because the clock has struck eleven on a Sunday morning. There is no known method of leaping, at a single bound, out of a cold, deathly state of heart into spiritual ecstasy. You may shout, but the discerning will make a distinction between thunder and the silent force of lightning. In spite of ourselves, we are records on the Sabbath of what we have been on the past days of the week. Brethren, nothing can compensate for the loss of such times as these. You may be intelligent, learned, well-read; but your usefulness is at an end if your ministry degenerates into a second-hand tradition, echoes of Bushnell, Robertson, or even Spurgeon, instead of something you have got at first-hand from God.

The value of such a ministry as I have attempted to describe cannot be over-estimated. Beneath it, people will realize the awful nearness and reality of the unseen world. God's people will recognize at once the voice of the Good Shepherd, for they know it far too well to be imposed upon. You will find your people at a lower depth of their being than you could by any other means. They will wonder at your power to read the inner secrecies of their soul. The message will have a dewy freshness, a graciousness and sweetness all its own. Your sermons will be, indeed, life-messages from God.

How to secure the leisure for this still work, in the midst of a life so full of activity as an earnest minister's must necessarily be, is a problem each one must decide for himself. Probably, one of the most important steps toward securing it has already been taken, when the need of such times has been seriously recognized. Here, as in other things, the old saying holds good, "Where there is a will there is a way." In some cases, the morning paper is responsible for the loss of the freshest and brightest hours of the day. A minister, also, may very well leave to other Christians much of the political and social

work that needs to be done. I do not say that it is not *good* work, *necessary* work, or even *Christian* work; but it is not of necessity a *minister's* work; and if it takes from him time needed for the culture of his own spirit, it is no gain, but a serious loss to Christ's cause in the world. We can also let it be known among our people that our mornings are engaged, and only under really pressing necessity must be broken into. Then, we can see to it that, when we have secured the time, our solitude is really solitude with Christ. Our dear brethren may not know it as a matter of experience, but quite in a speculative way, they will be prepared to admit that a good deal of time may be wasted in a minister's study. It is so easy to pass into reverie, and then into absolute idleness. How many a morning has been thus spent! Solitude is worthless if it be not solitude with Christ. After more than twenty-five years spent in the ministry of the Word, I may be pardoned if I venture, in all brotherly humility, to address my closing words to our younger brethren, who have all their working-time before them. How thankful should I be had I seen at the outset of my ministry as clearly as I see it now the need of what I have attempted to enforce to-day! Get your message at first-hand; see to it that morning by morning you listen to the still small voice, and come into immediate, personal contact with Jesus. Listen not to someone who says he has heard the Saviour's voice, but have it in your power to say, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard Him ourselves." Then will you have learned the gracious secret of knowing how to speak a word in season to him who is weary.

"Oh, let me hear Thee speaking,
In accents clear and still;
Above the storm of passion,
The murmur of self-will;
Oh, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!"

Power for Aggressive Service.

PAPER READ BY PASTOR T. J. LONGHURST, CHELTENHAM.

THE radical word in the descriptive terms of my paper is the word "POWER." I shall waste no time in proving that our work is of necessity an aggressive work, "sword and trowel" work; "combat with sin" as well as "labour for the Lord."

A religion always on the defensive is weak. Christianity is a standing challenge to the powers of darkness. From one point of view we are, of course, "set for the defence of the gospel"; behind its breastworks and battlements we await the advancing lines, and then every man needs to be at his post,—and all the more when the lion-hearted leader has been carried from the ramparts dead. "To every man his work." We have our various commissions. We know what they involve; to-day, perhaps, the confidence of gathered

numbers, the *esprit de corps*, the thrill of marching music, and banners in the breeze; to-morrow, not less certainly, the dust, and noise, and garments rolled in blood, the sense of burden, and the tension of being which brings heartache and pain. There is no discharge from this war; and, somehow, the voices of both the living and the dead are calling us, back to the standards of Primitive and Pentecostal Christianity; on to a more heroic type of life and love and labour than (at least in the rank and file) we have witnessed in this age. We must get away from all that is professional and perfunctory in our ministry, all that is tepid in spirit, and merely conventional in method. There is a new call to consecration, and the old issues which in new forms have to be decided, must be as imperative and insistent as if but now forced upon us, and as if our Master's truth and honour were for the first time upon trial. Brethren, we are on *our* trial. The crisis has come. It will pass, but it will leave its mark upon us for better or worse, as it will affect for good or evil the whole church of Christ. Nothing is more difficult than to know the right line to take in times of transition; but the main question is, "What manner of *men* are we?" And if our work be more exacting, if the battle be waxing fiercer in the coming days, how shall we prepare for it? In what direction shall we find our strength?

To deal with the question fairly, I should require more time than can be allotted to a Conference paper. But certain things impress themselves upon me, and without pretending to cover all the ground, I would speak from my own heart to yours, of the things which lie nearest to both.

I. We need then, first, THE FORCE OF PERSONAL CONVICTION. There are certain things most surely believed among us; the man who does not believe them must not preach them. Better far keep within the narrowest range of things which we do know, than follow the Jack-o'-lanterns of theological speculation, or even orthodox truths when they are not truths but only *traditions* to us, into the regions of spiritual unreality. No man is strong who is not fully persuaded in his own mind. If we speak of the things which we have made touching the King, our heart will be inditing a good matter, and our tongue will be as the pen of a ready writer. Science has taught us the value of specialism; the scholar who has made one branch of study exclusively his own, speaks with far more weight than he who is a universal twaddler. The men who have moved the world have always been men who have possessed, and been possessed by, the truth-spirit,—"*Teneo, et teneor*,"—men who have been wrought into passionate earnestness by the fire of intense conviction.

But conviction, which is "the conscience of the mind", is never reached by a blind acceptance of somebody else's creed. "I have received of *the Lord* that which also I delivered unto you." John Milton nobly says, "He who believes only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very belief he holds becomes his heresy." It is a scarcely defensible thing, to rail at the "higher criticism" without having studiously acquainted ourselves with its principles and methods; it is not more so to endorse its findings from our

pulpits (directly or indirectly) without being intelligently convinced of their soundness and finality. Some men's reputations for orthodoxy, like the reputation of others for culture, are too cheaply won. They are parrots rather than prophets, echoes caught from the casual voices of life, rather than instruments made vocal by the divine breath. It is not our business to preach our *doubts* to the world; our people want results rather than processes; it is our business to speak what we do know, to try every spirit whether it be of God; not to sit down amid the "spectres of the mind", helpless and indolent, but to rise up frankly and fearlessly, and face them, to flash the light upon them, to let them feel the keen edge of our magic sword "*Excalibur*", and then go back to our people, and be able to say, "I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

I plead for intellectual honesty, the individual examination of truth, that spirit of original and painstaking enquiry which is the essence of Protestantism and Puritanism, which lies at the root of our certitudes and convictions, and without which there is neither authority nor persuasion in our public teaching.

But this is only part of the process. The reception of that truth which is to crystallize into dogmatic conviction, is not a purely intellectual thing, it is partly intuitive, it is the result of spiritual *experience*. We draw a distinction between faith and knowledge; but faith is the organ of knowledge, the eyes and ears and nervous system of the soul. Even in mathematics there is no knowledge without faith, for what is a postulate but an act of mathematical faith? But for the soul, faith is more than this, it is the faculty of communication with the spiritual world, the power that turns the things unseen as yet, into great spiritual realities. Seeing is believing; yes, and believing is seeing. The pure in heart *have* seen God. The eye is not the chief organ of vision. "That which we have *seen*, declare we unto you." "The believer on his knees sees farther than the philosopher on tiptoe." "Lord," cried the old prophet, "open the eyes of this young man that he may see!" But the hosts of God were there before; it only needed the second sight of faith to discern the heavenly sentinels. By faith, the patriarchs saw the promises afar off; by faith, Moses endured as seeing Him who is invisible. We believe in God. Why? Because we have read Paley, and Butler, and the Westminster Confession? We accept the Bible as the absolutely inspired God's Book. Why? Because Wellhausen and Driver are as likely to fail as Strauss and Colenso failed before them? All this is true; but our feet are on firmer ground. God is not for us a working hypothesis, but a blessed experience. His Spirit bears witness with our spirits that we are His children by the new birth. His word has answered (like deep answering deep) to all that is divinest in our souls; and these things are not dreams.

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep, I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore that tumbled in the Godless deep,
A warmth within the breast would melt the freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart stood up, and answered, 'I have felt.'"

Brothers, we have *felt* God, we have experienced God, we are alive unto God; the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead must be true, for He has appeared unto us, His daily presence is a fact of our spiritual consciousness, one of the certitudes of our new life. And this is power. If it be mysticism, it is a singularly healthy and inspiriting mysticism. It is an eminently practical and workable thing. In the life of that wonderful man, Dr. John Paton, there are not a few passages like this: he had climbed into a tree to escape the pursuing savages, and he says, "Never in all my sorrows did my Lord draw nearer to me, or speak more soothingly to my soul than when the moonlight flickered through the chestnut leaves, and the night air played on my throbbing brow as I told all my heart to Jesus. Alone, yet not alone." Again: "They encircled us in a deadly ring, and one kept urging another to strike the first blow, or fire the first shot. My heart rose up to the Lord Jesus, I saw Him watching the scene, my peace came back to me like a wave from God. I realized that I was immortal till my Master's work was done." These are the convictions, these the assurances, which give power for aggressive service.

II. Growing out of this, will appear another element of power, THE FORCE OF PERSONAL CHARACTER. Mr. Lecky, the historian, a witness by no means friendly, says that "noble lives, crowned with heroic deaths, were the best arguments of the early church." But noble lives must be moulded by noble truths, and fed by the holiest inspirations; and in the last issue, our doctrines will be judged by the perfectly fair test—what manner of men do they help to make, what is the quality and measure of their spiritual results? Does it matter what we believe? It matters greatly. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Creed will tell on character, character will react on creed. Mr. Ruskin says that "No false person can paint," and very much of his teaching goes to show, in his own beautiful way, that truth in the heart and soul of the worker is a thing essential, if his work is to live. I am sure that this is true, and that character goes for more than talent in the supreme service of life. We colour all we do by the influence of our own personality, we project a part of ourselves into the work, for good or evil. Are we true men? Do we help to make a spiritual type of Christians by our teaching and influence? Are we used (and this is surely a test) in the sanctification of believers, which is continuous, as well as in the conversion of sinners?

> "Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
> Show me the steep and thorny path to heaven,
> Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
> Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
> And recks not his own rede."

You know how grand old Dr. Stanford put it in his quaint way. A maternal crab sharply said to her daughter, "Walk straight, child, hold your head up." The little innocent answered, "Yes, mother,—mother, will you walk *first?*" Ah! there's a great deal in the walk. We walk first, and we are watched. There is a gospel to be lived as well as to be preached, and only as it operates in us can it work through us. Whence then does the power come for holy living, and

how, when we get it, shall we prevent the incessant leakage that takes place?

Dear brethren, the secret (it is an open secret, I have nothing new to say to you) is in the one word, *fellowship*. I believe there is a very subtle temptation to which we are all more or less exposed, to live below the standard to which we summon others in our secret and inner life; to be dulled and deadened in our spiritual sensitiveness by familiarity with holy things. God help the man who is a merely professional pastor or evangelist! The only thing that can save us from it is the freshening and fertilizing contact of our souls with the realized Saviour. That contact must be unbroken, abiding; the law of life is continuity, the perennial supply of living energy from the living source, the inflow of the abundant life from the Fountain of life. The power we most need is not intellectual, nor moral, nor social, but spiritual; and its symbol is not the bucket that dips intermittently into the well, but the golden pipes along which the golden oil from the two olive-trees flows continually to keep the golden lamps burning and bright. Prayer, secret prayer, continuous prayer, the sense of Christ's presence which is like an atmosphere continuously inbreathed, the heart's abiding in Christ, and Christ in it—this is the true fellowship. Christianity has been defined as "God in Christ, and Christ in man." If Christ be in us, He is something more than the hope of glory; He is power for present service; He is wisdom for present difficulties; He is the answer to the prayer, "Lord, take my mind, and think through it; take my lips, and speak through them; take my heart, and set it on fire." He breathes through us, and His breath makes the music of our tuneless lives; He lays His right hand upon us, and His touch is the awakening of all the harmonies of praise; He speaks to us, and His voice thrills us to a very enthusiasm of loyalty and love; He stands before us in those higher moments of spiritual insight and vision, and we, "reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." Is it not so? Like Arthur's warriors, we have cried,—

> "O Christ, be Thou our King, and we will work Thy will,
> Who love Thee!"

You know the sequel, brethren:—

> "I beheld
> From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
> A momentary likeness to their king.
> And Arthur and his knighthood for a space
> *Were all one will*, and thro' that strength the king
> Drew in the petty princedoms under him,
> Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
> The heathen hordes, and made a realm, and reigned.
> We need, methinks, the prophet-hero still,
> Saints true of life, and marytrs strong of will
> To tread the land, even now, as men have trod,
> Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,
> And startling sinners with the fear of hell!
> Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well;
> But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
> We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old time."

III. What I have to say now, grows out of what I have said. A third element of power will be OUR PERSONAL LOVE TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. It seems a simple thing to say, but it is well sometimes to go back to first principles. Ere Peter could be restored to his apostleship, he had to plead "aye" or "nay" to the question "Dost thou love Me, Simon?" The fatal flaw in the Ephesian church was, that with all their orthodoxy, zeal, suffering for the truth's sake, purity of discipline, they had left their first love. And love is power; love will do anything, dare everything for the beloved; love gives insight, delicacy of perception, alertness of response, utter self-conquest and self-abandonment. "God wants standard-bearers (said Dr. Ker) who are willing to make a shroud of their colours." Yes, verily, love is not worthy of the name that does not give its whole self; and the Love of love we preach, demands of us the most complete self-surrender of which we can think or dream. "Give me", said John Wesley, "one hundred men who hate nothing but sin, fear nothing but God, and are determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and I will turn the world upside down." And here, we have a band of men, whose hearts God has touched, more than one hundred strong, who, if we were just incandescent with the fervour of our heart's passion for Christ, might see men moved and melted as we have never seen them before.

For the love of Christ brings with it the love of men for whom He died. We look at a human soul in the love-light of the Cross, we come perhaps in some feeble way to share His travail, and so to have laid on us that awful, and solemn, and yet most blessed thing, the burden of souls. And this again is *power*. It supplies that motive to aggressive service, (the winning of souls for the love of Jesus) without which the mere trick of eloquence is but as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. "If I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and have not love, I am nothing." And though I lecture men on social reforms, and organize them into Societies and Guilds, and charm them with the Orphic strains of pulpit rhetoric, yet if I forget that they have souls to be saved, I am found a false witness to Christ. For the individual soul is the unit of all aggressive work. We must begin at the centre, and work outward to the circumference. Our motto is not reform, but regeneration; the reformed character may prove only to be like a whited sepulchre, a glistening charnel-house, with unspeakable dead things inside. Preaching morality is no use unless you can fall back on that which gives morality its sanction, and moral resolutions their strength, viz., a spiritual religion, spiritual forces planted in the centre of the soul, and working out into the life. "He that winneth souls is wise." "He that is wise winneth souls;" but souls will never be won until "the love of Christ constraineth us," and we have learned to weep with Him over a Jerusalem world. Ten years ago, whilst in College (if I may be forgiven a personal reference), I read what I thought then and think still, to be one of the noblest avowals ever made. I quote it because of its influence upon my own life then and since. "If" (said Francis Xavier) "those islands had scented woods and mines of gold, Christians would have courage enough to go thither, nor would all the perils in the world prevent them. They are dastardly and alarmed,

because there are only the souls of men to be gained. And shall love be less hardy than avarice? 'They will destroy me,' you say, 'by poison.' It is an honour to which such a sinner as I am, may not aspire. But this I dare to say, that whatever form of torture or of death awaits me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul." The spirit that breathed in those words was the spirit of an utterly selfless love; and every man amongst us, who can even faintly echo them, has placed his hand upon the secret springs of power.

IV. And now a word in closing. All these streams of power run up ultimately into one source, originate in one Spirit, who is the Spirit of God. The power we need, coming by different channels, manifesting itself in different ways, is THE POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST. If we need personal *conviction* of the verities of the ancient gospel, He is the Spirit of truth. "When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth." If we need the grace of *saintliness*, the force of a spiritual character, He is the Spirit of sanctification, we are the temples of His holy indwelling, wherein are the altars of sacrifice and incense, and the golden lamps of divine illumination, and all our ransomed powers are a priesthood of ministry and praise. If love to Christ, more love to Christ—transforming, absorbing, absolute—be our supreme need, that love is "shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." When Stephen was full of the Holy Ghost, he was full of power, and they were not able to resist the wisdom and spirit with which he spake. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me unto the uttermost part of the earth."*

This power is what we want; but the question is, are we ready for it? Are we fit to be used, willing to be used, to be used anywhere, to be apparently unused, to be nothing, that Christ may be all? The possession of power is a great responsibility; perhaps the self-will and self-esteem of some of us would make the possession of such power a very deadly thing. Andrew Murray says, "We want to get possession of the power, and use it; God wants the power to get possession of us, and use us. If we give ourselves to the power to rule in us, the power will give itself to us to rule through us." We are waiting here this morning to be filled with power. Perhaps we had better wait first to be *emptied*. The vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, is a vessel that has been purged. Some vessels can only be purged through a baptism of fire. God grant, whatever it is, that we may have it, for we need it, brethren, as we never needed it before! A fortnight ago, in Jerusalem, on the site of the Holy Sepulchre, there took place a weird and mystic scene. Within the Greek Church all was darkness, all was silence. The patriarch had disappeared within the tomb where the body of Jesus was supposed to have lain. Suddenly, there was a movement, a faint spark growing brighter; the patriarch had come back from the tomb with a lighted torch—from the tomb of the risen Saviour with a lighted torch—and as he drew nigh, hundreds of hands were stretched towards it, torch after torch was lighted from it, a thousand torches flamed and

* The conclusion of the Paper was omitted in reading for lack of time.

blazed down the narrow streets, till the whole city shone with light. Need I say, beloved brethren, we must be crucified with Christ, buried with Him, risen with Him, we must claim for ourselves His ascension-gifts—the supreme gift of the Spirit of the flaming tongues and the resistless wind, if the land is to be ablaze with gospel glory?

"To bring fire on earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is;
Oh, that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!"

Addresses at the Conference Memorial Service

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE BELOVED PRESIDENT.

PASTOR J. A. SPURGEON said: I need not say that this service, though, I have no doubt, that it will be very memorable, must, of necessity, be to some of us very painful. The simple attempt to open up the pages of memory, is an agony; and to retrace life's pathway of brotherly fellowship back to its commencement, is an effort; and one would not wish it to be other than painful. God's grace, however, lights it up all through, and I cannot remember the time when I was not under holy influence brought to bear upon me, and upon my brother, and upon my sisters, in one of the godliest households that I think God ever gave to a Christian land. I had hoped my dear father would have been here. He said that he would, if he could. He carries his years lightly; but eighty-two years are a weight, even for him, and I have no doubt that my sisters thought it wise not to tax his waning powers with the inevitable excitement of such a meeting as this. It must, of course, have called to his mind what it recalls to my memory—my mother, the starting-point of all greatness and goodness that any of us, by the grace of God, have enjoyed.

I think my brother, if he had been able to be present, would have traced up to the influence of godly parents (and, thank God, both my parents were such) those first impressions that have grown deeper and deeper ever since. At eighteen months old, my brother was sent to my grandfather's house at Stambourne, and he stayed there till he was between five and six years old. I amused myself, not many days back, by noticing, in some "Life" of my brother—and there are many such—that he was sent away because he was one of seventeen. He was the oldest of the family, and was himself eighteen months old! There are some other facts (!) which I find scattered up and down in these numerous "Lives", that are equally open to objection. Before he was six years old, it was thought best that he should go back to his mother and father's care, and it was only during holiday times that he, and very frequently some other member of the circle, went back again to Stambourne to stay with grandfather and grandmother, as grandchildren are still wont to do, as I can speak from experience.

A very godly household that was. My grandfather was one of the most earnest preachers that I have ever known, very much honoured in the district, with a magnificent voice. I remember him as having given me the first notion of a joke. I have heard some since; but the first joke that ever reached me was at a gathering (I think some anniversary). Different ministers were there, and my grandfather was of the family build, and someone said to him, "Mr. Spurgeon, how much do you weigh?" "Well," he said, "that will all depend upon where you take me. If weighed in the balances, I am afraid I should be found wanting; but in the pulpit they tell me that I am heavy enough;" and there followed a ripple of laughter like that I

have just heard; and in my youthful mind I wondered what they were laughing at, and I began to think, and then there dawned upon me a second meaning, and, as if I had been born across the Tweed, some time afterwards I laughed too. Brethren, that was my first joke. I did not know that there was such a thing in the world before that, and it is a very pleasant thing to remember one's grandfather by—to remember that the old man could poke a little fun at his own expense. I have heard his grandson do it since.

I remember my grandmother. A dear, good, kind soul she was. I was a delicate youngster then. I am still a perfect skeleton, though covered over. I was not nearly so much covered over then, and my mother, in her anxiety for her pet boy, had given strict injunctions to my grandmother that I was to have no tarts, and no pastry; and I remember well my dear grandmother's anxious look at not being able to do such a thing as give me any tarts, and she took the first opportunity to whisper in my ear that there was a cupboard full of them there, and I helped myself, and found out the folly of catering for myself, I assure you; and learned the lesson that it is not wise ever to neglect a mother's counsel, even in the matter of jam tarts.

I have to thank God, therefore, for having been nourished, as my brother was, in tenderest love, in Christian households that were full of holy joy and sweetest memories, and I have no doubt that great influence was brought to bear upon my dear brother by that Stambourne home at first, and on his after visits; but, believe me, that the influence that moulded him most was the home of his own parents, and no acquired home, not even that of a grandfather and grandmother. So far I am speaking of that part that no one else could speak of but myself. You who have more recently entered into what has become a big family circle, can tell of later years; I only can speak of these earlier years.

However my father contrived to give us the education that he did has puzzled me once, and that once has been lifelong. He burdened himself, I know, to pay for the best education that Nonconformity could command. If it was not better (and I do not think it could have been better), it was because it was not available; for the best education that could be given to lads was given to us. My father brought out the other day, with no small gratification, some old school-books; and I think that I would match those old school-books, though they were some of them mine, with the school-books of the best schools that you can find even in this day. I looked with some amusement, as you may suppose, at the two sets still treasured by the old gentleman as having value in them. My brother's—I am not ashamed of my own, but my brother's portrayed, just as you may suppose, much more character, and much of genius, for which you would look in vain in mine. I think that you might trace it distinctly in his. And I think, and I have heard him say the same, that we have been laid by our parents under debts of obligation that we never can discharge for having secured the best education that they could possibly procure for us. And my brother made good use of it—far better use of it than I did. He never did anything else but study; I kept some rabbits, and chickens, and pigs; but he kept to books.

Whilst I was busy here and there, interfering with anything and everything that a boy could touch, he kept to books, and you could not get him away from study. But although he had nothing to do with other things, he could have told you all about them, because he used to read about everything, and read with a memory as tenacious as a vice and capacious as a barn. I can recall his studying, and how he used to be delighted to give me the benefit of what he had been reading. I acquired a good deal of second-hand knowledge, and I think it did us both good that he should learn and then impart. He began it very early. He certainly began to be a tutor as far back as I can remember. He made such progress in his studies

that I am quite sure that there were few young men anywhere of his age, at his time, that were his equals, and I think I do not know any that were his superiors. We were talking, some time ago, about this matter of education, and he said amongst other things, "Do you remember what we were busy about at a certain place?" which shall be nameless. I said, "Yes." I never quite understood, however, what it was. I was then, I should suppose, about twelve. "Do you know," he said, "that I was calculating the tables of that Life office?" mentioning it. And I believe that the only tables of a certain Life office, that shall be nameless, were calculated by him, and it was his education in the higher branches that led him right on up to the position of a scholar able to make the necessary calculations. I mention that because I know it to be a fact. Some persons have spoken about my dear brother as if he had not had early advantages, when he could scarcely have had better. So much for this, because no one else could mention it unless it were my dear father.

I can distinctly remember my brother beginning to preach. I drove the pony as he went about preaching, when he was at home in Essex. My dear father's house was the rendezvous of any neighbouring ministers that wanted a help home with a pony, and we were thus always mixed up with God's servants. There was always refreshment and a lift homewards, and here is the whip that generally drove the ministers home some part of the way. Brother Smith, of Langham, who spoke here last night, reminded me of an incident that happened to me. The then minister of that Baptist church had been to Colchester, and he wanted a ride back, as usual. He had his cup of tea, and the pony was put in. It was a new one; it had never been driven before, I think, except once by my father. We did not know anything at all about it. Well, I know that I upset the minister into the ditch. We got about half-way to the place, and the pony started off at full gallop. We found, afterwards, that it had been sold because it was wont to run away. It pitched me out on my head, and very nearly killed me; but I remember getting up, and thinking, very bruised as I was, "I must get home, or else my mother will be frightened," and I ran home as fast as ever I could; but I never showed a bruise, for I did not give anything any chance of stopping anywhere to make a bruise. I got home, and reported the accident to my father, and he said, "Well, I was afraid of that pony. Never mind the damage, as you are not hurt." And it had to be sold with all its faults and failings.

I remember driving my brother about the country to preach, and I used to think then, as I have thought ever since, what an extraordinary preacher he was. I began to admire him, and I went on doing it more and more the longer I knew him. Oh, what wonderful unction and power I remember in some of those first speeches of his! I have no doubt that I was more impressible then than afterwards; but the impressions made then on others, I am sure, were as deep as any that were ever made, subsequently, and certainly the effect upon the people listening to him I never knew exceeded in after years. He seemed to have leaped into the pulpit full-grown. It was wonderful. I can still remember distinctly some of his early sermons. Their breadth and brilliance, and the power that God's Holy Spirit evidently gave to him, were perfectly marvellous. I have traced since not more genius, I think, than impressed me then, but more breadth, more depth, more spirituality, more of God's own Word as to the knowledge both of the letter of it and of its inner meaning; but I thank God that my first impressions of my brother are amongst the brightest and best, and I have had no cause to change my opinion from that time to this—that he was a God-made man and a God-sent man to his age, and by the grace of God he has been faithful to his mission all through his life.

I remember his going to Waterbeach, and afterwards his having a call to come up to London. The letters, of course, came home; and were read

as family property, discussed, prayed over, wondered at. We were not surprised, however, for I think that we all believed that it was in him; and it was only when it came out that we thought others were recognizing what we ourselves knew. I do not think it has ever been true of him that "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country." I think those about him have always felt what those who came near him discovered afterwards, that God had created in him one of the choicest instruments for making known His gospel, that He had ever given to His church.

I recall, of course, the commencement of most of his Christian enterprises—this College, and the Orphanage. I distinctly remember that being started, and how he spoke to me about it, and the promise which I gave to him, which I kept. I scarcely can think of myself as separated from my brother. I do not dare to think about it, even now. I have remarked more than once that I look above it, and under it, and each side of it, and through it. I cannot yet look at it. It is too overwhelming. But that magnificent life, that you know of now in these later years, has come to a close. I do not pretend to say my brother was perfect. I should expect him to be stopping my very lips if I did; but, I will say this, that I have not met with a man who was more perfect. I have not been blind to his weaknesses; but I should not have had much trouble if I had tried to be, for he had so few. I have noted, however, that whatever he was, he said that it was the grace of God that made him what he was; and that whatever he did, he ascribed the glory of it to his Lord; and whatever he aimed at, it was not himself but his Master; and the impression left upon my mind, as a colleague and a brother, is this—that he was a man after God's own heart, genuine and true from beginning to end, with all his faults upon the surface. You would not discover any by knowing him better, but you would discover excellences the more you knew him; and the memory that I have of him is, of course, one of unalloyed joy and happiness. I can never have any other; and the memory must abide always with me as one of unmixed praise and gratitude to God that I have ever been permitted to stand by his side to shield him if I could, to help him ever; and now, overpressed with the burden, to try still to do the duty of the day in the day, and not to let God's work begun through him flag or fail in anything, but with your help, for you are all vice-presidents of this College, and with the help of all others that have aided him in the past, to say—"This thing must go on from strength to strength; this service of the Lord must be a path that shines brighter and brighter to a perfect day." And, with God's blessing, the best memorial to my brother that we can raise will be to make his works immortal, as he himself is certain to be, and to carry on his labour and his service until the Master come, and he with the Master, or until we shall lay down our weapons as he has done, able to rejoice that it is true, though not saying of ourselves, for he never said it of himself, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." May you and I be at last where he is, in heaven!

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON said: Dear President and brethren,—According to the order of nature, my grandfather should have been here to have spoken first, for he was the first to know Charles Haddon Spurgeon. The next in order of time, his dear brother, has already spoken. Another gap occurs. My precious mother could have told you much if she could have been here; then it falls to the lot of the sons. There never was such a father as my father. Your fathers are all very well in their way to you, but my father was your father too.

I want just to tell you a few things of him *as a father*. I am the only one here that can thus speak. I wish I had the tongue of the learned, then I would tell you, in better words than those that I can find, what a father he has been. He has not been to me such a father as some speak of

in their life's history, because he was always about his Father's business. I owe most of my home training to my beloved mother. Father was thereby set free the more for his sacred calling, but nevertheless that very fact has had a wonderful influence over me. His active life always impressed me much, even in my youngest days.

Some of you will probably want to know what kind of a father he was as regards *correction*. He was the truest and the kindest, and if every parent acted as he did probably there would be better boys about. The first recollection I have of him was on one occasion when, returning from the Continent with mother, the two boys having been left at home in charge of the cook, as a very great treat we sat up to welcome them. During their absence, one of the two boys, on a certain Sunday afternoon, when a very limited portion of dessert had been allowed, thought he would like a little more, and so he helped himself. You can imagine who it was. I need not say it was not my brother. I was found out in that petty larceny, and was punished accordingly by the cook. I suffered greatly at her hands; but, having most truly repented, I received from her a promise that, upon the return of my parents, my offence should not be mentioned. I was grieved; my heart was broken that I had done it, as much because I feared lest I should grieve them as it was that I had stolen some nuts. When they returned, however, the first question asked was, "Well, Ellen, and how are the boys? Have they been good?" "Yes, sir,"—a little bit of doubt about it. They knew very well what it meant; for they said directly, "Has not Charlie been good?" The question was answered, I am sorry to say, in the negative, and the whole story of taking some half a dozen nuts out of the sideboard cupboard was told, and Charlie was sent to bed with these words, "I will come up and see you presently." That was all. That was quite enough, and I went upstairs with a very heavy heart; and yet, because it was my father, I did not fear him. When he came in at the door, I was already in bed. It was somewhat late—about half-past nine; it was late for my childhood's days. He entered and said, "I find that you have already been punished for what you did wrong, so go to sleep," and he gave me a kiss, and went downstairs. That was his trait all through his life—most just, and true, and upright; and if he thought that any injury had been done to anyone, or that he had made a mistake concerning any, he would go out of his way to put it right, and spend any amount of money to do it. And I could back these words up with facts.

A little further on, in my life's history, this is the way in which he corrected me. I was at school at Brighton. I went there for several reasons. I believe that the first was to learn. The second was to play. I preferred the second to the first; and sometimes the lessons were not altogether well prepared. I had a letter from my father, for the master had written complaining of me, and father said, "Charlie, I shall have to tell the master to *cane* you, if you are *able*." Well, as you smile, so did I; but the dose of physic went down all the sweeter because there was a drop of honey in it, and I believe that I was a better boy, and stuck to my books the more because of the way in which he put it. It made me more capable, because I was afraid of being caned. So he was kind in his corrections.

But during this time he did not omit to give tender, loving *counsel* concerning our life and work, as those who had professed to love the Lord Jesus. I have looked through one or two of the letters that I have. I have not many, for he had not time to write much; but when he did write, it was intensely sweet, and to the point. He writes thus on one occasion. It is in connection with a note that I had sent to him about a little prayer-meeting that we had started in the master's drawing-room in connection with the boys at our school, and he says, "Dear boy,—I should like you to *preach*, but it is best that you *pray*. Many a preacher has proved a castaway, but never one who has truly learned to pray." We have been

connected, my brother and myself, through my father, with the Pastors' College from very early days. You did not know that I was once in the College, and then left it, and came back to it; but so it was. The first letter that I ever received from my beloved father I hold in my hand now. It is in pieces, but I prize it immensely. It is written to a little boy, and it has therefore a pretty picture on the top—a picture of Heligoland; and in the letter are illustrations drawn which would fix themselves upon the memory and the mind of a lad. But these words I thought would interest you: "I am delighted to hear that you are doing so well at College." I was then at College, under the tutorship of Harry Rylands Brown. "Give my love to all the students, and tell Mr. Rogers that it always cheers me to know that the College men bear me up in their prayers." It has always been so all through his life. He has thought first of you; and if ever he has had an opportunity of saying a word to get somebody else to pray for this institution, he has done so.

May I refer again now to the time when it was put into my heart to serve the Lord, and to begin to speak for Him? Of course, I sought my dear father's counsel then, and he wrote to me. He was then laid aside with sickness, and was at Brighton; and I read this because I think that some of you, dear brothers, when it is given to you to have the joy of sons desiring to serve the Master, may be helped in giving direction to them. "I am glad you desire to do something for the Lord, and shall be still more so when you actually set about it. Time flies, and the opportunity for doing good flies with it. However diligent you may be in the future, you can only do the work of 1875 in 1875; and if you leave it undone now, it will be undone to all eternity." Now this is the admonition of a father. This will tell you what kind of a father he was. "The diligent attention which you give to business, the careful purity of your daily life, and your concern to do common things in a right spirit, are all a real service to the Lord. The hours in which your earthly calling is industriously followed for Christ's sake are real hours of work for Jesus; but still this cannot satisfy you, or, at least, I hope it cannot. As redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus, you feel that you belong to Him, and you long to show your love to Him by actions directly meant to extend His kingdom, and gather in souls whom He loves to bless. When once such efforts are commenced they become easier, and a kind of hunger to do more seizes upon the heart. It is not toil, but pleasure; and if God blesses what we do, it rises from being a common pleasure to become a sacred delight. 'Whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might.' It is not for me to suggest what, for the act of invention must be left to yourself, and half the pleasure lies in it." With such words as those, I can assure you it was not long before I decided to go and take up work for Jesus Christ, feeling also sure that he that had written thus would pray even more earnestly than before that the humble worker might be richly blessed.

Need I tell you, brethren?—No, for you know it, perhaps, even better than I do—his *benevolence* was one of his best and brightest traits. There are secrets which shall never be revealed, I do not know whether they will be uncovered in eternity, so truly kind was he even to the sacrifice of many a comfort to himself. When I was about twelve years old, I was riding home with him in the brougham from the Tabernacle after an evening service. It was blowing great guns, and the rain was descending, and a keen east wind with a cutting edge was driving it upon the pavement. It was a dark, dreary night as we came through, I think it is, the Lower Kennington Road—coming out at the back of the Tabernacle, and reaching the Clapham Road. By the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington, there is a somewhat open space of pavement. My father discerned, with his quick eye, what seemed to be a poor woman hurriedly rushing across the stones through the storm. With her skirt gathered over her head, she looked a weird

spectacle. His heart was moved in an instant. He said, "Charlie, stop Wassell; that was the name of the coachman. "Jump out, my boy, and see if there is anything wrong with that poor woman. Go and see if you can help her." Well, of course I sprang out of the carriage door, but I wondered what I was going to say to the woman. I overtook her, and said, "Excuse me, but is there anything the matter? Are you in trouble?" She said, "Oh, dear, no! I have been to see a friend, and have been caught in the storm. I came out without an umbrella, and I am only running home." My father said, "Oh, that is a relief to me!" But what do you think he would have done if she had been in distress? He was glad that she was all right: but I remember sitting there thinking, "Dear me! Fancy, it is no business of his, really. That woman is nobody to him, and yet his heart went out to her." It went out after everyone who was in need and distress; and if his hand could help, it followed his heart of love.

With this let me also add, that I never met with anyone in all my life who was so ready to *forgive* any wrong that was done to him; and, brethren, let me say that that word "forgive" as I use it in connection with him, is the word as we find it in the Book where we read that God forgives us. We say that we forgive, and we bury the old offence, covering it with leaves, and when the first cross wind blows, if the person does something wrong again, we say, "There, we said it would be just like that. You are at your old tricks again. I do not forget what you did before!" Ah, no! But he forgot as well as forgave. He would not remember injuries that were done to him. His benevolence of spirit was equal to his benevolence of purse. May the sweet memories of such lovingkindness still abide with us!

I have already referred to his ceaseless *activity*. I know that it has been an inspiration to me in what measure of work God has enabled me to do. I thought, "Well, if my father can toil like that, I, as his son, ought to try to do the same." I recollect his saying to me once, when I had shortly begun to ride a bicycle, "However do you manage to keep on, my boy?" I said, "Well, if I do not go on, father, I go off." He said, "Well, that is about the same with me. I must keep at it, else I should stop." I believe that there is a good deal of philosophy in that. He was to me a lesson in earnest plodding industry, for the morning hours witnessed his labour, and the sun had long set when he sought his rest. He was not a man who used to go in for "higher wages and eight hours a day."

One thing that helped him to work so well was his *cheerfulness*. He was always happy, always bright. Even when he was feeling twinges of gout, he would make a joke. A brighter, happier companion never lived. I have been abroad with him, and up in Scotland and to the Lakes with him; and when we were there, seeing how the Lakes were made, by the way, for it rained night and day for a week, as we were driving, he said, "Look here, boys,"—Tommy and myself were with him,—"you must not speak, and I will not, unless you make a joke;" and I can tell you we had a warm time of it. I have a good mind to tell you one of the jokes, but it will make you laugh. My brother made a remark; it was a very foolish one, so I turned to him, and I said, "Thom—as." He looked straight into my face, and said, "Char—lie"; and as we were staring at each other, my father—mind you, he must not open his mouth unless he made a joke, none of us must—my father said, "Broad—stairs." But even in the midst of this fun there was some amount of instruction conveyed, let me tell you, for he would say, "Now, boys, let us see what we can say about these trees;" and then we would try to make some riddles up, and he would make riddles about all manner of things. Then he would turn and try to make us remember all the different stones, and rocks, and so forth. And if we were going through old ruins of castles, abbeys, and the like, he would tell us about them, for he seemed to know everything. He was a

walking encyclopædia. When we went through the churches in Paris, he seemed to know every picture, every tomb. Whenever we spent these happy holidays, I preferred it to going to school, and I wished that he had always been my tutor; for I believe that I should have learned a great deal more from him than from anybody else. I do thank God for having had such a father, so full of information, and so gracious in imparting it.

One has so much in sweet memory, that it were easy to go on much longer. I have the heart to do it, but not the strength. Best of all, we have his fragrant memory as a *soul-winner*. I have read all the letters that I have of his, and there are only a few that relate entirely to business, and they are briefly written; and there are one or two that look almost like hieroglyphics, because they were written when his poor hand was filled with gout, scribbled off on a Sunday morning, and sent off by special messenger, just to ask me to go to the Tabernacle to take the service. But the other letters all contain references to winning souls for Christ; and if there is anything that seems to stamp his memory most upon my heart, it is the great hunger and thirst after men which he always possessed. He loved them when they had been brought to the Lord; but oh, with great cords of affection, he sought to bring them to Christ! Have you ever seen those dear eyes of his filled with tears? It was that eye-tide that rose to a high tide, that made him so earnest in getting men to the cross. His heart welled up for the souls of men. This was the fountain.

When the message came in the early morning of February 1st (and I received it very early on the Monday morning) that he had gone to his rest, my first thought was not so much that I had lost my father as that Jesus had got him safely home, and that thousands of others had welcomed him. I like to think of it now in that way. It puts away all selfishness. Though we could wish him here—and no man wishes it more than I do—yet for his sake, and for their sakes who are across the flood, most of all for Jesus' sake, I am glad that he is glorified. May his memory inspire us, brethren! There is an old Spanish legend, told of one who led the hosts to war; and wherever he went, victory attended his sword; but the Cid died. What did his comrades do? They took him in the panoply of his armour, and strapped him to his saddle, and sent the horse before them, and cried, "The dead Cid is in the saddle." As he led them on, though dead, victory still attended their pennons. Brethren, my father is dead, and yet he lives. They embalmed him in Menton. I have embalmed him many a time, and so have you, with the sweet spices of affection, and the memories of his own precious goodness. How often has he captained us to conquest! Shall we not still have him to the front always and ever? In our memory we will let him ride forth and lead us on. We are joined together with the same rope, brethren. We are still brothers in the Lord. We have had to travel a new and a rough way. The mists of the mountain have fallen upon us, and gloom and sadness have been ours, but our guide is only round the corner. He is in the sunshine, while we are left in the shadows. The rope that held him to Christ holds us in one long string, and it shall be our turn soon to see him where he is, and to be with him. Still climb on, brethren, each one helping the other lest he slip, for the road is steep and the way is long, but the end is bright. God bless us who are left as He is blessing him who is in the glory! Amen.

DR. PIERSON said: If I had the conduct of this meeting, it would close here, without any further speech. I am heart-tired. This day has brought back all the surging sorrow of that week of pain, which I shall never forget, when the very strain of the endeavour to keep calm and composed seemed to take years out of one's life.

I had in my mind some little tracing of preparation for an address to-day, but when this dear brother and the son of the departed President rent the veil

asunder, and showed us that holy of holies of his home-life, there came up a wave of grief in my heart that almost swept that outline of preparation away, like the tracing of childrens' fingers on the sands of the seashore. I thought I knew something of Charles Haddon Spurgeon before; but this unveiling of the inner life of the household, as seen by the brother, and by the son, is a kind of new revelation to me; and if I consulted my feelings, I should keep silent; for I think we have heard all that we can hold. Already, I believe that, under the pressure of circumstances over which I had no control, I have made fifteen addresses about Mr. Spurgeon since he died. Yet here I am still turning round this character, like a valuable piece of spar in my hand, and at another angle it reveals brilliant and beautiful colours. It is a many-sided gem, each facet radiant with Christ.

I have sometimes thought that we were all a little in danger of idolatry, and of obscuring the object of our love with our incense; and yet belonging, as I do, to the outer court, and looking as from a distance, I am quite sure that I am not mistaken in my estimate of Mr. Spurgeon, and that I do not see him through any halo created by my own affection. He was the most remarkable man I ever knew, viewed from more than one aspect of his manifold character; and while I recognise the fact that he was great because God made him great, I thank God that there was about him the greatness of goodness, which we may all imitate.

If you will bear with me for a few moments, when your hearts are already, I am sure, overladen with the very affluence of this occasion, I will say a few words about this imitable side of Charles Haddon Spurgeon—that which is not so transcendent as to defy our imitation. I have asked God that He would give me a special word, having had little opportunity to make specific preparation during these busy days; and this verse, which came into my mind, I take to be God's message to us all: "*He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord*" (Acts xi. 24).

The man of whom this was written, in the Acts of the Apostles, was called Joses; but surnamed by the apostles, "Barnabas", the "son of consolation" (Acts iv. 36). I marvel whether there has been a man since Jesus ascended that the modern apostolate—I do not mean the "apostolic succession", but the God-sent men who know what the truth is, and who the Master is—would more readily call "Barnabas", the "son of consolation."

"He was a *good* man." That adjective expresses him, to my mind, better than almost any other in the English tongue. There is a sacredness about that word "good"; for "God" is the contraction of it. God is the "Good." There is a great deal in goodness that is higher up even than righteousness. We read in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, "For scarcely for a *righteous man* will one die: yet peradventure for a *good man* some would even dare to die." A righteous man is a man who goes about doing right. A good man is a man who goes about doing good; and as doing good belongs to a loftier level than doing right, goodness is higher than righteousness. A righteous man is, or may be, largely self-centred. He may be as complete and symmetrical, upright and faultless, as a statue, and just as cold, and irresponsive to the touch of life. But a good man goes about doing good, enquiring into the sorrows of the sad, and the burdens of the oppressed; leaving here medicine for those who are ill, there food for those who are starving, and there, again, it may be, a shroud for the dead; and such a man draws out a love toward him that no coldly upright man ever knows. Yes, "he *was* a good man."

Some of us wrongly associate goodness with gentleness and with generosity, while we forget that genuineness is a necessary attribute of goodness. Goodness is the combination, perhaps, of gentleness, generosity, and genuineness. When we think of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, we see the genuineness of goodness, and the goodness of genuineness. He reminds one of Curran,

who, in his defence of Bond, replied to those who, with the clash of arms, were seeking to arouse his fears, "You may assassinate me, but you cannot intimidate me." Burke, in his address to the electors of Bristol, when they found fault with him for not obeying the instructions of his constituency, stood up, and, in a manly fashion, said, "I obeyed the instructions of nature and conscience and God. I maintained your interests, as against your convictions;" and there never was an utterance by an English statesman more worthy to be written in letters of gold. Charles Haddon Spurgeon could not be intimidated, and cared not a farthing for any "instructions" except those which came from his heavenly "constituency"; and in many a time of trial and crisis of peril he maintained the interests of others as against their convictions. He was a genuine man, true, and out and out, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, and from his heart to his finger-tips. And, brethren, we can all of us imitate genuineness by being genuine. Truth lies at the bottom of all noble character. There is not a foundation laid unless truth be there. Absolute genuineness, loyalty to eternal principles of morality and piety—that is the corner-stone, shall I not also say the capstone?—of all beautiful character. This foundation was firmly laid in him, and the entire superstructure of his character was built upon it; but there were incorporated with genuineness that noble generosity and gentleness of which I have spoken. It was not, therefore, gentleness at the expense of truthfulness or faithfulness. That hand that could stroke with the softest caresses, could smite with the indignation of a giant. That hand, that could hold the grapes of Eshcol with a touch so tender as that even the delicacy of their bloom should in no wise be impaired, could seize the sword of the Lord, and with it hew Agag to pieces before Him. That tongue often spoke "smooth things",—and who of us has not been blessed with its honeyed utterances?—but it never "prophesied deceits." And all of us may emulate the magnificent and rugged grandeur of those granite blocks that underlay his character in an abiding loyalty and unswerving fidelity both to conscience and to God.

As to his generosity, as I intimated on a previous occasion, its full records will never be written, for the data are unknown to man. I wonder not that you feel yourselves to be a bereaved family. You are orphans, and you can only find your fatherhood now in God, for there is no man who can ever take the place that Charles Haddon Spurgeon took to you. Samuel Bradburn went to John Wesley for assistance, when his funds were very low. Wesley opened the Bible at Psalm xxxvii. 3: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed;" whereupon he put his hand in his pocket, and with his usual lavishness took out some five-pound bank notes, and laid them over the text, and said, "Take those, Bradburn, to help you trust the more;" and Bradburn said, "Mr. Wesley, I have often had my attention called to that text, and consulted it, but the exposition of it was never accompanied by expository notes so satisfactory, interesting, and practical." My dear brethren, there has passed away from us one who called our attention many a time to the blessed promises of God; but he did also lavish "expository notes" on us, and there are very few here to-day who have not known his benefactions. While I have been seeking, in some measure, to break the force of this sorrow in this great church, I have had not a few letters from impecunious brethren scattered over the land, who have gone out from the College, and who had promises from Mr. Spurgeon that he would assist them when certain crises came. Some of them have looked to me as to one who might prompt others to fulfil the promises which never can be fulfilled now by him, and I have wished that I had the wherewithal to help these brethren. But it has been a great revelation to me of what a tower of strength he was to you all even in your financial enterprises. How many of you he helped to eke out a subsistence while you were trying to preach the Word of the Lord, and how many of you he aided to erect your chapels, or to conduct

your various benevolent enterprises, by the strong hand that had hold of a purse, in which nothing was counted dear to himself but very precious for his Lord and his brethren!

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost." You can be full of the Holy Ghost, can you not? I shall not detain you, to speak of the minister's relation to the Holy Ghost, although it is so interesting and fascinating—the Spirit of light to shine into us, and then to shine out of us; and the Spirit of love to beam upon us, and then to help us to beam love on others; and the Spirit of life to quicken us with new fidelity, and then to energize our poor labour by the very energy of God. But I must speak of two little words, connected with the Holy Ghost's ministry to a child of God, that Mr. Spurgeon so marvellously represented; and I do pray God, to-day, that all of us may learn more of these two words and their great, deep meaning. The first is "*insight*", and the second is "*instinct*"; and both concern the relation of the minister of Christ to the Holy Ghost. He ought, by the Spirit, to have a spiritual insight into the truth of God. That was spoken of here in the third address of yesterday morning, and I do not need to delay to speak of it now. Perhaps you will allow me, in lieu of what I would have said to you, to put into your hands, in pamphlet form, for free distribution among you, the notes of a lecture, on Spiritual Homiletics, that I gave in the College here, which deals with the subject of the sermon as a product of the influence of the mind of God on the mind and heart of man. I have tried to emphasize in that lecture the truth that every true sermon is not an invention, but a discovery. It is the discovery of truth lying in a crystalline form in the Holy Scriptures, waiting to have its angles and its radiances disclosed when, in the prayerful spirit, we descend, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, into this mine of celestial gems.

That is what I mean by insight. Now, about instinct, just this word. I am not speaking now of what we call our inborn intuitions. I am speaking of the trained instinct, for there is such a thing as a trained instinct. The first time that a student of music sits at an instrument, he is thinking about how he manages his fingers, and how he handles the keys, and what his attitudes and positions are; but after he becomes a true musician, he forgets all that, and thinks only of the musical harmony that he is creating. His instinct has been musically trained. When the speaker first begins to speak, he thinks of accent, of emphasis, of gestures, and of inflections; but by-and-by he forgets all about these, when he has the trained rhetorical and oratorical instinct. So I insist that our communion with the Holy Ghost needs to be so intimate, and so constant, that we shall have a spiritual instinct trained by the Spirit of God, and that such instinct shall guide us as to spiritual topics, as our conscience, which is a moral instinct, guides us on questions of morals. And what I insist upon, too, and insist upon with all careful and prayerful emphasis, is that every one of us should consider that there is a radical deficiency in us, especially as pastors, until we command this spiritual instinct. Mr. Spurgeon had it in as remarkable a degree as I ever knew anyone to have it. For example, when he was met by an enquirer with a perplexing question, this spiritual instinct asserted itself, and became his unerring guide in his answers. It was not mere capacity. It was not mere sagacity. It was the trained instinct of one who, sitting at the feet of Jesus, is, by the Holy Ghost, instructed what to say, having had given to him the tongue of one that is taught, and who knows how to speak a word in season to him that is weary, seeking moment by moment, as well as "morning by morning", to hear the utterance of the Holy Spirit.

I am sure, beloved friends, that if some of us had true spiritual instinct, we should find how to manage difficult congregations. It is not done by political manœuvering. It is not done by wire-pulling. Such a result is reached by way of the throne of grace. I have had one or two most remarkable illustrations of this in my own ministry, and it seems to me that when there is this spiritual insight into the truth on the one hand, and this

spiritual instinct for souls on the other hand, it makes a man a kind of prophet, and priest, and king; and God, if He does not guard the man, guards his office; and if any one fights against that man, he fights against God, and flings himself on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler. Many a man has been "avenged" by the Lord God Almighty,—avenged on those who have ventured to stand in his way in the prosecution of purely spiritual interests. Some years ago, when I first heard Mr. Spurgeon in the Tabernacle, I received a wonderful inspiration from his manner and his matter in preaching and in praying. I undertook to live a new life for Christ; but in my congregation, I was continually beset by opposition from some who claimed to be children of God, led on by worldly-minded men outside the church-membership entirely. I tell you solemnly that, however you account for it, divine chastisements were visited upon that band of opposers; and it showed me the sacredness of the office of a Christian minister, and how we need not defend ourselves, but commit our defence unto the Lord God Almighty. And since we are here like a band of brethren, I want to say to you, further, that I had another remarkable illustration of how, when we cultivate spiritual insight and spiritual instinct, we can depend upon God to interpose for us. I was once in a church where there was a deadly feud between certain members and officers, and it was so bitter that the opposing parties would not even sit on the same side in the prayer-meeting room. After eighteen months of strenuous endeavours to heal the sore, and get the contention out of the way, I said to the Lord, "Thou hast put me here, and Thou art bound by Thy promise to stand by me. Now I have sought to remedy this difficulty, and I cannot, and I find this conflict facing me every way, and these antagonists have arrayed themselves against each other like hostile forces; now, Lord, either heal the breach, or remove out of the way the real offenders." *And from the day that I offered that prayer not one of those offenders has ever darkened that church door.* I speak of it in solemnity. I feel very solemn about it, but I want the witness to go to your hearts to-day that the mighty God is on the side of any man who seeks to be filled with the Holy Ghost, to cultivate the insight into the Word, and the instincts of a spiritual man, and so to administer everything in the interests of God.

Just a word more. "And full of faith." Let me be very brief. You are Latin students. "Fides, fiducia, fidelitas," are all from the same root. Did you ever think of the union of those three words, all centring about fides—faith leads to boldness, and ensures fidelity. Spurgeon was a man of faith, and did not his faith ensure, and was it not the secret of, his holy boldness and his faithfulness? And now what is God's Word to us all? "MOSES MY SERVANT IS DEAD; NOW THEREFORE ARISE, GO OVER THIS JORDAN. . . . . EVERY PLACE THAT THE SOLE OF YOUR FOOT SHALL TREAD UPON, THAT HAVE I GIVEN UNTO YOU, AS I SAID UNTO MOSES."

Reports of Conference Proceedings.

BY VARIOUS MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

"BETTER is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof," said Solomon; and his words are certainly true concerning the Pastors' College Conference, held during the past month. Many of the brethren confessed, during the meetings, that they had looked forward to the gatherings with serious misgivings as to what would happen as the consequence of the late beloved President's promotion to glory. Never had so many sad Pastors' College men journeyed to the metropolis; for some who could not come from distant parts to attend the funeral, felt that they *must* be at the Conference, not only to know what was to be done, but that they might take their share in doing it. We felt specially sorry for the brethren who had come from abroad; from China, India, the Congo, North Africa and

the United States; for they must have had a peculiar sense of loss on returning home, and for the first time missing the loving greeting of him to whom, under God, they owed so much. It was no wonder that, on entering the Conference-hall, many a strong man was moved to tears; nor that, at the frequent references to the late beloved President, the place became a veritable Bochim. The attendance was probably as large as at any former gathering; and, at the close of the meetings, it was almost universally acknowledged that never had there been more spiritually profitable gatherings. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

MONDAY'S MEETINGS.

Instead of holding meetings at two places, on the first day of the Conference, as has usually been the case, it was decided that, on this occasion, all the brethren should be invited to gather at the old home at the College and Tabernacle. The first meeting for prayer was therefore held in the Conference-hall, on *Monday afternoon, May* 2, 1892. The Acting-President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, was unavoidably prevented from attending the first part of the meeting, so until he arrived, Dr. Pierson was invited to preside. In the course of a few remarks, he said that he believed they were going to have a great blessing that week. Personally, he had never anticipated any Conference so ardently as he had looked forward to that gathering. After a season of silent supplication, the Doctor led us in prayer, in which he said, "We meet as a bereaved family; make up for the great absence by the still greater Presence!" This was the burden of many of the petitions that followed; and there appeared to be a general expectation that the Lord, who had taken from us His beloved servant, would give us a special manifestation of Himself. Dr. Pierson called attention to what he described as "the supreme passage in the Word of God on the subject of prayer", viz., John xvi. 23, 24, 26, 27. On the arrival of the Acting-President, after explaining his temporary absence, he said: "I suppose that many hearts have been anxious concerning this Conference; but let us not be straitened in ourselves, for we shall not be straitened in our God. I want to stir up my own heart; not my God, for He is waiting to be gracious. If each brother will rise to the occasion, and seek to do his part to make this Conference the best we have ever known, great as our loss is, it will be an even greater gain." Sympathetic reference was made by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon to the absence, through illness, of Pastor F. H. White, and other brethren, and they were lovingly commended to the care of the Great Physician. When the time for closing arrived, it was felt that, both in the number attending, and the fervency of the spirit manifested, there had never been a better opening meeting of the Conference than this.

After tea, the brethren joined the congregation at the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, at which there was a very large attendance. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, prayer was presented by Deacon W. Olney, Elder T. Cox, Pastor John Collins (Lymington), and Mr. Bryce (student). Mr. Ira D. Sankey, after loving allusions to the late President, and the blessing he always received at the Tabernacle, sang "Throw out the life-line," which was highly appreciated. Pastor W. D. McKinney (Ansonia, Connecticut) on behalf of the brethren in the United States and Canada, spoke of their profound and inexpressible sorrow on account of the departure of that dear man of God whom they all loved so fervently. In the United States he was loved and revered as much as in England, though the bulk of the Christian people there never saw him. The brethren who have gone from this College to the States have had a warm and confidential welcome, and *his* name will secure a similar reception to any others who go. Brother Levinsohn presented prayer specially for the Jews; and Brother J. L. Roger, from the Congo, gave an address, in the course of which he made the startling statement that, while there are 42,200 paid ministers for the population of 32 millions of people in the United Kingdom, there are only 108

missionaries for the 39 millions of heathen in Congo land. Mr. Sankey then sang "Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King." Dr. Pierson, who was most cordially introduced by the chairman, said that, when he was in Rome, he saw an inscription over one of the churches,—"Mother and head of all the churches of the city and of the world." When he came to the Tabernacle, he did not see that inscription; but he thought that Christian people everywhere would acknowledge that it rightly belonged there. This must be a rare people, for they had opened their arms, and taken a Presbyterian in! There was nothing that drew him more to the Tabernacle than the fact that here is maintained the simple standard of the Primitive faith. Prayer by the chairman, Pastors W. Hackney, M.A. (Birmingham), and B. Brigg (Margate), brought to its close a meeting which was to many a happy augury of delightful days to follow.

TUESDAY MORNING AT THE COLLEGE.

On *Tuesday morning, May* 3, before the first hour of prayer had closed, every seat in the hall was filled, while ladies occupied all available space in the gallery. The Acting-President presided. He made an admirable selection from the hymns arranged for the Conference, beginning with "Far down the ages now." Prayer was offered by Pastors J. S. Morris (Tutor at Harley House), and W. Cuff (Shoreditch Tabernacle), who spoke what many felt when he said, "The moment of our great sorrow is come." Then came the stirring martial air—

"Hark! the captain's voice is calling,
Waken from your sleep enthralling,
Where the veteran sires are falling,
Forward, Christian men!"

Professors Marchant and McCaig followed in supplication, specially remembering Professor Fergusson, who had been obliged to retire through ill-health; and we then sang the last hymn Mr. Spurgeon gave out at Menton, "Immanuel's Land." Other hymns and prayers followed, including two by Dr. Pierson and Pastor C. Spurgeon, specially for the Acting-President, who then delivered the address on 2 Cor. iii. 18, which is published in the present number of the Magazine. At its close, as at the beginning, the whole assembly rose and cheered the speaker, and then sang the doxology as an expression of the devout thanksgiving all felt for the special help that the Lord had given to His servant in his time of unusual need.

After a short adjournment, the Conference re-assembled for the transaction of business. The following are the items of general interest. As the chairman said, "First, foremost, not all-absorbing, but well-nigh so," the official report of the death of the late beloved President was to many the most trying time during the whole week. In solemn silence it was agreed that the following resolution, drawn up by Professor Gracey, should be entered on the Minutes of the Association:—

"It is our heavy task to place on our Minutes the record of the death of our beloved President, the revered C. H. SPURGEON, which took place at Menton, on the Lord's-day, as it was drawing to its close, January 31st, 1892.

"Through the rich mercy of God, he was given to this generation and to us as 'a good minister of Jesus Christ', an 'able minister of the New Testament'; and though our sense of his transcendent worth, our affection and long-continued prayer would fain have kept him still in our midst, yet we are assured that, as God in love gave him, so in wise lovingkindness He has taken him from his manifold and faithful labours to his rest and his reward.

"Even his last illness and death were so ordered of the King and Head of the Church, that they advanced the same high purpose as his active life, calling forth, from Christians of every name, expressions of sympathy and esteem which have been of inestimable value in vindicating before the

world the attractive power of a faithful ministry of the gospel, and the spiritual unity of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

"We shall never cease to praise our God and Saviour for such a ministry, illumined as it has been with the clearest manifestations of His truth, enriched with the love of His Spirit, and extended throughout every land, though the loss of the Minister, our President, the Founder of the Pastors' College and Pastors' College Conference, our tried and trusted and courageous leader, our faithful and beloved friend, endeared to us in ten thousand ways, has stricken our hearts with a sorrow no words can tell, and filled us with a sense of bereavement and impoverishment we must carry with us in some chastened form as long as life shall last.

"We sadly think of, as belonging to the past, that presence which so long animated us in the service of Christ, that voice whose trumpet-tones ever sounded clear and certain in the cause of God and truth, that heart so large and tender, that fearless martyr-spirit in the declaration and defence of the gospel, that character and life so elevated with the principles of Christianity, made beautiful with the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and moved by 'the philanthropy of God'—yet we do not repine, for the memory of what he was is in our hearts an imperishable fragrance, and is for us and the whole Church in these days, as it will be for years to come, a priceless heritage.

"We have, happily, also something more than the memory of him in his life and work for the Saviour. Our Saviour's Kingdom is eternal; and though the sower may pass away, the seed he has sown lives on; though the worker may die, the work is immortal; though the earthen vessel be broken, the heavenly treasure it conveyed is not withdrawn, but remains to enrich all who have received it; and though the brave soldier may sink in the strife, yet the battle is the Lord's, and rolls on to victory, every stroke making for the final triumph of redeeming love. We rejoice, therefore, that although our beloved President is no longer in the vineyard with us, the fruits of his toil remain, and are scattered among all nations and languages, extending and strengthening the reign of Jesus in the hearts and lives of men. He, being dead, yet speaketh; for the truth can never die.

"We pray that we may have grace to feel the full persuasiveness of so great an example of faith and devotedness to Christ and our fellow-men. We pray that the call to him to rest may be our call to renewed and, if possible, increased labour and courage; and that the Great Captain of our salvation, who has removed so beloved and able a leader, may manifest Himself more fully to us in our struggles in 'the good fight of faith', and endue us with greater 'power from on high.'

"Leaving with God the mystery of his removal, at a time when he seemed so sorely needed by us and by the Church at large, instead of murmuring or complaining, we would rather make our loss the occasion of a more earnest resorting unto the Eternal Spring whence all saving truth, all holy life, all gracious powers flow down to men.

"While he was yet with us, it was our joy to mingle our confidence with his in the immutable rock of Scripture truth. To-day we stand on the same rock of the Word of God; and here, by the grace of God, we purpose to continue to stand while life and being last. And, as if bidding him farewell, grasping him by the hand in a final clasp, our leader and brother, loving and beloved, that man among men, that true man of God, we pledge ourselves, depending on divine help, in response to the appeal of his whole life and ministry, to follow him in the way of his life and service and testimony till the morning breaks, and the shadows flee away, considering the end of his conversation, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

The deaths of Professor Rogers, and Pastors H. Channer (Hitchin), C. E. L. Good (Falkland Islands), and W. Jackson (Waltham Abbey), and of

Mr. R. H. Corpe (student), were also reported, amid many manifestations of sympathy with those who had been bereaved. Four names were removed from the roll, and 27 students, who had been in the College six months, were admitted into the Association, making the present membership 725.

The Emergency committee and the London committee had both recommended the Association to elect Pastor J. A. Spurgeon as President for the ensuing year. Pastor T. W. Medhurst (Cardiff) proposed it, Pastor W. Cuff seconded, and on being put to the meeting it was carried with great enthusiasm Mr. Cuff having mentioned that Pastor A. G. Brown was not able to be present, owing to the very serious illness of his dear wife, it was resolved that a telegram of sympathy should be sent to him.

The President said that the London committee had recommended him to nominate a Vice-President for the ensuing year—he supposed they did that in order to shift the responsibility from their shoulders to his. He had consulted his Co-Trustees, but they were unable to help him; so he thought the best plan would be to nominate every brother on the roll as Vice-President for this year, and if he wanted any of them, he would call upon them. The secretaries, Pastors H. O. Mackey (Peckham), and S. J. Jones (Kensington), and the remembrancer, Pastor F. H. White (Talbot Tabernacle) were re-elected, and a resolution, pledging increased support to the College during the ensuing year, was carried. The Emergency committee was re-appointed.

Mr. Allison presented the following report of the Assurance Community:—Balance in hand last year, £197 11s. 3d.; subscriptions, £96 5s.; payments, £51 12s. 6d.; balance in hand, £242 3s. 9d. Mr. Allison was heartily thanked for his services as Manager of the Fund, and was re-elected for the ensuing year. Mr. Harrald gave a message from Mrs. Spurgeon about her Conference gift. While the late beloved President was writing his *Commentary on the Gospel according to Matthew*, a work which gave him great delight, he said that he should like that book to be this year's Conference present. His dear wife will have great pleasure in carrying out his wishes. As the volume could not be published in time for the Conference, Mrs. Spurgeon will send it to every Member and Associate as soon as it is ready; and meanwhile, she gave to each brother who was at the meetings the Memorial Volume, *From the Pulpit to the Palm-Branch*. The rest of Mrs. Spurgeon's message Mr. Harrald gave in her own words, as follows:—

"Tell them that I love them very much, and always have done so. I was a nursing mother to the College in its early days. The other day I remembered that, when the College was started, I helped my darling to maintain it by my economy in the household. It is, therefore, only natural that I should love the brethren very much. I wanted to tell them to seek to get as much of his spirit as they can, and to tighten their grasp on the sword now that he is gone. I am glad they are going to sing his hymn, 'The Fountain of Praise.' That last verse is true of him now:—

'In an ocean of delight,
Praising God with all my might,
Self is drowned, so let it be:
Only Christ remains to me.'

The Down-graders cannot censure him now; he is far past all that!"

A resolution of loving sympathy with Mrs. Spurgeon, and hearty thanks for her generous gifts, having been unanimously passed, the assembly sang part of the hymn to which she had alluded in her message, and the morning's proceedings were brought to a close with the benediction.

TUESDAY EVENING AT THE ORPHANAGE.

This is the most informal of all the Conference gatherings; and affords a very pleasant opportunity of renewing old acquaintances, and of cementing new friendships.

After tea, we gathered in the dining-hall, under the presidency of Pastor

Charles Spurgeon. In a few felicitous sentences, the President welcomed the brethren to the Orphanage, and expressed his joy at seeing his nephew, "who can sympathize with the fatherless, as I cannot yet," in the chair.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon, who was very heartily received, after a few introductory remarks, announced as his subject, "*The charms of the Christian ministry as illustrated in my father's life.*" Upon this theme he gave an address full of interest. The following is only an outline of it:—

1. The first charm in my father's ministry was CHRIST. He desired not that men should speak of him, but of his Master; a twinge of passing pain appeared in his countenance when people praised him. In his sermons Christ was the constant theme; I should not have wondered if the printers had run short of the letters C-H-R-I-S-T, for they were required so frequently. There was always a light on his countenance, and a sparkle in his eye, when he spoke of his Saviour.

2. The conversions which resulted from his ministry were the second charm of it, and should be also our joy. He liked me to go out riding with him, because I generally sat still, and let him do most of the talking; he found no higher pleasure than to speak of the recent cases of blessing which he had been permitted to see as the result of his preaching.

3. The comfort and communion he and we have had with God, is the third joy of our work. If we had not been ministers, perhaps we should not have consulted the Bible so often. *His* fellowship with God was very real; and many a time, when he came down the aisle at the Conference, we have seen, by his radiant face, that we were about to have a royal feast.

4. Our contact with good men is another delight of our position. To how many notable men have I been introduced because I am the son of my father! I remember walking through these grounds, arm-in-arm with Samuel Morley, and I felt six inches taller because of it! Our ministry brings us into touch with the excellent of the earth.

5. We are, moreover, cherished by the love of our people. This was never truer of any man than of my father; and not only by those whom he knew, but as I have gone about the country, even in its remote parts, I have got many a hand-shake because of my father, and they *were* hand-shakes too, some of them; I am glad I got them, instead of my father, his poor hand would have suffered for days from the hearty grips that the people gave me.

6. Our ministry consumes our best efforts. When I was in a business house, in the City, it was but a dull monotonous round; but in the ministry there is constant variety. When Nasmyth's hammer was first set up, its rhythmic sound almost doubled the output of the men, for their hammers went the faster because of its stroke. The ministry, like that hammer, calls out the best we have.

7. The crown we shall receive at the last is the greatest glory of our ministry. So we press forward. The memory of our President is fragrant. Our Waterloo is covered with sweet Forget-me-nots.

Mr. N. Hardingham Patrick, of Tangier, one of the representatives of the Pastors' College Missionary Association, was the next speaker. He described his work amongst the Spaniards in Morocco, and urged the need of more workers. Comparing the ancient civilization of the Moors with their present degradation, he gave a most vivid description of the former magnificence of the cities of Cordova and Granada; but under the blight of Mohammedanism, the ancient glory has passed away. His colleague, Dr. Churcher, also one of our men, is doing a noble work. On one occasion, they went into a market-place in the country, and the people, with angry looks, were preparing to stone them, crying out, "The Nazarenes have come." But one man recognised Dr. Churcher, and cried out, "It is the doctor from Tangier," and immediately they were welcomed. Brother Churcher then doctored about five men, and preached for an hour; medicine is thus made the handmaid of the Gospel.

The ignorance of the people is terrible. One patient in the hospital was put in a warm bath; but as soon as possible he escaped from it, and ran through the town saying that *they had been boiling him*. The poor fellow thought he was being cooked in order to be eaten. The people's fanaticism, and the hatred of those in power, are great barriers to the spread of the truth; yet there are many more converts than have confessed Christ openly. For a Moor to declare himself a Christian, is to ensure his being speedily poisoned. Amongst a population of 8,000,000, only five days' distant from our own shores, there are but 16 workers for Christ. "Yet," added Mr. Patrick, "it is sweet work to be sentenced to hard labour for Christ in Morocco." Hearty cheers were given when, in closing, he hoped "that we should be saved from having wide-awake hats and sleepy hearts."

The Chairman reminded us that his father used to say that, if a man could not be bound in morocco, he could be bound for Morocco; and the stirring words of our brother will surely issue in the strengthening of the forces for God in that dark land.

Mr. J. Stubbs, of Patna, made a pathetic appeal on behalf of India; and declared that he would rather be in the fiery furnace of an Indian summer with Christ than on a throne without him. He, too, called for more workers; and emphasized his appeal by an extract from one of our late beloved President's sermons.

When Brother J. Manton Smith had sung, accompanied by his daughter, "Anywhere with Jesus," Pastor George Turner (now of Sutton) spoke some weighty words on the privilege of our service, and the possibility of making the soundest possible investment of time and talent in it, enforcing his point by reference to the parable of the unjust steward who "turned oil and wheat into affection and gratitude." Our ministry is like Goethe's Lamp of Truth, which turned everything in the hovel to silver, and changed the landscape without, until the crumbling walls collapsed, and displayed a shrine of silver sheen. Thus we, too, are changed in soul and in character, until, at a touch, death shall crumble away the old walls, and the temple of God shall be seen in all its glory.

Dr. Pierson gave the closing address, and evoked much laughter by telling of a coloured man in the Southern States, who was asked to what denomination he belonged. "By state of nature," he said, "I am a Presbyterian, but by state of grace a Baptist." The Doctor almost felt as if he were getting out of a state of nature into a state of grace. Charles Haddon Spurgeon was the greatest-hearted man he ever knew. Like the Master, it might be said of him, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." It is possible for us to grow great-hearted, but only by self-giving. Love is expansive, expulsive, and explosive. Illustrating the second of these adjectives, Dr. Pierson referred to the origin of Dr. Chalmers' great sermon on "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection." He was riding in a coach, and sitting beside the driver; and at one point the man gave the leading horse a severe cut with the whip. Dr. Chalmers asked the reason for what seemed a needless infliction. The coachman answered, "Round that corner there is a white stone on one side, and a ravine on the other; and that horse is apt to shy at the stone, so I have given him something to think about till he gets past it."

On the second Sabbath of August, 1866, I first heard Mr. Spurgeon; and he gripped me, though he was many feet off. That service, in some measure, changed my life. Who can say how many others have come from the north, south, east, and west, and heard him preach, and above all, pray, in the Tabernacle, and have gone away to live more devotedly because of the vivid and almost visible presence of the Lord in his ministry?

The hymn, "My Jesus hath done all things well," brought this happy gathering to a close. We all felt, in parting, that God was graciously lifting us above the sorrow in which we had met.

WEDNESDAY MORNING AND AFTERNOON.

On *Wednesday morning, May* 4, there was again a large attendance at the devotional service. Principal Gracey presided for the first hour, as the President was weary. After brethren labouring at home had prayed, Mr. Gracey asked those who had served in the foreign field to lead us in supplication. In response to his request, Brother McKinney, from the United States; Brother Patrick, from Tangier; and Brethren Billington, Clark, and Roger, all from the Congo, pleaded for blessings on the work at home and abroad; while Pastor G. Turner remembered sick and tried brethren, and prayed very touchingly "for such as are slipping away from the faith." Every heart must have been stirred by that grand battle-hymn, written at Menton by our late beloved President, "Forth to the battle rides our King." The President presented a brief prayer; and then, as Principal Gracey came forward to read his masterly essay on "The Gospel for the Times", the whole assembly rose and cheered him, showing how deeply he lives in the love and esteem of the brethren. We are obliged to reserve Mr. Gracey's paper for our *Second Conference Number*, to be issued next month, as we wanted to insert his admirable article on "Mr. Spurgeon's First Institution." Time was flying fast, so with a hymn, and a few words of supplication from the President, Pastors A. Bax (Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington), and T. J. Longhurst (Cheltenham), read the excellent papers which appear in the present Magazine. Truly, this morning we had "a feast of fat things."

The programme announced "an informal visit to Norwood Cemetery." It was felt that many brethren, who could not come to the funeral, would like to visit the grave of the late President. About 300 availed themselves of the opportunity afforded on *Wednesday afternoon*, and around the spot where the precious dust sleeps till the resurrection, they sang softly the hymn *he* loved so well, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Pastor W. Cuff gave a short address, in the course of which he said that they had gathered there that they might once more avow their allegiance to the gospel which dear Mr. Spurgeon had so long preached. It had been said that "the last of the Puritans" was dead; but he thought he might speak in the name of the 700 members of their College Association, and say, "We also are Puritans, and we are not ashamed to hold and preach the Puritan faith that our beloved and glorified leader held and preached." Around his grave they once more pledged themselves never to furl the flag that fell from the hands of their dear President on that night when he went to heaven from Menton. In token of their loyalty to the old faith, the brethren then sang the College anthem, "Hallelujah for the Cross!" The service was closed with prayer by Pastor T. W. Medhurst.

A large wreath of choice flowers had been hung upon the front of the vault, and in the centre were a floral sword and trowel. The wreath bore the motto, made with the letters that were on the hearse on February 11—

"I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH,"

and affixed to it was the inscription, "A tribute of affection to our beloved President, from the members of the Pastors' College Conference, 1892." Pastor Walter Hobbs (Gipsy Road, Norwood), superintended the arrangements at the Cemetery. This reminds us that, quite unintentionally, we omitted to acknowledge, in our Memorial Number, the generous kindness of Mr. Hobbs and his friends at Gipsy Road Chapel, in beautifying the grave of our beloved President at the time of the funeral. Though tardily, yet heartily, we thank them for their tribute of respect and esteem.

SUBSCRIBERS' TEA AND SUPPER.

The tea for subscribers and friends of the College on *Wednesday afternoon* was a largely-attended one, relays at the table being necessary to accommodate all who came to show their sympathy with this institution, so dear to the heart of the late President. The entry of the new President and

Dr. Pierson gave an occasion to the friends to testify how heartily both are esteemed for their joint services in the Church and College. Tea over, the guests wended their way to the Conference-hall above, where the cold, marble bust, at the back of the platform, spoke eloquently of the "great absence" felt by all. Brother Chamberlain filled the short interval before the meeting with one of his sweet gospel songs; and when the chairman, G. T. Congreve, Esq., arrived, he was welcomed by a numerous and enthusiastic audience. Prayer was offered by Professor Marchant and Pastor W. Cuff, and then the President, who was warmly received, gave a succinct account of the men who had settled in pastorates, &c., during the past year. He urged that the best way to show their love for the departed Pastor was to continue his work; and the College, as his first institution, was the one dearest to him.

The Chairman, in an address laden with tender reminiscence and warm eulogy of the late C. H. Spurgeon, begged the supporters of the Tabernacle institutions to rally round the new President, who had ever been his brother's right-hand worker and helper. Brother J. Manton Smith and his daughter sang a sweet duet entitled "The Cross of Calvary." Brother J. Stubbs, from Patna, spoke of his work amid the heathenism of India. He said that, when he went to Patna, Mr. Spurgeon promised that, whenever they had rice on the table at "Westwood", they would always pray for him and his work, and on his return he was glad to find that the promise had been kept. Brother N. H. Patrick, of Tangier, told the story of preaching the gospel amongst the Spaniards and Moors of Morocco; whilst the present students were represented by Pastor F. G. Smith (Langham, Essex).

Dr. Pierson, who received a royal welcome, gave a rousing address, expressive of his deep admiration and appreciation of the work of the College; testifying that, for intellectual grip and spiritual power, he had never before heard three papers, following one upon another, such as he had heard at the morning sitting of that day. He reminded his hearers, that you may pay so much attention to the merely intellectual in the training of men, that you destroy spiritual effectiveness. "You may sharpen a blade till there is no blade left; you may develop the beauty, colour, and fragrance of the flower until its fertility is gone." This blunder had never been perpetrated at the Pastors' College. In an eloquent passage, thrilling the whole assembly, he said that, if the Baptist denomination did not support the Pastors' College, it would be recreant to a solemn trust from one of the greatest saints; but he believed that the College would continue with its work undiminished. Pastor David Davies, of Brighton, added, in a few stirring sentences, his own personal impressions of the College, emphasizing its special success in training not merely scholars, but preachers.

The President having heartily thanked the chairman and all friends who had come to show their sympathy with the work of the College, the company adjourned to the tastefully-decorated supper-room. Including the noble gift of £250 from the chairman and Mrs. Congreve, £110 from Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, and £100 from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, the grand total of the subscriptions amounted to £2,269 16s., which the following morning was increased to over £2,300. With grateful hearts and voices the doxology was sung, and with the benediction closed another successful gathering of the subscribers and friends of the Pastors' College.

THURSDAY MORNING AT THE COLLEGE.

When the Conference assembled on *Thursday, May* 5, ringing cheers greeted the announcement of the subscriptions at the supper-table the previous evening, and the doxology was spontaneously sung. After prayer by several brethren, a touching message from Professor Fergusson was read. Further prayer was presented, and then the President delivered the memorial address which is published in full on pages 300 to 303.

Resuming his seat for an instant, the President again rose, and tenderly

directed our thoughts to the bereaved wife at "Westwood", "Son Tom" on the ocean, and "Son Charles" by his side. He then prayed for the father, widow, and both sons of his brother, especially for him who was about to address the assembly.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon, though evidently suffering from much weakness, was greatly helped to speak in memory of his glorified father; and his narrative of early days enabled us to see new excellences in the leader we so sorely missed. His address appears in full on pages 303 to 307.

Mr. J. W. Harrald, being introduced by the President as one who had served his brother "with all his might, day and night, when necessary, sparing himself in nothing, and sparing my brother in everything," was received, as he deserved, with much applause. He was evidently very weary, and sorely oppressed with the memories of the past. His paper contained suggestions worthy of very earnest consideration. It will be published in the Second Memorial Number next month.

The President re-called the bit from Bunyan to which he had referred the previous evening, that when Christian lost his companion Faithful, Hopeful came to him. "Faithful is the companion I have had;" he said, "Hopeful is the companion I want to have."

Dr. Pierson gave the last address, and a very memorable one it was. The brethren who had only heard of his great success at the Tabernacle, without having listened to his voice, were specially eager for him to speak. His address will be found on pages 307 to 311.

THURSDAY EVENING AT THE TABERNACLE.

The great public meeting began at 6.45, and before long the vast building was crowded in every part. Two hymns having been sung, with prayer by Deacon S. R. Pearce between, the President rose, amid cheers, to give the Annual Report of the College. After a tender reference to his departed brother, he gave some statistics, which need not be repeated, as they are to be found in the Report which accompanies this number. So many brethren having gone abroad, he said that the College may be looked upon as a Foreign and Colonial Missionary Society as well as a College. The question whether the work was to continue, could be answered only in one way. "No other College professes to do quite what we are doing, and I am not sure that any other could do it if it professed to do so."

The cheers which greeted the emphatic statement that the College would continue, and continue on the old lines, showed the hold this School of the Prophets has on the sympathies of the people. Further enthusiasm was evoked by the declaration of confidence in the men by the new President, "I love them," he said, "and I believe they love me." Drawing special attention to the College Evangelists (Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, Burnham, Harmer, and Harrison), he spoke of the Evangelistic effort as one of the chief departments of our work.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey then sang, with great expression, "When the mists have rolled away." Later in the evening, he also rendered, "Rock of Ages" as a quartette, accompanied by three friends; and said that, on Mr. Moody's return from Palestine, he hoped they would be able to conduct some services in the Tabernacle.

Principal Gracey, who had an enthusiastic reception, spoke of continued loyalty to his new leader. The late Pastor of the church at the Tabernacle was the father of the College, but the church was the mother; and he asked the church still to continue its interest in the work. Though they did not see much of it, he could assure them that it was carried on with vigour. The College competed with no other. Its object was not commerce or literature, but the training of preachers; to this all energies bend.

The Chairman referred to the late venerable George Rogers, who for so many years was the Principal of the College, and who has been taken home during the year, as "one of the best men God ever made." A well-deserved

tribute was also paid to Professor Fergusson, and to his work, both in the College and in the Evening Classes, by the presentation of the following address, and a purse containing £120, on his retirement through ill-health after thirty years of College work:—

"Presented to REV. A. FERGUSSON, with a purse of gold, on the occasion of his retirement from the office of Tutor in the Pastors' College.

"The members of the PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, and former students, desire to assure him of their warm personal attachment and grateful love for all the helpful service rendered to them in past days in preparation for the work of the Gospel ministry.

"They request him to accept the accompanying gift, and beg to assure him of their unchanged affection, and they pray that the richest divine blessing may rest upon his remaining years of service for God.

"On behalf of the Association,

"(Signed) JAS. A. SPURGEON, President.

"H. O. MACKEY, } Hon. Secs.
"SYDNEY J. JONES, }

"J. ALEX. BROWN, "J. C. CARLILE, "W. CUFF, "W. A. DAVIS, } Testimonial Committee.

"May, 1892."

The address was very tastefully illuminated by Pastor A. C. Chambers (Belvedere, Kent), as his contribution to the testimonial. The presentation was made by Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S. (Camberwell), the treasurer of the fund, and the greatest enthusiasm greeted Mr. Fergusson—"the old man eloquent"—when he rose to reply. This melted into tears when he grasped Mr. James Spurgeon by the hand, and tendered him the loyal support of an old man's honest heart in the work to which he had put his hand. He urged the church to do for the College what Pharaoh's daughter did for Moses. Turning to the ministers, he urged them to cling to the old gospel as it had been set before them, the gospel which Charles Haddon Spurgeon preached—the authorized version—by which he had covered the plains of England with chapels, and the plains of glory with converts.

Pastor W. Cuff, in a rousing speech, declared his profound belief in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures; his expectation that there would be a fiercer struggle in the future than in the past; but that, when the sword of opposition to the truth was drawn by the other side, seven hundred swords of Pastors' College men would be unsheathed to defend it.

Dr. Pierson, who had an overwhelming reception, began by saying, "Some months ago, God said to me, 'Come out from thine own country, and come to a land that I will shew thee,' and during this Conference I have found it to be 'a goodly land', flowing with milk and honey." Playfully dissenting from Mr. Fergusson's remark that the church was to be to the College like Pharaoh's daughter to Moses, he urged the church to be like the mother of Moses to the child. "We want to have no communion with Egypt; and I, for one, will not consent that the child shall be weaned." This is the last time the question should be raised as to whether the College is to go on. To ask it is almost treason to the Lord. Go to America, if you want to determine whether this College is needed. There is a college there, which has been so reduced, that it has now only four students, and they have been thus described: one is an Agnostic, one a Sceptic, one a Dyspeptic, and one a Fanatic. When there is no more room in England for the men, we can do with a thousand of them over there.

There is a great difference between the Old Theology and the New. The five points of Calvinism we know; but the New Theology has not yet been formulated. It is like putty, and will not stay formed: it is Protean in its shapes; like a weather-vane, it follows the wind, and there is a great deal of wind to follow. In view of this meeting, I have tried this afternoon to put down the five points of the New Theology.

First, with reference to *God*. It believes in the universal Fatherhood of

God, and the universal Brotherhood of men, independent of the mediation of Christ.

Secondly, with reference to *Christ*. It believes Him to have been the Perfection of Humanity, so far as perfection has yet been attained. He died as a Martyr to the truth, and an Example to all men; but the idea of vicarious substitution is left out.

Thirdly, with reference to *the Bible*. It believes that it is the best book ever put before men; but it is not inspired in any true sense, not infallible, and not inerrant.

Fourthly, with reference to *sin*. It is a misfortune or a disease, and is determined by circumstances. It is a necessary condition of perfection: a fall forward.

Fifthly, with reference to *salvation*. It is by character, and means development in this world and in the world to come, until perfection shall have been attained.

Again Dr. Pierson said he would not relegate the College to a Pharoah's daughter, who would teach such doctrines as these; they did not desire the learning of the Egyptians. The College must be nurtured by its own mother, and share her nature, her piety, and her consecration.

Mr. Spurgeon is, in the best sense, the founder of a denomination; a denomination without a name, not a denomination in any narrow, ambitious, and invidious sense; but in a sense of doctrine, worship, polity, life, and influence. Recognizing this, I would make two suggestions. We need a centralizing tendency, so that we may rally round this great centre more heartily; and then we need a diffusing tendency, so that we may radiate to the utmost end of the globe. Some scheme, whereby the strong churches should help the weak ones, is urgently demanded; and a more large-hearted missionary enthusiasm is called for. An open door for such gifts is set before you in the College Missionary Association.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon closed the meeting with prayer; and it was felt that, for numbers, enthusiasm, and solid power, it had been one of the best of these annual gatherings. The supper for ministers and students brought this memorable day to an enjoyable end.

THE LAST MORNING OF THE CONFERENCE.

On *Friday morning, May* 6, there was as full an attendance as at any part of the Conference, the hall and gallery being crowded. After several brethren had prayed, the President said that, if they had not all the blessings of Pentecost, they certainly had a large measure of the gift of tongues. He wondered in how many different languages John iii. 16 could be uttered by brethren then present. At his call, Brother Stubbs gave it in Hindustani, Brother Patrick in Spanish, Brother Levinsohn in Russian and German, Brother Clark in Congo, Brother Barley in French, Brother T. L. Johnson in Bakundu, and a student in Welsh.

It was agreed that *Monday, June* 20, should be observed as the CONFERENCE DAY OF PRAYER; and that collections for the College should be made, wherever it was possible, on *June* 19, the late President's birthday. Hearty thanks were accorded to the hosts who had entertained the country brethren; mention was made of the many letters received from brethren abroad, and it was agreed that a suitable reply should be sent to them.

Pastor A. G. Brown had been announced to preach the Conference sermon, but he was obliged to be absent owing to his wife's illness; and at short notice, Mr. Fullerton was called upon to take his place. Right nobly did he fill the gap. After Pastor Charles Spurgeon had read Psalm xxvii., and the President had prayed, Mr. Fullerton preached from Jonah ii. 7. Those who have heard our esteemed Evangelist at his best, can guess what a treat his hearers had. We shall give the sermon in full in our Second Conference Number next month.

Before the communion, the President retired that he might bring in his aged father. As they entered, the brethren softly sang "Abide with me!"

At the communion, double thanks for the bread were given by the Rev. John Spurgeon and Dr. Pierson, and for the cup by the last brother on the College roll, Mr. Tweedie, and the first, Pastor T. W. Medhurst. Before singing our closing hymn, the President gave a short address, in which he said, "I hope that the result of all this week of meetings will be a great many sinners brought to Christ. We must give the other side a hard time of it now that we have had such a blessed one. Our testimony for Christ must be fuller as our experience has been deeper." Dr. Pierson interposed with a few sentences, expressing his sympathy with the new President, and offering to relieve him and aid the brethren in every way that was possible to him, closing with the remarkable declaration: "This Conference will be in my heart as no other body of men on earth is." Psalm cxxii. was then sung as usual by the whole assembly standing with hands linked.

At the dinner-table, the President reported that 176 brethren had contributed or collected £372 6s. 3d., for the College funds during the year; and commended Brother Patrick to the sympathy of any brethren who could help him in his work; hearty thanks were accorded to the deacons and their helpers for their most generous hospitality during the week; and then a most memorable Conference was appropriately closed with the doxology, and the old-fashioned chorus, "Glory, honour, praise, and power!"

Editorial Notes.

THE ministers trained in the Pastors' College have often desired to have a complete record of the proceedings at their annual Conferences. In the present number of the Magazine, their wishes have been, to a large extent, met; and it is hoped that they will, on their part, show their appreciation by ensuring a wide circulation for the messages that afforded them so much spiritual profit when they were delivered. Even with the addition of extra pages, it was not possible to print all the papers, etc., in one issue; so next month we shall have a *Second Conference Number*, which will contain the address on "The Shield of Faith", delivered by the late beloved President, at Upton Chapel, at the opening of last year's Conference; Principal Gracey's paper on "The Gospel for the Times", with a portrait and sketch of the writer; Mr. Fullerton's sermon to the Conference on Jonah ii. 7; "the armour-bearer's" address at the Conference Memorial Service; with further Reminiscences by various brethren.

Our readers will be glad to learn that DR. PIERSON has promised to contribute every month to *The Sword and the Trowel*. He has already made arrangements so that, while he is in America, articles from his pen shall appear regularly in the Magazine.

Readers of MR. SPURGEON'S SERMONS will be glad to know that the publishers have at least eight hundred discourses that have not yet been published, so that the weekly issue can be continued for sixteen years longer. Each sermon is now accompanied by the exposition given by the beloved preacher; and this addition appears to be greatly appreciated by regular readers. If there is any difficulty in obtaining copies, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will send them, post free, to any place in the Postal Union, for 3 months, for 1s. 8d.; 6 months, 3s. 3d.; 12 months, 6s. 6d.

We are obliged to omit all Reviews this month; but we must inform our readers that a new edition of MRS. SPURGEON'S *Westwood Leaflets* has just been issued, and the dear authoress has added *four new leaflets* to the series, making sixteen in all. The price of the set is 3d.; or a packet of fifty, 6d. We heartily endorse the advice of *A I*:—"Send for them, and lose no time in posting some to any sick or afflicted ones, whose spirits they will certainly comfort."

Mrs. Spurgeon's choice volume, *Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund*, is still on sale. It would make a most suitable present to a lady; and might suggest to other invalids a way in which, in their weakness, they might serve and glorify God, as the Manager of the Book Fund has done for so many years. The price of the book is 3s. 6d.; or, in superior binding, with gilt edges, and Mrs. Spurgeon's portrait and autograph, 5s.

In view of the return of MR. THOMAS SPURGEON, to occupy the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit for the months of July, August, and September, we call special attention to the volume of Sermons preached by him on his last visit. It is entitled *The Gospel of the Grace of God*, and is published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster at 1s. 6d. In the preface to the volume, his dear father wrote:—"These sermons have given great delight to the friends at the Tabernacle. . . . Old believers, who know the taste of heavenly food, declared that they had been well fed; while the younger folk, with natural enthusiasm, expressed their delight at what they had heard. The praise rendered unto the Lord by many was an offering of sweet savour . . . Precious things will sell themselves; all that is required of us is just to say—here are pearls, examine them, and estimate them after the manner of merchants, who care for nothing but intrinsic worth."

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is expected to reach England about the middle of June, so that, all being well, he will be at the ORPHANAGE FESTIVAL, on *Wednesday, June 22nd*. We hope all our readers will make a special effort to be present on that occasion.

Mrs. Spurgeon wishes it to be widely known that "Son Tom" ought not to be asked to preach anywhere away from the Tabernacle.

C. H. SPURGEON MEMORIAL FUND.—The total amount given and promised, up to May 19, is about £3,200. Next month we shall publish the first list of contributors. All contributions should be addressed, "Treasurers, Memorial Fund, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington."

COLPORTAGE.—The annual meeting of the Association is being held just as we go to press. We shall give an account of the proceedings in our next number, which will also contain the Annual Report.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—April 21st, 12; April 28th, 17.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 13th to May 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Mr. A. G. Snellgrove	0	10	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss Steedman	50	0	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Miss Darkin	0	10	0
Pastor L. S. Steedman	0	10	0
Miss Janet Wood	3	0	0
Mr. G. Shaw	2	0	0
Mr. Everett's Bible-class	5	0	0
Mr. G. L. Miller	0	15	0
Victoria Place Chapel, Paisley, per Pastor John Crouch	5	0	0
Mr. J. B. Crisp	1	0	0
Pastor J. S. Poulton	1	1	0
Pastor J. L. Bennett	1	0	0
Mr. William Kent	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	1	0	0
Mr. C. B. Vaughan	5	5	0
Pastor M. Ashby	0	7	6
Mr. A. Perrins	5	0	0
Pastor N. Papengouth	1	0	0
Mrs. Martha Bass	0	4	2
Mrs. Ryder	1	1	0
Mr. A. Laurie	2	2	0
In memory of our dear sister, per A. J. and E.	4	0	0
Mrs. Bovett	5	0	0
Mr. J. Allder	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Graham	5	0	0
Mr. H. Keen	3	3	0
Pastor W. Julyan	0	19	0
Mrs. Sims	1	0	0
Miss Parnell	1	1	0
Pastor W. B. Nichols	0	10	0
Mr. G. W. Edwards	0	10	0
Mr. W. Edwards	25	0	0
"In loving memory"	100	0	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	2	2	0
Longcross Street Chapel, Cardiff, per Pastor J. J. Knight	1	15	0
Mrs. Kent	1	1	0
Mr. F. Hunt	5	5	0
Mr. James Wolfe	1	11	6
Mrs. Charles Burt	5	5	0
Mr. G. W. Gowland	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. F. Whittle	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. W. Stoughton	2	2	0
Dr. E. Cronin	1	1	0
Mr. J. E. Potter	5	0	0
Mr. G. E. Horn	1	1	0
Mrs. Walker	0	10	0
Mr. Francis Leete...	1	1	0
Pastor A. Hall	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chisholm	1	1	0
Brannoxtown Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. McCaig	1	16	10
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Price	5	5	0
Miss Heath	5	0	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder	2	2	0
Mr. F. G. S. Norris	1	0	0
Rev. F. C. Spurr	1	0	0
Mrs. Ball	2	0	0
Mr. J. E. Tresidder	1	1	0
Elgin Baptist Chapel, per Pastor R. E. Glendening	4	2	6
Mr. C. Pankhurst	1	1	0
Salem Chapel, Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton	1	0	0
George Street Baptist Chapel, Ryde, per Pastor E. B. Pearson	1	10	0
Leafield Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. A. Ingram	1	12	0
Pastor J. J. Irving	0	10	0
Clarence Street Chapel, Penzance, per Pastor W. Thomas	2	10	10
Wadham Street Chapel, Weston-super-Mare, per Pastor J. Urquhart ...	13	3	6
Pastor J. Urquhart	1	1	0
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	10	6
Rev. F. C. Spurr	1	0	0
Per Pastor A. W. Wood :—			
Broughton District Evangelists' Association ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. Whicher 1 0 0			
Pastor A. W. Wood ... 0 10 0			
	2	10	0
Pastor F. M. Cockerton	1	0	0
Pastor G. W. Robert	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. Evans	25	0	0
Carlton Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor H. J. Jones-Miller	3	16	0
Pastor D. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. James Collingwood	1	2	6
Pastor Hockey's Bible-class	2	2	0
Two friends at Chatham, per Pastor T. Hancocks	0	7	6
Mr. F. N. Charrington	1	1	0
Mr. G. Harris	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs Edwin S. Boot	3	3	0
Mr. J. D. Link	5	5	0
Eythorn Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. Stanley	2	11	2
Mr. Hobbs, per Pastor E. White ...	1	0	0
Zion Chapel, Chesham, per Pastor H. Trueman	1	6	0
Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	3	0	0
Parkstone Tabernacle, per Pastor R. B. Morrison	0	10	6
Southwood Lane Baptist Chapel, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	0	10	6
Pastor J. H. Barnard	1	1	0
South Stockton, per Pastor H. Winsor	0	10	0
Friends at Wigan, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	6	0
Braintree Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Curtis	1	10	0
Pastor F. C. Carter	1	1	0
Mr. James G. Hall	1	1	0
Miss Fordham	1	1	0
Wycliff Chapel, Reading, per Pastor W. G. Hailstone...	4	1	0
Faringdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. Smith	1	0	0
The late Miss B. Lord, per Pastor S. J. Baker	1	6	0
Mr. H. Mallett	1	0	0
King Street, Oldham, per Pastor W. F. Edgerton	1	1	0
Baptist Tabernacle, Sheerness, per Pastor George Curtis	1	1	0
Pastor C. T. Johnson, and friends at Falmouth	3	4	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	10	0	0
Mr. J. Garner Marshall	5	5	0
Mr. James Coulson	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. James Stiff	10	0	0
Mr. Joseph Cooper	1	1	0
Miss St. Clair Trotter	5	5	0
Mr. A. Southwell	0	10	0
Per Pastor J. Briggs :—			
Longton Baptist Chapel, Y.P.C.A. 0 10 0			
Pastor J. Briggs 0 7 6			
	0	17	6
Miss Miller	0	10	0
Mr. Samuel Perry	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Buchel	2	2	0
Mr. G. Laster	2	2	0
Mr. G. Wheeler	2	0	0
Surbiton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Baster	3	2	0
Mr. F. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Moore	2	0	0
Mr. A. Macnicoll	2	2	0
Mr. M. H. Foster	3	3	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	10	0
Mr. Robert Abraham	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Tanton	3	3	0
Alderman R. V. Barrow, J.P.	10	0	0
Mr. John Cooper	5	0	0
Mr. D. Henderson...	3	0	0
Mrs. E. Pearman	5	0	0
Mrs. J. Ferris	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Packham	5	0	0
Mr. John Marnham	10	0	0
N. B.	25	0	0
Mr. John Cave	2	0	0
Mrs. Williamson	2	2	0
Per Pastor Frank M. Smith :—			
Peckham Rye Tabernacle 5 0 0			
Pastor F. M. Smith ... 1 6 0			
	6	6	0
Mr. Thomas Cowie	5	0	0
Mr. William Mould	1	1	0
Mr. John Pearce	5	0	0
Pastor Gad Pring	0	5	0
East Dereham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor Layzell	0	14	1
Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards	2	2	0
Pastor Isaac Near	0	5	0
Pastor J. W. Genders	0	10	0
Sussex Street Chapel, Brighton, per Pastor C. S. Hull	1	0	0
Pastor E. Dyer	1	0	0
Burton-on-Trent Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Askew...	1	1	0
Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
Mr. R. Collins	2	0	0
Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0
Mr. Charles P. Carpenter	1	1	0
Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0
Rushden Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. J. Tomkins	3	3	0
Pastor G. H. Rumsey	0	5	0
Stroud Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. T. Soper	5	11	6
Octavius Street Baptist Chapel, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour	2	4	0
Mr. G. Virgo, per Mr. J. Gard	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	25	0	0
Mrs. Newstead	1	1	0
Newport Baptist Chapel, Isle of Wight, per Pastor A. E. Johns	3	12	0
New Romsey Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. W. Welch	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Pastor G. K. Smith	0	10	6
South Norwood Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Chadwick	1	1	0
Pastor C. Welton and friends at Morley	0	7	6
King's Langley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Macmillan	0	10	0
Conference Public Meeting collection, Metropolitan Tabernacle	65	5	4
Dr. A. T. Pierson	10	0	0
Mrs. Pierson	2	0	0
From Thaxted, per Pastor W. Goacher	0	10	0
Pastor G. A. Miller	0	10	0
From Grantham, per Pastor G. B. Bowler	1	0	0
Mr. Richard Johnson	5	5	0
Mr. Robert Watmore	10	0	0
Pastor F. H. White	4	0	0
Mr. Frederick Sage	10	0	0
Mrs. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Abbott	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. George T. Congreve ...	250	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	110	0	0
C. H. S. S.	100	0	0
Pastor J. A. and Mrs. Spurgeon ...	50	0	0
Dr. J. A. Dunbar	10	10	0
Mr. E. S. Mansell	1	1	0
Mrs. Prentice	5	0	0
Mr. Albert Field	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wood	5	0	0
"See W."	1	0	0
Pastor W. Cuff	2	2	0
Mr. E. Rawlings	10	0	0
Mr. H. J. Mansell	3	0	0
Mr. S. E. Pedley	2	2	0
Mr. Robert Hayward	10	0	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	5	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Miss Spliedt...	2	0	0
Messrs. Straker and Son	2	2	0
Grafton Street Baptist Chapel, Northampton, per Pastor S. Needham ...	0	15	0
Pastor H. E. Barrell	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Stubbs	2	0	0
Mr. G. Newman	2	2	0
Mr. T. Round	1	1	0
Miss Round	0	10	6
Mrs. Buckley	1	1	0
Miss Croose	1	1	0
Mrs. Scard	1	1	0
Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	12	12	0
In memory of the late Charles Davies	5	0	0
Mrs. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Miss Ada R. Habershon	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. S. Thompson	2	2	0
Mr. J. Keevil	5	5	0
Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Taylor	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Clark	5	0	0
Mrs. H. J. Pascall...	5	0	0
Mr. F. Bond...	3	3	0
Mrs. Bond	2	2	0
Miss Bond	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lovell	5	0	0
Mr. F. Sexton	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Mullis	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Parker	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. David Elvin	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lovell	1	10	0
Rev. B. Senior	1	1	0
Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Devine	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Hammer	3	3	0
Rev. A. A. and Mrs. Harmer	2	2	0
Mrs. Bodkin...	1	0	0
E. J. E.	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Warren	5	0	0
Miss Thorpe...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Hawkey	5	5	0
Mrs. Wimbush	1	0	0
Miss C. Wimbush	1	0	0
Mr. T. T. Price	0	12	0
Mr. E. Falkner	2	2	0
Mr. E. Wollacott	5	0	0
A friend	0	10	6
Mrs. Ellwood	6	6	0
Mrs. B. W. Carr	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	6	6	0
Miss F. Butcher	1	0	0
Mr. A. Veary	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Everett	20	0	0
Pastor J. E. Perrin	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Winckworth ...	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Neal	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker	5	5	0
Mrs. Oldfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Williamson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Barker	0	10	0
Mr. T. F. Brook	1	0	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Pastor E. J. Farley	7	0	0
Mr. Chas. Archer	1	1	0
Mr. A. Pitts	1	1	0
Mrs. Pitts	0	10	6
Mrs. Mackey, Senr.	0	10	6
Pastor H. O. and Mrs. Mackey... ...	1	1	0
Mr. James Hall and family	20	0	0
Miss Morrison	1	0	0
Mr. William Vinson	5	0	0
Mrs. Vinson...	1	1	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. G. Apthorpe	1	0	0
Mr. J. Buswell	5	0	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	5	0
Mrs. Bartram, per Mr. G. Redman ...	3	0	0
Mr. Geo. Redman	5	0	0
Mr. E. Collins	3	3	0
Mr. T. Freeman	1	1	0
Mr. T. F. Paine	5	5	0
Mr. T. Summers	5	5	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0
Mr. J. Leaver	2	2	0
Mr. H. L. Bartlett...	1	1	0
Mr. R. Collins	5	5	0
Mr. W. Gyles	3	3	0
Mr. T. P. Coe	3	3	0
Mr. G. Hollands	2	10	0
Mr. W. H. Coe	3	0	0
Mr. H. Corry	0	10	0
A friend	1	1	0
Miss L. Chamberlain	1	1	0
Mr. J. Chamberlain	1	1	0
Rev. W. Y. and Mrs. Fullerton ...	5	5	0
Mr. James Clark	21	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Barnardo	10	10	0
Dr. Weymouth	1	1	0
Mr. E. Graves	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Finch	3	0	0
Mr. F. L. Edwards	25	0	0
Mr. J. B. Meredith	5	0	0
Mr. C. Dew	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Johnson	5	0	0
Miss Rosa Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Norman	3	3	0
Mr. W. T. Dives	1	1	0
Mrs. Rayboulu	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Blake	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. Judd	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joiner	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Creasey	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. William Payne	5	5	0
Pastor and Mrs. Lauderdale	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
C. L. M.	2	2	0
Mr. R. W. Harden	5	0	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend	5	0	0
Mr. Chas. Savage	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goodhart	2	0	0
Pastor W. Williams	2	2	0
Miss Easton	0	10	6
Per Pastor T. W. Medhurst :—			
Alderman R. Cory 5 0 0			
Mr. Samuel Grey 1 1 0			
	6	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Corpe	2	2	0
Mr. John Hall	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Hall	1	0	0
An old friend	1	1	0
Miss Buswell	1	1	0
Miss L. Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Willcox	10	10	0
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mrs. Phillips	1	10	0
Mr. Charles Phillips	3	3	0
Mr. Percy R. Phillips	1	1	0
Miss Helen E. Phillips	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bond	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frisby	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Newman	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Underhill	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. D. Wayre	5	5	0
Mr. H. Arnold	1	1	0
Mrs. Hellier	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Grose	5	5	0
Mr. James Grose	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benson	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Rogers	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Warner	2	2	0
Mr. John Short, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Lear	1	1	0
Rev. J. M. Hewson	1	1	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mr. Alfred Wright	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0
Mr. George Sparks	1	0	0
Mr. J. T. Crosher	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clewley	2	2	0
Miss Clewley	1	1	0
Mrs. Allen	1	1	0
Mrs. Gordon	1	1	0
Mr. and Miss Fergusson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bull	2	2	0
Miss Bull	0	10	0
Mr. Edward Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dring	5	0	0
Mr. C. Cooper	1	11	6
Mr. S. Cooper	1	11	6
Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wadland	2	0	0
Mr. J. T. Wadland	0	10	6
Mr. J. Bygrave	1	1	0
Miss Smallridge	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Dyer	5	5	0
Mr. T. D. Atherton	1	0	0
D.	0	10	0
Mr. R. Knight	1	1	0
Mr. A. Ross	2	2	0
A. R. J.	1	1	0
Mr. G. Andrews	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Miller	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard Clarke	2	2	0
Miss Fanny R. Taylor	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Pewtress	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Irwin	2	0	0
Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0
Mr. E. Romang	2	2	0
Mr. M. Romang, jun.	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Penny	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Phillips	2	2	0
Mrs. Moore	1	0	0
Miss Burdett	3	0	0
Miss Wade	2	0	0
T. W. J.	1	10	0
Mr. R. and Mrs. Sortwell	4	4	0
Miss Annie Sortwell	1	1	0
Miss Nellie Sortwell	0	10	6
Miss Elsie Sortwell	0	10	6
Master Arthur Sortwell	0	10	6
Mr. R. Stocks	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Green	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Gray	2	2	0
Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Greenwood	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Graham	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Morgan	2	2	0
Mr. T. S. Price	4	4	0
Mr. W. H. Hunt	5	0	0
E. M. J.	3	0	0
Mr. E. Edgley	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Olney	2	2	0
Mr. William Olney	3	3	0
Mr. H. K. Olney	1	1	0
A friend	10	0	0
Pastor W. and Mrs. Stott	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alderton	5	0	0
Mr. W. M. Higgs	2	2	0
Mr. E. J. Hill	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill	15	0	0
Mr. Alfred Norman	2	12	6
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	5	5	0
Mr. P. J. Stevens	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Stubbs	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kerridge	5	0	0
Mr. Sidney A. Read	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Withers	10	10	0
Messrs. G. W. Russell & Sons	1	1	0
Mrs. G. W. Russell	0	10	0
E. and R. L.	5	0	0
Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hale	4	4	0
Mr. James Mote	1	1	0
West Malling Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Mace	1	6	0
Messrs. Morgan & Scott	10	10	0
Pastor Frank Dann	0	10	0
Old Sodbury Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. J. Parker	0	5	0
Mr. John Whittard	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mills	10	10	0
Mrs. Mills, Senr.	2	2	0
Miss Williamson	1	1	0
Pastor W. E. Pritchard	1	0	0
Pastor W. Carnes	1	0	0
Mr. W. Downing	5	5	0
A palm-frond	0	3	0
Ashford	1	0	0
J. B. T.	1	0	0
Mrs. Huntley, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Lady Gordon	2	2	0
Mr. Spurgeon's "armour-bearer"	2	2	0
A friend, per J. W. H.	1	0	0
Mr. Wood	2	0	0
Pastor David Davies	3	3	0
Miss Traill	5	0	0
In memoriam of the beloved C. H. S.	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Manton Smith	1	11	6
Mrs. Lees	0	10	0
Friends in Lanares, per Pastor J. P. Wigstone	7	15	0
Miss F., per Mr. W. Evans	5	0	0
Mr. A. Woollard	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
April 17 41 3 11			
„ 24 15 2 1			
May 1 44 3 11			
„ 8 42 9 6			
	142	19	5
	£2529	2	2

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 13th to May 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Rees	0	5	0
Miss Devereux	0	5	0
Teachers and scholars at the Orphanage Sunday-school	1	2	6
Mr. Thomas Moore	2	0	0
Mr. W. Biggs	10	0	0
A friend (for Bibles for the Moors) ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Lees	0	10	0
	£15	12	6

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 13th to May 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hector	1	0	0
Miss S. Morgan	2	0	0
Colonel Arthur T. Woodhouse	1	0	0
Mr. William White	0	5	0
A widow	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Cardell	2	0	0
For mercies received, Psalm 51, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me"	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bibby	0	5	0
Mr. E. L. Simpson	1	1	0
Railway Mission Sunday-school, West Brompton, per Mr. J. W. Gooding ...	1	1	0
Miss S. Newman's Sunday-school class	0	10	0
G. H. S.	0	10	0
Miss B. D. Lewis	1	0	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
H. W. G., in grateful memory of Mr. Spurgeon	0	2	6
Miss Marsh	1	0	0
Anonymous	0	5	0
B. W.	0	2	6
Mrs. Job, per Rev. J. S. Paige	0	5	0
Mr. George Cormack	0	5	0
Mr. John H. Field	10	0	0
Mr. James Hughes	0	5	0
Mr. James Bakewell	1	1	0
Collected by young lady tract-distributors, per Mrs. T. Frohock ...	0	7	0
J. R.	1	10	0
Mr. C. Barker	1	1	0
J. A., (for Jesus' sake)	1	0	0
Mrs. Whitton	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Rogers	0	5	0
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	10	0
Mr. George Saunders, M.D., C.B. ...	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Price	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Inasmuch	0	3	0
The late Mr. James Clark, per Mr. J. A. Badenoch	20	0	0
Harry	5	0	0
Mr. William Donaldson	10	0	0
Mr. William Craig	10	0	0
Mrs. S. Thompson	1	0	0
Rev. W. F. Cameron's Bible-class ...	0	11	6
G. R. M.	1	0	0
C. W. L.	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Parsons	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Lachner	0	10	0
Sale of ring found in box at Tabernacle gates (March, 1892)	1	5	0
M. R., per Mr. T. James	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Ethel Wagstaff ...	0	6	0
Mrs. Snelling	0	4	0
J. C. O., Belfast	0	10	0
Mr. W. Coward	0	2	6
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
Mr. W. T. Williams	0	4	0
Rev. Willott Rice	0	5	0
John M. A. G.	0	5	0
M. G. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Williams	0	3	0
Mr. Simon Jones	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens	3	14	5
From Hope	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Findlay	0	7	6
Mr. A. V. Small	1	0	0
F. R. C., a thankoffering	0	5	0
Teachers and scholars of the Old Baptist Sunday-school, Guildford, per Mr. P. Pickett :—			
Boys' box 1 17 5½			
Girls' box 1 8 9½			
Infants' box 0 3 11½			
Mr. P. Pickett's box ... 1 7 6			
Mr. G. B. Pickett's box ... 0 10 6			
Mr. G. Walker's box ... 0 6 9½			
	5	15	8
Mr. Martin French	1	0	0
J. R.	0	5	0
Mr. H. William Nye	1	0	0
Alpha, No. 1	5	5	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Park ...	7	0	9
Mr. James Frame	1	0	0
"If I were hungry, I would not tell thee; the cattle is Mine on a thousand hills"	0	2	6
Mr. T. Bevan	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Whatley	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Salt	0	4	0
E. O.	1	0	0
Collection at Shepherd's Bush Tabernacle, per Mr. G. R. Holloway ...	1	0	0
Mr. S. Slodden	0	2	6
Mr. J. C. Butterworth	1	0	0
R. A., a lost son found	0	2	0
A working-woman, Glasgow	1	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. Gould	2	2	0
Mr. G. L. Miller	0	15	0
Foxton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor R. J. Peden	2	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dale, per J. T. D., instead of wreath	1	10	0
Mr. H. Emeney	0	15	0
Mr. J. W. May	0	10	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—			
Mr. E. J. Reed 1 1 0			
Mrs. R. V. Barrow ... 3 3 0			
	4	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Graham	5	0	0
Mr. R. Baxter Booth	1	1	0
J. S.	1	5	0
Mr. Brown	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Knowles	0	2	0
Mr. Duncan Macpherson	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	0	18	0
G. H. S.	0	10	0
J. H. S.	0	10	0
M. P.	0	2	6
Mrs. Harvey	1	0	0
A. A. L.	0	5	0
Friends, per Pastor R. B. Morrison ...	1	8	6
Misses F. and M. Edwards	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous, Surbiton Hill	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker... ...	0	10	0
E. H., Holbeach, in lieu of wreath ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. Webber	0	10	0
Collected by Pastor C. A. Ingram ...	3	9	0
Miss J. Bowie	0	7	0
Mrs. R. Roberts	10	0	0
Mrs. S. L. Donaldson	0	3	0
Mrs. King	5	0	0
Mr. R. Whitbread	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Lulu Soper	0	2	7
E. G. C., in memoriam C. H. S. ...	0	10	0
A friend	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horner	1	0	0
T. Y. R., a reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	5	0
A. B....	5	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. Walter Davidson	450	0	0
Per Rev. R. F. Jeffrey :—			
Misses Fawcett and Ross... 0 10 0			
Miss Pilcher... ... ... 0 2 6			
Mrs. Noel 0 5 0			
A friend 0 3 0			
	1	0	6
Miss E. Waterhouse	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gowing	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Baker	1	0	0
J. S. M., Liverpool	0	5	0
A friend, for Jesus' sake	0	5	0
Feed my lambs	0	0	6
Collected by Mrs. Winsor	0	12	0
Mr. D. Braxton, per Mrs. Mortimer ...	0	10	0
J. C. T., Kinross	0	4	0
L. F.	0	2	6
H., Selby	0	2	0
Annie; Colne	0	2	0
J. C. M.	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Cutlack, per Miss Dixon	0	2	0
Collected by the late Mr. Alexander Miller, per Miss Miller	1	2	6
Mrs. Morgan	1	1	0
Peasmarsh Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society Bible-class, per Mr. E. H. Avery	0	5	0
Mr. James Wilson...	0	10	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. T. R. Johnson ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Collingwood 0 5 0			
Mrs. Mold 0 5 0			
Mr. and Mrs. L. Pewtress 0 10 0			
	1	5	0
J. R.	0	10	0
Maggie and Jack McLeod	0	8	6
E. E.	0	1	6
Straw Plaiters, Ivinghoe Aston, per Mr. J. Horn	0	3	0
Young Men's Bible-class, Midway Place Sunday-school, Rotherhithe, per Mr. H. J. Hunt	0	5	0
Old Sodbury and Little Sodbury Baptist Chapels, per Pastor A. J. Parker	1	0	0
Freda	1	0	0
A wreath from Mr. J. J. Broad, per Pastor J. Wesley Boud	1	0	0
A Jersey friend, per Rev. F. C. Skegg	50	0	0
A sister from Carcroft	0	1	6
Miss Stirling, per Rev. Robert Taylor...	0	4	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	5	0
Box at Orphanage-gates, and office-box	1	16	5
Mr. and Mrs. Bridges	5	0	0
An almanack-reader, Glasgow... ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Greenwood	0	5	0
A. B.	0	6	0
Miss Tolson...	0	5	0
Mrs. Lees	0	10	0
C. A. M.	0	10	0
Mrs. Sutherland	1	0	0
Wellash	1	0	0
For Jesus' sake, Liverpool	0	10	6
South Street Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Greenwich, per Mr. H. J. Smith	2	2	0
A palm-frond	0	3	0
A widow's mite	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Lamb...	0	10	0
A widow's mite, Rugby	0	5	0
J. M. Bentalic	0	10	0
Mr. John Dyer, in memory of dear Mr. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mr. N. Bannister	0	1	0
Pastor A. W. Wood	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Moore	2	0	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	5	0
Messrs. Alexander and Wood	3	0	0
Pastor W. Usher, M.D., profits on sale of Memorial Address on C. H. S.	2	15	0
Miss Caroline Coleman	1	0	0
Mr. Lamb, per Mr. Norris	0	10	0
Messrs. George Russell and Sons ...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Jutson	1	0	0
Pastor N. Dobson—sale of Memorial sermons	10	0	0
Thankoffering from Bethesda Free Church, Sunderland	9	2	9
In memory of a departed sister ...	5	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace, per Bankers	0	10	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir :—			
South Norwood Congregational Chapel 3 10 0			
Sale of programmes ... 0 8 2			
	3	18	2
Haddon Hall, Bermondsey 5 0 0			
Sale of programmes ... 0 9 7			
	5	9	7
Herne Bay	5	7	9
Chatham	10	5	10
Tottenham	6	8	3
Immanuel Church, West Brixton ...	6	15	1
Sale of programmes :—			
Whitstable	0	8	7
Peckham	0	19	2
Barnes	0	8	2
Teddington	0	14	8
	£812	16	8
For Legal Expenses in re Electric Railway :—			
Mrs. A. Whatley	0	2	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from April 13th to May 14th, 1892.—PROVISIONS :—1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; a quantity of Buns, Mr. Shere; 2 churns Milk, Mr. Clement Keevil; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 bag Potatoes, Mr. W. Cutter; some Groceries and Crockery, Mrs. A. T. Pierson; 1 barrel Potatoes, Anon.; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 hamper Bread, Mr. Nelson Read; 1 large Cake, Miss Dawson; 1 box Prunes, Mr. A. G. Wheeler.

BOYS' CLOTHING :—5½ yards Cloth, Mr. R. H. Webster; 1 Jacket and Vest, Anon.

GIRLS' CLOTHING :—11 pairs Stockings, 13 pairs Gloves, Miss C. Cooper; 1 Pinafore, Miss Dawson; 45 Articles, The Juvenile Jubilee Working Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Woods; 6 Articles, Anon.; a few pieces Lace, &c., Anon.; 12 Articles, Mrs. R. Kilner; 1 Ulster, 1 Jacket, Mrs. Doulton; 2 Frocks (for No. 5 Girls), Mrs. S. Helmore; 42 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 101 Articles (for Girls and Boys), The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 2 Dresses, 2 Ulsters, 1 Jacket, Mrs. Trevenen; 29 Articles, "Merlin"; 9 Articles, Anon.

GENERAL:—1 box Flowers, from Hollingbourne; 42 Presents, Miss Dawson; 2 loads Firewood, Mr. John Cooper; 9 Skipping Ropes, Mrs. A. Watts; 8 Plated Articles, Anon.; A parcel of Umbrellas, The Deacons of Highgate Road Chapel, per Mr. Harman; 1 box Flowers, Mrs. Greenhill's Sunday-school Class; 2 Bound Volumes, "The Queen," Miss M. Bartrum; 1 Embroidered Toilet Cover, Miss A. King; A number of Volumes, Miss Paterson; 1 box Wild Flowers, Mr. E. Cullimore; 1 Rocking Horse, Miss C. Atkinson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 13th to May 14th, 1892.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Abercarn District	10	0	0
Western Association for Williton ...	10	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs P. C. Evans and Sons	20	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Pastor E. Brett... ...	1	5	0
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Friends at Maldon...	15	0	0
Lord Rothschild, for Aylesbury ...	2	2	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Walworth	10	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, for Cardiff & Penrhikyber	10	0	0
Hockliffe, per Rev. J. S. Baker ...	10	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castleton, Cardiff, and Penrhikyber	20	0	0
Mr. R. W. S Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
For Tewkesbury District:—			
Mrs. Robinson 5 0 0			
Mrs. White 2 10 0			
	7	10	0
Home Counties' Baptist Association ...	20	0	0
Lordship Lane, Dulwich, Baptist Chapel	2	13	10
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen.	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	25	0	0
Miss Griffith, for Somers Town ...	10	0	0
Ludlow District, per Mr. James Evans	23	0	0
	£261	0	10

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Perrins	2	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	0	0
Mr. G. L. Miller	0	15	0
Ex-colporteur, per Rev. W. Corden Jones	0	10	0
A palm-frond	0	3	0
Mr. Thomas Moore	2	0	0
N. B.	5	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. E. Stevens	0	5	0
Mr. John Powell	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	10	0	0
	£25	4	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 13th to May 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering, for Mr. Burnham's services at Saltash	4	10	0
Mr. A. Perrins	2	10	0
Mr. Thomas Moore	2	0	0
A palm frond	0	3	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Burnham and Broad's services at Chiswick ...	1	17	6
	£11	0	6

For the General Work of the Lord as most Required.

Statement of Receipts from April 13th to May 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Sarah Price	0	10	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	10	6
	£1	0	6

Mrs. Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following amounts "For General Use in the Lord's Work":—Mr. D. John Pillai, £3; Mrs. Simpson, £5. She will be pleased to receive other sums for distribution among various works as they may need help.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbelton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Society of Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

ANNUAL PAPER

CONCERNING

THE LORD'S WORK

IN CONNECTION WITH

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,

NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1891–92.



Printed for the College Trustees by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE, AND SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1892.

COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS.

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J. A. SPURGEON, White Horse Road, Croydon.

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Financial Committee.

T. H OLNEY.	J. BUSWELL.
WM. HIGGS.	JAMES E. PASSMORE.

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.*

The Trustees' Report.

TO report the death of the head of an institution, and the loss of two of its oldest tutors in one year is a sad task indeed; but this is the melancholy duty of the College Trustees (see preceding page), who, by the provisions of the "Deed of Declaration of Trust," made by C. H. Spurgeon, the Founder and late President of the Pastors' College, come into the supervision of the Institution at his decease. It is with mournful hearts and a deep sense of their responsibility that they accept the sacred trust thus bequeathed to them; and they resolve in the strength of God to perpetuate what their late Pastor and friend deemed to be the grandest work of his life.

At the first meeting of the College Trustees after his decease, they unanimously elected their Co-Trustee, the former Vice-President of the College, Pastor James A. Spurgeon, to be the President, with full powers to carry on the work (as he has often done in the past under his brother's presidency) upon the old lines, for the inculcation of the same truths, for the maintenance as far as can be of the same spirit in the College work, and thus to prepare the men for the preaching of the same doctrines both at home and abroad, as have been taught under the former President's direction.

They warmly commend the new President to the confidence and esteem of all, they crave the sympathy and support of the College subscribers and friends, and bespeak for him what they continually ask also—fervent prayer that the mantle of his departed brother may rest upon his shoulders, and all grace be given him to carry on this great work for the spread of Christ's truth and the increase of the divine glory. Their desire is to strengthen the hands of the leader and of all the staff associated with him in this which is manifestly one of the most important works for the benefit of the church and of the world.

The Trustees confidently ask a continuance of the financial support accorded to this College in the past, without which they will be unable to supply the needs of the Institution which they have thus entrusted, under God, to their colleague's care and control.

The President's Report.

A YEAR of the right hand of God undoubtedly, but nevertheless one of darkness and grief, has come to a close in the history of the Pastors' College. My brother died January 31st, 1892, and the companion of my boyhood and youth, and the colleague of my riper years, has left me behind to bear a load which burdened the twain. In the press and strain of the ceaseless battle, there is, however, but scant time for tears even over such a brother's grave. The luxury of quiet grief must be denied to one whose hands overflow with multiplied toils. Not yet can I stay to reckon up the worth of him whose departure from our fellowship of service is a stupendous catastrophe, God only can keep our sphere of labour from becoming a chaos of ruin, and transmute it (as I believe He will) into such a cosmos as even He shall pronounce "very good." May He do it to His own praise!

Professor Rogers died September 12, 1891, full of years and honours. He had been as a right hand in this work well-nigh from its commencement; and now the withdrawal of the long and efficient service of Mr. Fergusson has been another addition to the loss experienced by the College during the year. Our friend has well and nobly borne the heat and burden of the day, and we wish him a prolonged and calm evening to close a well-spent life. We have valued him much, and shall ever welcome his presence when he can join our company.

To fill the vacancy thus created, we engaged, for nine months, the able services of Pastor J. W. Ewing, B.A., who cannot, however, continue to aid us, as his pastoral duties at Wandsworth fill his hands. We have much appreciated his patient, loving work, and regret that we cannot retain him for a post for which he is eminently qualified.

It is with much pleasure that I report the acceptance of the Classical Tutorship in the College by Pastor A. McCaig, B.A., LL.B., whose appointment was approved by my dear brother, and who, being well known to him for many years, commanded my brother's confidence, as he does that of all who know him. I deem the College peculiarly fortunate in thus securing the ripened scholarship of one justly esteemed for his soundness of doctrine and faithful advocacy of the Gospel of the Grace of God.

Accepting (though with conscious weakness) from the hands of my Co-Trustees the management of the Pastors' College, I prayerfully resolve, God helping me, to carry on in the future, as I have often had to in the time past, this grand work for God. Save in the burden of responsibility, which now passes so largely to me, there is nothing which has not occasionally devolved upon me aforetime in the periods of my dear brother's prolonged absences. Aided by the hearty co-operation of Tutors who have been his and my long-tried helpers and friends, it is with much of hope and expectation that I venture still to tread a familiar path which for over thirty years I have followed, though now, alas! for the future it must be without the unique influence and matchless leadership of former times.

I reconsecrate myself to this long-tried work in the strength of the Holy Ghost.

For my faithful brothers in the work, the College Trustees, who, as Deacons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, are well-known to me as lovers of the Truth, and who ever hold up my hands in every good word and work, I bespeak all fervent and believing prayers, as for my Colleagues and Fellow Tutors, both of the Pastors' College and the Evening Classes, and not less for myself, that we may unitedly be honoured to carry on the training of young men in the love and utterance of the Truth as it is in Jesus; and that the College may continue for many years as the recruiting-ground for the army of Christ, to produce and send out well-drilled, true, and faithful soldiers of the Cross to fight the good fight of faith alike throughout this and all lands.

At present there are seventy-three Students in residence, twenty-seven of whom have been received since our last Report was issued. During the same period, seventeen of our Students have finished their College course, and left us for pastorates at home or missionary work abroad. Among the latter, one has gone to the Congo, three to South Africa, one to Australia, and two others are expecting to set sail very shortly—one for South Africa, and the other for Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. One of our young brethren, Mr. Corpe, has been called to the higher service of heaven. To the ever-generous friends at the Tabernacle I look for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and practical help they have so richly displayed for many years, alike in the weekly offerings and at the College annual supper. This work has ever been peculiarly precious to my dear brother, and it is not less dear to the heart of their friend and servant,

JAMES A. SPURGEON.

The Pastors' College, and the Basis of its Success.

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

ABOUT no one institution, connected with the work of Charles H. Spurgeon and the Metropolitan Tabernacle, do greater and more varied interests centre, than about the Pastors' College.

If it be a great work to preach the gospel, it is even a greater work to prepare preachers; and, as the gospel preached will take its form and tone from the man preaching, if that gospel is not to be perverted, we must look well to it that it is proclaimed only by men who are, in the highest sense, converted from sin unto God; men who, by deep experience of grace, are fitted to be heralds and witnesses of that grace.

Several conditions of success manifestly appertain to a true "School of the Prophets."

First of all, *the Word of God*, in its purity, entirety, and simplicity, must be there enshrined and enthroned. The Bible must be the pivot around which a true theological school moves; not a mutilated Bible, but the whole Word of God, inspired, infallible, loved, studied, revered.

Secondly, there must be held and taught *the form of sound words*, wherein the doctrinal system is expressed, by which we define and

embody our understanding of Scripture. Inasmuch as even the devil can cite Scripture to his purpose, our conception of what the Word of God teaches should find a form of sound words, in which truth and error are distinguished and discriminated.

Thirdly, students for the sacred calling should be left, as far as possible, free to pursue their studies *without entanglement in the affairs of this life.* Careful selection should be made, from applicants, of those who are likely to be of most service to Christ's work, and they should be cared for, as to temporal needs, so as to be left unembarrassed in their course of training.

Fourthly, there should be united in such a school *the best intellectual training and the purest spiritual influences.* We want not a mere educated class, however scholarly, but a generation of devout, godly, holy men, who can preach what they know, and teach what they have been taught by the Holy Spirit of God.

All these advantages are combined in the Pastors' College at Newington. I have been connected for years with colleges and theological schools, as director and occasional lecturer. I am prepared, after no little contact with the institution herein named, and after careful observation of its interior working, to say, that, beyond any similar institution of which I know, it presents in itself all four of the requisites previously adverted to. Here the Word of God is the centre of revolution; here a definite, clear, evangelical system of faith is taught; here the students are first carefully selected, and then, if found worthy, are sustained and maintained till they are ready to go forth to their life-work; and here no pains are spared to provide adequate intellectual training, and at the same time to secure the purest and loftiest type of spiritual character and attainment.

To aid and abet such a work is one of the noblest forms of Christian beneficence. It is providing for churches; it is both home and foreign mission work in one; it is holding up the standard of the Cross, warring against doctrinal defection, and building up the true faith. It is fostering piety at its fountains, and assuring the growth and prosperity of the whole kingdom of Christ.

He who would perpetuate the life-work and life-witness of the departed Spurgeon, cannot be indifferent to that institution, wherein "he being dead yet speaketh", and whereby all that was most vital in his testimony shall be echoed and reproduced a hundredfold.

Mr. Gracey's Report.

THE past year marks an epoch in our College history. Travelling so long in "the valley of the shadow", and then so suddenly encountering the reality of the death of him who in all the world was most and best to us, the whole College was plunged into a sorrow and bereavement inexpressible and mysterious. No words can tell how wonderfully our President was beloved by us all; no words can describe what he was, under God, to our College life, activity, aims, and hopes. Eulogy itself fails to satisfy; for we know he was in himself and in his work for God something more and better than praise could picture him.

His happy and far-reaching influence was as indefinable as it was inspiring. And when we were face to face with the loss of one in every way so precious to us and so dear, it is not too much to say that we were all, tutors and students alike, baptized with a sorrow that will leave its impress upon us till our dying day. To some of us especially who had for many years been associated with him, and knew his great worth as none others could, it was the rending of the most sacred bond on earth. No other visitation imaginable could have so roused every man among us to such a deep sense of his responsibilities in the work of the Saviour. It was a sudden trumpet-call from on high. And it is but right to add that the whole College rose in response to that thrilling call. Under such circumstances, it goes without saying, the men have been prayerful and diligent even above their wont. With abilities well up to the average of former years, they have endeavoured to make the most of them. Some have suffered considerably in health through the combined causes of the severe winter, the influenza, and hard work both in study and in preaching. Of the latter there has been no lack throughout the year. The "open door and effectual", which our gracious God has set before us, no hand has been able to close. As the men have been ready, and before they have cared to leave us or we to part with them, churches have sought them and invited them to the pastorate. The one difficulty, no mean one, has been to find suitable men who were willing to accept vacant pulpits. Thank God, that difficulty still presses as we advance, and we are glad of it as the best practical proof that the heart of the churches still turns in confidence to the College. In entering upon our new year of work, we feel that, without our beloved leader, it is emphatically and in a double sense a way, like that of Israel, which we "have not passed heretofore"; but the same loving Saviour is with us as aforetime, and we doubt not the pillar of cloud and of fire will direct our steps.

During the year the chief subjects of my Lectures have been the Person of the Saviour and His Atonement. We have used Hodge's Handbook of Theology, Trench's Synonyms of the Greek Testament, Church History, and Dr. Porter's Lectures on Homiletics. In HEBREW we have read out of Deuteronomy, Isaiah, Hosea, the Psalms, and Genesis. In LATIN our authors have been Virgil, Horace, and Cicero; while our GREEK subjects have been the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians, the Gospel of John and his First Epistle, Homer's Iliad, and the Apologia and Phaedo of Plato.

D. GRACEY.

Mr. Marchant's Report.

THIS is a year by itself. To many of us personally, to many of our churches, but, above all, to the College, no year has ever been as the year that now closes, and no year can be like it in the time to come. It seems as though we could all have been spared many times over, rather than that our honoured and much-loved President should

have been removed. This is a sorrow about which we shrink from speaking; for no one can interpret even to himself, much less to others, his own sense of loss and pain. We are silent the more because the measure of our loss is still unknown.

From the cloud which has thus gathered over the College, two things stand out clearly: our work must still go on, and the Lord who called us to it is still our Helper. So long as He enables us, we have no liberty but to continue our service.

Other hindrances and changes have come to our work during the year. The entire staff of the tutors and several of the students have suffered from the prevailing epidemic. Our Principal and myself recovered soon, and after a few weeks' absence were able to resume our labours. It is with great sorrow, however, that we have to record a different result in the case of our loved and esteemed colleague, Mr. Fergusson. Though spared to recover from his illness, his health was too much broken to allow him to resume his classes. As one who has for more than twelve years laboured with him in unbroken harmony, I may be permitted thus to express my personal sense of the loss we have all sustained by his removal from us. Similarly, long personal intercourse with our venerable friend, the Rev. George Rogers, may be thought a sufficient plea to excuse some word of reference to him in this Report. Since our last Conference, he has gone to his reward. His memory is still fragrant among the earlier students of the College. Thirty years ago last January, I first entered his classes, and ever since those opening days of 1862, I have had much cause to value his friendship, and to give thanks to God for his help.

In my own classes, making allowance for the many hindrances of the year, I think that a fair amount of work has been done. The brethren have worked well, and with conscientious perseverance. The juniors have gone through the usual initial work in Latin and Greek, including Arnold's Exercises in both tongues. More advanced classes have studied, in Latin, some of the Lives, by Cornelius Nepos, Book V. of Cæsar's Commentaries, several of Virgil's Eclogues, and the second Georgic. In Greek, we have read from Xenophon's Anabasis in Books I. and VI., and several of Lucian's Dialogues. The progress in Euclid, made by the several classes, must again be reported as somewhat below the average; both the quantity and quality of the work have, in some measure, suffered from the frequent and sad changes of the year.

F. G. MARCHANT.

Mr. Ewing's Report.

DURING nine months, from August, 1891, to April, 1892, it has been my privilege to preside over the English classes at the College, for many years conducted by Mr. Fergusson. Thus it now falls to me to present a report upon the working of the junior classes during the greater portion of the closing year.

My work has been largely of an elementary character. The students who entered College in August, 1891, came to me for their first experiences of class work. For the formation of a good style in written compositions, we have studied Dr. Abbott's "How to write clearly"; while letters and essays have been occasionally prepared for correction by myself. Exercises in Public Reading have been held every week, in which attention has been paid both to Pronunciation and Elocution.

As a key to the treasures of the English language, we have employed Trench's "Study of Words"; while light has often been cast on the growth and tendencies of our tongue by a reference to Morris's "Historical Outlines of English Accidence." An introduction to the most beautiful fields of our literature has been furnished by the perusal of Reed's "Lectures on the British Poets", side by side with an examination of the works of the various poets discussed. These English studies have been linked with the highest study of all, by the use of Dr. Angus's "Bible Hand-book." For the training of the mental faculties, and for the development of argumentative accuracy, a course of Logic has been taken, in which the text-book has been Jevons's "Elementary Lessons in Logic." As combining intellectual exercise with spiritual confirmation, Butler's famous "Analogy" has been read. A few lessons in Psychology have also been given, as opening the door for future and more profound investigation into the modes of operation of the human intellect.

In summing up my impression of the nine months' work, I must say how gladly I have witnessed the industry, perseverance and mental alertness of the students, and how thankfully I have noted the devoutness and consecration of their Christian spirit. They are men on fire with love to Christ, eager to fit themselves, by every obtainable acquirement, for their life-work of the proclamation of the Gospel. It is to me a matter of deep regret that strength and opportunity do not allow me to continue to aid them in their noble preparation. And now to the tutors, whose courteous and loving co-operation rendered my period of service always pleasant, and to the students, whose graceful and attentive conduct made my work easy, I tender my hearty thanks in saying, "Farewell." The great sorrow through which the College has been passing has drawn us all very close together. We have wept in union by an open grave. May the memory of the departed President be an inspiration to the College men in all days to come; and may the rich blessings of our Redeemer attend, in all her course, our beloved Alma Mater!

J. W. EWING, B.A.

Mr. Cheshire's Report.

OUR class is being continued, I fully trust, with a desire as keen as ever animated it, that its teaching may subserve the work to which the students feel themselves to have been called. Since this is my tenth report, it might hardly seem needful to explain our plan and purpose; but this year we have been vividly reminded that, although we stand upon the immutable and the changeless, still change and transition surround us, and that while old contacts are broken, new ones are made; and so I judge some outline is not out of place.

Ours is "The Science Class", and yet science is not our end, but only our means; for I again and again repeat, that however many scientific facts we may really conquer, I, for one, should regard all as failure, if our reverence be not deepened, and the whole of us more completely tuned, toned and furnished for the preaching of the everlasting gospel. While we hear Paul proclaim that in Him we live, and move, and have our being, we delight to hear all nature, and even "the very stones", crying out in corroboration. To us the laws of nature are the thoughts of God.

During the past year the following subjects have in particular engaged us; while occasionally we have taken up some passing event, unmentioned here, and given such suggestions and illustrations (using experiments where practical) as might be helpful to the preacher. By request of many students, who are constantly called upon for temperance addresses, six lectures were given upon the physiological action of alcohol. Eight lectures on chemical laws were given, fully illustrated, our apparatus in this department being very complete. The methods of measuring the sizes and distances of the planets and stars, two lectures. "Physical size has no relation to moral importance", one lecture. The Laws of Sound, especially referring to the marvellous forms of sound waves. "Beauty in the unseen", six lectures. "The testimony of nature concerning consequences." "The resurrection and the laws of the conservation of energy." "The structure of insects, and their relations to flowering plants."

The microscope is used during the tea-hour, for the purpose of giving the students some glimpses of some striking objects. Some part of the general stock of apparatus, as heretofore, is often lent to those capable of using it, for the benefit of the young people and others in connection with their spheres of labour.

May the members of this class be enabled to fulfil the desires of our late beloved President, and to cheer him who, with so much courage and self-surrender, has entered into the breach, by showing its earnest desire to worthily prepare for their work as preachers of the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and may teachers and students provoke one another to increased prayerfulness and devotion to the truth.

F. CHESHIRE.

Reports of the Evening Classes.*

IT is with peculiar pleasure and devout thankfulness to God, that I send a short Report of my twenty-fifth year of work, in the Evening Classes. Of course, during that long period, they have altered very much in character. When I first engaged in the work it was no unusual thing to find among the young men some who could not either read or write. But now, all that has changed, and the course of study has had to be altered to meet the changing circumstances. At that time there were very few evening classes; now, almost every district of London has its educational centre. This fact has had much to do with the numbers attending our classes; but I am glad to notice that there has been a steady increase during the last two years.

The men are, as a rule, intensely in earnest; all are engaged in some department of service for the Master; and some are studying with the view of making the preaching of the Gospel their life-work.

That these classes are meeting the need for which they were established, has been abundantly proved; and many have been the letters received from old students, testifying to the beneficial results of the training they received while attending them.

Our much-beloved President arranged for a social meeting of the classes to be held on May 26th of last year, and we were eagerly, joyfully anticipating meeting him, but alas! we had to mourn his absence. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided over a gathering of about eighty members, and gave them an address eminently calculated to help, guide, and encourage them in their studies. A cheque for five guineas was handed to him for the Surrey Gardens Memorial Hall.

During the past year I have given a systematic course of Lectures on the English Language, Scripture, Geography, Physical Geography, and Theology.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

I HAVE much pleasure in furnishing a Report of the work done on Monday and Wednesday evenings during the past year.

On Monday evenings, classes are held in Greek and Latin.

In *Greek*, the elementary section has worked at the "Initia Græca." The advanced section has studied the higher grammar, and has been reading the Epistle to the Romans.

In *Latin*, during the early part of the year, the class read Cæsar. A new class has studied the "Principia Latina."

On Wednesday evenings we have had lessons in History, Literature, Grammar, and Bible English.

In *History*, the periods studied have been—(1.) Grecian History, from the Persian Wars to the death of Alexander. (2.) Roman History, from Augustus to Domitian.

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* In these classes, Christian young men can obtain an education free of charge; the only condition being that they wish to use it in the Lord's service.

Bible English.—The lessons referred to in last year's Report have been continued during the latter half of the past year. The men have found them helpful and suggestive.

Thoroughness has been aimed at in all the work. The men have been urged to dig deep that they may pile high.

THOMAS F. BOWERS, B.A.

DURING the present session the Shorthand Class has studied Mr. Pitman's first book, the "Teacher", and is now about two-thirds the way through the "Manual of Phonography." We are now about commencing dictation practice for speed, also discussions on best outlines for difficult words, and phraseography. The average attendance has been smaller than usual, owing to the late epidemic; but those present have entered very heartily into the study. The class meets on Fridays at eight p.m., and is open to all young men who are engaged in any Christian work.

HADYN PINKESS.

Summary of Results.

DURING the thirty-six years of our existence as a school of the prophets, eight hundred and sixty-three men, exclusive of those at present studying with us, have been received into the College, "of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some (eighty) are fallen asleep." Making all deductions, there are now in the work of the Lord, in some department or other of useful service, about seven hundred and ten brethren. Of these, six hundred and twenty-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	...	863
,, now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists		627
,, without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord		31
,, not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings		28
,, Educated for other Denominations		2
,, Dead—(Pastors, 71; Students, 9)		80
,, Permanently Invalided		11
,, Names removed from the College List for various reasons		85

To this "summary" the late beloved President in one of the Reports appended the following note:—"The last were 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 surprised that they should change their views; but this also is one of those mysteries of human life which are beyond our control." We ought to add, that for years past we have lost all trace of many of those referred to, and have reason to believe that several of them are dead.

Letter from Brethren in China.

HANKOW,
Nov. 25th, 1891.

BELOVED PRESIDENT,

WE, the undersigned, representing Pastors' College Brethren in the China Inland Mission, desire to unite with others in expressing our profound sympathy and regret which the accounts of your alarming illness have caused us.

We wish further to assure you that, during this time of prostration and weakness, we, in common with thousands of others in every part of the world, do most earnestly desire and pray for your complete recovery; and, moreover, that you may soon be restored to your people, and to a world-wide fraternity, whose privilege it has been to have been both taught and strengthened by you in the "faith once delivered to the saints." It is at such a time as this that we experience how "blest is the tie that binds *our* hearts in Christian love."

We, in this remote region, are very much behindhand in news, but our hearts are cheered with the bulletins which the last mail brought us.

* * * * * *

We send warm greetings to the brethren who meet for the Conference of 1892. May "an unction from the Holy One" descend upon every assembly, and holy joy possess the hearts of presidents, tutors, and brethren!

In this "land of Sinim", God is blessing the preaching of the *old Gospel* to the conversion of many heathen. In our station of Chén-ku-hsien we are permitted to preach every day the glad tidings, and, praise be to our God and Saviour, some are throwing their idols away and turning to the *living* God. A short time ago we had idol-burnings, which represented the household gods of six different families, in as many weeks. About the same time a vegetarian broke his long vow, and declared that he trusted to the merit of Jesus for salvation. Again, last week we went to the house of a carpenter, who, before all his neighbours, broke up his clay idols and burned all his paper gods and idolatrous instruments, after which we held a short service, and were permitted to preach Jesus to the neighbours who had assembled. We still hear of another lot of idols which are to be brought to our Sunday service for destruction. "The idols he shall utterly abolish." "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

This month our brother, Albert Huntley, has completed his fourth year in China, and his second year as Pastor of the Chén-ku-hsien church. Our brother, George Huntley, joined this work nearly a year ago, and brought much needed help in the time when the burden and responsibility of the work was very great. God has much blessed this work. Last year, through our Father's goodness, an increase by baptism was reported of twenty-two. This year is reported a like increase of twelve. Others are about to be baptized (forty) in a couple of weeks, and fifty others are upon our books as enquirers, most of them being in regular attendance.

Our brother, T. Macoun, is engaged in assisting Mr. Taylor in secretarial work in Shanghai.

We all continue to work in happy association with the China Inland Mission, and heartily wish that many of our brethren would "come over and help us" in this very needy sphere.

Again expressing our deep sympathy for you and Mrs. Spurgeon, and also our thankfulness to God for signs of your recovery,

We remain, beloved President,
Yours affectionately in Christ,

(Signed) ALBERT HENRY HUNTLEY.
GEORGE ARTHUR HUNTLEY.

P.S.—We have not been able to communicate with our brother, Dr. Edwards, because he is now home on furlough, and will, in all probability, attend Conference.—A. H. H.

Letter from India.

LALL BAZAR CHAPEL,
CALCUTTA.

THERE certainly is a growing conviction, gaining ground among the natives here, that Christianity is to be the future religion of India; and the taking of the late census has strengthened this conviction. Then the great increase of the native Christian Church in the last ten years is a theme that they speak of in the bazaars and homes of the city. How wonderfully the name of Jesus seems still to be "a savour of life unto life" by this. Said a native to me one day, "Jesus is a sweet name! He not only saves from sin, but from sickness, too." "Yes", I said, "how?" "Why", he replied, "I went out of my mind and was mad, and all I could think of was Jesus to comfort me. And when they called on their gods to help me, and burned the incense under my nose, I grew madder still, and dashed the idol down, and laid violent hands on the priest, so that he fled shrieking from the house. But when they said 'Jesus! Jesus!' I grew quiet. So they talked among themselves, and the priest suggested that the spirit of the God Jesus was in me, and told them to propitiate that spirit by writing the name of Jesus on paper, and soaking it in water until the name had disappeared in the water, and then give it to me to drink. And I drank it," he said, "and it healed me, and my senses came back to me, and now I have Jesus in me." "But", I said, "Jesus gets into the heart in another way than that. Listen! 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.'" And then Jesus helped me to speak for Himself, as you know He would on such a text as that, till that man said, "Oh, now I see how Jesus comes to me, to go out no more for ever!" And on that same day at eventide Jesus came to that disciple and abode with him.

Then the faithful testimony of those who have found Christ is

working silently like the leaven, and we see men strangely moved by these unseen forces. One tall, fine up-country Hindoo, belonging to the Viceroy's body-guard, came to our vernacular services some three or four years ago, and I gave him a copy of the gospel of Matthew in Hindi, and talked with him, and prayed for his conversion. That man found Christ. The next year, when the body-guard came down from Simla with the Viceroy, he came to me as a believer in Christ, and brought another soldier of the body-guard. Then I gave them the gospels of Luke and John, and sat while they read to me the story of the Prodigal Son. Then we prayed together, and when leaving they said, "We go to Simla, and we shall read this story again, as I have read it to my comrades when gathered round the camp-fire at night." So there among the hills and the snows of the Himalayas the word that I gave them is read, and it has been a light and a friend to these men, so that even in the palace, as in Rome of old, there are those that are influenced by the teaching and Word of God. The next year they brought three other men, and I gave them the Scriptures, and pointed them to Jesus. So the providence of God, which is as "wheel within wheel", and the personal testimony of the natives, will be a great factor in the conversion of India.

Then the work done by the children, who are taught in the schools, has a mighty influence for good. It is like the stream that runs between the great boulders of rock in the Himalayan Mountains. No one would dream that the tiny rivulet would move that mountain. But it does in time, and then there is a crash, and a fall that makes the valleys echo, and the mountains shake, and the temples fall, and men reel in their terror.

A little child learnt to sing at the school this hymn:—

"Jesus loves me! This I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

And he used to go singing it through the Zenana, and they never could get the child to sing anything but this:—

"Jesus loves me! This I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

By night and by day it was always "Jesus loves me! This I know." That little thing sickened and died, and all through his delirium and pain he would sing snatches of that hymn—"Jesus loves me! This I know." The poor parents were heart-broken. It was their only child. And so, through this, one of the Zenana ladies got an entrance into the house of that proud Hindoo, that had been closed against them. And now the little child is in heaven, and the mother is going there too, and she says she hears her little boy saying in the night, when she is all alone, and in the day, and always—

"Jesus loves me! This I know.
Jesus loves me! This I know."

Then the men are moved by these home influences. One man at our preaching service, said to me, "'Tis not the preaching that I care so much for, because I can answer all the arguments that they bring against me, and harden myself against Christianity; but I cannot

resist my wife and children. Now they come to me with their hymns, and sing to me and talk of Jesus! Jesus! until that name has burnt itself into my brain like fire, and I dare not go against the influence of Jesus. And yet I know that to me it means disgrace, and dishonour, and the loss of caste and all its privileges. But these poor things in my home do not think of that. Love to Jesus has blinded their eyes to all their earthly prospects and honour, and they think more of Jesus than of wealth or any earthly position. And I, what can I do? My love to them will not let me be hard on them." So I prayed to Him of the tender heart to reveal Himself for once to this poor man. For if but once he might see the King in His beauty, methinks he would see no more worth in aught besides, but cleave to that Crucified One, as Ruth clave to Naomi. Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, when this poor soul in its darkness and struggle shall call to Thee for help, put forth Thine hand, and lead this wanderer in!

G. H. HOOK.

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

LITTLE can be added to the articles and letters from our brethren in North Africa that have appeared from month to month in *The Sword and the Trowel*.

During the past year Dr. Churcher has married, and therefore has needed an increase to his salary. He has long desired to penetrate into "the regions beyond", believing that his medical skill would give him access to many who might not otherwise be reached by a gospel missionary. Accompanied by his wife, he recently made a journey inland. Their adventures remind us of the apostle Paul's experiences, for, like him, they were "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, . . . in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness." After preaching the gospel and caring for the sick, in various places, torrents of rain drove them back to Tangier. Their return was most providential, for Dr. Terry, the successor of Dr. Churcher at the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, was shortly afterwards stricken down with typhus fever, and needed all the attention that medical knowledge and skilful nursing could secure to him.

Our brethren labour in connection with the North Africa Mission; but they are entirely supported from the funds of the College Missionary Association. The balance now in hand, £545 10s. 10d, is sufficient for present needs, but not enough to justify any increase in the number of workers. Our late beloved President always had a special affection for this work. We hope many will continue to assist it for his sake; but still more for Christ's sake.

The following report from Mr. Patrick will show what hard soil he and Dr. Churcher have to plough:—

"Tangier, North Africa.

"Three years ago our beloved President wrote to me as follows: 'Hammer away with the old Gospel, and let those who like it use

the miserable wooden mallet of mere reason.' That is what one has tried to do in 1891. That is my report. I have preached not less than six times a week throughout the year, and have sought to keep only and wholly to the Cross. But it would be sinful for me to try to send you a glowing report; for one seems to have done next to nothing to win Tangier for Christ.

"Thank God, our work amongst the Spaniards, though small, has been encouraging. Our evangelistic meetings, held on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, have been more largely attended than last year. Heaven and hell have seemed to be realities to the people; and the story of the Cross of Christ, with its unparalleled sufferings and matchless grace, has moved a few of these Spanish hearts.

"During the year, we have commenced morning prayers for our neighbours. The men have not been able to attend largely; but each day from fifteen to twenty women and children have joined with us, for some fifteen minutes, in song, reading and prayer. We believe this has been an invaluable help to the people and strength to the work.

"The children's work has also grown slightly, this being mainly due to the labours of Miss Brown, of the North Africa Mission.

"My wife has conducted a weekly Mothers' Meeting, which has been much appreciated and well attended. We have given nothing to the mothers, but sold them English goods at English prices.

"Our number of workers amongst the Spaniards has been increased by the return to Tangier of Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, members of our Brother Hamilton's church at Bath. We are employing them as Scripture Readers, and they have already visited many homes, with evident success.

"Our Dispensary has been open twice weekly throughout the year, Dr. Churcher or Dr. Terry seeing the patients. Hundreds of Jews have attended, but I can tell of *no encouragement* in this work. At times I have been utterly cast down concerning it. Several have appeared to be slightly interested, but nothing more. Many hymn-books and portions of Scripture have been stolen, and the preaching of the Gospel has seemed to have no effect, unless to cause mocking and laughter. Not one person has manifested to me any sense of sinfulness, or desire for salvation. You will understand that this work has been distressingly hard. May a change come speedily, and showers of blessing fall

"Thus we have gathered together the tens, but the thousands are still in the darkness of ignorance and sin."

N. HARDINGHAM PATRICK.

Pioneer Work in Tasmania.

SHEFFIELD, KENTISHBURY,
January 20th, 1892.

TWO years ago I had to resign my pastorate at Launceston through ill-health. The doctors and friends all thought that my preaching days were over. Five months I had to remain silent. I found it much harder to wait than to work. The good Lord, in answer to prayer, so far restored me that I was able to take up quiet work in the country. The large district of Kentishbury was without a Baptist church. After much prayer, and at the advice of the Council of the Baptist Union, I started to preach the gospel here in the name of the Lord about eighteen months since. For the first eight months I preached in a large hall, used as a skating-rink, in the township of Sheffield. By the princely liberality of our good friends, the Gibson's—the people doing the best they could to raise funds—we have now a comfortable building, holding 250 people. In this place the Christ has been preached, and the Word has been blessed, both to saint and sinner. Several have followed their Lord in baptism. We have now two out-stations; one at Promised Land, some six miles from Sheffield; another at Paradise, seven miles distance. For nine months I preached in an old barn at Promised Land; but we now have a beautiful little place of worship, holding 150 people; it is free of debt. We get good congregations, and, best of all, the Lord is blessing the Word.

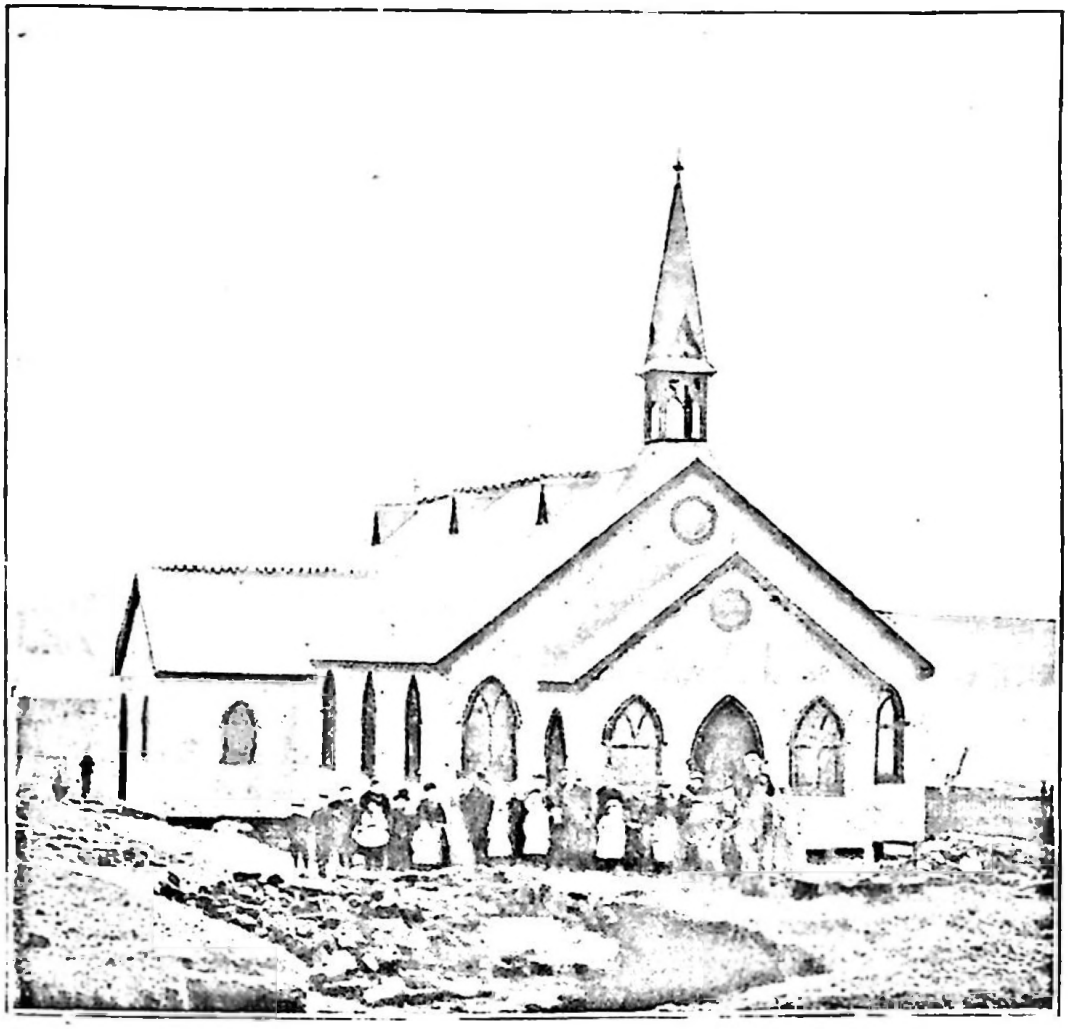
Having had a piece of land given to us at Paradise (which is a large district without any place of worship), we have decided to build there also. I have been visiting and preaching in Paradise for seven months. I may say, in its present state as a new district, that it looks like "Paradise Lost." While the settlers hope to redeem the land, we, by God's grace, will try and win the people to Christ. I could tell you some strange stories about the meetings in the bush. I am often in the saddle seven and eight hours in the day.

This work, with God's blessing, has been the salvation of my body. To preach Christ to the people is the joy of my life. The Lord has over-ruled my illness to His own glory.

I feel doubly bound to live only for the Lord after His having restored me to health and service. We have not yet formed a church, but are working the different districts as mission stations. We shall have to form the church in the near future. Then, if the Lord wills, I may take up new work elsewhere, if the Lord sends a good brother along to take the oversight of the work here.

HARRY WOOD.

New Chapels and Schools.



The Tabernacle, Stanley, Falklands.

TO the new iron chapel and school-room at Port Stanley a mournful interest attaches at the present time. The following outline of the work there was written by the Pastor, C. E. Lawson Good, himself, and enclosed in a long letter, dated January 13th, in which is no hint that the writer was in ill health. Great, therefore, was our surprise and sadness when a telegram was received at the Tabernacle on February 25th, from Monte Video, worded, "Pastor Good dead, Falklands." One of the friends wrote by the next homeward mail (February 18th), and from his letter we quote the following particulars:—"It is with sorrow I write to inform you that our beloved brother in Christ has passed away: the Master called him on the morning of the 13th instant. . . . He never enjoyed good health

since his arrival amongst us. The sea voyage weakened him, and immediately after he had an attack of influenza . . . . and the coldness and dampness of this climate were against his recovery. For weeks past he has been gradually sinking in body; but would not hear from any of us that such was the case. We could not press the subject, as it could be easily seen that it hurt his feelings. His buoyant and hopeful spirits, with his great faith in prayer, upheld him, and led him onward and forward, and he laboured on in much weakness; but GOD WAS WITH HIM, and the fruits of his labour will yet appear."

The earnest desire of the friends that another minister should be found for them from the ranks of our College men will (D.V.) shortly be fulfilled. One of our students, Mr. E. C. Murphy, son of Pastor J. M. Murphy, of Hull, has volunteered for this work, and hopes to leave by the first steamer.

REPORT OF THE WORK AT PORT STANLEY.

The Baptist Church in Port Stanley is yet in its infancy. No dissenting body ever having before settled there, the work of pioneering a cause was doubly difficult. The people had to be educated to give, having been always used to the Church of England; moreover, the teaching of Church ritual, &c., had to be counteracted by kindly and persistent teaching of the fundamental truths of the Gospel.

In 1888, Mr. G. H. Harris was sent by the President to Stanley, in answer to an offer made by Mr. G. Natt, a colonist, that he would treat any minister, whom Mr. Spurgeon might send, as his guest for a year, thus opening a way.

For a few months Mr. Harris preached in a room that was crowded at each service, much blessing being received by many from the Word.

Then a larger building was rented, and fitted with a rostrum, seats, and harmonium, the cost being quickly met by the congregation.

At the close of the year, when Mr. Harris expected to return home, a meeting was held to consider the prospects and the advisability of asking him to stay, "ways and means" being the only obstacle.

The result was, that Mr. Harris consented to stay for one year as Pastor of the Baptist Church, at the request of about twenty friends who put down their names as yearly subscribers. He stayed one year and a few months; then, having married a wife, returned home in 1890. Before he left he arranged, in conjunction with the congregation and friends, for the purchase and erection of the present Tabernacle. The building was to cost £300, which was loaned by a local friend, M. Dean, Esq., at the ordinary percentage. The ground was bought by Mr. G. Natt, at a cost of £40, and generously given. The rest was to be collected and subscribed by friends in the colony and helpers at home.

Before Mr. Harris left, the material had arrived, the piles for the building were placed, and the "hauling" was all done gratis by friends, so that the Tabernacle was only waiting for erection.

During the interim of his departure and the arrival of the present

Pastor, H. S. Lasas, Esq., U.S. Consul, kindly undertook to "read" the services, which he did, keeping the attendance well up, and the collections on the average.

In September, 1890, the writer, Lawson Good, of the Pastors' College, was sent by the President to take up the work. He arrived in October, and at once commenced pastoral duties.

Not until the summer had fairly set in was there weather suitable, and labour procurable, in order to start building; but in March, 1891, it was sufficiently finished for services to be held in the Church part, the rest being left incomplete for want of material and funds.

The opening services were held on Easter Sunday and Monday, when special sermons, and the first tea-meeting ever held on the islands, were given. The work has since quietly and steadily grown, the congregation greatly increased, many attending who before were non-churchgoers. The collections have nearly doubled, and the subscriptions for the Free Ministry have also improved.

Our workers have been noble in effort. The building committee, and our secretary, Mr. Jas. Smith, and treasurer, Mr. Geo. Short, have been the main support of the cause financially, working and devoting much time to its progress. Much praise is their due.

The tea-meeting netted nearly £20, and the bazaar, £70, which enables us to show a balance in hand at the present time, January 1892, of £83 0s. 11d. This is being devoted to the finishing of the building. When the schoolroom is completed, a day school, which is much needed, will be commenced.

Mention must be made of the kindness of our present governor, Sir Roger Goldsworthy, and Lady Goldsworthy. They have helped us all along, and as we are young and poor, this has been great encouragement.

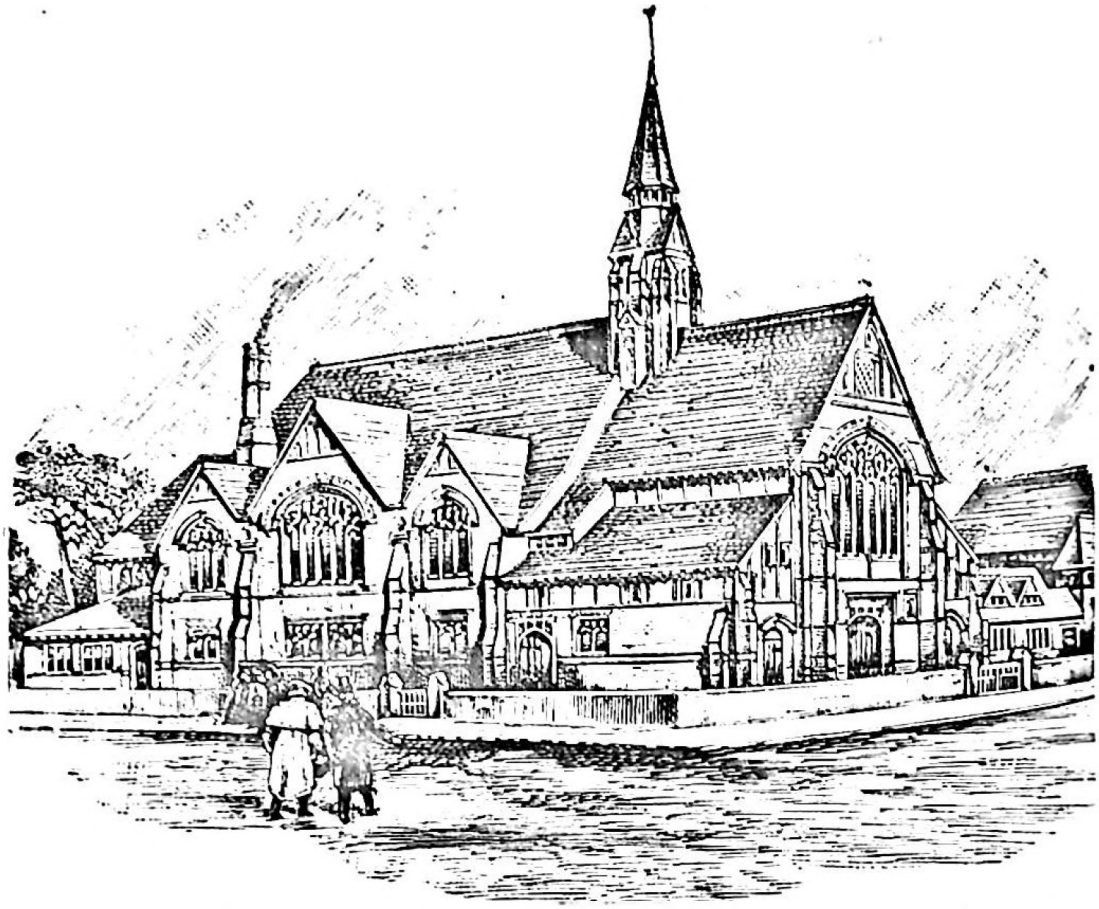
They kindly opened our Sale of Work and contributed £5 to the work. His Excellency is also levelling the rough ground round the Tabernacle for us, which will save much expense.

Spiritually we are progressing, for "God is with us"! Many are seeing the "light" and seeking for true peace. Several are waiting for baptism, and the Sabbath School is in excellent condition for a cause so young.

We dare not be discouraged by the few drawbacks and hindrances that surround us, but unitedly thank our gracious God for all His "tender mercies", and pray for the illumination of the Holy Spirit, and the salvation of our hearers.

We take all that has gone before as an earnest from the Lord of the greater blessings yet in store for the little church in the Falklands.

C. E. LAWSON GOOD.



[*By permission of the Proprietors of "Bournemouth Illustrated."*]

West Cliff Tabernacle, Bournemouth.

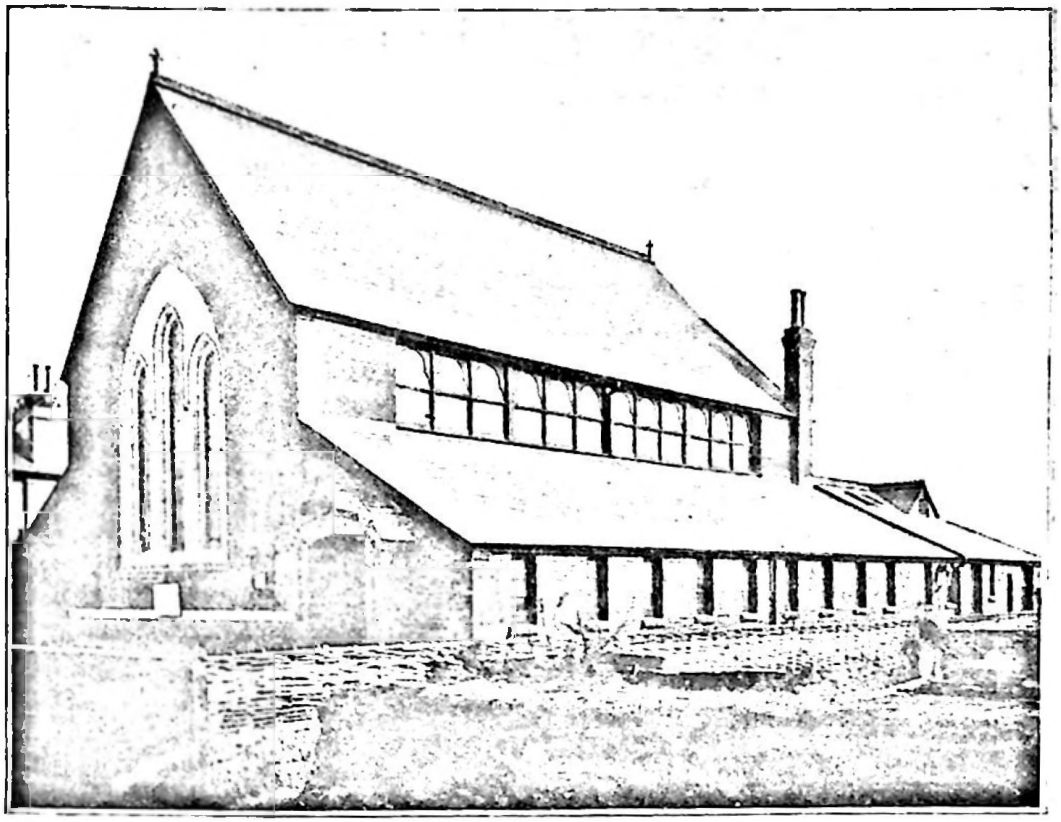
THE church at Bournemouth West was formed in 1881. Since then its membership has steadily grown from 13 to about 190. Besides contributing for the support of its own work, it has had several building schemes to carry out during its brief history. First, the small chapel in Seamoor Road was erected at a cost of £900. After a few years this proved too small, and was enlarged at a further cost of £800 in 1883. Three years ago an iron Mission Chapel was erected at Upper Parkstone, the cost of which fell also upon this church. But the greatest undertaking of all was that of the past year, when new buildings were erected for our own work, and a larger and more durable structure took the place of our iron Mission Hall. For some particulars of that earnest and successful work we must refer the reader to Pastor R. B. Morrison's report on the next page.

For our own new building we have the best position that could possibly be obtained. The population of the district is continually increasing. The schoolroom was opened in May, and the Tabernacle in July. There are, besides these, three good vestries, well furnished; and a young men's reading-room, which has been well patronized during the winter months.

Though the building is twice the size of our former chapel, the congregation has grown in equal proportion, so that it will soon be needful to add the side galleries. This will increase our seating accommodation from 560 to over 800.

Towards the £6,800, which our premises have cost, we still need above £3,000. As we have been compelled to build, not for our resident population only, but for our numerous visitors, we may look confidently for help from all parts of the country.

G. WAINWRIGHT.



The Tabernacle, Upper Parkstone.

Pastor—R. B. MORRISON.

IN January, 1889, MORLEY HALL, an iron building, seating 180 persons, was erected in Bourne Valley, Upper Parkstone, by the members and friends of the Baptist Church, Bournemouth West. Six months after the opening of the Hall, the work had so prospered that, with the help of the Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, the present pastor, Mr. R. B. Morrison, from the Pastors' College, was appointed to take the oversight.

In a few months after his settlement, the place became so inconveniently crowded, that the partition dividing the vestry and the main building was removed to provide increased accommodation. This even soon proved inadequate for the growing congregation, and it became absolutely necessary that a larger building should be erected.

During the past year a substantial brick building, seating 418, has taken the place of the former iron structure. A new schoolroom has also been erected, with accommodation for 120 children. The total cost has been about £1,400, towards which £500 have been received, and efforts are being made to obtain the remainder. Pastor Morrison writes:—"The past year has been one of great blessing. The congregations have gradually increased, twelve believers have been added to our fellowship, several conversions have taken place, and the prayer-meetings have been well attended." In a letter written last May by our late beloved President, he says:—"I see the Lord's hand on the worker and in the work. The Lord's servants will, I trust, feel that they are called at once to help."

New Baptist Chapel, Portslade-by-Sea.

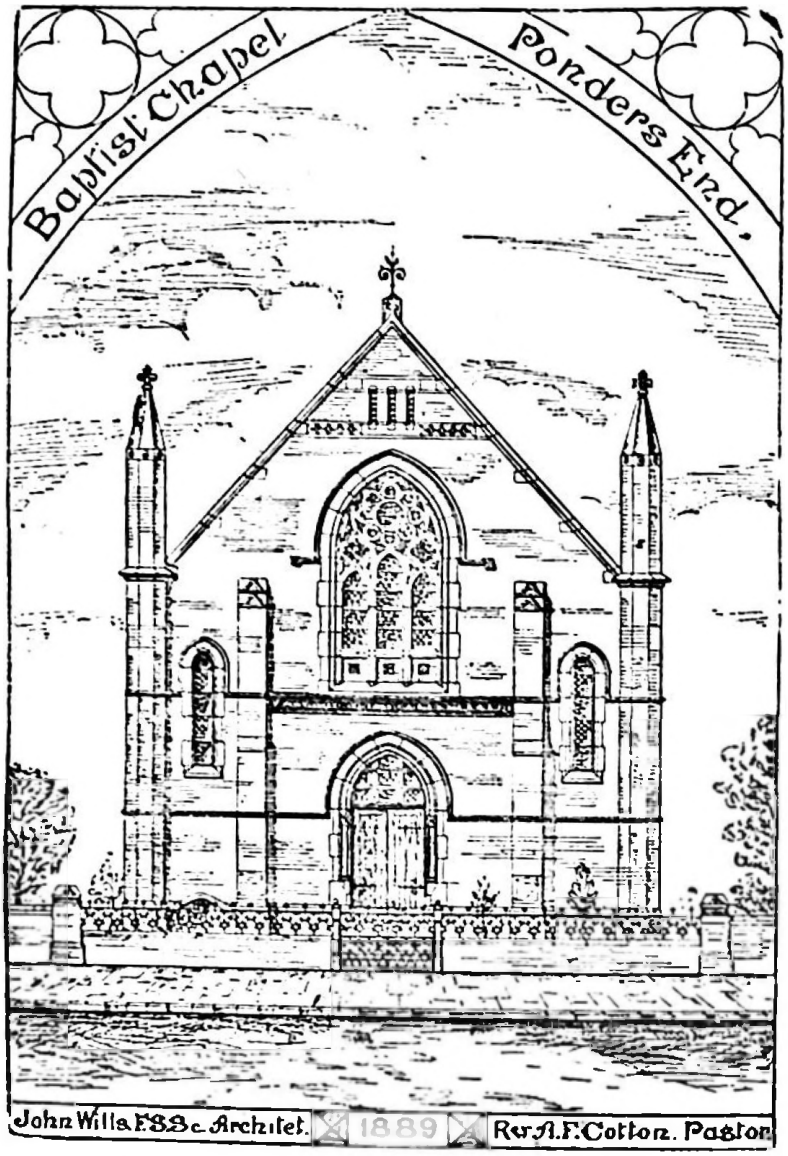
THE history of this church is one which is full of interest. This place—a "village near the sea"—has a population of about four thousand inhabitants; though thirty years ago it only contained as many hundreds. Towards the end of the year 1870, the attention of our late beloved President was drawn to its spiritual needs. An effort had been made, some short time previously, by the Brighton Congregationalists, to establish a cause; but, discouraged by want of success, the attempt was abandoned, and the village left without any Nonconformist provision for its population. Under these circumstances, Mr. Spurgeon rented the only available meeting-place, an upstairs room at the rear of a public house, called by courtesy, "The Clarence Assembly Rooms."

On Sunday, December 18th, 1870, Pastor E. A. Tydeman opened the spiritual campaign, taking for his first message Psalm lxxxiv. 11. Through twenty-one years the truth of that promise has been proved. Only eleven persons and a few children were present to hear the first Baptist preacher in Portslade; but nearly all those children are now members of the church, and look back to that first service with exceeding joy. The offerings for the day amounted to 5s. 4½d. Subsequently a Sunday-school was started, and then, on October 29th, 1872, followed the forming of a fellowship which included sixteen believers in all. In 1872 the necessity of erecting a place of worship presented itself, and a freehold site was secured for £90. In 1873, Mr. Tydeman was succeeded by Pastor W. Townsend, who continued the work so bravely initiated. It was during *his* ministry, and mainly through the help of dear Mr. Spurgeon, that a school chapel was erected, capable of seating about 250: this has been the spiritual birthplace of many.

It would extend this account far beyond the limited space allotted us in the College Report to give any details of the earnest labours of Mr. Townsend's successors, Mr. Harvey (a College student), and Mr. Gamble, a resident of Brighton, who, for more than ten years devoted most of his time to the cause at Portslade. When he left, difficulties and disunion ensued. In this time of trial, the church sought the counsel and help of the Rev. David Davies, who took a hopeful view of the church's prospects, and introduced us to the work. It was with some misgiving that, in June, 1889, we entered upon our labours, which, by the help and grace of God, have not been in vain. The spiritual work of the church has made most encouraging progress, and a considerable number have been added to the communicants' roll. The auxiliary work in Sunday-school, Mothers' Meetings, Magazine and Tract distribution, and Band of Hope, has been actively carried on.

Soon the place became too strait for us, and a more commodious "house of prayer" became urgently necessary for the accommodation of those who desired to hear the gospel, and for the proper development of the work. We felt it to be desirable also that the needs of a growing neighbourhood should be considered, and, as far as possible, met. But how could we, a feeble folk, attempt so great an undertaking? In our poverty and need we cried unto the Lord, and laid our case before *Him*. On February 11th, 1891, we made our first appeal for funds; and on that day our poor people brought their free-will offerings in sums ranging from one penny to five pounds, until a total of £70 was subscribed. Then a generous friend in Brighton promised £50. Our beloved President, who always had an open ear and a responsive heart and hand for those needing aid in the Lord's work, promised to help us, and also warmly commended our case to the sympathy of the Lord's stewards. Pressing forward in the confidence which faith in Jehovah begets, we have, despite our obscurity and poverty, within thirteen months received £825, and are now worshipping in a new and spacious chapel. Our entire outlay for the chapel, infant school-room, and chapel-keeper's cottage, will be about £1,450, so that much remains to be raised. We might, did space permit, tell *much* concerning the self-denial of our people, and how, in the plenitude of divine mercy, several peculiar and interesting cases of conversion to God, and of blessings to households, have taken place, over and above the general spiritual prosperity. "Herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth." We thank God that we can add our testimony to the attractive power and saving effects of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and affirm that the more central our theme has been, the more marked has been the blessing.

J. O'NEILL CAMPBELL.



Baptist Chapel and Schoolroom, Ponder's End.

MORE than fourteen years ago, as a student of the Pastor's College, whose course had yet a year and more to run, we came to Ponder's End. Until dispatched hither to preach, we had never heard of the place, and of the people we knew not one, even by name. Arriving on the Sunday morning about an hour before service-time, we took a hasty survey of the neighbourhood. We were not altogether displeased with what we saw; but on that particular morning, the building, which we regarded with the most interest, was the small structure in a quiet street, wherein we were to conduct two services. Judging by the outside, one would have taken the building to be but a couple of cottages, but on entering we found ourselves in a fairly good room, where the Sunday-school

teachers were still busy with their classes. The seats having been arranged for the service, we looked round on our congregation. It was by no means a large one; but, as we afterwards ascertained, it was a somewhat miscellaneous one, including as it did Wesleyan Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and at least one Strict Baptist.

In blissful ignorance of the fact that such various creeds were represented before us, we preached Christ and Him crucified as best we could, looking to the Lord for a blessing on our effort. It was not in vain that we preached that day the truth as it is in Jesus. The people were blessed, and we were asked to come again; and until the end of our College term we more or less regularly laboured in the gospel at Ponder's End.

As the months rolled by, we were able from time to time to take parties of converted men and women up to the Metropolitan Tabernacle to be baptized. These friends were eventually formed into a church, and thus the first Baptist Church in Ponder's End came into existence. Since then many have been added to our fellowship.

In process of time we erected an Iron Chapel, seating about 300 persons. In this little "iron-clad" we had some glorious times, though now and again there were rough seas through which we had to pass. But the Lord's blessing continuing to rest upon the labours of the preacher and his earnest band of helpers, a larger and more substantial structure became a necessity.

The picture at the head of this article represents the chapel in which we now worship. A more beautiful and admirably-contrived chapel we could not desire, and all who see it are loud in its praise. We opened it for public worship last November, and though the accommodation it affords is for 600 persons (double that which we had in our iron building), it is our joy to see it filled with a proportionately larger congregation.

Let none say we fail to get the poor and the working-classes into our chapels. At Ponder's End our congregation consists wholly of such. Men and women, employed in the neighbouring factories make up, with their families, the bulk of our congregation.

We are unfortunately encumbered with a debt of £1,300, and nearly £60 a year we have to raise as interest. The cost of the chapel, schoolroom, and land was about £3,000, and thankful indeed shall we be when time now occupied in getting money can be devoted to teaching, preaching, and visiting the sick and poor. Just before our beloved President went away last year, he sent us £50 for our chapel, which was then being built. Writing to our Secretary some time ago, he thus expressed himself: "I am glad the friends at Ponder's End are bestirring themselves. I feel sure they will succeed. There is certainly need for a new chapel and school buildings, both to house the present church, and to provide for the many settling near you in the new houses which seem to spring up in a night all around this city. I will give five per cent. on the first £1,000; and should the cost exceed the sum named, I will see what more can be done. If they could find twenty others to give five per cent., the thing would soon be done. Surely, some whom God

has prospered in this world's goods will take sufficient interest in the locality to do as much. I wish you abounding prosperity."

On another occasion, when acknowledging a note in which we had told him of a widow to whom we had sold a *John Ploughman's Almanack*, and who had been brought into light and liberty through one of the mottoes, "We are saved by faith and not by feeling", he wrote expressing his great joy and thankfulness.

Among the varied efforts which we put forth for the glory of God and the good of men, not least do we consider that which we make for the wider circulation of the printed sermons, &c., of our late honoured and beloved President. We have seen what good fruit this precious seed bears, and we delight to help in scattering it.

A. F. COTTON.

Baptist Church, Millom, Cumberland.

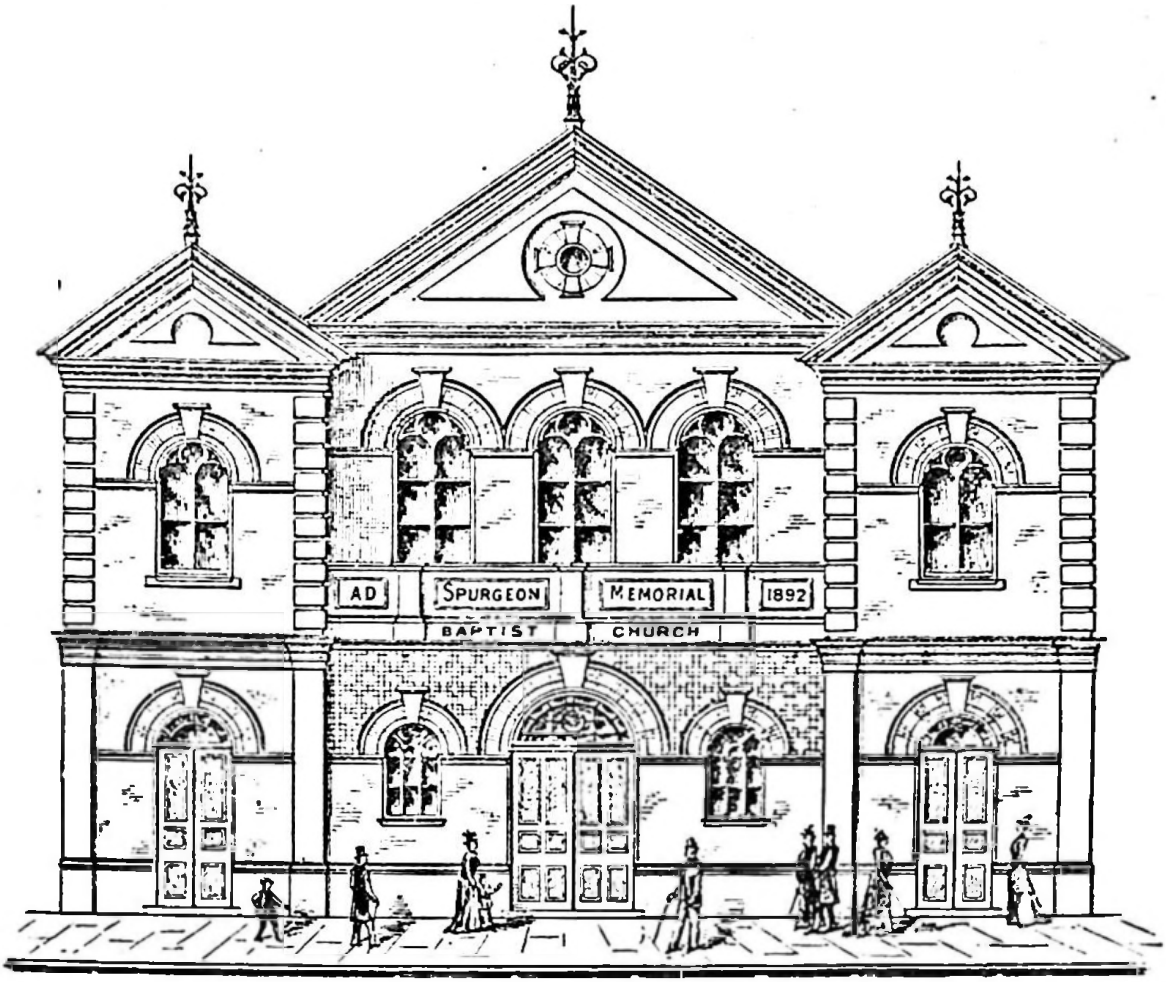
THE interest of this church, in common with so many other country churches, was dear to the heart of our beloved President, and he, from time to time, manifested this in his usual practical manner. We feel that we share the bereavement of the Tabernacle church, and that our best earthly friend is removed from us.

I am happy to say that during the past year we have not been without evidences of the Lord's presence and blessing. Baptist principles are very little understood here. This is a large mining district, and the bulk of the people are Methodistic. Exceptional local difficulties obstruct the work.

Total extinction has at various periods of its history threatened the church: that it is to-day in a more flourishing condition than ever is due to the power of those truths which are dear to our hearts.

We had the pleasure last year of baptizing 19 on profession of their faith, and of receiving 32 new scholars into our Sunday-school, bringing the total up to 200. On settling here in February of last year, I found the work was much hampered for the want of a school-room. We had only the chapel for all our various meetings. A deacon had promised £5 towards a school building, and with this as a nucleus a fund was started. I was most anxious to see something done, and when I told Mr. Spurgeon of our intention of building, he generously gave me £10 for my own use, so that I might be able to bear any deficiency in my salary which might result from the new enterprise. Encouraged by the help we had received, we were enabled in September to erect a school-room to seat nearly 200, at an outlay of £180. Towards this we have raised in all £70. Our people are composed wholly of the labouring classes, and are doing nobly. There is a good spirit of prayer in our midst, and we are looking for much blessing.

CHARLES DEAL.



Memorial Baptist Chapel, Fenny Stratford.

THE accompanying sketch very correctly represents the front elevation of a new and commodious house of prayer, now in course of erection at Fenny Stratford, Buckinghamshire. The building is to be dedicated to the honour and glory of the one, true, eternal God, and the memory of the beloved and lamented pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, C. H. Spurgeon. We, a company of poor people, felt that we should like to enshrine in a permanent memorial the memory of the dear leader we loved so well, and lost all too soon. We hope none will chide us as being too presumptuous: we cannot help it if they do.

The chapel will contain sitting accommodation for about 620. There will be school and class-rooms in the rear, capable of accommodating 500 children. The large hall, to be known as THE SPURGEON MEMORIAL HALL, to seat 320 adults, will be embellished with the best bust or portrait of the world's great preacher that we can obtain, or any of the Lord's people may be moved to present to us.

We are not building for building's sake, but from absolute necessity. We needed increased accommodation for the ever-growing demands of

our congregation, and the various agencies connected with an active and aggressive church. In the next place, we had no kind of convenience for Bible-classes, senior scholars, infant classes, &c., &c. Moreover, our meeting-house was old, having been built in the year of grace 1805, and had been weakened by frequent enlargements and alterations, until it had become positively unsafe. During the rebuilding, we are holding our services in the Town Hall, which is far too small for the crowded congregations.

As this is to be a Memorial Church, it is felt that, in order to be a true representation of the illustrious preacher, from which it takes its name, it must be opened *entirely free from debt*. This we are most anxious about. A contract has been accepted for the whole work for £2,500, exclusive of the architect's fee, or the furniture for the vestries, class-rooms, and Memorial Hall. At present we can see our way clearly to about half the contract price, so that we are still in need of at least £1,300. This for us is a very large sum, as we are a very poor people, living in an almost purely agricultural district. Nevertheless, as dear Mr. Spurgeon said in his recommendatory letter for us, we are doing our best to help ourselves, while we look with unshaken confidence to our gracious covenant-keeping God.

H. SAMUEL SMITH.

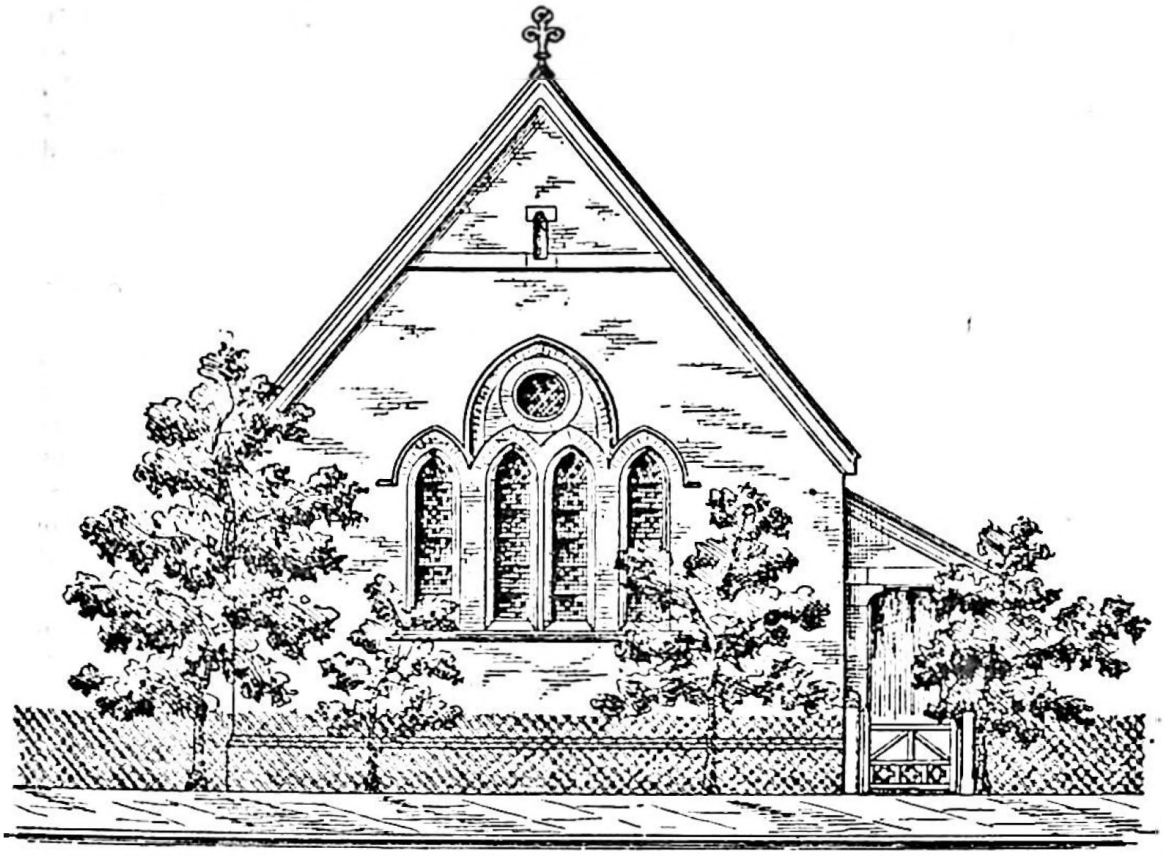
Cambridge Street Baptist Church, Glasgow.

I SEND herewith report for the year of the church of which I have the pastoral oversight. I have real pleasure in saying that we can, with thankful hearts, report progress in every branch of work. I settled here in the beginning of last May, and have had ten months of joyful service in this city. The congregations have trebled; the Sabbath School has nearly doubled; and 57 have been added to our membership since I came. Best of all, scarcely a week goes by without conversions being made known to us.

We are situated, for work, in one of the best parts of Glasgow. It is a densely populated district, and many are being drawn in from the non-church-going ranks. We have a Bible-class meeting on Monday evenings, numbering about 120 members; a good Band of Hope on Fridays; a Gospel Temperance meeting on Saturdays; and open-air meetings once or twice a week, all the year round. The members are hearty, united, and prayerful, and we are expecting great blessing.

We are, however, very much hampered by our heavy debt of £1,500. We hope this year to make a strenuous effort to clear a good deal of it off; but as we are a poor people we shall have to appeal for outside help.

EDWARD LAST.



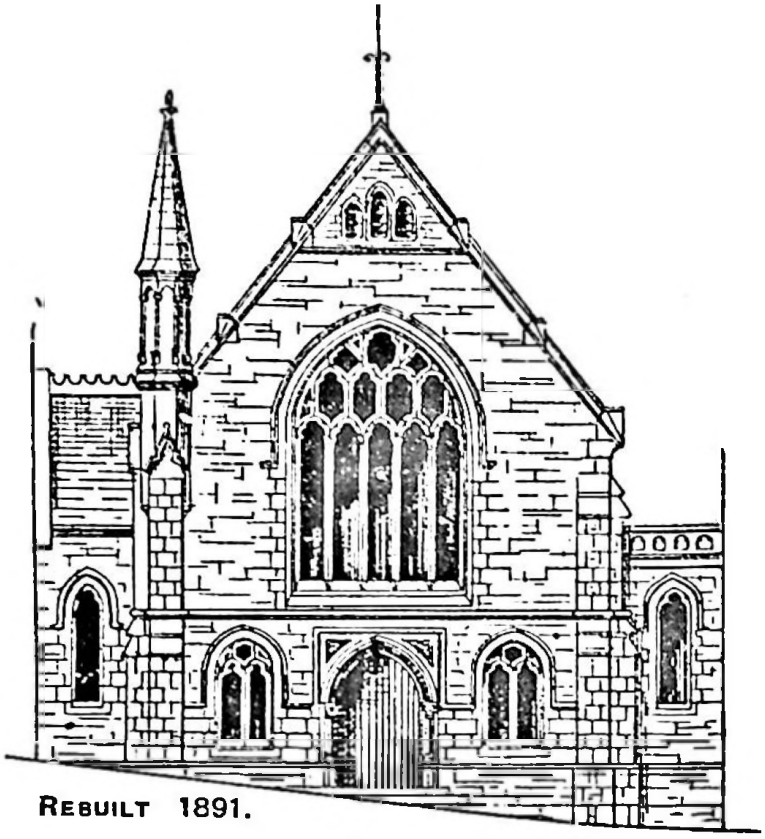
New Baptist Chapel, Yalding, Kent.

MUCH good work has been accomplished in the Yalding district the last few years, under the auspices of the Baptist Union Home Mission and the Kent and Sussex Association. The Pastor's work embraces a wide area; and Yalding being one of the centres of the hop-picking industry, many thousands of poor people come from London and other places, to whom the gospel is preached. There are several small mission stations in the district, but no Nonconformist chapel. The great need of a suitable building is evident.

About twelve months since, the writer was invited to take up the work; and his labours, under the Divine blessing, have met with much success. The mission room was soon found to be too small to hold the people; and after praying much, and working while praying, the Lord soon opened the way, and a plot of land was secured, sufficient for a chapel, school, and minister's house, for the sum of £50: this we have paid.

The cost of the premises will be £720; towards which we have in promises about £120. Who will help us in raising this much needed place? Our dearly-loved President, now with God, was well pleased with our plan and prospects, in proof of which he gave us £10 towards the purchase of the land, and promised to give 10 per cent. of the required amount for the chapel. Our esteemed Vice-president, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, has kindly promised to fulfil the promise made by his dear brother.

D. C. CHAPMAN.



REBUILT 1891.

Baptist Chapel and Schools, Ilfracombe.

AT this important seaside resort, a new and exceedingly pretty chapel has been erected, and school and class rooms built, during the past year. The church here was formed in 1852, and the first pastor was the Rev. E. Merriman, who was succeeded by the Rev. J. J. Brown, now of Cirencester. He was followed by the Rev. J. E. Taylor, of Bristol College, who died at Ilfracombe after a pastorate of four years. Subsequently the Rev. W. Scriven became pastor, and then the Rev. F. F. Medcalf, who remained about twelve years, and left for Australia. At this juncture the church was in danger of extinction; but, by the blessing of God upon the efforts of the Devon Association Committee and the Bristol Association, the cause was revived during the pastorate of the Rev. J. Douglas, M.A., now of Kenyon Chapel, Brixton, whose labours were very greatly blessed. The Rev. J. W. Genders succeeded him, and on his retirement in 1890, the pastorate was undertaken by the Rev. E. Osborne, of Carlton Chapel, Southampton. Soon after his settlement it was decided to rebuild the chapel, and to erect schools, the want of the latter having been keenly felt for some time previously.

A handsome structure now takes the place of the old building, and seats about 250 more than the latter, whilst a spacious schoolroom and numerous class-rooms and vestries take the place of the small room

formerly used for all purposes. The cost of the additional site has been about £500, and the new buildings have cost about £2,000, but we have good value for our money. The church members have nobly striven to do their utmost to reduce the debt, and are now arranging for a large sale of work, to be held in the Victoria Promenade, on May 24 and 25.

An earnest appeal is made for help, and it is hoped a liberal response will be forthcoming, so that the hearts of the pastor and people may be cheered and encouraged. The present pastor's labours are being greatly owned of God, and the additions to the church, especially from the ranks of the young, are most cheering. At the services during the past summer the chapel was crowded, being largely attended by visitors from other churches all over the land. The late lamented President was in full sympathy with the work, and promised not only to help personally, but to insert a view of the chapel and an appeal in *The Sword and the Trowel* on returning from Mentone; but, alas! his personal help and influence, as well as his frequently proffered and weighty counsel and advice, will no longer be available.

E. OSBORNE.

College Pioneer Mission.

AS God gives to each of His servants their special work, so we believe He graciously called us to commence this Mission some three years since. When our late beloved President knew of our effort *to plant New Testament Churches in needy districts, and help weak ones*, he gave us his heartiest sympathy and practical help; so that we cannot but commence our Report by stating that not only were we helped into the ministry by Mr. Spurgeon, but, on starting the Mission, found in him a true father and friend. He has gone to see his Lord; but the work must go on, and is going on, although the difficulties and trials of faith are many, and at times severe.

Work has been carried on during the year at the following and other places:—

New Brighton	Pastor E. Morley.
Waterloo	Pastor Geo. Goodchild (Gen. Sec.).
Birkdale	Pastor T. Whittle.
Douglas, Isle of Man ...	Pastor F. T. B. Westlake.
Withington	Mr. Wagnell (Pioneer Student).
Farnworth	Pastor S. Jones.
Christchurch	Mr. Chesterton.
Freshfield	Mr. Hodgson (Pioneer Student).

Pioneer House, Waterloo, Liverpool. E. A. CARTER.

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

WITH the exception of MR. HARRISON, who was invalided for some months in 1891, and has only been able partially to resume work this year, our brethren connected with the College Society of Evangelists have kept steadily on with their glorious work of carrying the good tidings of salvation all over the land. Wherever they have gone they have been the means of blessing. Many a pastor has been cheered by their visits, while churches have been revived by their services, and great numbers of precious souls have been saved during their missions. The work is so well known, it is so constantly mentioned in *The Sword and the Trowel*, and the pressure on our space is so great, that we need only mention the names of the places visited by the Evangelists since the last Report. Now that the originator and great helper of the work has been called home, the present leader will more than ever require the generous support of the Lord's stewards, if the work is to be continued as it deserves to be. There is almost unlimited scope for evangelistic work in connection with the churches in the United Kingdom.

Since the last College Conference, MESSRS. FULLERTON & SMITH have been at Kettering, Studley, Astwood Bank, Redditch, St. Helen's, Morley, Malvern, Abergavenny, Liverpool (Norwood Congregational Chapel), Swansea, Sheffield, West Brighton, Worthing, Eastbourne, Luton, Leicester (Melbourne Hall, Watch-night service), Ashford (Kent), Ramsgate, Dover, Bath, Canterbury, Exeter, Southend-on-Sea, Foot's Cray, and Bromley (Kent).

MR. BURNHAM has been engaged during the year at Kilmington and Loughwood, Langham, Wilburton, Stantonbury, Tottenham, Radford, Caddington, Perry Green, Okehampton, Kent (Mission to the Hop-pickers), Old Sodbury, Hemyock, St. George's, Bristol, Rayleigh, Saltash, Modbury, Isleham, and Chiswick. In the summer he paid a visit to the Northfield Convention.

MR. HARMER has had the help of MR. H. JENNER, one of the students in the College, in his services at Lady Ashburton's Mission, Victoria Docks; Lee (Kent), Longford, Queensbury, Attleborough, and Nuneaton. He has also conducted missions at Loose (Maidstone), Uffculme, Staincliffe, Rotterdam Sailors' Institute, Leighton Buzzard, Norwich, Gravesend, Riddings (Derbyshire), Mirfield (Yorkshire), East Plumstead, Faringdon, Washbrook and Burlington Chapel, Ipswich, and Barking. Mr. Harmer also took charge of the work at Thornton Heath for about two months, while Mr. Harrald's duties at "Westwood" prevented his attendance at Beulah Chapel.

Reminiscences of our late Beloved President.

The First Student's Testimony.

It was before my late revered and well-beloved President, C. H. Spurgeon, was actually chosen pastor of the church at New Park Street, that I first heard him speak. The occasion was probably his first platform appearance in London. It was at the old Maze Pond Chapel, Southwark, annual meeting of the Sunday School. The first sermon I heard him preach was from Hosea vi. 3: "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." Under that sermon I was convicted of sin, and led to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" The sermon that led me to believe with the heart, and to accept Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour, was from John vi. 37. On the 28th of September, 1854, I was baptized by Mr. Spurgeon in dear old New Park Street Chapel. From that time it has been my joy to have been closely and intimately connected with my honoured Pastor, President, and friend. On July 15th, 1856, he sent me to study for the ministry under the late Rev. C. K. Hosken, at Bexley Heath. This was the commencement of the Pastors' College. On December 21st, 1856, on the advice of Mr. Spurgeon, I accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church, Kingston-on-Thames, but continued studying under Rev. George Rogers. From the hour of my conversion, through the instrumentality of Mr. Spurgeon, under the power of the Holy Spirit, up to the hour of his departure to dwell with the King "in Emmanuel's land", it has been my delight to sit at his feet as my spiritual father, teacher, leader, and president, trusting him fully, believing that he ever trusted and followed his Lord.

Among my choicest treasures is a volume of "The Treasury of David", with the following inscription in his own handwriting:—"To my always loving and ever faithful friend and brother and son, T. W. Medhurst, to whom I am most tenderly attached, in whose usefulness I heartily rejoice, and by whose loving acts I am often solaced in my affliction; as a small token of my love. C. H. Spurgeon, Jan., 1879."

Alas for us; on earth we shall see his face and hear his voice no more! The Lord make us faithful unto death, even as he was, that we may receive with him, from the hand of our Lord Jesus, the crown of life.

Cardiff. T. W. Medhurst.

The Young Preacher and the "Fair Spy."

After three years of anxiety of soul, I found rest in Jesus through those ever-blessed words, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." At this period, Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were a great help to me, especially one entitled, "Mercy, Omnipotence, and Justice" (No. 137). I was then twenty-one years old, and lived at Bath. On

coming to London in June, 1858, I went to the Music Hall, Surrey Gardens, and New Park Street Chapel. Previously I had always attended the Church of England; but the spell was upon me—that gracious magnetism which drew one to the great preacher, under the power of which tens of thousands have been saved. I went to see him as an inquirer. To my surprise, he said to me, "I have noticed you standing in the gallery at Park Street." What an eye he had, and what a head, and what a heart! I told him the story of my soul; also that I was at that time seeking a situation as a tutor. He said, "Perhaps the Lord has called you to the work of the ministry; if so, I will help you." He asked me to speak at a prayer-meeting, held at the house of one of his deacons; and afterwards at the Kingston Baptist Chapel, where the first student, Mr. Medhurst, was pastor, and who, I afterwards learned, had been privately requested to hear me and send a report to Mr. Spurgeon. The result was that I entered the family circle of the ever-beloved and honoured Professor Rogers, in Addington Square. While there, it was my privilege, with others, to go every Friday to Mr. Spurgeon's house in Nightingale Lane, and there drink in from his wise and loving words a measure of spiritual and mental health, and vigour and freshness, as flowers inhale sunshine and shower.

On Friday, February 11th, 1859, Mr. Spurgeon preached in the Assembly Rooms, Wandsworth, and I began my work there on the following Lord's-day. Shortly afterwards I received from him a most kind and encouraging letter, speaking in praise of that which he thought good in my matter and manner, and pointing out the means of correcting the blemishes he had perceived. But how came he to know how I had preached? He said in his letter, that a fair spy was there in the hall on the Sunday evening, and had informed him how I got on, The fair spy was no other than his own wife. And here let me say, that Mrs. Genders and myself have not only been indebted at all times to the uniform sympathy and kindness of Mr. Spurgeon, but of Mrs. Spurgeon also. She took a stall for us at our first bazaar in the Assembly Rooms, and has ever shown us the utmost kindness.

If the Lord has used me to win souls, or to build up His saints, I owe it to Mr. Spurgeon; to his sermons, to my meeting with him in the inquiry room at New Park Street, to his generous help, his teaching, his guidance, and, I am assured, his prayers.

JOHN WM. GENDERS.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESIDENT'S MINISTRY.

I FIND it exceedingly difficult for me to estimate the influence which Mr. Spurgeon's ministry has had upon my whole life. It was through his instrumentality that I was first led to the Saviour, when as a very young man attending his early ministry at New Park Street Chapel. By his hands I was afterwards baptized in the same place, and became definitely united to a church holding Baptist principles. Under the inspiration of his powerful ministry, I began, with other young men at

New Park Street Chapel, to preach the gospel in the streets, and lanes, and lodging-houses of London. It was at his suggestion that I joined the evening-classes for young men, at the time when he generously offered, if I wished it, to aid me in preparation for the work of the ministry. Ultimately I entered the College in 1861, relinquishing an appointment which I held in the City, and devoting myself to the full work of the Christian ministry.

It was he who introduced me to my first pastorate at Coleraine, in the north of Ireland, where I followed Mr. T. W. Medhurst. His letter of introduction also introduced me to Bromley, where I became the successor of Mr. Archibald G. Brown. When, recently, my delicate throat necessitated that I should rest for a time from speaking, I can never forget the kindly note he sent me, which I treasure more than gold, in which he expressed his loving sympathy, and asked me if he could be of "any use to me." This seemed to me more than kindness.

I can hardly realize that Mr Spurgeon is no more: it seems but as yesterday that I heard him preach in New Park Street Chapel and the Surrey Music Hall, and some of his texts ring in my ears at the present time. As long as I live, Mr. Spurgeon will always be to me as a living presence, so powerful are the impressions which his ministry has produced upon my memory, my imagination, and my heart.

Bromley, Kent. A. TESSIER.

"THE EYES OF THE BLIND SHALL SEE OUT OF OBSCURITY."

MY interest in Mr. Spurgeon was first awakened when a youth of seventeen, at my home in Gloucestershire, by the accounts brought by my father, who visited London on business every month, and took the opportunity of hearing the young and popular preacher.

At this time, he preached in all parts of the United Kingdom, often visiting several churches, in the course of a three or four days' preaching tour, between one Sabbath and another. I had the pleasure of hearing him at Stroud, at Shortwood (of which church I had just become a member), and at Wotton-under-Edge, where he preached in the market-place to many thousands of people, who had gathered from the surrounding country. These occasions would, I think, bear some comparison with those of the preaching of George Whitefield, and their effects were very similar in the striking manifestations of the divine power and blessing which accompanied them.

In 1861, I was laid aside with a severe affliction, through the failure of my sight, and during the period of retirement thus occasioned, the desire to become a minister of the gospel, cherished when quite a youth, returned with great intensity. I communicated my desire to Mr. Spurgeon, and, while still suffering with *blindness*, obtained an interview with him. He received me with the utmost kindness, and said, "So you want to preach?" "Yes, sir", I replied, "that is my one desire." "Well", he resumed, "I don't see why you should not be able to preach. You know that the best way to make a philosopher of a man is first to put out his eyes; and then he

must think." With these kind, encouraging, and characteristic words, he made me welcome to all the privileges of the College, and enlisted the sympathy of the tutors and students on my behalf. But above all, I rejoiced in the honour and privilege of coming into personal contact with the beloved President, and receiving the inspiration of his loving, glowing heart, his great mind, and his marvellous knowledge and persuasion of the truth of God.

Highgate. J. H. BARNARD.

A HOUSE OF BUSINESS REVOLUTIONIZED.

To illustrate what I owe to Mr. Spurgeon spiritually, I may say that at the time when I first went to hear him preach (when he was at Exeter Hall the *first* time) I was not, I am sorry to say, in the habit even of attending any place of worship. I *had* been, but had had the ungodly hardihood, alas, to give it up.

I knew little or nothing of real religion up to this period. Happily, however, I was interested and attracted at once. It was not long before I felt impressed, stirred, and conscience-stricken. Mr. Spurgeon was, I humbly hope, the means of my conversion and salvation, though I can point to no particular time or place when the greatest change took place. The sermons to which I feel I owe most were those I heard in the Surrey Music Hall, many of which, especially that from the words, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults" ("Secret Sins," No. 116), riddled me through and through, like red-hot shot. Eventually I was baptized by him at New Park Street Chapel, and I remember some of the words with which he welcomed me into the Church at "my first communion" to this day! I count this among the greatest honours I have ever known. But it is impossible for me to put into words all I feel I owe to Mr. Spurgeon. I have tried to express it more fully in other places. I may, and will only, add that he well nigh *revolutionized* my uncle's house of business at Knightsbridge, where I then lived, many others also coming under his influence, my aunt, sister, and two young men joining the Church.

Lymington. JOHN COLLINS.

LOVING MEMORIES OF C. H. SPURGEON.

My first knowledge of our beloved and revered President, was in the year 1855, through the printed sermon, "Storming the Battlements" (No. 38) which was lent to me by a young man, who had received it from a friend in London. The reading of it impressed me, and awakened the desire to hear, as well as read; for I had never seen such a racy, stirring attack upon the enemies' battlements.

The following year the catastrophe at the Surrey Music Hall, which was reported in the local papers, deepened my interest in Spurgeon. I hoped and prayed that I might go to London to have the privilege of hearing this wonderful preacher. The opportunity came in 1857, when business called me to the metropolis, and I spent my first Sunday morning at the Surrey Music Hall. What a grand sight! Such a

crowd! Such a youthful preacher, controlling the vast congregation with his wonderful voice; and such a sermon, too! It was No. 152, "The Things that accompany Salvation." What rapture filled my soul as the discourse went on! I listened to the allegory with delight, and tested my own experience by the sermon. Yes, "the things that accompany salvation" were mine.

Many happy Sundays followed that one. I soon applied for membership. I met Mr. Spurgeon in his vestry, and was astonished at his genial manner and kindly interest. He offered to lend me any books to help me in study. I had found a pastor and a friend.

Under Mr. Spurgeon's ministry I could not be happy without trying to bring others to Jesus; therefore, I became a teacher in the Sabbath school, and had the joy of seeing some of my scholars converted, baptised, and welcomed to the fellowship of the church. I longed to do more, and being encouraged by Mr. T. Olney and others, I made known my desire to Mr. Spurgeon, and he counselled me to enter the College, all the advantages of which institution were freely given me. But for the Pastors' College I do not believe I could ever have given up my life to preaching the Gospel.

My first pastorate was at Romsey, Hants, where Mr. Spurgeon preached two sermons for us the year following my settlement. It was a memorable occasion, when C. H. Spurgeon preached from a waggon, which I had fitted up as a pulpit, on a lawn in front of a ladies' school. Seats were gathered from all the schools in the district, including the Church school. A large crowd assembled. Lord Palmerston was the patron of the school, and his steward was there on horseback, listening attentively. That evening, at the supper table, a lady asked Mr. Spurgeon whether he did not think it "very rude" of that gentleman to come to the service on a horse. He replied, "Oh, madam, never mind if they come on elephants, so long as they come."

After Mr. Spurgeon's visit to Scotland in the year 1866, he recommended me to the officers of John Street Baptist Church, Aberdeen. This led to my spending many pleasant years in Scotland. But every year I came to our annual Conference, and renewed my spiritual energies at our "Feast of the Tabernacle."

CLARENCE CHAMBERS.

PRAYER, THE SECRET OF POWER.

I HEARTILY respond to your request to send a line or two. I would first emphasize one of the beloved Pastor's own experiences, because it is so valuable, and may be helpful and inspiring to many. I refer to the fact of his having been raised up from the depths of anguish, caused by that crushing calamity, the accident at the Surrey Music Hall, simply by having given to him, by the Spirit of God, a sudden and vivid apprehension of the undiminished glory and permanent exaltation of that Saviour whom he so delighted to honour. The word that did all this for him was, "Him hath God exalted"; and some of us have

heard him speak of the wonderful power with which it came to him, and the equally amazing effect it had upon him.

I would like to give, as my own personal testimony, a word as to the immense value which his extraordinary life has ever been to me. During my twenty-seven years' ministry, no man has so vividly been before me as a living presence; and it would be utterly impossible for me to describe the amount of spiritual good which has come to me through the burning words that fell from his lips, year by year, as he occupied the presidential chair at the annual gathering of the much-anticipated Conference. Our late esteemed brother Anderson beautifully expressed the universal feeling of the assembly when he said, on one occasion, in proposing or seconding the re-election of the President:—"No man among us can tell how much we derive from the influence and force that come to us through being brought, year by year, into contact with such a master-mind."

But he is gone; and now we must, each one of us, try to follow him as he followed Christ. Above all, may it be so in the maintenance of that prayerful element which he so marvellously attained, and which warranted him in uttering the wonderful words attributed to him by one of the speakers at the Memorial Services: "I am never conscious of passing a quarter of an hour, except when sleeping, without prayer"! It is, doubtless, to this remarkable utterance that the Rev. J. B. Meyer referred at the Ipswich Convention, when he said: "Mr. Spurgeon had said that he had never spent a quarter of an hour of his waking life without a distinct recognition of Christ"!

Rayleigh, Essex. ISAAC BRIDGE.

THE PRESIDENT'S TEACHING—"CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED."

IT is about thirty-six years since I was introduced to dear Mr. Spurgeon at the opening of Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham. Dr. Fletcher had preached in the morning, and closed the service with a significant prayer for his "young brother", who was to preach in the afternoon. That prayer was an advertisement. The chapel was crowded, and the congregation taken by storm. My heart was filled with affectionate reverence for the wonderful young preacher. From that time I bought everything I could that he published, and lost no opportunity of hearing him whenever he came near. The memory, savour, and power of those sermons abide with me still.

I longed to see the Tabernacle, and hear him there. In July, 1862, that wish was realized. The sight astonished me. The sermon, from Gen. iv. 10, was the turning-point of my life. There and then I gave myself to the Lord's service, and began to work for him as I had not done before.

Then came College days. What happy times those were, especially the Mondays and Fridays, when the dear President was there! Much has been said about the Conferences; but what those gatherings were, only those favoured to hear his prayers and addresses can know.

Among the many sacred memories I shall fondly cherish, are the days when he preached in the country. How quickly he recognized any of his students! How tenderly he enquired about their work, and

made them feel the powerful influence of his loving grasp and cheering words!

It is hard to realize that we shall see his face no more on earth. May the God of love console the sorrow-stricken hearts of those who stood nearest to him, and our own also! God grant that His prophet's mantle may fall on us! If a dying member of his church could say, "You have taught me too well for me to fear death", may all who were privileged to call him President, if tempted to turn from the good old way, reply, "I have been taught too well; I have seen too much of the power of the preaching of the cross to know anything among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified"!

West Malling. D. MACE.

PREACHING WITHOUT A PRAYER-BOOK.

I CAN hardly realize that our dear President is gone. I first heard him in 1857, in the Surrey Music Hall. The sermon was suggested by the Indian Mutiny, and was full of power. I remember expressions in it even now, though since then thirty-five years have gone.

My hearing him was under peculiar circumstances. I was in a London office, and was only seventeen years of age. My employer, who was one of several who started the *Church Times*, said one Saturday to myself and a fellow clerk, "There is a man in London who is making a great stir, and is preaching in the Surrey Music Hall. He is said to be remarkably eloquent. If you like to go and hear him to-morrow, here are two tickets." We went; and I, who had never worshipped anywhere except in a building connected with the Established Church, actually *took with me a Prayer-book*, and was constantly expecting that Mr. Spurgeon was going to use it. It is very singular to think that my employer, who was a very high Churchman, and is so now, was the means of bringing me into contact with Mr. Spurgeon, and thus of changing the whole current of my life.

I entered Mr. Spurgeon's College in 1865, and could write much, very much, concerning acts of kindness received from him. One shown to me in a day of great trouble, just after I had entered my first pastorate, stands out in bold relief. What pains he took to help me in my difficulty! How he quoted Scripture to comfort me! He offered to come and preach for me, and did so.

From my youth upward he has had a potent, an almost magical, influence over me. I was present at the gathering when the Conference was formed, and through the long years have only been absent from *one* Conference meeting, and that year I was in bed seriously ill. I have often said, that if I could not get to Conference by rail, *I would walk*. I bless God for having been born in the age in which Spurgeon lived, and for being permitted to have some humble share in the work which he loved so well.

New Brighton. EDMUND MORLEY.

GOING UNDER AN OPERATION.

IT was Friday afternoon, November 1, 1867, after the usual merry and inspiring time in the old class-room, when the dear President

said, "Welton, I want to see you in the library." There was a little waiting while other men had their talk with him. At last, in he came, with the usual smile and kind word which made us all feel at ease in his presence.

"Then you are going to Thetford next week." "Yes, sir." "Well, I want you to go under an operation before you leave. I am going *to put out one of your eyes*, and *stop up one of your ears*, and *to put a muzzle on your mouth*. There, you had better have a new suit of clothes before you go, and you must tell the tailor to make *in the coat a pocket without a bottom*. You understand my parable." "I think so, but should like your interpretation." "Well, there will be many things in your people that you must look at with the *blind eye*, and you must listen to much with the *deaf ear*, while you will often be tempted to say things which had better be left unsaid; then, remember *the muzzle*. Then all the gossip you may hear, when doing pastoral work, must be put into the *bottomless pocket*." After this came the warm grip of the hand, and the final words, "Well, you have had to fight your way to be a minister, now *preach Christ;* do not fear man, nor the face of man. If they do not treat you well at Thetford, come back to College; you are worth your bread and cheese any day. God bless you!" So ended my College days, upon which I shall ever look back with grateful joy.

Morley, Yorkshire. CHARLES WELTON.

"VIOLENT PREJUDICE" TURNED TO "UNDYING AFFECTION."

IN 1863 I came to London, in my twentieth year, to push my fortune. Providence placed me in a situation with the firm of Messrs. W. and R. Morley. One of my fellow employés there was a member of the Tabernacle church. After wandering about for a Sunday or two in the City churches (I had been brought up in the Church of England), this man invited me to hear his minister, to which I consented; but as soon as I heard Mr. Spurgeon was a Baptist, I conceived a violent prejudice against him, feeling certain in my ignorance, that as he had not received episcopal ordination, he was not qualified to preach. I resolved, therefore, to pay the more attention, in order to detect his errors, with the result, that after the sermon was over I was convinced of my own ignorance of the Bible, and the great grasp of its truth by the preacher. The hearty singing and the evident earnestness and enthusiasm of the vast congregation also deeply impressed me, and I resolved to go again. I soon found myself an admirer of Mr. Spurgeon, and went nowhere else. On one occasion dear Mr. Spurgeon ventured on one of his graphic descriptions of the young man up from the country, surrounded with perils, beginning to yield to temptation. He pictured the dying mother, her last prayers for her boy, and her glorified state; and on this he poured out his soul in a flood of eloquence, warning the young man, and appealing to him to come to a decision for Christ. This was God's arrow to my soul, and then I was awakened, convinced and troubled on account of my sins. A season of distress of mind and darkness of soul followed, until Mr. Spurgeon was led by the Holy

Spirit to preach on 1. John iii. 23, "The Warrant of Faith" (No. 531), which God made the means of bringing light into my soul, and peace through believing. Soon after I was baptized by Mr. Spurgeon, and his ministry was my theological school. My conversion led to my attending Mr. Rogers's Bible-class, the Evening Classes, and joining the Evangelists' Association. Through the latter agency I was sent to the Isle of Dogs to evangelize, and there the Lord blessed my poor efforts to many souls. Three years later I was invited by Mr. Spurgeon to enter the College, and in 1868 I left, by his advice, to become pastor of the church at New Mill, Tring. From then, till he went to be with Jesus Christ, I enjoyed his friendship, and I cherish for him an undying affection and reverence.

Northampton. H. BRADFORD.

THE PRESIDENT'S SYMPATHY WITH THE SORROWING.

THE sweetest memories of my Christian life are associated with our late beloved President, C. H. Spurgeon. Who that came in contact with him can ever forget his big, brotherly heart, his genial spirit, his wise counsel, his loving help, so readily and repeatedly given? How we have alternately laughed and wept as he has spoken to us in the College, in the Conference, and in the Tabernacle, during the past twenty years. His kindness was uniform the whole of that period. His tenderness and sympathy with those in sorrow is well known. He was indeed a true "son of consolation." Six years ago my dear wife was suddenly taken to be with her Lord, and while in a very Gethsemane of sorrow I received the following letter:—

"WESTWOOD, BEULAH HILL,
UPPER NORWOOD,
March 10*th*, 1886.

"Dear Friend,—May you be comforted under your great loss. 'The Comforter' better knows how to cheer you than I do. I suspect that your work will do as much to relieve your mind as anything, and yet in it you will miss *her* exceedingly. May the Lord be graciously with you in all your suffering and labour, and cause you to grow by experience more perfectly into the image of your Lord. All your brethren sympathize with you. I pray our Lord to hear our united prayers for your increased usefulness and overflowing comfort. I am so pressed with service that I am rather late with this note of sympathy; but I have not forgotten you since the day Brother Feltham wrote me the sad news.—Yours heartily, C. H. SPURGEON."

Rushden. W. H. TOMKINS.

DAILY GRACE AND DAILY DYING.

MY first recollection of Mr. Spurgeon lies away in my childhood. My eldest brother took me to a Sunday-evening service at the Tabernacle. We ascended to the top gallery, and secured a seat immediately behind the great clock. I remember peeping over now and then, and seeing the crown and back of the preacher's head. It

did not occur to me to dream of knowing him; in the midst of that great throng he seemed to belong to another world than mine.

Years passed, and though I became a believer, I had no idea of being associated with him; my path seemed to lie another way altogether. Then came the time when I was irresistibly drawn towards the ministry, and I can never forget how warmly the dear President welcomed me to his band of disciples. The continual wonder to me has been that he always seemed to know us all so well.

For a year and a half, or more, I acted as students' secretary; and when we met in the old class-rooms below the Tabernacle, I had the privilege of sitting each Friday afternoon by his side. Now and then his humour bubbled over on to my devoted head, but it was never of the scalding, injurious kind.

He preached for us at the opening of our chapel in Brixton, and the place was crowded to excess, some even listening at the open windows. How happy he was at that service! He spoke of losing the fear of death, by daily dying, and suggested the wisdom of daily dipping one's feet in the cold stream, that we might lose all dread of it. He told how once he heard his grandfather preach on daily grace. The old gentleman, after naming grace that was needed, finished each paragraph by adding, "There is a grace you do not need." This greatly raised the curiosity of his hearers, and at last he revealed the mystery, by saying, "You do not need dying grace; that you will have when the hour for it arrives." The glorious preacher has proved the truth of it.

As I closed his brougham door for him, on his leaving, he said in his bright laughing way, "Edwards, I have found a text for Sunday; 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I laughed as I thought of it. It seemed to me as though a tiny fish was worrying, and old Father Thames looked at him, and said, 'There's enough water in me for thee, little one!'"

Though I removed from London, his sympathy was always ready and warm in any difficulty, especially if it arose in defence of the truth he loved so well.

Alas! he is gone; but, thank God, his influence abides.

Stockton-on-Tees. THOS. LLEWELLYN EDWARDS.

How the President Cared for the Students.

DURING the early part of 1875, the President was laid aside by a lengthened illness. At that time I was College secretary, and the following extract is from one of the President's letters, in reply to an expression of sympathy which, in the name of the students, I had sent to him. As I read the letter over the other day, it seemed as though the following words were, indeed, a "Trumpet-Call to Christian Energy" from the grave of our dear President. They also serve to remind us how deep and constant was his interest in the work of the College:—

"Brethren, I feel sure that you have all stuck to your studies diligently; and my prayer is, that the Holy Spirit may sanctify your human acquirements by a double measure of His anointing. Your

power lies in His grace rather than in natural gifts or scholastic acquisitions. Without the Spirit, you will be failures, and worse; therefore, pray much, and see to it that your whole selves are in such a condition, that the Spirit of God can dwell in you; for in some men He cannot reside, and with some men He cannot work. Let the channel through which the living water is to flow be both clear and clean.

"I feel in an agony when I imagine anyone of you going forth to preach unendowed by the Spirit. The Lord alone knows how I have the work of the College on my heart, and what exercises it has cost me; and verily, if souls are not won, churches are not built up, and Christ is not glorified by you, I have lived in vain as to the masterwork of my life. I am not able to discover any motive in my heart for originating and carrying on the College, but a desire to glorify God, and to bless this generation by the promulgation of the pure gospel. For this end you came into the College; do not miss it, one of you; and yet you will do so, if the Spirit rests not upon you. Rest not till Pentecost is repeated among you.

"Yours very heartily, C. H. SPURGEON."

Such were the words he spake while yet present with us. Oh, that every man in the College and the ministry may be led to seek more earnestly than ever the anointing of the Holy Ghost!

Erith. JOHN E. MARTIN.

A VILLAGE EVANGELIST CHEERED.

VERY often do I think of our beloved and glorified President. Well do I remember his loving-kindness to me in 1878, when I had a great desire to enter the College. I saw him one Friday, just after he had been addressing the students. I stood, hat in hand, thinking and thinking how I should get on with this *great man*. What should I say, and how should I plead my suit? But my fears were all banished by his kind and cheery voice calling to me, as I stood at the extreme end of the large lecture hall,—"Do you wish to see me, sir?" I was soon beside him. He said, "You've been a soldier?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I like your testimonials. So you wish to come into the College?" "I do, sir, with all my heart."

Then with the kindest face in the world, and a hearty shake of the hand he said, "You may come, I like the look of you, and may you be a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ." Just at this time a student was passing, and dear Mr. Spurgeon called to him, "See that this brother has a cup of tea before he leaves." I thought, "What a noble man this is, who in the midst of his great work steps aside to look after *my* comfort." All the way home to my quiet little village in Hertfordshire I thought of my interview with this *magnificent man*. To know him was *to love him indeed*.

Essenden. ALFRED H. KING.

"COME ALONG, LITTLE TIMOTHY."

IN grateful remembrance of my honoured and beloved Pastor and President, I count it a great privilege to bear personal testimony to

the goodness of God in giving such a gracious and gifted spiritual guide.

I was but a boy when, under his ministry, I was led to find life in beholding "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world"; and at the age of sixteen, in the year 1866, Mr. Spurgeon baptized me in the presence of the large congregation, exclaiming, as I went down into the water, "Come along, little Timothy." In after days, finding me anxious to speak for the Master, never can I forget the many encouragements I received; the very grip of his friendly hand inspired me for service. His words of advice and counsel were always of the highest value; and his powerful ministry in the days of my youth, became instrumental, under Divine grace, in moulding my whole life. From the day he baptized me, and from the time of his receiving me into the Pastors' College, up to his departure to be with Christ, our dear President was more to me than words can express—my spiritual father, my wisest counsellor, and my truest and most constant earthly friend! What numbers can bear the same testimony! Our loss is great, because he was all this to us. Oh, for the daybreak, when in the light of the Sun of righteousness we shall see him yet again!

Yalding. D. C. CHAPMAN.

DRAWING FROM THE BANK OF HEAVEN.

ONE Friday evening Mr. Spurgeon came to the door of the students' room at the College, when all the brethren were assembled for prayer, and opening it just on the jar, said, as nearly as I can remember, "Brethren, the funds of the College and other institutions are low; pray for help." He then went to his own room, and remained there some time, and in about three-quarters of an hour he returned to the door, and opening it again as formerly, but this time with his thumb and forefinger in his waistcoat pocket, said, "Give thanks to God, for your prayers are answered; a gentleman has called, leaving me this money." I never knew the amount, but I was deeply impressed by the incident. His great faith in prayer increased my own.

THE FRUIT-PRESERVER "PRESERVED"!

I heard him preach at Waterbeach, some few years ago, and after the service, which was greatly enjoyed, friends went into the vestry to shake hands with him, amongst them being Mr. Stephen Chivers, of Histon, a large fruit-preserver. "What, Chivers," said the preacher, holding out his hand, "still *preserved*"!

Hitchin. T. HENRY SMITH.

FATHER AND SON BOTH HELPED BY THE PRESIDENT.

I CAN recall the morning of Sunday, September 23, 1866, when listening to the dear President in the Tabernacle, as he discoursed upon "War with Amalek", my heart was fired with an indescribable enthusiasm for the sacred work of the ministry. I had, as a youth of eighteen summers, recently found Christ; and at once doors were opened for me to exercise my gifts in the Lord's work among the Strict Baptists, who had been, under God, the means of my conversion. Seven

years later, when my views of divine truth led me to feel that I had not preached "a full-orbed gospel", through the influence of the saintly William Anderson, of Reading, I was invited to visit Mr. Spurgeon, at his residence in Nightingale Lane. I shall never forget the hearty welcome accorded me, and the bright, genial, and tender manner with which he addressed me, and how he invited me to kneel with him in prayer, and oh, what a prayer it was! My soul was upborne to heaven's gate, and, with gracious words, he placed the College before me, undertaking that no lack should be experienced in my home during my College course; and right generously did he fulfil his promise. When the time came for me to re-start in pastoral work, I went forth under the influence of his hearty "God speed you!" And along the years which have elapsed, the golden line of his loving interest has run parallel with my work. I have had occasion to write to him with regard to church difficulties, and I have letters, written with his own hand, and invariably forwarded by return of post, which I shall prize as long as life lasts. He was too busy to be dilatory, and too much concerned about our welfare to keep us in suspense. When we were able to send £70 from Oldham, some few years ago, after Fullerton and Smith's services, he sent a letter which breathed the deepest gratitude, yet most intense anxiety concerning the success of this branch of his loved work.

His last words to me, as he warmly grasped my hand at the Conference of 1891, were concerning "the lad", as he termed him, who is at the present moment a Pastors' College student. I cannot well record those cheery words here; but, as a father, the writer will ever sacredly cherish the utterance of the loved President concerning the son, who is preparing for the Master's service. Father and son stood at the grave of him who has, in many ways, been a spiritual father and benefactor to both. God be praised for all that he was, and for the hallowed memories of the past!

Oldham. W. F. EDGERTON.

FADELESS MEMORIES.

BEFORE my acceptance for the College, I made two journeys from Birmingham to London to see the beloved President about it. The second interview took place in his home at Nightingale Lane. I went with trepidation. Not only was I visiting the greatest preacher of this age; but I felt that he largely held my destiny in his hand; for I regarded his "Yes" or "No" as final. As usual, I had disquieted myself in vain; for I had not been in his company one minute, before he had put me quite at my ease, and conversed with me like an elder brother.

After accepting me as a student, he added, "If it should be found that you have mistaken your calling, do you think you could get as good a situation as you are giving up?" I replied I had little doubt on that score. "Because", continued our dear friend, "there are some muffs in the Baptist ministry, and I am very anxious not to add to their number." Then ensued a brief and holy talk. "We have some men in the College who are like great lumps of salt, and I hope you will be one of them." It was the day of Charles Vince's funeral. Mr.

Spurgeon said, "Vince is gone, and some other leaders have fallen; I pray that you may be one to fill the gap." Then he called out lustily, "Tom, Tom, come and show this young gentleman out"; and a little lad came, his son Thomas, who is New Zealand's chief evangelist.

How fast the years have fled, and how vivid to memory are even the trifles of that momentous interview! But for him I do not see how I could have entered the ministry, and—next to the Master—my gratitude wells up to His great and gracious servant. Our meeting was really a business interview, and he taught me how holy and genial a spirit is possible in business. By the Holy Spirit's indwelling, a shop may become a sanctuary, a back room a Bethel, and every common meal a sacrament.

This is one of many memories, but all alike are holy and happy. They find the fount of tears, but every tear is rainbow-lined. They inspire every hour of the life, making us determine, through grace, to meet him again after a life of unswerving loyalty to the Lord, and then to vie with him in adoration of our One Lord and Saviour in the glory of a blessed eternity.

Chatham. T. HANCOCKS.

A POST-CARD FROM A MISSIONARY IN SPAIN.

UPON my first Sunday in London, January 13th, 1868, which was my sixteenth birthday, I entered the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and heard Mr. Spurgeon preach the sermon "Lingerers Hastened" [No. 789; text, Gen. xix. 16]. I was spell-bound; I heard the substitutionary work of Christ so clearly expounded, that within a short time I was able to trust in Jesus as my Saviour. For some three years the Tabernacle services were God's means of helping me to keep clear of the dissoluteness with which I was surrounded in a London "crammer's" College; and I can never say of how much service Mr. Spurgeon's animating words have been to me ever since.

Vigo, Spain. B. SMITH.

SYMPATHY WITH THE SUFFERING.

THE pre-eminent man of God has been taken from our midst. He is now with his Lord, which is far better. But *his* gain is *our* loss. When he was with us, we loved him more than any man on earth; but we never knew how much we really did love him till his decease. How welcome were the two days set apart for the special indulgence of our grief! The scenes of those two days will never be forgotten. Strong men weeping like bereaved children; reminding one of the Elders of Ephesus, who wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, "sorrowing most of all . . . that they should see his face no more." The briny tears, that would not be held back, showed the depth of his hold upon our inmost heart. Never shall I forget his kindness to me on one occasion. I was completely broken down in health, not able to put a couple of thoughts together, and hadn't preached for months. Thinking, in my depressed state, that I should never be able to take a charge again, I applied for an insurance

claim, to which I considered myself to be entitled. I was examined by the physician, who cheerily told me that six months of complete rest at the seaside would restore me to health. Consequently I wrote the beloved President, asking him if he knew of any Ministers' Rest by the sea, and received the following reply :—

"WESTWOOD, BEULAH HILL,
UPPER NORWOOD,
May 16th, 1888.

"Dear Mr. Thompson,—I don't know of any Ministers' Rest. Mr. Brown's House at Herne Bay is more general. I am sorry you suffer from depression, for I know how heavy an affliction it is. Get to the seaside as soon as you can, and I will find you £5 towards the expense. The Lord bless you!—Yours heartily, C. H. SPURGEON."

By means of this solid sympathy I went at once to the seaside, and in less than six months was perfectly restored. Oh, how much we owe to God through him! May the mantle of his God-like love clothe all who had the privilege of knowing him!

Wimbledon. J. L. THOMPSON.

AN EVANGELIST AND PASTOR'S TESTIMONY.

I HAD the high honour of entering the Pastors' College in August, 1880; and close contact with Mr. Spurgeon inspired me with feelings of awe and affection for him. I was brought into still closer relationship with him when he selected me to be one of his special evangelists to proclaim the grace of God in Jesus Christ in all parts of the kingdom, wherever the Lord opened the door. One interview with him will abide with me for life as a very pleasant memory. It was in relation to my new work, and took place in his study at "Westwood." How fatherly was the talk; how wise was the counsel; how generous were the dealings of this great and gracious man with me then! How much I prized, and still prize, the prayer he offered for me and my work then! How much I appreciated, and still appreciate, the books which dear Mrs. Spurgeon gave me at his request!

In late years, during my settlement in Hull, several kind letters have been written to me by him, which are now doubly prized, and which all the gold of Ophir could not purchase. They are not letters to publish; but will be handed down as a precious heir-loom to our children.

One thing above all others I feel grateful for; and that is, that, in my own humble way, I stood side by side with him in the great Down-grade controversy, which cost him his life. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church"; and the death of Charles Haddon Spurgeon will be a seed sown in the ground, which will spring up into an abundant harvest.

Hull. FRANK RUSSELL.

"THE FACE OF AN ANGEL."

THERE is one picture of this saintly man more deeply imprinted on my heart and memory than any other, but which I fear I cannot reproduce. It was at the Conference of 1880, shortly after my enrolment

as a student of the College; and the week of meetings had proved to me the most refreshing and inspiring I had ever known. On the last morning, we gathered together in holy fellowship, around the Communion Table, to receive the memorials of the Saviour's love, and to dedicate ourselves anew to his service. Then the President rose to speak, and it seemed as if an unearthly calm had fallen upon his spirit as, without movement or gesture of any kind, he spoke of our once crucified but now exalted Redeemer. It was not so much what he said that impressed us, as the consciousness that he who spoke was really beholding what he described. With chastened spirit, and lips tremulous with holy emotion, he described the martyr Stephen gazing upon the face of the glorified Jesus; and just at that moment a single ray of sunlight came struggling through the mist, and fell upon the face of the speaker. His cheeks were bedewed with tears, which glistened like pearls; and as we gazed upon that upturned face, lit up with the very glory of God, a strange hush fell upon us, and we felt that we, too, could say, "And looking steadfastly on him, we saw as it were the face of an angel."

Winchester. W. J. HARRIS.

MR. SPURGEON'S INFLUENCE ON MY LIFE.

Sorrow and gratitude mingle in my heart as I write the name of our late beloved President, C. H. Spurgeon; sorrow for his death, gratitude for his noble life. Since the earliest days of childhood, that name has been to me a household word. My father succeeded Mr. Spurgeon in the pastorate of the church at Waterbeach. Hence he was often brought into contact with the great preacher, and learned to love him with an affection which never cooled so long as life remained. And in my village home, the words and works and character of the metropolitan Pastor were among the most familiar facts of daily life. Hence Mr. Spurgeon's influence over me commenced with the days when first I began to think, to form ideals, and to make plans for life. That influence grew as the years rolled by, and proved a powerful factor in drawing me first to Christ, and afterwards to the Christian ministry. I shall never forget the first interview I had with him, when I told him I thought God was calling me to preach the Gospel. Kindly and even tenderly he spoke to me, and yet faithfully and searchingly he set before me the meaning of such a step, and its consequences upon the character of my life. With a penetration which astonished me, he seemed to grasp the special circumstances of my position, and with an equal wisdom to give me counsel as to action. In College, his influence over me became more and more definite. With what a passion he inspired me for the preaching of the Cross! With what love for the Christ of Calvary! With what compassion for the perishing souls of men! And during these years of my ministry, many a kind communication and many a warm hand-grasp have drawn me near to him; while in the hour of my personal sorrow, no consolations have been more gentle and sympathetic than his. God only knows how much I owe to him. Eternity alone will reveal it fully to myself. One thing I know: the influence exerted over me

from my childhood has not been lessened by his death; it is rather stronger from the added pathos of the hour: it will remain with me, as an inspiring, comforting, strengthening force till travelling days are done, and I meet him in the Land of Light.

Wandsworth. JOHN W. EWING, B.A.

OUR PRESIDENT'S PRAYERS.

SOME time after my settlement at Birmingham, we were in need of a new chapel, and from various causes found ourselves surrounded by difficulties which, at times, seemed insuperable. Knowing that I could depend upon our dear President's sympathy and counsel, I went to his house at Norwood, and laid our case before him; and, with characteristic geniality and kindness, he pointed out what seemed to him the right course to take, and then suggested that we should lay our difficulties before Him to whom all things were possible. I shall never forget his prayer. He was unable to kneel, but he just sat in his chair, and talked to God as simply, lovingly, and trustfully as a child to his father. God's presence was more real to me at that moment than ever before. I was conscious of a distinct transaction between my soul and Him, in which I had transferred all responsibility from my shoulders to His; and I rose from my knees feeling absolutely certain that the project which was so dear to my heart would be accomplished in spite of all difficulties. God's beloved child had spoken to his Father on my behalf, and my heart was at rest.

Winchester. W. J. HARRIS.

THE MASTER-INFLUENCE OF MY LIFE.

AT sixteen years of age our beloved President received me into the church at the Tabernacle; at eighteen the clarion-call of his voice, while engaged in prayer, fell upon me like a summons from God to the work of the ministry, in the manner hereafter related. At twenty-three, after two years of ministry, he welcomed me to his College. He has truly been, under God, the master-influence of my whole life. What I consider as my true divine call to the ministry happened thus:—It was in 1878: I was at that time a member of the Tabernacle church, and a teacher in its Sunday-school. On one Sunday evening I attended service, and was standing throughout the service in the lower gallery to the left of the preacher. During the prayer, the Pastor was much led out to plead with God for men, especially young men, to be called to the work of making Christ known to others. One sentence in that prayer was this: "O Lord, there are voices here that *must* be heard, and SHALL be heard for Thee, lifting up Jesus: send them forth from this hour!"

There and then these words struck my soul like an arrow from the bow of God, and they fashioned my life-course from that moment.

I patiently prayed, prepared, and waited for the divine leading; and God, true to His own hint to my soul, so ordered, that three years later I received a call to be Pastor of a country Church, without having had a College training: recognizing His hand, I went in at the open door; and two years later, realizing my need of better qualification for the

great work, I saw the President, and he gave me a hearty welcome to the Pastor's College, for which, and for other unnumbered loving-kindnesses, I shall be grateful as long as I live. His preaching strengthened my youthful piety; his holy passion for God and for souls kindled mine, and fanned it from year to year; his example has been an inspiration to my life; some of the most cherished memories are wreathed around his name and person; and until I see Jesus face to face, his representations of the Redeemer will abide as the chief consolations of my heart and the foremost themes of my ministry.

St. Leonard's. ALFRED HALL.

OUR PRIMITIVE METHODIST BROTHER.

IN two cases only have exceptions been made to the rule, that students in the College must be baptized believers, holding doctrines known as Calvinistic. The first was Mr. Danzy Sheen, a very young Primitive Methodist preacher, both gifted and gracious. In his denomination there was at that period no institution for educating ministers, and Mr. Spurgeon was earnestly requested by the "Primitive" friends to receive their young brother, who at once endeared himself to all in the College. A long letter of loving sympathy to Mrs. Spurgeon contains the following sentences:—

"Thirty years ago this year I entered the Pastors' College, which I deem one of the greatest privileges of my life. The beloved President *never* gave me a cool glance, because on some minor points my views diverged from his, but loved me as he did the rest. And oh, how I loved *him!* But *reverence* for him kept me from manifesting it as I might otherwise have done.

"Very sincerely, yours in Jesus,

"DANZY SHEEN."

Rev. George Rogers,
First Principal of the Pastors' College.

BY PASTOR H. O. MACKEY.

IN the minute-book of the Annual Conference connected with the Pastors' College, there is inserted a flimsy telegraph form, dated April 24th, 1891. Upon closer inspection it is seen to be signed "George Rogers"; and is a reply to one which had been sent to that venerable and beloved man of God by the assembly then gathering for its annual refreshment and inspiration, under the leadership of its now glorified President. This reply-telegram of Mr. Rogers, as though prompted by Divine guidance, declares "loving greeting to all in Conference now, and *soon hopes for loving greetings to all in heaven.*"

Little did either the writer or the receivers of that telegram imagine that, before the next Conference assembly, the "loving greetings to

all in heaven" would include the meeting of the President and the Principal of the Pastors' College, those two strong minds and brave hearts that had most to do with its foundation, and the determining of its distinctive character. But so it is, in the will of Him who lent them both to the church and the world for so many years, and who "doeth all things well."

Other pens will pay their tribute to the memory of the well-beloved President; it is ours to tell briefly the story of Mr. Rogers' connection with the College as its Principal for some twenty years or more.

To the county of Essex the Pastors' College is indebted for both President and Principal: the two men, who, meeting when one was but twenty-three years old, and the other nearly sixty, contracted a gracious fellowship that grew and strengthened with the larger knowledge of each other.

Mr. Rogers was born of sturdy Nonconformist parentage at Ardleigh Hall in the closing year of the last century, 1799. Home influences very early prevailed to give him an earnest religious bias, and the desire to preach the Gospel soon became the dominant feeling of his heart. At seventeen be began to preach, studying for the ministry at Rotherham College, after having been under private tuition with a gifted minister in Northamptonshire.

His first pastoral charge was at Manchester, which he left in order to become the helper of the elder Clayton at Weigh House Chapel, afterwards the place of Mr. Binney's renowned ministry. A three years' pastorate at Upminster, in his native county, followed; and this prepared the way for a return to London, and the final ministry at Albany Chapel, Camberwell, where George Rogers and Charles Haddon Spurgeon were destined afterwards to meet, and from henceforth to labour unitedly in the training of men for the Gospel ministry.

The story of the founding of the College has been so often told, that it needs no repetition here, except to refresh the memory as to Mr. Rogers' early introduction to it. All his previous training and mental habits had been getting him ready for this life-work: he had continued to study sedulously, meddling with all wisdom, and so becoming a full and ready man, and a capable teacher of others. Added to this, there was an ever fresh sympathy with young and ardent life, a keeping of the soul responsive with buoyant spirit to the sanguine hopes and ideals of youth. Writing of him after ten years' intimate friendship, Mr. Spurgeon said:—"Mr. Rogers, who is our principal tutor, is a man of Puritanic stamp, deeply learned, orthodox in doctrine, judicious, witty, devout, earnest, liberal in spirit, and withal juvenile in heart to an extent most remarkable in one of his years. My connection with him has been one of uninterrupted comfort and delight. The most sincere affection exists been us, we are of one mind and of one heart, and what is equally important, he has in every case secured not merely the respect, but the filial love of every student."

For a short period the first students lived in Mr. Rogers' house as members of his family; but as the number grew, it became necessary to make other and more systematic arrangements for their homing. The course of teaching undertaken then was no small or narrow one; theology, homiletics, some Greek, Latin and Hebrew, besides the higher

elements of English, being effectively imparted. Nor was it the hireling's service, but the labour of one to whom to do anything for the Saviour and His cause, was an unfeigned joy. This was proved in a very unexpected fashion. The main source of support for the then infant Pastors' College was the large profit on Mr. Spurgeon's printed sermons. But his outspoken utterances on the slavery question having cut off quite suddenly this source of income from America, he was reduced to the necessity of suggesting to Mr. Rogers the sale of his (Mr. Spurgeon's) horse and carriage, although these were almost absolute necessaries to him on account of his continual journeys in preaching the Word. "This", said Mr. Spurgeon, "my friend Mr. Rogers would not hear of, and actually offered to be the loser rather than this should be done."

Many of the older students will never forget the sympathetic help rendered by him at their first entrance on the pastorate. With what tender outspokenness he set before them the ideal of the Gospel ministry; with what pathos of deep experience he appealed to the people to uphold their hands in their work for God. His "ordination" addresses—for he loved to call them such—were amongst the choicest fruits of a ripe character and experience, and were received with a deference altogether impossible if coming from a younger man. His upright, venerable figure, the measured felicity of his speech, the lurking humour, the genial humanity, and crowning all, the deep true piety of a soul on terms of reverent friendship with God, all these made up an influence never to be forgotten; a picture that shines under the mellow light of memory with increasing charm of attractiveness.

Nor was the internal life of the College without its distinct impress from his unique individuality.

Prominent amongst his varied labours were the Lectures on Systematic Theology, given on Wednesday mornings; lectures packed with "doctrinal instruction, all alive with Scriptural proof, and applied with invincible logic." It is of these that the departed President once wrote: "Heartily do I wish that generous persons may be found whose love to old-fashioned Divinity will induce them to share in the risk by subscribing for a number of copies of Mr. Rogers' Body of Divinity. Could this be done, a great boon would be bestowed upon coming generations, and our friend's life-teaching would be perpetuated." We wonder whether the President's wish in this matter is for ever to remain unfulfilled.

Shall we ever forget, too, the weighty summings-up of the sermons preached by the students? How, after a bewildering variety of criticism—not always as gentle as pronounced—the Principal would rise, and in a few racy sentences of pithy description, place the discourse and its author in their right class, first, second, or third. Some remember his verdicts for their courteous but crushing condemnations, others for their balanced but helpful appreciations; all for their keen insight into both men and minds. Seldom, if ever, was the judgment of Mr. Rogers falsified by the after-career of the student.

Then how shall we describe those "Conference Addresses" with

which from year to year he refreshed men, many of them weary with the monotony of work under hard conditions, and with few to render them loving sympathy? His name upon the Conference programme, next to that of the President himself, made men who had formerly come under his spell, resolve to be present if possible at the annual feast of fellowship, that they might listen again to his inspiring words. It is no surprise that of these Addresses the beloved President should have written, "All the ministers present were pleased and profited. We were like a family at home; it makes me happy to recall those bright days in which 'the old man eloquent' took up his parable, and charmed us with his wit and wisdom, his sound sense and spiritual power. Though his years were many, there was no failure either of judgment, memory, or imagination. *Take him for all in all, we cannot hope to look upon his like again.*"

The long day of abounding service ended in a sunset of calm rest; for in 1881, Mr. Rogers retired partially from his duties at the College, and finally and completely in 1884. In 1885, however, he preached a sermon on the occasion of the Jubilee of Albany Chapel, entitled, "I have kept the Faith." It was a marvellous testimony of his unchanged attachment to, and devotion for the Gospel, a witness that his closing days were gilded with its tender glory. In October last, he went from the quiet home at Norwood, from the ministry of loving hearts and hands, to the joys of the Eternal Home, there to receive his Saviour's "Well done", and to await the quick re-union with his old friend and loved fellow-worker, the revered C. H. Spurgeon.

Surely it was with prophetic instinct that he wrote shortly before his departure :—

"The music of heaven I hear,
It cannot be music of earth:
Its notes are so soft and so clear,
They must be of heavenly birth.

The music of heaven I hear,
It tells me life's sorrows are past;
It tells me the angels are near,
And heaven is coming at last.

The music of heaven I hear,
Attuned to the praises alone
Of Him who is gone to appear
A Lamb in the midst of the throne.

The music of heaven I hear,
From voices unnumbered and sweet;
And feel that I too must be there,
To render the chorus complete."

Letters of Sympathy from Brethren in America.

BURNS AVENUE, WYOMING, OHIO.
March, 1892.

DEAR FRIEND,

WHILE the world mourns with you, we know full well that none can fathom the depths of your great grief.

But we loved our dear President with a very tender love, and that imperishable love prompts us to assure you that our prayers ascend unceasingly that you may be richly comforted, till the high joy is yours of hearing his dear lips rehearse to you the story of the welcome heaven gave him.

We remain,

Yours faithfully in Christ Jesus,

PHILIP JAMES WARD, Wyoming, Ohio.
H. W. CHILDS, Urdana, Ohio.
ALBERT READ, Galion, Ohio.
FRANK DANN, Perry, Ohio.
R. HUGHES, Londonville, Ohio.
W. A. PERRINS, Bedford, Ohio.
ARTHUR COOPER, Morgan Centre, Ohio.

To Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon.

NEW YORK, U.S.A.
February 15th, 1892.

DEAR MRS. SPURGEON,

IT is with feelings of deep sorrow and heartfelt sympathy, which no words can fully express, that we, the undersigned brethren of the Pastors' College, in the vicinity of New York, send you this message.

We feel that we can but faintly appreciate the greatness of the personal loss which has come to you in the death of dear Mr. Spurgeon, nor is it easy for us to estimate or realize how great is the loss which we ourselves sustain at this time.

We are indeed most grateful to God for the inestimable privilege given us of ever knowing him, and of being students in the College; for we feel that we are indebted to our beloved President more than to any man with whom we have ever come into touch, for anything of loyalty to Christ, zeal for the salvation of souls, and usefulness in the Christian ministry which we now possess.

Our College days were days of inspiration and blessing, which brought us under life-long obligations to him whose life has been so abundantly a blessing to the Church of Christ throughout the whole world. We feel that we have lost the greatest, truest, best, and most helpful earthly friend we have ever had. His deep and tender personal

interest in each of us intensified our affection for him; and while the whole Christian world mourns, we feel that we belong to that great inner circle of mourners who will most keenly feel his removal.

Under this sense of our personal sorrow, we desire most sincerely to express our very deep and tender sympathy with you in the still greater burden of your own personal affliction.

May the Lord Jehovah, in whom our beloved President ever put such absolute confidence, and who was ever his abiding refuge and strength, be now unto you an abiding source of unspeakable comfort and peace! May His everlasting arms be underneath you, and may there come to you such a sense of His presence as shall bring great calmness and light to you in this sad and trying hour. As Mr. Spurgeon once wrote when himself a sufferer, so may you sweetly realize that "Over all, under all, within all, and around all is infinite love"!

Receive assurances of our warm friendship and heartfelt sympathy.

R. M. HARRISON, Brooklyn, N.Y.
CHAS. A. COOK, Bloomfield, N.J.
W. G. MYLES, Rutherford, N.J.
W. D. MCKINNEY, Ansonia, Conn.
J. T. AVERY, 1, Henry Street, N.Y.

The following brethren have also written expressing their sincere accord with this letter:—

ROBERT HOLMES, Pittston, Pa.
W. T. WOTTON, Pavilion, N.Y.
W. L. MAYO, Alloway, N.J.
WALTER A. BISS, Mannsville, N.Y.
G. W. BALL, Wolcott, N.Y.
ALBERT READ, Galion, Ohio.
JOSEPH FORTH, Adams Centre, N.Y.
GEORGE H. TRAPP, Braddock, Pa.
FRANK DANN, Perry, Lake Co., Ohio.

STATISTICS.

Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making returns.	INCREASE. By Baptism.	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches	By Restoration.	Total Increase.	DECREASE. By Death.	By Dismission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non-Attendance.	Total Decrease.	CLEAR INCREASE.	Total Number of Members in Church Fellowship.
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862	100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587	133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966	138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933	158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964	202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943	234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787	295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114	255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016	337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774	368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051	426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678	446	943	172	902	2,463	3,215	35,812
1877	283	3,655	479	1,456	193	5,783	447	1,121	146	921	2,635	3,148	39,121
1878	296	3,600	557	1,655	142	5,954	487	1,097	114	1,095	2,793	3,161	39,951
1879	305	3,479	701	1,631	121	5,932	487	1,279	159	1,402	3,327	2,605	42,324
1880	330	3,950	699	1,723	156	6,528	500	1,386	156	1,354	3,496	3,032	46,185
1881	363	4,642	838	2,196	232	7,908	636	1,608	225	1,270	3,739	4,169	53,660
1882	387	5,000	935	2,014	203	8,152	654	1,650	200	1,670	4,174	3,978	56,264
1883	387	5,008	1,065	2,046	191	8,310	699	1,871	153	1,769	4,492	3,818	59,524
1884	397	5,338	880	2,126	257	8,601	738	1,788	174	1,959	4,659	3,942	62,478
1885	398	5,522	1,020	2,338	305	9,185	748	2,113	402	2,046	5,309	3,876	67,334
1886	421	4,852	968	2,451	236	8,507	829	2,167	246	1,964	5,206	3,301	71,266
1887	381	5,014	1,022	2,258	299	8,693	708	1,747	308	1,890	4,653	4,040	63,419
1888	391	4,180	1,029	2,121	200	7,530	674	2,019	245	1,871	4,809	2,721	61,010
1889	385	4,880	1,125	2,197	308	8,510	742	1,940	174	1,783	4,639	3,871	66,851
1890	414	3,991	1,382	2,368	206	7,947	726	2,045	124	1,897	4,792	3,155	74,808
1891	391	3,832	1,137	2,149	189	7,307	709	1,843	111	1,994	4,657	2,650	**61,231**
TOTAL . . .		**95,867**	17,139	40,010	4,396	**157,412**	12,876	32,230	4,254	29,595	**78,955**	**78,457**	

391 Churches furnish returns for 1891: of these, 242 show an average increase of 13 members per church; 114 an average decrease of 5 members per church; 35 show the same numbers as in previous return; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 6 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

JULY, 1892.

The Great Shield of Faith.

ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE CONFERENCE PUBLIC MEETING, AT UPTON CHAPEL, LAMBETH, APRIL 20TH, 1891.*

"Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."—Ephesians vi. 16.

DEAR FRIENDS,—These brethren have come home from the war, and they are going out again very soon. They will be returning to hard fighting, bleeding wounds, a great deal of suffering, and very little of earthly honour and glory; for they are good soldiers of Jesus Christ, called to endure hardness for His name's sake.

I think I can say of the brethren I see before me, that they have brought their shields home with them. You recollect the terse admonition of the brave Spartan mother to her son, when he was going forth to fight for his country: "Either come back *with* your shield, or *on* it;" that is to say, "Either bring back your shield when you return as a conqueror, or if you are killed on the battle-field, let it be your bier, and be brought back dead upon it; but on no account be parted from your shield." There are some of our brethren who have not come back from the war; over them we sorrow, and yet rejoice; for they have received the victor's crown of glory; but most of our company have come home, bringing their shields with them; they have not cast away their confidence, "which hath great recompence of reward."

This shield, mentioned by the Apostle, was a large one; it was not

* This speech was the prelude to the Presidential Address, delivered on the following morning, and afterwards published under the title of *The Greatest Fight in the World.*

the small round shield that was worn on the arm, useful as that was when men were fighting at close quarters; but this was a very large shield, as large as a door, and the soldier who stood behind it was covered by it from head to foot. Our coloured brother Johnson, when he came back from Africa, told us that he always knew when there was going to be a fight amongst the natives, for they took the doors from their huts, and used them as shields; battle-doors, I suppose, they might be called. The shield here mentioned was this kind of battle-door, a great all-covering defence, behind which the Christian warrior was preserved from all the fiery darts of the wicked. The gospel which we believe, the faith which we hold, covers us from head to foot, and we can hide behind it, secure against every enemy of our souls.

What is this faith, which is like a shield? Well, first of all, it is faith in God. Dear brethren, *we believe in God;* we believe in Him up to the hilt, do we not? We believe that there is a God; He is a real factor in our lives;—

"A living, bright reality."

We trust in God whatever happens to us. I think you must have heard of that remarkable utterance of our beloved brother, Dr. Saphir. His wife lay dead, and he himself was very ill—he has since "gone home"—but when our good friend, Dr. Sinclair Paterson, went to see him, he quoted this text, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." We believe in God; there is nothing wrong in Him. Let Him teach us what He will, we believe in Him. Let Him do with us what He will; we believe in Him. Let Him give us what He will; let Him take from us what He will; we will not quarrel with God, for we believe in Him, we trust Him implicitly. By faith we plunge into this blessed sea of the eternal Godhead, and find "waters to swim in." Yes, we believe in God.

And *we believe in His Son, Jesus Christ.* O my brethren, what a joy it is to know the Mediator, and His precious blood! We cannot do without the Christ of God; God in our nature, the ever-blessed One, our Substitute, and so our Redeemer. We believe in Him. Yes, we believe in the Christ of Calvary: "the gospel of the shambles", as blasphemous mouths have dared to call it, is our gospel. Many saints have gone to the shambles for it, being "accounted as sheep for the slaughter"; and so would we, right cheerfully, rather than give up this glorious truth. This is our great shield, that covers us from head to foot, even the blood and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

We believe in the Word of God; we are old-fashioned enough to stand firm in our belief in our mother's Bible, our father's Bible. The "higher critics" would tear this precious Book to pieces if they could; I do not know what they would not do with it if they could have their way. I was informed, this afternoon, that a tutor of a college had been teaching the students under his care that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John did not write the four Gospels that bear their

names. I can quite believe that he said it; and I should have believed my informant if he had told me that the man declared that there never were any Gospels at all. Nothing surprises me now; I am quite prepared to hear, not only that Moses did not write the Book of Genesis, but that nobody else wrote it, and that there is not such a Book in existence. My powers of belief have become very large with regard to the "broad school" of the present day; I believe that, "because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved," for this cause God has sent them "strong delusion, that they should believe a lie" (2 Thess. ii. 10, 11); and it is my firm conviction that any lie is more likely to be believed by them than the truth of God. A spirit of falsehood has taken possession of many who set themselves up as leaders and teachers of others.

But *we* believe in this Book; and, amongst other precious things in it, we believe in its promises. Oh, how often has our heart been lifted up when some choice word of promise has been laid home to our soul by the Holy Ghost! I stand behind the promises of God as a Roman soldier stood behind his great shield; and I defy the devil himself to get at me there. I hope that none of you have come to the point of criticizing God's promises instead of believing them. Nay, nay, nay; when a man is hard up, he never criticizes a cheque, but he goes to the bank, and gets the cash for it; and when we are in great and growing need, we do not criticize the promises of God; but we take them to the Bank of Faith, and God turns them into current coin of the kingdom of heaven.

Then, next, *we believe in God's Covenant.* That is a strange, uncouth word, to some people's ears. We have friends about who have never heard it; and if their pastors were asked why they never preached about the covenant, they would reply, "Covenant! That is a Scotch thing, is it not? Something to do with the Puritans, and men of that ilk? They are all dead now; at least, nearly all; there are just a few of them left, like fossils of the olden time; they cling to this obsolete form of religion, but there are so few of them that they will soon be quite extinct!" *So they say*, brethren; but we shall see; and meanwhile, we poor fossils *do* believe in the covenant; we are almost as absurd as David, who said, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." He who understands the covenant has reached the very core and marrow of the gospel; but how few do care about it nowadays! Yet behind that glorious truth you and I can hide in safety, like warriors behind their great shields, protected from every foe.

Once more, dear friends, *we believe in the Spirit of God.* "I believe in the Holy Ghost," is not with us a mere formal expression; but the utterance of our heartfelt conviction. I have heard of a Church school, in which the children were taught the Apostles' Creed, and each child had to say a sentence. One day the clergyman came in, and asked them to repeat it to him. They managed all right for a time, but all of a sudden there was an awkward silence. The clergyman said, "Why don't you go on?" One trembling little voice replied, "Please, sir, the boy that believes in the Holy Ghost isn't here to-day." I fear that is true of many churches and many pulpits;

those who believe in the Holy Ghost are not there! His very name is scarcely heard in some places of worship; and all ascription of glory and honour to Him is lost in the mention of an "influence." The glorious Third Person of the Sacred Trinity is now generally concealed under the neuter pronoun "it", as though the modern school cared for Him no more than anything else that they might call "it." Brethren, He is much more than an "it" to us; we believe in the Holy Ghost, and behind Him we hide ourselves and our teaching; and we feel that there we are secure against all the assaults of our adversaries.

There is one aspect of our great shield in which many brethren are increasingly rejoicing. *We believe in the second coming of Christ.* Some of our friends have no idea of the force and joy that come to the man who, by faith, has this thought constantly before his mind, "Christ is coming; Christ is coming." Our Lord's words are, not merely, "I come quickly," but, "I am coming quickly." He is already on the road, the axles of his chariot-wheels are red hot, the heavenly coursers are hastening onwards with all speed. He is coming quickly; it is a long way He has to come; He has had many things to do while he has been away; He had to go to heaven to prepare a place for His people, and when He has done that, He will come again. He will be here soon; let us cry to Him, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, before Thy truth utterly perishes out of the earth!"

"Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners of His sufferings here;
Christ to all believers precious,
Lord of lords shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of His heavenly kingdom near!"

We hide behind this faith in Him that cometh quickly, and we feel perfectly secure and content, blessed be His holy name!

Paul says that, with this great shield of faith, we "shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." Does the devil ever attack ministers? Brother Williams, I expect you find, as I and all our brethren do, that he singles out ministers for his fiercest assaults. His tactics are like those of the king of Syria, when he said to his captains, "Fight neither with small nor great, save only with the king of Israel." So Satan says to his followers, "Pick out the man who leads the way, and give him the hardest blows you can strike, shoot at him the most fiery arrows you have in your quivers." Yes, dear friends, you who are in business, and are troubled by bad debts, competition in trade, and so on, need not imagine that you are the only persons who have trials and temptations. I do not know that I would change temptations with you, I had rather bear the ills I have than fly to others that I know not of; but yet I would not advise any man to desire to endure the temptations that fall to my lot; and I expect my brethren here would all say the same. If they could hold up their shields, and you could see them, you would perceive that they bear many marks of the fray. They are honourable marks, for the shield that is like glass, and has never been in battle, is no credit to

a warrior. You would see black spots, as though fire had touched the shields; and so it has, for the fiery arrows from Satan's bow were quenched there. If those shields had been made of wood or tow, they would have been all ablaze long ago; but having come from the heavenly armoury, the fiery darts could not set them on fire, although they left the mark where they struck the shield. Some of our shields are all dinted and bruised by the blows received on many a hard-fought field; but they have always quenched the enemy's fiery darts, and made them fall powerless to the ground.

I will mention some of the fiery darts that Satan hurls at us. Here is a very common one: "*If you preach that doctrine, you will lose some of your best friends.*" The minister, who casts away his great shield of faith, says to himself, "I believe that truth; but if I preach it, I shall offend Mr. So-and-So. He is a good subscriber, and very kind to me, and I cannot afford to lose his help. I do not feel called to take that text next Sunday." That fiery dart has wounded him, and he will not easily recover from its effects. Perhaps some of you know what it is to have a deacon rush into the vestry, just as you are going to preach, to tell you that Mrs. So-and-So has given up her sittings, and will never come to the chapel again, because of some observation you made the previous Sabbath-day, which was so dreadfully personal. You had no intention of saying anything of the kind, you only delivered the message that your Master gave you. That is one of the "fiery darts of the wicked." How shall you meet it? Get behind your great shield, have faith in God, believe that He will bear you through unscathed; and down will go that fiery arrow to the earth, quenched.

Here is another of Satan's suggestions: "*You will not have anything to preach about soon; you will be quite spun out.*" That fiery dart may not come near some of you; but it has been aimed at me many a time. Some of our brethren are very hard-headed, and are therefore not affected by temptations that are very trying to others. I have heard of a brother, who was travelling by railway, and he would put his head out of the carriage window; so the guard said to him, "You must not put your head out, for there is some ironwork under one of the bridges, that might get damaged if your head struck it." All ministers are not hard-headed enough to injure ironwork; and there are times when our poor, suffering brains are sorely perplexed as to what we shall say to the people. Then is the time to hide behind our great shield, and trust in God to give us the message He wants us to speak in His name.

Some brethren have another fiery dart shot at them: "*How will you get shoes for the children? Where is the money coming from to meet that grocery bill, and the rent and taxes?*" The man who has not faith in his God, and faith in his call to the ministry, will give up the work, and run away from it. If God has not called him to the work, he had better give it up; but if the Lord has counted him faithful, putting him into the ministry, he hides himself behind his shield, and trusts in God for the shoes, and the money, and everything else.

One of the most fiery of all Satan's arrows is this: "*You have not had any conversions for ever so long; you are no use in the ministry.*" It may

happen, even to a most useful brother, that there may come a lull in his work: the good people, who were converted under his ministry, have left the town or village, and others are slow to fill their places, and he does not see the church flourishing as it once did. I am very apt to get depressed, so I can sympathize with our brethren when they are "down in the dumps"; and if we do not see the fruit of our labours, we ought to be troubled, and we ought to look carefully into our own hearts to see if there is anything there to hinder the blessing from coming. If we have to ask, with Isaiah, "Who hath believed our report?" let us cry mightily to the Lord, whose "remembrancers" we are, and "take no rest, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." (Isa. lxii. 7. R. V.) So shall this fiery dart be quenched.

If all these arrows fail, the devil will try another shaft: "*Perhaps there is no truth in the gospel, after all; possibly it is all a delusion.*" What man, who really thinks for himself, has not sometimes been assailed with doubts concerning even the fundamentals of our holy faith? If he is a reader of modern religious literature, and is brought into contact with ministers of the broad school, he will have a plentiful crop of doubts very speedily. I might not have had such an intense loathing of the new theology if I had not seen so much of its evil effects. I could tell you of a preacher of unbelief, whom I have seen, in my own vestry, utterly broken down, driven almost to despair, and having no rest for the sole of his foot until he came back to simple trust in the atoning sacrifice. If he were speaking to you, he would say, "Cling to your faith, brethren; if you once throw away your shield, you will lay yourself open to imminent dangers and countless wounds; for nothing can protect you but the shield of faith."

The last fiery dart of the devil may be this: "*The gospel is true; but have* YOU *any part or lot in the matter?*" "Do ministers ever have to ask that question?" enquired one. I am sorry that we ever should have to ask it; but remember—

> "He that never doubted of his state,
> He may, perhaps he may, too late."

It is not altogether an evil thing to be obliged once more to "examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith;" on the contrary, it is what we are bidden to do. Still, after years of communion with Christ, the suggestion that we have no saving interest in His death is a fiery dart, and nothing but the shield of faith can quench it. God help us all to hide behind that great shield!

Now, in closing, I want just to say two or three things about this shield. If any of you here have not believed in the Word of God, and in the Christ of God, you will never get rest until you do believe. There is no rest for the soul anywhere else except in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. The man who has Christ, has rest; but no other man has it. There is no rest for the intellect, for the heart, for desire, for hope, for faith, for love, but on the pierced hand of Christ, and in His wounded side. Get there, and you shall find rest unto your souls.

If you have faith, get more faith. You will not err in believing too much if you believe all that there is in the Scriptures, and all that is conceivable concerning Christ. As the hymn puts it,—

"Believe, and keep right on believing."

Keep on believing; more and more make thyself sure that these things are eternal verities; and whereas thou couldst have questioned once, seek to attain that assurance that is past all questioning, so that thou canst say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." It is a good thing to get to that point of definite belief from which even Satan cannot drive you with all his fiery darts.

Then, *hide behind your shield.* The ancient warriors hid themselves so completely behind their great shields that they were not visible to their foes, and therefore were not exposed to their darts. It is a grand thing when even the devil cannot get at us because we are covered by the great shield of faith. It is well when our people do not remember anything about *how* we preached because they are so taken up with *what* we preached. Let it be our delight to be hidden behind the faith that we proclaim to others.

But *if we do not let the enemy see us, we must let him see our shield.* Whenever Satan comes to our places of worship—and he will be among the sons of God as often he can—take care that, if he speaks the truth concerning you, he will be obliged to say, "That man is certainly a believer; he has faith in God, he believes in Christ, and he does preach the gospel."

As for yourselves, *you must see the inside of your shield;* the outside of the shield is for the enemy, but the inside is for you. What a blessed, comfortable inside the gospel has! Get inside the gospel, dear friends; have it all round you; get into the very centre of the doctrines of grace, those glorious truths of electing love, redemption from among men, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, and final preservation unto eternal glory. These doctrines will be to you like the inside of a warm, downy nest, to the little birds that have no other home.

Finally, brethren, *cast not away your shield* of faith, "which hath great recompence of reward." It has recompensed you up till now; it will recompense you to the last; so may you find it, and God bless you all! Amen.

Butter that Will not Stick.

THOMAS TUSSER, who wrote a book on Husbandry, full of sage advice, himself fell into deep poverty. Of him Fuller says in his "Worthies": "He spread his bread with all sorts of butter, yet none would stick thereon." The same may be said of the new order of preachers, who try every form of doctrine, but their hearers are in no way benefited, nor themselves either. It is hard to see any trace of their buttering in the hearts of their hearers, for what they learn one day they unlearn another.—C. H. S.

The Gospel for the Times.

PAPER READ BY PRINCIPAL D. GRACEY, AT THE FIFTH CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE very terms of our subject take it for granted that there is a gospel. This is the very least modesty itself can be satisfied with, seeing the fact has been patent to the world for close upon two thousand years. With this assumption there arises a suggestion of the need of a gospel, a suggestion equally modest and well warranted. Then the further enquiry comes, whether the gospel we preach meets and satisfies this need, and accomplishes in these our times all that a gospel, worthy the name, should do. This is the very heart of our subject; this is the great practical problem of our ministry. The gospel that is capable of doing this is undoubtedly and pre-eminently "*The gospel for the times.*"

This way of putting the matter arises out of our present day habit of speech and thought. Because the form in which the gospel has been presented has varied, now clothed in one literary dress, now in another; now set forth in intellectual and logical terms, now in homely style and familiar illustrations; because some have laid emphasis on one feature, some on another, doctrine being made much of in one pulpit, and duty in another; because some parties have given prominence to one set of doctrines, and others have insisted on pushing into the foreground quite a different group of truths; and, finally, because of different ways of explaining the self-same truths—it has come about that mere varieties of treatment of the contents of the gospel have taken something like the appearance of substantial and generic differences, and the custom has grown up of speaking as if there were many gospels instead of one only; one that is unique, as man is to whom it is addressed, yet manifold in the treasures of the mercy and wisdom of God.

Beyond these differences, which lie well within the compass of the gospel, there are others which spring from another source, and are of another character. There are rival, counterfeit, and antagonistic gospels. In the earliest times we hear of "another gospel", as we hear of "false-christs" and "antichrists"; and, unless appearances greatly deceive, there are rivals still in the field, the false competing with the true. It is not to our present purpose to do more than note the fact; but in view of that fact, as true men, wishing, in life and death, to uphold and be upheld by *the* gospel, it becomes us to see that we have it. The existence of the counterfeit proves the existence of the genuine; but it does more, it imperatively calls for the exercise of insight and discrimination on behalf of ourselves and others, lest we use the sacred name of Christ to enforce a message that is not His, and mock the miseries of mankind by scattering the fruit of the tree of knowledge, while the people are perishing for want of the fruit of the tree of life.

Springing from these two causes, the diversities within the gospel, and the rivalry of the false with the true, combined with a third, namely, the peculiar outbursts of speculation or conduct that have marked different ages, it has happened again and again that faithful

witnesses for Christ have been compelled to throw all their energy into the declaration of particular truths. Each prominent truth, in turn, has formed "*The gospel for the times.*" From Peter's lips, the gospel for the times—times of Sadducean ascendancy—was the resurrection of Christ. For Paul, the gospel for the times—to him the times of a mingled Pharisaic and exclusive spirit—was the all-sufficiency of the grace of Christ, without the works of the law, to save every one who believeth, Jew and Gentile, bond and free. For Athanasius, the gospel for the times—times of material prosperity, and Arian speculations—was the fundamental doctrine of the Trinity. With Luther, the gospel for the times—times of the sale of salvation for money—was the vital truth of justification by faith alone. With Calvin, the gospel for the times—times of Papal usurpation and tyranny—was the doctrine of God's sovereignty; and under Whitefield and Wesley, the gospel that scattered the mists and miasma of Deism, was regeneration and conversion.

In all these noted instances, the other truths of the gospel were proclaimed, and did their work in building up the people of God; but these special truths formed the edge of the great broadsword with which the champions of Christ struck home, and carried the day. If we may reason from these times to our own, and from their example to what is wise for us, it is fair to conclude that our gospel may, like the Greek sword of liberty, be wrapped about with myrtle-leaves; it will, nevertheless, be keenly but kindly edged with those momentous truths, or that truth, which makes for salvation in our times. We must strike for the liberty of the souls of men.

But "the times"—what are "the times"? "What", some may say, "are they not?" But we must be more definite. In brief, "the times" are the offspring of all former times, striving in their birth-pangs to bring forth the times that are to be. They present the ever-varying phases of the ceaseless conflict between good and evil, light and darkness. In the earliest glimpses we obtain of "the times" in the ancient pagan world, we see the light of nature contending with open and gross idolatry; and the light of nature had not always the best of it. In the early Jewish world, we behold the light of revelation in conflict with the latent idolatry of the chosen people; and revelation did not always win. In "the times" under Christianity, we observe the light of revelation reinforced with another light, the light of the incarnation of the Son of God, the light of His life and of His death and resurrection, the light of His Spirit and of His church and witnesses, and in the wider and fiercer struggle ensuing thereupon, the evil and the darkness had not always the best of it.

These are the characteristics of "the times" in which we live, in whose struggles we are to take part, on whose billows we are tossed, over whose currents we are to steer our course, to whose deep needs we are to minister, whose evils we are to resist, and whose good we are to seek and secure as the diver plunges into the wave to bring up the precious pearl, or the patriot into the battle to dare and do for God and fatherland. "The times" are therefore something other and larger than what Scripture calls "the fashion of the world", "the course of the world"; at least, there are elements present now that

were not then. "The times" exhibit the ever-changing forms and fortunes of the strife going on between the Christian and unchristian elements in life, in society, in nations and empires, in individuals and the world at large. The action of the divine leaven in human life, and the reaction—these go to make the times—these, in the deepest and truest sense, are "the times."

"The times", thus understood, give some account of their own fickleness, inconstancy, and amazing transformations. Herein, too, we find a clue to the bewildering paradox ever presented when the gospel, the very gospel for the times, is most faithfully proclaimed. That gospel, though it is the balm of heaven for man's disease, though it is the deliverance of God for man's distress, has always drawn forth aversion, even when it has won adhesion; it has provoked the bitterest opposition even when it has conquered, and sometimes as it conquered. To such an extent has this been the case that the very violence of opposition may be taken as the surest evidence that the gospel is winning its greatest victories.

I need not dwell on evidences and instances of what I may call this singular *receptive aversion* on the part of the times. They are scattered all along the gospel's line of march from the outset until now. But they are particularly marked at the beginning of its career. When Paul, in response to the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," came over to Philippi, bearing the help of God, he was driven from the city, but nevertheless the gospel which he bore was the gospel for the times. When driven from Thessalonica, and mocked at Athens, the gospel rejected with violence at Thessalonica, and with philosophic smiles at Athens, was still the gospel for the times, and proved itself the power of God by winning in apparent defeat. But our Lord, in this, as in all other things, has the pre-eminence. He came to His own people, a people exalted above all others by the gift of the Divine Word and a Divine Religion, only to find that "His own people" used His own rich gifts of the past, and His greater and richer gifts of His present life among them, to oppose Him and reject Him. They cited His servant Moses as an authority against His own, and attributed His miracles to Beelzebub. Yet He was *the* gospel, in all the gracious splendours of divine wisdom and mercy, in all the attractiveness of spiritual power and sympathy, the gospel for those times, the gospel for all times, and the reply of "the times" was, "Crucify Him, Crucify Him."

It is no proof, therefore, that we are not preaching the gospel for the times if we are opposed, if shame and reproach are heaped upon us. On the contrary, if we have the gospel for the times, and are sending it with effect right home to the core of the heart of the times, one of the most evident proofs of our effectiveness will be the opposition we encounter. It is one of the greatest mistakes to imagine that advancing light removes opposition to the gospel. It rather intensifies it.

The increasing light reflected by Christianity itself upon the world, and the consequent higher tone of society, the more exalted conceptions of public righteousness and philanthropy, if they are held and turned into mere instruments of progress, happiness, and civilization—apart from life in Christ—may indeed render opposition to the gospel less

gross, but it will be none the less subtle; less irreligious, but none the less ungodly; even less open and polemical, but it is more difficult ofttimes to conquer the smile than the frown, to pierce the sandbank than to shatter the solid wall. And the reason is very clear. The philanthropy of the unspiritual man no less than his reason, his religion no less than his culture, though refined and elevated by the external action of Christianity, will nevertheless be but the instruments or trappings of a concentrated egoism that any moment may break out into violent and open antagonism to God. The very light borrowed from Christianity may be arrayed against it; and what looks like the religion of Christ may be set up as a barrier against the progress of His true kingdom.

An opposition of this kind is far more embarrassing than the rougher form which springs from barbarous idolatry or unmitigated vice. What, then, should be our course? We may hide the light. But the very mention of this is its own condemnation. Though it is inevitable, both from the nature of the gospel and the condition of mankind, that the prevenient rays of the gospel should, like the flaming torches of an advancing host, give men light to resist and attack it; yet there can be no miserable return to the cowardly policy of tyrants and priests, of veiling the light and darkening the lantern. Let us, rather, with our eyes wide open to what we are doing, diffuse the light, and brave the consequences; for it is in the brightening light and not in the darkening gloom that the gospel is to enter upon its greatest conflict, and win its final victory.

But there is another way of conciliating the antagonism of "the times." Can we adopt it? *Can we seek to allay resistance by moderating, diminishing, masking, or hiding the claims of the gospel?* Besides that external light which distinctly tends to elevate, refine, and beautify life, even though there be no full surrender of the soul to the Lord Jesus, there is that in the gospel which men will receive *ex animo* only on the basis of such a surrender. There are in it truths too humiliating for human pride, for unsanctified egoism; truths that seem to make too little of man, too much of God; that represent man as too deep in ruin and danger, and Christ and the Holy Spirit as too excessive in the greatness, the necessity, and even the grace of salvation.

Shall we, then, ensure the acceptance of the gospel by dropping out the unpalatable ingredients of it? Shall we cease to speak of the guilt of sin, and only deplore it as an infirmity? Shall we fill the fore-ground of our sermons with talk of the capacities and endeavours of men, and only darkly and feebly hint at the Eternal Spring, whose living waters alone can impart the true Christian life? Shall we insist on character, to the exclusion of justification by faith? Or inculcate development in the place of regeneration? Shall we allow imitation, and our self-sacrifice, to overshadow and hide the substitutionary and sacrificial work of the Redeemer? Must conscience be put in the stead of revelation? Or the force of man's will proclaimed as with sound of trumpet, and the preacher in apologetic whispers distantly allude, if he allude at all, to the counsels of God's will, and the wholesome and invigorating truth of God's sovereignty?

Whatever plea may be urged in favour of such a course—policy, culture, taste, human sympathy, wider views, or *the tendency of the times*, that last new idol to which the cornet and sackbut of popular opinion summon all to bow down, on pain of being cast into the burning fiery furnace of universal derision—yet nothing can rescue such an effacement of the bone and muscle of the gospel from landing a preacher in complete failure in the true ends of preaching. This is not a question of literary form or method; it goes much deeper. It is not a question of taste or style, of producing on Sundays a pleasing something in the pulpit that may be, after all, only—

> "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
> Dead perfection, no more."

This touches the very fibre and substance of our message, and the whole texture and character of our ministry. Shall we withdraw the shot from our guns, and only fire blank cartridges, in the day of battle? Shall we leave all our healing tonics in long array on the shelf, to be distantly hinted at only for their bitterness, and only deal out sweet confectionery for the maladies of mankind? The famishing city stands before us, and our good ship is laden with the bread of life; shall we, because the winds are boisterous, and the sea rough, throw overboard our precious cargo, the life of yonder famishing ones, and enter port with a trim vessel, indeed, but an empty hold—the mockery of the starving? No storm of opposition that ever beat against the gospel, can excuse such a course, or ought for a moment to lead us to sacrifice a single one of its vital truths. It is not the taste, the science, the erudition, the criticism of the times, that call for such a sacrifice and surrender. The most cultured taste, the deepest erudition, the most exact science, and searching criticism of the best minds have humbly and devoutly arrayed themselves on the side of these same obnoxious doctrines, and rejoiced to support them. It is not taste, but something lurking behind it. We know what it is from our own experience; the testimony of ages tells us what it is; the Book of God makes it known: "*The carnal mind is enmity against God.*" There is the ultimate antagonist of the humbling truths we have to deliver to "the times."

This being ascertained, if we rightly and manfully look "the times" in the face, we shall find they put no peculiar stress upon us, any more than former times did on our fathers, to compel us to hide or surrender a single truth of the gospel as we know it and love it. On the contrary, if we examine with true insight into what "the times" contain, it will be seen that their special features call for a faithful and jealous exposition of some of the very truths that seem, in some quarters, most embarrassing. And here I do not refer to the evils that disgrace our times, the vices and the license that are so rife in many directions, the materialism, the atheism, the infidelity affecting, to some degree, all grades of society.

Nor do I refer to the want and misery that, for so large a portion of our population, rob life of its brightness and beauty; but I refer to the very best signs and signals our times afford of hope and progress. I argue not from the evil but from the good of the times, not from

their despair, but from their exultation, for the necessity of constantly proclaiming the old-fashioned gospel. I take the position that these very hopes will fail if not penetrated by the gospel; they will fail as did Italy's hope at the revival of letters; as did those of France at the Revolution, at whose early triumphs the philosopher Kant burst into tears of joy, and wrote his treatise, *To the Eternal Peace.* The very good will disappoint, like a frozen blossom, unless the genial warmth of gospel truth and life pours its fostering influence around.

What are those features? The times are remarkable for the closeness of contact in which the people of this earth are brought together. The dividing lines conquerors drew with the point of the sword are fast disappearing; the barriers of nature are being rapidly surmounted, and steam, the telegraph, the newspaper, literature, commerce, and travel, are in the closer contact bringing about a comparison of condition, resources, interests, and religions, such as has never taken place in the world in days gone by. Our concern is with religion. How will Christianity fare in that closer contact and comparison with other religions? How is it faring? Is the gospel holding its own? And by what means? By virtue of what it has in common or what it has in contrast with them? Is it not by the peerless power of the great central truth of a Crucified Saviour, and kindred truths? Is it not by proclaiming a Redeemer, and redemption through faith in His name? By these the gospel stands to-day, has stood, and must ever stand. These are its sword and shield, its glory and its crown.

No less notable is the rapid progress of our times in all material and educational matters, and with this progress an excitability, a feverishness and unrest, pervading all classes of society. The unrest is as profound as the progress is swift; it is the deep shadow progress casts behind it. Hence the double demand for a message that can inspire and sanctify progress; and, at the same time, speak peace and calm amid the very roar and thunder of the wheels of progress. Where shall we find this doubly potent word? In vain we look for it in the moving forces or in the agitated throng! Progress has not eyes sufficiently lit with "the glowing and the growing light" of reverence to direct her own footsteps, and the torn heart of the world can never hush its own cares. We must look beyond those moving wheels, above those distracting voices, if we would find at once the true rest-centre and the motive spring of all. It was an equally daring and sublime inference of the great Greek when he reasoned, "All things move, therefore there is One who moves not." What Aristotle groped after, we know. We know Jesus—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"! He, the Immutable, moves all. He is progress, He is rest; and He is both, as "the Lamb in the midst of the throne." If we can assure men that it is possible to be at one with Him, to live in His life, to move with His progress, then it is possible to inspire progress with the holiest aims, and pluck the sting from care: it is possible to conquer materialism, and taste of peace amid all alarms. This is the very burden of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We have to tell of One who was once slain to redeem us, but is now highly exalted, yet moved on the throne of the universe by the same love that led Him to Calvary. His hands, once pierced for us, are on

the springs of all the world's advancement, and touch its heart. According to the sublime imagery of the Book of Revelation, before Him is the book of the past with all its records, and in His hands is the book of the future with all its mysteries. 'Tis He who breaks every seal; 'tis He who unlooses all events and circumstances that form the impetus or environment of our lives. That distant event to which we hasten, that far-off goal is determined by His will; and as He fainted not in enduring the cross, so neither will He faint on the throne till He has achieved the liberty of the glory of the children of God. Thus the gospel of the cross fulfils its double mission to "the times", pouring a sanctifying light along the path of progress, and breathing into our souls a divine peace as we advance.

The depths of society are stirred, the sunken masses are turning uneasily, and turning upward, as if they would, at whatever cost to others, effect a great upheaval. Socialism is "in the air"; and however visionary, chaotic, and self-contradictory its aims may be now, and perhaps for years to come, this much is plain, it is a movement that has to be dealt with, not only by politicians and statesmen, by rulers and philanthropists, but by the preachers of the gospel. The philanthropist may allay the irritation of present distress, statesmen and rulers, if they are wise, will infuse greater equity throughout law and government, capital must learn to set some measure to its gains, the political economists may dispel illusions; but with the preacher lies the task of pointing to the true ideal state. It is his to grasp the fallen one by the hand, and bid him rise—in the name of Jesus. It is his also to show that it is not through the spoliation of others, but by the gate of repentance and faith, men enter into that elevated brotherhood, where all bonds are loosed, and all stand on the same level before God. It is his to convince men that the idea stolen from Christians can never be perfected by sceptics or atheists, but only under the shadow of the Crucified, whose grace first inspired the practice at Jerusalem, who now, as then, can remove the glitter and glamour from riches, or the degradation and shame from poverty.

Finally, the very glory of our times is the philanthropy of Christian missions to the heathen. Never since the days of the apostles, not even in the days of St. Gall and Boniface, have the churches of Christ so fully responded to the Saviour's commission, and the claims of the deep need of the nations sitting in darkness. The days have for ever gone by when the missionary is the supposed foe of civil government. The history of the Indian Mutiny settled that, at least for England. The missionary is the pioneer of progress; and civilization and commerce follow in his train. Politicians and statesmen, the worldling and the infidel, admit and applaud the utility and benevolence of missionary zeal. It is to-day one of the greatest factors in the world's progress, and in the transformation of mankind. And the question arises, What is to sustain and expand this zeal? What is to nourish the missionary spirit of our churches at home, and give direction to it in our agents abroad? The spectacle of France, sceptical and atheistic at home, religious and missionary in her colonies, is ominous and instructive; but bears no further on the point than to suggest the question, Is the fire of zeal at home to be kept alive by one form of gospel or doctrine,

and the fire of energy to express itself in heathen lands by another? Are we to have one form of the gospel at home for ourselves, and another for barbarous and idolatrous tribes abroad? The maintenance and development of the spirit of expansion in our home churches, is at least of as much moment as the ingathering of heathen lands. In it is involved the question of ourselves sinking under the ever-surging waves of homebred heathendom. Think of the churches of this country to-day standing aloof from their missionary enterprises, without the missionary spirit, and all that it means culminating in that work; think of them driven in upon themselves, self-centred, and each withering on its own stalk, with materialism and scepticism evermore demanding a reason of the hope that is in them. I do not say they could find no reply, no truly rational and overwhelming reply, as Bishop Butler did of old. But the reply of a converted tribe, the answer of a regenerated island of savages, the argument of the Christian graces of life grafted and flourishing upon the corrupt stock of barbarism and idolatry, is one so palpable and victorious that scepticism is rebuked, and atheism struck dumb. Even Darwin, from whose heart gradually faded the idea of God, is compelled to burst into raptures at the wonderful change wrought by the magic wand of the missionary on the savage Patagonians. Great as the effect of this practical proof of the power and nature of the gospel is upon outsiders, infinitely greater is it upon the churches themselves, from whose bosom those missionaries have gone forth. If Mohammed could say, "Every convert adds to my own faith," how much more the home churches, which are themselves, as it were, reconverted, and live again in the converts won from the heathen world! Of the utmost moment, then, is the question of the sustenance, revival, or expansion of the missionary spirit at home. How can it be done? How best done? What are those truths that win most victories in India, and on the Congo, in China, and Madagascar? Are not these the truths that form the staple of evangelical doctrine, and have always done so? Are not these the truths that first kindled the missionary flame? Take away these from the missionary, and he is stripped of his armour in the high places of the field; and take away these from the churches at home, and they are bereft of the bread of life. "Christ and Him crucified" is life at home, and victory in the mission-field. At the cross of the Redeemer men learn to care for their own souls and the souls of others. There only the vision of a world's need is seen; there only the groans of a world's misery are heard; and there only arises that spring of redemption and newness of life whose living waters can save the perishing.

Thus, then, we see that, arguing from "the times" themselves, "the gospel for the times" is the gospel that presents Christ and Him crucified. He, amid the gathering of the people, is unique as a Redeemer. He, the Crucified, holds the keys of the future in His hand. His cross is the centre of unity, and the motive of brotherhood. And it is His death for us, while we were yet sinners, that forms the constraining force that makes the Christian to-day feel, in his measure, as Paul felt, "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise."

Whatever else the gospel for the times may lack, these grand elements it must have. And having these, they will prevent it from being a gospel but for a time, and rescue it from the contempt of a time-serving gospel. They will make it greater than "the times", even as man is greater than his times, and can project himself into other times. They will raise it above "the times", so as to control and fashion them. They will place it ahead of "the times", to prepare the way for the oncoming and better times. They will enable it hopefully and calmly to point through all the changes of the times, to a blessed existence beyond time, the complete triumph of the Redeemer in the world's redemption, when time shall, as a stream, lose itself in the ocean of eternity. Thus, *the* "gospel for the times" is "the everlasting gospel" of the grace of God.

The Cure for a Fainting Heart.

A SERMON, DELIVERED BY W. Y. FULLERTON, AT THE FIFTH CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

"When my soul fainted within me I remembered the LORD."—Jonah ii. 7.

NEVER have I had so much sympathy with Jonah before. I would do anything for our dear President, or for my dear friend Archibald Brown, whose place I am suddenly called upon to occupy; but I think that Jonah is distinctly responsible for my appearance here. First of all, when I was asked to preach to-day, I felt inclined to refuse. Then I thought that, perhaps, I should be like the truant prophet, running away from the place to which God had called me. I do not know where the Tarshish was to which Jonah attempted to flee; but I know that I should have been on the road to my Tarshish had I been anywhere off this spot just now.

I am sure that we shall all agree with a recent critic of this Book, that there is in it a message for the times in which we live, though I do not think that any of us would agree with him when he says that this Book is partly an allegory. Jesus Christ has put His seal upon the very part of it which they seek now to allegorize away; and our Lord is not one who so emptied Himself of His Godhead as to be able to make a mistake. We believe in a Christ who was not only impeccable, but who was also inerrant; in a Christ who was full of divine wisdom, and in whose words we can constantly trust.

Now, Jonah himself is the key and the explanation of one of the first difficulties, if not the very first, raised by the "higher critics" with reference to Jesus Christ. The doctors of the law thought that they had put the matter quite conclusively when they said to Nicodemus, "Search, and look; for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." It seemed as if they had settled the business; for we read that "every man went unto his own house." But they made a double mistake in saying, "Out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." In the first place, Christ did not come from Galilee, which they ought to have known; and, in the second place, out of Galilee there did arise a prophet, even this

man of whose words we are going to speak to-day. Depend upon it, that the answer to all such criticisms upon the Christ of God, or upon the Book of God, is to be found, as the answer to that criticism is found, within the covers of the Book itself.

There are many interesting things in this narrative which we might talk about; the twelve questions contained in it, for instance, would form an interesting series of topics; but I have selected this subject, because I think it is appropriate to us as a Conference, meeting together when our souls had fainted within us because of our great loss. It is appropriate to my own position, too. I am not so much standing here to preach to you, as I am standing here to preach to myself. "When my soul fainted within me I remembered the LORD." May the Lord Himself speak the word!

Our subject, then, you will see, is the cause and the curse; the course and the cure of spiritual fainting.

Jonah was accustomed to these fainting fits. Many times he fainted. Many times you and I have fainted. Many others of God's servants have also had times of collapse; so that we must not be unduly discouraged if sometimes we become depressed. Elijah craved that he might die. Isaiah said, "I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought." John the Baptist fainted, saying, "Art thou He which should come, or look we for another?" And, apart from the Scriptures, those men who have been most heroic for God, have also known times when their hearts have failed them. Bernard lamented that he thought that he had done almost nothing. Calvin said almost the same thing. Luther frequently became down-hearted, and our glorified President himself had times when faintness came over him. Now, the only cure for this faintness of soul is to remember the Lord. The man who forgets God is sure to faint; but the man who can say, with Paul, "I believe God," can also add with Paul, "wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer."

So I would just like to say three things. The first is, that, *forgetting God, we faint;* the second is, that, *though we faint, we are not forgotten;* and the third is, that, *remembering God, we are strengthened.*

I. FORGETTING GOD LEADS TO FAINTNESS; and there is no man so apt to forget God in the work that lies before him as the Christian minister. It is so easy for us to be taken up with our work rather than with our Lord.

We may forget God by reason of *our office*, as Jonah forgot God, because he looked at his calling. Here suddenly came the call to this man that he must preach. It was little wonder that, forgetting the Lord, and looking only at the service which he was asked to render, he should become faint. I do not envy the man who, fronting this mighty work for God, has never had a qualm or a tremor. It is an awful responsibility to be called to preach, to be appointed as God's ambassador to men. It is an easy enough thing, in the thought of it, for a man to run away—I do not say from his subject; that is quite simple—but from his work. It is especially easy if he is a man of a retiring disposition. It is, moreover, not so very strange a thing for a man who is called to preach to become so sleepy that the very heathen say to him, "What meanest thou, O sleeper?" I have seen, before

now, a preacher in a prayer-meeting, surrounded by all-alive people, while he has been fast droning. It is natural enough, then, for us, facing this great work, to faint because of it, if we forget God. We may do our best; but if we forget God, how poor our best is! Like Tyre, we may build our strongholds; we may heap up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire in the streets; but if we forget God, the Lord will smite our power in the sea, and we shall not be able to quell the tumult of human hearts. In face of the call to preach, if we forget God, we are sure to faint.

Again, taking Jonah as our example, if we look at *our message*, and forget God, we are sure to faint sometimes. Jonah had a message of judgment to deliver. Ah, he has not been the only prophet who has fainted because he has thought of the terror of the Lord, and forgotten the Lord Himself! It would be easy always to speak smooth things to the people; but if we are faithful servants, declaring the whole counsel of God, our song shall be both of mercy and of judgment. I was speaking, a little while ago, to one who had been very intimate with the late Charles Vince, of Birmingham; a man whose name is greatly honoured amongst us. He said that Mr. Vince told him that, when he was most in communion with God, he found it easiest to preach about God's judgment; and the more he mixed with men, the less inclined he felt to preach about it. I think, from such a source as that, such a testimony should have great weight with you and me. If we look only at men, and forget the Lord, we too shall be afraid to preach the message of judgment, as Jonah was afraid to preach it. Sin itself is just forgetfulness of God: "sin is man's daring experiment whether he can live without God, and hell is the blazing monument to the failure of the experiment."

Forgetting God, we shall faint, again, if we look at *our sphere*. My brothers, all our spheres are difficult. There is no easy place in which to serve God in this world.

> "Oh, it is hard to fight for God,
> To rise and take His part,
> Upon the battle-field of life,
> And not sometimes lose heart!"

Especially is it so if you are called to work in a great city. What Dr. Usher said in his prayer on Tuesday morning, quoting from our glorified President's address on a former occasion, is very necessary, though I know that some of you thought that Dr. Usher, coming from Ireland, made a mistake when he uttered the prayer, "May God keep those brethren who have had no success from being proud, and those who have had great success from fainting!" It is, I believe, the men who work in the great spheres, and have great opportunities, who are most liable to faint. Jonah, going to Nineveh, fainted. Depend upon it, it would have been easy enough for him to have gone to the little villages near his home; but to go to Nineveh! that was the trouble; the great city appalled him. I will not attempt to describe Nineveh, though I might occupy your time in that way. The word "London" will be a sufficient equivalent. If any men have my sympathy, it is the London ministers. It is a hard thing to work

in this city, to work thoroughly, to seize the whole circumstances, and yet to realize how little we are doing. Do not let us live in a fool's paradise. We are not overtaking the need of this city. There are added to London every week two thousand souls, and there are added to the Baptist churches of London only two thousand in the year. It would therefore take fifty-two denominations as big as the Baptist denomination to keep pace with the growth of the population, without a thought of overtaking what we are pleased to term "the lapsed masses"; though they have never lapsed, for we have never had hold of them. O my brothers, it is a hard thing to work in the midst of a population like this; and if we forget God, we shall faint under the burden of it!

Again, it is an easy enough thing, if we forget the Lord, to faint, looking at *our preferences*. Jonah was a Jew. He would rather have preached to the Jews. Why should he be sent to Gentiles? His prejudice was against it. Besides that, he would be so isolated in that strange land. And the only man for whom I can have more sympathy than for a London brother is the man down in some little village, who is isolated and overlooked. His preference would be to be in the midst of the crowd. If he remembers the Lord, he will be strong; but let him forget God, and he will faint in the midst of the slowness and the lethargy of that little country place.

Moreover, it is easy to forget the Lord and to faint, if we fix our eyes upon *our reputation*. Jonah did that. You would have thought that, after he preached to Nineveh, he would have been glad at the result of his message. But though God had taught him one lesson before his sermon, he needed to be taught another after it. We need a second blessing, my brothers, and then we need a third. There is no limit to the number of blessings that I need. I do not know how you find it, but I need a fortieth and a fiftieth. But Jonah thought of his own reputation, and forgot the Lord. Why, when the people of Nineveh turned to God, he should have glorified God because of that wondrous work! Instead of that, he forgot the Lord, and he thought, "Now my reputation will suffer. I came and told them that the city was to be destroyed: it is not going to be destroyed, and they will not now look upon me as a prophet." Thus he forgot the Lord, and he fainted. The man who lives for human praise is sure to faint before long. At any rate, the praise will be faint enough. But, you see, the Lord crossed him in that reputation to give him a better one. He took away that little reputation in Nineveh, to give him the everlasting glory of having his name recorded in this Book.

Another thing. We may fail, if we fix our thought exclusively upon *our comfort*, instead of remembering the Lord's counsel. Jonah forgot the Lord when he thought about his own ease. He had his little gourd, and he was very happy beneath it; but when the gourd was taken away, he became miserable and uncomfortable. The sun beat upon his aching head; then he forgot the Lord, and he tells us himself that he fainted. It is easy enough for us to faint if we forget the Lord, and set our minds on our comfort. None of us are likely to get much ease, so let us not set our hearts upon it.

II. But how grand a thought it is, that, WHEN WE FAINT, THE LORD

DOES NOT FORGET US! "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of Me," is the word of Jehovah Himself.

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yest'reen;
The monarch may forget the crown
Which on his head an hour hath been;
The mother may forget the babe
That sits sae smilin' on her knee;
But He'll remember thee, Christian,
And a' that He's done for thee."

He will not forget. You may forget and faint; but "the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary." He forgets never, blessed be His name! The Lord remembers us: let us praise Him. He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

We have had abundant proof of this in our lives. We have had evidence of it in this Conference already. When some of us came up here, our hearts were faint within us, until we remembered the Lord. A gentleman said to me, on the platform last night, "My heart failed me about this College; but now that so many have promised to help, it is sure to go on." I said to myself, "I also fainted, but I remembered the Lord." The Lord is better than all the human promises of help. He will not fail us. As Dr. Pierson said last night, it is quite time that we should cease to question whether the College will go on. "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock." He changes not: He fails not. As we read in our Psalm, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

The Lord does not forget us *when trouble overtakes us*. When He sends a storm out after us, we may be sure He does it in love. We would rather that He should think of us, and send a storm, than not think of us at all. As you have it on your hymn-sheet, we will pray,—

"Go not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey,
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away;
And let that storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may."

It is a grand thing to be in a storm, if God has sent it. He will surely bring us through the floods and out of the great waters.

Again, we may know that God does not forget us *when we are cut off from all carnal help*. It was a fine day for Jonah when they cast him overboard. Many a man, dallying with the world to-day, might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Cæsar; and many a church, having appealed unto Cæsar, goes bound in chains toward Rome because of it. The arm of flesh is no help to God's children.

This truth is again borne in upon us *when nothing is left us but faith*. We then find that God has not forgotten us. The mariners flung Jonah out, not on the sea, but on the arm of God; and who would not like to be turned out of a little crazy ship to fall into the hand of Him in the hollow of whose hand are the great deeps? It is a glorious thing to be flung out on God, my brothers. We have found that

even at this Conference. Perhaps some of us were trusting too much to him who once was here, but now is yonder; but as we have fallen back upon God, we have found the secret of blessing. May we have more of this holy *abandon*, this divine recklessness, this spiritual carelessness, flinging ourselves out on the great deep, at God's appointment, in God's way, knowing that God will be sure to uphold us!

We may know that God has not forgotten us *when the world sentences us to death*. The beginning of hope is when we die to ourselves. If Jonah had not been doomed to die, he could not have recognized and realized God's abounding help and faithfulness. It was after Garibaldi was condemned to death that he set about the freeing of Italy. He could lose nothing then. They had condemned him to die, and he stood up and delivered his country. There is no good "trimming" after a man's name is in the death-roll. If I am cut off from the world, if I burn my last boat, then I can go forward. After that, I cannot be in any worse position; I can only die.

Then, we find again, that the Lord has not forgotten us, *when He succours us*. How tenderly and gently He prepares everything for us! In the most difficult circumstances, and in the darkest hour, the Lord will be nigh at hand.

> "His help is always sure,
> His methods seldom guessed;
> Delay will make our pleasure pure,
> Surprise will give it zest."

God prepared four things for Jonah: He prepared the fish, and He prepared the worm. He prepared the gourd, and He prepared the east wind. He always surrounds us with His goodness. He prepares the great things and the little things, the sweet things and the bitter things. Thus He helps us.

> "He comes to us all unaware,
> And makes us own His loving care."

Now, we believe in this narrative just as it is given to us. The Lord prepared the fish, and we are quite sure that it answered His purpose. The only thing that I would say, in passing, is that some of those who object to this incident, are the very people who tell us gravely of a living toad being discovered in the heart of a stone, having lived there for hundreds of years. Now, if they will just tell me how the toad lived in the stone, I will tell them how Jonah survived. The God who called him, kept him alive. So does He succour us. We may be sure that God does not forget us when His help comes to us. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness"—no parallax—"neither shadow of turning.

Moreover, He does not forget us *when He chastens us*. Thank God for that. He loves us too well not to chasten us. We go down into the deeps, and all His billows and His waves pass over us; the weeds are wrapped about our heads, and we are in the darkness. But God does it all, and it is well. "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him." Come,

strengthen yourself in the Lord. A minister, to whom I spoke on Sunday, said that he shall never forget the last words that our dear glorified President said to him. As he was leaving "Westwood", that dear man grasped his hand, and said to him, "My brother, remember that, when with one hand the gardener is pruning the vine, he always holds it with the other." When the Lord chastens us, He is very near to us. "Blessed is the man that Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of Thy law."

The Lord does not forget us though we may forget Him. How blessed is that truth! Though we faint, the Lord remembers us still. Praise be to His holy name!

III. In the third place, WHEN WE REMEMBER THE LORD, OUR FAINTING FIT PASSES AWAY. "When my soul fainted within me I remembered the LORD." We remember the Lord because He has remembered us. He sends His blessed Spirit. You remember that remarkable sermon at the last Conference, spoken to us by lips now silent, on the Spirit taking the things of Christ, and revealing them unto us. He brings all things to our remembrance; and as we remember, we become strong. "Ye are saved," saith the apostle, "if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you." We must understand the truth to be saved by it; we must remember the truth to be strengthened by it. The Word of Christ must dwell in us richly. To be strong requires time and attention; perhaps some of us do not give it quite enough.

The instant result of our strengthening is that *we begin to pray*. Jonah, when he remembered the Lord, immediately added, "and my prayer came in unto Thee, into Thine holy temple." Why do we not pray more? The only thing more wonderful than the power which God has given us in prayer, is the little use which we make of it.

> "Lord, what a change within us one short hour
> Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
> We kneel, and all the landscape seems to lower;
> We rise, and all around us, far and near,
> Stands forth in sunny outline, fair and clear.
> We kneel—how weak! we rise—how full of power!
> Why, then, should we do ourselves this wrong
> Or others, that we are not always strong?
> That we should ever be o'erborne with care,
> That we should ever weak or heartless be,
> Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
> And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?"

May I be pardoned a personal reference, one not so much personal to me as to our dear departed President? I remember being in Scotland with him, some ten or twelve years ago, and I had promised to preach at the little church at Kilmun. On the Sunday morning, I went upstairs to get ready, and he was amongst others downstairs. As I sat in my room, I heard a gentle knock at the door, and wondered who it was. When I opened the door, I found him outside; he had left all the people down below, and had climbed the stairs—no very easy matter for him—to help me. He said, "I have come to pray with you before you go." Then we knelt down, and, like a little child, he prayed that I might be helped to preach the gospel. That taught me much of the secret of his power. There was that spiritual

side to the incident; but there was a human side to it, too, for as we were driving past the church next day, he insisted that I had not preached in the church, but in the house next door. The only reason for his statement was that there was a notice on that house, "Mangling done here." I dare say you agree with his verdict.

Well, when we remember the Lord, we learn to pray. Oh, that I might learn to pray more! I am ashamed of the prayerless days that are behind me. May God help us, my brethren, so to remember the Lord that we may be strengthened in prayer!

Then *we cannot refrain from praise*. Down in the darkness Jonah said that he would yet sacrifice unto God with the voice of thanksgiving. What faith that was! There is none of us that has ever been in a more difficult position than that man. Some of us faint because we are in such a tight place; but even in the depths he had faith to believe that the Lord would deliver him, and he had faith which enabled him to praise God even before deliverance was wrought in his behalf. There are wonderful things yet ahead of us; let us but believe, and already we may begin to praise.

"Glory to God for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!"

When prayer and praise ascended, Jonah was soon set at liberty.

When faith is thus exercised by us, *we get an open door*, and get it in the best way. There are some of us who are always looking out for "spheres"; but the best way to get an open door is to make our requests known unto God. We cannot speak to the fish, but we can speak to God, and He will soon speak to it. There is, in Fleet Street, a newspaper office connected by its own direct wire with the main office at Edinburgh. Two reporters are kept there, and they live at the top of the house. I understand that, some time ago, when one of them came home very late, he knocked at the door, and rang, but his companion was so soundly asleep that he could not make him hear. What could he do? He remembered; and going to another office, he telegraphed to Edinburgh describing his dilemma, and they sent a message back to London by their direct wire. The tinkle-tinkle of the bell right by the sleeper's ear awakened him, and with astonishment he read the message, "Open the door." So, you see, it was an easier thing to get the door opened round by Edinburgh than it was by knocking in the street; and it is an easier thing for you and me to get an open door by sending our message round by the throne of God, than it is by making application to some human source. We are much more likely to get an open door by praying about the matter, than by trying to ring the deacons up. So the man who remembers God will find the right sphere opening out to him.

Moreover, by remembering the Lord, *we are delivered from self-seeking*. Jonah has left it here on record, "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy." God shuts us up, that we may see the vanity of our own desires; and Charles Kingsley said, "He never rings the school-bell till we have learned our lessons." Let us, then, be quick to learn what God would teach us!

Then *we learn to yield ourselves to God's holy will*, and say, with all our heart, "Salvation is of the Lord." Self-will no longer claims our lives. By His grace we fulfil His purpose, not our own; we seek to be obedient to His Word, and do not desire to flee from His presence any more.

"Oh, let Thy sacred will
All its delight in me fulfil:
Let me not think an action mine no way
But as Thy will shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to Thy will!"

So sings George Herbert. May we resign the rudder of our lives to the will of God, and say, "No longer do I want to flee away from the sphere and the work which Thou dost appoint; take me anywhere Thou wilt; do with me just as Thou dost please; command me, and I will obey"! We shall find wondrous blessing in our life if lived in that way. Henry Martyn says, "When I can say, 'Thy will be done: teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God,' it is like throwing ballast out of a balloon, and straightway I ascend to the regions of light and gladness." May we throw the ballast out of the balloon! May we surrender ourselves to the will of God! May we be ready to do what He desires us!

We shall then go out and preach differently from what we have done. We shall get a better reception from the people than we expected. As we speak, remembering the Lord, it will be as it was in Nineveh, when the people heard Jonah. We read, not that they believed Jonah, but they "believed God." When we preach, forgetting God, they neither believe us nor believe God; but when we remember the Lord, the Lord stands by us, and the people believe the message of God through His servant. They look beyond the man to the message which he bears, and to the Source from whence it comes. Then are we bold, even in the presence of the world's pride. Though we may have been frightened before, the memory of the Lord will enable us to declare His Word fearlessly. As Mr. Charles Spurgeon, in commenting on that verse of the Psalm, "I had fainted unless I had believed," reminded us, "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." When we believe, and wait upon the Lord, we faint no more. "Seeing we have received this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not." We become willing to lose our gourd, if we do not lose our God; and to lose all thought of our reputation, if only men and women are saved.

The end of all is, that we should live a recollected life. Think of what the Lord has done. Remember the past. Remember the love of thine espousals. Remember how greatly God has drawn near to us these many years. "Forget not all His benefits." And if there again comes a fainting fit upon thee, O my soul, I will say to thee, "This is my infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High," and so shall I be strengthened. Then also we shall "abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness," O Lord, "and sing of Thy righteousness."

We came up to the Conference to remember dear Mr. Spurgeon; may we go from it remembering the Lord; not thinking of the servant

the less, but thinking of the Lord the more! Often have we gone home remembering the Conference; let us now depart remembering the Lord. We have remembered Him at His throne. We shall soon remember Him in His temple. We are now going to remember Him at His table. We shall sit down, and, taking the bread and wine, we shall do this in remembrance of Him. We remember His great work on our behalf. We remember His present intercession. We remember His promise of the coming glory. As God shall bring all this to our remembrance, our fainting will be over, and we shall learn to say, as we look up into His dear face—

"If but my fainting heart be blest,
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done."

Memorials to our late President.

PAPER READ AT THE CONFERENCE MEMORIAL SERVICE BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

"Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield."

THE emphasis used to be put on the third word, "Only an *armour-bearer*." Now it has to be transferred to the first, "*Only* an armour-bearer"; for my captain, our captain, has been taken from us, as Elijah was taken from Elisha and the sons of the prophets in the olden time. We call no man "Master"; but he, whose loss we mourn, was a true leader, whom we delighted to follow.

That privileged title, "Mr. Spurgeon's armour-bearer", belongs exclusively to me; but every one of us may make a personal application of Mr. Bliss's hymn as he intended it to be used:—

"Only an armour-bearer, firmly *I* stand,
Waiting to follow at *the King's* command;
Marching, if 'Onward' shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully."

Thank God, our heavenly Captain is still at our head. His gracious promise, "Lo, *I* am with you alway!" gives to us the divine, present, comprehensive, personal, perpetual assurance that He is still with us, and that He will never leave us, nor forsake us.

I have thought that, in some quarters lately, there has been need of the lesson that Martin Luther's wife, Catherine, is said to have taught him on one occasion. He seemed to be acting as if God were dead; but his brave "better-half", as she certainly was at that time, reminded him that the Lord still lived, even though Pope and priests, and poor, puny Protestants, made the great Reformer's heart sink within him. Our beloved captain's spirits were often heavy because of the mad follies of "this present evil age"; but he never doubted that Jehovah was living and reigning. In what was, probably, the darkest period of his Christian life, when his whole system was suffering most acutely from the shock of the accident at the Surrey Gardens, his recovery came, as he told us so graphically at our last Conference, by the remembrance of this passage, "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and Saviour."

God is not dead; and our late beloved President is not dead. No one knows better than I do, that he has been removed from the sphere of his earthly work and warfare; but, like his beloved wife, I never think of *him* as dead. Our brother Tydeman was right when he applied to him the text,

"He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."

"For, if to see the unveiled face
Of Jesus, in the holy place
On high, to know as we are known,
And stand before the golden throne;
If *this* be life, then God hath heard
His prayer, according to His Word.

"*And it is so;* 'He asked for life,'
And God hath given—beyond the strife
Of earth, and all its vain endeavour—
True life, e'en length of days for ever."

There is another authority who has a right to be heard on this point. Listen to his testimony. In the last sermon but one that our late beloved President ever revised, that remarkable discourse upon the text, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord;" he spoke and wrote words worthy of our continual remembrance:—"When we gather up our feet in our last bed, we may utter this text in a full and sweet sense, 'I shall not die, but live.' When Wycliffe died as to his body, the real Wycliffe did not die. Some of his books were carried to Bohemia, and John Huss learned the gospel from them, and began to preach. They burnt John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, but Huss foretold, as he died, that another would arise after him, whom they should not be able to put down; and in due time he more than lived again in Luther. Is Luther dead? Is Calvin dead to-day? That last man the moderns have tried to bury in a dunghill of misrepresentation; but he lives, and will live, and the truth that he taught will survive all the calumniators that have sought to poison it. Die! Often the death of a man is a kind of new birth to him; when he himself is gone physically, he spiritually survives, and from his grave there shoots up a tree of life whose leaves heal nations. O worker for God, death cannot touch thy sacred mission! Be thou content to die if the truth shall live the better because thou diest. Be thou content to die, because death may be to thee the enlargement of thine influence. Good men die as dies the seed-corn which thereby abideth not alone. When saints are apparently laid in the earth, they quit the earth, and rise and mount to heaven-gate, and enter into immortality. No, when the sepulchre receives this mortal frame, we shall not die, but live. Then shall we come to our true stature and beauty, and put on our royal robes, our glorious Sabbath dress."

In this double sense the beloved preacher still lives. He walks before the Lord "in the land of the living"; and although "he himself is gone physically, he spiritually survives."

When the Abbé Nicolas Gervaise began his biography of Martin of Tours, who was called the Apostle of Gaul, he wrote this sentence, which only needs the alteration of the first word to make it admirably applicable to our late beloved President:—"Martin is known everywhere where Jesus Christ is worshipped, and it may be said that he was never greater than in his tomb, where human greatness is annihilated." There is a short statement concerning this same Martin which cannot be applied to our glorified leader,—"he never took up his pen in defence of the faith." *Our* apostle never laid down *his* pen while it could be used in defence of the faith, from the hour when, as a boy of fifteen, he wrote his remarkable essay on "Anti-Christ and her Brood; or, Popery Unmasked;" to that memorable January 13th, 1892, when he finished the historic "Note" for *The Sword and the Trowel*, with these words, which may almost be said to have been written with the last drops of his life's blood:—"To be free from all ecclesiastical entanglements is, to the Christian minister, a blessing worth all it has cost, even though an almost fatal illness might be reckoned as part of the price."

If I understand aright the object of this gathering here to-day, we come to praise our President, not to bury him; and not so much to praise *him* as to adore the grace of God so richly magnified in him. He could not be buried when he was "the boy preacher" at Waterbeach; he could not be buried when he came to London, eight-and-thirty years ago; he could not be buried under the masses of misrepresentation and abuse that were piled upon him in his earlier days, nor under the equal profusion of adulation and flattery that came from the same quarters in later years. He could not be buried even when all Christendom mourned around his grave. As Dr. Herber Evans said in the Tabernacle, there was not earth enough in Norwood to bury "the Spurgeon of history."

I have had a little fear lest *he* should be buried under the various monuments that are to be erected to his memory; but, notwithstanding this fear, I venture to ask you, in the few minutes allotted to me this morning, to help in rearing, first, A LITERARY MEMORIAL, and next, A LIVING MEMORIAL of our undying devotion to our glorified leader, and to those truths for whose proclamation and defence he lived and died.

Our late President's "magnum opus", *The Treasury of David*, will probably be one of the most solid and enduring of his literary monuments; but his *Sermons* cannot rightly be relegated to a second place. What a library they form already! And there are so many unpublished manuscripts that those of us who are spared about a dozen years longer may expect to see Volume L. issued from the press. What a jubilation there will be at the jubilee of the first publication of *The New Park Street Pulpit!*

Did not those sermons, when delivered in the Tabernacle, help us more than anything else during our College course, both as to our own spiritual life and our preparation for the ministry? Brethren who regularly read the printed discourses, as they are issued, have constantly cheered the beloved preacher with testimonies to the blessing received from them. I need not tell such an assembly as this of the treasures of wealth stored in this mine, nor of the royal dainties that our kingly preacher ever kept upon his pulpit table. Many a brother here can say:—

> "'I have been there, and still would go,
> 'Tis like a little heaven below;'

when I am hard pushed for a subject, or cannot see how to handle a text, or want to read something that will supply nourishing food to my own soul."

The people, also, read the sermons. There have been sermons by other preachers, "published by request"; but when they have been published, they have not been much in request. Our late Pastor's sermons have not only been printed, they have been sold, and read, and in innumerable instances have been blessed to the conversion and edification of their readers. And they are still read. The Secretary of our Loan Tract Society, which circulates Mr. Spurgeon's sermons from house to house in about 100 districts in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle, tells me that, during our late Pastor's long illness, there was a greatly-increased desire to have the sermons left week by week; many, who had previously refused to receive them, being most eager to obtain them. My friend says that, since the beloved preacher was called home, the demand for the sermons has been even greater than during his illness. I find that the same state of things prevails in other parts, both at home and abroad; and this encourages me to propose to you that we should unitedly attempt a far wider distribution of the sermons than we have hitherto secured. Many brethren know that thousands of persons, living in London and the country, who had never heard our dear President, had resolved to come to the Tabernacle after his return from Menton. They will not be able to listen to his voice there; but their eagerness to hear him will make them ready to read the discourses he has already delivered.

I know that some brethren regularly receive parcels from our Spurgeon's Sermons' Tract Society, and circulate these sermons as loan tracts; and I am also aware that Mrs. Spurgeon gives away many back numbers for gratuitous distribution. Probably much more can be done through both these channels in the future; but I am aiming at the regular circulation of the sermons, as loan tracts, by all our brethren who can, in this way, enable our glorified President to address an ever-increasing congregation. It is not possible to enter into all the details of this work just now; but I shall be happy to render any assistance to brethren who are willing to carry out my suggestion. I may here say that, for the commencement of such work, it would be necessary to obtain a few more sermons than there are houses to be visited, to allow for lost copies, removals, &c. These can be obtained of the publishers at 6s. per 100, *in consecutive numbers*, from No. 1 to 2,255, or any sets of sermons that may be preferred. Mrs. Spurgeon desires me to say that, if any brethren wish to take up this work, but cannot raise the necessary funds, she will give them the sermons required for commencing the distribution. Suitable covers, with announcements of services at your places of worship, can be printed locally, or we can help you to get them where we get ours. For the regular supply of sermons from week to week, the simplest plan is to get the superintendent of your tract-work to order from a local bookseller as many sermons as there are districts to be visited, and ask each distributor to pay the penny for his or her own copy. They will be all the more likely to read them if they have bought them; and having read them, they will be the better able to recommend them to others.

That is my proposal for *a literary memorial* to our late beloved President, and whatever may be the result of bringing it before you, I believe that it is what *he* would have wished; and to many of us, I hope to all of us, that will be a sufficient reason for trying to carry it into effect.

I remember writing, on one occasion, an article for *The Sword and the Trowel*, and when it was finished, I felt rather inclined to be proud of my work; but all the conceit was taken out of me by the dear Editor's simple enquiry, "What is the practical object of it?" A few rapid touches from his ready pen made my worthless article into one that has since been of great practical service. Whatever may be said of my proposal as to this literary memorial to our late beloved President, it certainly is practical, and I believe it is practicable, which may also be said about my proposal for *a living memorial*, which I will briefly explain to you.

What better memorial can we raise than that living monument which will be reared if we all follow him as he followed his Lord? He will have a living memorial, indeed, if we all seek to *preach as he preached*, to *pray as he prayed*, and to *live as he lived*.

Who can *preach as he preached?* "The prince of preachers" has been called home. He could be ill spared now that so many are saying that the pulpit is losing its power. The only way in which his loss can be turned into a gain, is for every preacher to seek all divine and human assistance in order that he may the better preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Our late dear Pastor's preaching used to affect me in two directly opposite ways. Often, when riding home with him, on a Thursday night, I have said, "When I hear you preach, I feel as though I should never dare to open my lips again;" but at other times, when the Tabernacle service was over, I have felt that all I wanted was an audience, and I could, like Saul in Damascus, "straightway" preach Jesus Christ. The reading of the sermons produces somewhat similar effects. There is so much in them that they dwarf our poor feeble efforts; but at the same time, they help us to preach better. The Pastors' College is the College of *Preachers*. May every man who has been trained in the College realize the aim of the late President in founding the Institution, and of the present President in carrying on the work of his dear brother!

Who among us can *pray as he prayed?* The treasury of the Church's prayers must be vastly poorer now that his voice can no longer lead the great congregation in rapturous intercession, or plead in the privacy of the sacred spot on the Hill of Beulah with mighty prevalent supplication. Every man amongst us must pray all the more now that *his* prayers are turned to praises. His long preservation and his partial restoration from the deadly disease proved the power of prayer. I have often wondered whether he would have been spared to us longer if the whole Church had continued, "without ceasing", to pray for his recovery. Prayer, like faith, is almost omnipotent. May the weapon of all-prayer be one of the best used implements in our armoury!

Can we make our *prayer-meetings* more living memorials of our beloved President? You know what life and force *he* used to impart to the Tabernacle prayer-meetings, and to all other gatherings for prayer at which he was present. Brethren, we have not his genius; but we may have equal grace. We know where he obtained his inspiration; and the supply is available for us still. I shall never forget what the late W. Poole Balfern, of Brighton, told me about his first visit to the "boy-preacher" soon after he became pastor at New Park Street. He said that the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's success was that he was "cradled in the Holy Ghost." Oh, that we might all be such children, in such a cradle! Dr. Cuyler wrote concerning his friend, Dr. Spencer:—"He was the Bunyan of Brooklyn. The secret of his success was that he always aimed to co-operate with the Holy Spirit." Let us all have a similar aim. Our late beloved President had it; and he did not miss the mark at which he aimed. Often have I seen him pause, while writing a letter or giving advice, that he might seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and usually the answer to his petition came very quickly. He seemed to have direct telegraphic and telephonic communication with the throne of grace. You and I may have the same privilege. It is a pity that we should miss any blessing for ourselves or others for want of asking for it.

How can we *live as he lived?* All the world has borne witness to the unblemished, humble, hard-working, self-sacrificing life that our dear President lived; but only those who were privileged to be in the inner circle of his acquaintance know how true are these expressions, nor how many more would need to be added to them to do anything like justice to his many-sided character. It will take a great many of us to fill the gap created by his translation to heaven; but I have been delighted to find, by conversation with various brethren, and by letters from others, both at home and abroad, that they regard our late President's promotion to glory as a call to increased consecration to their Lord and his. In the Queen's army, when a prominent officer is promoted, there is a general moving up of officers of lower rank. It may be that this was one of God's mysterious purposes in calling him home, that there might be a distinct advance in the personal holiness and devotion to our Lord of each one of us. If this shall be the result, it will be just what the beloved President would have desired, that thus Christ should be magnified by his death as well as by his life.

As "Mr. Spurgeon's armour-bearer", I naturally think of him as the "good soldier of Jesus Christ", who did not say, but who might truly have said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." If Garter-King-at-Arms had proclaimed the name and title of the prince of preachers, when his mortal remains were interred at Norwood, this would have been part of the description, "Charles Haddon Spurgeon, by the grace of God, Defender of the Faith." Now that he is gone, we, as a College, and as an Association, are specially bound to guard the sacred deposit which has been entrusted to our keeping. We are "set for the defence of the gospel," as he was; and I can almost hear *him* saying to us, "Now I live, if ye stand fast in the Lord." It would be out of place

for me to urge you to steadfastness; but I may quote dear Mrs. Spurgeon's words to the students, which are equally applicable to every brother who has passed through the College:—"More than ever now will the eyes of those who 'have erred concerning the faith' be on 'Spurgeon's men', to discover and exult over any departure from 'the old paths', or the shadow of a swerve from the Up-grade line. Never let them be successful in your case, dear brethren! Better never to have been connected with the Pastors' College at all, than to be one of 'our own men', and afterwards dishonour the Lord, and our now-glorified President, by believing in and preaching 'another gospel.' But, beloved, I am persuaded better things of you."

I close with two reminiscences that have a message for us upon this point. In the winter of 1887, I was with our late beloved President in the sunny South, and we were sitting in a lovely garden, sheltered from the heat of the sun by a number of palm-trees. The first letters reaching us after our departure from England were brought out to us in the garden. I recognized the handwriting of one of them as that of one of "our own men." The dear President opened it, and when he had read it, he seemed like one stunned by a cruel blow. There was no unkind expression in the letter; but it was the first indication of the extent to which false doctrine had spread among our own brethren. We have read of the wounded eagle, whose dying pangs were increased by the sight of the feathers from its own wing that guided the fatal arrow to its breast; and our eagle-eyed President was cut to the heart by the remembrance that the barbed dart that had pierced his very soul had come from one whom he had trained for the gospel ministry. Alas! that letter was the fore-runner of others of a similar character; not many, thank God! But the first one was enough to inflict a death-wound upon such a sensitive spirit as our late President possessed.

More than four years had passed, and we were again in the sunny land; but under greatly altered circumstances. Mr. *and Mrs* Spurgeon were at Menton, and no one appeared to have understood, at the time, why the Lord had given supernatural strength to both of them, that they might tarry together for three months in that earthly Eden before *he* was translated to the Paradise above. We had reached the stage of his terrible illness when it was necessary for some one to be with him night and day; but, even then, none of us anticipated so speedy, and, for us, so sad an end to his noble life. Nor did *he*, till one night the King's "messenger" brought him a secret missive, with a sure "token" that he had come from the Celestial City, to bid *Mr. Valiant-for-Truth* "present himself before his Lord at his Father's house." In the morning, the veteran warrior called his "armour-bearer" to his room; and on page 112 of the Memorial Volume you can read what he said to him; but there was one sentence which specially concerns us. After telling me unmistakably that his attitude towards the Baptist Union was unchanged, he added: "*It troubles me that so many of our brethren are weak.*" I replied, "It *is* very sad; but don't worry about it now, for you have done all that you could to strengthen them." He did not deny it, for it was true. By example and by precept he has done all that he could to strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees, and to say to them that are of a fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not." But only the Divine Strengthener can accomplish this work; and *His* word is: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: *I will strengthen thee*; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."

At the close of that memorable sermon on the text, "I shall not die, but live," the beloved preacher put a note, in which he said:—"When the Lord permits me to return, I must raise yet another memorial to His praise." He cannot do that now; let us do it for him. He did much for all of us; let us do these two things for him: first, seek to circulate his sermons

as widely as possible, so that, by them, he, being dead, may yet speak to many; and next, by our own more complete consecration to the Lord, whom he so faithfully served, let us prove that, although the noblest and the best of the Puritans has been called to his rest and reward, he lives over again in hundreds of faithful preachers and defenders of the old faith for which he lived, and laboured, and died.

The Influence of the Dear President's Death.

IF my testimony be not an intrusion, I would like to write a word about *the influence of our dear President's death* over the inner thought of my intellect and heart.

I accepted the news of Mr. Spurgeon's death as a challenge to survey and explore, once again and finally, the faith he preached, which faith he taught *me* to preach. During his life I felt—as, I am sure, we all did—that his very presence, with its marvellous and unbounded history, was a vindication, exhaustive and abundant, of the truths he taught us. He was evermore, in his person and work, the most outstanding illustration in the present time of the power and verity of the old gospel; and so long as I had *him* to point to as a living witness to and evidence of my faith, I felt steadied and anchored. Now that his personal presence has been withdrawn, how do I feel? or, more correctly, what influence has *his death* had upon my thought and belief, my intellectual and spiritual life?

For others I cannot speak, and do not; but, for myself, I say deliberately and emphatically, that *I feel stronger than ever in my adherence to the old truths.* His closed lips are more eloquent than when they spake; the truths he taught seem more sacred and veritable now; death has only added to his triumph. His death, like the death of his Master, has vindicated the gospel he taught, and made him even more powerful than during his life. The proportion and strength of his character, his vast usefulness, his fervent desire for the souls of men, his spontaneous and inspiring self-denial, the humbling and beautifying influence his faith had over himself, the matchless hold he had upon all classes to the last, the consistency of his last days with his first—these, and other considerations (all the outcome of the faith he preached, be it observed), make up such a case for the verity of the old gospel, as must appear unanswerable to the minds of all fair-minded men.

Where is there such an example on behalf of the modern-thought school? Can all the modern-thought men put together produce a record such as this one man's? I admit that this is not an investigation of truths and principles in themselves, nor is it intended so to be; but it *is* an application of the infallible test propounded by our Lord, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Measured by this safe and undisputed standard, our President has more than proved and justified the verity of his faith in the eyes of all men.

This is how the case affects myself personally; and the natural consequence is, that I now feel my grip of the old truths to be tighter, firmer, safer than ever. I thank God for the confirming, settling, re-assuring influence which *the death of our President* has had upon my thought and belief. If he rose from the dead, the first words I would expect him to say would be, "Brethren, it is as I told you!"

Springburn, Glasgow. JOHN HORNE.

Mr. Spurgeon's Early and Later Ministry.

WHEN my pastoral life commenced, in 1850, I was thrown among ministers and churches holding very strongly the doctrine of divine sovereignty. All the ministers emphasized it in their preaching, and many

of them made it a kind of glass through which they looked at all other doctrines and truths of Holy Scripture. As a consequence, the other side of Calvinism was absolutely ignored; and if any minister ventured to appeal to sinners as sinners, and as condemned already, because they had not believed on the name of the Son of God, he was at once a marked man, and deemed unsound; and if he was a young man, his elders would frown on and disown him. I was deemed an offender on that ground. Mr. Spurgeon's advent was to me, therefore, a matter of ceaseless rejoicing and thankfulness. I took him to my heart at once; and there he is now. By means of the circulation of his sermons, taking people to hear him, when he preached in the neighbourhood, and getting him to preach for me, a very powerful influence was brought to bear upon my congregation, and on others outside of it. So it came to pass that, in very many circles of Baptists, ministers and others, the truth of the universal call of the gospel to sinners as sinners was accepted as an integral part of the gospel; and when it was not accepted, it was to some extent tolerated.

That part of Mr. Spurgeon's work has scarcely been noticed by his biographers; but it was immensely important, and has been the means of untold blessing. I remember the first sermon he preached in my chapel; it was from the text, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." I can see the smiles that played over the faces of many, whose theology began and ended in the blessed declarations of Romans viii. Alas, how all was changed when he came to the latter part of the text! The honey was turned to gall, and the smiles gave place to scowls.

Our beloved brother and leader's testimony, in these later years, though essentially the same, has had widely different aims. It was not that the scope of gospel teaching might be widened, but that the gospel itself might still be retained in the pulpits of his and other denominations. The preliminary papers on the "Down-Grade" tendency of modern thought, which I wrote at his suggestion, and which, in their utter want of judgment, some attributed to his own pen, opened the way for his own powerful, effective, and faithful utterances. Evangelical Christendom awoke as from a sleep.

Some who censured him then, commend him now. I have seen a letter to him, by a brother of another denomination, a man of literary honours and fame. He thought Mr. Spurgeon's articles and action unnecessary, and wrote to tell him so. What he thinks now he told me, only a few weeks since. "I *thought*," said he, "that he was wrong; but now I *know* that he was right, and we were wrong. I would give anything to get back my letter."

Since the publication of *From the Usher's Desk to the Tabernacle Pulpit*, I have been requested to revise an article on "Spurgeon", written for a certain Cyclopædia. The writer knew very little of his subject, as you will see, when I quote his words: "He was a man of deep, but *narrow* piety." You may judge how I dealt with that remark. I smote it through and through. "Narrow", indeed, when his heart embraced all who loved the Saviour, and encompassed in its deep compassion every living child of Adam!

How he was loved and esteemed by many outside his own denomination, time would fail to tell. The vicar of a parish in the Isle of Wight said to me, "I would not pin my faith to any man's sleeve; but if I were compelled to do so, that man would be Charles Haddon Spurgeon."

I will add a word in relation to his sermons. They never seemed to me so full of grand and glorious utterances as they do now. As I read and re-read them, the interest deepens, and the power and unction of the Holy Spirit are more and more realized in their perusal. Such a ministry as his the world has never witnessed before; it is doubtful if it ever will again.

Addlestone. R. SHINDLER.

Principal David Gracey.



READERS of *The Sword and the Trowel* cannot fail to be interested in the Pastors' College, which, as they were reminded last month, is entitled to be called "*Mr. Spurgeon's First Institution.*" This being so, they will be glad to see the portrait of the writer of that admirable paper, the genial, gifted, gracious DAVID GRACEY. We are indebted to Messrs. Elliott and Fry for permission to reproduce the photograph, which they have just taken.

The Pastors' College has, from the beginning, been singularly favoured in its officials. The inspiring genius of its late peerless President; the valued tutorial and business capacity and efficient supervision of its present President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, who had previously for so many years ably aided and relieved his dear brother as Vice-President of the College, as of other Tabernacle institutions; the ripened experience and true scholarship of its first Tutor and Principal, the venerable George Rogers, made it rich indeed; and, as assuredly, not the least of its blessings must be reckoned the present cultured and valued Principal.

Mr. Gracey is a North of Ireland man, and is one of the many witnesses to the fact that the sons of Ulster are fitted to take the highest places in every department of the realm.

Brought up as a Presbyterian, he was, while yet a youth, led to embrace the Baptist faith. Having received a good education in his boyhood, he passed into Glasgow University to be prepared, unconsciously, for the great work which God had in store for him. Brilliant as a student, he would, doubtless, have distinguished himself in the scholastic world, had not higher aims taken possession of his heart. In 1861, Mr. Spurgeon visited Glasgow; young Gracey heard him, and at once came under the spell of that marvellous personality. A strong desire sprang up in his heart to enter the College founded by Mr. Spurgeon, and to be associated with him in his work. The pursuit of academical honours was forthwith abandoned. After an interview with Mr. Spurgeon, which was on both sides characteristic, Mr. Gracey entered the Pastors' College as assistant-tutor, spending part of his time as a student in the theological classes; but after a few months, upon the illness of Mr. Cubitt, the then classical tutor, he became fully occupied with tutorial work. From that time his name has been inseparably and honourably linked with the history of the College. Classical tutor until the resignation of Mr. Rogers, in 1881, when he became Principal, Mr. Gracey is thus the oldest official connected with the College. Mr. Rogers was engaged in the work for twenty-five years; Mr. Gracey can now look back upon a period of service extending over thirty years.

His service has been of the most thorough kind. He brought to it gifts of no mean order, and added years have only served to develop these gifts. His scholarship is extensive and accurate. His knowledge of Greek and Latin is surprisingly great. Even in his student days, he seems always to have found that a delight which others reckoned a drudgery. As an instance, it may be mentioned that, when his class was introduced to the study of the Phædo of Plato, instead of contenting himself with reading and preparing the portion allotted for class-work—and few students think of doing more—

he was so fascinated with the old Greek philosophy as applied to the lofty theme of the soul's immortality, that he read through the whole treatise, some 3,000 lines of Greek, before going to bed. In some respects, perhaps, a knowledge of Hebrew, always important to the Christian minister, is to-day of more moment than even a knowledge of Greek. It ought to be satisfactory to the supporters of the College to know that Mr. Gracey is also a first-class Hebrew scholar, and so is well fitted to cope with the problems of the higher criticism in relation to the Old Testament. Nor is he less at home in the region of theology. When, on becoming Principal, the theological department was committed to his care, the series of lectures which he prepared and delivered on the Nature of Sin and the Person and Work of the Saviour, were recognized at once as, after the late beloved President's Friday afternoon classes, *the* feature of College life; and we make bold to say that no set of students to-day anywhere has a richer treat given them than those who attend Mr. Gracey's lectures.

It goes without saying, that he believes in the old theology, the theology which the departed President prized so highly, preached so faithfully, and defended so nobly: the old theology of the Puritans, the Reformers, and the Apostles. But while his theology is old, it is not by any means "musty." There is always a remarkable freshness about Mr. Gracey's prelections, which constitutes one of their chief charms; while his intimate acquaintance with the history of theological opinions in all ages (including this wonderful age), and his tenacious grip of the doctrines of the Infallible Word, make him a sagacious, as well as a safe leader for the young men who come under his care.

We may not dwell upon his philosophical and other attainments; indeed, he seems to have intermeddled with all knowledge, and from his rich stores he is constantly bringing out things new and old for the elucidation and illustration of the special subjects in hand.

It is one thing to possess knowledge, and quite another thing to have the power of communicating it to others. This rare power Mr. Gracey possesses in a high degree. He is a born tutor. He inspires men with a love for learning; but especially as a Christian teacher does he foster the love for Christly lore. It is impossible to be brought into contact with him without conceiving a high ideal of the Christian ministry; and he must be a dull student who is not by the contact lifted nearer to that ideal. As a man, and as a tutor, Mr. Gracey is gentleness embodied; but his gentleness is not foolish softness; on the contrary, he possesses great firmness and force of character; it would, indeed, be hard to find anyone who embodies more perfectly the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. All the students, as they pass through the College, learn to love him intensely.

Mr. Gracey wields a facile pen. It is matter for regret that his College duties have kept him so fully occupied that he has had little time to give to literary work. What he has done in contributing to various periodicals, shows how easy it would be for him to excel in the fields of literature. In 1878, when Farrar's *Eternal Hope* was attracting so much attention, Mr. Gracey was one of a number of writers asked to contribute articles on the subject to *The Contemporary Review;* and confessedly, his article was one of the best. *The Sword and the Trowel* has often been enriched by papers from his pen; and in the present issue a good specimen of his style is before our readers in the magnificent paper read by him at the recent Conference, on "The Gospel for the Times."

It may be added that, for many years, Mr. Gracey, in addition to his College duties, carried, and carried well, the burden of a suburban pastorate; and his work at New Southgate has left the fragrance of his name there to this day. A few years ago, he sustained a severe shock in a railway accident; and the resulting weakness compelled him to give up his pastoral work. For some time, grave fears were entertained of his having

to give up all his work; but after a trip to South Africa, his strength was so fully restored, that he was able to enter fully upon his College duties. Though still feeling some evil effects of that accident, he enjoys a fair amount of health; and as he is yet a comparatively young man, being only fifty-one, we may hope, through God's good hand upon him, that he will have many years yet to devote to the work of the College. All who love our *Alma Mater* must unceasingly thank God for giving such a man to the College, so thoroughly equipped for his important work, so well qualified, when the need arises, to "speak with the enemies in the gate", and one who, as he publicly declared at the Conference, will be as loyal to the new President as he always was to his beloved brother.

Those who do not know Mr. Gracey, may accuse us of exaggeration in this brief sketch; those who do know him, will think we have under-stated his excellences; while Mr. Gracey himself would prefer "expressive silence" to any praise. We trust, however, that what we have thus honestly and truthfully written will be sufficient to lead all the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* to pray that the honoured Principal of the Pastors' College may long be spared to carry on his important work. Mr. Spurgeon used quaintly to say of himself, that he was but as the thread, while his helpers were like the sugar that crystallized round it. Certainly, no sweeter or more perfect crystal ever was attracted to the dear President than the beloved subject of this sketch, and hundreds of men who, trained by him, are now doing good service for the Master, will say, as they look upon the representation of his expressive countenance, "*God bless dear Mr. Gracey!*"

Pastors' College Students' Visitation Society.

ANNUAL REPORT, 1891-92.

THE committee, with gratitude to God, beg to present the Report of the fifth year's work done by this Society. The sphere of operations has been, as hitherto, the district having the Tabernacle for centre, and a distance of about half a mile as radius. Although churches and chapels abound on every hand, it is sadly true that the great majority of the inhabitants do not frequent the house of God, and are ignorant of God's way of salvation. Into the streets and homes of this district the brethren have gone, taking with them, for distribution, the late President's sermons: 5,198 families have in this way been visited, and 6,297 sermons distributed. These have, almost without exception, been gladly received; and the result of their perusal only the great day can reveal.

The brethren have not, however, been content with leaving the sermons; but have sought, by personal contact, to gain experience in pastoral work. While they have left the silent messages contained in the printed sermons, they have always sought to personally witness for Christ; and have been ready to sympathize with the distressed, to point sinners to Christ, and to minister comfort to the people of God. Wherever possible, they have read the Word of God, and prayed with those whom they have visited.

From the reports of the work that the brethren have furnished, it is evident that much *direct* good has been accomplished by their visits. Many people have been induced to attend the services at the Tabernacle; some have been pointed to Christ; while others, who had backslidden, have been restored. One old man, having the address of his visitor, sent for him when upon his death-bed; and at least one person has been led to join the Tabernacle church through the brethren's efforts. While we can speak of such direct results as these, and many others that might be mentioned, we feel that we have every reason to thank God and take courage.

S. H. WILKINSON, Hon. Secretary.

Notices of Books.

Ethical Christianity. By Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A. *The Knowledge of God.* By the Bishop of Wakefield. *Light and Peace.* By Rev. H. R. Reynolds, D.D. *The Journey of Life.* By Canon Knox Little. *Messages to the Multitude.* By Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Sampson Low and Co.

Five more volumes of the "Preachers of the Age" series. All of these preachers could rightly claim a place among the representatives of the present-day pulpit; but *Messages to the Multitude* will appeal to our readers with peculiar pathos. The beloved author was not spared to see the completion of this work; but it was finished as nearly as it could be as he would have done it. The preface, written by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and the bibliography at the end, give additional interest to the volume. Those who wish to possess sermons by many of the notable preachers of the age, should procure this series.

"*With Thy Might*" *and other Straight Talks with Gospel Workers.* By W. J. Styles. Baptist Tract Society.

Mr. Styles is known and honoured as a brother beloved, not merely by his brethren of the Pastors' College, but of the Baptist Denomination generally; hence any book from his pen commands a ready perusal.

The present volume is the substance of four addresses delivered to the students of the Pastors' College, one to Regent's Park College, and another at a Chapel Centenary Gathering.

The reading of it has been to a weary reviewer a source of delighted refreshing. Old changeless truths have been touched into dewy novelty; new lights on commonplace teachings gleam all over the pages; and one is obliged to read on and on until the little volume is ended, and then we sigh for "more." This "resurrected Puritan", as Mr. Styles has been playfully described, is mentally alive to the finger-tips; and his quaint sly humour and satire give sparkle to teachings solid as granite, and yet savoury as a bed of spices. We should like to give every student in our Colleges a copy, and then every minister who, like Paul, has not "already obtained", neither is "already perfect"; which, we suspect, would embrace most of the ministers of all denominations.

The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time. God, the Soul, and a Future State. Evolution, the Stone Book, and the Mosaic Record of Creation. The Verity and Value of the Miracles of Christ. By Thomas Cooper. Hodder and Stoughton.

Books like these ought always to be kept in circulation. These eighteen-penny volumes are just the size to put in the pocket, ready to be read at the first convenient opportunity. Those who make themselves masters of the arguments they contain, will be, to a large extent, qualified to act as defenders of the faith.

History of the Free Churches in England, 1688—1891. By Herbert S. Skeats and Charles S. Miall. Alexander and Shepheard.

We are rejoiced to see this excellent book in a new and cheaper edition. It has long been a standard with students, and we trust it will now obtain a much larger circle of readers.

Nothing could be more valuable in the establishing of a strong, intelligent Nonconformity than a knowledge of its past history and splendid heroisms; and these are here set forth with calm force and truth. Mr. Miall's story of the last forty years is a worthy appendix to the original volume; and his statements as to recent doctrinal controversies are studiously fair. We wish especially that our young men and women might read this stirring story, with its mingled instruction and inspiration.

An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use means for the Conversion of the Heathen. By Wm. Carey. Hodder and Stoughton.

A *fac-simile* reprint of the memorable work which, in part, gave birth to modern Missionary enterprise, cannot but interest all who love our Lord, and pray "Thy kingdom come!"

Inspiration and Inerrancy. By PROFESSORS BRIGGS, EVANS, & BRUCE. James Clarke and Co.

THE worst and most flagrant of the destructive theories of the Scriptures are here boldly asserted. There is no mistaking the writers' meaning. They deny all distinctive inspiration to the Bible; and Professor Briggs, in particular, pours contempt on all who dare still to believe this "obsolete" doctrine. To be "wounded in the house of His friends" is no new experience to the Saviour; and here it is done without scruple. These professors, making infidels by their irreverent criticism of the infallible truth of God, present an instructive sight for those who support and sustain them in their official positions. The influence of such books can only be evil; and we would avoid them as we would the leprosy.

The Problem of Immortality. By E. PETAVEL, D.D. With a Prefatory Letter by CHARLES SECRÉTAN. Elliot Stock.

A BOLD, outspoken manifesto and defence of the conditional immortality school of teaching. It is probably the best that can be said from this point of view, and is strikingly inconclusive. The Scriptures are interpreted unnaturally, meanings foisted on them to fit a preconceived theory, and the result then received with acclaim, as being original and true. Those who still believe the Bible to be the perfect expression of God's will, will not be ensnared by this clever volume; but tyros may.

We should earnestly hope that few would buy it, fewer read it, fewest of all be moved from the truth of God thereby. The annihilation of the ungodly is by no means the destruction of difficulties about future-life questions. It is only a change of mysteries, and to our mind a change for the worse.

The Kingdom of Heaven. By ΣΑΕΡΑΝΑ. Partridge.

THIS portly five-shilling volume, of 390 pages, is a lucid treatment of a great theme. Beginning with the Psalms, and quoting the Prophets, the divine purpose to establish a kingdom of heaven on earth is clearly shown, as also the postponement of that purpose during the present interval in which the church is being gathered. A striking appendix of 15 pages deals with "The Ministry of Milk" (Heb. v. 12—14), worthy of careful study by all pastors and teachers.

The Firm Foundation of the Christian Faith. By Professor J. A. BEET, D.D. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school Union.

A CONCISE handbook of Christian evidences for senior Sunday-scholars. Approached from the human side, the argument is well stated, and at last confirmed by Scripture. We demur, however, to the author's admission that there are "discrepancies" rather than difficulties which patient Christian scholarship explains.

Scripture Biography and its Teachings. By JOSEPH HASSELL, A.K.C., London. Blackie and Son.

A CLEAR, compact, and comprehensive summary of Scripture lives, well adapted for teachers. Only such as a trained teacher could have produced, and a safe help to Bible or senior-class leaders.

That Good Part; and other Sermons. By ROBERT RUTHERFORD, M.A. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

AN excellent volume of sermons, solid in teaching, strong in composition, spiritual in tone and feeling. The author believes something, and is manifestly anxious for others to believe it too, and to know its blessed fruits in their lives. This gives force to his arguments, and pathos to his pleas. He believes, and therefore speaks; and his speaking is with power. So long as our country congregations have and appreciate such discourses as these, so long will they continue to be the fertile supplies of our town churches. We heartily commend this capital collection.

Riches in Christ. By L. SHOREY. Stoneman.

A SERIES of short addresses. There is a gracious tone about them that will cause them to be valued, especially by those who heard them delivered.

The One Book: a Treatise on the Unique Character of the Bible. By the Ven. JOSHUA HUGHES-GAMES, D.C.L. William Hunt and Co.

THE aim here is general utility. Higher criticism on the Scriptures can never come within the range of the popular mind; nor can general requirements be met by those works which seek, by a direct movement, to confute the destructive school in question. What is wanted for popular purposes is more a *flank* movement than a direct attack. It is on such lines that this work is constructed. We should have liked the aim to have been higher—that the author had sought to establish something more than the unique character of the Bible; but he has well achieved the task he has set himself; and will, we trust, essay another flank movement from a higher plane.

The Book Defended. By HERBERT DICKINS. Elliot Stock.

A DEVOUT treatise of seventy pages dealing with revelation from the believer's standpoint, and deserving study and commendation.

An Introduction to the Old Testament. By Rev. C. H. H. WRIGHT, D.D., Ph.D. *The Writers of the New Testament. Their Style and Characteristics.* By the late Rev. W. H. SIMCOX, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Two half-crown volumes of the "Theological Educator Series" are here presented, full of matter, clear, and scholarly in style, and well up to date in their range. We confess to a feeling of disappointment, however, with both volumes. The former inculcates tolerance to the new views of higher criticism; abandons "the infallibility of the Hebrew Scriptures"; the Solomonic authorship of Ecclesiastes and Canticles is disavowed; and the views generally, though stated with moderation, seem to be rather a parliamentary vote of the critics (including the rationalists) than what we should have expected from Dr. Wright. The latter volume assumes the *Protevangelium* theory, a common basis for the synoptic gospels, but confesses inability to describe its nature. The value of these volumes, as text-books, would depend upon the tutors using them. Apart from competent guides, they might become convenient stepping-stones from the old certainties to the new myths.

Canon and Text of the Old Testament. By Dr. FRANTS BUHL. Translated by Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THE learned author of this work now occupies the place of the late Dr. Franz Delitzsch, at Leipsic. The work before us is a minute, careful, and exhaustive enquiry into the great subject with which it deals. In this instance, the results of criticism leave the sacred canon and text very much where they were. Dr. Buhl is evidently a careful investigator, while he has no particular theory to risk, or destructive mission to fulfil. The conclusion arrived at concerning textual criticism by this scholar is that, while "it can, in many instances, contribute in an important manner to the greater clearness and beauty of the text," yet "it does not alter the contents from those already known in any essential respect."

The Class and the Desk. Old Testament Series, Genesis—Esther. By J. COMPER GRAY and C. S. CAREY. Elliot Stock.

THIS volume is such an established favourite with Sunday-school teachers, that it now needs neither introduction nor commendation. The busy teacher will find here plenty of terse suggestions that will expand into lessons, and references to other books that will help in their exposition and illumination. A capital gift-book for a friend, or a personal investment for yourself, Mr. Diligent Teacher!

The Five Great Offerings and their Law. By E. M. S. Marshall Bros.

MRS. SYNGE, who is a daughter of Rev. E. B. Elliot, known to all the world as the author of *Horæ Apocalypticæ*, here worthily follows in her father's steps. This is a good book. It opens with a letter from Rev. Handley Moule, and a preface by Dr. Elder Cumming, but it requires neither to ensure a welcome for it,

from the earnest student of God's Word. We recommend it to those who hitherto have been guided chiefly by C. H. M. on the same subject; they will find his position here somewhat revised. The chapter on the Trespass Offering, we have read with much delight; and have put the volume aside for further study. It is worthy of a place in the devout minister's library, though we scarcely fancy that the publishers think so, seeing they have not put the title on the back of the volume as well as on the side.

How to read the Prophets. By Rev. BUCHANAN BLAKE, B.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

ABLY planned and executed upon the lines of the received chronology, the author yet regards such books as Isaiah and Zechariah as containing "prophecies of different authors, having, perhaps, the same name." Notwithstanding the ingenuity of the theory, the writer does not dogmatize, and his arrangements, with the historic settings, may much help the ordinary reader of the minor prophets. This is the scope of Part I. Part II., *How to read Isaiah*, we have already reviewed.

Books which Influenced our Lord and His Apostles. By J. E. H. THOMSON, B.D., Stirling. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS critical review of Apocalyptic Jewish literature deals with an important branch of study for those who would understand the surroundings and influences of our Lord's earthly life. We are not prepared to accept all the author's conclusions—*e.g.*, that our Lord received Rabbinic ordination in a sect of the Essenes; but the highest authorities are cited, though not always followed. The three great divisions of the book are, the Historic Background, the Evolution or growth of Apocalyptic literature (outside the Apocrypha), and Criticism of the various Books. The theological result shows that the leading orthodox doctrines of Revelation are recognized or taught even in these uninspired books extant in the days of Christ. Although not burdened with technicalities, it is a book for scholars rather than for popular use. A valuable piece of work, marked by care, insight, and erudition.

Christ the Creator and Redeemer of Mankind; and God the Christian's Father. By W. A. POPLEY. Stock.

THIS is an able book throughout. Though the first four chapters do not come immediately under the title of the volume, they have a bearing upon it. They deal with "The Authenticity of Matthew and Mark", "Memorial Stones", "Spontaneous Generation", and the "Mosaic Authorship of Genesis", in a masterly manner. The author sustains the authority of Scripture, and honours the Lord Jesus Christ. The chapter on the Atonement is particularly good.

The Christ of the Fourth Gospel: a Miracle of Truth, or a Miracle of Falsehood. An Alternative. By J. M. DENNISTON, M.A. Nisbet.

THIS is a polemical work, in the best sense of the term. The writer's aim is not so much to gain his end by reasoning of his own; rather it is to restrict the disputant to the living Word itself, and go over the sacred ground with him step by step. We question if this method will find extensive favour among the class whom it is designed to influence. But the success of the method is certain wheresoever adopted. We have no fear of any one remaining an unbeliever who will go over the Fourth Gospel after the manner illustrated by Mr. Denniston. We like the plan, and we wish the author God-speed in his Christ-honouring endeavour.

The Epistles of the Apostle Paul. A Sketch of their Origin and Contents. By G. G. FINDLAY, B.A. Kelly.

A SCHOLARLY work, with much of theorizing. Our author is great on chronology, and little on exposition. He takes liberty to discard generally-accepted beliefs, but substitutes others with but little argument. Silas is now the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews: and Romans vii. was the experience of Paul before his conversion! Indeed! We beg leave to question even a B.A. on such subjects as these. The book is dry and doubtful.

The Doctrine of the Death of Christ, in Relation to the Sin of Man, the Condemnation of the Law, and the Dominion of Satan. By Rev. N. DIMOCK, A.M. Elliot Stock.

WITHOUT endorsing every opinion of the author, especially those referring to Satan's dominion, we cordially commend this book to the careful study of all who still love and cling to the real, that is, the substitutionary atonement of Christ. It is a strong, and eminently Scriptural defence and fortifying of the teaching of the Saviour and His apostles; and, in quarters where the modern theories of the atonement have begun their deadly work, will be a priceless antidote. We shall rejoice to hear of its running into more than one edition.

The Propitiation of our Lord in its bearing on Ethics. By JAMES KENNEDY, M.A., late Missionary in Northern India. Alexander and Shepheard.

PRACTICALLY, this work is an indictment brought against a large portion of the preaching of the present day. The writer is profoundly convinced that, "in the preaching of a considerable number of able and excellent men, a main element of power is wanting;" that while the divinity of our Lord is strongly affirmed," &c., "there is a singular reticence on Christ's redemptive work, on His giving Himself a sacrifice for sins, by which His love has been most signally shown." For our own part, we doubt if the divinity of Christ is properly held, however strongly affirmed, where His atoning work is ignored; nor can we regard preaching as having any spiritual excellence whatever, if it is not vitalized at the cross of Christ. The truth for which Mr. Kennedy contends, is vital to preaching at every pore. His indictment is justified; but the crisis demands something more scathing.

Gracious Words and Glorious Works. By Captain DAWSON. Shaw and Co.

LIKE all Captain Dawson's little books, gracious and suggestive.

Round the Bible. By HENRY THORNE. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling.

TEACHERS of Bible-classes will find many a helpful suggestion in these fifty-three Bible-readings, issued in the cheap edition at a shilling, by this earnest evangelist. Some of the subjects are uninviting; but here are flowers from a thorn!

Bible Object Lessons. By Rev. JAMES WELLS, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

HAPPY are the young people who heard these addresses; for they are Bible Object Lessons indeed, full of incident and illustration. There is also an earnest pleading with the young for decision for Christ. Mr. Wells is quite at home in writing for the young; and yet these Object Lessons will be useful to parents, teachers, and preachers. If you have *Bible Echoes*, *Bible Children*, and *Bible Images*, be sure to add *Bible Object Lessons* to the rest.

The Intellectual Culture of a Christian. By Rev. JAMES M'CANN, D.D. *The Christian's Aims.* By Rev. A. PEARSON, M.A. *The Christian's Pathway of Victory.* By Rev. CANON GIRDLESTONE, M.A. *The Christian's Privileges.* By Rev. W. J. DEANE, M.A. *The Christian's Duties and Responsibilities.* By the DEAN OF NORWICH. *The Christian's Progress.* By ARCHDEACON WYNNE, D.D. *The Christian's Inheritance.* By Rev. C. A. GOODHART, M.A. "*The Christian Under Review*" *Series.* Nisbet and Co.

"THE Christian" who carefully reads these books will pass "under review" greatly the better for having done so. They are written by evangelical dignitaries and clergymen of the Church of England and the Episcopal Church of Ireland; and things are sometimes put from the churchy as well as from the evangelical point of view; but that was inevitable. Mr. Goodhart, on "The Christian's Inheritance", is sometimes a little fanciful; and we do not think he solves the difficulties of the resurrection of the body. Taken as a series, the teaching of all the books is evangelical in substance, and the spirit is devout and earnest. The volume by Dr. M'Cann ought to have a large circulation, especially among young men; and we should be glad to see more of the same sort of work from his able and lucid pen.

Twenty-eight Years a Slave. By Rev. THOS. L. JOHNSON. Alexander and Shepheard.

A SHILLING would be well invested in the purchase of this little book; for it not only gives the interesting story of our earnest brother's life and work, but the profits on its sale will assist the African Mission, which is so deeply engraven on his heart.

Austin Phelps. A Memoir. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Nisbet.

A WORK of great literary merit, built up from slight materials, but enshrining the record of a noble life. The author of "The Still Hour" and "Man's Renewal" needs from us no commendation: his works are his best monument. Himself the son of a remarkable man, he, as professor at Andover, did a remarkable work, and his remarkable daughter tells the story of his life with much felicity of expression, and fertility of resource. We had the intention of devoting an article to this book; but lack of space compels us to abandon our intention.

Parting Memorial of JOHN JAMES BONAR, D.D. James McKelvie and Sons, Greenock.

THERE were three brothers Bonar; and though not so widely known as his brothers, Dr. Horatius and Dr. Andrew, Dr. John James earned to himself good renown as a faithful minister of the Word. For many years, at Greenock, he was a familiar and faithful figure. Well we remember his earnest tones and sympathetic presence. Now, he rests; and his son has issued this admirable tribute to his memory, which will long be fragrant to all who knew him.

The Countess of Huntingdon, and her Connexion. By Rev. J. B. FIGGIS, M.A. Partridge and Co.

A NEAT, two-shilling biography of this sainted lady, including a full report of the Centenary meetings of the Connexion. There was never, perhaps, a more remarkable woman in the history of religion in England, one who so influenced both high and low for Christ. Mr. Figgis tells the interesting story with fidelity and vigour. May the Connexion maintain its connection with its evangelical and evangelistic past!

Florence Nightingale, the Wounded Soldiers' Friend. By ELIZA F. POLLARD. Partridge and Co.

ONE of Partridge's splendid series of eighteenpenny illustrated biographies. A marvel of cheapness, and well told. It is interesting to find that the first effort made in nursing by Florence Nightingale was, when as a girl, she bound up a dog's wounded leg: the whole incident is related in this book. But, really, we must object to the city of Scutari being described, in another place, as "ten thousand feet above the troubled waters of the Black Sea." Ten thousand feet would be twice as high as any of our British mountains. When we saw Scutari, it was on a gentle eminence at this end of the Bosphorus, being indeed but the Asiatic quarter of Constantinople, and Florence Nightingale's hospital is yet a notable landmark there. More comforting and melodious than the bird which sings in the shadow, and more beautiful than the city on the Arno, even when seen in splendour from San Miniato, has been the life of this noble woman. Her splendid deeds cannot be too widely known.

A Young Heart of Oak. Memories of HARRY STUART BOLDERO, Lieut. R.N. Hodder and Stoughton.

A LOVING record of a young naval officer, who died at the age of twenty-four, having during his life, at various places, in different parts of the world, borne a noble testimony for Christ. The story is simply and interestingly told, and as Dr. Spence, Dean of Gloucester, says in his preface, quoting Ruskin, it is such lives as these we need to have written far more than the biographies of famous men. We hope this sterling Christian type of man is oftener to be met with in the navy than formerly. This book would be a useful present to young men who go down to the sea in ships; indeed, all boys would be interested in it. Such hearts of oak form England's best bulwarks.

"*Like a Little Candle*"; *or, Bertrande's Influence.* By MARGARET S. HAYCRAFT. Partridge and Co.

MRS. HAYCRAFT'S stories always contain Christian teaching. Here we are supposed to make the acquaintance of one of the "little ones" of the kingdom, who is taken from the guardianship of humble Christian people to that of "Society" caste rich relatives, where she suffers and shines for Jesus. Here and there in the book, those who have seen little of child piety might judge the story to be somewhat goody-goody; but it is so full of varied and interesting incident, that we commend it without reservation.

"*Not Wanted*"; *or, The Wreck of the "Providence."* By ELIZA F. POLLARD. Partridge and Co.

A STORY very well put together, in which some of the blackest and some of the brightest traits of human character are delineated. The spiriting away of the rightful heir because he's in the way, and "not wanted" by a guardian (?) uncle, and his afterwards turning up when he is still "not wanted", is, we fear, not less frequent in fact than in fiction. Our author has invested such a plot with much which will interest lovers of the mysterious and the tragic.

Tales from the Mabinogion. Edited by META E. WILLIAMS.

The Little Princess and the Great Plot. By LINA ECKENSTEIN. T. Fisher Unwin.

FOR daintiness of binding and excellence of print, these books deserve the heartiest commendation. They form part of a series entitled *The Children's Library*, and nothing could more prettily adorn the nursery or schoolroom bookshelves than these simple but attractive volumes. The first contains stories of some of the doughty deeds of King Arthur and his far-famed knights, and *The Little Princess* is full of breezy nonsense, which will greatly charm the imaginative little one who delights in building "castles in the air." The books are purely secular in character, and not of the kind which usually come under the notice of *The Sword and the Trowel.*

Jarrold's Penny Popular Stories. Jarrold, 3, Paternoster Buildings.

A SERIES, which begins with "Buy Your Own Cherries", "Mother's Last Words", and "Our Father's Care", of which an average of more than *a million each* have been sold, hardly needs commendation. Our readers should send for the thirteen stories already issued, and judge for themselves as to their quality.

Horner's Threepenny Pocket Library. Horner's Shilling Pocket Library. Horner and Son, 27, Paternoster Square.

Partridge's Home Library. Popular Edition. Partridge and Co.

WHAT a story-telling and story-reading age this is! Eighteen millions and a-half of Horner's Penny Stories have been issued; and now the same stories are re-issued in a pocket edition, two for threepence, in paper covers, or twice the number of stories, well-bound, for a shilling. If people *will* read stories, they had better have those which contain as much gospel truth as these do, rather than the trash which delights and ruins so many in these days.

The same remark applies to the four shilling volumes of *Partridge's Home Library* before us, which are all by Annie S. Swan, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the religious teaching that is woven into the tales.

Who shall Serve? A Story for the Times. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE conflict between labour and capital appears to thicken, and the noise of those who mingle in the fray is heard afar off by those who, presumably, can take no part in it. But the differences between masters and men have touched and pained a very tender heart; and the consequence is, that Annie S. Swan has sought to pour oil on the troubled waters, by writing a story in which the claims of both sides are fairly recognized and discussed. Good sense and impartiality characterize the tale as a whole; and although some of the details are more than a little improbable, the story is very readable, and likely to be useful.

Meg and Olive: or, Life at the Grey House. By M. RICHARDS. Hogg.

A STORY for the children, well-calculated to excite their interest. The girls especially will like to follow the fortunes of Meg and Olive, two little girls who, although nearly the same age, yet stand toward each other in the relationship of aunt and niece.

A Knight without Spurs; or, Judy's Champion. By Mrs. JAMES MARTIN. Shaw and Co.

ONE of those stories which well up from the heart of the writer, and cause the tears to spring from the reader's eyes. It is the outcome of a tender, compassionate yearning for the friendless and forlorn, and the expression of an unwavering faith in the potent influence of love.

Harold; or, Two died for Me. By LAURA A. BARTER.

Frank Burleigh; or, Chosen to be a Soldier. By L. PHILLIPS. Partridge.

PRETTY, pleasing stories, very nicely told. Just the very books to get for your own Harold or Frank, on his ninth or tenth birthday.

The Boys of Priors Dean. By PHŒBE ALLEN. John Hogg.

A WELL-DRAWN portrait of boys in general. Many a young reader may recognize himself, and his friends will acknowledge that he is faithfully portrayed.

Notes.

NEXT month we hope to resume our account of "Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives at Menton" by giving a description of his memorable drive on January 12, with reproductions of the photographs taken that day, under his supervision, by Mr. P. W. J. Mackenzie, of Dover. We also expect to have articles by Dr. Pierson, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Charlesworth, and other writers, with a portrait and sketch of Professor Fergusson. The title of Dr. Pierson's article will be, "The Complex Character of Mr. Spurgeon."

Our first Special Conference Number is not yet out of print. It makes, with the present Magazine, the most complete record of any of our College Conferences ever issued. Members and Associates of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association can still obtain copies of last month's and the present issues at the reduced rate mentioned in the circulars sent to them. They will be helping the College if they seek to increase the circulation of these Special Numbers of the Magazine.

Many of our readers desire to be kept informed as to the health of MRS. SPURGEON, and also as to the progress of her work. With regard to the former, we cannot give a very satisfactory report, and possibly one reason is that her happy service in connection with the Book Fund has been particularly heavy lately. The work was so long in abeyance that, when it was resumed, contributions and applications poured in upon the beloved Manager of the Fund; and during the past month there has been an increase of labour from another source. A generous friend of Mr. Spurgeon, who sat by his side while he was delivering his Conference Address, *The Greatest Fight in the World*, has contributed the greater part of the cost of sending that Address, through the Book Fund, to more than 35,000 clergymen and ministers in the United Kingdom. It is a noble deed on the part of our beloved friend, and we trust that it will result in all the blessing that he longs to see from the effort; but, incidentally, while it has brought Mrs. Spurgeon many grateful and cheering letters, it has also made her work more widely known among clergymen and ministers who have need of any books that she is able to give them. Doubtless, strength for the work will be graciously bestowed by her loving Lord, as it has been in the past; and, meanwhile, she will be thankful for the continued supplication of the children of God who have so long and so lovingly remembered her at the throne of grace.

MR. and MRS. THOMAS SPURGEON and their infant son arrived safely at "Westwood" on June 10, after a stormy and uncomfortable voyage from New Zealand. Never were tired travellers more grateful for rest than our dear friends were when they reached Beulah Hill. Before this Magazine is in the hands of our readers, "Son Tom" will have commenced his three months' engagement at the Tabernacle. Many prayers have been presented on his behalf, that strength may be granted to him for this important service, and for all that the Lord has for him to do in the future; and in those supplications his dear brother, PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON, has been also affectionately remembered.

The closing weeks of DR. PIERSON'S eight months' ministry at the Tabernacle will be memorable to many because of the great spiritual blessing that has been poured out upon the congregation, resulting in the conversion of large numbers of precious souls.

At the communion service, on June 5, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon gave the right hand of fellowship to sixty-five new members; and there are many "more to follow." During the whole time that the doctor has been at the Tabernacle, the congregations have been very large, the prayer-meetings have been well sustained, the Lord's people have been greatly edified and profited, sinners have been saved, and the finances of the church have been maintained almost beyond expectation. All recognize the necessity for Dr. Pierson's return to America, but they none the less regret it; and whether he comes back to the Tabernacle, or not, he will have a warm place in the affection and esteem of the thousands who have been spiritually helped by his able ministry.

C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund.—We publish this month a list of the donations and promises received up to June 14. This is a very good commencement of the Memorial Fund; but we trust that the many friends of the beloved Pastor will regard it only as a commencement, and make the Fund a worthy memorial of his life and work. All donations should be addressed, "Treasurers, C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund, Metropolitan Tabernacle."

In Memoriam.—To many of the worshippers at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the memory of Mrs. John Jewell Penstone will long be very fragrant. She was a faithful member of the church for sixteen years. Her beloved Pastor, whom she has now rejoined in the presence of their Lord, said that he never failed to see her in her place whatever the weather might be, although the distance from her house on Stamford Hill was great. Her last visit to the Tabernacle was at the prayer-meeting on the night of the assembling of the Conference, May 2. She returned home feeling unwell, and on May 7 passed away in her sleep to be "for ever with the Lord."

She was born in Bristol in 1815, and received a liberal education in the Society of Friends, of which her father and mother and all her family connections were members. At a time when the "Friends" were becoming far less evangelical than they now are, she, with many more, quitted them, for faithfulness to the Word of God marked every step she took, whatever might be the cost. Her love for the Bible, of which she was a daily and diligent student, was very great. Her Greek Testament was her constant and cherished companion; and when her beloved Pastor took his bold stand in defence of God's truth against the enemies of the old faith, day by day she pleaded with God over the issue of the conflict. Late in life she married Mr. Penstone, the friend of her early days, in whose labours for the Lord Jesus she was ever the faithful counsellor, and of whose sorrows and joys she was the willing and happy partaker.

No one will miss her more at the Metropolitan Tabernacle than Mr. E. H. Bartlett, as she had been a constant attendant at his class during the whole of the seventeen years he has conducted it.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Home and Foreign Missionary Society.—The quarterly meeting was held in the College lecture-hall on May 17. Thomas H. Olney, Esq. in the chair.

Mr. G. H. Judd (Secretary) reported that the amount raised during the past quarter was £50, which was sufficient for the usual distribution of the fund. In the list of contributions one name appeared for the last time, *Miss Alice Churcher*. This teacher had been very suddenly called home; and a suggestion was made that an *In memoriam* donation should be given to the Pastors' College Missionary Association, as her brother, Dr. Churcher, is working in North Africa in connection with that Association.

Dr. Pierson, in his address, said that it is the duty and privilege of every believer to tell the gospel story "for," said he, "you have been brought out of the darkness of sin, but many have never heard the story of the cross. If a procession of the heathen were to pass you, in single file, you would have to stand, day and night, for fifty years, before the last had passed by; and how many do you suppose have been sent out by the Church of Christ to reach them? The Tabernacle would hold them all, for there have been only about 6,000. If Christians would give £1 per year, on an average, which is only a few pence per week, for spreading the gospel, we should have about forty millions of pounds per year instead of the two and a half millions now raised."

Mrs. Holman Bentley (just returned from the Congo) said that, when they entered a fresh town, they first saw the chief, with the object of obtaining the boys to come to their school, believing that the hope of the Congo lies in the children. Some of the Christian boys go out every Sunday to the neighbouring towns to tell about Jesus. Many of them took part in the Centenary Collection out of gratitude to the Baptist Missionary Society for having sent out missionaries to their country.

Mr. Pearce (superintendent of the Sunday-school) closed the meeting with prayer.

College.—Mr. B. J. Cole has completed his course with us, and settled at Lossiemouth, Elgin, N.B. Mr. W. Murray has accepted the pastorate of the church at Boundary Road, Walthamstow; and Mr. W. W. Wilks, at Alnwick, Northumberland.

The following brethren have either removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. J. Davis, from Long Preston, to Cullingworth, Yorkshire; Mr. T. Hancocks, from Chatham, to Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate; Mr. F. Thompson, from Waterbeach, to Park Street, Luton; and Mr. G. Turner, from

Tottenham, to Sutton, Surrey. Mr. C. Stanley is remaining at South Shields, having declined the invitation to Waterhouses.

Mr. W. Thomas has left Penzance, and gone to the United States. We commend him to the sympathies of our brethren there. Mr. W. A. Biss has removed from Mannsville, to Big Rapids, Micosta County, Michigan; Mr. J. Forth, from Adams Centre, to Hebronville, Bristol County, Massachusetts; and Mr. J. G. Gibson, from Red Bluff, to Chico, Butte Co., California. Mr. T. Hagen, late of Bradford, has settled at Almonte, Lanark Co., Ontario, Canada.

Mr. Henry Clark, formerly of Barking, has become pastor at Harris Street, Sydney, New South Wales.

Mr. Hugo Gutsche, our German student, writes to tell us that he is pastor of the Baptist Church in Leipsic, and also sends us an interesting paper, written by a friend of his, on "Religious Liberty in Germany", and "Baptists' Rights in Saxony." We regret that we only have space for the following sentences:—"There is no State in the German Empire in which the people enjoy religious liberty. In some States, the utmost religious toleration is exercised, and religious societies can be incorporated. In others, dissenting churches have no rights, and are subjected to all kinds of social and legal persecutions. . . . The Baptists in Saxony are not recognized by law, and have absolutely no legal right to exist. Churches cannot become incorporated; the church property must be held in the name of some private member, and is subject to taxation. The Baptists stand, in the eyes of the law, on the same level as the Socialists and Anarchists; and their preaching services, prayer-meetings, &c., are governed by the same laws which control socialistic, anarchistic, and other public meetings. . . . In Leipsic, considerable liberty is enjoyed; but in other cities in Saxony the law is strictly enforced."

College Missionary Association.—Dr. Churcher has again taken charge of the Hospital and Medical Mission work at Tangier, as Dr. Terry has been obliged to return to England to recruit his strength after his late serious illness. Mr. Patrick will be glad of opportunities of preaching or speaking on behalf of the College Missionary Association. His address, this month and next, will be Brackenhurst, Redhill.

Evangelists.—Pastor E. Dyer writes from Southend-on-Sea:—"We have had our brethren, *Fullerton and Smith*, at the Tabernacle here for a short and successful mission. The companies were large, the people listened with great attention, and much good has been done. The 'Hours with the Bible' were very helpful times, and much appreciated by Christians."

Pastor E. A. Tydeman writes:—"We feel that we cannot speak too highly of the service rendered by our dear friends, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, during their late visit to Foots Cray. Previous to their coming, the church had made earnest and continued supplication that much blessing might attend their visit, and we have to record with gratitude that God has answered our prayers.

"The chapel was filled each evening with hearers, many of whom were unconverted, and the hearts of God's people were filled with joy to hear the gospel put so plainly and forcibly as it was by both speech and song. The memory of Mr. Fullerton's admirable addresses, which were models of telling and Scriptural appeal, will long remain as a joy and inspiration; and Mr. Smith's sweet and winning songs still linger in the hearts of young and old. We have already received into fellowship eight of those who were brought to decision through the services; others are about to be received; and many others, who attend neighbouring places of worship, have received a blessing. If at some future date our brethren can visit us again, and especially if they can make a longer stay, we believe that we shall see even 'greater things than these.'"

Our brethren also visited Bromley, Kent, before the Conference; and afterwards held an eight-days' mission at Cheltenham. The services were held in connection with the Cambray Baptist and St. Andrew's Presbyterian Churches. The minister of the latter, Rev. J. More, writes:—"It has been a time of great joy and refreshing to all of us who have been associated in the work. We have felt the gracious presence of God very specially, and a great many enquirers have passed through the enquiry-room; there were so many after the last meeting that personal dealing with them was almost out of the question, and Mr. Fullerton addressed them in the mass. One fact has cheered our hearts not a little—viz., many of our brightest and best cases are those who have been in deep anxiety under our ordinary ministry, and this special occasion has brought them to decision."

Last month the Evangelists were at Annan; Great Grimsby; and Wealdstone.

Of the mission at Annan, the following report has reached us:—"The meetings were held in the Victoria Hall, holding 600 people; and towards the close of the mission it was filled with an attentive audience. In fact, on the last Sabbath evening, we had to adjourn to the United Presbyterian Church, seating 800; and it was crowded out. We have had several interesting cases of conversion, the church itself has been quickened by the faithful preaching of Mr. Fullerton, and we doubt not that more fruit will still accrue. Mr. Smith sang the gospel with tenderness and power, while his quiet, loving appeals went home to many hearts. To God be all the praise!

"Yours in the Master's service,
"Thomas Johnstone."

This month our brethren go to Neath, South Wales. At the end of August, they begin a month's mission in Ipswich. From October to December they are to be in Liverpool.

Pastor G. McFadyean writes, concerning *Mr. Burnham's* services at Saltash:—"The mission was all too brief; and when the season drew to its close, we all felt that our brother's ministry was telling on the souls of many with blessing and power. As it was, we have had blessing in conversion and awakening."

Just before the Conference, Mr. Burnham and *Pastor W. H. Broad* held a series of services at the Mission Hall, Fraser Street, Chiswick, which resulted in some accepting Christ as their Saviour, and others returning to Him, from whom for a time they had wandered.

Since the Conference, Mr. Burnham has conducted a mission at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Crane Moor, Sheffield. This month he goes, with Mr. Broad, for the third time to Frampton Cotterell.

Pastor D. H. Moore reports as follows concerning *Messrs. Harmer and Jenner's* services at Barking:—"The people of God have been quickened, and many others have sought and found peace in believing. Our chapel being too small, we hired the new Board School for Sunday evening services; and the place was so crowded, though supposed to seat 800, that some had to be refused admittance. Our afternoon meeting for men only was, I suppose, unique. We shall send a thankoffering to help to support these dear brethren; for their services are invaluable to small churches."

Mr. Harmer was at Chase Side, Southgate, on May 8, and from May 15 to 22. His visit was fruitful in gracious results. Several conversions took place, and the workers were refreshed by the services. Mr. Harmer has since preached twice at the Tabernacle lecture-hall, and also at Thornton Heath and Orpington. During the five Sabbaths of this month he will be supplying Mr. Greenwood's pulpit at Catford Hill; after that time, he will be at liberty either for missions or supply work. In sending a thankoffering of £3, for Mr. Harmer's services at Washbrook, just after this month's lists were closed, Mr. B. Pool, of Ipswich, writes:—"Mr. Harmer's services are always very welcome. Since conducting the services for young people, at Burlington Chapel, we have had over thirty of the Sunday-school scholars join the church."

Mr. Harrison preached at the Assembly Rooms, Reading, each Sabbath in April and May. He will be glad to hear from brethren needing a supply. His address is 4, Richmond Terrace, Clapham Road, S.W.

ORPHANAGE.—The Annual Festival was held on June 22, just as the Magazine was being sent to the printers; we must, therefore, defer our account of the proceedings until next month, when we shall also give the Annual Report of the institution. We may just say here, that the attendance appeared to be as large as ever; the proceedings, while necessarily somewhat sad, were characterized by the utmost enthusiasm; and the generous gifts of hundreds of friends proved that there was no intention of allowing the Orphanage to suffer, although its beloved Founder had been "called home."

Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphan Choir have visited Wisbech, Upwell, Soham, Waterbeach, and Cambridge; and have met with a very hearty reception. We thank our old and tried friends and our newly-enrolled helpers for their generous sympathy and support.

The prizes to Sunday-school scholars in the Brixton Auxiliary were distributed on May 23, the dining-hall of the Orphanage being lent for the occasion. Mr. B. I. Greenwood presided, and addresses were given by the adjudicators, Pastors W. Pettman and Z. T. Dowen, and Mr. Goodchild Our Orphanage children were successful in carrying off 164 certificates and 7 prizes.

A reunion of Orphanage "old boys" took place at Whitsuntide. The meeting of old schoolfellows was both pleasant and profitable. A service held at the Norwood Cemetery will not be forgotten: it was a means of grace to all present.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Conolly, of Redhill, a garden party has been arranged for Saturday, July 2. General W. Hatt Noble will preside at a meeting, and he will be supported by several ministers and clergymen, and the leading residents of the district. An opportunity being thus afforded, our friends are hopeful of a large attendance and a generous response in aid of the Orphanage and the Memorial Fund. As this is the first meeting of the kind for the institution, its success will, we doubt not, suggest to friends in other localities an example worthy of imitation.

The orphan children are to have a day at the seaside (D.V.) on Tuesday, July 12, and many Tabernacle friends will be included in the party.

Midsummer Holidays, from July 26th to August 25th.—Will friends in the country, able to take either boys or girls, who have no relatives to receive them, the whole or part of the holidays, kindly communicate with Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London?

COLPORTAGE.—On *Monday evening, May* 23, the annual meeting of the Association was held in the Tabernacle, in connection with the usual prayer-meeting. The President (Pastor J. A. Spurgeon) presided, and addresses were delivered by Dr. Pierson and some of the colporteurs. The secretary read extracts from the Report published in the present Magazine. On the previous day, a considerable number of the men had met

the committee for prayer and consultation; and on the Monday afternoon, a special address had been delivered to them by the President, who took for his subject 2 Kings vi. 5—7.

The committee very urgently appeal for immediate help to continue their work of spreading the Word of God and pure literature, especially in the rural districts. Great blessing is resting upon the efforts of the 96 colporteurs, and their work is increasingly useful in making known the gospel by circulating the late beloved President's sermons, and other works. By these, "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Will friends allow this work, which he repeatedly said was "second to none", to be fettered or diminished for want of timely assistance, now that the revered founder's voice no longer pleads for it? Yet this is inevitable unless speedy aid is given. Think of nearly a million books and publications distributed last year, to the value of £11,255 0s. 6d., and about 10,000 gospel addresses delivered, besides thousands of aged and afflicted ones visited and comforted, many of whom cannot be reached in any other way! What an immense power for good!

If large donations cannot be given, smaller ones will be thankfully accepted and acknowledged. If *every* reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* forwarded only a shilling, the needs of the Association would be met for another year. Communications addressed to the secretary, W. Corden Jones, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, will receive prompt attention.

Personal Notes.—In a letter to Mrs. Spurgeon, from *Russia*, acknowledging the receipt of the monthly packet of three hundred of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, the writer says:—"These precious sermons will now be more read than ever. I was travelling far away, up the Kama river (a tributary of the Volga), and on going upstairs, in the morning, I found, in the saloon of the steamer, a volume of your husband's sermons, and read them to my great satisfaction; but I wondered whence they had come. I found, however, a lady on board, who had brought the volume with her."

In a later letter, the same correspondent says:—"The sermons are held in higher esteem than ever. Your dear husband has now passed behind the veil; and thus his words come with greater force than ever. I was glad to take copies with me on my journey to the interior."

Among the many letters from *clergymen*, which Mrs. Spurgeon has lately received, there were two from which we have made the following extracts, which may be regarded as specimens of what many others write:—

"I believe Mr. Spurgeon's sermons will long live. The originality, the style, the marrow of divinity in them, the wide knowledge of human nature, their eminently practical as well as Scripturally doctrinal character, their being expressed in 'a language understanded of the people', must ensure this. It is to be devoutly hoped that they will. 'Modern thought' would dry up religion in any church. Last Friday, I preached in a neighbouring parish, the rector of which was greatly struck by my sermon, and well he might be, for it was condensed and adapted from one by your husband."

"Even an epitome of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons has invariably arrested the attention of my congregation, and the result has been, as at ————, a crowded church in the evening. I therefore acknowledge my indebtedness to you for having favoured me, from time to time, with suitable material for the preparation of my sermons; for there is no uncertain sound about them; but they are clear, intelligible, and persuasive."

A friend in *Edinburgh*, writing to Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, says:—"Dear Sir,—Last Sabbath morning, when I took up the sermon, entitled, 'Where is the Lord?' (No. 2,258,) I was remarkably struck with the clear hand of God in directing the appearance of this discourse at a time when our Free Church Assembly was being thrown into convulsions of excitement over the passing of the 'Declaratory Act.' The more I read the sermon, the more I became convinced of its present suitability to our backsliding church. Truly, we are on the 'Down-grade.' I do not know whether you have scanned the reports of the proceedings referred to; but the hearts of the godly have been made to sigh and cry over the treading down, by our high church dignitaries, of those doctrines which Scotland's Reformers and Covenanters ever recognized to be the pure Word of God, and which the venerated Spurgeon ever defended in these sermons, which have so long found their way all over the world. The late discourse, being so applicable to these doings, makes me look upon it as being all the more wonderful, as if the spirit of the departed preacher was still looking down, and grieving over our declension. 'He, being dead, yet speaketh.'"

One of our College brethren writes:—"Just a fortnight after our beloved President entered glory, there followed him a dear aged saint of seventy-four. He had been blind for thirty years; and during the last few years had suffered excruciating pain; but he was happy in the Lord, and his labour for the Master had made him a well-known and respected character in our neighbourhood. Often have I seen him, in his bed, with a section of his raised-letter Bible on one side of him, and one of our President's sermons on the other. His housekeeper read the sermon to him every

week; and he has often told me that, next to the Bible, he got more good out of Spurgeon's sermons than out of anything else that was read to him. On one occasion I lent him *Seven Wonders of Grace*, and the reading of it was the means of great delight to his soul. His housekeeper was converted through our President's sermon on 'Jesus known by Personal Revelation' (No. 2,011). She, too, is afflicted bodily; but is a happy and consistent Christian. Did space permit, I could tell of many other cases, in the course of my visitations amongst my own people, and the sick in this neighbourhood, of the blessing the weekly sermon has been. Many a heart has been cheered, guided, and helped in the Christian life. Only yesterday, in visiting one of my own members, I heard of the comfort last week's sermon had been. Though these may be fresh instances, thank God, they are not new experiences; they are common here. We are not far from Mr. Spurgeon's birthplace, and the neighbourhood in which some of his early days were spent, and the people are justly proud of him, and love him. This is no new story; for though we have visited many places, we have never been where 'Spurgeon's sermons' were unknown, and the results of reading them have been the same everywhere."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—May 26th, 20; June 2nd, 29.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Pastor W. T. Wotton	1	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Training Class	7	0	0
Pastor W. Sullivan	0	2	6
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	2	2	0
Maidenhead Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. Preece	2	0	0
Mrs. Jackson, per J. T. D., In memoriam	1	0	0
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
Drummond Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. A. Burleigh	4	15	6
Mrs. Carmichael, per Pastor T. D. Cameron	1	0	0
Messrs. Fisher Brothers	3	3	0
Mrs. J. Arnold Lake	1	1	0
Pastor R. T. Lewis	0	0	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	2	0	0
Friends at Ryde, per Pastor J. Smale ...	0	5	0
Baptist Church, Jersey, per Pastor C. A. Fellowes	1	0	0
Mr. E. Ridgway	1	0	0
Miss J. N. Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Pastor James Rouch	0	5	0
Baptist Church, Ross, per Pastor W. A. Wicks	1	0	0
Mr. A. Bell	10	0	0
C. J.	1	1	0
Mr. John Blackwell, per Pastor S. Needham	2	0	0
Mrs. Graham	3	0	0
Pastor A. Hyde	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Paton	2	0	0
Mrs. Jefferies	0	10	0
Pastor G. Wainwright and friends at Bournemouth	1	12	6
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
A grateful one	1	0	0
Ashford	0	10	0
Pastor J. R. Cooper	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
May 15 ... ... 40 2 11			
,, 22 ... ... 12 12 9			
,, 29 ... ... 50 7 0			
June 5 ... ... 41 16 7			
,, 12 ... ... 56 8 10			
	210	8	1
	£274	17	1

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Bell	5	0	0
"Freda"	1	0	0
Per Rev. N. H. Patrick:—			
Mr. T. Brown 2 0 0			
A friend, Leicester ... 0 2 0			
	2	2	0
South Street Baptist Sunday-school, Greenwich	5	5	0
	£13	7	0

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 16th to June 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
From the Estate of the late Mrs. Clara Park	362	10	10
Mr. William Henry Clark	1	10	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
C. S.	0	1	0
M. W., for Jesus' sake	0	2	6
Mr. D. A. Macdonald	0	2	0
Mr. G. M. Prater	1	0	0
Mrs. Latta	0	10	0
Mr. George Cooper	3	0	0
Master Charlie Rabbits	0	10	0
Miss J. Ferguson	0	3	0
Mr. William Hamilton	1	0	0
A well-wisher	0	10	0
A lover of the truth	0	1	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Colonel J. T. Morton	1	0	0
Mr. A. Fleetwood Shrapnel	0	10	0
In memory of dear Mr. Spurgeon	1	0	0
A wreath, in loving memory, from three sisters and a brother, per Mr. E. Earl	0	6	6
Mrs. E. Vane	0	10	0
T. S. J. W.	0	4	6
Mrs. S. Manlon	0	10	6
Mrs. M. Struthers	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Edgerley	0	5	0
Mrs. E. C. Price	0	10	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—			
Mr. E. J. Reed	2	2	0
Mr. W. J. Guerrier	2	2	0
	4	4	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	5	5	0
Richmond Street Mission Sunday-school	14	9	4
Young Men and Women's Bible-class	6	10	8
	21	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Blake	1	10	0
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft	100	0	0
Mrs. Mary Barber, per Mr. Thomas Hough	10	0	0
A friend, per Mr. A. Watt	0	4	0
A well-wisher	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Withers	0	5	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald", per the Editor	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Spall (No. 12 Boys')	0	7	4
Mrs. L. Wood	1	0	0
A Sunday-scholar	0	0	10
Bonnington Mission Sabbath-school, per Mr. W. G. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hazell	2	0	0
Mr. G. A. A. White	0	10	0
Mrs. Frances Cope	1	0	0
C. F.	0	1	0
C. W. L.	0	2	0
A. W. B.	0	5	0
A friend	1	10	0
Mr. James Gilmour	1	0	0
J. R.	0	10	0
I. L. M. of C. H. S.	2	2	0
Pastor G. T. Bailey's Young Christians' Band, at Vicarage Road Chapel, Leyton	0	5	0
Collection after showing "John Ploughman's Pictures," and "Plain Talk," at Clarendon Villa Mission Hall, Brighton, per Miss N. N. Bennett	3	3	0
Mr. Randall	1	0	0
Miss Eyles	0	10	6
For Jesus' sake	0	1	5
Miss E. Rouse	0	2	6
Mrs. Stewart	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood	500	0	0
For Jesus' sake	0	10	0
A. G. B.	0	5	0
J. and M.	0	5	0
Mr. Edward Marsh	54	12	0
The late Miss F. E. Perrett, per Mr. W. E. Perrett	10	0	0
Mr. W. Down's first day's takings	1	14	9
Mr. Hicks and family	0	15	6
J. W. G., Magor	1	0	0
Mrs. Williamson	1	0	0
J. C. M.	1	0	0
Mr. T. Muir Dalziel	5	0	0
Mr. James Payne	5	0	0
Members of the Y. M. C. A., visiting the Orphanage, per Mr. John T. Keep	2	7	3
T. E. and M. A. T.	0	3	0
S. S.	0	3	6
D. and C. W.	0	2	0
G. R.	0	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mrs. Barry	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Pearce	0	5	0
A. G.	0	2	6
W. H. W.	0	2	0
Anon.	0	1	0
Misses M. and C. Hawke	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Piper	0	5	11
I. M., a thankoffering	1	0	0
A tenth part, from the Bush	1	8	0
Mrs. Vining	0	2	0
Mrs. T. Thomas	1	0	0
Borstal Institute Cottage-meeting, per Mr. E. R. Nearn, colporteur	0	10	0
Mr. J. Webb	0	5	0
Mr. William Green, per Mr. J. E. Stephens	0	6	0
Three friends, per Miss L. Thurlow	0	3	0
J. R.	0	10	0
In loving remembrance	0	10	0
Two friends from Bath	0	5	0
Mr. Smith, for Jesus' sake	0	10	0
A thankoffering, Moseley	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Goodfellow	0	10	0
E. M. H., in loving memory of dear Mr. Spurgeon	0	2	6
W. G., Derby	0	1	0
R. M., freewill offering	0	2	6
Mr. E. Hollingham, per Pastor W. Osborne	2	0	0
S. B. S.	1	1	0
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. MacGregor	1	0	0
Freda	1	18	6
W. P. B., Fochabers	0	6	0
L. M. H.	0	2	0
Anon., Edinburgh	1	0	0
A Dorset friend	0	5	0
Miss Bacon	0	10	0
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. S. Durrant	5	5	0
Anon., Stratford	0	2	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	4	0	0
Mr. A. J. Burt	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Prentice	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Lily Cobby	0	17	2
E. G.	2	0	0
Mr. E. H. Gayler	0	7	6
Mr. W. J. Heath	1	1	0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	1	0	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Miss Fastier, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Harding	3	3	0
Mrs. E. Webb	2	0	0
Mr. Alexander Pearce	0	5	0
Friends at Ryde	0	5	0
Miss J. E. Maunder	2	0	0
Miss J. N. Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Pastor C. L. and Mrs. Gordon	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander Bell	5	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle gates	2	7	3
Mrs. Weston	1	0	0
D., Kendal	5	0	0
A brother in Christ	0	12	0
M. G.	0	2	5
Mr. A. I. Greenland and family	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. W. Jackson, Bristol	0	5	6
Collected by Mr. E. E. Kerry	0	7	6
Mrs. Charles Miller	0	10	0
Mrs. G. Howes	0	5	0
Mr. W. Squibb	0	7	6
A reader of the sermons, Loughborough	0	5	0
Mr. William Ings	5	0	0
Collected from friends, per Mr. C. Thompson	2	2	0
For His little ones	0	10	0
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Wallis	0	1	0
Collected by Miss L. Stock	0	1	0
B. W.	0	3	6
Collected by Miss Edwards	0	9	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Knott	1	0	0
E. C. L. S. and R. S.	0	3	0
A reader	0	2	0
Mrs. Halcrow	0	10	0
Mr. P. Wallis	0	10	6
Miss Archer	0	2	6
Mrs. Patmore	5	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	3	3	0
R. T. T.	0	3	0
Miss King	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Shipway	0	15	0
Miss Gertie Shipway	0	5	6
Miss Milly Islay	0	10	0
Mr. George Graham	1	10	0
Mrs. R. Paton	3	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0
Miss Ellwood	1	0	0
R. P.	20	0	0
Misses A. J. and E. Gould, in loving memory of our dear father's birthday	3	0	0
Mr. Robert Beattie	0	10	0
Per Mrs. James Withers, Reading :—			
Mr. M. J. Sutton	3	3	0
Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Sutton	1	0	0
Mrs. James Withers	1	1	0
Mr. Herbert Sutton	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Palmer	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Simonds	0	10	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Mrs. Loosely	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cawslade	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ravenscroft	0	2	6
Mrs. Parfitt	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Shepherd	0	2	6
Mr. Brigham	0	2	6
	9	18	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Denham	1	0	0
Mr. James Murray	1	0	0
Mr. George Tingey	20	0	0
G. C., Bideford	0	10	0
The members of the Shooters' Hill Road Band of Hope	2	5	0
Miss L. H. Clack	0	10	0
Mrs. Gunn	5	0	0
Per Pastor J. R. Cooper :—			
Mr. R. Hill	1	0	0
Mr. Nevill	1	0	0
Colonial	1	0	0
	3	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir :—			
Balance of proceeds of Scotch tour, per Mr. D. R. Stavert	7	12	6
Barnes	5	10	0
Enfield 16 4 2			
Sale of programmes 0 16 4			
	17	0	5
Peckham	12	12	0
Lordship Lane 7 5 0			
Sale of programmes 0 13 10			
	7	18	10
Wisbech 6 12 9			
Mr. Elmer 0 10 0			
Mrs. Whitehead 0 5 0			
Mr. Johnson 0 2 6			
	7	10	3
Soham	7	10	0
Waterbeach 17 0 0			
Mrs. J. E. Saunders 1 0 0			
	18	0	0
Conference Hall, Mildmay Park	5	5	0
Sale of programmes :—			
Hounslow	0	6	10
Surrey Mission Hall	0	4	11
	£1,377	2	0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from May 16th to June 14th, 1892.—PROVISIONS :—A quantity of Rhubarb, Mr. W. Taylor; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 61 lbs. Butter, Messrs. Pentelow and Sons; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 56 lbs. Mutton, Mr. C. Goslin; 33 lbs. Beef, Mr. Round.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—Some left-off Clothing, Mr. S. Hughes; 1 Suit, 3 pairs Trousers, Mr. A. Pitts; a quantity of Caps, A new friend; 6 Flannel Shirts, Miss Dransfield; 7 Shirts, The Wynne Road Working Meeting, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 6 pairs Socks, Mrs. Baker; 2 Flannel Shirts, Miss M. E. Coath; 28 Articles, Mrs. East.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—124 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 4 Articles, Miss C. Oakley; 8 Scarves, M. L.; a parcel of Worn Clothing, Anon.; 5 Articles, Mrs. Baker; 12 Articles, Mrs. Rolfe; 5 Articles, Mrs. Wicks; 4 yards Flannel, Anon.; 88 Articles, Mrs. East.

GENERAL.—A quantity of Toys, The "Bon Marché"; 1 box Flowers, Petworth Congregational Sunday-school; 1 Spinal-support Apparatus, Mr. W. Soper; 1 dozen bottles Mustard Oil, Messrs. Gillespie, Kingdon, and Co.; a few Fancy Articles, Mr. Wilson; 24 Articles, Mrs. J. L. Bennett; 1 Lady's Dressing Case, Mr. H. Filmer; 32 Photographs, Mr. H. T. Redfern.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1892.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—

	£	s.	d.
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Pastor E. Brett	1	5	0
Bethnal Green District :—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Cambs. Association, per Mrs. R. J. Moffat	10	0	0
Uxbridge District :—			
Mr. J. Lowe 2 2 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Staniland 1 0 0			
Miss Bailey 0 10 0			
Mrs. Davey	0	10	0
Mrs. Wakefield	0	10	0
Mrs. Grimsdale, sen.	0	10	0
Mrs. Atwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Chaney	0	5	0
Mrs. Grimsdale	0	5	0
Mr. Buckingham	0	5	0
Miss Gregory	0	5	0
Mrs. Wood	0	2	6
Mr. H. Higbed	0	1	6
	6	11	0
Home Counties' Baptist Association	10	0	0
Hadleigh, per Rev. W. H. Durant	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Aylesbury District, per Thomas Gurney, Esq.	17	15	6
Earl's Colne, per Mr. Tawell	10	0	0
Orpington, per Mrs. W. Vinson	5	0	0
Orpington, per M. A. H.	5	0	0
Mr. Robt. Scott, for Langham	10	0	0
Worcester Baptist Association	85	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for West Wickham	10	0	0
Sandown and Ventnor, per Major Justin	8	10	0
South Devon Congregational Union, for Newton Abbot	7	10	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thos. R——	10	0	0
Western Association, for Chard	10	0	0
Yorkshire Association	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Halesowen District, per Mr. J. Hawkes	5	0	0
Fairford, per Capt. Milbourne	10	0	0
Rendham, per Mrs. Crispe	7	10	0
Miss Bilbrough, for Horsforth	10	0	0
Repton and Swadlincote, per E. S.	20	0	0
Miss Evans, for Rainhill	10	0	0
High Wycombe, per Rev. G. Wearham	40	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
	£359	1	6

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dring	5	0	0
M. D.	0	10	0
Donation	0	2	6
Mr. F. Cockrell	0	10	0
Mr. C. E. Harris	0	5	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	24	3	3
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mrs. Webb	0	10	0
Mr. Williamson	1	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. Wm. Barclay	0	2	0
The Misses S. and C. Cooper	2	2	0
A. H. W.	0	10	0
"Freda"	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Miss Norris	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Spice	1	0	0
Mrs M. Morgan	0	2	0
Miss H. Newman	5	0	0
Miss E. Newman	2	0	0
Mr. Chas. Liberty	1	1	0
Mrs. Gunn	10	0	0
	£67	8	3

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Southend	2	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Jenner's services at Barking	3	0	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Isleham	1	10	2
John F. H.	1	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Annan	30	0	0
"Freda"	1	0	0
Balance of collection on Mr. Burnham's visit to Crane Moor	0	10	0
	£50	10	2

For the General Work of the Lord as most Required.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bosustow	5	0	0
Miss Maunder	2	0	0
Mr. Giles Shaw	5	5	0
	£12	5	0

C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund Account.

AMOUNTS GIVEN AND PROMISED TO JUNE 14TH, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
"EDINA"	700	0	0
Mr. George Williams	210	0	0
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	210	0	0
Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons	200	0	0
Mr. Gideon Rutherford	200	0	0
Mr. Theophilus G. Owens	100	0	0
Miss Steedman	100	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	100	0	0
Mr. T. A. Denny	100	0	0
Mr. W. R. Rickett	100	0	0
Mrs. C. A. Gamble	100	0	0
Mrs. Higgs	100	0	0
Mrs. Knott	100	0	0
Mr. Appleton	100	0	0
Mr. W. Higgs	100	0	0
Mr. James Stiff	100	0	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow, J.P.	100	0	0
Mr. Frank Thompson	10	0	0
Mr. W. Wakeford	20	0	0
Mr. George Thompson	10	0	0
Mr. James Hall	20	0	0
Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.	10	10	0
Rev. Monro Gibson, D.D.	2	0	0
Mrs. R. Harris	10	0	0
Macclesfield tribute, per Pastor E. A. Hobby	10	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. D. A.	1	0	0
Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Mrs. Newman	1	1	0
Mrs. Barrett	1	0	0
Sunday-school friends, per Mr. Judd...	2	10	0
Miss A. Tolmie	0	5	0
Miss J. Tolmie	0	5	0
Mr. Reuben V. Barrow, J.P.	50	0	0
Mr. Edward Bell	1	0	0
Mrs. Brazil	1	10	0
Mr. H. J. Parker	0	10	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Howells	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	50	0	0
Mrs. John Guy	5	0	0
Mrs. Yates	1	1	0
Mrs. Knight	0	10	6
A sermon-reader, Stotfold	0	5	0
Mr. W. Vincent	0	10	0
Mrs. Pearson	0	5	0
Mrs. Bidgood	1	0	0
Miss E. J. Farmer...	0	5	0
Mr. John Cory	25	0	0
Mrs. Ann Shearman	10	10	0
Mr. Thomas Foottel	1	0	0
Miss Walker	1	0	0
Mrs. Worrall	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Sanger	0	10	0
Rev. J. Workman...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Williamson	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Threlfall	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sumner	0	10	0
Mr. G. Smith	0	7	0
A Protestant	1	0	0
Mr. C. Lillywhite	0	10	0
Mrs. Rogers...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Tompkins	0	5	0
Miss A. E. Staveley	0	5	0
Mr. H. Stephenson	0	4	0
Mrs. M. C. Watson	1	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Williams	0	10	6
Miss J. F. Mills	1	0	0
Mr. P. Dodd	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Walker	1	1	0
Mr. S. Waters	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Halsey	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Dalton	2	0	0
Mr. J. D. Zemindee	0	0	6
Miss A. R. Wilson	0	2	6
Mr. I. J. Williams...	0	2	0
Mr. Ira D. Sankey	10	0	0
Mr. Cheyne Brady...	3	3	0
Sergeant-Major E. Ponton	1	0	0
Mr. A. Tyrrell	1	1	0
Miss Harris	5	0	0
Mrs. R. Chott	1	0	0
Colonel Doran	0	5	0
Mrs. Amélie André	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Collen	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Pinnington	0	4	0
Mrs. J. A. Thomson	0	2	6
Mrs. H. R. Chisholm	0	5	0
Miss A. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Gilbert	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gray	5	0	0
Mrs. A. Ferguson	1	0	0
Mr. G. Couch	0	10	0
Miss R. Page	0	10	0
Mr. C. Patinson	0	10	0
Mrs. White	1	1	0
Mrs. C. Dales	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Beeby	0	5	0
Mr. T. Tomalin	0	5	0
E. D. H., a reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	5	0
Anon.	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Netting	0	2	6
"A sermon-reader"	0	7	6
Mr. J. McMaster	0	5	0
Miss Latham	0	10	0
Mr. G. Westmacott	1	0	0
Mr. J. Herriott	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Blake	0	6	6
Mr. W. B. Magrath	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Kennedy	0	3	0
Mrs. S. Busby	0	5	0
Miss H. Burden	0	10	0
Mr. I. J. Campbell	0	2	6
Mr. E. Mounsey	20	0	0
Mr. D. Sharp	0	5	0
Anon.	2	10	0
Mrs. Dodds	0	10	0
Miss L. Paxon	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Fraser	0	10	0
Mr H. Batten	0	5	0
Miss Guy	0	5	0
Anon.	2	0	0
Miss H. Small	0	5	0
Mrs. M. J. Fraser	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Rainbow	0	5	0
Mr. E. Rose	1	1	0
Mr. E. P. Walker	0	10	6
Mr. H. Windmill	1	0	0
Mrs. J. A. Ironside	5	0	0
Mr. J. Cundliff	0	2	6
Mr. W. J. Fuller	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Hudson	1	1	0
Mr. V. E. Wood	0	5	0
Mr. H. Dykes	3	0	0
Mrs. L. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. G. Norman	2	2	0
Mr. E. Gillingham	1	0	0
Mrs. Hicks...	0	2	6
Mr. M. E. Darling...	1	1	0
Mr. C. Rully	0	4	6
Miss A. Johnson	0	2	6
Mr. J. Colver	0	1	0
Messrs. W. and F. Aubrey	0	4	0
Mrs. A. Kelly	0	2	0
A friend, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar...	0	1	0
Mrs. H. Newman	0	1	0
T. G., per Mr. F. G. S. Norris	1	1	0
Mrs. Burton...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Park	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Erskine	2	0	0
Mrs. J. Ireland	1	1	0
Mrs. F. Horsley	1	1	0
A reader of "Tho Christian Herald"	0	5	0
Mrs. E. J. Betts	2	2	0
Mr. T. G. Jefferys...	1	1	0
Mr. R. Rae	0	2	0
Miss Jephs	0	4	0
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0
Miss E. Macnicoll...	2	0	0
Mrs. F. Pentland	0	2	6
Anon.	0	2	6
Anon.	0	2	0
Mrs. Betambeau	0	10	0
Anon.	0	5	0
Miss E. Kewer	0	5	0
Miss M. Kewer	0	5	0
Mr. Spencer Murch	50	0	0
Mr. H. Maskell	0	5	0
Mr. H. Whitmore	0	5	0
Collection at Hope Baptist Chapel, Cardiff, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	7	10	1
Rev. Willat Rice	0	5	0
Mr. Donald McKercher	5	0	0
Mrs. J. H. Lloyd	5	0	0
Anon.	0	5	0
Mr. Burnham	5	0	0
Messrs. R. and S. Haynes	0	5	0
Mr. William Mullens	0	5	0
Mr. F. A. Pearce	0	5	0
Anon., Stirling, N.B.	0	5	0
Mr. George Tolley	0	5	0
Mr. H. C. Harvey	0	11	0
M. R....	0	1	0
W. S. R.	0	1	0
Mr. J. Hassell, sen.	1	0	0
Mr. J. D. Barrett	0	10	6
Mrs. Capt. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. George Batts	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
The Misses Mills	1	0	0
S. A. W., Bowdon...	30	0	0
Mr. W. Lawrie	0	10	0
Mr. J. Walker	1	0	0
Mr. I. McE....	1	0	0
Miss S. A. Dransfield	5	5	0
Miss Roff	0	10	0
Mr. Richard Batty...	0	2	6
Mrs. Hicks	1	10	0
Mr. H. Dyke	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Penny	3	3	0
Mr. Thomas S. Penny	2	2	0
Mr. B. Bull	0	10	0
Rev. W. Stott	2	2	0
Mrs. Hawkey	5	5	0
Rev. A. M. Carter...	3	3	0
Mr. J. Toovey	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Evans	1	1	0
Mr. D. Paton	0	5	0
Miss M Sambourn	0	2	6
Miss French	0	2	6
"A sermon-reader"	0	5	0
S. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. Ingram, per Mrs. E. Hooper ...	0	2	6
M. H. B. S.	1	0	0
Mr. R. Spraggett	2	12	6
Mr. J. Holt Skinner	25	0	0
Mrs. J. Holt Skinner	5	0	0
Sir Henry A. Pitman	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	2	2	0
Miss Webber-Smith	3	0	0
Miss Webber	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Christie and friends...	12	12	0
S. J. T.	3	0	0
Mrs. G. P.	1	0	0
Miss Spliedt	1	0	0
Mr. George Saunders	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Cope	1	0	0
Mr. Haddow	1	0	0
Miss Cowdell	0	10	6
Mr J. Westbrook	2	2	0
Miss Brown	0	5	0
"One little brick"	0	5	0
Mrs. Groves...	1	0	0
Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Mr. Mendham	0	10	0
Miss Parnell	1	1	0
H. H., Aberdeen	0	5	0
Miss T. Haynes	5	0	0
J. and F. T., per Mr. Tebby	5	0	0
Mrs. M. E. Robinson	30	0	0
Mrs. McIlwraith	1	0	0
Mrs. MacRobert	1	0	0
Miss J. Wood	2	0	0
A. S.	1	0	0
M. S.	0	10	0
Rev. W. B. Moore	1	0	0
Mrs. N. Floyd	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Floyd	3	10	0
A friend	1	1	0
E. P.	50	0	0
Mr. S. H. Ablett	0	1	0
Mrs. Summerton	0	2	6
Mr. H. W. Rumsey	1	0	0
Mr. J. Boss	1	1	0
Miss I. M. Thomas	1	0	0
Mr. T. Pidduck	2	2	0
Friend G.	5	0	0
Mr. M. Baily	1	1	0
Mrs. Gapp	0	10	0
Rev. W. Owen	0	5	0
Mrs. E. E. Bond	10	0	0
Mr. G. W. Slater	1	1	0
A friend, Edinburgh	2	0	0
Mrs. Fairey	1	0	0
Mrs. I. Shepherd	0	10	0
Miss Morgan	0	2	6
Mr. E. F. Gedge	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Hallam and M. Birt	10	0	0
Mr. W. E. Goodman	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. E. Raynes	10	10	0
Miss S. Smedley	0	4	0
Mr. D. Morgan	8	10	6
Miss Walker	1	0	0
Mr. G. Terris	0	4	0
Miss L. Jacomb	5	0	0
Mrs. Rayner	2	2	0
Mr. J. Grose	10	10	0
Mrs. A. Wynne	1	0	0
Mr. R. Spencer	0	10	0
Mr. G. Smith	0	7	6
Mrs. I. Thomas	1	0	0
Mr. J. Harvey	0	2	6
Miss M. Holgate	1	0	0
Mr. A. Isherwood	0	2	6
Sergeant W. Watkins	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Hickley	3	0	0
Mrs. McFee...	1	0	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Mr. L. S. Gibbard	1	1	0
Mr. C. Garcia	0	10	0
Miss Everest	0	10	0
Mr. J. L. Davies	1	0	0
Miss S. Browning	0	4	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Garvin	5	0	0
Mr. James Higgs	20	0	0
Mr. W. Nix	1	0	0
Mrs. H. E. A. Jenson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Scott	20	0	0
Mr. M. J. Infield	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Chandler	2	0	0
Mr. J. F. Harris	1	0	0
Miss Williams	0	1	0
Anon.	0	2	0
Mr. H. Pyle...	0	2	6
Mr. J. W. Grose	5	0	0
Mr. Redworth	0	2	0
"Phœbe"	1	1	0
Mr. W. Slater	1	0	0
Mr. C. E. Wood	5	0	0
Messrs. Alexander and Wood	2	0	0
Mr. G. J. Harvey	1	1	0
Mr. M. A. Langston	0	10	0
Mr. T. Rae	5	0	0
Mr. S. D. Lamb	0	5	0
Mr. A. Youles	1	0	0
Miss J. Page	0	10	0
Rev. W. E. Bradstock	0	2	6
Miss C. Meares	1	0	0
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.	5	5	0
Mrs. M. L. Brown	5	0	0
Mr. H. Spence	1	0	0
Rev. E. C. J. Bowen	0	5	0
Mr. J. Southcombe	1	0	0
Miss E. J. Holt	1	0	0
Mrs Florence St. George	0	5	0
Mr. John W. Barnaby	0	5	0
Miss E. Bromley	0	2	6
Miss M. White	0	1	0
Mr. R. Edwards	0	2	0
Mr. W. Raine	0	2	0
Lord Herschell	5	0	0
Mrs. H. L. Robinson	2	2	0
Mr. J. Usher	2	2	0
Mr. R. S. Carmichael	1	0	0
Miss J. Todd	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Otter	10	0	0
Mrs. N. Ely	1	0	0
Mrs. A. D. McEchran	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Hodson	0	10	6
M. B....	0	10	0
Mrs. P. P. Williams	2	0	0
Mrs. B. Holborne	1	0	0
Mr. M. Sparke	5	0	0
Mr. J. Marnham	20	0	0
Mr. J. M. Bright	2	2	0
Mrs. H. Kendall	1	0	0
Mr. T. Bendall	0	2	6
Miss Turner and Mrs. Morgan... ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. T. Bolton	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Gobey	0	2	6
Mrs. Surrock	0	3	0
Mr. E. Williams	0	3	0
Miss E. Bender	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Heape	0	10	0
Miss R. Taylor and friend	0	6	0
Mrs. A. A. Baker	0	2	6
Mr. G. Poul	0	10	0
Miss P. Bird	1	5	0
Mrs. Balls	0	5	0
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. W. Moeran	5	0	0
Mr. H. Bound	1	1	0
Mr J. Webb and friends	0	3	6
Mr. W. H. Owen	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Williams	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Sayer	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Polden	1	0	0
Mr. S. Haydon	0	5	0
Rev. D. Howell	1	0	0
Mrs. M. A. French	0	5	0
Miss R. Weeks	0	2	6
Mr. T. Hankey	5	0	0
Mrs. Horscroft	2	2	0
Mrs. A. Payne and nephew	0	15	0
Mr. H. J. Oram	0	5	0
Mr. H. Naylor	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Hopkinson	0	3	0
Mrs. Mitchell	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Powell	0	1	0
Mr. J. Graham	0	5	0
Mr. H. A. Martin	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Chandler	5	5	0
Miss M. M. Berry	0	5	0
Mr. W. McLachlan	0	10	0
Messrs. C. and T. Coupland	0	5	0
Miss C. Bacon	0	5	0
Mr. R. Williams	0	2	6
Mr. J. Clark	1	0	0
Mrs. Hamilton	1	0	0
Mrs. M'Dougall	1	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Mills	3	3	0
Mr. J. Horniman	10	0	0
Miss E. Long	1	0	0
Mr. A. Crabtree	0	2	0
Mrs. Pringle	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Kenwrick	1	0	0
Mrs. G. A. Kempson	5	0	0
Mr. D. Haughton	2	2	0
Mrs. J. Higham	5	0	0
Rev. E. A. Kempson	0	10	0
Mr. C. A. Hooper	0	4	0
Miss A. Gordon	2	0	0
Mrs. Pool	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Hearn	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Flemming	2	0	0
Collected by H. S.	1	1	0
Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	10	0
Mr. J. A. Lister	5	0	0
Mrs. E. G. Dimsdale	2	2	0
Mr. F. Flint	3	3	0
Rev. C. Johnson	0	10	0
Mr. E. Ralph	0	2	0
Mr. A. Gunn	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Jennings	5	0	0
Mr. F. A. Homer	5	5	0
Mr. A. Henderson	5	5	0
Mrs. E. Garton	0	2	6
Mr. J. Greer	0	5	0
Mr. Nisbet	1	0	0
Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D.	5	5	0
A friend	0	1	0
Mr. J. H. Burrough	0	5	0
Mr. J. Allibone	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Garton	0	2	6
Anon.	0	1	0
The "armour-bearer's" wreath of love for his glorified captain	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Hayward	1	0	0
Mr. H. W. Wright	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Gray and daughter	5	0	0
Rev. H. Thompson	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Miss J. Macturk	1	0	0
Mr. W. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. J. Oldham	1	0	0
Mr. R. P. Hookham	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Walker	0	10	0
Mr. W. Morrison	2	0	0
Mrs. J. Gray	2	0	0
Mr. T. Thorogood	0	2	6
Miss Ware	0	2	6
Mr. T. M. Wood	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Munn	1	0	0
Mr. E. P. Upjohn	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Morrison	1	0	0
Mr. D. Thwaites	0	5	0
Mr. E. Wakefield	5	0	0
Mrs. A. S. Down	5	5	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. J. Murdock	5	0	0
Mr. S. Griffiths	0	10	0
Reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	1	0
Mr. H. C. Bridgman	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wood	10	0	0
Mr. A. Nicholson	0	10	0
Miss Green	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Shaw	0	10	0
Mr. F. W. Boreham	0	5	0
Anon.	2	0	0
Mr. Harry Smith	2	2	0
Mr. J. White	0	3	0
Mrs. Debnam	0	5	0
Mr. J. McInnes	1	0	0
Mrs. Davidson	0	10	0
Mrs. Knaggs	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Blackie	2	0	0
Mr. B. Beddow	0	2	6
Mr. R. Briggs	2	0	0
Mr. D. R. Vass	2	2	0
Mr. J. Hoole	5	0	0
Mrs. Carter	5	5	0
Mr. H. Gregg	0	10	6
Mr. T. Fiske	2	2	0
Anon.	2	0	0
Rev. P. C. M. and Mrs. Hoskins	6	6	0
Mr. W. Bamford	1	0	0
Mrs. R. S. Simpson	2	0	0
Mr. D. Leggatt, LL.D.	2	2	0
Messrs. J. and M. Christie	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Jones	0	10	0
Anon.	0	6	0
Mr. J. Richardson	0	3	0
Mr. S. Buckley	2	0	0
Mr. A. Turner	0	2	0
Miss E. E. Jupp	1	0	0
Mr. G. B. Browne	10	0	0
Mr. H. Martin	0	2	0
Mrs. A. Bland	0	3	0
Mr. M. B. Pinhey	0	2	0
Mr. E. Green	0	2	6
Mr. J. Green	0	2	6
"Greenock"	0	1	0
Mr. J. Bragg	1	1	0
Mr. A. Brown	1	1	0
Major-General H. Aylmer	5	0	0
A sermon-reader, per Mr. J. B. Parker	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Thomas	5	0	0
Mrs. Higham	5	0	0
Mrs. Foster	1	0	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	2	2	0
Mr. T. Salisbury	0	10	0
Mr. G. Butlin	10	0	0
Mr. A. Mac Rae	0	3	0
Baptist Church, Millom	1	5	0
Mr. H. Vaughan	20	0	0
Mrs. H. B. Wildsmith	0	10	6
Mr. T. Bond	0	10	6
A friend	0	1	0
Mrs. R. Walls	0	2	6
Miss E. Hogg	1	0	0
Miss Murray	1	0	0
Mrs. Bennett	1	0	0
M. G. and E. E. B.	0	7	6

	£	s.	d.
Women's Prayer Meeting Offering, Grafton Church, Northampton	1	5	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	6	0	0
Mrs. C. H. Paice	1	0	0
Mr. S. Grey	1	1	0
M. B. H.	1	0	0
P. A.	0	1	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	16	0
Mr G. L. Miller	0	10	0
Rev. C. Bullock	1	1	0
Mrs. A. and S. Kent	0	10	0
Pastor W. Ruthven	0	10	0
Miss Cooper	1	0	0
Mrs. W. J. Davis	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Day	0	10	0
Miss Hill	0	2	6
Mr. F. Gillham	1	1	0
Mr. W. P. Rowley	1	0	0
Mr. J. A. Campbell	5	0	0
Mrs. Francis E. Low	2	0	0
Mr. T. Rees	0	5	0
Rev. W. T. Henderson	0	5	0
Mrs. S. A. Barthorp	5	5	0
Mr. H. Lushington	2	0	0
Miss Thorp	3	0	0
Mrs. Barrett	0	2	6
Mrs. C. M. Stopford	1	1	0
Miss Burgoyne	1	1	0
Mr E. H.	5	0	0
Mr. R. Gunston	1	1	0
Mr. A. Gibbons	0	5	0
Anon	0	2	6
Miss Bovay	0	5	0
Mrs. Hoadley	0	1	0
A widow's mite	0	5	0
Miss Emma Collins	0	2	6
Mr J. Jarvis	2	2	0
Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited	5	5	0
Mrs. Jameson	0	10	0
Mrs. Naylor	0	2	0
Mr. McClintock	0	10	0
Mr. T. Harris	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Comber	1	0	0
Miss Nickolson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Guinness	10	0	0
Mr. H. Gripper	1	1	0
Mr. G. Binns	2	2	0
Mrs. S. M. Thompson	0	10	0
"A constant reader of the sermons"	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Ball	1	1	0
Rev. G. Bennett	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Gray	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. P. Davis	0	5	0
Mr C. Bateson	0	5	0
Miss A. Holt	5	0	0
Mr. Vickerman	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Coombs	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Baxter	1	0	0
Mr. W. Fullforth	1	1	0
Mr. W. Howard	3	0	0
Miss J. A. Corsan	0	2	6
"A sermon-reader"	0	2	6
H. W. T.	0	1	0
J. E. S. F.	10	0	0
Mr. J. James	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Jones	0	2	6
Mr. R. Jones	0	2	6
Mr. G. R. Ward	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clews	1	0	0
Mr. J. McElwain	1	0	0
Mr. H. W. Clayton	1	0	0
Anon.	0	2	6
Miss Brain	0	2	0
Miss E. F. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Miss F. M. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Colonel L. R. de M. Hutchinson	2	0	0
Mrs. Powell	1	1	0
Miss Moser	1	0	0
Miss S. Giles	0	5	0
Mr. J. Harman and friend	0	10	0
Mrs. N. Collins	0	1	0
Mrs. E. I. Vipan	5	0	0
Mr. J. Garrard	0	2	6
In memory of C. H. S., from H. P. E.	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Foster	0	2	6
Mrs. Melville	0	1	0
Mr. D. Stewart	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ebbutt	0	2	6
Mr. J. Webb	0	1	6
Mr. G. Davison	0	4	0
Mr. P. Lamont	1	0	0
Mr. G. Bryant	1	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Cay	1	0	0
Mr. B Fletcher	0	10	0
Mr. J. Kipling and Miss C. H. C.	1	0	0
Mr. H. Kirby	0	10	0
Miss R. Crichton	0	10	6
J. D.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Price	0	10	0
Mr. J. Jones	0	5	0
From Hundgate	0	3	0
Mr. R. Peers	0	2	6
Mr. J. Sargeant	1	1	0
Mrs. E. S. Ring	5	0	0
Mr. D. Bryant	0	2	0
Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0
V. S. Thornton	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. P. Blair	1	0	0
Mr. J. Buchan	0	5	0
Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Bentley	0	4	0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10	0	0
Mrs. G. A. Calder	50	0	0
An old friend in Scotland	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dunn	1	0	0
Mr. C. Newboult	0	5	0
Mrs. Bryson	3	0	0
Mrs. J. H. McTurk	0	10	0
Mrs. Payne	1	0	0
Messrs. J. C. and E. Young	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Fisher	1	0	0
Mrs. Caswell	2	0	0
Mr. J. Goring, sen.	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Cook	5	0	0
Mr. J. Vass, M.D.	5	0	0
Mr. G. Barnes	0	10	6
Mrs. Miller	1	1	0
Miss Walker	1	0	0
Miss E. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Sharpington	1	0	0
Miss Sharpington	1	0	0
Mr. A. Lee	0	1	6
Mrs. P. W. Stephens	0	5	0
Pastor J. Horne	0	10	0
Mr. A. Douglas	1	0	0
Miss Wilkinson	5	0	0
Miss Carter	0	5	0
Mr. Carter	0	2	6
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
From some of the Orphanage "Old Boys." Balance of Wreath Fund	15	14	0
Mrs. Milne	60	0	0
Mr. J. Irvine	0	1	0
Miss Priestly	5	0	0
Mr A. H. Stephen	4	0	0
Mrs. Brewer and daughters	0	2	0
Mr L. Weaver	0	7	6
Mr. T. G. Lockhart	1	1	0
F. C.	0	1	0
Miss L. Belough	0	2	0
Mr E. Goodman	1	1	0
Miss Jolly	20	0	0
Mr and Mrs. Henry Smith	21	0	0
Mrs. E. Chandler	3	3	0
Mrs. G. Brown	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Pendlebury	5	0	0
Mr. W. G. Healing	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Jackson	5	0	0
Anon.	0	5	0
Mr. G. Osborn	1	1	0
A friend	2	0	0
Mr. J. C. Francis	5	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. J. Wallace	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hatch	0	5	0
Mrs. Welch	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Barrett	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Lewis	0	5	0
Mrs. Couper	0	3	0
S., "For the departed one's sake"	0	2	0
Mr. G. Otway	1	0	0
Mr. H. Jennings	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Best	0	5	0
Mr. W. Crawford	0	10	0
G. F. and W. F.	0	4	0
Mr. J. C. Lance	0	5	0
Mr. H. Filkins	0	5	0
M. S. G.	0	10	0
Mrs. Bousstow	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Harding	1	1	0
Mrs. D. Sharpe	1	0	0
Collected by H. R. Lovell	1	4	0
Mrs. Howell	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Toller	0	15	0
Anon.	26	5	0
Mrs. Forbes	5	0	0
Mrs. G. E. Gosling	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Walker	2	2	0
Mrs. A. Curtis	0	5	0
The Misses Buchanan	1	0	0
R. V.	5	0	0
Mrs. and Mr. Knight and friend	2	12	0
Mr. A. Hunter	0	1	6
Mr. D. Allen, jun.	1	0	0
Miss Thurman	0	5	0
M. L. C.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Thomas	0	2	6
Mr. W. Staplehurst	0	1	6
Mrs. M. Westrope	0	10	0
C. A. G., Constantinople	0	15	0
Mr. D. Banks	0	17	6
Mr. J. Wilson	2	0	0
Miss Stivens	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Paton	5	0	0
Miss J. Turner	0	2	6
Mr. F. A. Collen	31	10	0
Anon., per Pastor H. Reid	0	12	6
Mrs. Pate	0	5	0
Mr. C. H. Bousfield	5	0	0
Rev. Charles Grant, M.A.	0	2	6
Rev. George Blisset	2	0	0
Mr. E. Popplewell	0	5	0
Mr. R. Bee	0	5	0
Mrs. M. I. Willatt	2	0	0
Mr. James Fender	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Chisny	0	10	0
A friend, per Rev. H. M. Hewson	5	0	0
Mr. J. Mathewson	1	0	0
Mr H. J. Moxon	0	5	0
Mr. F. H. Roberts	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Hayward	1	0	0
Mr. J. Jackson	2	0	0
Mr. Page Woodcock	1	1	0
Rev. A. Mar-hall	0	2	6
Mr. T. W. Wiseman	10	0	0
Mr. J. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. J. Cairns	2	0	0
C. H. T.	0	2	0
Pastor J. W. Chappell	0	5	0
Mrs. McGregor	0	5	0
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Graves	1	0	0
"From a thankful orphan"	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Harvey	1	0	0
Messrs. C. E. and T. J. Watson	0	10	0
Mrs. J. L. Hollis	0	10	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Henderson	2	0	0
Rev. B. Jones	0	5	0
Miss Bradley	1	0	0
Mr. J. Ormiston	0	10	6
Anon.	0	7	6
Mr. G. T. Phillips	10	10	0
A poor widow	0	5	0
G. C., Bideford	0	10	0
Mr. Martin Hope Sutton	10	0	0
Mrs. Bloomfield	0	10	0
Mr. H. J. Farmer Atkinson	10	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	2	0	0
Mrs. J. L. Luke	5	0	0
Mrs. Ellen Stimson	5	0	0
Mr. W. Munro	1	10	0
Miss M. Alison	1	0	0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	0	0
Mr. A. Jones	2	2	0
Mr. Wilsher	1	0	0
Mr. M. Matson	1	1	0
Mr. Nichols	0	10	0
Collection at Albemarle Chapel, Taunton, per Pastor Levi Palmer	3	0	0
Mr. B. Bamber	4	4	0
Miss Muil	1	0	0
Mr. John Woodward	25	0	0
Mrs. Allmey	1	0	0
Mr. P. Wallis	0	1	6
Mrs. William Olney and family	50	0	0
Mr. Joseph Benson	25	0	0
Mr. Wayre	10	0	0
Mr. G. W. Ryder	5	5	0
Rev. George Hamilton	5	5	0
Rev. W. Petter	5	5	0
Mr. James Hughes	5	5	0
Mr. Thomas Law	5	0	0
Mr. J. Ripling	5	0	0
Mr. J. Newbold	5	0	0
Mr. G. H. Mitchell	2	2	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	2	2	0
Rev. Robert Bruce, D.D.	1	1	0
Mr. E. Goulding	1	1	0
Mr. E. Harrip	1	1	0
Mr. E. E. Barrington, M.B.	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Durman	0	10	6
Mr. J. Cubitt	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Pearson	0	5	0
Mr. L. Divall	0	5	0
Mrs. S. A. Corner	0	5	0
Mr. I. J. Williams	0	2	0
Mr. Mansell	10	0	0
	£4,669	7	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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbelton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Society of Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

THE

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION,

1891.

Founder.

THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

President and Acting Treasurer.

REV. J. A. SPURGEON.

Hon. Treasurer.

MR. C. F. ALLISON.

Committee.

MR. J. BUSWELL.
" J. J. COOK.
" J. T. CORSAN.
" G. EVERETT.
" G. GOLDSTON.
" J. HALL.
" S. JOHNSON.
MR. M. LLEWELLYN.
" WALTER MILLS.
" J. PASSMORE, Junr.
" S. R. PEARCE.
" F. THOMPSON.
" J. WOOLLARD.

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 guaranteed, 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	1879	84	7,661	16	0	797,353	8,244
1867	6					1880	79	7,577	7	10	630,993	6,745
1868	6	1,139	16	3	91,428	1881	78	7,673	3	6	624,482	7,544
1869	11	1,211	10	6	127,130	1882	79	8,038	2	2	620,850	7,149
1870	9	1,056	11	4	92,868	1883	76	7,921	9	3	592,745	7,514
1871	10	1,110	3	4	85,397	1884	78	8,760	15	9	626,348	7,627
1872	12	1,228	10	11	121,110	1885	76	9,525	16	2	552,677	8,458
1873	18	1,796	2	2	217,165	1886	87	9,601	13	7	560,750	11,952
1874	29	2,937	1	7	217,929	1887	80	9,166	8	3	831,130	9,742
1875	36	4,415	8	7½	360,000	1888	80	8,916	11	1	624,989	9,352
1876	49	5,908	1	9	400,000	1889	84	9,688	13	7	698,272	9,866
1877	62	6,950	18	1½	500,000	1890	90	10,979	2	10	718,534	10,246
1878	94	8,276	0	4	926,290	1891	95	11,255	0	6	689,284	10,147

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank, Newington Butts; 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.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1891.

IT is with mingled feelings that the Committee present their Report. With joyful notes of grateful praise to the Giver of all good, for the manifest tokens of His loving regard for the work during another year, must be blended subdued tones in the minor key as they sorrowfully record the irreparable loss which the Association has sustained in the removal of its honoured and beloved President and friend, from the toilsome field of sowing here below, to the rest and joy of the harvest-home in the presence of the Master.

Twenty-five years ago Pastor Charles Haddon Spurgeon organized this Association for the spread of the Word of God and sound literature by Christian Colporteurs. They have visited from village to village and house to house to dispose of the Bible and good books and periodicals, at the same time seeking the salvation of precious souls by appeals in private and by simple Gospel addresses in public. Well the late President knew and realized the evil stream of polluting trash, flowing from a certain section of the press, and thus wisely sought to provide a successful antidote. In the sermon entitled "His Own Funeral Sermon," Mr. Spurgeon said, when speaking of the perils surrounding the young, "This is an age which seems to make snares on purpose to entrap them. There are 'penny dreadfuls' enough to poison the whole generation; they are full of stories of crime with a false halo about it, so that it is made to seem like heroism. These vile stories are everywhere; perhaps your own boy has one, unknown to you, and is reading it while you are sitting here. Everywhere traps are laid for the feet of our boys. Serve your generation by warning them of their danger, and trying to keep them free from the evils by which they are surrounded."

A goodly measure of success has crowned the efforts of the Association in seeking to carry out this exhortation, and the Committee feel that they must still press forward in so needful and encouraging a project.

They feel confident that in appealing for continued and additional aid for their work, they will receive the sympathy and support of the Christian public. Not only of Christian friends who honour the memory and intentions of the beloved founder, but of others who, although less intimately acquainted with him, know and value Colportage intrinsically.

It is encouraging to note that during the past year the sales reached the highest point since the Association was started, viz., £11,255 0s. 6d. This is an increase of £275 17s. 8d. upon the previous year, and points to an immense amount of devoted labour, considering that each man had to travel nearly 2,000 miles during the year to dispose of the goods which range in price mainly from one

penny to one shilling. The influenza epidemic in the districts checked the work to a considerable extent, many of the Colporteurs and their friends being laid aside.

The salutary influence, however, of so large a quantity of literature scattered over the land must be immense, and though many good results are known, the Great Day alone will reveal the full extent of the blessing received.

The following figures are interesting, but only show approximately the numbers of various books and periodicals disposed of largely; a fuller table is given on page 10:—Bibles, 9,407; Testaments, 10,002; books and packets (of which 177,138 were penny illustrated books), 384,834; periodicals, 335,198; Scripture texts and cards, 250,501; making a grand total for the year, 989,942.

The Committee desire to express their hearty thanks to all donors and subscribers, and specially to those who responded to their appeal of the previous year to increase the General Fund. They are glad to call attention to the fact that £235 10s. 1d. more was received, but at least £100 per month is needed from this source to maintain the present staff of Colporteurs, which during the year numbered 96.

On reference to the balance-sheet and general account, it will be seen that the expenditure exceeded the current income by £721 9s. 3d. which was met by the remainder of the late Mr. Boustead's legacy; this has now been exhausted. As there is no endowment of any kind, the extent to which the work can be maintained is absolutely dependent upon the free gifts of friends. The committee therefore very earnestly and urgently solicit immediate contributions to the General Fund to prevent discontinuance of any part of the work. It is hoped that where large contributions cannot be given, a much larger number of smaller ones will be sent, as all will be thankfully accepted.

The management of the Association is carried on by the same Committee, who gladly continue the administration of the sacred trust committed to them by their beloved friend. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon has also kindly consented to act as President and Acting Treasurer.

The Committee again express their thanks to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society and the Stirling Tract Enterprise for grants of tracts, also to the British and Foreign Bible Society for supplying their publications on special terms.

Below are given extracts from the Colporteurs' journals, and interesting details of the work.

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 Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, 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 Association.*

EXTRACTS from LETTERS, and COLPORTEURS' JOURNALS.

Only a few selections can be given from a large pile of letters and reports.

Mr. ATKINS, of Chard, labours in connection with the Western Baptist Association, which now employs a second Colporteur, at Williton, Mr. J. Holloway. Mr Atkins writes:—

"There are reasons for encouragement in my work. Once I was looked upon with suspicion, but now I am welcomed. The expression is often heard, 'No one comes to see us but you.'"

MR. SPURGEON'S BOOKS VALUED.

"The President's Books, 'Around the Wicket Gate,' 'According to Promise,' and 'All of Grace,' are read with pleasure and profit."

Sick Visiting.—"I frequently visited a poor man who met with a serious accident. He always seemed anxious to see me, and eager to listen to the 'Old, Old Story.' The last time I saw him, a little before his death, I asked if he were trusting Christ. He exclaimed, 'There is no other I can trust.'"

IN THE FAIR.

"I stood in Chard Fair with my Books, and was surprised to find at the close of the day, I had sold £1 10s. worth. Among the sales seven Bibles. Preaching is carried on in the villages every Lord's-day. The weather has seriously interfered with my work this quarter, and my sales are much below the desired amount. The President's works are still welcomed by many customers. 'The Greatest Fight in the World' has been a favourite. 'Baptismal Regeneration' is being circulated in needful places."

INFLUENCE OF MR. SPURGEON'S SERMONS.

"One lady who has read the President's Sermons for upwards of thirty years, being interested in Colportage work, has promised £2 per year towards my support. *The Penny Stories* are very popular, and are doing good work in the way of supplanting the pernicious literature, which is so abundant."

PREACHING USEFUL.

"*My Sunday work* is very encouraging. The congregations are increasing, and an anxiety seems awakened in many minds to know the way of life."

ANTI-GAMBLING.

Mr. ALLEN, of Repton, reports that he has received much encouragement in visiting the afflicted, to whom his visits have proved a blessing, both to the body and soul. He reports:—

"One day a young man, the son of Christian parents, said something about card playing, which led up to the subject of gambling. I spoke in a very decided manner upon the evil tendency of gambling, and as he paid great attention to what I said, knowing he was away from home, I went further, trying to impress upon him the importance of choosing good company, refraining from all evil practices, and thus building upon a good foundation a good character, taking Jesus Christ as his pattern. When I had done he put out his hand, shaking mine heartily, and thanking me for my advice said he would try, as I had been the first that had spoken so candidly to him. His landlady also and her daughter said they hoped they should learn something from what I had said. A little later in the day I was asked if I could supply a certain novel. I said 'No,' and I freely expressed my opinion upon the poisonous nature of such rubbish, and the harm it might do. She seemed rather ashamed of having asked for it, saying she wanted it for a neighbour.

MAGAZINES VALUED.

"One day a poor widow said, 'I am glad to see you, I want my "Faithful words," and one or two "Horners," and a few words from you, and to hear your voice in prayer.' I replied, 'That is a rather large order, how are you going to pay for it all?' She said, 'I have saved sixpence for half a pound of butter, but I must have my "Faithful words" if I have to eat my bread without butter.' Another old lady that at first refused me admittance when I first came to Repton showed me

a letter from her daughter, to whom she had sent some books bought of me, from which I copied the following extract, 'I thank you very much for the books you sent me, I have read them all three, and found a deal of good in them.'"

NEED OF COLPORTEUR.

Mr. ANDREW, of Sellindge, reports sales for the year £207 6s., and writes:—

"Since my last report I have attended the meetings of the annual Conference and truly it was a time of refreshing and blessing. Hearing various testimonies and the suitable and kindly words of our dear President, always stimulate and encourage us in the good work, so that we return to our districts with fresh zeal and love. There is a great need, as you know, for such work; for in my district there are many who do not understand the simple way of salvation. Error is taught especially by Ritualistic clergymen, and there are many who think that if they observe the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England all will be well, and are entirely ignorant of the necessity of the new birth. Therefore I feel how urgent it is that we should be faithful, and preach the gospel, and make known the same by the books, &c., which we sell and circulate.

"A FEW TESTIMONIES ABOUT READING THE BOOKS, SERMONS, &c.—Mr. T—— said: 'I so much enjoyed reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, No. 2,188. Please bring me six more of the same that I may send them away?' Mr. W —— said: 'That is a beautiful book I bought of you last month, "Evening by Evening." You know, sir, I cannot read it myself, but my boy reads it to me, and it is such nice reading. My husband also reads it, and thinks it a very nice book.' 'Farmer Read's Kingdom' is read with great interest, and I find that several are not satisfied with reading it once, but are reading it the second time.

"To many of the aged and sick I find that I am nearly the only visitor, and am often asked to read a portion of Scripture, sing a hymn, and engage in prayer. Since the *death of our dear President* I have sold many more of his sermons, and have also been asked for the book of his life and photos. Though never seen by many in my district, I believe they loved him for the blessing they received through the reading of his *books* and *sermons*."

BOOKS VALUED.

Mr. BIGNELL, of Orpington, where he has long laboured in connection with the Baptist Church reports:—

"Three months ago a lady asked me if I could recommend a little book suitable for a sick girl. So I recommended 'Little Dot.' Two months later the lady asked me if I had another little book I could recommend, as the little girl liked 'Little Dot' so much. Her mother said she believed it had been a blessing to her, as she had been so much more patient and bright since reading it. This time I recommended 'A Child of Jesus.' The lady bought it, and has bought several copies since for distribution."

"CONVERSION THROUGH A SCRIPTURE TEXT.—One woman in my district bought a number of Scripture texts, and put them on the walls of her bedroom. When her husband went to bed, he said, 'Well, mother, you have made our bedroom look like a picture gallery.' She said, 'Well, there may come a time when we shall be ill. Then we shall be glad to look at them, and they may do us good.' Not long since I called, and she told me her husband had died during the month, and that just before he died he called her into his room, and said, 'It is all right. The matter is settled.' At the same time he pointed to one of the Scripture texts on the wall, and said, '*That text did it.*' Just before he died he called his children round his bed, and told them to seek the Lord at once, not to put it off till they came to a death-bed as he had done.

Mr. SAMUEL BARTLETT, of Stratford-on-Avon, reports that he visits twenty-five villages regularly every month, and twelve others occasionally, and travelled 3,445 miles in doing so. Sales amounting to £130 19s. 1d. He writes:—

"I am happy to say that I am as heartily received as ever, and even more so, in places. The village meetings and services are well attended, and an active interest shown in the services. The school we started at Preston-on-Stour three and a half years ago is making good progress, and we have good hopes regarding the spiritual future of a large percentage of the scholars."

A BORROWED BOOK BLESSED.

Mr. Bendall, of Great Totham, reports :—

"April 8th. In my journey to-day I sold a book entitled, 'Around the Wicket Gate.' In the month of May when I called again, the person who had bought it said, 'I have good news to tell you; I read the book myself, and afterwards lent it to my sister, and it has been the means of her conversion.' She gave me orders for two more copies of the same, which gave me encouragement in the work. I find a little book that you sent me some time since, entitled, 'Zionward,' is doing a great deal of good in my district, persons have told me how they have been blessed spiritually by reading it. I find that I can do good spiritually by speaking to individuals. I was speaking at a mission-room some few Sundays ago, and a woman asked me when I came round, if I would come and speak to her husband about his soul. I promised her I would, he has been ill for some time. So I called and talked to him, and he listened very attentively, and when I left he seemed very much impressed. May the Lord bless the message to his soul."

Mr. Beer, of Greenwich, writes :—

"Sold the 'Bible and the Newspaper' at a lady's house in Vanbrugh Park. Calling at a house in another neighbourhood, another lady told me that a friend had lent her the 'Bible and the Newspaper,' and it had been a great help to her. After a weary afternoon's work in Westcomb Park recently, a gentleman called me back and said to me, 'Are you a believer?' 'O yes, sir, for a great many years. Hope you are also.' 'Yes,' said he, 'and we are brothers,' giving me his hand. Asked me in, ordered the servant to get me some tea, and bought a 2s. book. Coming home late one Saturday night, after I had just closed the bookstall, two men called after me, and one of them shouted out, 'You old Sky Pilot,' I suppose on some occasion they had been piloted upward. Met a young man calling at the houses, doing some trade, asked him if he loved Jesus. He said he had been most anxious for some time. Sold him 'All of Grace,' and told him 'According to Promise' was to follow. Drunken men often try to upset me at my stall, but I have never taken any harm as yet. Was asked to conduct the Bible class and Mutual help at the Church, did so, and we all had a good time. Sales keep near or just over £20 every month. People of every class in my district, mourn the loss of our dear President, Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Some are so anxious that they ask if I can get them Doctor Spurgeon's last sermon. Oh, yes, says I, you must have his other books as well. Was cheered lately when calling at one house by a poor woman (who is fast dying). She told me she had learned to trust Christ by reading my penny books, and coming to my hall."

DREAM BOOKS.

Mr Bridger, of Horsell, one of the Home Counties' Baptist Association Colporteurs, writes :—

"Being asked if I carried Dream Books, I replied I had one containing the best selection of dreams printed. I had to describe the book and its contents, namely, Joseph's and Pharaoh's dreams, &c., &c. They thought them wonderful, and bought the book, a half-a-crown Bible. May the Lord bless the reading of it. I have endeavoured to give words of comfort, and also of warning, when required, both from house to house, and also from the platform. My wife and myself are engaged in giving and lending books and tracts, also in visiting the afflicted. Though now we are but sowing the seed, we are looking, believing, and praying for, a great blessing here at Anthonys. Have commenced out-door services at Anthonys Sunday afternoons. During the past quarter I have been enabled to conduct eighteen Gospel services, and believe they have been the means of blessing to some, if not all, and I hope by God's help in the coming quarter to be still more used.

Mr. C. Bartlett, of Bourton-on-the-Water, reports that his visits to the aged afflicted and dying are much appreciated, and that a book purchased or a tract received has proved a means of blessing in the home. He says, "I have had many pleasing evidences of good done, both in comforting the sad and afflicted and telling the good news of salvation to the unsaved." He also makes a very satisfactory statement, showing the practical results of Colportage: "I think I may safely say that the taste for good reading is steadily increasing."

SOWING IN HOPE.

Mr. R. Bellamy, of Fritham, writes:—

"My work continues about the same—a time of labour, without many visible results; but none the less a time of earnest toil. Never did I long to do the Lord's will and work more than now. To work for Him, and to be the means of blessing to souls. But at present it is a time of waiting. I took part in a gospel meeting a few days past; where six young people came out for Christ. More followed through the week. Gospel missions are being held all round now, and we look for blessings.

TESTIMONY TO THE BENEFIT OF GOOD READING.

"My book work is slow in sales; the times are bad, there is little money to spare. But still the books are doing a good work; the penny books are often spoken of as a blessing. In Fordingbridge a bible-class leader told me the books I had sold her for that class had done and were doing a splendid work. Several had come out for Christ through the reading of the books, and the class was doing well in number—larger than ever. This same Christian woman, with others of the class, asked me to send them some books over a few weeks ago for them to sell on the afternoon of the pleasure fair held there every year. This I did, and they sold over 2 pounds' worth of books for me. I have now an order for twenty books for this class. My work is only just beginning here after eight years trying.

VISITATION OF THE AGED.

"A man and his wife said to me the other day, 'We are getting old and cannot remember all you say to us; but we often speak about you, and what you have told us in the past. It does help us so much in our old days, and we weep for joy as we think of what the Lord has done for us, and how He sent you to speak to us about these heavenly things.' Two other aged women took me to see another aged sick woman. We had a good time with the sick one, and they told me to be sure and call every time I came, for it did them so much good."

Mr. G. Botwright, of Lymington, reports:—

"I am pleased to say that our work is in a healthy condition in general. Our sales are somewhat small; but, considering the weather, I am indeed very thankful. We are welcomed by all. Our annual meeting was held on November 17th, the best we have had. Our esteemed Vicar was with us, and gave an interesting address, so did all the others, and there were some from all the churches. Our sales reached £160 1s. 1d.; 339 Bibles and Testaments, 3,788 Books, 7,784 Magazines, 470 Almanacs, 1,249 large texts, and many more in packets; 6,787 visits, and 106 addresses; 2,936 miles travelled. 'Around the Wicket Gate' has been very useful; many have been led to Christ, others helped much. Earnest exhortations have been owned of God. The 'Golden Bolt,' by Mr. Fullerton, has been the means of much good in a Railway Mission. A lady bought one; it was given to another worker in that mission, and those men were much pleased with it. This is going on all round, and I am very busy indeed. But there are so many living without Christ. This is a burden. May the Lord make me useful to reach the people and win them for Christ.

Mr. F. W. Bradford, of Hockliffe, besides preaching regularly, reports several hopeful cases of conversion:—

CHRIST, AND NOT THE CHURCH.

"Visited Mrs. ——. This person had been afflicted five months; I found by conversation that she belonged to the Church of England. She told me that the minister had only visited her three times during her long illness, and that he had not mentioned anything about the matter of her soul. I found that she had not put her trust in Jesus Christ as her Saviour. But through our conversation on Him as a personal Saviour, and a few words of earnest prayer at her bedside, she is now trusting Christ as her own Redeemer."

TWO CONVERSIONS DURING ILLNESS.

"Visited Mrs. ——, and sold her one penny card; and when she read the words on the card, I asked her if she had found Him of whom the words spoke? She

answered 'No.' She was seeking him, but had no one to point out to her the way. I then spoke very freely of Christ's blood being the only way accepted by God for our sin, and that he was able to 'save to the very uttermost all that come unto God by Him.' She has laid hold of the promise, and proved it to be 'the power of God unto salvation' to every one that believeth. And then we engaged heartily in prayer; now she is trusting in Christ, as her Saviour and Redeemer. Visited M ——. This person was taken very dangerously ill suddenly, and was brought very near to the gate of death. She felt her lost and ruined condition. I was sent for at nine o'clock at night, and had just returned from preaching at Eggington. I found her in a wretched condition spiritually. She said she was too bad for the Lord to save her, as she had lived all her lifetime for herself. I read and spoke very freely to her, and prayed very earnestly, and she also pleaded very earnestly. I again visited her very early next morning, and also after I had preached at night. The result was she has found peace, and is trusting in Jesus, and bearing testimony to those who visit her that the darkness is past, and the light now shineth."

MR. SPURGEON'S SERMON PREACHED THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Mr. Cudmore, of Denmead, one of the Colporteurs employed by the Southern Baptist Association, writes encouragingly:—

"I met with an old man named H—— over 80 years of age. Wonderful to relate that dear old soul has been feeding his soul on one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, delivered at Finch Dean over thirty years ago. His text was out of the Book of Ruth, and the old soul takes an interest in telling one what he remembers of that precious sermon. We tried to lift one another up in the good old path.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE DISTRICT.

"Colportage work is a grand work, a power for good in rural districts, which are priest ridden with ritualistic parsons, who are indeed levelling the people down to their horrid doctrines, thus doing the work of a Catholic priest, and furthering Roman Catholicism in this our beloved country. Horners' stories are doing a sure work amongst the people in this district. I thank God for many of the tracts whose silent work the Day of Judgment will alone reveal, and for many of the books. They are doing a work for Christ's Kingdom. I sold a book to a lady, title "Guy Wynmore's Repentance." It was blessed to the whole family—husband, son, and wife—so powerful was the tale that each one was led the right way to believe.

THE TASTE CHANGED.

"I sold a periodical to a young man. I had a difficulty to get the order, but prevailed. His taste is now changed. 'He confessed that before he read my periodical he liked all bad books,' but now he liked good books; and buys such from me each month. 'What a change,' who can tell the results of this change? A great blessing followed a sermon, which I *lent* to a young lady. She thought she was cast off, but God opened her eyes to the fact that He is faithful, and she is now rejoicing in His faithfulness to save. Bethel Chapel, Clanfield, has been supplied by us during February, thus the door has been kept opened, otherwise it would have been closed. Bless the Lord our testimony has been owned by God, and we have experienced some good times. This cause is now placed in the hands of Mr. Williams, to supply from Portsmouth, through the Southern Baptist Association."

FRUIT OF LABOUR.

Mr. Collier, of Swaffham Prior, for several years employed by The Cambridge Association, reports:—

"In sending you this report, and entering upon the twelfth year in the district, one cannot but be encouraged in taking a review of the past. Labour has been abundant, and we can sincerely say we have shrunk from no work we have felt called upon to do, either by night or day, for the glory of God, and the good of our fellow men. Our labour has not been in vain, and while we have sown and watered the seed by earnest prayer, God has given the increase. Over seventy have been added to the Church at Swaffham Prior, since I have been here, and some have united with other Churches, who have been blessed through my visits, or through the Word spoken. The other Sunday evening I spoke to a young woman who I had often spoken to before, and was glad to find she had fully decided for the Lord. I believe there are others among us in whose hearts the Lord has put some good thing, which will yet be manifest."

TABLE OF COLPORTEURS' SALES.

A complete list is impracticable, on account of the number and variety of Books sold; but the following table indicates the number of Books and Periodicals sold in considerable quantities during the year 1891 :—

BOOKS.

	VARIOUS TOTALS.		INCLUSIVE TOTALS
Bibles...	9,407	Books under 6d.	...226,548
Testaments (various)	10,002	Books over 6d.	.. 74,082
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	1,722	,, in Packets	... 84,204
,, John Ploughman's do.	7,021	Scripture Texts...	... 82,948
,, Books (various) ...	2,851	Cards in Packets	...167,553
Almanacks (various)	7,595		
Penny Illustrated Books...	...177,138		

TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS	384,834
,, SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND CARDS ...	250,501

PERIODICALS.

Adviser	5,194	Mothers' Treasury	5,187
Appeal	2,778	National Temperance Mirror...	3,268
Band of Hope Review	12,095	Notes on Scripture Lessons ...	5,394
Band of Hope Treasury	3,100	Our Little Dots	9,247
Child's Own Magazine	6,225	Our Own Gazette	6,852
Gospel Trumpet	3,563	Prize	12,190
Herald of Mercy	4,230	Sunshine	10,741
Baptist Messenger	4,669	Good Tidings	8,836
British Workman	8,320	Chatterbox	6,540
British Workwoman	7,168	Our Darlings	3,063
Child's Companion	7,783	Sword and Trowel	5,885
Children's Friend	12,851	Young England	4,188
Cottager and Artisan	8,818	Boy's Own Paper	6,707
Family Friend	20,301	Girl's Own Paper	13,916
Friendly Visitor	5,676	Quiver	17,221
Home Words	5,362	Sunday at Home	9,466
Infants' Magazine	6,087	Cassell's Family Magazine ...	5,256
Mothers' Companion	13,529	Miscellaneous Magazines... ...	71,042
Mothers' Friend	4,214	Spurgeon's Weekly Sermons ...	26,132

TOTAL PERIODICALS	335,198
,, PENNY STORIES	177,138

These figures give some idea of the sales made by 96 Colporteurs. In addition to this, they distributed gratuitously upwards of 249,719 Tracts, made about 689,284 visits, and conducted 10,147 gospel services.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association :—

£153,784 3*s.* 6*d.*

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, WITH DISTRICTS

OCCUPIED DURING 1891.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Warminster ...	Wiltshire	S. King	1867	Mr. W. C. Toone.
Swindon	Do.	B. Slatter	1869	W. B. Wearing, Esq.
Ross	Herefordshire ...	W. J. Singleton...	1872	Thomas Blake, Esq.
Riddings and Ilkeston	Derbyshire... ...	Robert Hall ...	1872	Mr. Perriam.
Cheddar	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett	1873	Rev. J. B. Field.
Dorking	Surrey...	H. Witton	1873	Mr. A. Chabot.
Maldon	Essex	J. Keddie	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff	Glamorganshire...	Geo. Harris ...	1873	R. Cory, Esq., J.P.
*Ryde	Isle of Wight ...	H. Mabey	1873	Mr. Jacobs.
Minchinhampton .	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford	1874	Rev. W. G. Smith.
Kempsey	Worcestershire ...	R. H. Thorn and Chas. Dixey	1874	Local Committee.
Alcester	Warwickshire ...	C. Skinner	1874	
Evesham	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton	1874	
Droitwich	Do. ...	J. Wharmby ...	1874	
Downton	Wiltshire	C. Mizon	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Brentford	Middlesex	H. Meare	1874	T. Greenwood, Esq.
Wellow	Hampshire ...	W. Hodge	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Stow and Aston ...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Bartlett	1875	Mr. J. B. Ransford.
Castleton	Glamorganshire...	Geo. Fear	1876	John Cory, Esq.
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ...	A. Frost	1876	Mrs. Thomas Bantock.
Ironbridge	Shropshire	J. Gilpin	1876	A. Maw, Esq.
Pewsey Vale ...	Wiltshire	R. Moody	1876	Dr. Anstie and Local Committee.
Wincanton	Somersetshire ...	S. Shaw	1876	Mr. W. Hannam.
Fritham	Hampshire	R. Bellamy... ...	1876	R. W. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington... ...	Do.	G. Betwright ...	1876	Rev. J. Collins.
Ludlow	Shropshire	S. Cornock	1876	James Evans, Esq.
Hadleigh	Suffolk	E. Paine	1876	R. H. Cook, Esq.
Halesowen and Harborne ...	Warwickshire ...	A. Gould	1877	Local Committee.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	Southern Association.
*Salisbury	Wiltshire	T. Richards ...	1877	

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
High Wycombe ...	Bucks	D. Witton	1877	Rev. G. Wearham.
Newton Abbot ...	Devon	H. Turner	1877	J. Baker, Esq.
Bower Chalk ...	Salisbury	E. G. Lawson ...	1877	Mr. Welch.
Gt. Yarmouth ...	Norfolk	G. Bass	1877	Town Mission, S. W. Page, Esq.
Newbury	Berkshire	H. Grimwood ...	1878	A. Jackson, Esq.
*Pitsea	Essex	M. Frost	1879	Essex Congregational Union.
Bethnal Green ...	Middlesex	A. Wagon	1879	Messrs. Fox. Super., Rev. W. Cuff.
Kettering	Northampton ...	A. Portingall ...	1879	Rev. J. M. Watson.
Gresley	Derbyshire	R. Beard and J. P. Allen ...	1880	Anonymous.
Orpington	Kent	T. Bignell	1880	W. Vinson, Esq.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire ...	F. Collier	1880	Cambridge Association.
Repton	Staffordshire ...	J. P. Allen and C. Payne ...	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Sandown	Isle of Wight ...	W. Salter	1881	Major Justin.
*Cowes	Do. ...	W. Salter	1881	Mr. G. Sparks.
Sellindge	Kent	J. W. Andrew ...	1882	Mr. Sharwood.
Tewkesbury ...	Gloucestershire ...	J. Hines	1882	Rev. E. J. Brett.
Thornbury	Do. ...	C. G. Hicks ...	1882	Mrs. S. Taylor.
Calne	Wilts	W. New	1883	J. Chappell, Esq.
Neatishead	Norfolk	A. R. Richards ...	1883	Norfolk Association.
Great Totham ...	Essex	T. Bendall	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrikyber	Aberdare	J. W. Knee ...	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Wendover and Aylesbury ...	Bucks	J. Smith	1883	J. E. Taylor, Esq.
Moreyhampton ...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Macey	1884	Captain Milbourn.
Borstal	Kent	E. R. Nearn ...	1884	Lieut.-Col. Plummer.
Melksham	Wilts	A. Walker	1884	Rev. G. Webb.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire ...	S. Bartlett	1884	Mr. W. E. Edwards.
*St. Luke's	London	E. J. Heath ...	1885	Rev. E. J. Farley.
Bromley	Kent	W. Hardiman ...	1885	T. Dence, Esq.
*Okehampton ...	Devon	G. J. Whiting ...	1886	Mr. R. V. Bray.
Portsmouth Soldiers' Home ...	Hants	B. Neal	1886	Miss Robinson.
Thurlow	Suffolk	E. Dukesell ...	1886	Rev. G. Cakebread.
Littledale	Lancashire	F. W. Singleton ...	1886	Mrs. Dodson.
Uxbridge	Middlesex	S. Parkes	1886	D. White, Esq.

Greenwich	Kent	W. Beer	1886	Rev. C. Spurgeon.
Estover	Devon	H. Copo	1887	H. Sorpell, Esq.
*Peckham	Surrey...	J. Holloway ...	1887	Rev. F. M. Smith.
Langham	Essex	F. Hyatt	1887	R. Scott, Esq.
Somers Town ...	Middlesex	D. Butcher	1887	Miss Griffith.
Boroughbridge ...	Yorkshire	W. Rhodes	1888	Yorkshire Association.
*Burstow	Surrey...	W. H. Chillman...	1887	J. J. Tustin, Esq.
Rendham	Suffolk	W. Bird	1888	Rev. H. Freeman.
St. Margarets ...	Kent	L. W. Reed ...	1889	Rev. E. J. Edwards } Kent and Sussex Association.
Cowfold	Sussex...	W. Brooker... ...	1889	Rev. J. S. Geale }
Hampton Hill ...	Middlesex	J. Marshall... ...	1889	The Home Counties' Baptist Association.
Egham	Surrey...	H. G. Bird	1889	Ditto ditto
Chard	Somerset	J. Atkins	1889	Western Association.
Corton	Wilts	Thos. Haines ...	1889	Thos. Harris, Esq.
Abercarne	Monmouth	H. J. Cornock ...	1889	D. W. James, Esq.
Barrow	Suffolk	Hy. Webb	1889	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Gildersome	Yorkshire	John Ford	1889	Mr. Sharpe.
Eastchurch... ...	Sheppey, Kent ...	Jarvis Smith ...	1890	Mr. J. W. Heywood.
Northallerton ...	Yorkshire	J. Powell	1890	Yorkshire Association.
Hartest	Suffolk	J. Poulson	1890	Rev. J. Cole.
Haddenham ...	Cambridgeshire ..	H. L. Smith ...	1890	Rev. J. Palmer.
Horsforth	Yorkshire	J. H. Phillips ...	1890	W. H. Bilborough, Esq. (the late).
Arundel	Sussex...	H. Howett	1890	Rev. C. Crouch.
Sittingbourne ...	Kent	J. Morey	1890	G. H. Dean, Esq.
*Tintinhull	Somerset	J. Batt...	1890	Rev. S. Newnam.
Horsell	Surrey...	F. Bridger	1890	Home Counties' Baptist Association.
Southampton ..	Hampshire... ...	H. W. Hillman ...	1890	R. Beck, Esq.
Newington and Walworth ..	Surrey...	G. Powell	1890	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
Buxton	Norfolk	W. Slaymaker ...	1890	Norfolk Association.
Denmead	Hampshire	O. H. Cudmore ...	1890	Rev. J. C. Williams.
*Malton...	Yorkshire	H. F. Copo	1891	Rev. J. Rigby.
Hockliffe	Bedfordshire ...	F. W. Bradford ...	1891	Rev. J. K. Baker.
Earls Colne... ...	Essex	T. R. Todd	1891	Rev. W. R. Foster.
Biddenden	Kent	J. O. Vince	1892	Mr. M. Rogers, Kent and Sussex Association.
Williton	Somerset	J. Holloway ...	1892	Western Association.
Dereham	Norfolk	... ...	1892	Norfolk Congregational Union.
Rainhill	Lancashire	... ...	1892	Miss Evans.

No. of Districts occupied during 1891 :—96.

* Districts marked with an asterisk have been discontinued from lack of Local Subscriptions.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS

Received from 1st of January to 31st December, 1891.

(Previously acknowledged in *The Sword and the Trowel.*)

FOR DISTRICTS.

	£	s.	d.
Abercarn District	40	0	0
Aylesbury District	25	2	6
Brentford District:			
Per Mr. Thos. Greenwood	40	0	0
Borstal District	50	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for West Wickham	40	0	0
Bower Chalk District:			
Per Mr. Thomas R. ... 10 0 0			
Per Baptist Churches ... 5 0 0			
	15	0	0
Bethnal Green District:			
Per Mr. C. E. Fox .. 20 0 0			
Per Mr. W. R. Fox ... 20 0 0			
	40	0	0
Corton District:			
Per Mr. Thos. Harris	40	0	0
Calne District:			
Per Mr. H. Wilkins	30	0	0
Cardiff and Penrhikyber District:			
Per Mr. R. Cory...	40	0	0
Castleton, Cardiff, and Penrhikyber District:			
Per Mr. J. Cory...	80	0	0
Cambs. Baptist Association for Swaffham Prior:			
Per Mr. R. J. Moffat	40	0	0
Cheddar District	5	0	0
Devon Congregational Union for Newton Abbot	40	0	0
Dorking District:			
Per Mr. Drane	31	17	6
Disley District:			
Per Rev. C. S. Macalpine	40	0	0
Denmead District	7	10	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	30	0	0
Eastchurch, Sheppey District:			
Per L. H.	40	0	0
Exmouth District:			
Per Pastor J. Thomas	17	10	0
Estover District:			
Per Mr. H. O. Serpell	40	0	0
Earls Colne District:			
Per Mr. Tawell	30	0	0
Fritham District:			
Per Mr. R. W. S. Griffith	40	0	0
Fairford District:			
Per Captain Milbourn	35	0	0
Great Totham District:			
Per Rev. J. Harvey	42	4	0
Gildersome District:			
Per Rev. J. Haslam	30	0	0
Greenwich District:			
Per Pastor C. Spurgeon	40	0	0
Great Yarmouth District, Town Mission:			
Per Mr. S. W. Page	22	10	0
Gateshead District:			
Per Mr. G. W. Honeyman	40	0	0
Henfield District:			
Per Mr. G. Duke	4	0	0
Harborne and Halesowen District:			
Per Mr. Harwood	20	0	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church:			
Per Rev. H. H. Durant	40	0	0
High Wycomb for 1890:			
Per Rev. G. Wearham...	40	0	0
Horley District:			
Per Pastor B. Marshall	2	10	0
Horsforth:			
Per the late Mr. W. H. Bilborough 12 10 0			
Per Miss Bilborough ... 20 0 0			
	32	10	0
Home Counties' Baptist Association ...	120	0	0
Hockliffe District	30	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District	22	10	0
Ilkeston District:			
Per a Friend, New Zealand	40	0	0
Kent and Sussex Association	122	10	0
Kettering District	40	0	0
Ludlow District:			
For 1890 ... ... 24 18 2			
For 1891 .. .. 10 0 0			
	34	18	2
Langham District:			
Per Mr R. Scott	50	0	0
Littledale District:			
Per Mrs. Dodson	40	0	0
Minchinhampton District	30	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. R. Keevil... ...	40	0	0
Met. Tabernacle Sunday-school:			
For Newington and Walworth ...	40	0	0
Maldon, Friends at, per Mr. J. Belsham	30	0	0
Memoriam, In, for a District	20	0	0
Malton, per Rev. J. Rigby	10	0	0
Norfolk Baptist Association	90	0	0
Newbury, per Mr. A. Jackson	40	0	0
Oxfordshire Baptist Association:			
Stow and Aston...	50	0	0
Orpington District:			
Per Mr. Sedcole 1 0 0			
Per W. Vinson 20 0 0			
Per M. A. H. 20 0 0			
	41	0	0
Okehampton District	36	6	9
Portsmouth District:			
Per Miss Robinson ... 10 0 0			
Per G. B. 1 1 0			
Per Thanksgiving Band 5 0 0			
	16	1	0
Peckham and East Dulwich:			
Peckham Rye Tabernacle 10 0 0			
Lordship Lane Baptist Church 2 10 0			
	12	10	0
Rendham District	22	10	0
Repton and Burton-on-Trent:			
Per E. S.	80	0	0
Ross District:			
Per Mr. Thos. Blake	20	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	162	10	0
Southampton (Freemantle):			
Per Mr. R. Beck	40	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon:			
Per Mr. J. Smallwood	30	0	0
St. Luke's District;			
Per Rev. E. J. Farley	40	0	0
Somers Town District:			
Per Miss Griffiths	25	0	0
Sellindge District:			
Per Mr. Thos. R.	40	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	202	14	0
Sandown, per Major Justin	10	0	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. Taylor	20	0	0
Tewkesbury District:			
Per Mrs. Robinson ... 20 0 0			
Per Mrs. White 10 0 0			
Per Rev. E. Brett ... 5 5 0			
	35	5	0
Uxbridge District	19	19	0
Wolverhampton and Shipley District:			
Per Mrs. Thos. Bantock	50	0	0
Western Baptist Association:			
For Tintinhull and Chard	50	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Baptist Association	100	0	0
Worcestershire Baptist Association ...	120	0	0
Yorkshire Baptist Association, per Rev. J. Haslam:			
For Northallerton ... 30 0 0			
For Boroughbridge ... 40 0 0			
	70	0	0
Total ...	£3,244	7	11
Difference between arrears and advances at the beginning and end of the year	89	15	8
See General Account ...	£3,334	3	7

General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Adelphus	5	0	0
Ayrshire readers of the *Sword and the Trowel*	0	7	6
A Friend	10	0	0
A Friend in Scotland	5	0	0
A Friend	5	0	0
An Octogenarian Clergyman	3	0	0
A Thank-offering for the Improvement in Mr. Spurgeon's Health	5	0	0
Baker, Mrs....	2	10	0
Billing, Mr. J.	1	0	0
Bayley, Mr. J. R.	1	0	0
Biggart, Mr. A. L....	5	0	0
Cave, Mrs.	1	0	0
Casson, Mr. W.	0	10	0
"Church of England"	2	10	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	14	12	0
C. A. M.	10	0	0
C. A. M.	50	0	0
C. A. M.	10	0	0
C. S. F.	0	10	0
Chapman, Mrs.	10	0	0
Duncander, Miss	0	10	0
E. K. G.	20	0	0
E. S.	5	0	0
Edmond, Mr. Francis	5	0	0
Fulks, Mr.	1	1	0
Fisher, Mr. F.	1	1	0
For the Master's work	1	0	0
G. R.	25	0	0
Gunn, Mrs.	10	0	0
Gardiner, Mrs.	2	2	0
Grose, Mr. J.	1	1	0
H. A. B.	1	0	0
H. A. B., Dorchester	1	0	0
Hayes, Mr. E.	1	0	0
Heelas, Mr. D., per Mr. Jas. Withers...	1	0	0
H. B.	50	0	0
Honeyman, Mr. G. W.	10	0	0
Hamilton, Mrs.	0	5	0
Hadfield, Miss	5	0	0
H. W. C.	5	0	0
Hibberd, Mrs.	0	10	0
Harris, Miss	0	7	6
Hall, Mr. J.	2	2	0
In loving memory...	50	0	0
Jackson, Mrs. J.	1	0	0
Jacob, Mr. E. W.	0	10	0
J. S.	2	10	0
J. G., Mr.	10	0	0
Jenkins, Mr., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Kirtley, The Misses	1	0	0
Lang, Rev. W. and Mrs....	1	1	0
Laurie, Mr. Wm.	1	10	0
L. A.	10	0	0
Lamont, Mr. Donald, Executor of the late	5	0	0
Lorimer, Mr. G.	1	0	0
Marsh, Mr. E.	2	0	0
Mead, Mr. John	1	1	0
Mead, Mrs.	1	1	0
Matthews, Mr. C.	5	0	0
M. R.	1	0	0
McKay, Miss M.	0	5	0
Owens, Mr. T. G.	5	0	0
O. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
Osmond, Mr. H.	1	0	0
Pole, The Misses Van, Notten	1	0	0
Perren, Mr. A.	5	0	0
Percy, Mrs. (collecting box)	0	16	11
Priestley, Mr. J. G.	3	0	0
Potter, Mrs....	0	10	0
Potts, Mr. A.	1	1	0
Penrose, Mr. A. W.	10	10	0
Rugby, S. A.	0	5	0
Roberts, Mr. C. W.	5	0	0
R. M....	0	10	0
Readers of *The Christian*, per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	3	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Rouse, Rev. G. H., M.A., ...	1	0	0
R——, Mr. Thos.	10	0	0
Raybould, Mrs.	4	1	0
"Sailors tithe part" of	100	0	0
Seventy	1	0	0
Southwell, Mrs.	0	5	6
Sale of Boat, per Mr. G. Sparks, Cowes	2	7	6
Towsend, Mrs.	1	1	0
U. J.	1	0	0
V. S.	1	0	0
Wolland, Mr.	0	10	0
Webb, Mrs., per Pastor A. J. Davies...	0	10	0
Websdale, Mrs. per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Watts, Mrs....	1	1	0
Wood, Mr. H.	1	1	0
Watts, Mr. H. M.	0	5	0
York, Mrs.	0	10	0
Sums, 5s. and under	1	1	0

Annual Subscriptions.

	£	s.	d.
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J.	1	1	0
Bilbrough, Mr. B. P.	1	1	0
Buswell, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Brayne, Mr. E.	0	10	6
Calder, Mrs.	5	0	0
Cassell and Co., Messrs.	2	2	0
Everett, Mr.	1	1	0
Frearson, Mr. H. B.	15	0	0
Fishwick, Mr. F.	2	2	0
Fox, Mr. C. E.	5	0	0
Fox, Mr. W. R.	5	0	0
Hellier, Mrs. (1890) ... 0 10 6			
,, (1891) ... 0 10 6			
	1	1	0
Hodder and Stoughton, Messrs. ...	2	2	0
Izard, Mr. W.	2	2	0
Jenkins, Mrs.	1	1	0
Kitchen, Rev. H. J.	2	0	0
Llewellyn, Mr.	1	1	0
Liberty, Mr. Chas.	0	10	6
Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N.	10	10	0
Marshall, Mr.	1	1	0
Macgregor, Mr. W. G.	1	1	0
Mills, Mr. Walter (1890)...	1	1	0
,, ,, (1891)	1	1	0
Newman, Miss	5	0	0
Newman, The Misses A. and E. ...	2	0	0
Norris, Miss...	0	10	6
Newell, Mr. E.	2	10	0
Olney, Mr. Thos. H.	10	0	0
,, Mrs. John	2	0	0
,, Mr. William	1	1	0
Powell, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Payne, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Penston, Miss	0	10	6
Palmer, Mr. Geo., J.P.	20	0	0
Partridge and Co., Messrs. S. W. ...	2	2	0
Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	0	10	6
Passmore, Mr. J., Jnr.	1	1	0
Rabbitts, Mrs.	5	5	0
Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co., Messrs., Limited	1	1	0
Satchell, Mr. G. F.	2	0	0
Stiff, Mr. Jas.	1	1	0
Thompson, Mr. F. (1890)...	1	1	0
,, ,, (1891)...	1	1	0
Tucker, Mrs. E.	0	5	0
Wollard, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Wayre, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Total ...	£696	15	11

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account, December 31st, 1891.

Dr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Cr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Colporteurs—			By Gross Profit on Sales		2,526 12 9
Wages	6,057 12 4		By Subscriptions and Donations—		
Expenses	512 18 3		For Districts	3,334 3 7	
Repairing Packs	4 16 9		For General Purposes	696 15 11	
		6,575 7 9			4,030 19 6
To Depôt and General Expenses—			By Interest on Deposit	10 5 10	
Salaries—Secretary and Assistants ...	574 6 0		Interest on Stock Victoria 4 %... ...	41 5 6	
Printing, Stationery, and Annual Report	41 1 0				51 11 4
Postages and Telegrams	31 16 11		By Balance, Deficiency carried down		721 9 3
Alterations, Gas Fittings, and Sundries	74 1 10				
Advertising and Travelling	8 4 6				
Annual Meeting and Conference Expenses	25 14 10				
		755 5 1			
		£7,330 12 10			£7,330 12 10

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1891.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Creditors—			By Stock—		
District Subscriptions (in advance) ...	187 1 9		At Depôt	788 13 6	
Publishers, Printers, &c.	1,617 1 3		With Colporteurs...	1,341 12 1	
		1,804 3 0			2,130 5 7
To Capital Account—			By Debtors—		
Balance, December 31st, 1890	3,599 9 7		Colporteurs' Balances (in transit) ...	803 3 10	
Balance Deficiency, December 31st, 1891	721 9 3		Book Agents' ,, ,,	20 14 3	
		2,878 0 4	District Subscriptions (due) ...	369 12 4	
					1,193 10 5
			By Investment—		
			Victoria 4 % Stock		1,200 0 0
			By Cash—		
			At Bankers	128 7 4	
			With Secretary	30 0 0	
					158 7 4
		£4,682 3 4			£4,682 3 4

Examined with vouchers and found correct,
May 9th, 1892.

W. W. BAYNES,
W. PAYNE,
} Honorary Auditors.

W. CORDEN JONES, Secretary.
May, 1892.

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

AUGUST, 1892.

The Complex Character of Mr. Spurgeon.

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

IT is the peculiarity of crystal that it presents different phases, that it reflects the light from different angles, and oftentimes reveals prismatic colours. There is a peculiar aspect of Mr. Spurgeon's character, which I here desire to present under four leading heads, which, for simplicity's sake, and for unity's sake, we will denominate, first, *his human-mindedness*; second, *his myriad-mindedness*; third, *his spiritual-mindedness*; and fourth, *his heavenly-mindedness*.

First, HIS HUMAN-MINDEDNESS, by which we mean that he was a thoroughly human and a thoroughly humane man. He could adopt, with absolute truth, the famous motto of Terence: "I am a man, and nothing human do I count foreign to myself,"—"Homo sum; humani nihil à mo alienum puto," is the Latin form. He was earthy without being earthly. There was that in him which savoured of the dust of the ground, out of which man was made; and, as in the ancient myth of Antæus, whenever he touched mother earth, he received new strength. This thorough sympathy with humanity was, to those who knew him best, perhaps his most prominent natural characteristic. He was a man in all that became a man, and we might say that he was a woman in all that is most lovely in womanly character. There was about him the masculine energy, aggressiveness, decision; with the feminine tenderness, delicacy, and gentleness. This thoroughly human sympathy prepared him for what may be called the priestly office,

which is essentially a vicarious office, its central qualification being identity with humanity. A High Priest for mankind must be a man; hence, even the Son of God had to take a human nature, as well as a human body, in order to become a Mediator between God and man, and to undertake atonement for human guilt.

We count among Mr. Spurgeon's human traits his characteristic humour. Notice the word "humour", probably from "humus", the same root from which comes the word "human." We do not associate humour with Deity; it is an attribute of humanity. At times we see a touch of it in the God-man; but we feel that it belongs rather to the man side than to the God side of His complex nature. Never have I known a humour so clean, so innocent, so spontaneous, so childlike, as that of Charles H. Spurgeon. It was so genuine, that it gave no impression of ever being studied or strained; it was so spontaneous, that it reminded one of the gushing water of a spring, rather than of the spasmodic action of a pump; it was so pure, that there was none of the slime of the serpent over it; it was so innocent, that, even when it was somewhat satirical, it awakened no resentment. I have lately heard what is to me a new and very characteristic anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon's humour, as told by a personal friend and fellow-minister in America. He says:—"Our old friend, the Rev. Dr. Charles Wood, of the First Presbyterian church, Germantown, Philadelphia, tells a good story, at his own expense, about Spurgeon. Dr. Wood, while in London, was telling Spurgeon that he was going to Germany to study. 'Haven't you any theological seminaries in America?' asked Spurgeon. 'Yes,' said Dr. Wood, 'but I don't think I know everything though I graduated at Princeton; and I am going to Germany to try and learn more.' 'Well,' said Spurgeon, 'I hope you will not be like the calf I once heard of; the milk of one cow wasn't enough for it, and they gave it the milk of two, and the more milk it drank, the more of a calf it became.'"

Upon none of his intimate friends does there seem to have been made an impression more uniform than of the playful, gleeful sparkle of his unfailing humour. When he was being wheeled in his Bath chair, alongside of the seashore at Menton, a relative said to him, "Charles, what are the wild waves saying?" He answered at once, "Let us *spray*." If the history of his humour alone should be written, it would fill volumes; and it would be a great contribution to the innocent merriment of the human race, as well as a great revelation of his character. He had an anecdote for any and almost every new emergency, and many of his stories carried all the force of arguments and illustrations combined. The fountains of tears and the fountains of laughter lie side by side. Nothing is more remarkable in human history than the proximity of smiles and sighs. Hood, who was the prince of humorists, was also exceedingly susceptible to pathos; he was, in fact, a master of pathos. Democrates and Heraclites are oftentimes combined in the same man, the weeping and laughing philosopher in one; and so, not less conspicuous in this remarkable man, was his susceptibility to the tenderest emotion, and his response to everything that pertained to human woe and want, a universal sympathy bounded by no caste line. He was a man of men, a man

among men, and a man in whom every other man, as in the mystic mirror of Fouqué, found himself strangely reflected.

Second, HIS MYRIAD-MINDEDNESS. This word has been applied to Shakespeare; but he has no monopoly of the characteristic which is here indicated. The Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in his sphere, in many things resembled the bard of Avon. He had remarkable versatility; he turned his attention to many subjects and objects in turn; but I will say of him, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, "He left nothing that he did not touch, and touched nothing that he did not adorn." If he sought to produce a sermon, he was the master-preacher; if he turned his attention to authorship, he was a vigorous and powerful writer; if he attempted to organize a Pastors' College, or an Orphanage, he showed himself a master-general; if he gave his attention to natural science, he was an enthusiastic and appreciative botanist or mineralogist; if he undertook to entertain his friends, his conversation was as entertaining and as suggestive as the table-talk of Coleridge. Very few men as versatile as he have been found in this or any other generation. Without venturing to say that he was equally good in every department to which he turned his thought, we may say that he made a failure nowhere.

His industry, however, was as remarkable as his versatility; and if to any observers he does not manifest the marks of decided genius, he, at least, possessed that genius of industry which enables a plodding man to imitate the achievements of genius. Early in the morning, and often late at night, his mind, his hand, his pen, were busy. He wasted no time; even fragments of time were carefully gathered up that nothing should be lost. His memory was, doubtless, exceptional. What he had seen and heard he held fast, and stored in the symmetrical cells of his intellectual hive. Some men have a retentive memory, and some have a ready memory; he had both. He not only retained, but he could reproduce. He combined remembrance with recollection. This was, no doubt, largely the secret of his pulpit power. Those things which he had read, and which had fastened themselves upon his intellectual life, went to enrich his thought and his utterance when he proclaimed the gospel of Christ. There was nothing about his intellectual make-up which impressed me as more unusual than his power of gathering the best things, and rejecting that which was comparatively worthless. His mind acted like a sieve, which retained the grains, and let the chaff through; the reverse of the action of any ordinary sieve. He could take up a book of five hundred pages, and in an hour or two he would have gone through that book as a skilful dairyman skims the cream from a hundred pans of milk, with incredible rapidity; and when he had finished, he could lay down the book, and he had an accurate conception of its contents, and retained in his mind what was most valuable in those contents. He understood what Bacon meant when he said, that "some books are to be read, but not with diligence and attention; others are to be chewed and digested." There were very few books that he chewed and digested. As Sydney Smith would have said, he reviewed a book before he read it.

Another remarkable evidence of this myriad-mindedness was seen in

the peculiar sagacity of his mental operations. There are very few men that have the gift or grace of originating proverbs. It seems a simple thing to generate a book of proverbs: it is really one of the most difficult tasks. A prominent theological professor, who was discoursing on the Book of Proverbs, was accosted by a sceptical and somewhat vain young man in his class, who thought that it was no triumph of genius or wisdom to compose proverbial sayings, and he suggested to this conceited unbeliever that he should try the experiment of composing proverbs. He tried it; but gave it up in despair. A proverb combines certain rare qualities. In the first place, wisdom; in the second place, brevity; in the third place, practical pungency and pertinency; and in the fourth place, a certain homely quaintness, which robes a commonplace thought in an attractive and unusual dress; so that, while proverbs may deal in axioms, they do not strike you as axioms, they are not pious platitudes. This is a rare combination; but that combination is presented in the pithy, wise, suggestive, and quaint sayings of Charles H. Spurgeon. If his human-mindedness suggests the priestly character and office, his myriad-mindedness suggests the prophetic character and office.

Third, HIS SPIRITUAL-MINDEDNESS. We are told in the eighth of Romans what the spiritual mind is; it is the opposite of the carnal. The essence of carnality is that the mind and heart and conscience and will are caught and ensnared in the flesh, in the world, in the things which are temporal, and material, and selfish, and sordid. The mind is fixed on things below. The famous verses in 2 Corinthians iv. 3, 4, might be read, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid *by those things which perish*, by which the god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not," &c.; putting between the eye and the divine things the veil of that which is fleshly, he hides from the vision things celestial and supernatural. The spiritual mind is that which fixes attention upon celestial and eternal realities, gives insight into that which is invisible, makes real that which is immaterial, and gives substance to that which is shadowy.

No man can dispute that Mr. Spurgeon was pre-eminently a spiritually-minded man; nor only were his habits those of communion with the Word of God, but his delight was found in such communion. It was not a compulsion or constraint, but of affection and affinity. He had a taste, and so a fore-taste of things heavenly and divine. When, on the 31st of January, he was ushered into the hidden glory, doubtless there was no pleasure of heaven that he found absolutely new except the ecstatic vision of his Lord and Saviour. The joys of heaven, though not until then realized in their fulness, he had known in earnest through many years. The principle of his preaching was spiritually-minded, as was the staple of his preaching. He sought his texts and their treatment from above, not from below. It was by watching the stars that he obtained his ideas; communion with that which is divine filled, enlarged, and enriched his soul. From a mind that was stored with heavenly visions, he drew things new and old, like a well-instructed scribe.

There was a strange readiness and responsiveness with respect to spirituality in others. He felt intuitively the presence of a godly

soul; he detected instantly and instinctively the image of his Master. He responded uniformly to the suggestions of a spiritual mind in others; and in every crisis he seemed to understand by a spiritual instinct what course to take, or what reply to make, so that he was never at a loss for a prompt and wise answer to a question, or a wise and valuable solution of a spiritual difficulty. More and more am I impressed with this, that the only proper guide in the administration of the curacy of souls is the constant help of the Holy Spirit; and if a man abides in God, he will not be left, even in a sudden emergency, to the guidance of his own folly, or even to his own wisdom; but will be taught in that same hour what he ought to speak. The instinct of a spiritual mind is to look to God by prayer for strength and ability in every new crisis. Prayer becomes to such a one as natural as breathing; and, unconsciously it may be, but no less really, does the suggestive counsel of the Spirit come to the soul that waits for guidance.

Fourth, HIS HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS. As spiritual-mindedness is the opposite of the carnal, heavenly-mindedness is the opposite of the earthly. It implies a communion with heaven; it implies a sympathy and a similarity as to heavenly things, heavenly atmospheres, and heavenly associations; it brings down the dews of heaven upon earth; it measures earthly things by heavenly standards. Praise is as natural to a heavenly mind as song is to a happy child; and when heavenly-mindedness is supreme, everything about the life has music in it; even sadness and sorrow are but minor strains in the heavenly anthem.

Nothing is more needful for a minister of Christ than the sense of the powers of the world to come, the ability and capacity to shut out that which is visible and temporal, in order to shut oneself in with the unseen and the eternal until the presence of God is realized, and the approach of God becomes vivid and personal. There is perhaps a sense in which heavenly things should always be present with us, that we should feel that our citizenship is in heaven, and not on earth, that there is our household and family, that there is our State, commonwealth, nation. A heavenly-minded man is a man whom holy things hold by a charm and a fascination; not only his gaze but his grasp is fixed on the hereafter. Nay, let us say more than this, the eternal is present, not future, to the heavenly mind. The body may be upon the earth, but the mind is already in heaven,—

> "As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Now, if Mr. Spurgeon's human-mindedness suggests the priest, and his myriad-mindedness the prophet, does not his spiritual and heavenly-mindedness suggest the king? If it be true that never since John Wesley's time has a man been more absolutely a ruler in spiritual things, and possessed more unlimited control over his followers, let us remember that there are some men that are born and bred as kings; and that he is God's anointed king who, by the simple presence in himself of commanding qualities of intellect and heart, melts a thousand

wills into his own; not by compulsion or constraint, but by the simple mastery of his own nature. For ourselves, we are not afraid of authority when it is not divorced from high and exalted nobility and worth. The perfection of government is found not in a republic, nor even in a constitutional monarchy, but in an absolute mind, where one will is supreme and indisputable, provided only that that one absolute will is guided by perfect love and perfect wisdom, such as the government of the universe; not a republic, not a democracy, not an aristocracy, but an absolute despotism.

Mr. Spurgeon exercised an absolute authority, not because of sheer wilfulness, though he was a wilful man, but because of his acknowledged worth. Men bowed to his authority because it was authority backed by united wisdom and affection. Paul says, in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, tenth chapter, and eighth verse, in the Revised Version, "For though I should glory somewhat abundantly concerning our authority (which the Lord gave for building you up, and not for casting you down), I shall not be put to shame." How often is the suggestion here that an abundant authority may be safely committed to an apostle of God by God himself, when that authority is to be used, not for casting others down, but for building others up! Mr. Spurgeon was an autocrat, no doubt; but his autocracy made everyone whom his sceptre ruled richer, nobler, better, happier. It may not be safe to commit such authority to most men; but in his hands it was exercised not for destructive, but for constructive ends. Would that God would speedily supply some successor, who can safely ascend to the throne that he filled by the willing and joyful suffrages of all who knew him and loved him, and who can with something like his affection and faithfulness hold the sceptre, the golden sceptre, that for forty years his hand so firmly held! It is not unlikely that no one fit to succeed him will be found, that the authority which he possessed and exercised must now be distributed among many hands and guarded by constitutional limits. Nevertheless, it must ever remain true that the man who combined with his manhood all the nobler attributes of childhood, safely held and nobly wielded one of the most imperial sceptres that God ever gave to any one of the children of men.

Mr. Spurgeon's "Sword."

BELIEVING that many of our readers would like to see the inscriptions written by Mr. Spurgeon in the Bible he always used in his study, we have copied them, in the hope that they may induce many more to prize the precious "Lamp" as much as he did.

The lamp of my study.—C. H. SPURGEON, 1856.
The light is bright as ever.—1861.
Oh, that mine eyes were more opened!—1864.
Being worn to pieces, rebound 1870. The lantern mended, and the light as joyous to mine eyes as ever.

A Message from Over the Sea.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Menton, Dec. 11, '91.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—To you and to your church, hearty greeting. I sincerely thank you for your loving prayers and fraternal encouragements. I have done the best I could for the cause of God and truth, and my sorrow is that so little result has followed. *That*, however, rests with my Lord. *I am not moved in the least*, but am assured that His eternal purpose will stand, and His Son will prevail. It is a great joy to hear from one who abides firm in the faith. Peace be unto you. Pray for me still.

"Yours very heartily,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

These words, written by my beloved's own hand, on a *post card*, have come to me after a journey of thirty thousand miles to and from New South Wales. Just seven weeks before he went home to glory, he penned this pathetic declaration of his unaltered attitude in the conflict which cost him his life. Why the owner of the precious relic, who says he values it "more than gold", should have entrusted it again to the mercy of the winds and waves that I might see it, I cannot tell, unless it was that he felt that its strong statement of steadfastness was just the rallying-cry needed for the present crisis. However that may be, its reception has stirred my heart to say these few words.

It has been intimated that, during his last days on earth, my beloved husband somewhat regretted his bold and fearless defence of God's truth against the subtle and insidious forms of error that were then creeping into the Church of Christ; and are now, alas! more openly lifting their blasphemous heads in her midst; and that, had he lived, he would have lowered his flag to the enemy, and made a compact of peace and love with those who have "trodden under foot the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing."

HE NEVER WOULD. No statement could be further from fact than this, and I am unwilling that so grave a misrepresentation should go forth to the world without protest from the one who knew and loved him best. To the very last moment of consciousness my husband stood nobly and unflinchingly by the standard of the old faith; and the doctrines he had preached during his life were his comfort and stay when that life was about to close. Never once did he regret or swerve one iota from the position he took during "The Down-grade Controversy."

Ever the most loving and tender of men, the most forgiving and forgetful when personal slight and injury were in question, he had no love to spare for those who perverted God's Word; he could neither forgive nor forget an insult to his Lord, nor a disparagement of those divine verities which were dearer to him than life.

His great loving heart was torn and broken by the enforced strife of contending against error in those who were professedly the teachers of "sound doctrine"; but, though his precious life was shortened by

the terrible ordeal through which he passed, he never sorrowed over the sacrifice, or repented that he had been "faithful unto death."

Will every reader of these pages ponder well the brave words which have come ringing across the sea,

"I AM NOT MOVED IN THE LEAST,"

and then follow the grand example of him who has now, to his eternal joy, heard the "Well done" of his Master and Lord?

The Nightingale Psalm.

"The twenty-third Psalm is the nightingale of the Psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity; but, oh! it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that Psalm was born!"—H. W. BEECHER.

JESUS is my Shepherd,
He'll my wants supply;
He in greenest pastures
Maketh me to lie.
He beside still waters
Gently leadeth me;
He my soul restoreth,
Oh! so tenderly.

He it is who guides me,
For His own name's sake,
So that paths unrighteous
I may never take.
Though I walk death's valley,
I'll no evil fear,
Thou Thyself art with me;
Rod and staff—they cheer.

Thou my table spreadest
Right before my foes;
Thou my head anointest,
And my cup o'erflows.
Surely shall Thy mercy
Follow me each day;
In Jehovah's temple
I will dwell for aye.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

The Centre of Education.

IT is told of a great philosopher, that a friend called one day to see him, and was entertained by the philosopher's little daughter till her father came in. The friend supposed that the child of so wise a man would be learning something very deep. So he asked her, "What is your father teaching you?" The little maid looked up into his face with her clear eyes, and said, "Obedience." That is the one great lesson our Lord is teaching us.—*From "Making the Most of Life." By J. R. Miller, D.D. (Selected by Mr. Spurgeon for insertion in the Magazine.)*

Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives at Menton.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

(*Continued from page* 251.)

THE subjoined picture appropriately introduces the drive at Menton, which Mr. Spurgeon took on *Tuesday, January* 12, 1892.



THE PONT ST. LOUIS, MENTON, FROM THE SEASHORE.

As we explained in our April number, two friends kindly placed their services and their cameras at Mr. Spurgeon's disposal, in order that they might illustrate his descriptions of the drives which were such a constant source of refreshment and delight to him. We have already given some of the views taken by Mr. W. C. Houghton, and others of his will follow in due course. Most of our illustrations this month are reproduced from photographs taken by Mr. P. W. J. Mackenzie, of Dover.

Our friend, Mr. J. Manton Smith, in his *Life of C. H. Spurgeon for Young People*, mentions that among those who were in the bedroom at the *Hôtel Beau Rivage*, on the morning after the dear Pastor had been promoted to glory, were "his much-beloved deacon, Mr. Allison, ... and my friend, Mr. Mackenzie, who had rendered Mr. Spurgeon some little assistance with his camera during the closing weeks. . . . . My friend told me that as he fell upon his knees in that strange land, and kissed the cold forehead, he fervently lifted his heart to God in gratitude for the blessing he had received as a young man, in London, many years before, through those lips which were now silent. He had never told Mr. Spurgeon that he was converted through him, but in the presence of death his heart overflowed." As Mr. Allison also was converted through Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, it was a happy providence that enabled him and Mr. Mackenzie to be of service to the beloved preacher to whom they were both so deeply indebted.

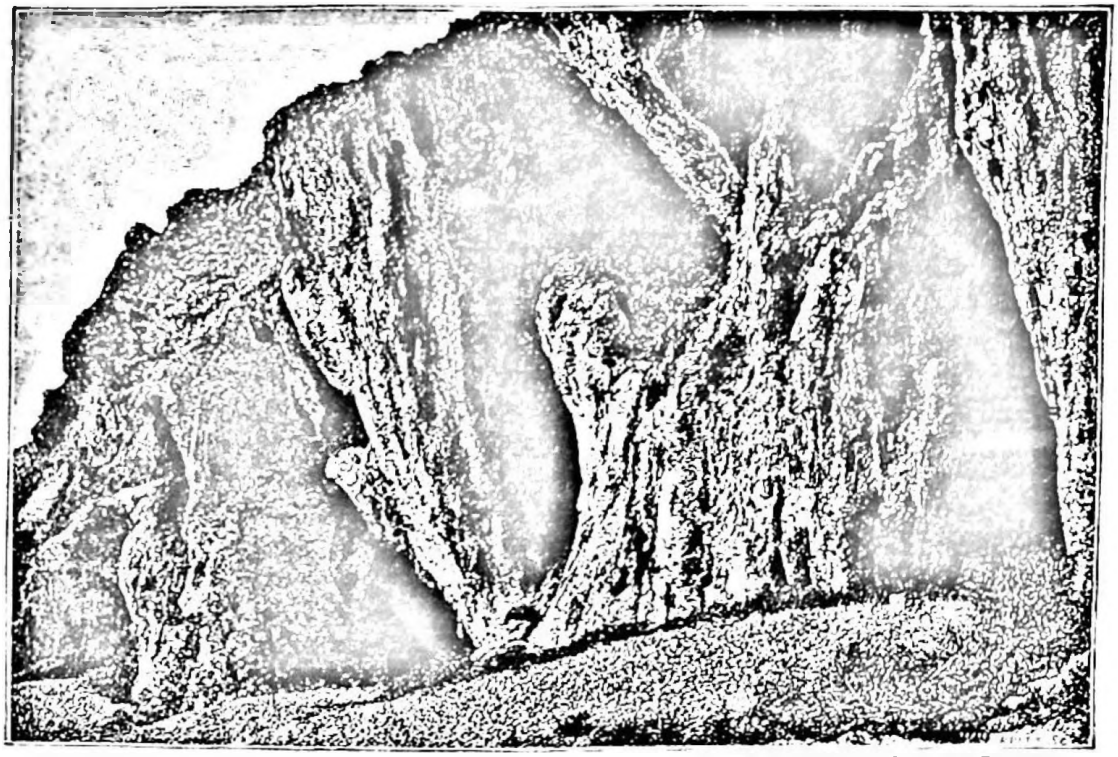
In sending the negatives for this month's illustrations, Mr. Mackenzie confirms the statement in Dr. Pierson's article in the present Magazine, that "upon none of his intimate friends does there seem to have been made an impression more uniform than of the playful, gleeful sparkle of his unfailing humour." Mr. Mackenzie writes:—"I was very much struck with the genial, loving humour of Mr. Spurgeon. You will remember that he asked me if I considered myself a royal clansman, to which I replied, 'Of course I do; the "Macks" have royal blood in their veins; but the "Mc Ks" are a mongrel lot' (referring to different ways of spelling the name, viz., Mackenzie and McKenzie). He enjoyed the little joke; and when Mr. Allison asked from what point he would like the photograph of 'The Queen's Villa' taken, Mr. Spurgeon replied, 'wherever his royal highness thinks best.'" This was an allusion to one of the pet names by which Mr. Spurgeon sometimes playfully called Mr. Allison, namely, "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

All this while we have been keeping "his royal highness" waiting on the seashore beyond the French frontier (see page 469). There he stands, every inch a prince; thank God, more than that, one of the kings and priests unto the Most High God! He and Mr. Mackenzie had called on Mr. Spurgeon on the morning of January 12; and it was arranged that the photographer and his "princely assistant" should take a view of the *Pont St. Louis;* and afterwards, should the weather prove favourable, accompany the Pastor round the *Boulevard Victoria.*

Many years ago, *The Sword and the Trowel* contained a view of the frontier bridge; but the present illustration gives a better idea of its appearance as seen from the shore. The upper arch shows the route

of the Corniche road, the lower one helps to support the railway. The stream that flows down from the hills, supplies the water for the use of the washerwomen, who seem to be busy at this spot all the week.

In our last article, we referred to the red rocks, which are situated a little beyond the point where Mr. Allison was standing. We had not space for a view of them then, so insert it here.



From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.

In order to rejoin his friends, the Pastor, accompanied by his "armour-bearer", drove along the *Promenade St. Louis*, passing over the ground which had become doubly dear to both of them by its associations with the beloved invalid's afternoon Bath chair exercise. After the morning drive, it was deemed desirable to have a quieter ride along the seashore, and sometimes the dear patient could thus enjoy also a little walk. He seldom grew tired of looking at that beautiful sea; or if he preferred a change of view, we had only to turn the Bath chair round, and he could gaze without weariness upon the long chain of the Maritime Alps, whereon every variety of light and shade seemed perpetually to play. On the Sabbath, of course he never drove out; but one or other of us would wheel him along the promenade. One morning, I was detained indoors, but before starting he said to me, "I must take a sermon for our friend." We had made the acquaintance of a gentleman, who was at Menton for his health's sake, and it became quite a regular thing for him to meet us along that sheltered road. He will not forget the kindly greetings and the tender sympathy that were extended to him; nor will many more who, without intruding upon needful privacy and rest, were privileged to hear some of the last words spoken by our dear Pastor by the sunny shore. Truly, he

was "instant in season, out of season", "faithful unto death", watching for souls as they that must give account.

During Mr. Spurgeon's many visits to Menton, he had become acquainted with so many different persons, that interesting incidents were associated with almost every villa and garden in the place. We must not, however, linger any longer; for we are bound for the *Boulevard*. Otherwise, we should have liked to have written at length concerning the *Villa St. Louis*, and its hospitable owners, Dr. and Mrs. Hearn, whose charming garden is just visible to the left of the upper bridge on page 469. We should have been glad also to have more fully mentioned the *Chateau St. Louis*, the residence during the winter of 1890–1, of the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, M.P., whose own weakness enabled him the more fully to sympathize with Mr. Spurgeon in his great illness. The name of *St. Louis* abounds in this quarter; a somewhat dilapidated house, the first to be seen on the Italian side, has a rough cross, and the name, *S. Ludovicus*. Why the name is so prominent, we have never ascertained.

It is not our purpose, at this time, to describe the drive round the Boulevard Victoria; *that* was done by the late beloved Editor in his own inimitable way. We recommend all our readers to refer to his article, which was published in *The Sword and the Trowel* for February, 1891. Our object is to supply the illustrations that were not then available, with any later information about the dear Pastor or his beloved wife.

On his last visit, the *Boulevard* was the first drive he took, and also the last but one; and more frequently than anywhere else did he wind his way "around the back of the gigantic arm-chair which forms the East Bay," as he described it; or "in the sun-trap," as Dr. Fitz-Henry called it. In the "Notes of Days at Menton", from which we have already largely quoted, there are the following memoranda in the Pastor's own handwriting:—

1891.

Oct. 29. Arrived half-an-hour late from Marseilles in the evening. C. H. S. S. S. Brother and wife. Harrald.

,, 30. Indoors. Weather cold. Dr. F. H.

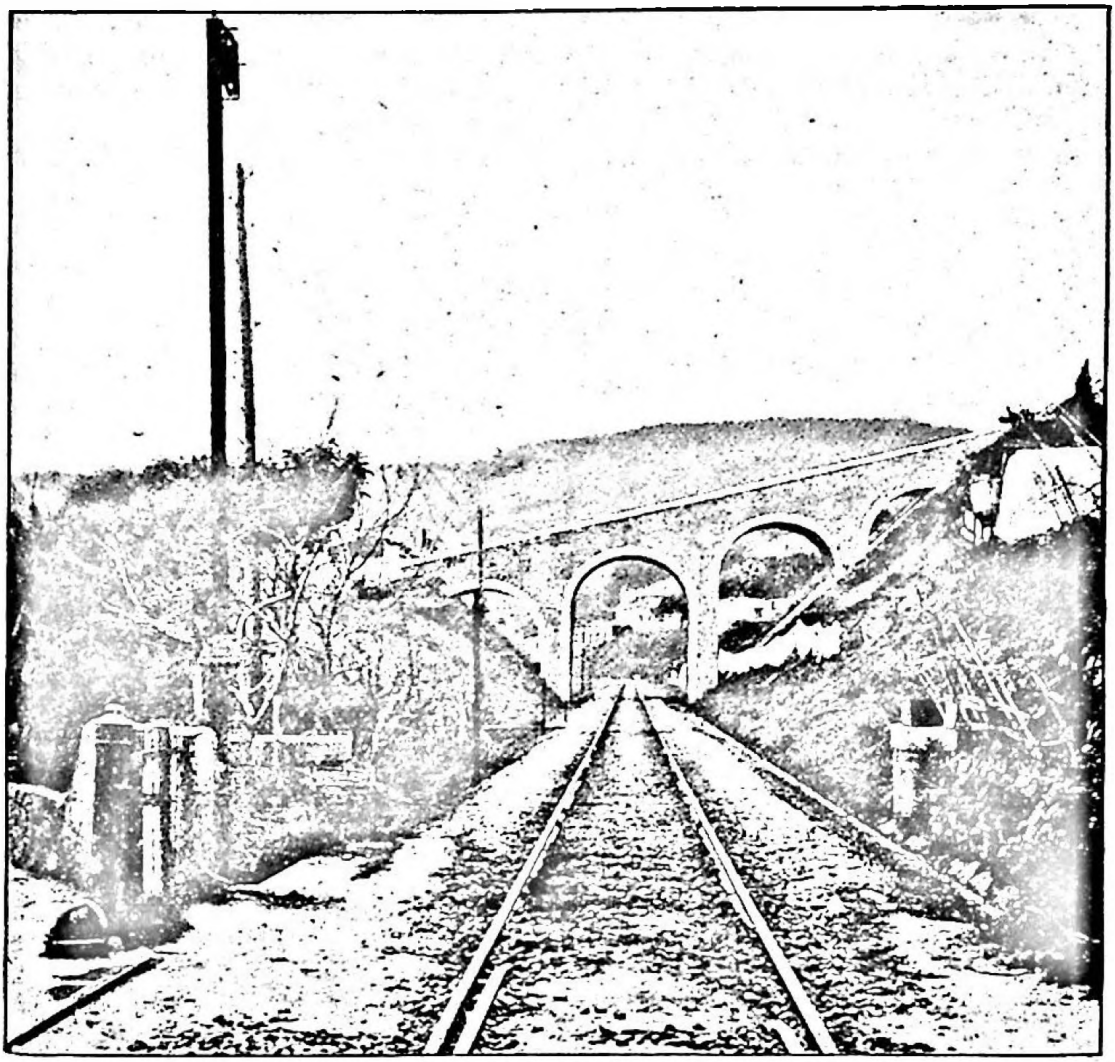
,, 31. Drove *Boulevard* and back. C. H. S., and S. S.

Nov. 2. Drove a little bit everywhere, home by *Boulevard*.

We can never praise the Lord sufficiently that our beloved Pastor was able to write about C. H. S. *and S. S.* together at Menton. This particular route was for many reasons an interesting one for Mrs. Spurgeon, for as soon as the carriage reached level ground, she was glad to alight, and walk along the road, admiring the charming panorama which even her dear husband could not describe as it deserved, and praising God all the time for his superabounding mercy in permitting them both to be in that earthly Eden, after the trying experiences of the terrible illness during the preceding summer and autumn.

In his description of the *Boulevard*, Mr. Spurgeon mentioned the slanting bridge over the railway by which the mud-river is carried down from the mountains after heavy rains; and he wished very much to give his readers a picture of it. He also spoke of the level crossing

where "the traffic on either side accumulates till it crosses the iron way in a grand procession"; and he added that "a station here would be a great benefit to this quarter." Mr. Mackenzie's photograph, taken from the level crossing, gives a capital view of the bridge, and through one of the arches shows the new station of *Menton Garavan*, which was opened during the past winter. We did not see any "stream of mud-lava" flowing over the bridge; but there had evidently been, some time previously, a sufficiently powerful torrent to break through the wall protecting the road at the bottom of the slope. Anyhow, the bridge is an indispensable protection to the railway and the villas and vineyards on either side of it.



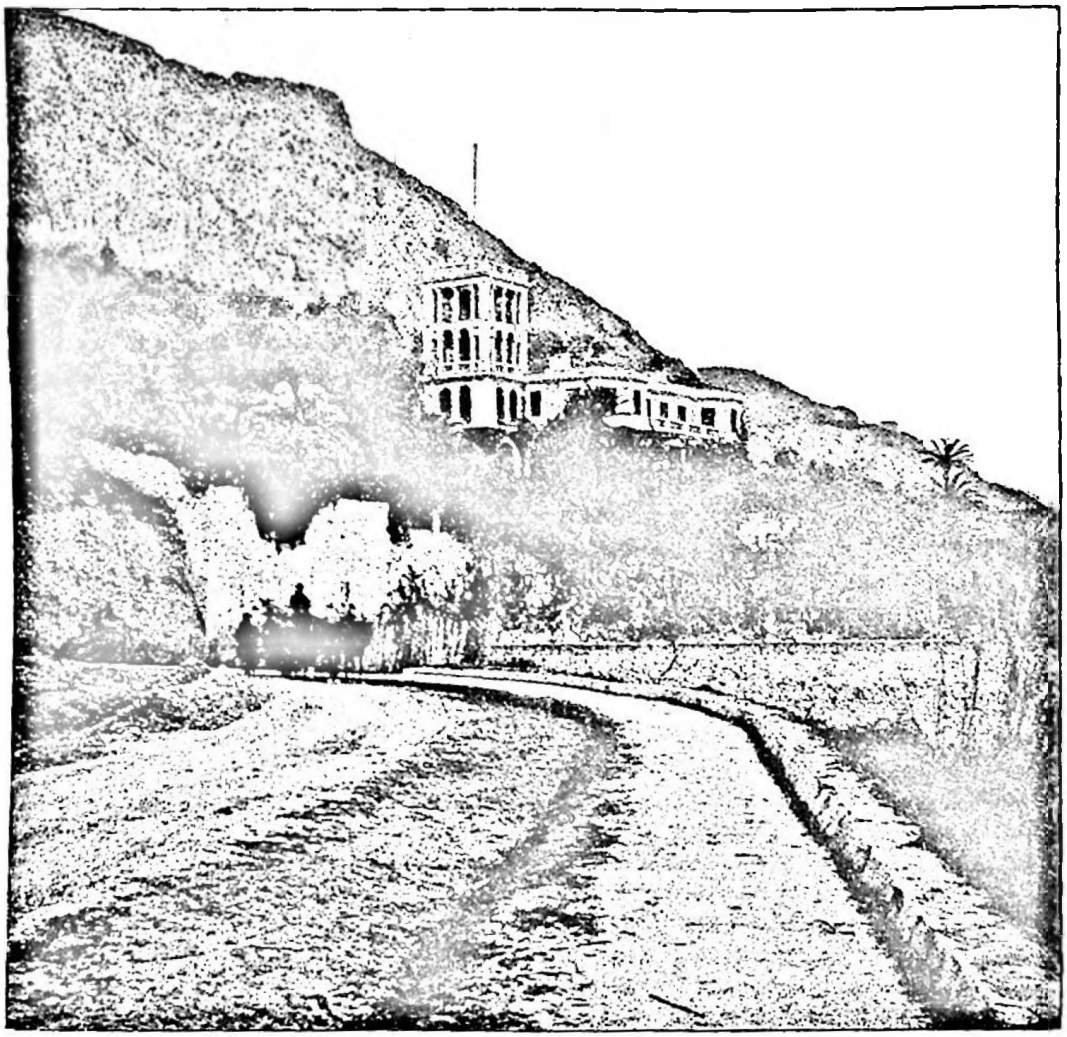
VIEW OF SLANTING BRIDGE.

Mr. Spurgeon recorded the fact that Mr. Kennedy's "fine villa with a tower" was erected near the spot where he used to sit in the garden of an unoccupied house, and read and rest to his heart's content. When we were arranging with Mr. Mackenzie for the view of this villa, the carriage in which Mr. Spurgeon sat was so near the camera that we should have had his portrait in most lovely surroundings;

but before it could be taken, he directed the coachman to go further back, so that the house might be the principal object in the picture. It was quite characteristic on his part to put himself in the background; but we were sorry to lose another opportunity of securing the photograph of the one we so dearly loved, whom we were so soon to lose.

We have not attempted to enlarge Mr. Spurgeon's likeness, for the previous effort in that direction did not give our friends a correct idea of how *well and happy* he looked on January 8, when Mr. Houghton's photograph was taken. On that occasion, his face wore one of his happiest smiles, but the bright sun, shining upon his hat, threw a deep shadow over his countenance. In removing the shade, the smile was lost, and with it that appearance of health and vigour that prevented us from imagining his end could be so near as it was. It is necessary to say this because some friends formed, from the portrait in our April Number, a very mistaken notion concerning our dear Pastor's apparent health and happiness almost to the last.

The *Villa Chiusa* will have another association for us from the fact



VILLA CHIUSA, MENTON.

that it was there that Mrs. Spurgeon, in the early days of her own deep sorrow, went to condole with Mrs. W. Burton Alexander, who had been but recently similarly bereaved. Mr. Alexander was the Presbyterian minister at Menton some years ago. He and his dear wife devoted several years to self-sacrificing service in a poor district in London. Last winter, they arranged to go, for needful rest, to Menton; but ere the appointed day arrived, the Lord called the husband to the land where everlasting spring abides, and his sorrowing and prostrate widow had to journey without him. Mr. Spurgeon enquired tenderly for her, but was unable to see her; and when he also received the summons, "Come up hither," Mrs. Alexander entreated Mrs. Spurgeon to call upon her. A visit of condolence under such circumstances was necessarily very trying; but the mutual sympathy of sisters in sorrow was very deep. There is a pleasing little incident that may be fitly mentioned here. Several years ago, a well-furnished luncheon basket was sent to "Westwood" with the following inscription inside:—"With Mr. and Mrs. Burton Alexander's Christian regards. For Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon's journey to Menton." At that time it seemed impossible that Mrs. Spurgeon could ever accompany her dear husband to the South of France, so the basket was put away; but when she was really arranging for the long journey, the kind present was remembered, and was used with many expressions of hearty gratitude to the generous donors. Some may think that such a matter as this is too insignificant to be noticed; but to those concerned it was one of the little providences that united with the great providences connected with that wonderful arrangement by which the invalid wife was enabled to accompany her beloved husband, and to cheer him by her loving, gentle ministry until he was translated from the earthly Eden to the heavenly Paradise.

We have scarcely gone along half of the *Boulevard*, but our space is exhausted, and we must leave other items until next month, when we shall have a view of "The Queen's Villa", and other interesting objects observed on that memorable drive on January 12.

Mushroom Anchors.

A RECENT daily paper contained a government advertisement for "Mushroom Anchors." I remember taking a walk down Anchor Lane, in Portsmouth Dockyard; but I have no recollection of having had any "Mushroom Anchors" pointed out to me there.

The government ought to have no difficulty in getting all the "Mushroom Anchors" it requires, for there are plenty of them about. The moist soil of the brains of the "advanced thinkers" of the day has produced a plentiful crop of "Mushroom Anchors", such as Annihilation, Post-mortem Salvation, the Universal Fatherhood of God, the Larger Hope, &c. Pity the poor mariner on the sea of life who has only such "Mushroom Anchors" as these, instead of the strong and tenacious gospel anchor of which the apostle Paul says, "Which *hope* we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."—J. W. H.

Mr. Spurgeon's R. T. S. Pocket-book.

(*Continued from page 252.*)

Jan. 17. "*Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.*"—Rom. viii. 26.

I. Ignorance. "We know not what we should pray for."
II. Inaptness. "As we ought."
III. Sense of depression. "Groanings."
IV. Want of expression. "Which cannot be uttered."

Jan. 18. "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.*"—Matt. xxii. 37.

Really. Intensely. Continually.
Intellectually. Exclusively. All of God.
Absorbingly. Personally. Appropriatingly.

Jan. 19. "*A forgetful hearer.*"—James i. 25.

I. Forgets to obey the Word.
II. Forgets the Word itself.
III. Forgets that he is sinning.

Jan. 20. "*See then that ye walk circumspectly.*"—Eph. v. 15.

I. Look carefully how ye walk.
II. Look all round. "Circumspectly."
III. Look at your rule.*
IV. Look at your time. "Redeeming the time" (v. 16).

Jan. 21. "*Yea, He is altogether lovely.*"—Song of Solomon v. 16.

(This is one of the passages on which Mr. Spurgeon did not make an outline. He intended to "look it up" when he "got home." What a sermon the beloved Editor could preach on this subject now that he has seen the King in His beauty, in the land that is very far off!)

Jan. 22. "*That Rock was Christ.*"—1 Cor. x. 4.

I. Rock smitten.
II. Rock spoken to.
III. Rock not to be smitten.

Jan. 23. "*The God of patience.*"—Rom. xv. 5.

I. Who exercises patience.
II. Who claims patience.
III. Who works patience.
IV. Who rewards patience.

(This outline was published in *fac-simile* in *The Sword and the Trowel* for March.)

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* In the pocket-book, opposite each text, there is an appropriate extract. In this instance, it is *John Preston* who is quoted; and as Mr. Spurgeon put a special mark against his words, and as they illustrate one of his divisions of the subject, we have copied them for the benefit of our readers:—

"It is our wisdom to do that which God hath appointed a man to do. It is the rule of wisdom that commands us to *walk exactly;* and as he is the best writer that comes nearest to his copy, and he is the best carpenter that comes nearest his rule appointed him, so he is the wisest man that comes nearest the rule of wisdom, which is the Book of God, which exhorts us to *walk exactly.*"

Jan. 24. "*A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.*"—Ps. li. 17.

I. THERE IS A HEART WHICH GOD DESPISES.
II. THERE IS A HEART WHICH MAN DESPISES.
III. THIS HEART GOD VALUES.* "A broken and a contrite heart."

Jan. 25. "*The Lord is my Rock.*"—2 Sam. xxii. 2.

I. SPEAK TO THE ROCK.
II. SUCK HONEY OUT OF THE ROCK.
III. SINK DOWN ON THE ROCK.
IV. STAND UP ON THE ROCK.

This subject seems to have suggested another to Mr. Spurgeon, so we give that also :—

"*The Rock of my salvation.*"—Ps. lxxxix. 26.

I. ROCK OF FOUNDATION.
II. ROCK OF DEFENCE.
III. ROCK OF SHADE.
IV. ROCK OF SUPPLY.

Jan. 26. "*Casting all your care upon Him ; for He careth for you.*"—1 Peter v. 7.

I. HE IS THE GREAT CARETAKER.
II. YOU ARE THE DEAREST OBJECT OF HIS LOVE.
III. WHEREFORE RETURN HIS CARE BY CONFIDENCE.

Jan. 27. "*Feed me with food convenient for me.*"—Prov. xxx. 8.

I. APPROPRIATE. "Food convenient."
II. NEEDFUL.
III. APPOINTED. Literally, "Give me for food the bread of my appointed portion."
IV. BENEFICIAL.

Jan. 28. "*I have called you friends.*"—John xv. 15.

I. A HIGH HONOUR. "Not servants; . . . but friends."
II. A POWERFUL APPEAL. "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you" (v. 14).
III. A PRECIOUS ENCOURAGEMENT. "For all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you."

Jan. 29. "*Without God in the world.*"—Eph. ii. 12.

I. IN A PUZZLE WITHOUT THE KEY.
II. IN PERIL WITHOUT DEFENCE.
III. IN LABOUR WITHOUT HELP.
IV. IN COURT WITHOUT AN ADVOCATE.
V. IN THE PRESENT WITHOUT HOPE OF THE FUTURE.

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* Mr. Spurgeon evidently intended to quote the following illustrative extract from *Thomas Watson* :—

"Tears melt the heart of God. Prayer inclines God to show mercy, tears compel Him; God seals His pardons upon melting hearts; tears, though they are silent, yet have a voice; tears wash away sin, as rain melts and washeth away a ball of snow; repenting tears wash away sin. That sin which cannot be defended by argument may be washed away by tears."

Lady Hymn-Writers.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

(*Concluded from page* 60.)

NO list of "Lady Hymn-Writers" would be complete unless it included the name of Miss Georgiana M. Taylor, formerly of Leamington, where she did a very excellent work in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association of that town; now of Ventnor, where she is engaged in service for Christ, in such ways as her somewhat weak health will permit. Some years ago, she published a little book, entitled *Lays of Lowly Service*, which is not as widely known as it ought to be, for it contains some gems of sacred poetry. We are glad to see that a new edition has recently been brought out in New York. Miss Taylor's name will chiefly be remembered as the authoress of the hymn beginning—

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing!
Only to lie at His feet."

This hymn, though it has been severely criticized, has voiced the yearnings of thousands of devout souls who are wishful to lie humbled at God's feet. It may be quite right, under certain circumstances, to wish "to be something, something"; but the path to usefulness lies beyond the place of emptying; we must learn to be nothing ere we can become fit to be used in the hand of God. Besides this hymn, there are several others of Miss Taylor's which have won a permanent place for themselves. "For Jesus' sake" is well-known to its tune, as it appears in *Evangel Echoes*; but another hymn, entitled, "Tell Jesus," which has been set to music in *Hymns for Homes* (Passmore and Alabaster), is not so familiar, though it deserves to be widely circulated. The third stanza is as follows:—

"Then, as hour by hour glides by thee,
Thou wilt blessed guidance know;
Thine own burdens being lightened,
Thou canst bear another's woe;
Thou canst help the weak ones onward,
Thou canst raise up those that fall;
But remember while thou servest,
Still tell Jesus—tell Him all!"

The name of Mrs. A. R. Cousin, who resides, I believe, in Edinburgh, must be included amongst the women who have enriched the Church of Christ in song. Her beautiful hymn, "The sands of time are sinking," which is based on some utterances of the sainted Samuel Rutherford, is well known, though only a few stanzas of it, and these not always the best, have found their way into our hymn-books. There are other pieces of Mrs. Cousin's, for instance, the poem, "Thou art not very far from the kingdom of God," which, in these days of solo-singing, should be used more frequently; and "The Saviour's appeal", which, being a little unequal in metre, is rather difficult to sing. I give the second verse of the latter piece:—

"I am watching and waiting to-night, O soul,
I list for the faintest breath:
But there cometh nor sound, nor sight, O soul,
All is still and dark as death.
Thou knowest not, these locks that the damp steeps through,
While thy door is closed on Me,
Were dyed one night with a heavier dew,—
All for the sake of thee!"

Mrs. Codner, of Bromley, Kent, deserves an honourable place in the list of "Lady Hymn-Writers." Her hymn, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," is known the world over; and where there is earnest longing for the revival of God's work, the people of God instinctively turn to it, and use it both as a prayer and a song.

Another name which deserves mention is that of Miss Emma Tatham, though, perhaps, she was more a Christian poet than a hymn-writer. Born on October 31st, 1829, in Theobald's Road, Gray's Inn, London, she lived most of her life at Margate, and died at Redbourne, on the 4th September, 1855, at the early age of twenty-five. Her volume of poems, entitled, *The Dream of Pythagoras*, contains much to charm the devout mind. Take, for instance, this fine verse, which begins the hymn, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit":—

"Oh, calm must be the heart wherein the Dove of God can build;
Each breath of pride depart, each passion-wave be stilled;
He passeth o'er the deluge dark, in *every* soul seeks rest;
But thou must go into the Ark, if thou would'st be His nest."

There is a well-known hymn, entitled, "A little talk with Jesus", which may be found in many homes, bringing comfort to some of God's choicest saints. It has been set to music by an American composer, and the words are often ascribed to him also. The authoress, however, is Mrs. Greenstreet, formerly Miss A. L. Ashley, who still resides in Sheffield. The hymn was written years ago, when she was in the midst of a peculiar trial, and first appeared in her little volume, entitled, *Heart Yearnings*, published in Sheffield, and still to be obtained there, though several of her poems are also issued in separate form by a Glasgow publisher. Another hymn of hers, often ascribed to somebody else, or published anonymously, begins with the verse—

"I love when I am weary,
And faint, and worn, and sad,
To spend an hour with Jesus,
Whose presence makes me glad."

This, too, has brought help and healing to some, and is a great favourite with many.

If any readers can tell me something about Mary Jane Walker, I shall be glad to hear from them. She is the authoress of the hymn, "Jesus, I will trust Thee," now well-known, but treasured by a few long before it became popular by being inserted in *Songs and Solos*. The first verse contains a specimen of the finest poetic logic ever written. Here it is, in the third and fourth lines:—

"There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee,
Thou hast died for sinners, therefore, Lord, for me."

Is not that good reasoning?

There is a lady who used to live in Bath, and who signs herself S. M. E. Her name, Miss Margaret E. Slater, is almost an open secret. She is the authoress of Manton Smith's favourite solo, "The lost one", and of many other fugitive pieces, of which the hymn, "They have been with Jesus," is included in several collections. Here are two stanzas of hers:—

"The tangled threads are in His hand:
I know He holds them fast—
A perfect pattern He hath planned,
'Twill all come right at last.

"Then let me calmly trust and wait,
Till I that shore shall gain—
Where crooked things shall be made straight,
And the rough places plain."

We hope to see Miss Slater's book some day.

Some years ago, I rescued from a pile of music, and set aside for publication, a hymn which has since met with much acceptance in this country; and which, judging from the frequency with which it has been reprinted, seems to be destined to stay. It is by an American authoress, of whom I know nothing, save that she has also written another very beautiful hymn, "Hold Thou my hand," to which my friend, Mr. Chamberlain, has put a most appropriate tune. Her name is Grace J. Frances. The first hymn is entitled, "Jesus, only Jesus"; and the first verse is as follows:—

"Oh, my restless, longing soul,
Who thy wanderings will control?
Who will cleanse and make thee whole?
Jesus, only Jesus."

Miss Effie Williamson, of Galashiels, is known only to a limited circle; but in her book of poems, *The Tangled Web*, there are several hymns well worth notice. She weaves in one of the mills of the town, and is another example of a gentlewoman in a lowly lot. One of her hymns has attained some popularity, being set to a very "taking" tune in *Evangel Echoes*. The first verse is:—

"O joy, 'tis mine, this life divine,
Life hid with Christ in God,
Once sin-defiled, now reconciled—
And washed in Jesus' blood."

The verdict of Mr. Frank White, who once sat beside me in the pulpit when it was being sung, is true. He looked up from his book, and said, "There is a lot of God's truth in that hymn."

Miss Charlotte Murray, of Hastings, has written some hymns of merit in her *Messages for the Master*, and *More Messages*. Some of them would make good singing. Here is a verse of another sort, which should be a message to some Christians of our acquaintance:—

"It cannot well be right, that we, God's people,
Placed in this world for just a little space,
Should walk therein, with faces sad and gloomy,
And seem like children *always in disgrace*."

Mrs. Eva Travers Evered-Poole, of Southampton, has written

some choice pieces in her book, *Lonely, no, not lonely*, and in the companion volume, *Left alone with Jesus*. In the latter there is a fine hymn, of which the following is a verse:—

"Jehovah is King! and Jehovah is Jesus,
A Royal Redeemer sits now on the throne;
Rejoicing in us, as His people He sees us,
And we in return His full sovereignty own."

MRS. BRADLEY, whose name is all I know of her, is the authoress of a little hymn which seems to touch the summit of divine rapture. It is almost a rhapsody. "I am Thine, O Christ," is its first line. Here are two verses from the middle of it—

"My joyful song of praise,
In sweet content I sing:
To Thee the note I raise,
My King! my King!

"I cannot tell the art,
By which such bliss is given;
I know Thou hast my heart,
And I—have heaven."

MRS. A. S. HAWKS, who has given us the hymn, "I need Thee every hour," must not be overlooked. Nor must MISS HANKEY, authoress of "Tell me the old, old story," be forgotten. At Folkestone, there is a young writer, MISS WINIFRED A. IVERSON, much "in evidence" in the Christian papers just now, whose little book, *God's Touch*, is full of promise. Some of her pieces are already found in a few hymnals.

ALESSIE FAUSITT is the authoress of a hymn, "O Lamb of God!" whose second verse we quote as a very vivid portrayal of the evil from which only the Lamb of God can save—

"The troubled world hath war without;
The restless wayward heart within
Hath fear and weariness and doubt,
And death and sin."

The pages of *The Sword and the Trowel* have been enriched, from time to time, by contributions from the pen of MRS. CHAPLIN, Galleywood, Chelmsford. We are glad to see that she has published a collection of her writings, under the title, *Chimes for the Times* (W. Wileman). We can only spare space for one specimen of her "Helpful Couplets":—

"There's a hymn they sing so seldom
In these pushing, changeful days—
'Come, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise;'
But its two lines have been uttered
Where a century's saints have trod—
'Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God.'"

Some of the women-writers of the Salvation Army are perhaps worthy of attention; and doubtless there are other names of women who might be mentioned as contributors to the service of the sanctuary; but the present writer knows them not, or has forgotten them. A

complete list will never be made, but relative perfection will be gained by many contributions. Let those who possess the knowledge put it on record, and some day we shall look to Mrs. Pitman to give us a revised edition of her very valuable and interesting book, referred to in the previous part of this paper, incorporating such names and hymns as still seem worthy of honour.

May those of us, who will never be known on earth as singers, have our names in the Book of Life, and at length lift up our voices in that "song of Moses, the servant of God and of the Lamb", which is hymned for ever before the throne!

"Veni, Domine Jesu!"

LORD, omnipotent and gracious,
Give the kingdom to Thy Son,
O'er Thine empire, wide and spacious,
Bid Him now set up His throne;
Come, Lord Jesus,
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone!

Come, Lord Jesus, earth is longing,
For Thy rule of righteousness;
Man his brother-man is wronging,
Still he loveth to oppress,
Come, Lord Jesus,
Come, and end the world's distress!

Come, Lord Jesus, God hath spoken,
And we rest upon His Word;
Keep Thy promises unbroken,
Hasten Thy return, O Lord!
Come, Lord Jesus,
This we plead with one accord!

Come, Lord Jesus, long and dreary
Is the watch Thy loved ones keep;
Heart is failing, flesh is weary,
While the tardy ages creep;
Come, Lord Jesus,
Come, and gladden eyes that weep!

Come, we wait for Thy salvation,
Mighty and Incarnate Word;
End the present dispensation,
Bid Thy heralds fly abroad;
Come, Lord Jesus,
Hasten Thine appearing, Lord!

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

Reminiscences of the Late Beloved President.

BUSY, GRATEFUL, AND KIND.

WHERE is the person who was favoured to enjoy the friendship of dear Mr. Spurgeon, who has not some happy memories connected with it? Mine extend over more than a quarter of a century; but I write now more particularly of a few things concerning him which, during recent years, impressed me much as they came under my own immediate notice. Among these was his remarkable industry wherever he might be, and whether in fairly good health, or brought low through weakness and pain.

A few years ago, he came to Bournemouth sadly broken down in health. It was my privilege to see him several times during that week, which was considered a season of rest. One day, after having driven with him that I might show him some of the places of interest, we returned to the hotel where he was staying; and as soon as he got to his room, he went to his writing-desk, and began at once to do some literary work. The fact that he thus employed every moment in doing something which, he trusted, would be blessed to souls, made a great impression on me. I felt that some of us were doing scarcely anything when our work was compared with his, and that in him I saw one who, practically, heeded the well-known words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Next, I became personally acquainted with his grateful appreciation of anything that was done for the institutions he loved so well. We, in Bournemouth, had been instructed and entertained by a visit of the head-master of the Orphanage and some of the boys. As the result of the meetings held, I was able to send a cheque for £62 4s. 6d. I was advised to forward it to Mr. Spurgeon himself, who was then staying at Menton, as it was thought that the amount would cheer him in his weak state. How much it did this may be gathered from the following copy of the letter he sent to me:—

"Menton, Dec. 31.

"Dear Mr. Julyan,—A happy new year to you! You have helped to make mine as bright as our joyous sun and sparkling sea. I thank you with all my heart, and I thank all your helpers. What a noble sum, £62 4s. 6d., for my orphan family! I am altogether overwhelmed. Please thank every donor, if you can. The Lord recompense each giver according to His grace!

"I have been very ill, and I am now recovering. Your letter has been a good help towards invigorating me. The Lord remember all who have given me this help, which is so much more than a cup of cold water! To yourself personally, and to those who entertained my boys, I am personally grateful. Peace be to each household from the Father of the fatherless!

"Your grateful friend,

"C. H. Spurgeon."

It was a great joy to me that I had been the means of adding to his gladness. I never thought that such a little act on our part would cheer him so much. The sum was small compared with the thousands

of pounds needed annually; but he was grateful for any help that showed sympathy with him in his works of faith and love. And *now*, no one who reveres his memory, could show it in a better way, or one more in accord with his own loving heart, than by continuing to support the Orphanage, College, and other Tabernacle institutions.

I will only mention one thing more, namely, his kindly recognition of any service rendered by his students, and others, when they responded to his wish for a speech, or a paper on some given subject; a recognition considerately given, no doubt, that he might encourage and make them glad. Sir Arthur Blackwood, when speaking at one of the memorial services, held in the Tabernacle, said that he felt six inches taller than he had ever felt before when Mr. Spurgeon, referring to Sir Arthur's steadfastness in regard to gospel truth, used these words, "Brother, we know where to find you!" We can understand the feeling; for how many of us, "his lads", as he would sometimes call his earlier students, were encouraged and helped on our way when, at the close of some address we had delivered, and as we were about to resume our seat, he took our hand, and shook it heartily, as a sincere acknowledgment of what we had done. These things may seem trivial to some; but not to us associated with him so long, and loving him as we did. All our memories lead us to thank God upon every remembrance of His servant, and to pray that we may have grace to be faithful, and good, and kind as he was, taking our full share of work for Jesus here, till we, too, shall rise to the everlasting service on high, where, with our beloved President, and all the redeemed, we shall be "with Christ, which is far better."

Exeter. W. JULYAN.

A Preacher's Dog.

DR. STACEY, whose biography is reviewed on another page, in his remarks on a brother minister, says, "He had a favourite dog. This dog accompanied him wherever he went to preach, in town or country, and seemed, in time, to have acquired in each circuit so correct a knowledge of his appointments, that he was ever ready to attend his master at the moment they became due. Sometimes he would precede him on the way, and on more than one occasion had been known to take possession of the pulpit, when, for some reason, Mr. Scott had himself been unable to be there. As the time for leaving the circuit for another drew near, the dog grew restless, excited, sick, and even hysterical, whining much, eating little, and in every form and accent of canine language expressing its disapproval of the Methodistic itinerancy. And this it began to do, I am told by the family, before the packing up for removal had begun." We make this extract not only for its interest, but to point a moral to those whose only virtue is a routine of duties; even a dog may excel them in that. Perhaps the evidence of the dog might also be taken amongst those who are at present somewhat exercised as to whether the Wesleyan three years' rule might not be made a little more elastic. The dog bows to the Conference, and bow-wows in favour of the change.

"After Many Days."

THE STORY OF AN ORPHAN BOY, BY V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

WALWORTH was, at one time, a rural suburb, and in most of the side streets every small house had its well-kept garden. The culture of flowers and vegetables furnished the humble denizens with healthful recreation after the day's toil, and attached them to their homes, in which they felt a manly pride. The invasion of the modern builder has changed the entire character of the neighbourhood, and weakened those social ties which, at the time of the opening of our story, were powerful agents in counteracting the seductions of the public-house. Indeed, the public-house, as we know it to-day, had not come into existence. The dreary monotony of bricks and mortar, in some places, has lent an excuse for the attractive palaces, which make an almost irresistible bid for the patronage of those whose home surroundings are destitute of all charm, and who have, in themselves, no resources to convert their leisure hours into pleasure or profit. *Rus in urbe* is but little more than a memory to the old inhabitants, and but a chapter of romance to the later-born. The effort recently made to repair the folly of the almost criminal neglect of the past, is worthy of all praise; but our shame is that there should have been any neglect to repair. Open spaces, where the green sward and flowering plants smile a welcome, are all very well; but they offer no adequate compensation for the loss of the poor man's garden.

In some districts, where the gardens have been spared, but little care is bestowed upon their cultivation; where this is neglected, it is difficult to prevent them from becoming the squalid refuge for rubbish. Well-tended gardens are the exception, and these scarcely redeem the district from depressing monotony, and the blight which crowns neglect.

About the year 1835, the old order was regnant; and one of the cottages was occupied by a godly couple, who maintained an honest pride in their little homestead, with its well-kept garden. The simple ministry of their lives had brought them into good repute with their neighbours, and their kindly offices were often in demand. Poor as they were, God greatly honoured them by the blessing with which they sought to make others glad.

Having retired to rest one night, they were disturbed by an unwonted noise in their little garden; and, thinking some sick and needy neighbour sought their help, they went to the door, but only to find a voiceless suppliant. An unmarried mother had left her infant on the doorstep, with the certain conviction that it would be received and nursed with the care she, herself, was not able to bestow upon her hapless offspring. Her hopes were well-founded; for her child, instead of being hurried off to the workhouse, was welcomed to the humble abode as a treasure sent from God. What seemed to be a burden at first, proved to be a blessing; for the little one grew up in the fear of the Lord, and she was eventually baptized, and received into the fellowship of the Church at New Park Street, of which her foster-parents were members.

In course of time she was married, and, for some years, enjoyed the

blessings of a happy Christian home. When she died, she left five little ones to mourn the loss of one of the best of mothers, and a husband to regret the too early death of one of the best of wives.

There is no home more desolate than one from which the mother is taken while the children are young; and there is no lot more sad than that of a working-man left with a family of motherless bairns. Broken down with grief, the father became a prey to the disease which soon proved fatal. The foster-mother, now a widow, and advanced in years, came to the rescue of the little orphans, and received the whole of them to her heart and home! In making herself responsible for their support, "grannie", as she was called, did not stop to argue about ways and means, or the rival claims of legal and moral obligation. She knew to whom she could carry the burden of her helpless charge, and that, till it was removed, she would have the needed grace to bear it. Her confidence was honoured; and the scanty fare, which had scarcely seemed sufficient for one, proved enough for all, when the additional parochial relief she sought had been obtained. Thus, "the barrel of meal wasted not, nor did the cruse of oil fail." A widow's faith claimed the promise of the widow's God, and the cry of the orphans was satisfied by the goodness of the Father of the fatherless.

In the year 1872, the aged widow applied to Mr. Spurgeon for the admission of the younger boy into the Orphanage, the three elder children having been provided for; and as the late beloved President himself told the story, we give it in his own words, and very earnestly commend the lessons he therein sought to enforce:—

"In connection with the cases of distress which appeal to us for admission to the Orphanage, we sometimes meet with very beautiful incidents, in which the existence of the purest benevolence among poor and humble Christians is brought unexpectedly to light. *Thirty-seven years ago*, a poor foundling was discovered in the most pitiable condition, as one ready to perish. Making no noise about it, and expecting no reward, a poor Christian woman, aged forty-four, took the infant under her care, and brought it up as her own. This was true charity; very few are there among the rich and respectable who would have done anything of the kind. The little girl grew to be a woman, and became a member of the Tabernacle Church, where also J. S., her foster-parent, is in membership. The young woman in course of time married, and died, leaving five children; the father died also; and when we first took a deep interest in the story, we found J. S., at the age of eighty-two, caring for these children as their grandmother, just as she had done for their mother before them. At her age she can earn very little, and therefore she has an allowance of three shillings and sixpence from the parish, with a few pence and two loaves for the two younger children; but though food has been scant, and the struggle severe, the old lady has stuck to her little charge as faithfully as if they were her own family. The elder ones are now earning a little, but the youngest were quite dependent upon her till she applied to the Orphanage. It did our eyes and heart good to see how clean the children were, and how diligently our aged sister had brought up the family in the fear of the Lord. The youngest, a boy aged seven, was afflicted with stammering, and was a poor feeble little

creature; but since we have taken him into the Orphanage, he has so greatly improved, that we believe he will grow up without any imperfection in his faculties, and will become a healthy and intelligent lad, fitted to take his place in society. What a lesson our aged friend sets before us of that love, which is not in word only, but in deed and in truth! We asked her to sit for her photograph, with Louisa and Samuel; for we feel the greatest respect for such a hard-working and generous old lady. She has done the right thing, and with all her troubles she has been the happier for doing it. If orphan children could be adopted into families, it would be even better than taking them into orphanages. If poor people can do it, and have done it, richer persons should not disdain to try the same. Scarcely able to find bread for herself, this godly widow battled with the ills of life for helpless little ones as well as herself; she taught them cleanliness, industry, and a regard for true religion. She took them with her to the house of God, and, above all things, sought their salvation. High are the rewards of self-denying love; many of the great ones of the earth will never attain them, for they have not sought after them; but they are within the reach of all Christians, and be it ours, dear reader, to labour after them. Let us do good unto all men, specially to them that are of the household of faith."



1872.

Sam was not only a confirmed stammerer, but the sight of one eye was entirely gone! The Orphanage was a new world to him; and, having been dressed in a long pinafore, his adoption of a suit of boys' clothes seemed to him to involve a change of sex; for he said to his matron, "Wasn't I a girl, Mrs. V., when I came to the Orphanage?"

Considering his disadvantages, the teachers had no easy task in imparting the rudiments of a simple education; but his perseverance was commendable. He could manage to *see* what to read; but, alas, his powers of speech failed him, and the next boy in the class had to follow on because Sam was not able to complete the sentence with which he vainly struggled! All expedients to make him a talker failed; and, despite our hopes, his infirmity remains.

Having completed his term at school, we found him employment in the painter's shop, and he became a very useful servant. He took a pride in his personal appearance, and made the best of himself and of his opportunities. With a very fair knowledge of his trade, it became an easy matter to procure him a situation, and he supported himself in comfort from the time he left the Orphanage. With the earnest purpose of succeeding in life, he went to America, where he is doing well; and, what is more, in our judgment, he has become an earnest Christian, and seeks to win others to the Saviour. In the Memorial Number of *The Sword and The Trowel*, March, 1892, the following letter from Sam appeared:—



1892.

A NOTE FROM GEORGIA, U.S.A.

"As one of the Orphanage Old Boys, I cannot help expressing my great sorrow on hearing of the death of Mr. Spurgeon. Lord, help me to follow in his footsteps! I am glad to say the seed which I obtained in the Orphanage is springing up within me; and I am fully trusting in Jesus."

This was followed by another letter, in answer to one I wrote to him. It is inserted here with grateful feelings for the goodness and grace of God which are so abundantly illustrated in this young man's life-story:—

"March 7, 1892.

"DEAR MR. CHARLESWORTH,

"I cannot thank you too much for those cheering words you have sent me. I do not know how to love my dear Saviour enough. As to serving Him, my prayer is that of St. Paul, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' Oh, if I had a tongue to speak, it would never tire of telling of my Redeemer's love! Mr. Charlesworth, I could write volumes, and I guess tire you out, and yet not be able to tell you what joy I have found at the cross. I am pleased to tell you I joined the Second Baptist Church of ——, on the 28th of February, and was baptized before about 200 persons. Thank God, I was the means of bringing my landlady to the feet of Jesus! You cannot think how grateful I am for that: and that is not all; my employer, who was a backslider, has joined the Methodist Church again. Thank God for that!

"Dear Mr. Charlesworth, I think it a good thing, by way of serving

God, to distribute tracts at the jail and the saloon: I think that is my chief talent, and I must use it. Pray to God to help me! I will send you five dollars, on the 19th of this month, for tracts, if you will be kind enough to send them to me.

* * * *

"I have found it hard to get along through my speech till now; but it is God's will: do pray for me! My motto to the Orphanage boys is, 'Love Jesus and live for heaven! Christ for all!'"

That the early seed-sowing yielded a late harvest, is one of the mysteries of the kingdom; that the harvest has certainly come, is according to promise. God has sent His word for the salvation and sanctification of the soul, and it cannot fail. "The thing whereto I sent it," may seem to us slow of realization; but the assurance is amply verified, "It shall not return unto Me void."

The case of Sam is typical of many we could mention, where the "bread cast upon the waters" has been "found after many days." Whether conversion comes soon or late, our joy is that it comes, and that "our labour is not in vain in the Lord."

In Memoriam—Robert Ryman.*

BY PASTOR F. E. BLACKABY, STOW-ON-THE-WOLD.

ALL who had the privilege of the friendship of the late Mr. Robert Ryman, of Great Tew, Oxfordshire, knew him to be one of "the excellent of the earth." If "a man of understanding is of an excellent spirit," then he was such a man; for "an excellent spirit was found in him." Nor could one be long in his company without being convinced that, if there was any excellence in him, it was all attributed to the grace of God.

His home was long known as Bethany, where he and his two sisters welcomed all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Not long since, it was my pleasure to take tea with him on a Sabbath afternoon, when, amongst many other interesting facts, the following was told:—"I'm just on ninety years of age, and I've known the Lord seventy years. I was a wild young fellow; as wild as any in the village. Going about to markets and fairs, I was hardening my neck against God; but a dear sister, of fourteen summers, was very ill; and we were all suddenly called up one night, as she had a message from God to each of us. Her end was near, and we knew it. She delivered her message, and went home to glory; and that was the turning-point with me. I was convicted of sin; I sought the Saviour; and so did my mother and two sisters. Oh, what a change in our home did that death make! It was the talk of the village, especially the change seen in the life of Robert."

Young Robert, rejoicing in the possession of a new heart, went wherever he could be taught the truth as it is in Jesus. He cared not whether it was church or chapel, so long as his soul could feed. At this time, to use his own words, he was a "fencer" against believers' baptism. But, one Sunday night, he attended a baptismal service in Bloxham Chapel, when he was convinced, as thousands of others have been, and thousands of others would

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* Mr. Ryman was a dear personal friend of the late beloved Editor, and also a generous donor to the Tabernacle institutions. Mr. Blackaby wrote this article in response to a request from Mr. Spurgeon, who little thought then that he would so soon meet his old friend in glory.

be, if they were not afraid of being convinced, that believers' baptism was both Scriptural and binding upon all Christ's followers. He at once went to Oxford, and was baptized at Commercial Road Baptist Chapel. Immediately after this, he identified himself with the little chapel in the neighbouring village of Little Tew; and from that time, until his end, he was out-and-out for Christ. His Nonconformist and Baptist principles were woven into the very texture of his character; yet he never allowed those who differed from him to sour his spirit.

From the first, his attachment to the little chapel was very sincere and sacred; and, at various times, he has been everything to it; preacher, deacon, sick-visitor; and, financially, its chief supporter. It was his joy to recount how the Lord had used him in finding out and bringing in His elect. Riding along the road one day, he overtook an old man hobbling along on two sticks. Stopping his horse, he said, "You look like a man who will soon exchange worlds." The old man replied, "No matter how soon, as I have had plenty of trouble here." "Your trouble here", responded the rider, "will not save you from the sufferings of the next world, if you have not repented of your sin." A few days after, the old man sent a message to Mr. Ryman, asking him to call; and when he reached the cottage, he had the joy of leading an anxious soul to the feet of Jesus. "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" (Zech. iii. 2.)

Riding along to chapel with him, in his old pony-chaise, one evening last summer, he said, "Did I ever tell you of two women who were converted through a sermon I preached in the chapel, one Sunday night, years ago?" "No," said I; and then he told me the following story:—"One evening, when I was preaching, two women came into the chapel, much to the surprise of us all. One was known as 'Tall Mary', and the other as 'Short Sarah.' They intended to hear the clergyman that evening, but they were too late; so 'Tall Mary' said, 'Let's go and hear Robert, he's as good as any of 'em;' and there they were. Both were wicked women, and one had been imprisoned for theft. I gave out this text, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' and began speaking of the awfulness of having God against us, and then of the blessedness of having Him for us. Sarah's heart was pricked, and she became the handmaiden of the Lord; and though bitterly persecuted, she would regularly attend the place where her soul got good. She earnestly prayed for, and pleaded with her companion; and at last had the pleasure of seeing tall, strong, hardy Mary, whom no law had previously been able to bind, or prison discipline to tame, sitting like a little child at the feet of Jesus."

For over forty years, a prayer-meeting was held in the kitchen of Mr. Ryman's house, each Monday evening. It began through a villager going to him in trouble, owing to the sudden death of his mother, and asking if he might join them at family prayer. "No one knows", says the present pastor, "what a source of blessing that meeting has been to the village." Our aged friend was a man of prayer; and when he spoke to God, it was "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man" that "availeth much." He was devotedly attached to the late Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, and was never tired of telling of the first sermon he heard him deliver. It was at Commercial Road Chapel, Oxford, and the text was, "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found: for I will pardon them whom I reserve" (Jer. l. 20). It was a special delight to hear the old man, as he dwelt on the words, "*whom I reserve.*"

To all who loved the doctrines of grace, the gracious talk of this old saint was like marrow and fatness. "Did you ever", said he to the writer, a few months back, "preach from this text, 'I restored that which I took not away'" (Ps. lxix. 4)? After hearing him open up the subject, his visitor

said, "No; but I did preach on 'predestination', seven years ago, after the suggestions you gave me on the subject." At this, his eyes glistened, and his face lighted up, as he said, with smiles, "That glorious doctrine of predestination! Ah! what did I say? Didn't I say there were three things about predestination? First, we are 'predestinated unto the adoption of children' (Eph. i. 5); secondly, we are 'predestinated unto an inheritance' (Eph. i. 11); thirdly, we are 'predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son'" (Rom. viii. 29). To hear how he dwelt upon the conformation to the image of Christ, made one ready for the news, that, on the morning of his departure, he said to his pastor, who had entered the room, "Mr. Wallace, has the Bridegroom come yet?" "No," was the response; "but I think He will come for you to-day." He replied, "Oh, how blessed to see Him whom my soul loveth; and to be *with* Him, and *like* Him!" Later in the day, he was surrounded by those who loved him, and after giving a patriarchal blessing to the wife of his fellow-deacon, he said, "Sing together." "What shall we sing?" said the pastor. "Sing," said the dying saint,—

"Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

"Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

"I ask them whence their victory came;—
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

"They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest."

Here the singers came to a stop, thinking they had finished the hymn, when the dying pilgrim said, "There's another verse; finish the hymn." Then they joined together again, and sang,—

"Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven."

And soon after repeating his favourite text, "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her," the Bridegroom came, and conducted him to the home eternal.

The familiar figure will be seen no more in the chapel where he announced the hymns, and made his comments; but all will think of him as standing before the throne, singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." The villagers of Clevely will have cause to remember his generosity, for of him they can say, "he hath built us a synagogue." The minister's house, built by him, and his liberal endowment of the Little Tew Baptist Church, will be an age-long memorial of his interest in the spread of God's kingdom in the village and neighbourhood. "He being dead, yet speaketh." "Whose faith follow."

Professor A. Fergusson.



WE present our readers, this month, with a portrait of PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD FERGUSSON, reproduced, by permission, from an admirable photograph by Mr. C. F. Treble, 373, Brixton Road. For many years the three principal divisions of the United Kingdom have been represented on the tutorial staff of the Pastors' College, Mr. Fergusson representing the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

Readers of McCheyne's Life will remember that, while that saintly man was visiting Palestine, the late W. C. Burns supplied his pulpit in Dundee for three months, during which time a great revival took place. Mr. Fergusson was among the number of those who were then awakened to higher life and service; and all through his career he has carried with him something of the spiritual savour and fervour of Burns and McCheyne.

His connection with the Pastors' College dates back to 1862, when he first undertook the work of the Evening Classes, in succession to Mr. Flight. From the first, his work in this department was a great success. Large numbers of young men entered the classes, and found in Mr. Fergusson the very help they needed. Six months later, he entered upon tutorial work in the College itself, as well as in the Evening Classes. Having charge of the English department, to him necessarily fell the rough work of the College. The rugged blocks of marble, out of which were to be hewn the "angels of the churches", were first entrusted to his care; and much hard cutting and chipping they received before being passed on to the other tutors for the perfecting and polishing. The process was not always pleasant to the subject of it; but while many might feel that they were somewhat roughly handled, they could not but see that their tutor was full of love for them, and inspired by an earnest desire for their highest good. It was soon found that, under a somewhat bluff and rugged exterior, there was a very tender heart. Every man could count upon Mr. Fergusson's deep interest in the work in which he was engaged, and all found in him a sympathetic friend. His love for the gospel, and the Christ of the gospel, is intense; and often when in the class the love of Christ was spoken of (and whatever might be the subject, he could easily find a byway to lead to Christ), the spectacle might be seen of the tutor in tears. No wonder that the students' hearts were knit to such a man, and that in his presence they learned to love more dearly the gospel which he prized so highly.

Mr. Fergusson has long carried on a successful pastorate in Ealing; but after a very serious illness last year, finding his strength considerably reduced, he felt that he could not well continue to do both the pastoral and tutorial work, and so he was led to resign the post of tutor, which he had occupied so long and so faithfully. The weight of years is beginning to tell upon the dear man, and already "the crown of glory", of which Solomon speaks, encircles his brow; but we trust he will be permitted to serve the Lord for many years on earth before being called to the nobler service above. Though he has retired from College work, we can never think of him apart from the College, and it will be long ere the College can be thought of apart from "Dear Old Fergy", as his students still call him.

To the Rescue!

FOURTEEN years in succession have we pleaded in these pages for the poor hop-pickers, who gather by thousands into Kent during the month of September. How little did we dream, when penning our first appeal, that we should continue this pleading for so many years! During that time, death has been very busy among our workers; and brethren who stood shoulder to shoulder with us, and nobly bore the brunt of battle, have passed on before to their reward. More serious inroads has death made upon our lists of supporters; each succeeding year finding the ranks thinned, and not easily refilled.

In common with thousands, we feel we have sustained a specially heavy loss in the translation of our beloved friend, C. H. SPURGEON, who stood by us from the commencement of our Mission in Kent among the poor denizens from our London courts and alleys. We thank God for all the help and inspiration he has been to us, and to thousands besides. Nobly has he earned his rest and reward, and we dare not wish him back; but we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that *we shall sadly miss him!*

Then, each returning September, we miss familiar faces from the hop-gardens and camps; and, on enquiry, learn that some of the poor pickers have passed into the eternal world, and, we trust, not a few of them, into heaven, there to wait for and welcome us by-and-by, as the result of the message they have received from our lips.

These frequent visits of death among us lend a special urgency to our appeal.

Our day of service is fast drawing to its close; how soon our sun may set we know not; and hence we are the more anxious to fill the day with work such as will merit the Master's "Well done!" As our friends pass on before, and we miss their prayers and their purses, we plead for others, to whom God has given of this world's abundance, to step into the breach, and lend their practical sympathy to enable us to carry on this much-needed work.

The more earnestly do we thus plead, because we are reminded that thousands are passing *beyond our reach* each year; multitudes who seldom hear the message of mercy at other times, will hear it from our lips during the coming month; then they will leave us, and of them a goodly proportion will never hear our voice again. Devoutly do we pray that they may so hear it now as to receive the message, believe it, and live for evermore.

That God has graciously set His seal upon this work, we have increasing testimony each year; and this gives us confidence as we now appeal to His stewards to send in the needful help, that will enable us to employ the labour proportionate to the vast needs of these masses of men, women, and children. Our season of service is brief among them (only for the month of September); therefore, *contributions promptly forwarded* will be *doubly welcome*, that we may measure our strength, and place our missionaries in the field without loss of time.

Parcels of tracts, boots, or clothing, by rail, should be sent, carriage paid, to Pastor J. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S. E. R. (Postal address as below for goods by parcel post.) Contributions thankfully received by Pastor J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Staplehurst, Kent; the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel*, "Westwood", Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood; or John Burnham, Fern Bank, Brentford, from whom last year's balance-sheet, or any details of the work, may be had on application.

JOHN BURNHAM.

Notices of Books.

The Essex Lad who became England's Greatest Preacher. The Life of Charles Haddon Spurgeon for Young People. By J. MANTON SMITH. With thirty-five illustrations. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price 1s. Cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

WRITTEN in our friend Manton Smith's bright, chatty style, this book is sure to sell. His late beloved Pastor used to regard him as the champion story-teller at the Tabernacle. With Mr. Spurgeon as the subject of his story, his tale is well worth telling; and it is admirably told. There are many fresh anecdotes in the volume; and familiar incidents in the life of Mr. Spurgeon are surrounded with fresh interest. The preface, by the Rev. John Spurgeon, gives additional value to the book, which ought at once to be placed in the hands of all young people.

C. H. Spurgeon's Last Words at the Tabernacle, printed in silver letters, on a dark card, bearing a view of the Tabernacle, will be prized by many of our readers. This memorial is published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster at fourpence.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have issued a *C. H. Spurgeon Memento*, consisting of a photograph of the interior of the cottage at Teversham, where Mr. Spurgeon preached his first sermon. In the corner is a photograph of the preacher, taken a few years ago. The price of the Memento is sixpence; it is well worth it.

The Pastor's True Monument and Memorial, and *The Pastor's Last Testimony and Testament.* Two Sermons, delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on June 19th, 1892, the fifty-eighth anniversary of the birth of C. H. Spurgeon. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. With Portrait of the Preacher. Passmore and Alabaster. Price threepence.

THESE sermons deserve a world-wide circulation. The evening sermon especially contains a truly wonderful picture of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, and one of the most complete vindications of his action in "The Downgrade Controversy" that has yet been published.

The Heart of the Gospel. Twelve Sermons, delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in the autumn of 1891. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 2s. 6d.

THIS volume ought to have a large sale. Many who heard the sermons will be glad to have them in print; and many who were not at the Tabernacle will be pleased to see specimens of the pulpit fare provided by Mr. Spurgeon's substitute during the earlier part of his eight months' ministry of the Word in the great congregation. Readers of these sermons will miss the impressive delivery, dramatic action, and fervent earnestness of the preacher; but they will be able to profit by his close reasoning, critical analysis, and apposite illustrations, even more than those who only heard them once. The title of the volume is taken from the second sermon in the series, on John iii. 16, and hardly conveys a correct idea of the discourses as a whole.

Thirty-ninth Annual Report of the Open-Air Mission. 14, Duke Street, Adelphi. Price sixpence.

THIS Report has a special and mournful interest from the fact that nearly the whole of it was written by Mr. GAWIN KIRKHAM before he was "called home" in May. His portrait is given, with that of the President of the Mission, Mr. JOHN MACGREGOR (Rob Roy), who has since entered into rest. Among other illustrations, is one of Mr. Spurgeon preaching in a field at Hackney, in 1855, and another of "Benmore", where Mr. Spurgeon preached when he stayed with his friend, Mr. James Duncan. Archdeacon Sinclair's letter ought to secure largely-increased aid for what Mr. Kirkham called "this apostolic mode of proclaiming the gospel in all parts of the world."

The Bridal Song. By JAMES NEIL, M.A. Lang Neil and Co., 66, Chancery Lane.

A BEAUTIFUL wedding present for a minister and his bride; for while its outward appearance will make it acceptable to a lady of taste, its contents will make it valuable in the pastor's study. We have already seen several sermons in this choice poem on part of the Song of Solomon. Mr. Neil's Eastern experience has enabled him to preserve the Orientalism of the Canticles, and at the same time to bring out the spiritual meaning of the Song of Songs. The price of this dainty volume is 5s., and it is well worth the money. Here is the rendering of Canticles ii. 4 :—

"Emmanuel's call to banquet hall
Has brought me joy excelling!
While o'er my head His banner's spread,
So deep in love I'm dwelling.

"How loud they laugh who richly quaff
The vineyard's purple pleasure;
But oh, to drain, where lurks no pain,
The Spirit's boundless measure!

"The sparkling wine of love divine
Shall give me strength for ever;
My love-sick soul, by love made whole,
There's none from love can sever."

The Holy Land and the Bible. A Book of Scripture Illustrations gathered in Palestine. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Cassell and Co.

THIS handsome volume is a noble addition to our books on the Holy Land. The author tells us that he visited Palestine with the intention of gathering illustrations of the Scriptures from the Land which is "a natural commentary on the Sacred Writings which it has given to us." The whole of the Palestine of the Bible, from Beersheba to Damascus, Baalbek, and Beirout, is laid under contribution in order to obtain illustrations of the Old and New Testaments. Where there is a dispute as to the Scriptural allusion to flowers or trees or Eastern manners and customs, Dr. Geikie quotes various authorities, and then gives his reasons for deciding the point in question. His volume is copiously and tastefully illustrated by H. A. Harper; and is fit to adorn any drawing-room or library. Its price is a guinea.

Pictured Palestine. By JAMES NEIL, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

Strange Figures; or, The Figurative Language of the Bible. Same author and publishers.

Palestine Re-peopled. Same author. Lang Neil and Co.

WE have already reviewed one of Mr. Neil's Palestine books; and here are three more. His residence in Jerusalem, where he was incumbent of Christ Church, enabled him to gather a store of stories illustrative of Bible incidents, and these are told in a most interesting manner in *Pictured Palestine;* while Mr. James Clark, Mr. Henry A. Harper, and other artists, have enriched the volume with pictorial illustrations of the scenes described. It is published at 7s. 6d.

Mr. Neil's book entitled, *Strange Figures; or, The Figurative Language of the Bible,* is a valuable help to the right understanding of the Word of God. Many obscure passages are made clear, and a marvellous depth of meaning is shown to lie in the highly figurative expressions used by Biblical writers and speakers. To a Bible-student, this little work is worth far more than the shilling charged for it.

Palestine Re-peopled has now reached its ninth edition. Since it was first issued in 1875, Palestine has become much more fully re-peopled with God's ancient people. The Jewish population then was about 30,000; it is now upwards of 70,000; some say, 100,000, and the cry is, "Still they come!" All who desire to see scattered Israel gathered, not only to her own land, but to her long-rejected Lord, will be interested in Mr. Neil's work. It will cost them three shillings; but the money will be well invested.

True Stories, New and Old, for Young and Old. By JOSIAH SPIERS. Creechurch Buildings, Leadenhall Street.

The late beloved Editor wrote, of *True Stories,* "VERY EXCELLENT. We hope Mr. Spiers will see his first fifty thousand fly like swallows." This hope has been realized, and a second edition has been issued. Wherever there are children, these stories ought to be circulated. Specimen copies can be obtained at 1s., and 1s. 4d. each, post free.

Moses, the Lawgiver. Paul, the Missionary. By W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. C. Burnet and Co.

IT seems strange that even Dr. Taylor's robust common-sense and fine powers of exposition should forsake him whenever he goes out of his way to drag into his pages the question of baptism. On page 103 of the volume on Moses, he gives us the following on the words, "They were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea": "It was their initiation into discipleship to Moses, even as baptism is our initiation into discipleship to Christ. Nor can I help remarking, as this first recorded baptism comes before us, on the fact that, so far as appears, it was not immersion. Sprinkled the tribes might be, as the clouds poured down water, or the spray was dashed upon them by the fury of the wind; but their baptism in the sea was contemporaneous with their walking upon dry land in the midst of it. When esteemed brethren assure us that the word baptize always and everywhere means immerse, it becomes important to remark that, in the very earliest case, in reference to which the term is applied, it very evidently can have no such significance."

We might quote pages, not from the "esteemed brethren" to whom Dr. Taylor refers, but from great Pædobaptist scholars, to show that the original word, translated "baptize", always means immerse, and the word, translated "sprinkle", is utterly different, and is never used in Scripture as having anything to do with baptism. It is all fancy and fiction about the drops from the clouds, and the spray from the sea. If Dr. Taylor had followed Dean Alford here, as he so frequently does in his lectures on Paul, he would have been preserved from blundering. Alford speaks of the baptism as an "immersion", and says, "Neither did they *enter* the cloud, nor were they *wetted by the waters of the sea*, but they passed *under* both as the baptized passes under the water."

There is a curious paragraph on pages 215 and 216 in the volume on Paul, about the federal unity of the household in its head. The worthy doctor lays great stress on the words, "*and thy house*", after the words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" but, when we read the next verse, we find that the apostle "spake unto him the Word of the Lord, and to all his house," and the jailer rejoiced, believing with all his house. Dr. Taylor says, "When a parent is effectually called by God's Spirit, so that he enters the church, he brings his family with him." We should like to know how this is worked. Do the children, by virtue of the parent's conversion, take the communion, attend church-meetings, and exercise the privilege of church-members? The children of believers have a great advantage in their birth and training; but the faith of the father only secures his own salvation; and, as in the case of the jailer's household, each member, whether a son or a servant, must believe for himself.

We regret to have to notice these blemishes in two really noble volumes. When we took them up, we wondered what more even Dr. Taylor could say about Moses and Paul than has been said by so many other writers; but we believe that, for condensed instruction, and for practical spiritual service, he has excelled all his predecessors, and he has so far excelled himself, that we have here the best productions of his pen. Whoever in future proposes to write on Moses or Paul, will have to face the question, "What shall the man do that cometh after the king?"

Samson: His Life and Work. By Rev. THOMAS KIRK. Andrew Elliot, 17, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

THERE was need of a really good book on Samson, and Mr. Kirk has supplied it. He has a great enthusiasm for his subject. He thinks Samson has been unjustly maligned; so he takes up a brief for his defence, and certainly does well for his client. There may be differences of opinion about the wisdom and the moral merits of some of Samson's doings; but there can be only one opinion about the expository and literary merit of this book. It is short, as the Scripture record of Samson is brief, though

eventful; but, so far as it goes, it is not unworthy of a place alongside Dr. Taylor's Bible Biographies. What more could we say in its favour?

Studies in Young Life. By Bishop JOHN H. VINCENT. Funk and Wagnalls.

A SERIES of forty-one chapters on all kinds of topics. The best of them are not at the beginning; but we persevered, and were amply rewarded. Nothing could be better than the sketches of "The Girl with One Talent", "The Young Brakeman", and "The Mission Hall Boy." Bishop Vincent is the leader of the Chautauqua Movement in America, we believe, and his writing is like himself—all alive. Here and there, there are things not quite familiar to English readers; for instance, how many know what a "cuspidor" is? And does the worthy author mean to say that it is usual in America for daughters to brush their father's hair? We do not rear that sort here. Being imported from the States, the book seems to be a little too expensive; a selection from these chapters printed in this country would be more likely to suit British readers. Still, we have nothing but praise for the shrewd sense and vivid art embodied in it. Here is a good story, which points the moral of self-mastery:—"A little fellow, in New Hampshire, who was given to whispering and laughing in school, came home one afternoon, and said to his mother, 'My ears are hot and sore.' 'What makes them so?' asked his mother. 'Well,' said the little captain, 'I slapped my ears all the way into school this morning as hard as I could. I wanted to be quiet in school. I was determined to see who was boss—me or myself. So I behaved myself well all day.'"

Brave and True. By THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D. Partridge and Co.

No one can talk to young men better than Dr. Davidson can, and here he is at his best. We rather fancy he does not grow older, like other people. But, dear doctor, do you not think that a young fellow, who cannot play football, might perhaps do something else except wind Berlin wool?

The Man Wonderful, in the House Beautiful, and the Holy of Holies. An Allegory. By CHILION B. ALLEN, A.M., LL.B., M.D. The Man Wonderful Co., Chicago and London.

THIS unique book is a little out of our line as reviewers; but might, with advantage, find a place in the library of every intelligent and devout household. In a fascinating allegorical style, Dr. Allen explains human physiology, so that it can be readily understood and easily remembered. The volume is divided into three sections, each expounding one clause of the title.

The House Beautiful comes first: this, of course, is the human body, and no less than twenty-six different similes are used with reference to it. For instance, the bones are the Foundation of the house; the stomach, the Kitchen; the heart, the Engine; the nerves, the Telegraph; the eyes, the Double Telescope; and so on.

The Man Wonderful, who dwells in this house, is next described, in the various stages of his growth; his enemies, chief amongst which are all forms of intoxicants, being set forth in their true colours; and by striking diagrams the evil effects of alcohol on the linings of the stomach, and of tight-lacing on the breathing, are clearly indicated.

The final section is devoted to *The Holy of Holies*, and here certain delicate physiological facts are carefully and scientifically set forth, the author believing that early instruction in these matters should be given to all, so that the body may truly be kept as a holy shrine. A fascinating narrative of a princess discovered by the author in a charcoal shop in Paris, several pieces of music, and numerous illustrations, add interest to the book, to which we gladly direct the attention of all whom it may concern.

D. L. Moody: his Earlier Life and Work. By Rev. W. H. DANIELS, A.M. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE fifth edition of a well-known work; interesting as far as it goes, but disappointing to English readers as it ends with Mr. Moody's sailing from America, to begin his first great mission in the United Kingdom.

"Week In, Week Out." Little Lessons of Labour. By the Rev. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A. Sunday School Union.

IT was a very happy thought of Mr. Langbridge to chat with his "old friends the young folk", as he styles them, about the different callings whereby men get their bread, earning it in the sweat of their face, as God has ordained that they shall do. He calls these talks about smiths, carpenters, tinkers, builders, farmers, printers, and other craftsmen, "Little Lessons"; but this is his modesty, for they are big with instruction of the highest value to youth. And what is more, boys will read them; for they are chatty, anecdotal, and often humorous; just such talks as a clever, affectionate, big brother, who loves God, ought to have with the younger boys at home and at school.

Winning Souls. By REV. A. B. EARLE, D.D. James H. Earle, Boston, U.S.

THE aged evangelist, whose little volume, *Bringing in the Sheaves*, has been such an inspiration to many, here presents, in response to requests from some of the leading evangelical ministers of America, the whole of the addresses, Bible-readings, comments, and prayers, which he gave during a ten days' mission at Saccarappa. They are like saccharine, compressed sweetness. Even the hymns and announcements are given; so what the book lacks in literary finish, it more than gains in vividness. The sermons are soul-stirring, full of anecdote and illustration, easy and colloquial in style, and burning with earnestness. We cannot say we quite agree with all the theology; but we are in full accord with the reverent and enthusiastic spirit of this brother, who, even in old age, brings forth abundant fruit. If he was not already a doctor of divinity, we might wish to make him an Earl: certainly, he belongs to the aristocracy of the skies. With some concern, we find continually that the name of the Holy Spirit—that blessed and Divine Person—is printed without capitals; what traitor hand hath done this? The book is published in America; we should think that, if it were issued in this country, many would be glad to read these glowing pages.

James Stacey, D.D. Reminiscences and Memorials. By REV. W. J. TOWNSEND. Hodder and Stoughton.

A VERY worthy memorial of one who during his life was perhaps the leading figure amongst the Methodist New Connexion churches. Dr. Stacey began his life in Sheffield in the early years of the century, and finished his course in the same town last year. He was a brilliant example of native worth, being at first only an apprentice to cutlery, and at last almost an apostle of culture. There is nothing very startling in this volume, but much that is interesting and instructive. The early chapters are autobiographical; and in an easy, pleasant style the veteran author prattles of his battles past, for Dr. Stacey was a keen debater, and has left us some examples of his incisive skill. We admire it all very much, the more so as certain references around pages 71 and 104 make us almost believe him to have been a moderate Calvinist, though doubtless he would have been the first to repudiate the suggestion; but it is a trifle too like the polished Sheffield steel to suit our taste. We have not the least quarrel with the steel at dinner-time, but we like to have something else to work upon. But then, tastes differ, and others admired and profited by such eloquent discourse, a single sentence of which sometimes runs to twenty-one lines. We hope our Methodist friends will not forget their early fire in the pursuit of emery powder. Right glad are we to see that the subject of this memoir held fast to the whole Bible. "It has never, I believe," he says, "made a single infidel, as it has never, I believe, made a single Papist." Mr. Townsend, who was, we understand, one of Dr. Stacey's oldest students, and is now a well-known and successful minister in the New Connexion, has done his work well; and very gladly we commend this elegant record of an earnest life. We make an extract from it on another page.

Countess Maud; or, The Changes of the World. By EMILY S. HOLT. Shaw and Co.

THE *historical* accuracy of Miss Holt's charming stories of old English life, is a distinctive feature by which they may easily be recognized; and her clear presentation of pure gospel truth, her tender persistence in pointing her readers to the only way of salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, will always ensure them a warm welcome in Christian households.

Rose, Robin, and Little May. A Story of Country Life. A. Holness.

IN the preface, we are told that "this little book has been written with the aim of presenting the gospel in an attractive way to children." That will be sufficient recommendation for it, especially if we add that the writer states that "all the remarks made relating to things of eternal importance have fallen from the lips of children with whom she is acquainted." We have put the tale to the practical test of placing it in the hands of children, who have found it to be "very interesting."

The Children's Voyage to the Cape. By SARAH L. FINDLATER. Nelson and Sons.

THIS story reads like the narrative of a "personally-conducted tour", and it will give readers an accurate idea of life at the Cape, and on the way to it. Religious and moral lessons are woven into the story, though not at all too plentifully.

The Church and the King. A Tale of England in the Days of Henry VIII. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. Nelson and Sons.

A FASCINATING story of the stirring times of Bluff King Hal, especially that part of his reign in which Anne Boleyne was executed, Jane Seymour installed as Queen, and a beginning made with the closing of convents and monasteries. The authoress certainly sets forth the King in quite as good a light as he deserves, and is none too severe upon the evils of the Church of Rome in those days.

She Loved a Sailor. By AMELIA E. BARR. James Clarke and Co.

A STORY introducing some of the horrors of the American slave-trading times. It has no apparent object, and strikes the reader as rather out of date.

A Sister to Esau. By AMELIA E. BARR. James Clarke and Co.

ANOTHER book by the same author, and of far greater interest. Angus Bruce, the hero, is a Scottish minister of the High Calvinistic type, and his portrait is fairly and cleverly drawn. That the writer's own tendencies are towards an opposite direction is shown by her evident sympathy with the more "advanced" views of her heroine, Scotia Rodney; but she is also well able to appreciate the manly force and true nobility of character which spring from the holding of a sterner creed. Let not the reader think, however, that the Calvinism of Angus Bruce was the Calvinism of C. H. Spurgeon. *He* would not have hesitated to point a dying drunkard to the bleeding Sacrifice, and tell him that, even at the eleventh hour, "There is life for a look at the Crucified One." The story contains a graphic and deeply-interesting sketch of the scene in the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, at the Disruption.

Tim Teddington's Dream, and *Tim Teddington's Shoes*, a Sequel to his Dream. By AGNES GIBERNE. "Home Words" Office.

SUCH stories as these sell themselves. Tim's *Dream*, price twopence, has already reached its 170th thousand; and his *Shoes*, at threepence each, ought to have quite as large a sale. Wherever there are working people who are discontented with their lot, there is need of such sensible, homely teaching as these stories contain.

Roger Wentworth's Bible. By CHARLES R. PARSONS. C. H. Kelly.

CONTAINS much valuable teaching, and a clear unfolding of the gospel plan. Nevertheless, the story is spoiled by a savour of extravagance and unreality.

More Wayside Talks. By E. W. W. Sunday-school Union.

TALKS for the children, bright and practical. Sunday-school teachers would do well to read them; for much may be gathered from them that would be useful for the class.

Heart-throbs. By W. H. ECRITT. Harrison and Sons, 59, Pall Mall.

SHORT poems, by one whose preface tells us that he "claims no literary merit"; but that he writes for the working-classes, and is himself a working-man. The following lines are given as a specimen of his sentiments and style:—

"All noble deeds are but the seeds
Of glorious fruit to come:
And he who sows where'er he goes
Will bring his harvest home.'

Daisy Ballads and Recitations. By WILLIAM HOYLE. Partridge & Co.

FAULTY rhymes and feeble measures. This is a pity, for the author takes his stand upon the side of temperance and truth. The warfare is righteous, but the warrior is weak.

"Good-night" Thoughts about God; or, Evening Readings for the Young. By EVA TRAVERS EVERED-POOLE. Nisbet and Co.

JUST one of the nicest books of the kind that you could very well procure. Nothing is more wholesome for the young ones than bread and milk; and here you have the "Bread of life", and the "sincere milk of the Word", so daintily served, that there must, indeed, be something radically wrong with the child who cannot relish it.

Robert Milligan's Difficulties; or, Struggle and Triumph. By Rev. W. ADAMSON, D.D. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

SHOWS how a Scotch ne'er-do-well found salvation and peace through the tender ministrations of a godly hillside shepherd.

Notes.

WE call our readers' special attention to MRS. SPURGEON'S "Message from Over the Sea", in the present Magazine. Her dear husband's own words, and her brave confirmation of them, ought for ever to silence those who have insinuated that, towards the close of his life, Mr. Spurgeon altered his attitude with regard to the "confederacy of evil" from which he withdrew.

There is some satisfaction in the repeated proofs that our brethren are giving, one by one, by following their beloved President's example, that they are at last convinced that the only consistent course is to come right out from all such associations. We marvel that it has taken some of them so long to reach this conclusion; and we wonder that so few have followed their glorified leader, after all that they have seen during the past few months.

It is certainly significant that one of those ministers who "seemed to be pillars" has now confessed that he "drifted" into a position from which he could only escape by cutting himself off from all denominational connections. What will become of the much-vaunted "Forward Movement" now? How many more Evangelical believers are there who are being borne along by "the current of the age" no one knows whither? Surely, no ordinary Christian should be in such a condition as that, much less those who are looked up to as leaders of others.

What may we expect to see or hear of next? Notices have been sent round to our Sunday-schools, announcing on the same bill "Baptist Missionary Society's Centenary Celebration at the Crystal Palace" and "Sports for young people connected with subscribing Sunday-schools, on the bicycle track." Imagine Paul and Barnabas returning to Antioch to tell about the triumphs of the gospel in heathen lands, and making arrangements for a special performance in the amphitheatre in connection with their visit! The suggestion of such a thing shocks a sensitive conscience; but what is the difference in principle between that and the matter before us? Here are missionaries from Africa, India, and China, to report, at a meeting to last one hour, what the Lord has done in those countries; and, in order to gather a larger audience, we are told that, "*in addition to the ordinary attractions*" at the Crystal Palace, boys are to run and jump, girls are to have potato and egg and spoon races, and Sunday-school teachers are to have a "handicap" and an "obstacle race!" We almost wonder that the promoters of these sports did not head the programme with the apostolic injunction, "So run that ye may obtain." The *Teachers' Obstacle Race* is likely to be the most successful event of the day, for they will certainly succeed in putting an obstacle in the way of those who would run the heavenly

race; and many others beside ourselves will want to know if this is what our Saviour meant when He gave to His disciples the missionaries' charter, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." We may be very bigoted; but we believe in the extension of our Lord's kingdom, both at home and abroad, by the preaching of the gospel *without* obstacle races, potato races, egg and spoon races, performing elephants, Japanese jugglers, and ballet dancers.

On *Lord's-day evening, July* 3, Pastor J. A. SPURGEON presided at the Tabernacle communion-service, and gave the right hand of fellowship to twenty-seven new members. On the following morning, with his wife, he left London for Switzerland, for a season of rest after his extra arduous duties during the past twelve months.

Letters have been received from DR. PIERSON, announcing his safe arrival in America, and conveying kindest wishes to all friends at the Tabernacle. The doctor is now resting at his country home at Northfield.

Our readers will rejoice to know that MR. THOMAS SPURGEON'S ministry at the Tabernacle has been greatly appreciated. It was by no means an easy matter to follow such a preacher as Dr. Pierson; but from the first service Mr. Thomas Spurgeon secured the hearty sympathy of the congregation, and he has retained it ever since. The choice of his first subject was a peculiarly appropriate and happy one. His text was 2 Cor. xii. 14, 15: "Behold, the third time I am ready to come to you; and I will not be burdensome to you: for I seek not your's, but you: . . . . . And I will very gladly spend and be spent for you." (Margin: "for your souls.") His method of handling it made many feel that, so long as he preached at the Tabernacle, his dear father would never be forgotten. Without the slightest attempt at imitation, his spirit and style bring back all too forcibly the remembrance of the late beloved Pastor; but they also remind us that the Spirit that rested upon the sire still rests upon the son. The impression produced on the first Thursday evening has been deepened during the succeeding Sabbaths and week-nights, and, best of all, the Lord has blessed the word to the conversion of sinners and the restoration of backsliders, as well as to the edification of the saints. Even the preacher's physical weakness has tended to God's glory, for it has made him rely entirely upon the Strong One for the strength needed for his important work. The time of the year has come when large numbers of Tabernacle friends are away for their holidays; but the congregations have been very large, the prayer-meetings well sustained, and every token of the Lord's presence and blessing manifested. We have been specially pleased to meet many friends from the country, who have said to us, "We were never able to hear Mr. Spurgeon preach in the Tabernacle, although we have read his sermons for years; so we resolved that we would come up to London to listen to his dear son." No doubt others will "do likewise."

The missionary prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle, on *Monday evening, July* 11, very forcibly reminded those present of the glorious gatherings in which the late beloved Pastor used to delight. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, on the preceding Sabbath, had invited the friends to come in large numbers; and they very heartily responded to his invitation. Several brethren offered prayer, and amongst the special requests for supplication was one from a poor soul shut up in Doubting Castle, and another from a believer, who desired prayer for a friend who was apparently dying, a stranger to grace. During the meeting, our Brother Patrick, of the Pastors' College Missionary Association, gave a heart-moving account of the difficulties encountered by the missionaries in North Africa; and Mr. J. Manton Smith sang, "Anywhere with Jesus," and in a brief address moved his audience alternately to smiles and tears, as he sought to stir up the missionary enthusiasm of his hearers. Further prayer and praise followed, interspersed by appropriate remarks by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who presided; and the meeting reached high-water mark (certainly eye-water mark) when Mr. Chamberlain sang the favourite hymn of the late dear Pastor, "Show me Thy face." The thrill, almost amounting to a shudder, that passed through the congregation as it was so vividly reminded of the past, can scarcely be imagined by any who were not actually present.

On *Monday evening, July* 18, the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle was not so well attended as usual, by reason of the heavy rain. Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, who had to hurry away to his own meeting, struck a glad keynote in a brief address on "Perfect Love" and by a strikingly earnest prayer. Mr. Chamberlain, after three short prayers, said that he proposed to sing a hymn which was a great favourite with the late Pastor, partly because its theme was "Grace", and also because it came from across the seas. He then sang "All of Grace", the congregation joining in the chorus. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who presided, explained that he was not aware that Mr. Chamberlain was going to give them one of his (Mr. S.'s) productions; but he was glad to have written anything that gave joy to his dear father. Certainly there was no theme so worthy of our muse as Sovereign Grace.

Mr. Snellgrove was then introduced as a policeman who was retiring from the *Law* to preach the *Gospel*, he having that day been accepted, provisionally, by the London City Mission. He spoke with much power

of the Lord's dealings with him, and asked the people's prayers. Two other city missionaries then pleaded with God for their fellow-labourer. Mr. Pearce next told of how, fifteen years ago, he was induced by the Pastor to undertake the superintendence of the Sunday-school, and of how, when he hesitated, a friend exclaimed, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." He also testified that God had greatly blessed and was still blessing the work amongst the young. Mr. William Olney followed with some interesting details of the work at Haddon Hall Mission, and also mentioned that twenty-four of the Orphanage boys had recently confessed their acceptance of the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

Requests for prayer on behalf of a dying brother, a perplexed sister, and an incurable child, were presented before the Lord by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon; and so ended another gracious "season of refreshing."

C. H. SPURGEON MEMORIAL FUND.—We publish, this month, a second list of contributions, which makes, with the donations and promises acknowledged last month, a total of over £7,300. This is good progress, which only needs to be continued long enough to make the Fund a substantial memorial of the beloved one whose name it bears. All gifts should be sent to the Treasurers, C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

IN MEMORIAM.—Still, "the veteran sires are falling." REV. BENJAMIN BEDDOW, of Bradford-on-Avon, who was so happily associated with Mr. Spurgeon in the publication of *Memories of Stambourne*, entered into rest on June 25, in his eighty-first year. His niece writes to Mrs. Spurgeon:—"He was in his usual health on Sunday, June 19 (the anniversary of Mr. Spurgeon's birthday), and came down to breakfast. During the morning he went out of the room; I fancied he was a long time away, and went to seek him. I found him lying on the floor, unconscious. We had him carried to bed; the doctor came, and said it was an attack of paralysis. He was partially conscious, but never spoke again; he lingered until the 25th, when he peacefully passed away. He was laid to rest amidst every token of love and respect; he was a man greatly beloved." A very good portrait of the venerable minister was published in *Memories of Stambourne* (Passmore & Alabaster).

On July 10, REV. BURMAN CASSIN, M.A., was "called home" from Margate, after a long and serious illness. He had been for fifteen years rector of the church of St. George-the-Martyr, at Southwark; but for a much longer period he had been a dear, personal friend of Mr. Spurgeon. He was one of the sincerest mourners at our beloved Pastor's funeral; and now he has rejoined him in the presence of the Lord. There was only a slight difference in their ages; he was fifty-eight, and Mr. S. would have been fifty-eight if he had been spared till June 19 last.

In last month's "Notices of Books", we commended the new editions of several of the works of the venerable THOMAS COOPER. His chequered career closed peacefully on July 15, at Lincoln; he had attained the ripe old age of eighty-seven. The earlier students of the Pastors' College gratefully remember the lectures on the evidences of Christianity that he delivered to them.

Just as our "Notes" are going to the printers, we learn that MR. THOMAS COOK, of Leicester, has "gone home", in his eighty-fourth year. He was another faithful friend of our late beloved Editor; and it was always a subject of regret to him that he had never been able to "personally conduct" Mr. Spurgeon through the Holy Land: now they have met in the heavenly Canaan! Like many other General Baptists, he heartily sympathized with Mr. Spurgeon's action in "The Down-grade Controversy"; knowing that it was not a question of Calvinism *versus* Arminianism, but that the contention was on behalf of the very fundamentals of "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." Mr. Cook's son, MR. JOHN M. COOK, also dearly loved Mr. Spurgeon, and most kindly and generously assisted in arranging everything to promote his comfort on his annual visits to the Riviera, and especially on his last memorable journey to Menton.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. A. G. Everett, from Dorking, to Ely Place, Wisbech; Mr. A. Hewlett, from Grovelands, Reading, to Wollaston, Northamptonshire; Mr. G. H. Kilby, from Bishop's Stortford, to Waltham Abbey; Mr. J. Scilley, from Orpington, to Bridlington, Yorkshire; Mr. J. Hollinshead, from King City, to St. George, Brant, Canada; and Mr. A. Dewdney, from Lincoln Road, Christchurch, to Oamaru, Otago, New Zealand.

Mr. H. Dunington, late of Hartlepool, has gone to West Silvertown, to seek to establish a new cause. He reports that the prospects are encouraging; he will be glad of any help that friends in the district can give.

Mr. John Barton, formerly of Belle Isle Mission, has become pastor of the Union Church, Wingrave, Buckinghamshire. Mr. A. Piggot, of Lower Largo, Fifeshire, being unable to obtain a house there, has removed to the mission-station at Leven. He will be very grateful for any help that can be rendered towards the erection of a chapel.

Mr. J. A. Clark, who has been home from the Congo, for his health's sake, has again sailed for his sphere of labour in the Dark Continent. Pastor H. Rylands Brown has celebrated the eleventh anniversary of his settlement at Darjeeling Union Church. The Report for the year appears to have been a cheering one; but there is very

much land yet to be possessed for the Lord Jesus Christ in the hill-stations and also on the plains of India. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of proceeds of communion collection at Darjeeling for the Orphanage.

Another of the elder brethren of the Pastors' College has fallen asleep in Christ. *Pastor J. J. Dalton*, whose ministry commenced in 1865, and who resigned his charge at Dorchester, in 1888, through ill-health, recently passed away at Bridport. "They are gathering homeward, one by one." We commend all our brother's sorrowing relatives to the care of the Divine Comforter.

The students have been away for their summer holidays during the past month; they reassemble on August 9, when there will be a good number of new students.

COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Brother Patrick has been preaching and speaking in many places concerning the work in North Africa; and Dr. Churcher has been fully occupied with the duties connected with the Medical Mission Hospital in Tangier. Increased contributions will be needed if our missionary brethren are to be maintained in this important service, and additional labourers sent forth to gather in a harvest of precious souls. The amount left in hand by our late beloved President is rapidly melting away.

EVANGELISTS.—At Great Grimsby, *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* had good meetings and good results. At Wealdstone, Harrow, they had interesting meetings and some spiritual fruit. Writing concerning this mission, Mr. Fullerton says:—"It will be seen that we do go to little places; in fact, we refuse nobody if we are allowed to fix the date; but nineteen out of twenty will not take June or July."

Our brethren's services at Neath, South Wales, were curtailed by the elections. This month they are hoping to enjoy a well-earned holiday; after which they will have a month's mission in Ipswich, and three months at Liverpool.

Mr. Burnham's short visit to Waterford, on his way to Glasgow, was a great refreshment to the congregation under the care of Pastor P. A. Hudgell. Our brother has since been to Norton, Malton, for his fourth series of services, which were somewhat interfered with by the elections. He and Pastor W. H. Broad are now conducting a mission at Frampton Cotterell.

During the past month, *Mr. Harmer* has been preaching each Sabbath at Catford Hill, and on Wednesday evenings he has been at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath.

ORPHANAGE.—The Annual Festival held on *Founder's Day, June* 22, may be regarded as one of the most successful in the history of the institution. Upwards of 12,000 friends came to express their unabated interest in the good work. Being the first festival since the departure of the beloved Founder, all the arrangements were in harmony with that fact. A large platform was erected, upon which all the children assembled before the meetings, and their appearance was a silent but eloquent appeal to the hearts of the assembled multitudes. The President's banner, draped in mourning, told of the loss the children had sustained; and when they sang the "In Memoriam" hymns, there were few eyes not moistened with tears, and all present must have formed the resolve to continue, or to increase their help towards the maintenance of the doubly-orphaned family at Stockwell. Under the presidency of Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., in the afternoon, and Mr. Geo. Williams in the evening, the speakers, representing all denominations, paid the most loving tributes to the departed President; and bespoke for the Managers the sympathy and support of all who felt the potency of a sacred memory. In addition to pleading the cause of the Orphanage, several of the speakers, especially the two church clergymen, Revs. E. A. Stuart, M.A., and W. R. Mowll, M.A., spoke of the great service that Mr. Spurgeon had rendered to the whole church by his brave fight for the faith; and others, such as Mr. F. F. Belsey, J.P., of Rochester, and Pastor John Wilson, of Woolwich, related touching instances of the usefulness of the dear Pastor's printed sermons. Mr. Belsey also threw out an admirable suggestion, that once a year all the Sunday-schools in the land should give contributions to the Orphanage.

Considerable interest was manifested in the ceremony of planting *seven memorial trees*. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who planted the first tree, expressed her deep gratitude to God for the character and life-work of Mr. Spurgeon, whose career she had followed with much interest and pleasure. Her ladyship charmed all who were able to hear her address, which revealed the true Christian and the generous patroness of every good work. The Rev. John Spurgeon planted the second tree, and though there was a tone of sadness in his words, he bore testimony to the goodness of the Lord to himself and his family. Mrs. James Spurgeon planted the next tree, and a fourth, an American ash, was planted by Mrs. A. T. Pierson. Two others were planted by Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, and the last of the series was planted by Mrs. George Williams. In introducing each of the ladies to the duty assigned, the President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, gave utterance to a few well-chosen sentences, and the ceremony of fixing the trees in position was regarded as one of the most interesting features of this memorable Festival. The choir from the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Norwood entertained a large number of friends in the dining-hall, and in the play-halls our own children gave a capital selection of music, Messrs. J. Manton Smith and J. Chamberlain ably assisting. All the departments were thrown open, and friends

roamed at will, everywhere pleased with the arrangements which are made for the comfort of the children. In a summer-house placed on the lawn, Mr. Thomas H. Olney sat to receive contributions towards the C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund, towards which, during the day, about £700 was given. Including this amount, the total receipts were quite up to the average of former years. The proceedings were full of interest throughout, and the friends of the orphans returned home rejoicing that everything was so wisely designed and carried out, and praising the Lord that his blessing still rests upon the whole institution.

Mr. Spurgeon's Reformation Pictures were on view; and in addition, Mrs. Spurgeon had sent a number of *valuable engravings from the dear Pastor's study* to be sold for the benefit of the Orphanage. There was so much to see and hear that many friends did not notice these pictures. Many have been anxious to obtain *souvenirs* of Mr. Spurgeon; those who purchase these engravings will have that privilege, and at the same time will help the institution in which he took so deep an interest. Write to Mr. Charlesworth for particulars.

Garden Party at Red Hill, July 2.—Under the presidency of General W. Hatt Noble, and the patronage of an influential local committee, a garden party was held at "Buckhurst," Redhill, the residence of Mr. William Conolly. The day was beautifully fine, and a large company assembled. Addresses were given by the Chairman, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Mr. Conolly, Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, and Mr. Charlesworth. A party of orphan boys gave a display of musical drill and handbell ringing on the lawn, and a choir rendered a choice selection of music. Great interest was manifested in the work of the Orphanage, and the sum of £85 was contributed towards the funds. Votes of thanks were given to Mr. Conolly, and to Mr. Apperly, who kindly entertained all the orphan boys to luncheon and tea. It is hoped that other friends will arrange for similar meetings, and thus aid the institution.

Excursion to Tankerton Beach, Whitstable, July 12.—The whole of the Orphanage children and officers, and a large company of Tabernacle workers, enjoyed a day by the sea, notwithstanding the showers which fell in the afternoon. Many of the friends visited the bazaar, which had been arranged by Pastor H. R. Passmore, towards the extinction of the Whitstable Chapel debt, a result which was happily accomplished at the close of the third day, when the Doxology was sung, and the long-standing debt became a memory of the struggles and anxieties of the past.

Colportage.—The amount of real good being accomplished by this Home Missionary Agency can scarcely be realized, unless one comes into contact with the colporteur in his district, and sees him actually engaged in the work. The Secretary, in company with the Chairman of the Committee, recently took an unexpected walk through a suburban district, where they met the colporteur employed there.

After expressing the great pleasure he felt at meeting the representatives of the Association, the good man began to tell some of his experiences. He was full of joy as he recounted several recent instances of conversion. "Ah!" said he, "you would have been pleased with one of my recent cases. I went to a mission meeting with a brother, and, while at the tea-table, sang one of Sankey's sweet hymns. A young man was present who was deeply impressed. He went home, and told them how unhappy he felt since hearing that hymn, and that he could get no peace. The same week he met with an accident, and was confined to his bed. While there he was visited, and led to trust in the finished work of Christ for salvation, and he died rejoicing in hope. His testimony and removal led to the conversion of others in the same family."

Then came the sad story of a young woman who, years before, had professed to be the Lord's; but, through an unsuitable marriage, had been a backslider. She was visited by the colporteur, who was instrumental in her restoration.

By the time this story was completed, the party had approached a small shop kept by a man who confessed that he had been one of the worst characters in the neighbourhood. "You must come in here," said the colporteur, and a happy greeting awaited him, as he spoke to the man of the change wrought in his character. "Ah!" said he to our agent, "it was you who had a great deal to do with that change." He then bantered the colporteur for having left a number of books for him to look at, as he felt that he must take some. After some Christian conversation, the party separated, not, however, until two of them were more impressed than ever with the value of this house-to-house work.

This colporteur succeeds in the sale of a large quantity of Bibles and good books, and says that he has been the means of displacing much trashy literature. But there are nearly a hundred others doing similar work in various parts of England and Wales, besides conducting cottage-meetings and open-air services. Many of the villages of our land are as dark as heathendom, spiritually. Surely, while not neglecting foreign missions, we ought to care for our neighbours and fellow-countrymen around and at our own doors!

Some of these colporteurs cannot be continued unless the appeal for help to the General Fund is successful. Only one lady sent 1s. in response to the suggestion in last month's Magazine, that, if every reader contributed this small sum, the needs of the Association would be met. Surely, there are many of the thousands of readers of

The Sword and the Trowel who will rally to the help of the committee in this time of need. Think of cottagers and children, left without their monthly magazines; aged, and afflicted ones, with nobody to visit them; besides the hurtful publications circulated, and no antidote supplied!

We cannot believe that, after a quarter of a century of useful work under the late beloved leader's care, his friends, and the friends of the gospel and the villages, will now fail to support the work. Dear reader, will *you* help? All communications will receive prompt attention, if addressed to the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—June 23, eight; June 30, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Miss D. E. Gerard	0	5	0
Mrs. Morden	0	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. R. Bower	0	3	4
Port Mahon Baptist Chapel, Sheffield, per Pastor T. Ings Stockley	5	3	0
Mr. J. Dowson	1	1	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Emmanuel Church, Margate, per Pastor R. Turner Sole	5	16	5
Mrs. Colman	5	5	0
B. H. E.	5	0	0
Mrs. Goff	0	10	0
Dr. W. J. van Someren	5	0	0
Mrs. Marcolyn	0	5	0
Miss Barton	0	5	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Almshouses Sunday-school	7	4	8
Mr. William Morgan	5	0	0
Mrs. Welch	0	5	0
E. N. S., In memory of C. H. S., per Rev. J. Green	1	0	0
Mr. John Hosier	1	0	0
Park Road Baptist Church, Esher, per Pastor J. E. Perrin	0	5	0
Mr. B. Dennison per Pastor J. Tansley	0	10	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. P. Macfarlan	0	5	0
Mr. John Cameron	30	0	0
Miss B. Hoering	0	10	0
An Italian disciple of Mr. Spurgeon ...	0	14	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
June 19 ... ... 13 10 0			
,, 26 ... ... 50 0 0			
July 3 ... ... 45 0 0			
,, 10 ... ... 13 4 3			
	121	14	3
	£198	10	2

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. Patrick:—			
Lincoln Temperance Society 2 10 6			
Croft Street Mission, Lincoln 0 10 0			
Baptist Chapel, Newark ... 2 3 8			
5 4 2			
Less expenses 1 14 0			
	3	10	2
Ladies' Missionary Prayer-meeting, Peckham	1	3	0
Dr. W. J. van Someren	2	0	0
"One who cannot go," per Mr. Thomas Spurgeon	0	10	0
	£7	3	2

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Barker	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Anne Roberts ...	0	3	2
Collected by Miss Edith Davies ...	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Penning ...	0	13	0
Mr. Andrew Roger	2	2	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Mr. John A. Abraham	1	1	0
E. S., for Jesus' sake	0	10	0
A. P. M.	1	0	0
E. E.	0	3	0
Mrs. G. Colyer	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Bayley	3	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Crockett	0	3	0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber ...	0	7	6
Mr. Henry Burridgo	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Manley	2	0	0
Mr. P. Cockerill	0	10	6
Miss D. E. Gerard	0	7	
Scholars of Eythorne, Ashley, and Woolwich Green Sunday-schools, per Mr. G. Ayres	4	10	0
Mr. Jas. G. Godwin	1	0	0
E. B.	0	1	0
B. N. M. E.	0	8	0
Mrs. M. Fryer	1	0	0
Mrs. Hockey's Mothers' Mission at Park Chapel, Brentford	0	12	0
Collected by Miss L. Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. Dorin	0	5	0
Collected by Miss H. Simmonds ...	0	3	4
Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hewat	2	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Calder	21	0	0
Mr. C. Scruby	1	0	0
Rev. James Johnman	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Watson	0	5	0
Mr. B. Carey	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. H. Warriner	0	3	0
Mr. E. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Dales	1	0	0
Miss Jane Stewart	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	1	0
Miss S. A. Bayly	1	0	0
Mrs. Bannatyne	1	0	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	0
Collected by Miss M. Warren	0	7	0
Anon., Lymington	0	2	0
E. C. and A. R. C.	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Emma Sennett ...	0	10	8
Rev. Wm. Parry	0	5	0
Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Fairweather	0	5	0
Mr. T. W. Wiseman	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0
Mrs. W. Jones's Mothers' Meeting ...	0	12	6
Mr. A. Chilman	0	5	0
Miss A. Benham	0	10	0
"One of His stewards"	4	7	0
Mrs. Wilshere	0	5	0
Mr. Thos. J. Hamp	5	5	0
Mr. H. Pilcher	0	1	3
Anon.	0	1	0
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
P. W. H.	0	1	0
Mary J., a reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	2	6
E. W.	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Berry	0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. Mitchell	2	10	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"...	0	2	6
Mr. T. Greening	1	6	0
Mr. A. Pearson	1	1	0
Mrs. Pearson	0	10	0
Miss E. Pearson	0	5	0
Miss F. Pearson	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Heffer	2	0	0
Miss Dallas	5	0	0
Senior Bible-class of Wallace Green Presbyterian Church, per Mr. J. Henderson	1	4	6
Mr. J. Smalley	0	5	0
Misses Jacomb	5	0	0
Mrs. H. D. Craig, Canada	20	8	7
Mr. James Leiper	1	0	0
S. R. H., a lover of the truth	0	2	0
Postal order, St. Leonards-on-Sea ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Arnold	0	4	0
H. H. and friend	0	12	0
For Jesus' sake	0	0	6
Mr. G. B. Vanheson	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. R. Nat. Long ...	1	14	2
Miss E. Marsh	0	10	0
Stamps from Liverpool	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Sculfor	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Padgett...	0	10	6
Mr. Wm. C. Greenop	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Hillier (No. 3, Girls')	2	1	10
Mr. Geo. Wood	0	2	6
Devonshire Square Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. A. J. Shepherd ...	5	15	0
Mr. A. Butler	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Bennett	0	7	0
Mr. C. Bucknell	0	5	0
Misses E. and H. Symington	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Underwood	0	5	0
Mrs. J. G. Blake	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Pratt	1	11	0
Mrs. Mannington	0	10	0
A friend, per Mr. Jas. H. Smith ...	0	10	0
A grateful reader of the sermons ...	0	1	6
Stamps from Glasgow	0	5	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0
In loving memory of Frankie Joscelyne	1	0	0
Per Mrs. James Withers :—			
Mrs. Walter Palmer 0 10 0			
Miss Mackrill 0 10 0			
	1	0	0
Mr. S. T. Hudson's class at Boyer Street Mission, Derby	0	11	0
Mr. Jas. Dickuri	0	5	0
In memoriam	0	5	0
Miss Tilley	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Leigh	5	16	3
W. S., Glasgow	0	10	0
An orphan, Holyhead	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. H. Hillier	0	7	6
Collected by Harry, Charlie, and Hubert Curtis	0	16	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Elford	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. A. Webb	0	1	0
A member of the Tabernacle	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Buckingham... ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Katie Butler ...	1	3	6
Postal order, Coolo...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Harman	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Howard	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Chapman	1	2	0
Collected by Miss A. Soloman	1	2	9
Mrs. Oxenbridge	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. W. Lloyd	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. Henry Smith	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Waterman	1	7	6
Collected by Mr. James Rattray ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Colvin...	0	8	6
Miss M. Duggan	0	10	0
Miss A. Duggan	0	2	6
Collected by Miss M. A. Knights ...	0	7	6
Collected by Miss D. L. Martin ...	0	4	6
A Telugu Missionary	0	10	0
Miss M. J. Maynard	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Jeffs	0	5	0
Per Pastor G. H. Kilby :—			
Mr. J. Robinson's box ... 0 8 4			
Pastor George Kilby's box 0 7 8½			
Miss Nelly Crisp's box ... 0 4 0½			
Misses N. and F. Howling's box 0 4 0			
	1	4	1
Miss Florence Collins	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Katie Oldring ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss F. E. Greenop ...	1	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Cox	0	12	0
Miss Janet Wood	1	0	0
J. and A. H.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Lothian	0	10	0
Mrs. Mannington	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Wilmot	1	1	2
Collected by Mr. A. Palmer	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. J. Lord	0	8	0
Collected by Miss M. J. Ashton ...	2	13	3
Collected by Mr. W. T. Davies... ...	0	3	2
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	16	0
A. B. C.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson ...	0	15	9
Collected by Mr. Thomas Watts ...	1	7	0
A constant reader of the sermons ...	0	1	0
Birthday	1	0	0
Proceeds of sale, mint and flowers ...	0	2	6
Mr. John Winter	0	2	6
Miss Adams' boys' Bible-class	0	5	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Cook	0	5	0
Mr. E. Essex	1	1	0
In grateful memory of dear Mr. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker	0	10	0
Miss M. C. Irwin	0	3	0
Mrs. Shearman	5	5	0
A wreath, in memory of little Amy ...	0	5	0
Rev. S. K. Bland	1	0	0
Rev. R. Turner Sole	0	10	6
Mr. John C. Goslin	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Howard	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Forsdike	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Taylor	0	5	0
Mrs. Angell	0	3	6
Collected by Mrs. K. Axton	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, for the support of an orphan for one year	20	0	0
Mrs. R. M. Jerard	0	10	6
Mrs. A. Baker	0	6	6
Miss Mathew	1	0	0
Collected by Joseph and Harry Caffyn	0	2	8
Mr. Robert Parsons	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. R. Laker	0	6	3
Collected in Mrs. Vaughan's class	1	0	0
Mrs. Still	0	1	0
Mrs. Dial	0	1	0
Mrs. Burton's school-room collections	0	15	0
Collected by Miss Sharp	0	12	0
Mrs. S. Wright	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Bruin	0	14	0
Collected by Miss Bagshaw	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. John Berry	0	10	0
Collected by Miss F. Jeffery	0	4	0
Mrs. A. Dark	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Straw	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. P. Wooltorton	2	10	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Wakeley	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Roberts	0	11	4
"From the children"	0	5	0
Collected by Miss C. Willis	0	5	0
Regent Street Baptist Sunday-school, Smethwick, per Mr. S. Church	0	16	2
A thankoffering from a friend	2	0	0
Mrs. N. Sparrow	0	10	0
For the late Mr. John Briers	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Jones	0	4	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Stamps from Barnard Castle	0	1	6
Miss M. Cox	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. R. G. Dalton	0	10	0
C. W. L.	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Walker	4	0	5
Mrs. May	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Spencer and friend	0	7	6
Mr. R. Bower	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pedley, in loving memory of C. H. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Bunting	0	4	1
Collected by Miss E. Wain	8	10	0
Mrs. S. A. Harris, and friends	0	4	0
L. D.	0	1	6
Collected by Miss E. E. Epps	0	8	8
Collected by Miss L. Smorthwaite	0	4	6
Collected by Miss E. Oxford	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Womersley	0	5	0
Mrs. Hoye	0	10	0
Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Collected by Master S. V. L. Gage	0	10	0
Pastor George Wainwright	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. E. Harris	0	10	0
M. M., Reading	1	0	0
Collected by Master E. Lance	0	8	0
Collected by Ernie and Clarrie Hoddy, at Sunday dinner-table	1	1	0
Mrs. Shaw	1	1	0
Mrs. A. B. Macgregor	1	0	0
Mr. M. Stroud	2	2	0
E. M.	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. W. Muchamore	0	2	0
Collected by Miss K. R. Smith	0	2	6
Miss Brown	1	1	0
H. M. F.	0	3	0
In memoriam, 17th July, 1885	0	10	6
Mr. Charles Farmer	0	5	0
A. L., a servant	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. M. H. Webb	0	10	6
Collected by Miss Allen (No. 4 Girls)	0	12	9
Collected by Mr. W. R. Garrett	0	3	0
Mrs. Tompkins	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	14	0
Collected by Tilly, Bertie, Jessie, Arthur, and Winnie Nash	1	10	7
Collected by Edie and Johnny Smith	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. S. K. Goddard	0	12	0
Mrs. E. E. Jones	0	2	6
Mrs. Mullis	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Spots on table-cloth, per Mrs. S. Porter	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Honour	1	14	0
Per Mr. W. Wayre:—			
Sale of Pastor A. G. Brown's "Address at Mr. Spurgeon's grave" 7 1 9			
Sale of "Midnight and Morning" 0 16 6			
	7	18	3
Mr. Wayre's office-box	0	8	2
Mr. Blundell	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Maxwell	2	2	0
S. A.	0	5	0
Collected by Rev. George Turner	0	5	4
J. W. E.	0	3	0
Mr. C. H. Hooper	0	4	0
Mrs. Samuel	0	10	0
Baptist Church, Grantown, Sabbath-school, per Mr. William Glass	0	15	6
Mr. James Smart	0	10	6
Senior classes of Viewforth Sabbath-school, per Mr. R. Cockran Nisbet	1	18	10
A. L.	0	2	6
Miss Makgill	0	5	0
E. E.	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Franks	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Wakeling	0	5	0
Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
J. E., in loving memory of dear Mr. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. John M. Cook	25	0	0
A friend from Norfolk	0	10	0
Collected by Master W. Pettman	0	6	5
Collected by Mrs. A. Blant	0	16	1
Collected by Miss G. Shaw	0	18	0
Executors of the late Mr. G. C. Parsons	161	0	11
Half-year's interest on £5,000 Debenture Stock, Cory Bros. & Co., Limited	121	17	6
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	20	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. J. Lewis	1	1	0
Frank Willard Fearn	5	0	0
Communion collection, May 1st, 1892, at Union Chapel, Darjeeling, per Pastor H. Rylands Brown	1	16	3
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
P. and P.	0	5	0
A mite from Scotland	0	10	0
Collected by Master E. Chance	0	5	0
Mr. E. H. Gayler	0	7	6
Mr. Annis	0	5	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Miss C. Cooke	0	10	0
Mrs. Guy	5	0	0
Mrs. Jordan and friends	1	0	0
Miss Isa Keay	0	5	0
Miss Thompson	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	7	0
Collected by Miss L. Staveley:—			
Mr. W. M. Rust, J.P. 0 10 6			
Mr. and Mrs. A. Southwell 0 10 6			
Mr. J. Cockett 0 10 0			
Mr. F. J. Gardiner 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Edginton 0 10 0			
Mr. A. W. Staveley 0 10 0			
Miss Staveley 0 5 6			
Mr. J. F. Tyars 0 5 0			
Mr. Matthew Le Pla 0 5 0			
Pastor J. W. Campbell 0 2 6			
Mrs. T. Cockett 0 2 6			
Mrs. Boulton 0 2 6			
Mrs. Gardiner 0 2 6			
Miss Gardiner 0 2 6			
Miss Bellars 0 2 6			
Miss J. R. Staveley 0 2 6			
Mrs. G. Dawbarn 0 2 6			
Mrs. Hewitt 0 2 0			
L. S. 0 1 6			
	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Stamps from Melksham	0	2	6
Miss Drake	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Wilkins and friend	0	5	0
Mr. H. A. Gribbon	2	0	0
A servant	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Morgan	0	7	6
Per. F. R. T.:—			
Mr. Joseph Benson ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. Joseph Benson ... 0 10 0			
Miss Grace Benson ... 0 10 0			
Master Cecil Benson ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Jonas Smith 0 5 0			
Mrs. Jonas Smith 0 5 0			
	2	10	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Watts	0	7	2
Collected by Mr. J. Rossiter	7	0	0
Collected by Mrs. McSkimming ...	1	0	6
Miss Hayball	0	5	0
H. M. D.	0	1	0
E. A. L. B.	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. White	1	0	0
Colonel S. Dewé White	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Bowles	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Potter	0	7	6
Mrs. Mackiel	0	10	0
A friend, Gravesend	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Hunt (No. 5 Girls) ...	0	7	1
Collected by Mrs. Robertson	0	4	3
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Burgess	1	1	8
Mr. Farley's box	8	7	4
Stamps from Roscommon	0	2	6
Mrs. Wells	0	5	0
Mr. Walter S. Cowell	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Wyatt	0	4	6
Mr. John Hodges	2	4	0
Exors. of the late Mr. J. H. Tarrant ...	10	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wates	5	0	0
Anon.	1	0	0
Mr. C. L. Kaufman	5	5	0
Mr. R. Purser	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Mrs. Rennard	1	0	0
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	10	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Heane	0	8	0
Mrs. M. D. Macfeay	1	0	0
Reader of "The Christian Herald", Selkirk	0	2	0
M. J. H. and Grace Orbell	0	1	6
J. D.	0	2	0
Midway Place Sunday-school, per Mr. Wilkinson	0	18	2
Collected by Miss E. S. Beament ...	0	4	0
Mr. S. Holttum	1	18	0
Mrs. C. Bromhead	0	2	0
Stamps from Tebay	0	5	0
L., Dowlais	0	5	0
Mrs. C., Kilmarnock	0	5	0
Isabella	0	2	6
Mr. John Williamson	5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian", per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	5	2	0
Mrs. Goff	0	10	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald", Pinchbeck	0	1	6
A reader of "The Christian Herald", Norwich	0	2	0
Mount Calvary Sabbath-school, per Mr. W. Adams	2	2	0
Mrs. Z. A. Wheatley	0	10	6
Miss M. Hay	0	5	0
Mrs. Morden	0	6	0
From Clifton	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Mrs. Devenish	0	5	0
Mr. F. Fordham	0	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Miss A. Tolmie	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold (towards the support of an orphan for a year) ...	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A few friends at Clapton Hall, per E. B.	10	0	0
Mr. T. G. Fletcher, per E. B.	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Macdonald	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Rankine	0	10	6
Mr. J. Dowson	1	1	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	1	0	0
Mrs. Colman	5	5	0
Mr. H. J. Yeldham	1	1	0
Orphanage boxes at the Tabernacle gates	1	16	6
A friend in Fife, Scotland	0	5	0
Mrs. Cattell	2	0	0
Mr. W. G. Simonds, Junr.	0	10	0
Anon....	0	3	0
A lighted candle in a humble candlestick	0	2	6
G. E.	0	2	6
J. W. G.	0	1	0
Mr. F. Bonshor	0	3	0
Mr. S. H. Baker	1	0	0
Mr. B. Burton	0	2	6
Miss Cunningham	0	10	0
The Honourable Miss Irby	1	0	0
Mr. Randall	2	0	0
Miss Emslie, per Miss Berry	1	1	0
A small offering, Gt. Bromley	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Clode	0	4	0
John M. A. G.	0	5	0
H. J. P.	0	1	0
M. G.	0	5	0
M. P. H. and E. P. H.	2	0	0
Miss A. M. Marnock	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Millar	0	2	6
A skipper	0	16	0
A friend, per Pastor N. Dobson ...	1	1	0
M. I. C. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Hood	0	5	0
Mrs. Batty	0	2	6
Miss Blyth	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. W. H. Mayne ...	0	10	6
Two widows	0	1	0
Collected by Miss Bickmore	1	0	0
A sermon-reader, Liverpool	0	5	0
A friend at Beverley	0	5	0
Miss M. Pentelow	0	10	0
Mr. John Lewis	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Ward	0	3	10
Mr. J. G. Jones	5	0	0
Miss Clara Valler	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Zurhorst	8	1	6
Mr. John Wood	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Penny	2	2	0
P. H. of T.	0	10	0
W. H. W.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	10	0
Peasmarsh Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society Bible-class, per Mr. E. H. Avery	0	5	0
Carey Chapel, Moulton, per Mr. A. J. Robinson	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Macgregor	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Maynard	0	10	0
An Aberystwith student	0	2	6
Washing money	0	1	0
In gratitude for mercies received ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. James Wilson	0	5	6
Miss Keys	0	3	0
Mr. Charles W. G. White	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Barker	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Jackson	1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
The officers of the Royal Engineers, per Major-General E. C. Sim, R.E. ...	10	0	0
For the late Mrs. E. J. Milligan ...	2	0	0
Miss M. K. Milligan	2	0	0
Mr. George A. Hulbert	0	5	0
A widow, per Mrs. Ward	3	0	0
Mission Hall, Medbourne, per Mrs. Ward	0	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Dr. W. J. van Someren	10	0	0
Mr. John Hosie	0	10	6
Miss Geikie	2	2	0
Mrs. Green	0	10	0
Memorial offering from four friends in Ceylon, per Pastor F. Durbin ...	4	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Botting	1	6	9
Mrs. Bell	3	0	0
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	5	6
Mrs. Warren	0	10	0
Mrs. Garroway	5	0	0
Pastor E. Towler	0	5	0
Mr. Malcolm Ferguson	0	10	0
Exors. of the late Mr. A. C. Barker ...	51	1	6
Mrs. Romanis	0	5	0
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell :—			
Mr. J. C. Bumsted 1 1 0			
J. E. P. 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Henderson 1 0 0			
Mr. E. Pocock 1 1 0			
Mr. T. Micklem 1 0 0			
Smaller sums 4 3 0			
	9	5	0
Miss S.	1	0	0
Mr. John Chapman	0	7	6
H. C.	0	2	6
Mr. E. S. Brown, per Pastor W. Carey...	3	0	0
Nahum i. 7	0	2	0
Mr. John Cameron	5	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Cambridge—			
Mill Road Mission Self-denial week 5 10 4			
Collections 7 17 5			
Mr. G. Apthorpe 2 5 0			
Zion Chapel—collection ... 5 3 6			
St. Andrew's Street Chapel 12 10 3			
33 6 6			
Less local expenses ... 1 9 0			
31 17 6			
Mr. R. J. Moffatt ... 10 10 0			
Messrs. F. and A. Doggett 1 2 6			
Mr. F. Scruby 1 1 0			
Mr. J. S. Watts 1 1 0			
Mr. S. J. Moore 0 10 0			
Rev. T. G. Tarn 0 10 0			
Mr. Ginn 0 10 0			
Mr. C. Scruby 0 10 0			
Mr. W. Bullen 0 10 0			
Mr. W. Canham 0 5 0			
Mr. E. Willmott 0 5 0			
Mrs. Leonard 0 5 0			
Mr. H. Chapman 0 5 0			
Small amounts 1 8 6			
	50	10	6
Hounslow	17	7	6
Wisbech	4	2	10
South Norwood	2	2	0
Teddington	2	10	9
Baptist Total Abstinence Association meeting	2	12	6
Bromley :—			
Young Men's Bible-class, per Mr. R. Alexander ... 17 3 1			
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd (second donation) 20 0 0			
	37	3	1
Surrey Square Mission	2	10	0
Barnes (additional amount)	0	15	0
Received at Annual Festival, June 22nd, Collecting Boxes:—			
Attwater, Miss E. 0 9 1			
Aptad, Mr. 0 15 9			
Appleton, Miss 0 19 3			
Allen, Mrs. 0 19 2			
Arlotte, Miss 0 6 8			
Amor, Master P. 0 1 1			
Austin, Miss L. 0 7 10			

	£	s.	d.
Adams, Miss M. A. ...	0	3	7
Ackland, Miss S. A. ...	0	6	2
Anthony, Mrs.	0	6	8
Amor, Master P. W. ...	0	0	10
Beecliff, Mr. R. J.	0	10	6
Bentlett, Mrs.	0	10	6
Bucknole, Miss	0	9	11
Barnard, Miss	1	3	0
Butler, Mrs.	0	17	11
Bartlett, Master	0	10	7
Beardswood, Master P. ...	0	2	4
Briggs, Miss...	0	2	6
Black, Miss	0	7	5
Broomfield, Master R. ...	0	1	8
Boot, Miss N.	1	7	9
Buswell, Miss	1	14	3
Barrett, Mr. Alfred ...	0	5	1
Brown, Mr. I.	0	7	1
Baskett, Miss	0	8	4
Burgess, Misses J. and E.	0	3	10
Boswell, Mr. R.	0	6	6
Boultwood, Misses A. and A.	0	10	9
Bellingham, Miss	0	1	10
Bown, Master C.	0	11	4
Bloomfield, Master R. ...	0	4	8
Branscombe, Master R. ...	0	3	3
Brazier, Mrs.	2	17	0
Branden, Mrs.	0	13	7
Brake, Miss G.	0	3	8
Boag, Miss	0	0	9
Burbridge, Miss K. ...	0	1	4
Brook, Miss	0	5	10
Broomfield, Master J. ...	0	2	7
Brockwell, Master T. L. ...	0	1	5
Brice, Master B.	0	0	11
Bull, Mrs.	0	11	0
Bates, Miss M.	0	5	11
Bradbury, Miss	0	4	7
Brown, Master H., Darjeeling	0	7	0
Burleigh, Miss H.	0	6	4
Bellefontain, Miss	0	2	6
Burnham, Mrs.	2	12	0
Box 31	0	5	0
Bown, Miss M.	0	11	6
Barnard, Mrs.	0	5	6
Bailey, Master F.	0	0	10
Belleini, Miss P.	0	10	10
Belleini, Miss C.	0	11	6
Ballands, Miss A.	0	6	0
Beaven, Mrs. A.	0	2	6
Buckingham, Miss... ...	0	7	6
Bond, Miss Daisy	0	12	10
Cairns, Misses L. and J. ...	0	19	7
Court, Mrs.	0	3	0
Colley, Mr.	0	8	0
Casey, Mr. C. B.	1	6	11
Cobley, Mr. E.	0	8	0
Clay, Mrs.	0	4	6
Cook, Miss	0	7	0
Crisp, Master P.	0	5	9
Cooper, Mr.	2	13	3
Chapman, Mrs.	0	11	2
Cunningham, Mrs.... ...	0	8	0
Conquest, Mrs.	0	3	3
Crawford, Mrs.	0	4	1
Crowder, Mrs.	0	5	0
Cornish, Mr.	0	5	3
Chandler, Miss E.	0	2	1
Cane, Mr.	0	15	5
Cawal, Mr. S.	0	3	10
Chapman, Miss H. E. ...	0	14	1
Clover, Mr....	0	12	6
Clinch, Miss...	0	6	3
Clow, Miss Ethel	1	14	9
Collins, Mrs.	0	4	2
Crickmere, Mrs.	0	11	4
Clarke, Miss...	0	3	5
Charles, Miss Lily	0	3	6
Carr, Master E.	0	1	8
Call, Mrs.	0	8	10

	£	s.	d.
Cowles, Miss A.	0	7	6
Charles, Master F.... ...	0	8	0
Crane, Mrs. A. W.... ...	0	12	0
Chamberlain, Miss... ...	1	12	11
Crow, Mrs.	0	2	2
Cox, Miss A.	0	1	10
Dennish, Master	0	16	5
Davie, Miss H.	0	10	10
Davies, Mrs.	0	1	9
Durwin, Mrs.	0	6	11
Digby, Miss	0	3	5
Dobson, Mr. John ...	0	5	1
Dunn, Mrs. J. T.	0	12	9
Druce, Miss	0	12	4
Dickenson, Mr.	0	1	7
Davis, Master F.	0	6	0
Dolling, Master A. ...	1	1	10
Dolman, Miss A.	0	0	9
Dobson, Mr. James ...	0	9	1
Dean, Mrs. G. F.	0	15	0
Davis, Mrs.	0	3	3
Davonport, Mrs.	0	5	10
Dale, Mrs.	0	7	4
Dale, Miss	0	5	0
De Frece, Miss F. ...	0	1	10
Eastcott, Master W. ...	0	1	1
Evans, Master J. D. ...	0	1	11
Everett, Miss A.	1	16	6
Elsbury, Master S. ...	0	1	9
Elsbury, Master S. ...	0	1	4
Ewan, Mrs.	0	13	10
Essex, Mrs.	1	3	7
Ewen, Mrs.	0	4	2
England, Miss J.	0	5	8
Elliott, Mrs....	0	1	7
Forsdike, Mrs.	0	10	5
Fraser, Miss	0	14	10
Frisby, Miss A.	0	12	7
Fuller, Miss M.	0	7	9
Fisher, Masters B. and H.	0	9	8
Fox, Mr. J.	0	4	8
Fairmain, Mrs.	0	8	7
Fletcher, Miss G.	0	6	3
Forsdike, Master E. ...	0	4	0
Fowler, Miss R.	0	5	4
Finch, Miss A.	0	6	8
Fuller, Mr.	0	15	10
Fowler, Miss E.	0	2	9
Ford, Miss G.	0	2	9
Field, Mrs.	0	4	2
Fathers, Mrs.	0	11	6
Fellowes, Mrs.	1	5	2
Forsdike, Master S. ...	0	6	10
Field, Mrs.	1	1	8
Fenner, Master Wm. ...	0	1	6
Green, Miss	0	9	10
Goodwin, Miss	0	8	7
Godbold, Miss	0	13	3
Goulden, Mrs.	0	19	0
Giles, Master H.	0	4	0
Grimes, Mrs.	1	2	4
Goslin, Master P. H. ...	0	1	2
Gubbins, Mr.	1	7	4
Gale, Master W. J. ...	1	0	0
Grimes, Miss	1	2	5
Goslin, Miss A. E.	0	7	2
Gowers, Mrs.	0	12	6
Goslin, Master P. H. ...	0	3	0
Green, Miss	0	17	7
Grant, Miss	0	10	0
Gilbert, Mrs.	0	2	1
Graves, Master P.	0	1	9
Gray, Mr. A.	0	5	11
Grose, Master V.	0	3	4
Groom, Master P.	0	2	7
Goslin, Master S.	0	3	8
Henderson, Mrs.	0	5	0
Harrald, Miss L.	4	4	0
Harrald, Miss Frances May	3	10	2
Harrald, Master E. W. H.	0	11	4
Harmer, Miss	0	16	3
Herman, Mrs.	0	4	7
Huitt, Master W.	0	6	6
Hutchison, Master J. ...	0	1	1
Hillier, Mrs.	0	11	6
Hawgood, Mrs.	1	6	6
Hart, Mrs.	0	3	10
Hardy, Miss B. M.... ...	0	3	9
Hughes, Miss	1	11	3
Harris, Miss	0	12	3
Hart, Miss	0	2	7
Herman, Mr. J. E.	0	7	3
Haseltine, Mr.	0	8	2
Higgs, Miss	7	0	8
Hunt, Mrs. J.	0	9	4
Hawes, Master J.	0	2	3
Hudson, Master H. ...	0	6	0
Hillier, Mr. W.	0	3	3
Hill, Miss	0	3	6
Hutchison, Miss	0	0	9
Huitt, Miss L.	0	4	8
Hudson, Miss	1	6	9
Hearn, Master George ...	0	0	9
Henschal, Miss	0	1	10
Harvey, Miss G.	0	7	7
Holland, Master J. ...	0	10	4
Haselden, Master L. ...	0	5	7
Ingrem, per Pastor C. ...	0	17	6
Johnson, Mrs. S. J. ...	0	8	2
Jones, Mrs. E.	0	8	1
Jones, Mr. H.	0	5	2
Johnson, Miss S. A. ...	0	8	9
Jones, Mrs.	0	9	3
Jones, Miss L.	0	3	1
Johnston, Miss N.... ...	0	5	3
Kirby, Mrs.	0	3	0
Kennedy, Master S. ...	0	2	9
Kirby, Mrs.	0	2	9
Kelting, Miss	0	3	10
Kerridge, Master S. J. ...	1	8	0
Kerridge, Miss E.	1	3	7
Kenyon, Miss M.	0	1	6
Laflin, Mr. H.	0	4	0
Lockerbie, Masters ...	0	5	0
Laflin, Mr. C.	0	5	6
Lockerbie, Misses	0	5	0
Lambert, Mrs.	0	11	4
Lott, Miss	0	11	9
Leech, Miss B.	0	9	1
Larkman, Miss E.	0	5	0
Lilley, Master F. G. ...	0	4	8
Lewis, Master E.	0	3	3
Limebeer's, Miss, School children	0	5	0
Long, Mrs.	0	1	9
Luckhurst, Mrs.	1	3	4
Ling, Master H.	0	1	4
McCumbie, Miss	0	14	3
Malyon, Mrs.	0	18	8
Middleditch, Master ...	0	10	0
Mallison, Mrs.	0	1	4
Meller, Mrs.	0	2	3
Millwood, Mrs.	0	4	6
Miller, Mrs....	0	10	1
Madell, Miss H.	0	15	7
Moore, Miss E.	0	8	3
Middleton, Mrs.	0	5	1
Marshall, Miss	1	1	10
Madge, Mrs.	0	10	0
Madell, Miss F.	0	1	1
Morgan, Mrs.	0	13	3
Matthews, Miss J.	0	12	7
Moon, Master T.	0	1	3
Mitchell, Miss N.	0	10	6
Merriott, Miss	0	14	0
Morris, Master S.	0	5	5
McGregor, Mrs. B. C. ..	0	4	9
Morgan, Miss E.	0	2	1
May, Master J. J.... ...	0	9	7
Marriott, Mr.	0	4	2
Morris, Miss A.	0	3	10
Moffett, Miss J.	0	2	2

	£	s.	d.
Mackey, Mrs.	0	12	9
Mitchell, Master G. ...	0	9	1
Meredith, Master C. ...	0	2	8
Messent, Miss Amy ...	0	2	8
Madge, Mrs.	0	4	1
Mason, Mr.	0	3	3
Norman, Mrs.	0	14	0
Neville, Mrs.	0	2	2
Nicholas, Miss	0	7	1
Nutt, Miss C.	0	6	10
Nears, Mrs....	0	8	11
Oliver, Miss T.	0	6	10
Orsman, Miss A.	1	0	0
Oxenford, Mrs.	0	15	1
Osborne, Mrs.	0	5	1
Podmore, Mrs.	0	7	5
Perkins, Miss W.	0	2	6
Prebble, Mr.	1	2	11
Proudfoot, Miss	0	10	6
Platt, Miss	0	5	10
Pogson, Mrs.	0	12	11
Pankhurst, Miss G. C. ...	0	6	3
Pegg, Mrs.	0	6	2
Payne, Mrs....	0	2	6
Parker, Mrs.	3	12	0
Pook, Master E. R. ...	0	3	8
Pearce, Misses C. and P....	1	1	7
Pavey, Miss	0	11	4
Perry, Master J.	0	1	7
Pierce, Mrs....	0	18	0
Pearce, Misses E. and J. ..	0	12	8
Parker, Master W. ...	0	2	4
Page, Master H.	0	2	2
Page, Miss M.	0	3	11
Palmer, Mrs.	0	7	3
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
Peters, Miss F. W. ...	0	8	5
Pickering, Miss S. H. ...	0	10	0
Pinnegar, Mrs.	0	14	1
Perkins, Master W. A. ...	0	1	7
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	5	5
Price, Miss	0	3	3
Pavey, Mrs.	0	4	7
Parker, Master A.	0	1	4
Parker, Master F.... ...	0	4	10
Permain, Miss	0	10	8
Powell, Miss F.	0	2	5
Parker, Miss B.	0	2	4
Pitt, Mrs.	0	6	0
Quennell, Master P. ...	0	3	6
Richardson, Miss	0	10	6
Rowse, Mrs	0	3	4
Ranford, Mrs.	0	13	0
Rumsey, Pastor G. Hunt...	0	12	9
Rugg, Mrs.	1	6	10
Rainain, Mrs.	0	14	0
Robin, Mrs....	0	16	10
Ranson, Miss E.	0	5	6
Russell, Mrs.	0	4	0
Robson, Masters	0	2	11
Reavell, Miss M.	0	3	9
Rogers, Mrs.	0	19	9
Ranson, Master H. ...	0	1	2
Roper, Mrs....	0	5	0
Round, Miss L.	0	10	10
Ramsey, Master D. ...	0	6	2
Ridley, Miss E.	0	1	1
Roberts, Mrs. (deceased) ...	0	13	3
Reffelle, Master P. ...	0	5	6
Rose, Miss B.	0	3	4
Ricketts, Master S. ...	0	2	10
Ross, Mrs.	0	5	10
Reading, Mr.	0	7	3
Roberts, Mrs.	0	6	1
Snell, Miss	0	4	9
Sutherland, Miss Dora ...	0	16	10
Spencer, Miss	0	6	0
Seymour, Mrs.	0	12	5
Snow, Mr.	0	10	6
Sillitoe, Miss	0	3	6
Stutchbery, Mr.	0	16	0
Stockbridge, Miss G. ...	0	4	1
Stockbridge, Miss O. ...	0	3	3
Sanders, Misses M. & E. ...	0	4	3
Sidery, Mrs.	0	12	3
Smith, Miss L.	0	7	10
Soulsby, Miss G.	0	8	5
Shenton, Mrs.	0	5	6
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E. ...	0	6	5
Snape, Mrs.	0	8	5
Speh, Miss	3	0	6
Slade, Miss E.	0	9	6
Shepherd, Master J. B. ...	1	10	0
Sivers, Miss Kate	0	11	7
Sullivan, Miss L.	0	4	2
Speller, Mr.	0	15	9
Spooner, Mr. G.	0	5	7
Smee, Miss E.	0	5	1
Smith, Mrs.	0	10	4
Smith, Mrs.	0	1	0
Shoults, Miss	0	6	7
Spink, Mrs.	0	16	8
Stocks, Miss...	0	13	6
Skelton, Miss	0	1	6
Scott, Master F.	0	4	2
Syrett, Misses F. and K....	0	2	6
Swain, Mr.	0	6	1
Sheard, Miss F.	0	7	9
Soar, Mr. Wm.	1	15	7
Skinner, Miss E.	0	11	8
Smith, Misses L. and D. ...	0	2	8
Smith, Master A. and Miss V.	0	2	7
Smee, Miss C.	0	6	0
Senechal, Mrs.	0	2	3
Tarrant, Mrs.	1	4	2
Thomason, Miss	0	6	10
Taylor, Miss S. J.	1	6	7
Thiel, Mrs.	0	2	5
Thomas, Mrs.	0	5	7
Tucker, Mrs.	0	5	0
Thomas, Miss	0	5	6
Taplin, Master F. G. ...	0	18	11
Tilbury, Miss	0	5	4
Tyson, Mrs.	0	4	7
Turner, Miss M.	0	4	1
Thomas, Miss G.	0	7	10
Turney, Miss	0	10	5
Trim, Mrs.	0	5	11
Thompson, Miss C. ...	0	0	10
Thompson, Master A. ...	0	4	3
Terrell, Mrs.	0	5	0
Turner, Mrs.	0	2	4
Thompson, Master W. ...	0	1	1
Tuck, Master W.	0	2	4
Vander, Master A. ...	0	5	11
Ville, Mrs.	0	7	3
Vears, Mrs.	0	13	6
Willoughby, Mr.	0	5	0
Wear, Mrs.	1	0	9
Woodcock, Mrs. J. ...	1	10	0
Webb, Mrs.	0	4	6
Webster, Mr. W.	1	4	1
Warren, Miss F.	0	7	11
Wilkins, Mrs.	0	3	4
Watling, Mrs.	1	2	7
Wickerson, Mrs.	0	13	3
Watkins, Mrs.	0	16	0
Wilmot, Mrs.	1	9	6
Ward, Miss A.	0	7	1
Waddell, Mrs.	0	12	2
Ward, Mrs.	0	5	7
Warne, Master F. W. ...	0	5	4
Wilkin, Miss	0	4	0
Williams, Miss	0	2	5
Watson, Mrs.	0	7	5
Wright, Mrs.	0	7	6
Wood, Miss H.	0	6	9
Whitelock, Mr.	0	9	11
Warman, Master J. ...	0	3	1
Wallace, Miss F.	0	14	4
Westwood, Mr.	1	4	8

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
White, Mrs.	0	14	0			
Wilmott, Miss M.	0	11	3			
Weare, Mrs.	1	0	6			
Wiseman, Miss H. ...	0	8	1			
Willis, Master C.	0	0	9			
Weller, Miss F. R.	0	13	10			
Whittington, Miss	0	5	10			
Wingate, Miss N.	0	2	1			
Wiltshire, Miss E.	0	3	1			
Wells, Miss	0	6	6			
Wyld, Miss M.	0	2	5			
Weeks, Miss J.	0	5	6			
Weeks, Miss F.	0	4	6			
Weeks, Miss	0	8	3			
Wicks, Master W.	0	2	0			
Williamson, Miss	0	3	2			
Young, Mrs.	0	7	3			
Young, Master T.	0	3	9			
Name obliterated	0	3	8			
				208	1	9
Collecting Books:—						
Allum, Mrs.	1	5	0			
Alderton, Miss	0	6	6			
Bonser, Miss	0	19	0			
Buck, Miss B.	0	10	0			
Barrett, Mr. H.	2	0	0			
Brown, Mr. J. H.	1	12	6			
Barnes, Mr. T.	1	0	0			
Barber, Miss	0	10	0			
Broughton, Mrs.	0	12	6			
Cockshaw, Miss J. (pupils)	0	16	6			
Cockshaw, Miss	0	14	6			
Charles, Miss F. Boyle ...	0	9	0			
Clayton, Miss H. W. ...	4	10	0			
Coleman, Mrs.	0	7	6			
Duncombe, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Dee, Mrs.	1	6	6			
Ewen, Mrs.	1	14	6			
Evans, Mr. W. J.	3	0	6			
Farmer, Miss E. J. ...	3	0	0			
Fryer, Miss	1	5	0			
Fowler, Miss N.	1	1	9			
Freeman, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Godbold, Mrs.	0	17	0			
Gentry, Mrs.	1	6	1			
Good, Miss	0	3	6			
Goslin, Mrs....	0	5	0			
Hunter, Miss	2	10	0			
Hallett, Miss	1	0	0			
Howes, Mr. C.	0	3	2			
Jephs, Miss	1	1	0			
Knight, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Keys, Master C.	0	2	6			
McDonald, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Mott, Mrs.	1	6	0			
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0			
Mann, Miss J. H.	6	1	6			
Pearce, Miss J.	0	5	6			
Ricketts, Master W. ...	0	3	5			
Speller, Mr. R.	5	5	0			
Skilton, Miss E.	0	10	6			
Snellgrove, Mr. H.	0	8	4			
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2	10	0			
Selth, Miss	0	9	0			
Turney, Mrs..	0	6	6			
Tasker, Miss...	1	10	0			
Tiddy, Mrs.	3	16	0			
Webb, Mrs.	0	7	6			
Walters, Miss	0	17	6			
Wilson, Miss	1	16	0			
				63	18	8
Donations:—						
A friend	0	10	0			
A friend	1	1	0			
An old friend, Park Street, 1865	4	0	0			
A. T.	0	2	6			

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Bennett, Mrs. Ruth	0	2	0			
Barrett, Mr. J.	0	10	6			
Barnard, Pastor and Mrs. J. H.	1	1	0			
Carpenter, Miss	0	4	0			
Chapman	0	3	0			
Champness, Mr.	1	0	0			
Collins, Mr. L.	0	5	0			
Dice, Mr. A....	3	10	0			
E. A. S.	1	1	0			
E. S.	0	10	0			
Forbes, Mrs....	0	5	0			
Fines	0	6	0			
Fremlin, Miss	0	10	0			
For Jesus' Lambs	0	3	9			
Gosling, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Hillen, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Hewkley, Mrs. (half-yearly)	1	1	0			
Hewkley, Mr. H.	0	10	6			
Hoare, Mr.	0	10	6			
Hewson, Rev. J. M. ...	0	10	6			
Hawkey, Mrs.	2	2	0			
Horn, Mr. J.	2	13	0			
Howard, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Hooker, Mr. W. (annual)	0	10	0			
Infant-class, Chipping Norton, per Mr. Burbidge	1	4	2			
Ivimey's, Miss, Mothers' Meeting	1	17	0			
Jackson, Mr. James ...	1	1	0			
Jones, Miss M.	0	2	6			
King, Mrs. E.	0	5	0			
Keys, Mr. J. L., profits on sale of portraits ...	1	10	0			
Maggie	0	2	6			
M. S. C.	0	5	0			
Mills, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Morris, Miss A.	0	5	0			
Martineau, Miss	2	2	0			
Marshlain, Mr.	0	10	0			
Nicholas, Miss	0	5	0			
Olney, Mr. W.	2	2	0			
Pringle, Mr. G. W. F. (annual)	1	0	0			
Phillips, Mr. Cleaveland J. (annual)	1	1	0			
Pearce, Mr. Edward ...	3	3	0			
R. L.	1	0	0			
Raybould, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Rudd, Miss	0	5	0			
Smithers, Mr. C., per Mr. Cockerell	1	1	0			
Teddington Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Rose	0	12	0			
Tanton, Mr. and Mrs. E.	3	3	0			
Turley, Mr.	1	0	0			
Thorpe, Mr. G.	0	10	0			
Townsend Street Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Wilton	4	0	4			
Verry, Mr. J. F.	0	5	0			
Webb, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Woodin, Miss	0	10	0			
Whitehead, Miss	0	8	0			
Willis, Mr. W., Q.C. ...	10	10	0			
Wigney, Misses R. and L.	2	2	0			
				69	10	9
Received at Annual Festival:—						
Book-stall (Passmore and Alabaster) ..	8	2	8			
Ladies' stall (Sale-room goods, &c.) ...	41	18	0			
Confectionery-stall, per Mr. Pascall ...	6	6	2			
Perfumery-stall, per Mr. Hines ...	2	0	0			
				£1,155	2	1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from June 15th to July 14th, 1892.—Provisions:—720 Eggs, Mr. W. Paxman; 14 lbs. Jam, 5 lbs. Butter, and some Potatoes, Anon.; 1 bag Prunes, Mr. F. Fisher, 6 potted Tongues, 3 jars Meat, 6 packets Fruit Flavours, Mr. E. J. Todd; 1 New Zealand Sheep,

Sir A. Scale Haslam; 15 pecks Strawberries (for the Boys), Mr. G. Carter; 1 hamper Bread, Mr. Nelson Read; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter.

Boys' Clothing:—A quantity of Bows, Mrs. Moore; 1 Cap, 1 pair Gloves, Miss Walker; 14 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 1 Suit, S. H. W.; 4 Shirts, The Dorcas Meeting, Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wimbledon, per Pastor C. Ingrem.

Girls' Clothing:—10 Articles, 2½ yards Print, The Misses Milner; 44 Articles, Miss S. E. Knight; some Bead Work, Anon.; 34 Articles, Miss C. Mears; 6 Aprons, 3 Scarves, Miss E. Marsh; 27 Articles, The Working Class, Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Mrs. Phillips; 67 Articles, The Baptist Chapel Working Meeting, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 110 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 25 Articles, The Dorcas Meeting, Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wimbledon, per Pastor C. Ingrem; 12 Scarves, Mrs. Moore; 2 Holland Jackets, 18 Ties, 10 yards Dress Material, 1 pair Boots, Miss S. Street; 2 lbs. Welsh Yarn, Mr. W. E. Evans; 8 Articles, Miss Walker; 21 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 10 Articles, The Wynne Road Baptist Chapel Working Meeting, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 18 Articles, Anon.

General:—3 Bracelets, 1 Chain, 1 pair Earrings, C. B. C.; 17 Articles (for sale-room), and 2 Books, Miss E. Marsh; 58 Toy Books, 1 load Firewood, Mr. John Cooper; 6 Plants, Rev. J. G. van Rijn; 1 parcel Girls' Patchwork, "A Dorset Friend"; A quantity of Exercise Books, Note Books, and Ruled Paper, Mr. Warren Hall; 300 Copies "The Bible Searching Almanack", Mr. E. F. Gedge; 1 load Firewood, Mr. F. Fisher; 2 parcels worn Clothing, "Anon."; 3 Garden seats—one each from Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. J. W. Everidge, and Mr. W. H. D. Wayre.

Erratum, July "S. and T."—Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—Wisbech, £7 10s. 3d., should be Upwell.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1892.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale, per Mr. A. Maw	15	0	0
Wolverhampton District	10	0	0
Lordship Lane Baptist Church, Dulwich	4	16	2
Mrs. Dunston, for Uxbridge	2	2	0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	10	0	0
"In memoriam", for a district	10	0	0
Norfolk Baptist Association	20	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	37	10	0
Bower Chalk District:—			
Miss Hardiman 0 10 0			
Mr. Martin 0 10 0			
	1	0	0
Great Totham, per Pastor F. Harvey	10	0	0
Abercarn, per Mr. D. W. James	10	0	0
Streatham Hill Congregational Church, per Rev. J. P. Gledstone	10	0	0
Dorking District, per Mr. A. Chabot	15	0	0
Worcestershire Colportage Association	35	0	0
Sandown and Ventnor, per Major Justin	1	10	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	30	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham	10	0	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Thornbury District, per Mrs. Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. Strickland, for Uxbridge	0	5	6
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	10	0	0
Borstal District	10	0	0
Yorkshire Association for Boroughbridge	10	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thomas Harris	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	10	0	0
Hockliffe District, per Rev. I. K. Baker	10	0	0
	£307	3	8

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
O. and E. Simkin, per J. T. Dunn	0	10	0
"A lover of Mr. Spurgeon"	0	2	0
M. S., Walworth post-mark	0	1	0
Mr. I. Harwood	0	2	6
Collection at Horsforth Mission Room	1	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Sinclair, in response to appeal in "The Sword and the Trowel"	0	1	0
Lord Tredegar	0	10	0
Miss L. N. Turner	1	1	0
Mrs. Robert Wilson	2	0	0
Miss D. E. Gerard	0	5	0
Mrs. Morden	0	3	0
Mrs. Benstead	0	5	0
Mr. R. Bower	0	3	4
Dr. W. J. van Someren	2	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. G. Macgregor	1	1	0
Mr. G. Everett	1	1	0
Mr. W. Kent, Messrs. Simpkin and Co.	1	1	0
Miss Penston	0	10	6
Mr. G. F. Satchell	2	0	0
	£13	17	4

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Sayer Street Mission, Norwich	1	10	0
Miss D. E. Gerard	0	3	0
Mrs. Morden	0	3	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at South Street Chapel, Exeter	6	11	10
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Washbrook	3	0	0
Mr. R. Bower	0	3	4
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham	20	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Foot's Cray	5	0	0
	£37	1	8

For the General Work of the Lord as most Required.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. Baldwin...	2	2	0

C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund Account.

Contributions from June 15th to July 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Collections at Tabernacle, June 19 ...	235	2	3
Mrs. Robert Bousfield	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Whittick Rabbits	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood	100	0	0
E. J. E.	60	0	0
Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	50	0	0
The Misses Higgs	50	0	0
Mrs. George Williams	50	0	0
Mr. A. McArthur, M.P.	50	0	0
Mr. G. Holt Mason	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Martin J. Sutton... ...	50	0	0
O. B.	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Smart	50	0	0
Mr. George Palmer, J.P....	21	0	0
Mrs. Fordham	3	0	0
Mr. T. E. Turk	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Vincent	0	10	0
Mr. George Cox	1	11	6
Mr. and Mrs. Potter	1	1	0
Mrs. E. A. Sale	0	10	0
Miss Cousin	5	0	0
Mr. E. Longmore	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas P. Potts	1	0	0
Mr. Daniel Thomas	2	0	0
Mr. T. N. Hankin	1	6	0
Miss Anderson, senr.	1	1	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Mr. Gerard Jones	0	5	0
Mr. Howe	0	10	0
Miss D. E. Gerard	1	0	0
Messrs. Soper and Wylie	1	1	0
Miss Sprot	10	0	0
Little May Dutton	0	5	0
Mrs. Buck	0	2	6
Mr. Edward Reynolds	0	2	6
Miss Ware	0	2	6
Mr. W. Hamilton	0	10	0
Rev. S. R. Young	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Johnson	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Osborn	1	1	0
Miss R. Daniell	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lewis	1	1	0
Miss J. Allan	0	4	6
Mrs. Knott	0	5	0
Miss C. Thomson	0	5	0
Miss Harper	1	0	0
Miss Smith	0	2	6
Miss M. E. Edwards	0	5	0
Mr. Albert A. Head	2	2	0
Miss Grose	1	1	0
Miss H. A. Grose	1	1	0
Mr. Martin Hope Sutton	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Cole	0	5	6
Miss. Evill	1	1	0
Rev. T. F. Salt	1	0	0
Mr. George Hall	0	5	0
"From one whom he loved"	0	2	6
Mrs. Maria Thorp	3	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
Mr. P. Cockerill	1	11	6
"From a friend"	0	10	0
Rev. D. Rhodes	2	2	0
"A reader of dear Mr. Spurgeon's sermons"	0	10	0
Mr. David Thomas	0	10	0
Mrs. Watson	0	2	6
M. K.	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Smith	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas M. Rees	0	8	0
Mrs. G. H. Virtue	5	0	0
Mr. E. Macpherson	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Williams	0	2	6
From Wilts	0	10	0
Mr. James Baxter	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Waters	3	3	0
Mr. George Greenland	10	0	0
Mrs. Charles Walter	5	0	0
Capt. E. L. Simpson	0	5	0
Miss Scarfe	0	2	0
Mrs. Dodwell	0	10	6
Miss Yockney	0	10	0
Miss I. Wornell	0	10	0
Miss B. A. Pike	0	12	0
Mr. William Newton	0	10	0
Mr. T. Wray	2	0	0
Mr. Henson	0	2	0
Mrs. M. A. Oldfield	0	10	6
Miss Shillito	0	10	6
Pastor P. H. Sparham	0	7	6
Mr. George Armstrong	0	5	0
Mrs. Mathewson	0	10	0
Mrs. Helling	0	10	0
Miss Rogers	0	4	0
Miss A. Kelly	0	1	6
Mr. F. Dodwell	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hewat	5	0	0
Mrs. Baker	10	0	0
C. W.	0	5	0
Mrs. Fairey	1	0	0
Miss M. Fairweather	0	5	0
Miss Keylock	0	2	6
Mrs. Mary Ewart	0	10	0
Miss S. Hasler	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Shipway	0	15	0
Mrs. R. Taylor	0	10	0
Mrs. Barnes	0	15	0
Mr. J. Masters	4	0	0
Mr. S. T. Field	1	0	0
Misses R. and A. Brown, and friend ...	1	5	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	1	0
Miss Haward	0	5	0
Sir R. Phayre, K.C.B.	2	2	0
Mrs. Lane	5	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	1	0
Miss E. C. Clutterbuck	0	10	0
Mr. Woolnough	0	2	6
Mrs. Soady	5	0	0
Miss G. M. Taylor	2	10	0
Miss Scarcebrook	0	10	0
"M. Pourie"	0	2	6
S. B.	0	2	6
Miss A. Norris	0	10	0
A. S.	1	0	0
G. C.	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Lock	0	10	6
Miss Ivy M. Bowen	0	10	6
Master Leslie A. G. Bowen	0	10	6
"In grateful memory"	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Elizabeth Strugnell	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Reid	5	0	0
Mr. John Clark	1	1	0
"Grateful Church admirer"	0	2	0
Mrs. Royle	0	5	0
Mrs. Mary Morton	1	5	0
Mrs. Wood	0	10	0
Mr. William Lowe	0	5	0
Mr. Alfred J. Greenland	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Allmark	0	10	0
Rev. James Johnson	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Bush	2	0	0
C. P.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Pillman	2	2	0
Mr. John J. S. Smith	25	0	0
Rev. John Bond	2	2	0
Mr. William Alexander	0	10	0
Mr. A. Bourne	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Baker	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Fullerton	5	0	0
Mr. J. H. Rice	0	5	0
"From a poor woman"	0	1	6
Mrs. H. S. Gifford and Miss Prior	0	5	0
Miss M. Munro, brother and friend	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Weightman	3	3	0
Mrs. and Miss Inglis	1	0	0
Mrs. Hester Keevil	10	0	0
Mrs. Thorndike	0	5	0
B. and E. Gregory	1	1	0
Mrs. Sarah Arnold	1	0	0
Mrs. Agnes S. Johnston	2	0	0
Miss Lydia Luckin	0	5	0
Messrs. Ashby, Son, & Allen	1	1	0
Mrs. Duncan Sharpe	1	0	0
Mr. B. Harrison	1	1	0
Miss J. Tolmie	1	0	0
Mr. M. Romang	1	0	0
Mr. E. Romang	1	0	0
Miss H. V. Woods	0	10	0
Mr. M. Walters	0	10	0
Mrs. Jeffery	0	5	0
The Misses Cockshaw	0	10	0
Mrs. Birch	0	0	6
Mr. James Jefferies	2	2	0
J. S.	0	5	0
Miss F. Charles	0	2	6
Miss Ellen Hammerton	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hammerton	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Devenish	0	5	0
Mrs. Mary H. Harrison	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Taylor	1	1	0
Miss E. Payne	0	10	0
Mr. J. Barrett	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Boot	2	12	6
Mr. J. Chamberlain	2	2	0
Mrs. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Rains	20	0	0
Mrs. Volckman	1	0	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Spaull	1	2	0
Mr. William E. Croft	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Rosevear	0	10	0
Mrs. B. Halcrow	1	0	0
Miss C. C. A. M.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Buckmaster	0	8	0
Dr. J. D. Swallow	10	0	0
Mrs. Caroline S. Bowdage	0	12	0
Dr. A. Swallow	1	10	0
Miss Swallow	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Brown	2	10	0
Mrs. Pain	0	5	0
Miss Amy Wheatley	0	2	6
Mrs. Divers	0	10	0
Miss Fletcher	0	10	0
Miss Marshall	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	1	3	0
Mr. Thomas Crutchern	0	5	0
Miss F. Taylor	0	10	6
Mr. Micah Stroud	20	0	0
Mrs. Weare	0	2	6
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
Mr. A. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. Dykes	0	10	0
Miss Fairey	0	5	0
Miss Chandler	1	1	0
Mr. J. Sharwood	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Sharwood	0	10	0
Mrs. Vezey	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lovell	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. L. Pitt	1	0	0
Mrs. Fastier	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Paine	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas G. Jack	10	0	0
"Gratitude"	0	10	0
Mr. Arthur Ross	5	0	0
A. R. J.	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Johnson	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Passmore	2	0	0
Miss A. M. Passmore	1	0	0
Mrs. F. J. Weller	0	10	0
Mr. F. J. Weller	0	10	0
Miss P. Turner	0	5	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tatnell	2	2	0
Miss Maria E. Tatnell	0	2	6
"M.E.R., in loving memory"	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Greenwood	21	0	0
Miss Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. E. Spaull	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Meredith	10	0	0
Mr. Haywood	5	0	0
E. B. G. C. F.	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watkins	1	1	0
Mr. F. Mullis	1	1	0
Mr. Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Mullis	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Miller	1	10	0
Mr. W. Spelman	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rolls	1	0	0
Masters Willie, Bertie, and Walter Rolls	0	2	6
Mrs. Blundstone	0	5	0
Mrs. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Weeks	1	0	0
A widow	1	0	0
Miss C. L. S. Cooper	6	6	0
Miss K. Kerridge	0	10	6
Miss N. Kerridge	0	10	6
Miss P. Kerridge	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Froud	1	0	0
Collected by a seatholder	0	16	0
Miss Gorton	0	5	0
Mrs. Biggs	0	2	0
Mrs. Knott	0	10	0
Pastor John E. Martin	2	0	0
A servant; reader of Mr. Spurgeon's weekly sermons	1	0	0
J. B. G.	5	0	0
Miss Dummer	1	0	0
Mr. H. C. Mott	2	2	0
Mrs. C. E. Wells	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Goddard	1	1	0
Mr. John Thorn	1	0	0
M. A. B.	0	10	0
P. W.	0	1	0
H. S.	0	10	0
Mr. D. Mackershaw	1	10	0
"For His sake"	0	10	0
Mr. W. F. Weir	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Paine	1	1	0
Mr. John James	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. Drayton	0	5	0
"A poor member"	0	1	6
Mrs. Archer	0	2	0
Mr. James Saunders	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. P. and F. Route	0	4	0
Mrs. C. Lamb	0	5	0
Mrs. Morgan	4	0	0
Mrs. Gore	0	3	0
Mrs. Knight	1	1	0
Mr. David Scott	1	0	0
Mrs. J. B. Parker	7	0	0
Mr. Mitchell	1	10	0
Mr. David Fisher	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss B. Halcrow	0	10	0
Townley Street Mission, per Mr. Tomkins	1	1	0
Mr. A. C. Summers	0	10	0
Miss F. Waite	0	2	0
Miss A. Waite	0	2	0
Rev. R. J. and Mrs. Beecliff	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Klyne	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	14	14	0
Miss Florrie Payno	0	10	6
Mr. J. D. Hunt	5	5	0
Mrs. Young	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. May	1	0	0
Unknown	0	11	0
Mr. J. Baxter	0	10	0
Mr. George Brook	1	1	0
Miss Bellenie	0	10	0
Mrs. Benstead	0	10	0
Mrs. Dee	0	5	0
Mrs. L. C. Kirby	0	2	0
Mrs. B. C. McGregor	0	1	6
Mrs. M. Broughton	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Ballands	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stracey	0	10	0
Mrs. Mary Smith	0	1	0
Miss Burdett	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	0	10	0
"The memory of the just is blessed"	5	0	0
Mrs. Gilliam	0	10	0
Miss E. Emmans	0	2	6
Miss Emily Bartlett	0	10	6
Miss Alice Bartlett	0	10	6
Mr. H. L. Bartlett	1	1	0
Mrs. H. L. Bartlett	0	10	6
Mrs. Twist	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Seacombe	0	6	0
Mr. W. A. Nathan	0	15	0
Mrs. A. Turrell	0	6	0
Mrs. C. F. Doyle	2	2	0
Miss H. E. Phillips	2	2	0
Mrs. Esther Phillips	1	1	0
Miss Minnie Phillips	1	1	0
Miss A. B. Rees	1	1	0
Mr. C. E. Harris	1	1	0
Mr. T. F. Paine	1	0	0
Miss Pavey	0	10	0
Mrs. Goodman	0	7	6
Mrs. L. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. Rolfe	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pawsey	0	10	6
No name	1	5	0
Mrs. E. Bowes	0	5	0
Miss Hallett	0	10	0
Mrs. McDonald	0	10	0
E. D. and S. C.	1	0	0
K. A. L.	0	10	0
"A grateful pastor"	1	0	0
Mr. Walter Hinson	5	5	0
Mr. H. Y. Kellaway	1	0	0
Mr. Frederick West	1	0	0
Mrs. Luckhurst	0	5	0
Mr. John H. Norton	0	5	0
Mr. Frederick Cockrell	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Ballantine	1	1	0
Mr. T. Oldfield	0	10	0
Mr. M. Bedwin	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Everett	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Oxford	1	0	0
Edith, Ernest, George, & Harry Oxford	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Cox	1	0	0
Mrs. Goddard C. Clarke	10	10	0
Mr. J. Brook	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. William Watson	5	5	0
Mrs. C. H. C. Scard	4	4	0
Miss Croose	4	4	0
Mr. W. J. Haddock	1	1	0
Mr. Lefevre	1	0	0
Mr. R. N. Narraway	2	12	6
Mr. Stockbridge	1	1	0
Mrs. F. J. Waite	0	5	0
Mr. F. J. Waite	0	5	0
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Smith	1	10	0
Mrs. White	0	2	0
Miss L. White	0	1	0
Mrs. Oldstock	0	1	0
Mrs. Pearce	1	0	0
Mrs. Plater	0	7	0
Mrs. J. T. Dunn	0	10	6
Mr. G. Stringer	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Burton	0	10	0
Mr. Brice	0	5	0
Mr. W. Gwillim	5	0	0
Miss B. Larkman	0	5	6
Miss E. Howell	0	5	0
Mr. E. Watson	0	5	0
Mr. Crisp	1	0	0
Mr. A. G. Buckham	0	7	6
Mrs. Wagstaff	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Spalding	0	10	0
Mr. Round, and family	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Holland	1	1	0
Miss M. A. Jephs	1	3	6
Mrs. Kettle	0	1	0
Mrs. Slee	0	5	0
Miss Harbert	0	5	0
Mr. E. Phillips	1	1	0
Miss M. Heath	5	0	0
Mr. J. H. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Maynard	1	1	0
Mr. H. J. Pascall	1	1	0
Mrs. Field	0	2	6
Mr. J. Johnson	0	10	0
Mr. P. Garrett	0	5	0
Mr. Barber	0	5	0
Mr. Fuller	1	0	0
Mr. John Hodson	0	2	6
Mr. Joseph Cooper	0	10	6
Miss Fosdick	0	3	0
Miss Soulsby	0	5	0
Mr. J. Coombs	0	5	0
Mr. Goodwin	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Watts	1	1	0
Mrs. Dovey	2	10	0
Mrs. George	1	0	0
Mr. Godbold	0	2	6
Mrs. Godbold	0	2	6
Master D. Chandler	0	10	6
Master S. Chandler	0	10	6
"M"	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Cartwright	2	10	0
Mrs. Drayson	2	0	0
Mr. Herbert Ashton	1	0	0
Mrs. P. Lang	0	2	6
Mrs. Spier	3	0	0
Miss R. Underwood	0	10	0
Miss Nevill	0	6	0
Miss Anthony	0	1	0
Mrs. Murrell	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Buckmaster ...	0	10	6
Elsie, Willie, and Nellie Buckmaster ..	0	10	6
Mr. W. A. Bosher	0	7	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Bosher	1	0	0
Mr. T. Twiddy	0	7	6
Mrs. Morgan	0	1	0
Mr. W. Greatwood	0	10	0
Mr. G. Pangbourne	0	10	0
Mr. C. Kennis	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Elvin	2	2	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	2	6
Mr. T. Heath	0	1	0
Mr. Stapley	1	0	0
Miss Ellis	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Herregan	0	5	0
Mrs. Palmer	0	5	0
Mr. James Dobson	0	5	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts	0	5	0
Mrs. E. and M. A. White	0	10	0
Mrs. Duncombe	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bond, and children ...	0	3	6
Mrs. Upton	10	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Winzer	0	5	0
Miss E. Fergusson	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. King	0	5	0
Miss E. Pearson	2	10	0
Mr. and Miss Diaper	0	10	0
A. C.	0	5	0
Mrs. King	5	0	0
Mr. Charles A. Parrish	0	2	6
Mr. W. J. Rawlings	2	0	0
Mr. Shepherd	0	5	0
Pastor John Wilkinson	1	1	0
Mr. W. Wilshire	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Prebble	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm	1	0	0
Mr. W. Chisholm	0	2	6
Mr. M. C. Chisholm	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Wilcox	6	6	0
Mr. Thomas R. Jones, M D.	4	4	0
"Leeds"	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Finlayson	1	0	0
E. C.	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Gardner	0	2	6
Mr. E. Jones	0	10	0
Mrs. H. May	0	5	0
Mrs. M. L. Cox	0	10	0
Mrs. Davis, and Charlie	0	2	0
Mrs. C. Ayres	0	2	6
Mr. James Chapman	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Fremlin	0	4	6
Mr. Thomas Boys...	5	5	0
Mrs. Holbrook	0	7	6
Miss Thomas	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Heys Jones	2	2	0
Mrs. Pell	0	5	0
Mr. George Wood	0	2	6
Mr. E. Ridgway	1	1	0
Miss Clout	0	3	6
Mr. E. Joscelyn	0	5	0
Miss Bennett	0	2	0
Mr. John Goosey	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Adams	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Hardy	0	1	0
"In memory of dear mother"	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Williams	0	5	0
Mrs. Woodcock	0	2	6
Mr. John Newcombe	0	2	6
Mrs. Watts	0	2	6
Miss Harding	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Weir	0	10	0
Anon....	0	2	6
J. S.	1	5	0
Mrs. M. Danns	0	5	0
Mr. George English	0	5	0
Mr. William Smith	0	12	6
Mr. H. Proctor	2	0	0
Mr. T. Potts...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Toller	0	10	0
Mr. John G. Taylor	2	2	0
Miss Eveline Davis	1	5	0
Miss S. Freeman	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Manlove	1	1	0
Mr. E. A. Holloway	0	3	0
Mr. William White	0	2	0
Mrs. M. A. Fawcett	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Lutley	1	0	0
Miss M. Tillotson	1	0	0
Mrs. N. Mizen	1	0	0
Miss M. Pemberton	0	6	0
Miss Ayton	0	4	0
Miss E. C. Stone	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cordrey	10	0	0
Miss Thorpe...	1	0	0
S. A. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. Clements	2	0	0
Mrs. Hassell	0	5	0
E. T.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woollard	12	0	0
Miss Davis (Sale of silver thimble) ...	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Boston	0	2	6
Miss E. Thornton	0	1	0
Mrs. Crisp	0	5	0
Mrs. Christiana McGellewie	0	10	0
Friends at East Dereham, per Pastor R. J. Layzell	2	2	4
Mr. Mayhill, per Pastor R. J. Layzell	0	5	0
Scarisbrick Street Baptist Chapel, Wigan, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	1	6	0
Mr. Samuel Bird	5	0	0
Mrs. Davis	2	2	0
Mrs. Agnes L. Cork	0	5	0
Mr. E. Jones	0	10	6
Anon., Finchley	0	5	0
Mr. H. Brown	5	0	0
A. J. B., Blackburn	0	3	0
Dr. Walter Kidd	0	10	0
Rev. A. McCaig, B.A., LL.B.	1	15	0
Southport Baptist Tabernacle, per Pastor H. A. Phillips	10	2	6
Miss Barford	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Miller	25	0	0
Miss Swain	1	0	0.
Mr. John Coutts	2	2	0
Mr. J. W. Twigg	1	0	0
Mrs. Fern	0	5	0
Mr. F. Fordham	0	5	0
Miss Marchant	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Keen	25	0	0
Mr. William Blott...	20	0	0
Miss Emily Wyburn	10	0	0
Mr. James R. Bayley	2	0	0
Mr. F. L. Edwards	20	0	0
Colonel Arthur	5	5	0
Rev. John Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mrs. Barnard	1	0	0
Mrs. Isabella Ewen	0	1	0
Miss M. J. Smith	0	2	0
S. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. George Smith	0	10	0
Mr. Winstone	0	2	6
Mrs. Winstone	0	2	6
E. M....	0	5	0
M. M.	0	5	0
Mr. Tovey	0	2	6
Mr. Dicks	0	2	0
Anon.	0	10	0
Mr. George McCall, and friend ...	0	4	0
Mr. T. Howie	0	5	0
Mr. George Gordon	1	0	0
Friends at Walberton	0	5	6
Miss J. Simson	1	0	0
Mr. Kershaw	0	10	0
Mrs. Ellen Smith	0	1	0
Mr. H. Humphrey...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Crane	0	10	0
A. M.	0	2	6
Mrs. Susan Backhurst	0	10	0
Chelsea Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. Steggall	5	0	0
Rev. W. Allen	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Reeve...	2	7	0
Mr. James Brown	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cullingham	1	1	0
Pastor R. E. Chettleborough	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Newman	6	0	0
Mrs. Emma Sinall...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Anderson	1	5	0
A. G.	0	2	6
J. G.	0	2	6
Mr. James Sutherland	5	5	0
"A friend, L. T."	0	6	0
Mr. C. Dew...	1	1	0
E. S. W.	0	1	0
Miss B. Fremlin	0	10	0
"Handmaid of the Lord"	1	0	0
G. W....	1	0	0
Anon.	0	2	0
Mr. G. Spencer	0	12	0
Mrs. Ruston	0	10	0
Miss Mudie...	1	0	0
Mr. B. Rowland	0	1	0
Mr. Charles Chester	1	1	0
Mrs. Ives	0	10	0
Miss Howard	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
M. L. H.	0	5	0
Miss Walland	0	10	0
C. M.	4	0	0
Mrs. S. Cornborough	1	0	0
Mr. S. Cornborough	5	0	0
Mrs. Walling	1	0	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	1	1	0
Mr. H. Richards	0	1	0
Mrs. Cussell	0	5	0
J. W.	0	10	0
"A friend"	1	0	0
Mr. Miller	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies	5	0	0
A country member, and Mrs. Clayton	2	0	0
A friend at Wraysbury	1	0	0
Miss Butcher	0	10	0
E. S.	0	5	0
Miss A. Newman	5	0	0
Anon.	0	0	2
Miss Hilda Penny	0	2	6
Master Frank Penny	0	2	6
T. W. P.	0	10	0
"The Rookery" children's box	0	13	0
Miss Rink	0	2	6
Mrs. Rogers	3	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	15	0
Mr. F. F. Belsey, J.P.	10	0	0
Mrs. J. B. Wright	1	11	0
Mr. W. Hooker	0	10	0
Miss Halls	3	0	0
Mr. C. F. Pfiel	0	5	0
Mrs. Everett	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood	5	0	0
E. K. R.	0	2	6
Mrs. Chittock	0	4	0
Mrs. Williams	0	4	6
Mr. George Redman	5	0	0
W. B.	0	2	6
E. B.	0	10	0
Shenley	0	2	0
"A friend"	11	0	0
"A friend"	0	1	0
Mrs. Hutchinson	0	5	0
Mrs. Kate Clark	0	5	0
"A friend"	0	1	0
Miss J. Pearce	0	5	0
"A friend"	0	10	0
Mr. John E. Parish	0	5	0
Mrs. E. G. Thick	1	0	0
Mrs. Barlow	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hale	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Uden	2	2	0
Mr. R. W. Harden	1	1	0
M. D.	5	0	0
Mr. F. Danzelman	2	2	0
The Misses Chapman	0	3	0
Miss Geikie	1	1	0
Anon.	0	5	0
Mrs. Gloag	0	5	0
Mrs. Higginbotham	0	2	6
"A friend"	0	1	0
Miss Druce	0	2	0
Mr. J. W. Everidge	3	0	0
Mrs. Dobson	10	0	0
A. C. and W. T. C.	1	1	0
Miss A. Kewer	0	2	6
Miss Clarkson	1	0	0
Mr. D. W. Hatley	1	0	0
J. H.	0	10	0
Miss Roper	0	10	0
"In loving memory, from an old friend"	1	0	0
Mrs. Donaldson	5	0	0
Mrs. Walter Walsham	1	0	0
Mr. Fish	0	5	0
Anon.	0	2	0
E. O. and M. L.	0	2	0
"A friend"	0	10	0
Master W. M. Higgs	2	0	0
Miss C. L. Higgs	2	0	0
Master R. P. Higgs	2	0	0
Miss M. E. Higgs	2	0	0
Mrs. Beggs	0	2	0
T. G.	0	5	0
A. N.	0	17	4
Anon.	0	0	6
Miss M. Cook	0	2	6
Mr. J. B. Spence	1	1	0
Miss Fitt	0	3	0
"Phœbe"	1	1	0
Pastor Samuel Crabb	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Mothershead	0	10	0
Messrs. Johnson & Co., Limited	2	0	0
H. C.	1	0	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	12	0
Miss Chappin	2	0	0
The Very Rev. the Dean of Elphin	2	0	0
Mrs. Paradine	0	2	0
Miss Halls	1	0	0
Miss Duncombe	0	5	0
Mrs. Frances E. Edwards	2	2	0
Miss J. W. Dixon	1	0	0
Mr. W. Cooper	0	2	6
Miss Morrison	0	10	0
Mr. E. Rutty, per Mrs. Smith	1	9	6
Messrs. Ingle, Cooper, & Holmes	15	15	0
Bunyan Baptist Church, Norbiton, per Mr. J. Tarry	2	10	0
Bunyan Baptist Church, Norbiton, per Pastor D. Thompson	2	10	0
Pastors' College Evening Classes, per Mr. S. Johnson	7	7	0
Mrs. Claridge	0	10	0
Breachwood Baptist Chapel, per Pastor M. Ashby	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Williams	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Miller	2	0	0
Mr. T. Brown	0	2	6
Mr. Charles Phillips	2	2	0
Miss Cook	0	5	0
"Dunedin," per Pastor T. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Varley	5	0	0
Mrs. A. Robertson	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Parsons	0	10	0
Pastor John Stanley	0	13	0
Mr. W. Saunders	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Williams	2	2	0
Miss G. Beall	0	2	6
Mrs. Slodden	0	2	6
Mr. H. Stevenson	0	10	6
Waterford Baptist Chapel, per Pastor P. A. Hudgell	1	14	0
Mr. A. S. King	1	0	0
Mr. Tom Coles	0	10	6
Mrs. Fanny Gutteridge	1	0	0
Two little boys and their mother	0	1	2
W. H. B.	0	5	0
Miss Taylor	5	0	0
"Cluney"	0	2	0
Miss L. S. Hurst	1	0	0
Miss Thomas	0	5	0
Pastor L. S. Steedman	1	0	0
Mr. Stephen J. Menzies	2	2	0
"A friend"	1	0	0
Mr. Alfred H. Baynes, F.S.S.	5	0	0
Mrs. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. James Bristow	1	0	0
Mr. C. M. Burton	1	1	0
Mr. M. J. Phillips	1	0	0
Miss Barnett	1	1	0
Mrs. Cheyne Brady	0	10	0
Miss C. Brady	0	10	0
Mr. A. Davis	2	0	0
Mr. John Best	1	0	0
Mr. William Tennant	0	10	0
Miss Blake	0	2	6
Miss M. S. Roleston	1	1	0
Mr. William Hirst	10	0	0
A. T. and F. T.	1	1	0
"An invalid", Dumfries	0	10	0
I. G.	0	5	0
Mr. H. A. Fletcher	0	3	6
Mrs. A. Ballard	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Annie Baker	0	1	0
Mr. A. C. Johnston	0	5	0
Miss. H. Grounds	0	1	0
John and Ann Potts	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Mackenzie	2	0	0
Mrs. Robson	0	2	0
Mrs. Chenery	0	5	0
C. F.	0	2	0
Miss Bubb	0	8	6
Miss G. Bedwell	0	2	0
Mr. James Robertson	0	10	0
Mr. G. Harris	2	0	0
Mr. George Pryer	0	10	0
Mr. William Armstrong	0	10	0
Mrs. Moss	0	10	6
Mr. W. Mann	0	1	0
A. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Daintree	1	0	0
Mrs. Sleigh	3	12	0
Mr. James Campbell	4	0	0
Mr. Daniel Parkins	0	10	0
Mrs. Dewar	1	0	0
Miss S. Gregory	0	10	0
G. R.	0	5	6
Miss Rintoul	0	10	0
Mrs. Watts...	3	3	0
Mr. Thomas Roskilly	1	0	0
Mr. A. W. Freudarnacher	0	2	0
Mr. M. Jones	0	2	6
Mrs. Gardner	0	2	6
Miss Mary Fraser	0	1	0
Mr. John Barrie	3	0	0
Mrs. Jeffrys...	0	10	0
Mr. F. H. Butler	1	0	0
Mr. T. James	0	7	0
Mr. Edward Newman	1	1	0
Mr. George Day	0	10	0
Mrs. S. J. Johnson	0	5	0
Miss Haddow	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Jones	0	2	0
Mr. J. T. Stuart	1	1	0
Rev. Thomas Skillings	0	2	6
Mr. William Patten	0	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	0	10	0
T. I. B.	2	2	0
E. H., Rugby	0	2	0
Mr. I. F. Pearmine	1	0	0
Mr. William Woolland, sen.	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel Woolland	3	3	0
Mr. William Woolland	3	3	0
Mr. Moses Woolland	3	3	0
Mrs. Lees	0	2	0
Mr. S. J. Fowler	0	5	0
Mr. George Tingey	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Boulter	2	0	0
Mr. James Smart	1	0	0
Mr. George Unwin	1	1	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	5	0
Messrs. W. Abbott & Sons	5	0	0
Mr. N. Whiteway	5	0	0
Mrs. Knight	20	0	0
"A friend"...	1	0	0
Mr. Ebenezer Evans	0	5	0
Miss Lord	1	0	0
Rev. H. Livesey	2	0	0
Mr. W. Jones	1	1	0
Miss Walker	1	0	0
Miss A. Chastney	5	0	0
Mr. Reginald B. E. Gill	5	0	0
Anon.	0	2	6
Misses West Watson	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Bound...	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Braid	1	5	0
Miss M. J. Barnes	5	0	0
Mrs. Mary Braid	1	5	0
Mr. H. Carter	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Brydie	0	10	6
Mrs. Massey	0	10	0
Mrs. Menger	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P.	20	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John and F. Standford	1	1	0
Mr. J. O. Milledge	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Burnett	25	0	0
Mr. Henry Turner	0	5	0
Miss J. H. Stuart	0	10	0
Mr. W. Rigby	2	2	0
Mr. William McIlray	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Barnes	5	0	0
Mr. William Macartney	0	5	0
Mr. C. L. A. Wilson	1	0	0
Mrs. Harriet Ridal	0	2	6
Mrs. Rawle	0	2	0
Cornwall Hall Mission, per Mr. G. H. Prior	1	16	6
Mr. and Mrs. T. Allchin	0	10	6
"Phœbe"	1	0	0
Mrs. Emma Brown	1	1	0
Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., M.D.... ...	1	1	0
"An orphan"	0	2	6
Mr. C. W. Bull	0	10	0
"G., a sermon-reader," Northampton	0	10	0
Mrs. Cant	5	0	0
Miss Melville	1	0	0
Alness Free Church Sunday-school, per Rev. A. R. Munro	1	0	0
Miss M. E. Cox	0	10	0
Mr. George Mitchell	1	0	0
Mr. Edwin Cousens	1	12	0
Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Reed	1	0	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	2	2	0
Miss R. Smith	2	2	0
Mrs. M. Brotchie	1	0	0
Mrs. Gulliver	0	5	0
Mrs. Le Feuvre	0	15	0
Mr. W. J. Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. E. W. Robins	1	0	0
Mr. William Phillips	1	5	0
Pastor H. Winsor	0	15	0
Mrs. Jordan and friends	0	5	6
Miss W. Alison	0	5	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	2	6
Crouch Hill Baptist Church, per Pastor H. H. Pullen	2	0	0
Mr. John McAusland	5	0	0
Mr. G. Lawcock	1	0	0
"In Memoriam"	0	2	6
Mr. G. F. Ricketts	0	3	6
Anon.	0	1	0
Mr. J. H. Lasbrey	1	1	0
Mrs. and Mr. G. H. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. Furber	3	3	0
Mrs. M. C. Clark	10	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Bell	0	5	0
Mrs. Johnstone	1	0	0
Mrs. Henry Thomas	1	0	0
Mr. A. B. McGechie	0	10	0
Mrs. Cheetham	10	0	0
Rev. Albert Braine	0	5	0
Miss Wells	0	6	0
Miss Bean	0	2	6
Mr. Briggs	0	10	0
Mr. J. Rouron	0	5	0
Mr. F. A. Roberts	1	1	0
Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wallington, per Pastor J. E. Jasper ...	6	6	0
Mr. C. Barnett	0	2	6
Mrs. Longley	0	5	0
Mrs. Catherine Hunter	1	0	0
Mr. H. M. Waite	0	6	6
Mr. George Walker	1	5	0
Mr. James H. King	0	5	0
Mr. George Bruce	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian", per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	4	0
Pastor H. Rylands Brown	2	2	0
Rev. E. P. Hammond, per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	0	0
Myrtle Street Chapel, Liverpool, after sermon by Dr. A. T. Pierson	20	0	9
Mrs. H. Day	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
"One who found comfort in affliction in his sermons"	0	5	0
Miss Ellen Cross	0	15	0
Mrs. Matilda Hart	0	5	0
Interest on deposit	3	17	3
Miss Roberts	5	0	0
Mr. T. H. Ridley	3	3	0
Mrs. George Huckett	0	5	0
N. L.	0	2	6
Mr. Heritage	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. F.	0	5	0
H. B. and A. E.	1	10	0
Mrs. C. Woolloton	1	0	0
Miss E. Radnell	0	2	6
Mr. C. E. Tidswell	0	5	0
Miss M. E. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. L. Harner	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner	0	10	0
Miss Gardiner	0	2	6
Miss Biggs	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Boose	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Emily Stone	0	9	4
Miss Powlesland	0	10	0
Mr. Francis H. Tonge	6	0	0
Lady Madaline Tonge	6	0	0
Miss Perry	0	5	0
Miss J. Bird	1	10	0
Miss C. T. Renteul	0	10	0
L. R.	0	2	0
Mr. D. W. Macdonald	2	0	0
"Comfort from reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermons"	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Lister	1	10	0
"A poor old woman"	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Thompson	0	5	0
Mr. F. Waterhouse	0	5	0
Mrs. Sarah Chidlaw	2	0	0
Mr. Richard Greenwood	0	10	6
"E. H."	0	5	0
Mrs. Eaton	0	5	0
Mr. Elijah Kirkpatrick	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Dean	1	0	0
Mr. William Dunn	1	0	0
Miss Baker (sale of brooch)	0	5	0
Miss Spencer	0	0	6
Mr. Joshua Payne	1	1	0
Mrs. C. Mitchell	1	0	0
Mr. L. E. Hedges	1	0	0
Miss A. E. Turrell	1	0	0
Mr. George W. Bassett, J.P.	2	10	0
Mr. Samuel Charlton	1	1	0
Mr. Milton Horner	2	0	0
Mr. W. B. Horner	2	0	0
Mr. Edward Vincent, jun.	0	2	6
Mrs. Emily Matthews	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Powell	1	0	0
Mr. M. S. Tait	5	0	0
Friends at Calstock and Metherill, per Pastor Alfred Pidgeon	0	11	0
Mrs. Buchan, and son	2	0	0
Miss Alice Blackwell	0	4	0
Mr. J. Keevil	10	10	0
Mr. G. Everett	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Norman	0	10	0
Postal order from Huntley	0	10	0
Mr. Hugh Taylor	0	5	0
Mrs. Peakman	0	10	6
Collection at Wishaw Baptist Chapel, per Pastor George Whittet	4	4	6
Mr. George March	10	0	0
Mrs. Goodes	2	0	0
Miss A. M. Leavers	0	10	0
"In sweet remembrance of dear Mr. Spurgeon"	0	2	6
Mr. T. M. Nias	1	0	0
Mrs. Willmott	0	5	0
Miss Willmott	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Clements	0	7	6
Mr. Edwin Reason	0	10	0
"Damaris", Tunbridge Wells	0	10	0
Miss Annie M. Winter	0	10	0
Miss. Anderson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Spencer	0	5	0
Miss E. E Jones	0	5	0
Miss L. M. Pittman	2	2	0
Mr. J. Loader	1	1	0
Miss Cave	0	10	0
Mr. T. Radford Hope	1	1	0
Mr. T. Rowland Hooper	2	2	0
Mr. Alexander Hawkins	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Peachey	4	1	3
Mrs. Hassall	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett	1	0	0
Two friends, Brighton	0	5	0
A friend, Blandford	0	2	0
Mr. Ed. Brown	0	10	6
Mr. Henry Turner's Collecting Card	0	15	0
The Dowager Lady Abercromby	2	2	0
Mr. S. P. Morris	0	5	0
Miss Johnson	3	3	0
Rev. John Miller	5	0	0
Sundry gifts at Garden Party at Mr. Conolly's, Redhill	28	18	0
Dr. W. J. van Someren	5	0	0
Mr. Jeremiah Colman	20	0	0
Mr. D. C. Apperly	5	5	0
Miss Ewen	0	2	6
Mr. B. W. Brooks	0	5	0
Mr. F. Bossey	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Conolly	5	0	0
J. H. H.	0	6	0
Mrs. Christie	5	3	8
A friend	0	4	0
Mrs. Forbes, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Pool	0	5	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0
"M. R."	1	1	0
Mrs. A. E. Selby	1	0	0
Misses E. and C. Tanner	0	3	0
Mr. R. K. Juniper	6	0	0
A friend, Edinburgh	3	0	0
Mr. J. Denham	2	2	0
Mr. S. Osborne	1	1	0
Mr. E. Fitze	1	0	0
"G. H."	2	0	0
Mr. B. Medcalf	0	10	6
Mrs. Berrill	0	2	0
	£2,603	12	6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbelton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Society of Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

Founded by C. H. SPURGEON.

Trustees and Committee of Management:

J. A. SPURGEON, *President and Treasurer.*

JOSEPH PASSMORE.
THOMAS H. OLNEY.
CHARLES SPURGEON.
CHARLES F. ALLISON.
JAMES STIFF.
WILLIAM HIGGS.
JOHN BUSWELL.
JAMES HALL.
JAMES E. PASSMORE.
WALTER MILLS.
FRANK THOMPSON.
SAMUEL R. PEARCE.

Hon. Consulting Physicians:

HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.
JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.

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., &c.

Hon. Consulting Throat and Aural Surgeon:

A. H. TUBBY, Esq., M.S, M.B. Lon., F.R.C.S, &c.

Dentist:

W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer:

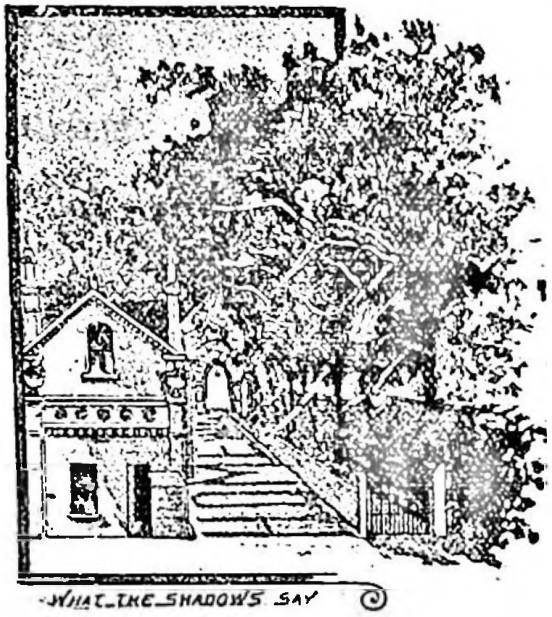
WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A, &c.

Head Master:
VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary:
FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:
PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE, & SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.
1892.

The Stockwell Orphanage.



Applications for the admission of destitute Fatherless Children (boys between the ages of six and ten, girls from seven to ten), should be addressed in writing to the Secretary, and full particulars must 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 living 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 approved 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 nominated 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 Cases will be considered on their own merits, and applicants will derive no advantage from personal solicitation. All letters on this business must be addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

ANNUAL REPORT,

1891-92.

In Memoriam.

BY the decease of the beloved Founder and first President, the Orphanage has become widowed, and the children have experienced a second orphanhood!

All that Mr. Spurgeon was to the Institution and to those for whom it provided the shelter of a home, cannot be adequately expressed. From its inception he took the Orphanage into his heart and, then, for

NEARLY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS,

he gave his heart to the Orphanage. And what a heart it was! It has been well said that it had "twelve gates which were not shut at all by day!" Responsive to the appeal of sorrow or of need, it laid under tribute the best thoughts of his busy brain, and offered upon the altar of orphanhood the willing sacrifice of generous gifts and loving deeds. As a man he was as many-sided as his ministry, and, what is more remarkable, he gave his entire self to every department of service in succession. Whole-hearted in all he undertook, he never engaged in any undertaking unless he was assured he had the sanction of a promise or the authority of a command. Philanthropy was no adventure scheme upon which he entered, either from caprice or expediency; but a call from God, to which he felt he must cheerfully surrender himself in the spirit of true sacrifice. The reason he was able to accomplish so much must be sought in the fact that all his powers were yoked to the immediate service, and so he became everything to every Institution in turn. In every phase of his ministry there was a sacrifice which Mrs. Spurgeon lovingly shared, and their fellowship through so many years is an inspiring memory. That the consolations of God may abound towards her, is a prayer in which all will unite, now that the overshadowing cloud rests upon her own heart and home. The Orphanage is known as

"MR. SPURGEON'S ORPHANAGE,"

and as it bears the impress of his consecrated genius and sanctified common sense it will perpetuate, as an abiding memorial, his revered and honoured name. With what interest he watched its growth and welcomed its completion! He thought for it—wrought for it, and bore it upon his heart whenever he went in to speak to the King. It cannot excite surprise that the Orphanage commanded the confidence, the sympathy, and the support of the public. The world knows how

to appreciate the self-denying labours of the men who seek to serve "the widow and the fatherless in their affliction." From the time the first six orphans were received till the family numbered five hundred, the daily supplies proved sufficient to answer the voice of daily need. The Orphanage is, therefore, at once a memorial of Divine faithfulness and care, and a monument of disinterested service and Christian generosity.

"YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER FEEDETH THEM,"

—the text engraved upon the capital of one of the pillars supporting the entrance arch—attests the fact, that God honours faith and answers prayer. Ravens and lilies are not mere artistic ornaments, but symbols by which a promise is enshrined to confirm faith and inspire hope.

In the conduct of the Orphanage, Mr. Spurgeon reposed the fullest confidence in the officers, and never treated them as though they were mere officials; he regarded them as friends and fellow-helpers. He thus commanded their love and loyalty, and they esteemed it an honour and a joy to give effect to any wish he was known to cherish or express.

The Board of Trustees, dominated by the spirit of the President, sought in their legislative capacity to realize the purpose of his heart in founding the Institution. When it became impossible for him to attend the Board meetings, with his former regularity, he felt perfectly sure that everything would be done, under the chairmanship of the Vice-President, as though he were present to rule or advise. In seeking to lighten the labours of Mr. Spurgeon, nothing was attempted without the assured conviction that it would command his full approval.

The children loved him: and his visits always called forth the most boisterous demonstrations of delight! His appearance was the signal for a general movement towards the centre of attraction, and he often said, "they compassed me about like bees!" The eagerness with which they sought to grasp his hand, often involved the younger children in the risk of being trampled upon by others; but, with ready tact and condescension, he singled out those who were at a disadvantage and extended to them his hand. At the Memorial Service, conducted by the headmaster, it was ascertained that every boy present had shaken hands with the dear President—a fact of no small significance! Every visit cost him as many pennies as there were children in the Orphanage. Proud as they were to possess the coin for its spending power, it was regarded as having an augmented value, from the fact that it was the gift of Mr. Spurgeon. His impromptu addresses to the children were as kind as they were wise, and many of his sayings will be treasured by them, as amongst their most precious memories. While the children crowded around him, the teachers had neither the power nor the heart to enforce the normal discipline of the school. Disorderly order or orderly disorder reigned supreme, and marked a period in which the children revelled as in a perfect delirium of delight. The boys flung up their caps and shouted at the peril of cracking their vocal chords or stunning

their visitor into absolute and hopeless deafness. Nor were the girls less demonstrative of their joy: they clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs and some, we must confess, joined in the shouts of welcome started by the boys. From the pulpit or the platform, the tribune of the Tabernacle might be able to sway a multitude of men and women; but he was powerless in the presence of only 500 boys and girls when he faced them upon the Orphanage playground. Happy are the children who will carry into the world such bright memories! With what breathless interest will their descendants listen to the stories they will have to tell when, in the twilight of their own life's evening, they recall the days of their childhood at Stockwell.

The mystery of the removal of the President is too deep for our solution as yet, and the loss which has fallen upon the Institution is too far-reaching in its issues to be duly weighed now. Subscribers and managers alike must close their ranks and unite to maintain unimpaired the sacred trust which is thus bequeathed. That the work must go on, all are agreed; for the world of Orphanhood still craves our pity and demands our help. The promise which sustained the President, has neither been withdrawn nor modified—

"I WILL BE A FATHER TO THE FATHERLESS;"

and faith must plead it at the Throne of Grace, and prove the sincerity of the prayer in the generous gifts by which alone it can be answered. "Father," said a precocious youngster, as his devout sire rose to his knees, having besought the Lord to bless the widow and the orphan, "if I had your purse, I would answer your prayer!"

"GIVE YE THEM TO EAT"

is the implied command to the stewards of His bounty, when in His tender pity the Lord says to the widow,

"LEAVE THY FATHERLESS CHILDREN UNTO ME!"

It is an assured conviction, that all who held the late beloved President in honour, will not forget the claims of the

FIVE HUNDRED ORPHANS

who mourn the loss of all that was implied in his loving fatherhood!

In this confidence the Committee of management, under the presidency of Pastor James A. Spurgeon, who has succeeded to the office so long held by his dear brother, will spare no effort or sacrifice to maintain the work in full efficiency upon the old lines—looking for the needed grace to guide and sustain them; and for the blessing of the Father of the fatherless to crown their "work of faith and labour of love."

Most earnestly would they bespeak the confidence and co-operation of the Lord's people; and to all upon whose sympathy they can reckon, would they say—

"BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US!"

The following tables, while they tell of want relieved and sorrow solaced, also show the impartiality of the Committee in their selection of inmates and the range of their choice. The poorest localities and the most needy classes have again furnished the largest number of Candidates.

ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH, 1892.

From London Districts:—

Battersea	1	Homerton	1	Shepherd's Bush ...	1
Bermondsey	3	Hoxton	1	Soho	2
Bow	1	Islington	1	Stockwell	1
Brixton	1	Kensington	1	Stratford	3
Camberwell	6	Lewisham	1	Tottenham	1
Clapham	1	Nowington	1	Walworth	2
Clapton	1	Norwood	1	Wood Green	2
Clerkenwell	2	Nunhead	1		—
Haverstock Hill ...	1	Peckham	2	Total ...	41
Holloway	1	Poplar	1		

From Country Towns:—

Ashford	1	Hyde	1	St. Neots	1
Bournemouth ...	1	Ipswich	1	Southampton ...	1
Brentford	1	Little Ilford	1	Tunbridge Wells ...	1
Bristol	1	Loughborough ...	1	Waltham Green ...	1
Bury St. Edmunds ...	1	Middlesborough ...	1	Walthamstow ...	1
Clare	1	Newbridge, I. W. ...	1	West Bromwich ...	1
Croydon	1	New Brompton ...	1	West Ham	1
Curry Malet	1	Orpington	1	Windsor	1
Folkestone	1	Reading	2		—
Hertford	1	Rochdale	1	Total ...	29

From Wales:

Cardiff ... ... 2 | Cilgerran ... 1—Total ... 3

Total for the year 73.

Social Rank of Parents:—

Mechanics, 22; Manufacturers, 15; Shopkeepers, &c., 4; Labourers, &c., 8; Warehousemen, &c., 9; Mariners, &c., 2; Ministers, &c., 1; Farmers, 3; Railway Employes, 2; Coachmen, 2; Schoolmasters, 2; Soldier, 1; Accountant, 1; Fireman, 1. Total 73.

Religious Profession of Parents:—

Church of England, 24; Baptist, 28; Congregational, 8; Wesleyan, 3; Bible Christian, 1; Brethren, 3; Not Specified, 6. Total 73.

MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT.

Gentlemen, March 31st, 1892.

In submitting my twenty-third Annual Report, it is my pleasurable duty to inform you that we have been singularly favoured in the health of the children, as neither in the past nor in the

present have we had any cases of great severity. We had several cases of influenza and scarlet fever, but none proved fatal. About the usual number of strumous cases—ear, eye and glandular—have occupied my attention. Two children died during the twelve months, one from consumption, the other from typhoid; which was not, I am thankful to say, contracted within the walls of the Orphanage. The high standard of educational attainment required in the present age is, I am sure, prejudicial to the health of a vast number of children, but in our case the wise judgment that is exercised as regards the children's capabilities has much to do with the present healthy condition of the children. My thanks are due to the Honorary Medical Officers, the Committee, and to Members of the Staff for their hearty co-operation and uniform kindness. I beg to remain,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM SOPER.

Our subscribers will be interested in the following tables:—

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION, MARCH, 1892.

In connection with Brixton Auxiliary Sunday School Union.

Subject:—"The Suffering and the Risen Saviour."

Number of children presented:—Girls, 80; Boys, 139.

RESULTS.

	Girls.	Boys.
Prizes, with First-class Certificates	—	7
First-class Certificates only	15	46
Second-class Certificates	32	64
Failed	33	22
	80	139

Percentage passed—Girls, 59; Boys, 84.

BIBLE-READING ASSOCIATION.

Members:—Boys, 241; Girls, 346; Total, 587.

BAND OF HOPE. Number of enrolled members, 308.

SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATIONS, MAY, 1891.

BOYS' DIVISION.

Science Teachers: Mr. J. J. Thompson and Mr. A. Simmonds.

Subjects: Geology, Physiography, Magnetism and Electricity.

Advanced Certificates	8
First-class Certificates (Elementary)	2
Second Class ,, ...	57
Total	67

FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1892

PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN:—

Mechanics	381	Postmen and Sorters	9
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	239	Soldiers	10
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	208	Solicitors	7
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	223	Surgeons and Dentists	7
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	170	Journalists	7
Mariners and Watermen ...	56	Architects and Surveyors ...	4
Ministers and Missionaries ...	43	Cooks	2
Farmers and Florists	39	Fireman	2
Commercial Travellers	33	Photographer	1
Railway Employés	34	Butlers	2
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	34	Auctioneers	2
Policemen & Custom House Officers	21	Bandsman	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	21	Gas Inspector	1
Accountants	16	Gentleman	1
Commission Agents	12		

TOTAL 1,586

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England	609	Presbyterian ...	28	Bible Christian ...	3
Baptist	415	Brethren	12	Society of Friends	2
Congregational ...	168	Roman Catholic ...	3	Salvation Army ...	1
Wesleyan	143	Moravian	2	Not specified ...	200

TOTAL 1,586

PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED:—

Balham	8	Highbury	3	Poplar	7
Barnsbury	2	Holborn	10	Rotherhithe	13
Battersea	27	Holloway	20	Shadwell	2
Bayswater	8	Homerton	4	Shepherd's Bush ...	1
Bermondsey	94	Hornsey	6	Shoreditch	4
Bethnal Green ...	6	Horselydown	6	Soho	4
Bloomsbury	2	Hoxton	13	Southwark	36
Borough	11	Islington	35	Spitalfields	1
Bow	17	Kennington	14	Stepney	6
Brixton	38	Kensington	8	Strand	2
Bromley	2	Kentish Town ...	9	Stratford	7
Brondesbury	1	Kilburn	10	Streatham	3
Camberwell	50	Kingsland	3	Stockwell	7
Camden Town ...	8	Lambeth	67	Stoke Newington ...	8
Chelsea	7	Lewisham	6	St. John's Wood ...	1
Clapham	17	Limehouse	6	St. Luke's	2
Clapton	10	Marylebone	21	St. Pancras	5
Clerkenwell	15	Mile End	9	Sydenham	2
Dalston	3	Newington	17	Tottenham	9
Deptford	8	New Cross	13	Vauxhall	6
Dulwich	6	Norwood	14	Walworth	57
Finsbury	4	Notting Hill	13	Wandsworth	21
Forest Gate	1	Nunhead	3	Westminster	12
Hackney	20	Old Ford	1	Whitechapel	3
Haggerston	1	Paddington	6	Willesden	1
Hammersmith ...	5	Peckham	52	Wood Green	2
Hampstead	4	Pentonville	4		
Hatcham	1	Pimlico	7	LONDON ... TOTAL	983
Haverstock Hill ...	4	Plaistow	1		

Bedfordshire, Bedford	5
„ Luton ...	2
Berkshire, Maidenhead	2
„ Childrey ...	1
„ Newbury ...	4
„ Reading ...	27
„ Slough ...	1
„ Uffington ...	1
„ Wantage ...	2
„ Wargrave ...	1
„ Windsor ...	1
„ Wokingham ...	1
Buckinghamshire,	
„ Chesham ...	1
„ High Wycombe	1
„ Princes Risboro'	1
„ Winslow ...	2
Cambridgeshire,	
„ Cambridge ...	5
„ Cottenham ...	1
„ Histon ...	1
„ Landbeach ...	1
„ Linton ...	1
„ Newmarket ...	1
„ Soham ...	1
„ Waterbeach ...	1
„ Wisbech ...	2
Cheshire, Birkenhead	1
„ Chester ...	1
„ Hyde... ...	1
Cornwall, Falmouth	3
„ Penzance ...	3
„ Porthleven ...	1
„ Truro ...	2
Derbyshire, Belper ...	1
„ Derby ...	5
„ Matlock Bath	1
Devonshire, Appledore	1
„ Bideford ...	1
„ Brixham ...	2
„ Devonport ...	3
„ Exeter ...	1
„ Plymouth ...	1
„ Stoke... ...	1
„ Torquay ...	4
Dorsetshire, Poole ...	2
„ Lyme Regis ...	1
„ Portland ...	2
„ Swanage ...	1
„ Weymouth ...	2
Durham, Darlington	1
„ Durham ...	1
„ Middlesbrough	1
„ Stockton ...	4
„ Wolsingham...	1
Essex, Barking ...	1
„ Boxted ...	1
„ Braintree ...	1
„ Brentwood ...	1
„ Burnham ...	1
„ Chelmsford ...	2
„ Chingford ...	1
„ Coggeshall ...	1
„ Colchester ...	3
Essex, Dunmow ...	1
„ East Ham ...	1
„ Epping ...	1
„ Grays... ...	1
„ Great Braxted	1
„ Halstead ...	1
„ Harlow ...	1
„ Hatfield Heath	1
„ Ilford... ...	1
„ Leyton ...	3
„ Leytonstone ...	7
„ Little Ilford ...	1
„ Loughton ...	1
„ Maldon ...	9
„ North Woolwich	2
„ Paglesham ...	1
„ Plaistow ...	1
„ Rayleigh ...	1
„ Romford ...	4
„ Southend ...	1
„ Upminster ...	1
„ Walthamstow	10
„ West Ham ...	2
„ Witham ...	2
„ Woodford ...	3
Gloucestershire,	
„ Bristol ...	6
„ Cheltenham ...	2
„ Cirencester ...	2
„ Fairford ...	1
„ Gloucester ...	2
„ Nailsworth ...	1
„ Painswick ...	1
„ Stroud ...	2
„ Tewkesbury ...	1
„ Weirstone ...	1
„ Wotton ...	1
Hampshire,	
„ Bournemouth...	3
„ Christchurch...	1
„ Fremantle ...	1
„ Farnborough...	1
„ Hayling Island	1
„ Hedbourne – Worthy ...	1
„ Landport ...	1
„ Lymington ...	1
„ Newbridge, I.W.	1
„ Newport, I.W.	1
„ Pokesdown ...	1
„ Portsmouth ...	3
„ Portsea ...	1
„ Ryde, I.W. ...	1
„ Romsey ...	1
„ Sandown, I.W.	2
„ Southampton	8
„ Southsea ...	4
„ Totton ...	1
„ Waterlooville	1
„ West Cowes, I.W.	2
„ Winchester ...	1
Herefordshire,	
„ Ledbury ...	1
„ Michaelchurch	1
Hertfordshire,	
„ Berkhampstead	1
„ Dunstable ...	1
„ Hertford ...	1
„ Hoddesdon ...	1
„ Redbourne ...	1
„ St. Albans ...	1
„ Ware	1
Huntingdonshire,	
„ Fenstanton ...	1
„ St. Neots ...	1
Kent, Ashford ...	4
„ Belvedere ...	2
„ Bexley ...	3
„ Boughton ...	1
„ Bromley ...	3
„ Canterbury ...	1
„ Charlton ...	3
„ Chatham ...	5
„ Cranbrook ...	1
„ Crayford ...	1
„ Deal	2
„ Dover	2
„ Eltham ...	1
„ Eynsford ...	2
„ Eythorne ...	1
„ Folkestone ...	3
„ Goudhurst ...	1
„ Gravesend ...	3
„ Greenwich ...	13
„ Maidstone ...	4
„ Margate ...	7
„ New Brompton	6
„ Northfleet ...	2
„ Orpington ...	2
„ Plumstead ...	4
„ Ramsgate ...	2
„ Rochester ...	1
„ Sittingbourne	3
„ Swanscombe ...	1
„ Tonbridge ...	1
„ Tunbridge Wells	2
„ West Wickham	1
„ Woolwich ...	5
„ Wrotham ...	1
Lancashire, Ashton-under-Lyne	2
„ Blackpool ...	1
„ Bolton... ...	1
„ Liverpool ...	6
„ Manchester ...	4
„ Morecambe ...	1
„ Rochdale ...	1
Leicestershire,	
„ Leicester ...	1
„ Loughborough	1
„ Lutterworth ...	1
Lincolnshire,	
„ Boston ...	2
„ Grimsby ...	5
„ Lincoln ...	1
Middlesex, Acton ...	1
„ Barnet ...	1
„ Brentford ...	1

COUNTRY—*continued.*

Middlesex, Chiswick	1	*Oxfordshire*, Oxford	4	*Surrey*, Richmond ...	1
„ Ealing ...	1	„ Thame ...	1	„ Surbiton ...	1
„ Edmonton ...	2	„ Witney ...	1	„ Sutton ...	4
„ Finchley ...	1	*Rutlandshire*,		„ Tooting ...	3
„ Fulham ...	2	„ Uppingham ...	1	„ Wimbledon ...	1
„ Hampton-Wick	1	*Salop*, Aston-on-Clun	1	„ Woking ...	1
„ Harlington ...	1	„ West Felton ...	1	*Sussex*, Brighton ...	9
„ Harrow ...	2	*Somersetshire*, Bath ...	2	„ Chichester ...	4
„ Hendon ...	1	„ Curry Mallet	1	„ Faygate ...	1
„ Hounslow ...	2	„ Taunton ...	3	„ Hailsham ...	1
„ Isleworth ...	3	„ Weston ...	1	„ Hastings ...	4
„ Old Hampton	1	„ Yeovil ...	1	„ Lowes ...	1
„ Walham Green	3	*Staffordshire*, Bilston	1	„ Newhaven ...	1
„ Whetstone ...	1	„ Stourbridge ...	1	„ St. Leonards	1
Monmouthshire,		„ West Bromwich	1	„ Seaford ...	1
„ Abergavenny	1	„ Wolverhampton	1	„ Worthing ...	1
„ Blaenavon ...	1	*Suffolk*, Aldborough...	2	*Warwickshire*,	
„ Maindee ...	1	„ Bury St. Edmunds	2	„ Birmingham	4
„ Newport ...	3	„ Clare	1	„ Coventry ...	1
Norfolk, Dereham ...	1	„ Fressingfield	1	„ Leamington	1
„ Holt ...	1	„ Halesworth ...	1	„ Oxhill ...	1
„ Lynn... ...	1	„ Ipswich ...	7	„ Quinton ...	1
„ Norwich ...	1	„ Southwold ...	1	*Wiltshire*, Calne ...	1
„ Yarmouth ...	1	„ Stanstead ...	1	„ Chippenham	1
Northamptonshire,		„ Stowmarket ...	4	„ Pinton Stoke	1
„ Brackley ...	1	*Surrey*, Addlestone ...	1	„ Salisbury ...	2
„ Kettering ...	1	„ Barnes ...	2	„ Summerford Magna	1
„ Northampton	1	„ Bletchingley	1	„ Swindon ...	1
„ Oundle ...	3	„ Buckland ...	1	„ Warminster	1
„ Peterborough	1	„ Catford ...	1	„ Westbury Leigh ...	1
„ Thrapstone	1	„ Croydon ...	17	„ Wroughton...	1
„ Walgrave	1	„ East Moulsey	1	*Worcestershire*,	
Northumberland,		„ Godalming ...	1	„ Cradley ...	1
„ Newcastle ...	1	„ Godstone ...	1	„ Hampton ...	1
Nottinghamshire,		„ Guildford ...	1	*Yorkshire*, Bedale ...	1
„ Nottingham ...	1	„ Horley ...	1	„ Burley ...	1
„ Retford ...	1	„ Kingston ...	8	„ Leeds ...	2
„ Sutton ...	1	„ Leatherhead	1		
„ Worksop ...	1	„ Norbiton ...	1	COUNTRY...TOTAL	570
Oxfordshire, Banbury	2	„ Penge ...	1		
„ Chipping Norton	3	„ Putney ...	1		
„ Kidlington ...	1	„ Red Hill ...	1		
„ New Headington	1	„ Reigate ...	1		

Wales, Aberystwith	1	*Wales*, Dowlais ...	1	*Wales*, Llanelly ...	1
„ Brecon ...	1	„ Haverfordwest	3	„ Rhyl ...	1
„ Bridgend ...	2	„ Hay	1	„ Swansea ...	3
„ Builth ...	1	„ Holyhead ...	1		
„ Cardiff ...	9	„ Llanbister ...	1	WALES ... TOTAL	29
„ Cilgerran ...	2	„ Llandudno ...	1		

Scotland, Dunfermline	1	*Scotland*, Larbert ...	1	*Ireland*	2

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	983	Wales	29	Ireland	2
Country	570	Scotland	2		
		TOTAL		1,586.	

The past year was one of great anxiety and sorrow, occasioned by the serious and protracted illness and death of the beloved President, but all the departments of the work were vigorously maintained, as he would have wished.

We are thankful that we retain the members of our staff, who are all conscientiously doing their best. The spirit of love in which they labour, gives a tone to the whole institution which no rules and regulations could of themselves create. All things considered, our difficulties are few, while our mercies are so many as to be countless, and so rich as to be priceless.

We shall be thankful if our friends will bear in mind that our supplies must be as constant as our needs. It would greatly rejoice the heart of the President if the current income were always equal to the current expenditure, so that legacies might be reserved to supply the falling off in donations when old friends resign their stewardship and go home.

The collecting boxes and books have brought in, during the year, the sum of £768 3s. 9d. Once a quarter the President will rejoice to meet our band of willing helpers, and personally to thank them for their efforts for his great family of little ones. Many more of our young people might help us by joining this Sustentation Army. Friends living miles away, who are not able to attend the meetings, can have special collecting-books, and forward the amount received from time to time.

The children in the Orphanage and their friends collected, for the most part in pennies, the sum of £237 4s. 8d., and in every case this labour of love was a genuine expression of gratitude. We frequently have very warm-hearted, thankful letters from the mothers of our children. God bless them, every one!

The total amount received during the year from collecting-cards, books, and boxes reached the noble sum of £1,005 8s. 5d. This is substantial help: *but could it not be very easily doubled next year? We wish more of our friends would lend a hand.* O best and kindest of readers, will *you* take a card or box yourself?

Several Young Ladies' Working Associations continue to furnish splendid help; and their services are greatly valued by us. Could not more societies be started? Friends who are not able to join an association, can make up articles of clothing suitable for boys and girls between the ages of six and fifteen.

The Annual Bazaar and Sale of Work at West Croydon, conducted by Mrs. James A. Spurgeon, has yielded a considerable sum to the funds of the Institution. Many willing helpers assist Mrs. Spurgeon in this praiseworthy effort, and we shall rejoice if the example should be copied in other localities. Such aid, lovingly rendered to the Orphans, does not divert contributions from local claims, but rather stimulates generosity for their support.

During the year, Mr. Charlesworth visited Scotland with a Choir of Boys, and he has also conducted meetings in London and the Provinces. The programme throughout is of a high-class character, and the most gratifying reports have been received of the good done. After deducting the immediate expenses, and the cost of the musical

training of the boys, the sum of £792 1s. 0d. has resulted from the services of the Choir.

Where the boys have once been, there is a desire for a second visit; and in some towns they are expected at least once a year. These are gratifying facts; and the practical sympathy and prayers of true friends all over the country compel our thanksgiving to God who has moved their hearts to serve our beloved Institution in this way. "Pure religion and undefiled" finds its illustration in care for the "widow and fatherless," and we are thankful when the help comes to the special objects of our charge. Friends are not helping the crotchets of a sect, but the Christlike work of love and mercy, when they aid us in the work which was so dear to the heart of our late beloved President, whose name the Institution will ever bear.

Many of the boys and girls who have given evidence of their conversion are enrolled as members of Christian Bands, and every effort is made to develop and strengthen in them the features of a true Christian character. It is a joy to us to learn, from time to time, of our old scholars making a public avowal of their faith and entering the fellowship of a Christian church. The memories of the truths learned in the Orphanage cannot fail to exert a powerful influence for good amidst the perils to which young people are exposed in our towns and cities. The Lord has been indeed gracious to the children of our charge, and to Him be all the praise.

AIMS AND PLANS.

Covering an area of nearly four acres, in one of the healthiest suburbs of London, the Orphanage is admirably adapted for keeping up as much of the family form and spirit as is possible in a public institution. Each house is a home, and each family has its own "mother." The boys take their meals in one common hall according to families; the girls' meals are all prepared in their respective houses; and 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 and repeat the text for the day from Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack. In the work we have undertaken we feel that we can do better for the children in family groups than in barrack companies.

No child is prejudiced as a candidate by the creed of his parents, as the Institution is UNSECTARIAN. Sectarian preferences have no weight with the Committee when they meet to consider the claims of orphanhood and necessity. Lack of grace in the parents must not be visited upon the children; indeed, there is all the greater need that they should come under godly training. If they can be instructed in the truths of the Bible, and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, such a ministry will fit them for the struggle upon which they must enter when the battle of life begins. We are concerned that the children should become disciples of Christ, and leave us healthy, intelligent, and gracious members of society.

The hearty love and practical aid of Christians of all denominations cheer us in this enterprise, and together we will all unite in

helping the widow and the orphan for Christ's own sake. His approval now, and His "well done" hereafter, will prove a sufficient reward for any effort or sacrifice we may make. Infidelity must feel the power of 500 living arguments; for a Christian Orphanage attests the faithfulness of God, as the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow.

It will be seen in the table that the greater proportion of children admitted to the Orphanage came from the most needy classes. When the whole of the income ceases at her husband's death, and the savings scarcely suffice to pay for the funeral, a widow with many helpless little ones is brought well-nigh to despair. What can she do? how is she to earn bread for so many? How can she keep the little home together? For the answer to these questions she turns to the Orphanage, and her plea for pity and help might move a heart of stone. While we cannot admit all applicants, we will study to respond to those who have the greatest claim. If some have been sent away to apply elsewhere, we have the joy of recording that we have not increased their burden. Are there not thousands who will share with us our privilege and blessing? The Orphanage has received 1,586 fatherless children up to April, 1892. Some institutions report larger numbers; but, then, they are more of the nature of temporary receiving homes, and the children remain only a few months, while ours are retained for five or six years at least.

Applicants are put to no expense, beyond providing needful certificates. We dare not impose upon the candidates the costly, tedious, and often disappointing process of canvassing for subscribers' votes. The admission of a child to Stockwell Orphanage is an answer to the bitter cry of need rather than a reward for writing letters, or making calls upon holders of votes. The most needy and not the most noisy are our most successful suitors. The worst cases are the best in our judgment, and in this rule we are sure that we have the approval of our friends.

If orphanhood is a child's misfortune, he should not be treated as though it were his fault, and condemned to wear a garb which marks him as dependent upon charity. We avoid peculiarities of costume, which exert a depressing influence, if they do not degrade the wearer.

In the arrangements of the Schools our object is to impart *a plain but thorough* ENGLISH *education*, to fit the boys for commercial pursuits. In addition to the ordinary subjects, they are taught elementary science, drawing, shorthand, and vocal music. We are thankful to record that, as the boys attain the age for leaving, it is easy to find employers who will receive them. Many of the old boys are now occuping good positions in large houses of business, and not a few are engaged in works of usefulness; a large number are members of Christian Churches, and several are Ministers of the Word. By a good education, and a thorough domestic training in the Homes, we hope to fit our girls for earning their own livelihood when they leave the Institution. Our plan is to prepare them for domestic service in good families, and to wait for guidance upon the providence of God.

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 goodly band of Sunday-school teachers. Detachments of the children attend the Tabernacle and neighbouring places of worship on the Lord's-day, and Special Services are conducted at home, morning and evening. A children's week-night service is held every Wednesday. Several earnest friends give diligent attention to this department of the work. Once a quarter the entire household is assembled to hear a special address. The local clergy ministers and distinguished laymen render important help in this matter.

Young Christians' Bands hold monthly meetings, and there are frequent meetings for the Members of the Band of Hope.

Even while with us our children show a Missionary spirit: we subjoin the table of their contributions. It is well for them to begin early to give.

Collected and contributed by the children :—

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Missionary Society	13	9	10
„ Centenary Fund	3	0	8
North Africa Mission (Dr. Churcher's Work)	1	2	6
Continental Sunday-school	1	9	0
Indian Sunday-school Mission (Dr. Phillips)	2	6	2
Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work ...	13	12	4
Total... ...	£35	0	6

THE ORPHANAGE AND THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Now that judgment has been delivered by Mr. Justice Kekewich in this case it is due to the friends of the Institution to be informed of the extent of the injury inflicted, and what relief, if any, will follow the ruling of the Court.

The injury may be stated in the terms used by the expert instructed to examine the premises. Mr. H. Graham Harris said, in answer to the question of the Judge:—"In my judgment, the defendants' engines and machinery in their buildings, as they now exist, do occasion such noise and vibration as to interfere, to a very serious extent, with the ordinary comfort, physically, of any occupants there might be in Houses Nos. 1 and 2, and, probably, those of No 3, of the plaintiffs' Orphanage; and this according to plain and sober and simple notions prevalent amongst the English people."

The following sentences are from Mr. Harris's detailed report of his visits:—"In all the rooms of the house, the noise and vibration are very great; indeed, sufficient, in my judgment, to constitute a nuisance."

"The beat of the engine is most distinctly heard, and there is a vibration of the whole building at each stroke."

"Came to the conclusion that there was a very decided cause of complaint."

"There was vibration of the whole house, and the booming noise was very distinct indeed."

"The whole building appears to be in a state of vibration, responding to each stroke of the engine."

"The noise and vibration are very distinct indeed, and sufficient to constitute a thorough nuisance."

The judge himself, having heard the evidence of the witnesses, and the report of Mr. Harris, said in the course of his judgment:—

"Notwithstanding all that had been done by the company, there remained the intolerable nuisance to persons dwelling in the plaintiffs' buildings, and," his lordship added, "he was afraid that, in spite of all the efforts to abate the nuisance, the diminution was not much."

"Part of the premises might still be used for some purposes; but with regard to another portion, they had been rendered, for ordinary purposes, uninhabitable."

Of the facts, stated upon such authority, there can be no question, NINETY CHILDREN were deprived of the home which was provided for them, at a cost of nearly £4,000. For twelve months, these houses remained quite empty, and the children were lodged in hired houses a little distance off. This arrangement was attended with considerable expense and inconvenience; the unity of the institution being broken, and the discipline impaired.

The judgment is of so much importance that we give the main portions of it.

Mr. Justice Kekewich said the law was settled by various authorities that, when powers were given to a public body by statute, there was also given to it every subordinate or incidental power which could be reasonably required for the exercise of the main powers; also that, if you found, on looking into the Act of Parliament conferring the powers, an intention on the part of the legislature that the powers should be exercised free from liability to damages or interference by injunction, that intention must be given effect to, notwithstanding consequent injury to private individuals. His Lordship had therefore to consider whether the defendant company's Acts of Parliament had, as a matter of fact, given the company power to do that which they said they were empowered to do, notwithstanding it created a nuisance; and if he found they had the power, and were creating a nuisance, he must further inquire whether they had done all that could be done to prevent a result which could not have been intended if it could be reasonably avoided. His Lordship then referred to and commented on the company's Acts, by which the company were empowered to work their railway by electric power, or by such other means, other than steam locomotives, as the Board of Trade might from time to time approve. If, said his Lordship, the company, in carrying out their statutory powers, did create a nuisance, that nuisance must be borne with; he would be departing from the reported authorities on the point if he decided otherwise. But there was a serious question beyond that. According to the authorities, the company were liable for omitting to do all that was to be reasonably required of them, if they caused a nuisance. His Lordship thought, upon the evidence, when the case first came on before him, that what the company were doing did create a nuisance, and that they had not done all that could be reasonably required of them to avoid it; and he accordingly directed an adjournment in order that the company might put themselves upon a sound footing, and Mr. Harris, to whom the case had been referred, had made a report. The result was that, notwithstanding all that had been done by the company before that report was made, there remained the intolerable nuisance to persons dwelling in the plaintiffs' buildings, and his Lordship was afraid that, in spite of all the efforts to abate the nuisance, the diminution was not much. His Lordship thought that they had done all that they could be required to do, and that they had done as much as they could to prevent this intolerable nuisance, though he was afraid not much had been done. Part of the premises might still be used for some purposes; but,

with regard to another portion, they had been rendered, for ordinary purposes, uninhabitable. The company were wrong in June last, but they removed that wrong as far as they could. His Lordship thought, therefore, that they must pay all the costs of the action up to, say, the 31st December last, by which time they had made their alterations; and they must also pay some damages, which his Lordship would assess at £50. As to the costs since the 31st of December, although the company had succeeded in point of law, his Lordship could not forget that when the action was commenced they were in the wrong. Accordingly he could not give them any of those costs. The costs, however, of Mr. Harris's investigation and report, as it had been useful to both parties, would be divided between them.

It will be clear to our friends that this judgment does not give us any substantial compensation for the past, nor does it secure us any relief for the future. The amount of damages allowed—viz., £50—is only given for the excess of nuisance over and above the nuisance which of necessity attends the working of the engines and machinery, after every reasonable provision was presumed to have been made to reduce the nuisance to a minimum. It does not represent the damage actually done to the Institution; still, this is all the court allowed. This may be according to law, but our friends will fail to see the equity of such a ruling.

Although the railway company must pay the costs of the action up to the end of December last, the taxed costs, as is well known, do not cover the outlay, and the Institution must bear the loss of the difference.

From the first of January till the hearing of the case on the 23rd of February, the parties to the suit must pay their own costs; and the expenses of the expert appointed by the Judge to examine and report must be divided between the plaintiffs and defendants.

The loss and damage to the Institution are very considerable:

In the first place, two houses, to accommodate ninety children, are, according to the report of the expert, rendered uninhabitable.

2. A large schoolroom for eighty children cannot be regularly used for the purposes of education.

3. The Institution is only awarded £50 damages, and this is only equal to half-a-year's rent of the two houses we have hired.

4. The Institution must pay the difference between the law costs on our side to 31st of December last and the taxed costs which are allowed by the Court.

5. The whole of the law costs on our side since the 1st of January must be borne by the Institution, and half the expense of the report of the expert.

The President and Managers fully hope that our generous supporters will approve the efforts that have been made to deliver the Orphanage from the nuisance with which it has been visited by the working of the engines of the Electric Railway, although the application to the Court failed to secure the relief sought. An appeal is now earnestly made for funds to meet the expense incurred, and the President and Managers feel confident that the friends who have stood by the Institution in the past will not withdraw their sympathy and help in this hour of trial and of need.

A WORD TO OUR DONORS:

(1.) The name should be legibly written, and a sufficient designation should be given that the reply may be rightly directed.

It is unfortunate when *Jones* is mistaken for *Thorns*, or *vice versâ*. Where an initial only is given, we may not know whether to address the reply to Mr. or Mrs., or to any other designation. We should be sorry to write *Miss*, and find that we had written amiss.

(2.) As two persons may bear exactly the same name, it is important that the residence should be added. Where a donor has a *business* and a *private* address, it is desirable that one or other should be uniformly used when several parcels are sent. If not, we may accidentally treat our friend as if he were cut in two.

(3.) Change of address, or the death of a donor, should be promptly reported for the correction of our books. We cannot be omniscient, but we should like to be accurate.

(4.) We would respectfully urge our donors to advise us of the despatch of goods by letter or post-card. We can often make more economical use of gifts when we know that they are coming.

Methods by which our friends help us:—

(1.) By **Donations and Subscriptions.** All sections of the Church and of the community contribute to the funds of the institution, not by constraint, but willingly.

(2.) By **becoming Collectors.** Collecting-boxes and Books may be obtained on application to the Secretary; also special Boxes to be fixed on walls.

(3.) By **arranging for Public Meetings**, to be conducted by the Head Master with a choir of Orphan boys. The entertainment given by the boys is of a first-rate order, and is calculated to do moral and spirttual good. Our bell-ringers add to the attraction of the singing, and greatly delight the assembly. Mr. V. J. CHARLESWORTH will be happy to give all the necessary information.

(4.) By **Gifts of Useful Articles.** Sometimes a friend can spare material who could not give actual cash; let him be so kind as to give in kind. Food, clothing, toys, fuel, furniture, books, and other useful articles can be consumed at home, while fancy goods can be sold at the annual sale. We are universal consumers. No reasonable offer is refused. All is grist that comes to the mill.

(5.) By **Birthday and New Year's Offerings.** A festive season suggests a fitting opportunity for sending help to those whose orphanhood calls for special tenderness. Christmas gifts are in season, but we are willing to receive "out of season." Our mercies are doubly sweet when they are shared with those who would otherwise feel the bitterness of want. We should minister not to ourselves alone, but to the poor and needy also.

TO INTENDING BENEFACTORS;

BY an Act of Parliament, bearing date August 5th, 1891, land and houses may now be left for charitable uses; but property so left must be sold within one year of the death of the testator, unless an extension of time be granted.

Money left by will, with the direction that it be invested in land or houses was forfeit until this Act was passed: it will not now be lost to the charity, but must be used for its general purposes.

An important exception is made in the case of land or houses left or directed to be acquired, if it be proved that the property is necessary for the actual use of the charity, and not for investment.

Money secured on land, or other personal estate arising from or connected with land, can be left by will for any charitable use.

Intending benefactors need, therefore, be in no doubt as to their bequests of land or houses for charitable uses being legally acquired by the Institution they desire to benefit. It is necessary, in drawing up a will, to be assured that the will is properly drawn and executed, otherwise the charity it is intended to benefit may be involved in serious anxiety and expense.

The will must be signed by the testator in the presence of two witnesses present at the same time, and who must sign their names as witnesses in the presence of each other, and of the testator.

The following Forms may be copied:

1.—In leaving a sum of money:—

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, in the county of London, 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.*

2.—In leaving Freehold Property:—

I Give and Devise to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, in the county of London, the freehold house (or houses) situated and being known as (here state clearly the exact designation as to name or number, the street or road, the parish, the town, and the county), the said property to be dealt with according to the provisions of the Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891.

3.—In leaving Leasehold Property :—

I hereby Give and Bequeath to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, in the county of London, the whole of my interest in the leasehold house (or houses), situated and being known as (here state clearly the exact designation as to name or number, the street or road, the parish, the town, and the county), the said property to be dealt with according to the provisions of the Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891.

4.—In leaving Freehold Land :—

I Give and Devise to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, in the county of London, the parcel of freehold land (here give the exact designation of the land in the precise terms of the title deeds), the said land to be dealt with according to the provisions of the Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891.

5.—In leaving Land held on lease :—

I Give and Bequeath to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, in the county of London, the whole of my interest in the unexpired term of the lease of the land (here give the exact designation of the land in the precise terms of the lease), the said property to be dealt with according to the provisions of the Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891.

The President and Managers desire to honour, by a grateful acknowledgment, the memory of the benefactors who have had regard to the claims of the Orphanage in the disposition of their estates. Amongst these they would mention the name of the late Mr. F. S. Coleman, of Norwood, under whose will the institution derives considerable advantage.

It is worthy of record that the Orphanage was the first Institution to benefit by the alteration of the law of mortmain. The late Mrs. Thomas Park, of Teddington, devised the freehold house in which she resided, and two freehold cottages; and but for the passing of this Act, a few days before her decease, the bequest would have been null and void. Now that it has become legal to devise real property in aid of Charitable Institutions, the hope is cherished that our friends will not overlook the Orphanage, which will remain as an abiding memorial of its Founder and first President.

"Whose Faith Follow!"

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education:—			
Salaries and Wages	2,092	4	7
Provisions	4,515	16	2
Clothing	1,874	11	7
Laundry	553	15	2
Fuel, Gas, and Water	1,014	16	2
Books and School Requisites	181	18	7
Medical, Hospital, and Convalescent Expenses	254	19	10
Excursions and Travelling	77	3	0
Situations, Outfits, Gratuities, &c.	54	18	2
Gardening and Sundries	79	13	11
	10,720	17	2
„ Printing, Stationery, Publications, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	686	3	6
„ Repairs	985	8	5
„ Sanitary Alterations (by advice of Inspector)	149	13	1
„ Furniture, Fittings, Bedding, &c.	724	5	8
„ Poor and General Rates	169	7	9
	13,444	15	7
„ Legal Expenses in *re* Electric Railway, and Extra Expenses of two houses Albert Square	692	16	8
	14,137	12	3
„ Balance due to Treasurer, March 31st, 1891	93	5	3
	14,230	17	6
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1892	431	2	11
	14,662	0	5

	£	s.	d.
By Donations and Subscriptions:—			
General	8,451	3	1
Boxes and Books	1,005	8	5
Services of Song (less expenses)	792	1	0
	10,248	12	6
„ Legacies	2,356	2	6
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs, Rates, and Taxes, &c.)	2,057	5	5
	14,662	0	5

Audited and found correct, this 10th day of June, 1892.

W. IZARD,
147, Cannon Street, E.C.
W. W. BAYNES,
Pickhurst Wood, Bromley, Kent.
Auditors.

JAMES A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer*,
WILLIAM HIGGS,
JAMES E. PASSMORE,
Trustees.

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary*.

The Treasurer has received from the Estate of the late Mr. F. S. Coleman, for the Foundation Fund, £4,476 8s. 9d. Consols (being £5,000 less Legacy duty and expenses), paid in advance through the kindness of the Widow and Executors.

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

"I Will Give You Rest."

A COMMUNION ADDRESS AT MENTON, BY C. H. SPURGEON.*

"I will give you rest."—Matthew xi. 28.

WE have a thousand times considered these words as an encouragement to the labouring and the laden; and we may, therefore, have failed to read them as a promise to ourselves. But, beloved friends, we *have* come to Jesus, and therefore He stands engaged to fulfil this priceless pledge to us. We may now enjoy the promise; for we have obeyed the precept. The faithful and true Witness, whose word is truth, promised us rest if we would come to Him; and, therefore, since we have come to Him, and are always coming to Him, we may boldly say, "O Thou, who art our Peace, make good Thy word to us wherein Thou hast said, 'I will give you rest.'"

By faith, I see our Lord standing in our midst, and I hear Him say, with voice of sweetest music, first to all of us together, and then to each one individually, "I will give you rest." May the Holy Spirit bring to each of us the fulness of the rest and peace of God! For a few minutes only I shall call your attention to these words of the Lord Jesus; and we will begin by asking the question,—

I. WHAT MUST THESE WORDS MEAN?

A dear friend prayed this morning that, while studying the Scriptures, we might be enabled to read between the lines, and beneath the

* A great part of this Address was revised by the beloved speaker, in readiness for its insertion in the Magazine.

letter of the Word. May we have holy insight thus to read our Lord's most gracious language!

This promise must mean rest to all parts of our spiritual nature. Our bodies cannot rest if the head is aching, or the feet are full of pain; if one member is disturbed, the whole frame is unable to rest; and so the higher nature is one, and such intimate sympathies bind together all its faculties and powers, that every one of them must rest, or none can be at ease. Jesus gives real, and, consequently, universal rest to every part of our spiritual being.

The heart is by nature restless as old ocean's waves; it seeks an object for its affection; and when it finds one beneath the stars, it is doomed to sorrow. Either the beloved changes, and there is disappointment; or death comes in, and there is bereavement. The more tender the heart, the greater its unrest. Those in whom the heart is simply one of the largest valves are undisturbed, because they are callous; but the sensitive, the generous, the unselfish, are often found seeking rest and finding none. To such the Lord Jesus says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Look hither, ye loving ones, for here is a refuge for your wounded love! You may delight yourselves in the Well-beloved, and never fear that He will fail or forget you. Love will not be wasted, however much it may be lavished upon Jesus. He deserves it all, and he requites it all. In loving Him, the heart finds a delicious content. When the head lies in His bosom, it enjoys an ease which no pillow of down could bestow. How Madame Guyon rested amid severe persecutions, because her great love to Jesus filled her soul to the brim! O aching heart, O breaking heart, come hither, for Jesus saith, "I will give you rest."

The conscience, when it is at all alive and awake, is much disturbed because the holy law of God has been broken by sin. Now, conscience once aroused is not easily quieted. Neither unbelief nor superstition can avail to lull it to sleep; it defies these opiates of falsehood, and frets the soul with perpetual annoyance. Like the troubled sea, it cannot rest; but constantly casts up upon the shore of memory the mire and dirt of past transgressions and iniquities. Is this your case? Then Jesus says, "I will give you rest." If, at any time, fears and apprehensions arise from an awakened conscience, they can only be safely and surely quieted by our flying to the Crucified. In the blessed truth of a substitution, accepted of God, and fully made by the Lord Jesus, our mind finds peace. Justice is honoured, and law is vindicated in the sacrifice of Christ. Since God is satisfied, I may well be so. Since the Father has raised Jesus from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand, there can be no question as to His acceptance; and, consequently, all who are in Him are accepted also. We are under no apprehension now as to our being condemned; Jesus gives us rest, by enabling us to utter the challenge, "Who is he that condemneth?" and to give the reassuring answer, "Christ hath died."

The intellect is another source of unrest; and in these times it operates with special energy towards labour and travail of mind. Doubts, stinging like mosquitoes, are suggested by almost every page of the literature of the day. Most men are drifting, like vessels which

have no anchors, and these come into collision with us. How can we rest? This scheme of philosophy eats up the other; this new fashion of heresy devours the last. Is there any foundation? Is anything true? Or is it all romance, and are we doomed to be the victims of an ever-changing lie? O soul, seek not a settlement by learning of men; but come and learn of Jesus, and thou shalt find rest! Believe Jesus, and let all the Rabbis contradict. The Son of God was made flesh, He lived, He died, He rose again, He lives, He loves; this is true, and all that He teaches in His Word is assured verity; the rest may blow away, like chaff before the wind. A mind in pursuit of truth is a dove without a proper resting-place for the sole of its foot, till it finds its rest in Jesus, the true Noah.

Next, *these words mean rest about all things.* He who is uneasy about anything has not found rest. A thousand thorns and briars grow on the soil of this earth, and no man can happily tread life's ways unless his feet are shod with that preparation of the gospel of peace which Jesus gives. In Christ we are at rest as to our duties; for He instructs and helps us in them. In Him we are at rest about our trials; for He sympathizes in them. With His love we are restful as to the movements of Providence; for His Father loves us, and will not suffer anything to harm us. Concerning the past, we rest in His forgiving love; as to the present, it is bright with His loving fellowship; as to the future, it is brilliant with His expected Advent. This is true of the little as well as of the great. He who saves us from the battle-axe of Satanic temptation, also extracts the thorn of a domestic trial. We may rest in Jesus as to our sick child, as to our business trouble, or as to grief of any kind. He is our Comforter in all things, our Sympathizer in every form of temptation. Have you such all-covering rest? If not, why not? Jesus gives it; why do you not partake of it? Have you something which you could not bring to Him? Then, fly from it; for it is no fit thing for a believer to possess. A disciple should know neither grief nor joy which he could not reveal to his Lord.

This rest, we may conclude, *must be a very wonderful one*, since Jesus gives it. His hands give not by pennyworths and ounces; he gives golden gifts, in quantity immeasurable. It is Jesus who gives the peace of God which passeth all understanding. It is written, "Great peace have they which love Thy law;" what peace must they have who love God's Son? There are periods when Jesus gives us a heavenly Elysium of rest; we cannot describe the divine repose of our hearts at such times. We read, in the Gospels, that when Jesus hushed the storm, "there was a great calm," not simply "a calm"; but a great calm, unusual, absolute, perfect, memorable. It reminds us of the stillness which John describes in the Revelation: "I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree;" not a ripple stirred the waters, not a leaf moved on the trees.

Assuredly, our Lord has given a blessed rest to those who trust Him, and follow Him. They are often unable to inform others as to their deep peace, and the reasons upon which it is founded; but they know it, and it brings them an inward wealth compared with which the

fortune of an ungodly millionaire is poverty itself. May we all know to the full, by happy, personal experience, the meaning of our Saviour's promise, "I will give you rest"!

II. But now, in the second place, let us ask,—"WHY SHOULD WE HAVE THIS REST?"

The first answer is in our text. We should enjoy this rest *because Jesus gives it*. As He gives it, we *ought* to take it. Because He gives it, we *may* take it. I have known some Christians who have thought that it would be presumption on their part to take this rest; so they have kept fluttering about, like frightened birds, weary with their long flights, but not daring to fold their tired wings, and rest. If there is any presumption in the case, let us not be so presumptuous as to think that we know better than our Lord. He gives us rest: for that reason, if for no other, let us take it, promptly and gratefully. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." Say with David, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise."

"Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest."

Next, we should take the rest that Jesus gives, *because it will refresh us*. We are often weary; sometimes we are weary *in* God's work, though I trust we are never weary *of* it. There are many things to cause us weariness: sin, sorrow, the worldliness of professors, the prevalence of error in the church, and so on. Often we are like a tired child, who can hold up his little head no longer. What does he do? Why, he just goes to sleep in his mother's arms! Let us be as wise as the little one; and let us rest in our loving Saviour's embrace. The poet speaks of—

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;"

and so it is. Sometimes, the very best thing a Christian man can do is, literally, to go to sleep. When he wakes, he will be so refreshed, that he will seem to be in a new world. But spiritually, there is no refreshing like that which comes from the rest which Christ gives. As Isaiah said, "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing." Dr. Bonar's sweet hymn, which is so suitable for a sinner coming to Christ for the first time, is just as appropriate for a weary saint returning to his Saviour's arms; for he, too, can sing,—

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

Another reason why we should have this rest is, that *it will enable us to concentrate all our faculties*. Many, who might be strong servants of the Lord, are very weak, because their energies are not concentrated

upon one object. They do not say with Paul, "This one thing I do." We are such poor creatures that we cannot occupy our minds with more than one subject at a time. Why, even the buzzing of a fly, or the trumpeting of a mosquito, would be quite sufficient to take our thoughts away from our present holy service! As long as we have any burden resting on our shoulders, we cannot enjoy perfect rest; and as long as there is any burden on our conscience or heart, we cannot have rest of soul. How are we to be freed from these burdens? Only by yielding ourselves wholly to the Great Burden-Bearer, who says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Possessing this rest, all our faculties will be centred and focused upon one object, and with undivided hearts we shall seek God's glory.

Having obtained this rest, *we shall be able to testify for our Lord.* I remember, when I first began to teach in a Sunday-school, that I was speaking one day to my class upon the words, "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." I was rather taken by surprise when one of the boys said to me, "Teacher, have *you* got everlasting life?" I replied, "I hope so." The scholar was not satisfied with my answer, so he asked another question, "But, teacher, don't you *know?*" The boy was right; there can be no true testimony except that which springs from assured conviction of our own safety and joy in the Lord. We speak that we do know; we believe, and therefore speak. Rest of heart, through coming to Christ, enables us to invite others to Him with great confidence, for we can tell them what heavenly peace He has given to us. This will enable us to put the gospel very attractively, for the evidence of our own experience will help others to trust the Lord for themselves. With the beloved apostle John, we shall be able to say to our hearers, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us;) that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

Once more, *this rest is necessary to our growth.* The lily in the garden is not taken up and transplanted two or three times a day; that would be the way to prevent all growth. But it is kept in one place, and tenderly nurtured. It is by keeping it quite still that the gardener helps it to attain to perfection. A child of God would grow much more rapidly if he would but rest in one place instead of being always on the move. "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Martha was cumbered about much serving; but Mary sat at Jesus' feet. It is not difficult to tell which of them would be the more likely to grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This is a tempting theme, but I must not linger over it, as we must come to the communion. I will give only one more answer to the question, "Why should we have this rest?" *It will prepare us for heaven.* I was reading a book, the other day, in which I met with this

expression,—"The streets of heaven begin on earth." That is true; heaven is not so far away as some people think. Heaven is the place of perfect holiness, the place of sinless service, the place of eternal glory; and there is nothing that will prepare us for heaven like this rest that Jesus gives. Heaven must be in us before we are in heaven; and he who has this rest has heaven begun below. Enoch was virtually in heaven while he walked with God on the earth, and he had only to continue that holy walk to find himself actually in heaven. This world is part of our Lord's great house, of which heaven is the upper story. Some of us may hear the Master's call, "Come up higher," sooner than we think; and then, with what joy we shall enter upon our eternal rest! Here we rest *in* Christ, there we shall rest *with* Christ. The more we have of this blessed rest now, the better shall we be prepared for the rest that remaineth to the people of God, that eternal "keeping of a Sabbath" in the Paradise above.

III. I have left myself only a minute for the answers to my third question, "HOW CAN WE OBTAIN THIS REST?"

First, by *coming to Christ.* He says, "Come unto Me, ... and I will give you rest." I trust that all in this little company have come to Christ by faith; now let us come to Him in blessed fellowship and communion at His table. Let us keep on coming to Him, as the apostle says, "to whom coming," continually coming, and never going away. When we wake in the morning, let us come to Christ in the act of renewed communion with Him; all the day long, let us keep on coming to Him even while we are occupied with the affairs of this life; and at night, let our last waking moments be spent in coming to Jesus. Let us come to Christ by searching the Scriptures, for we shall find Him there on almost every page. Let us come to Christ in our thoughts, desires, aspirations, wishes; so shall the promise of the text be fulfilled to us, "I will give you rest."

Next, we obtain rest by *yielding to Christ:* "Take My yoke upon you, ... and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Christ bids us wear *His* yoke, not make one for ourselves. He wants us to share the yoke with Him, to be His true yoke-fellow. It is wonderful that He should be willing to be yoked with us; the only greater wonder is that we should be so unwilling to be yoked with Him. In taking His yoke upon us, we find rest unto our souls; a further rest beyond that which He gives us when we come to Him. We first rest in Jesus by faith, and then we rest in Him by obedience. The first rest He gives through His death; the further rest we find through copying His life.

Lastly, we secure this rest by *learning of Christ.* "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." We are to be workers with Christ, taking His yoke upon us; and, at the same time, we are to be scholars in Christ's school, learning of Him. We are to learn *of* Christ, and to learn *Christ;* He is both Teacher and lesson. His gentleness of heart fits Him to teach, and makes Him the best illustration of His own teaching. If we can become as He is, we shall rest as He does. The lowly in heart will be restful of heart. Now, as we come to the table of communion, may we find to the full that rest of which we have been speaking, for the Great Rest-Giver's sake! Amen.

Letter from Mrs. Spurgeon,*

CONCERNING THE DISTRIBUTION OF SERMONS TO FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

TO THE TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

DEAR FRIENDS,—For many years now, you have kindly and generously helped in the work which is so dear to my heart—the Book Fund. Regularly, every quarter, your good Treasurer has forwarded to me your loving gift of £5, and as regularly has it been used to supply the sermons and writings of our deeply-loved Pastor to the workers and toiler in far-off lands.

I am glad the opportunity has now come for you to receive publicly the sincere expression of my gratitude to you for your constant and affectionate interest in my service for the Lord's servants; and also (for it is your due), to hear a few particulars concerning the service itself, and the way in which I use the money you entrust to me.

Your "patient continuance in well-doing", your unceasing solicitude for the coming of the Saviour's kingdom in heathen lands, was a source of joy to the dear one who has gone home a little while before us. He knew of your constancy in aiding me, and rejoiced in it. His wife's life-work was precious to his heart, not only because it was her God-given and special labour of faith, but because he valued it greatly as a means of spreading the wonderful story of redeeming love, and sowing broadcast the "incorruptible seed" of the Word of God in places, as yet, barren and solitary as the waste, howling wilderness! Many a time have I heard of the sermons being found in the most unlikely places; in a lonely hut in the Australian bush; on the saloon-table of an American lake steamer; in a log cabin in the far West; in the interior of China; in the farm-houses of the Dutch Boers in Africa; exhibited in the shop-windows of towns in Norway; and in the hands, equally, of educated *Parsees* and ignorant *Pariahs* in the dark land of India!

I hope it will be pleasant for you to remember that, all these years—nearly fifteen, I think—your gifts have helped to send forth, to all parts of the world, the white-winged messengers of gospel truth, a veritable cloud of doves, bringing glad tidings of salvation and peace to those who "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

The sermons thus sent out, constantly every month, do a double duty. They go first into the homes of ministers and missionaries, and are read by them for their own comfort, refreshment, and edification. After this, they are usually, at my special request, given away or lent to those to whom they are likely to be of spiritual service. And who

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* This letter was read at the Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary meeting, referred to in this month's "Notes." It was not written for publication; but such urgent requests that it might be printed in the Magazine were received, that Mrs. Spurgeon has kindly permitted us to issue it. We are sure that the letter will be perused with much interest by our readers, and we trust that many of them will unite in praying that a rich blessing may continue to rest on the distribution of the dear Pastor's sermons both at home and abroad.

can tell whereunto this thing will be found to have grown when the reaping-time comes?

Mr. Harrald is to tell you something, in his own kind way, of the book service and its willing servant; but if you are content to listen, I want to give you just one recent instance of the way in which the money you entrust to me is expended.

There is stationed in a city in East Bengal, India, a Baptist missionary, who for years has been a recipient of the beloved Pastor's sermons. At the commencement of this year, before the dear earthly light of my life was taken from me, he wrote to me thus:—"Not a day has passed without an earnest prayer for you and yours; our thought and our love have ever been near the sick-bed at 'Westwood', and now we rejoice, *though with trembling*, praying for speedy and perfect recovery. I have been getting the sermons quite regularly, and wish to thank you again for sending them to me. God forbid that the voice of His servant should be yet hushed! The sermons are eagerly read by the native gentlemen of the town, to whom I give them, and also by the more advanced students in our College here. I have it laid on my heart to ask you for a large quantity of them, to be given away as tracts among these classes of people, and I want to establish a 'Religious Lending Library' here. Can you help me with a grant of books, please? Any books that will guide our young men, and help in Bible-reading, or speak to their hearts, will be welcome. May God incline you to send such a gift! Something tells me I need not doubt that you will do this."

Such a request from God's servant was to me a command from the "Master" Himself. I sent instructions from Menton, and 2,000 sermons, with 84 of the dear Pastor's precious books, were immediately forwarded.

Then, in April, came a most tender and touching acknowledgment, the writer seeming to think it a marvellous thing that, in the time of my own unspeakable loss, I could have thought of him, and his request. He need not have wondered. It was one of the dear Lord's ways of comforting me, to let me comfort and help others. I must quote a few sentences from the letter in question—if you can still bear with me—for the writer speaks so lovingly of him who was so dear to us all:—"May God reward you richly for your lovingkindness to the stranger in a strange land! I do indeed lift up my heart in praise as I think of the life and work of our glorified Pastor. If ever man had the world for his parish, and faithfully fed the flock of God, it was surely he. We see, and magnify in him, the love and grace of the 'Good Shepherd', who gave His life for the sheep. How wisely and tenderly he led the people 'beside the still waters', and made them to 'lie down in green pastures.' *He cannot die.* He lives on for ever in the hearts of thousands. His sermons glow with the light of the passion of the Cross. They, too, can never die, whilst there are broken hearts to heal, and sinful souls to save. I want you to pray often that they (the books and sermons) may be used for the turning of many to righteousness here in this city. I am taking them with me, as I go about from house to house. Already, in these two days, I have loaned out about a dozen of the books to those who need just the word in

season which they are fitted to give, and I am sure you will like to know that, in reading three of the books myself, my soul has been filled with the joy of the Holy Ghost."

Since this letter, I have heard again from my friend, giving further details of the mission of love accomplished among the native students by the books your kindness sent out, and speaking rapturously of the "feast of fat things" he had himself enjoyed while perusing many of them. He tells me also that he has "supplied 200 sermons to an earnest brother who lives on the Trunk Railway line from Calcutta to Delhi, who always meets the Sunday morning train, and gives a sermon to each European passenger." I know this "earnest brother" well! He has an insatiable appetite for these precious sermons, and once, when in better circumstances, sent £2 for an extra supply of them. I can never give him too many. His self-imposed task of distributing them in this unique way has been carried on now for some years; it is evidently the joy of his heart, and must be the means in God's providence of placing the gospel in the hands of many, who would not receive the message in any other fashion. You will be glad to learn that, a week or so ago, I sent 2,000 more copies to this eager worker. I expect he will soon use them up, and be longing for more.

So, you see, there is an endless chain of happy service in my hands, which passes on from one to another, and reaches far beyond my sight and knowledge. I have but let you look upon two of its silver links, two which your love has forged and added, and which help to carry life, and light, and blessing to the dwellers beyond the sea. I ask the continuance of your prayers for me. Mine is indeed a *solitary way*, but brightened by the glorious hope of ere long sharing with my beloved the "everlasting joy" which is now "upon his head." In this you also shall be partakers. What a day will that be when Pastor and people shall all meet again in heaven! What shouting of the hosts of God! What songs of praises "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood"! Oh! the very thought of it gives such wings to our faith that we can almost

"Rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be."

God bless you all! Feed the lambs wisely and tenderly. Bring the dear little ones constantly to Jesus. He will, as aforetime, "put His hands upon them", and bless them.

Your grateful friend,

Susie Spurgeon

The Relations of the Minister of Christ to the Holy Spirit.

A FUNDAMENTAL QUESTION. BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

THE minister sustains manifestly four great relations. First, he is a minister of the Word of God; secondly, of the Church of Christ; thirdly, of Christ Himself; and fourthly, of the Holy Spirit. It is of the last that we now design to write.

First of all, we should fix in our minds this, that *the Holy Spirit is a Person.* A very distinguished, but very erratic, minister of the gospel in America defined the Holy Spirit as "a thin and shadowy affluence proceeding from the Father and the Son." What a definition of the Spirit of God, that likens that Spirit to the breath issuing from a human body, vital indeed, but not personal! In the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we have abundant and conclusive proof, first, that the Spirit of God is a Person, and secondly, that He is a Divine Person. In the third verse, we read that Peter said, "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?" We cannot lie to an influence, we can only lie to a person. In the fourth verse, Peter says, "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." The Holy Spirit is therefore a Person, and a Divine Person. He must be thought of in His personality, conceived of in His personality, and communed with in His personality.

Again, we must remember that *the Holy Spirit's special sphere is the application of redemption.* The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit are equally interested and identified with the redemptive work. The Father conceived it as a plan, the Son executed it as a work, the Holy Spirit applies it as a saving and sanctifying power. Neither of these Persons of the Trinity invades the province of the other. God the Father did not execute redemption, He left it to the Son; the Son did not apply redemption, He left it to the Spirit; and therefore He said, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." The application of the word, the blood, and the life of Christ by the way of instruction, justification, and sanctification, depended upon the work of the Holy Spirit; and when Christ had executed and finished the redemptive work, He retired from the sphere, and the Holy Ghost entered, and began His applying work.

These thoughts are designed simply to be introductory; and now we approach the heart of our theme, which, for brevity and perspicuity's sake, we may divide under three heads: first, *the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Light;* second, *the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Love;* and third, *the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Life.*

I. First, THE HOLY SPIRIT IS THE SPIRIT OF LIGHT. In the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, fifth chapter, and nineteenth verse, we read, "Quench not the Spirit." This word, "Quench", is essentially appropriate, as it is applied to the extinguishing of a fire or a light, and it is here undoubtedly applied to the hindering of the shining of the Spirit. Now, there are two ways in which the Spirit becomes the

light of the believer; first, in shining into and in the believer himself, and then in shining out of him upon others. We are here bidden not to quench the Spirit; we must neither hinder His inshining nor His outshining. All our inward light, our nature, condition, and character depend upon the Spirit's enlightening power. He must first enlighten us while we are yet in sin; otherwise we shall neither see our sin nor our salvation. Then, after we believe, he must further illumine us so that we shall be more and more acquainted both with ourselves and with our Redeemer. Then, being illumined, the light must shine from us and through us, so that we shall ourselves be lights in the world, and enlighten other souls that are still in the darkness of the shadow of death.

We all understand what connection a window has with light from without, and light from within a building. When the light is without, and the darkness within, the window is the medium for the transmission of external light; when the light is within, and the darkness without, the window is likewise the medium of transmission for internal light upon external darkness; hence, in the passage of light either way, everything will depend upon this, whether the window be shut and darkened, or whether it be opened and the light unhindered from passing through it. We quench the Spirit's inshining and outshining alike by *the interposition of our carnal nature* between ourselves and God on the one hand, or between ourselves and human souls on the other. If we want the light to shine into us clearly, we must present the medium that to as small a degree as possible obstructs the light; and so, if we desire the light, when once shining within us, to reach other souls, it must have a clear and unobstructed passage; hence the necessity in the minister of Christ of keeping the flesh under. Paul says, in the ninth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, "I keep under my body," literally, I buffet my body, or strike it under the eye, that is, I give the flesh a felling blow, in order that it may not stand between me and God, or between me and service to souls. There is something in the flesh which has a tendency to obscure the things of God. The moment that appetite, avarice, or ambition becomes prominent and dominant, that moment eternal things are shut out from the vision of the soul. There is a passage in the second Epistle to the Corinthians, fourth chapter, third and fourth verses, which it has always seemed to me should be differently translated: "But if our gospel be hid, it is hid by those things which perish, by which the god of this world has blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine into them." There is at least here a very valuable suggestion, that when eternal things are hidden from the gaze of the soul it is by the interposition of carnal things. As the hand, when placed before the eye, may shut out a whole heavenly prospect, so Satan, by the intervention of a worldy object, or idolatrous love, may shut out the sight of divine things. The moment that the lusts of the flesh, or even its comparatively innocent enjoyments, absorb and engross us, that moment we become dull in vision as to celestial things; and it is of the highest importance to any godly man or woman, and especially to a minister of Jesus Christ, that the flesh

should be kept under subjection to the reason, conscience, and will, and that over all the Spirit of God should undisputedly preside. There is this philosophy in fasting, that it brings into subjection bodily appetite, and teaches us how far we are in danger of being brought under the control even of bodily hunger. A man who eats to satiety, so that he becomes torpid and stupid, and dull and heavy, just so far unfits himself for the highest intellectual and spiritual activity; and it will be found that the men who have possessed most grace, and wielded most spiritual power, have been the men who have habitually kept the body and all its lusts, desires, and passions, under the supreme control of an enlightened reason, and conscience, and of the Holy Spirit of God. There will be the clearest insight into divine truth, and the greatest force in unfolding that truth, in him who has most complete control over himself.

Another way in which we may quench the Spirit's inshining is by *prejudice against the channels through which He is pleased to communicate hidden light.* In the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, fifth chapter, and nineteenth verse, we read, "Quench not the Spirit," and in the twentieth verse, as though there were some connection between the two, Paul says, "Despise not prophesyings." Prophecies were divine instructions on spiritual things that came through God's chosen instruments or agents. Sometimes they belonged to the poor, weak, base, and despised of the earth, and the tendency of refinement and culture and learning would be to turn away from these channels, and refuse to receive light through them, as the Greeks did, who esteemed preaching "foolishness", because it came through unlearned and unscholarly tongues. We must learn as children of God and as ministers of Christ to receive light from whatever source it comes, and to separate the man from his message. In Michigan, I remember an old coloured man who had been a slave, and who was known as "Father Johnson", who could scarcely read or write, but whom God marvellously taught, and to whose humble cabin disciples made pilgrimages for hundreds of miles that they might sit at his feet, and learn of him concerning the things of God. Members of a church sometimes conceive a prejudice against the minister: they do not like his looks, the colour of his hair, the cut of his clothes, his pronunciation, gesticulation, or pulpit manners; some slight thing awakens a prejudice, and they despise his prophecies, and shut out from their minds the light that comes through that particular medium. This is another way of quenching the Spirit. God sometimes withholds light from us until we are ready to receive the light through any channel that He appoints.

II. Secondly, THE HOLY SPIRIT IS THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

It is to be feared that we do not appreciate how much the Spirit is identified with the love of God; in fact, the Holy Spirit is the only Person of the Godhead that in the New Testament is not presented in the aspect even of *holy* anger. We have frequent exhibitions of divine anger in God the Father. We read even of "the wrath of the Lamb"; but we never hear of the wrath of the Holy Spirit; He is never represented as dealing in anger. The nearest passage in the Bible to suggesting this is that in Isaiah, sixty-third chapter, and tenth verse: "They vexed His Holy Spirit," but this may be

interpreted, "They vexed His holy heart." It may not refer to the third Person of the Trinity, but to God the Father; and even in that case the word used is a mild one, "vexed", and means to grieve, or cause pain, and is the nearest equivalent in the Hebrew to the Greek word used by Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians, fourth chapter, and thirtieth verse: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." This word is especially used with reference to a Person, and indicates the paternal, maternal character of the Spirit of God. The only form which the Spirit of God assumed is that of a dove, in which form he descended upon Christ in baptism, and the dove is of all creatures the most proverbially marked by affection.

The Spirit, in fact, seems to be *the special incarnation of the love and grace of God*, His favour to undeserving souls; and therefore it is of the first importance that we should conceive of what Paul calls, in his Epistle to the Romans, "the love of the Spirit", that we should conceive of Him as a Person who personally loves the souls for whom Christ died, whose personal love for these souls impels Him to regenerate, sanctify, and perfect them in the image of God. Jude tells us to keep ourselves in the love of God. How can we better keep ourselves in God's love than by abiding and basking in the warmth of the Spirit's presence, cultivating the sense of His personal love to us, and seeking to respond more and more in love to Him? When we think of the Spirit of God, we should think of the tender, cherishing, nourishing mother. In the fifteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel we have three representations of the lost found. The third, which is the story of the father and the prodigal son, may stand for the first Person of the Trinity. The first of these representations, in which the shepherd seeks his sheep, naturally suggests the Son of God, the Good Shepherd; but the central representation, the woman seeking the lost piece of silver, and restoring it to its place on her necklace, how finely this suggests the Holy Spirit, the Mother of souls, who in the Church, by the use of the Word in prayer and discipline, seeks out backslidden believers, on whom is the stamp of the image and superscription of God, but who have been lost from their place on the bride's necklace, and whom She seeks to restore to their place among God's elect! No believer has rightly conceived of the Spirit until he understands this motherly love, which first gives birth to new children in the family of God, and then nurses these children at Her own breast.

As with light, love sustains a twofold relation to the believer, its inflowing and its outflowing: and we may readily grieve the Holy Ghost by interfering either with His inflow or His outflow. Now, by the outflow of the Spirit we mean the influence—or, shall I say the effluence?—of His power through us, and upon us. He has put in us the Spirit of love, and He is to so transform our tempers and dispositions as that where malice and envy and jealousy once controlled, we shall now be moved by that charity which covers a multitude of sins. Great is the power of such love when it has once transformed our inner self. In one of the battles of the American War, the soldiers of the North, at the conclusion of the victorious contest, began to minister to the wounded and dying who were lying on the battle-

field, without discrimination as to whether they were connected with the Northern or the Southern armies. They came to one Confederate soldier, and at his request ministered to him a draught of water. He looked up in his suffering, and said, "We can stand your cannon, but we cannot stand your kindness." We often attempt to subdue people by fighting them, but how seldom we seek to subdue them by loving them! Yet it is love, and not wrath, which wins the greatest victories. The traveller pulls his garment about him all the tighter when the frosty wind blows, and the hail and snow descend, but he unloosens his robe, and casts it off his shoulders, when the sun shines in his strength; and thus, if we could be rid of our fretting and chafing, our impatience, our irascibility, if we could have expurgated from us our envy and jealousy, our malice and uncharitableness, how often might we find that the warm, bright beams of an all-conquering affection had accomplished what nothing else could have done! No man more than the minister of Christ needs to know that the Spirit of God is the Spirit of love; no man more needs to know the love of the Spirit; and no man more needs to know what power there is in a heart in which such love rules and reigns. It is the essential qualification for the most effective preaching; it is the indispensable requisite to the most successful pastor.

III. Thirdly, THE HOLY SPIRIT IS THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

Here again we may find a text of Scripture very helpful. It is in the Epistle to the Galatians, the fifth chapter, and twenty-fifth verse, "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." Here again there is a twofold relation, *the relation of vitality*, and *the relation of energy*. The Spirit must make us alive, and then enable us to quicken other souls. Regeneration is being made alive by the Holy Spirit; the dead soul is quickened by His touch. We begin to live in Him; spiritual vitality takes the place of spiritual decay. The Spirit becomes the element in which we live. As the bird's element is the air, because the air is in the bird and the bird is in the air; as water is the element of the fish, because the water is in the fish and the fish is in the water; and as fire was believed to be the element in which the salamander lived and moved and had his being, so the Holy Spirit is the disciple's element. We are in the Spirit if the Spirit is in us; we breathe in this element, and we live in this element. Being vitalized by the Spirit, we must be energized by the Spirit. Our life must be in his power, and must be the exhibition of His power. We must learn to do everything in the might of the Holy Spirit.

Let me give a single illustration of the dependence of the minister of Christ upon the Spirit of life. In the Acts of the Apostles, the first chapter, and eighth verse, we read that Christ said to His disciples, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me." Notice that the marginal reading is, "Ye shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you." The power comes not after the Holy Ghost has come, but in His coming; and it is power to witness. This power is elsewhere denominated "unction", or anointing; and upon it depends, first, a spiritual knowledge or insight, and then a spiritual utterance, or an effective

declaration of God's message. Wherever a man has this power of the Holy Ghost, his speech will be with power. He may not be the means of converting all who hear his message. When Christ spoke in the synagogue at Nazareth, the people were captivated by the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth, and yet they gnashed upon Him with their teeth, and sought to cast Him down headlong from the brow of the hill on which their city was built. Stephen so spake before his accusers that they could not resist the wisdom of the Spirit with which he spake, and yet they stoned him to death. The anointing of the Holy Spirit makes the subject of the preacher mighty and irresistible, but not necessarily converting; but if it does not compel men to decide for Christ, it will at least compel them to some decision. They cannot remain indifferent or undecided; it brings them to the issue, "Will you have this Christ, or no?" and if a man is so identified with the Spirit of God that he wields this mighty power, God counts him equally successful whether men decide for life or for death.

Mr. Spurgeon's R. T. S. Pocket-book.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS MADE AT MENTON, 1891-2.

(*Concluded from page* 477.)

Jan. 30. "*Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.*"—Heb. x. 22.

I. A CLEAN HEART. "A true heart."

II. A CLEAN CONSCIENCE. "Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience."

III. A WASHED BODY. "And our bodies washed with pure water."

Jan. 31. "*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.*"—Isa. xxvi. 3.

I. WHERE WE STAY OUR MIND. "On Thee."

II. HOW GOD STAYS US. "In perfect peace." Margin, "Peace, peace."

III. HOW FAITH STAYS ON THE PROMISES.

(What a suitable promise was this for the closing hour of the month of January, 1892! The beloved Editor enjoyed it in all its fulness, for he had entered into the "perfect peace" of heaven. The bereaved company around his bed experienced much of its sweetness; for in their sorrow they stayed themselves upon the Lord.)

Feb. 1. "*Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith?*"—James ii. 5.

I. THEIR POVERTY AND ITS TRIALS.

II. THEIR WEALTH AND ITS USES.

III. THEIR ELECTION AND ITS BLESSINGS.

All this is no matter of question. "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith?"

Feb. 2. "*Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle.*"—Ps. lvi. 8.

I. OUR TEARS.

Penitent. Desiring. Pleading.
Sorrowing. Sympathizing. Rejoicing.

II. GOD'S BOTTLE.

Accept. Remember. Yield.
Remove. Sympathize. Reward.

(This text was most appropriate to the "sorrowing, sympathizing" little circle at Menton, upon whom rested the responsibility, on February 2, of making all the arrangements with respect to the precious body of the beloved Pastor. It was specially comforting to them to note that the text for February 2, on the daily calendar hanging in their sitting-room, was Hebrews xiii. 5: "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.")

Feb. 3. "*God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.*"—James iv. 6.

I. EFFECTUAL.
II. EMPHATIC.
III. EXPECTED.

Feb. 4. "*The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.*"—Ps. cxii. 6.

I. THE DISTINCTION IS REMARKABLE. "The righteous."—"The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot" (Prov. x. 7).

II. THE FACT IS WHAT WE MIGHT EXPECT.
III. THE GUARANTEE IS ALL-SUFFICIENT.
IV. THE RESULT IS MOST BENEFICIAL.

Feb. 5. "*In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.*"—Isa. xxx. 15.

Feb. 6. "*Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.*"—James i. 6.

Feb. 7. "*Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*"—Matt. v. 3.

(No outline had been made on these passages.)

Feb. 8. "*These three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree.*"—Luke xiii. 7.

"Three years."

I. A LONG TIME.
II. A SUFFICIENT TIME.
III. A LIMITED TIME.
IV. A SINGLE TIME.

Feb. 9. "*Be ye holy; for I am holy.*"—1 Peter i. 16.

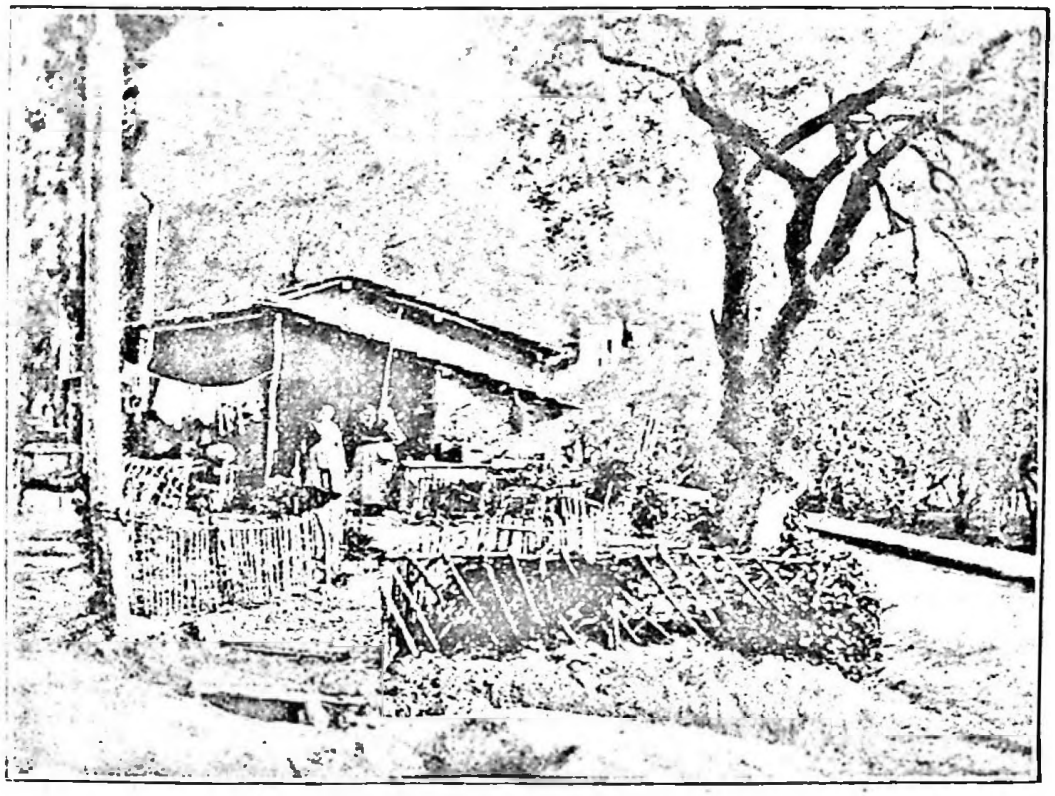
I. A MODEL. "I am holy."
II. A MOTIVE. "Be ye holy; for I am holy."
III. A PROMISE. "It is written, Ye shall be holy; for I am holy." (R.V.) See Leviticus xi. 44, xix. 2.

Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives at Menton.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

(*Continued from page 475.*)

FROM the point at which Mr. Mackenzie's view of the *Villa Chiusa* was taken, Mr. Spurgeon could see another fine mansion which he had good cause to remember. This was the *Villa Louise*, where he had such a serious fall at the close of the year 1888. I had to be at "Westwood" that winter, so was not with our beloved Pastor when he fell. I had often accompanied him, on a Sabbath afternoon, to the garden of this villa, where we could rest and read without being disturbed. The accident occurred through the slipping of Mr. Spurgeon's stick on the marble stairs; and serious as were the results of his fall, it was a mercy that they were no worse. Neither he nor the friends with him realized at first how much he was injured. In his descent, he turned a somersault, shook some money out of his pocket into his boot, knocked out two teeth that he was glad to lose, and as he picked himself up he smilingly told his alarmed companions that it was a case of "painless dentistry, with money to boot." One effect of his fall was that he was obliged to remain away much longer than he had intended, and thus indirectly it became a blessing to him, though some of the after consequences of the accident long remained.



LAITERIE ON THE BOULEVARD.

The next view in our Boulevard series is reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. W. C. Houghton. On the right-hand side of the

picture there can be seen just the fringe of the extensive olive-garden which has often brought to our remembrance—

> "Gethsemane, the olive-press!
> (And why so call'd let Christians guess,)
> Fit name, fit place, where vengeance strove,
> And griped and grappled hard with love."

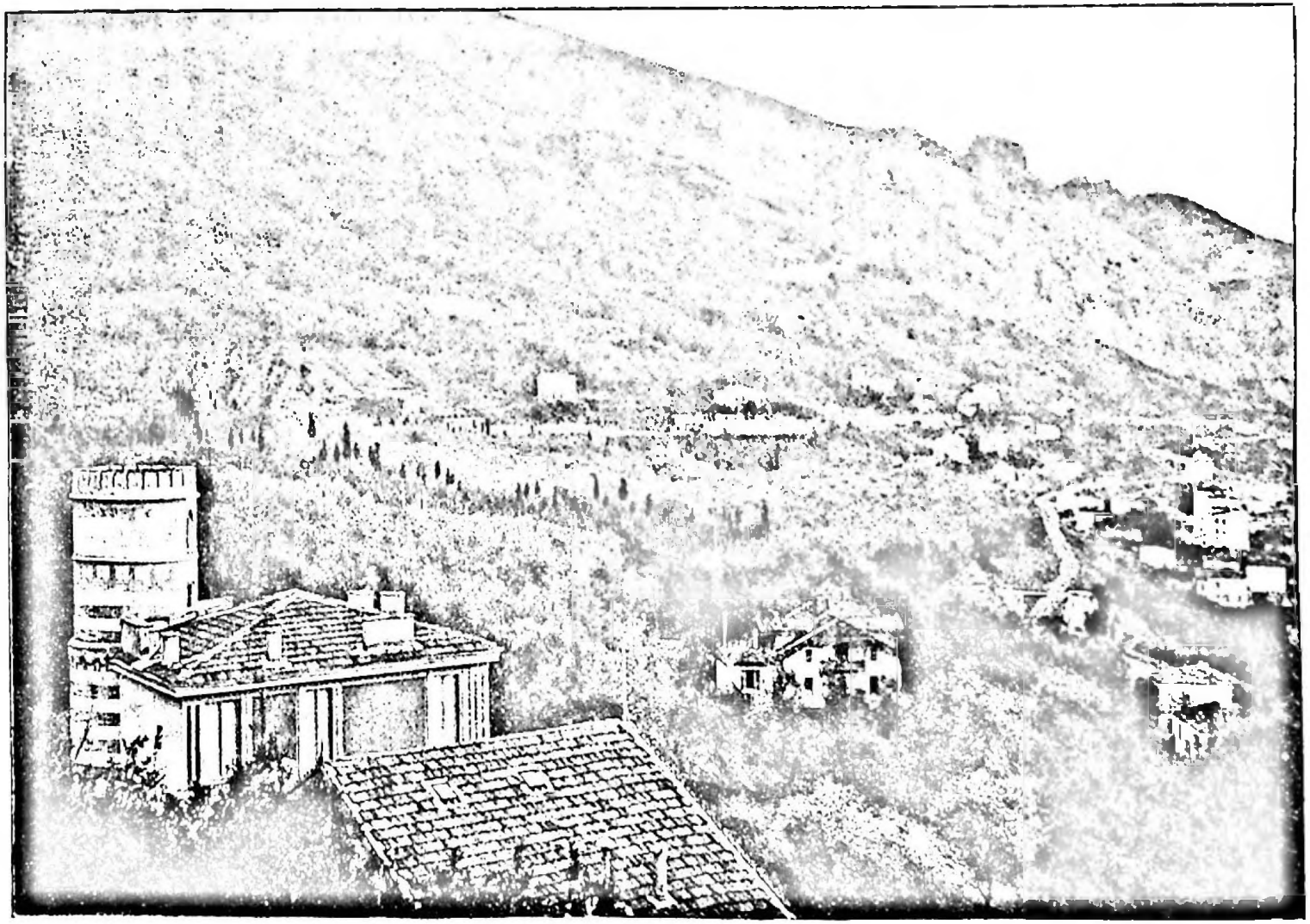
Many a time have we gone for a quiet meditation beneath the sombre shade of the trees that seem to bear, in their gnarled and twisted roots and trunks, traces of the agony of that night when in such a spot as this—

> "The Lord of life appear'd,
> And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd;
> Bore all incarnate God could bear,
> With strength enough, and none to spare."

At the back of the *laiterie* (or, dairy) is a walk which, a few years back, used to be a great favourite with Mr. Spurgeon. By easy ascents we were able to mount up to any terrace that we might choose, and there sit in the sunshine, or shelter under the trees, resting, reading, or writing, as occasion required. It was at this point that a great part of *The Clue of the Maze* was written; also several of the *Illustrations and Meditations; or, Flowers from a Puritan's Garden;* the Orphanage tract, *To Those who are Happily Married, or Hope to be;* and various articles for *The Sword and the Trowel.* What a privilege it was, to spend day after day, in such a spot, reading aloud from Manton or Brooks to the beloved one whom some mistakenly called "the last of the Puritans", and hearing from his lips the same truths that were preached in the good old days of two centuries ago; indeed, the same truths that were preached by our Lord and His apostles eighteen centuries ago!

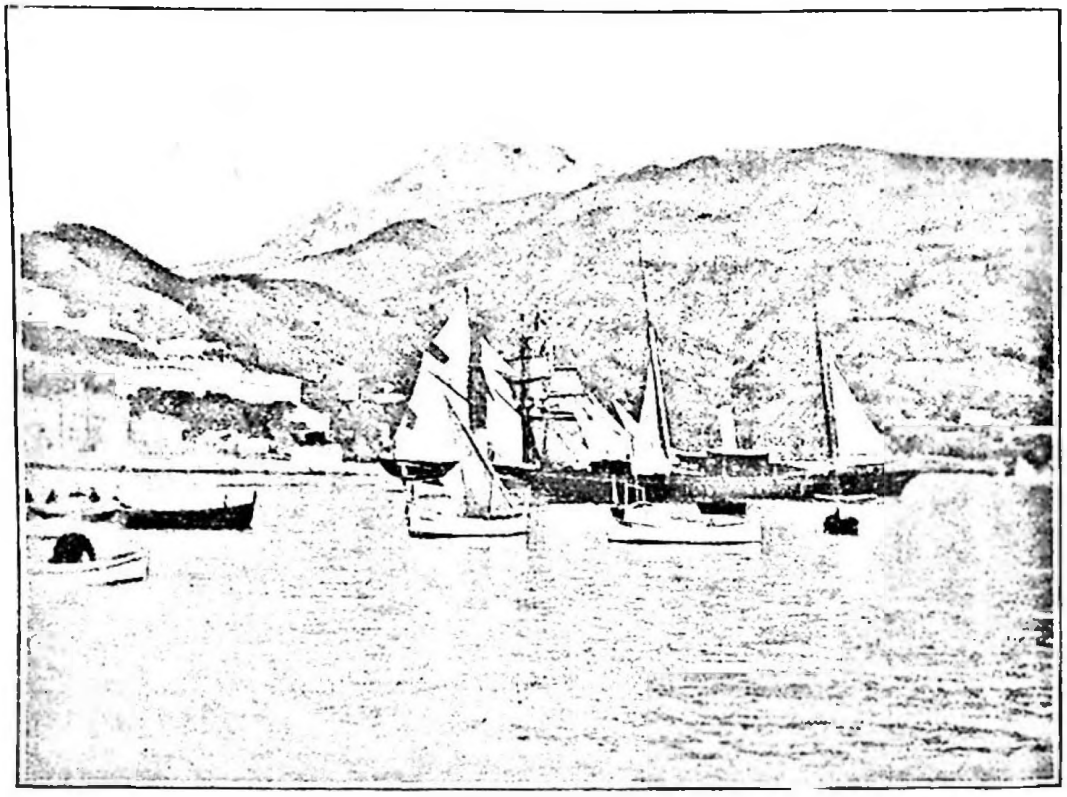
It is now time to present our readers with Mr. Mackenzie's view of the *Châlet des Rosiers*, the tasteful Swiss villa where Queen Victoria stayed in 1882. This is not the rather prominent house in the front of the picture; but the one a little further back, embowered in the olive-trees, and flanked by a long line of sentinel cypresses, which mark the course of another favourite walk of Mr. Spurgeon's in days gone by, and which leads across the Boulevard to the walk behind the *laiterie* already described. Mr. Mackenzie's photograph not only shows the winding of the railway, with the villas and gardens on either side of it; but also depicts the hills beyond the Italian frontier. That high knoll marks almost the boundary of the French Republic; the mountain across the ravine belongs to Italy. Long may those fair lands be joined in friendship, and may their fertile soil, so copiously flooded with the sunshine of heaven, never be bedewed with the warrior's blood! This is our earnest wish; but still more ardently do we long to see both France and Italy basking in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and bringing forth spiritual fruit as plentifully as now they bear the natural.

Since Mr. Spurgeon's charming description of the Boulevard was written, Mr. Henfrey, the esteemed owner of the *Châlet*, like his friend, Dr. Bennet, has passed away from the sunny shore. This fact reminds me of what Dr. Bennet once told us concerning Mr. Henfrey



CHÂLET DES ROSIERS, MENTON.

and himself. He said that, in one respect, they were both alike in being men who had realized the ideals that had been in their minds in their earlier life. While working near Baveno, Mr. Henfrey saw what seemed to him the *beau ideal* of the place he should like to possess, and in process of time it came to pass that he was able to place his house there at the disposal of her Majesty, as afterwards he had the opportunity of lending to her his home at Menton. Dr. Bennet's day-dream, in his early years, related to a tower standing in a lovely garden, overhanging the sea; and in his Saracenic tower of Grimaldi he had all that he had imagined. If any young readers of these lines want to realize *their* ideals, let them not build castles in the air; but set before themselves the highest ideal that any man can ever have, such as that of the apostle Paul when he wrote, "That I may win



MENTON HARBOUR.

Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. 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."

After the photograph of the *Châlet des Rosiers* was taken, our memorable morning drive on January 12 was nearly at an end. Mr. Spurgeon always admired the view of the little harbour as seen from the Boulevard, so we waited while Mr. Mackenzie took a photograph of it. We have not inserted his picture, as we had one already reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. Houghton just about the time here described. The harbour was a continual source of interest to our late beloved Pastor, and the entrance of an English yacht, like the one here shown, or a coal steamer flying the Union Jack, was the signal for the preparation of a parcel of sermons, Almanacks, and papers, that the British sailors might know that Mr. Spurgeon took an interest in their welfare in a foreign port as well as when he was preaching to them in the Tabernacle. We quickly reached the *cemetery*, little thinking that, three weeks later, out of the four of us then present, the best beloved one would be with his Lord, and two of his dearest friends would go to that very cemetery to witness the closing and sealing of the olive-casket containing his precious remains. Yet so it was; and we cannot yet understand the mysterious providence; but we know that all is well, for the Lord hath done it.

We descended the hill leading to the narrow entrance of the lovely *Val de Menton*: and left Mr. Allison and Mr. Mackenzie at the Evangelical French Church, where Mrs. Spurgeon had been so greatly profited by the ministry of Pasteur Delapierre; and passing through the *Rue St. Michel*, we rode along the *Quai Bonaparte*, where we had just a glimpse at the boats and vessels in the harbour as we returned to the hotel to give to Mrs. Spurgeon an account of how the happy morning had been spent.

"That's my Sermon, Sir."

BY ELDER GEORGE GOLDSTON.

SO said the gate-keeper of New Park Street Chapel, in 1855, referring to Sermon No. 41, entitled "Election", from 2 Thess. ii. 13, 14, delivered on the 2nd September of that year. "Yes, sir, here it is; this is the sermon that set my soul at liberty;" taking from his breast-pocket a well-worn copy of that wonderful sermon. This he had read again and again, until it would scarcely hold together. "My soul was indeed in trouble, sir; but now the question, 'Am I one of the Lord's chosen ones or not?' is answered by that sermon."

This was Mr. Wooster, senior, who was afterwards so useful as gate-keeper at the Surrey Music Hall; and his soul was then rejoicing in the glorious liberty of the children of God.

"THAT'S MY SERMON,"

has been said of many other discourses delivered by the beloved Pastor since that day. Strangely interesting, in many cases, is the adaptation of these particular sermons to the circumstances and experiences through which the hearers were passing at the time. It

is probably true that hundreds have testified to the personal benefit of a single sermon. How great, then, must have been the blessing of the two thousand two hundred and seventy sermons already printed!

But to have a sermon all one's own, delivered under such circumstances as the following, is rare indeed:—

"THE BEST DONATION"

is the title of *my sermon*. It was preached on the evening of the 5th April, 1891 (Census Sunday), and the number of it is 2,234. Why is it so peculiarly interesting to me? for I was not present to hear it. Because, about an hour before preaching it, the beloved Pastor sat by my bedside, for I was thought to be then dying, and he had come to say "Farewell." What a blessed time we had as we talked of the King of Glory, of His kingdom, and His kindred! How real our joy was is best described by himself in that sermon, on page 631. How real to faith was the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, and the recognition of each other, when we should meet again in the presence of our Lord! Oh, the blessedness of being free from all doubt or misgiving about the matter! This is "dying in the Lord" triumphantly; and what a joy to hear the testimony of such believers, especially to their own minister!

"I expect to play the man, when I die, as they do, resting in that self-same Saviour." So said our beloved leader, in "My Sermon"; and so he did. Up to the last moment of consciousness, Christ and His cross was all his theme; nothing for poor sinners but a crucified Saviour, and a personal appropriation, by faith, of the atonement by blood. "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." This was the secret of his success. From the first sermon down to the last he preached, this was his one theme, "Christ is all, and in all."

But he has gone; and I am yet alive, restored, active, if not strong. So strange, so mysterious, are God's dealings with His own, that none dare say to Him, "What doest thou?" Let it be sufficient for our sorrowing hearts to hear Him say, "What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter."

Yet alive, after all the years of instruction and blessed influences of personal friendship of such a Pastor. Lord, give me grace to live after his noble example; copying his humility, patience, peacefulness, zeal, holy courage, and faith!

Fellow-members of the Church at the Tabernacle, while he was yet with us, how united we were, how zealous, what loving fellowship we have had! Shall we slacken in any effort, or grow cold, and disinterested in the affairs of our beloved Church? God forbid! But the rather we will cling to our Lord, to the dear people of His choice, to the services of His house, and to the prayer-meetings; and as much as in us lies we will help on every good work, in loving gratitude for the faithful teaching we have received and the help we have had from our glorified Pastor. If any of us have been peculiarly blessed by some special sermon, let us treasure it, as I do "My Sermon", and let us spread the printed message wherever we can in loving memory of the dear one who preached it.

The Dying Moor.

ONE night, a Moor was dying in our Mission Hospital at Tangier; and Dr. Churcher, the nurse, and myself were standing by him, when all the other men-patients filed into the room, and, making their way to his bedside, urged him to confess to Mahomet, that is, to say, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." But they were unsuccessful, for the poor fellow was unconscious. Dr. Churcher sent them back to their beds.

Half an hour later, they returned, and again sought to make the unconscious man repeat the words that they thought would procure his salvation; but finding this impossible, they insisted on so placing his bedstead that, in his last moments, he should be looking towards Mecca, the Jerusalem of Mohammedanism. Thus they were satisfied, and went away to bed, and to sleep.

The man died that night, and the next morning a bier was brought, the dead man was laid upon it, and, lifting it shoulder high, the bearers marched away singing their funeral song, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." The body was laid in the grave with the face turned towards Mecca.

The millions of dark Morocco do not know that the name of JESUS is the only name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved. In life and death they trust to the name of *Mahomet*.

Remember the provision made by our Lord to meet the need of Morocco as well as of the rest of the world. I would remind you of the ancient deeds of Jehovah, of the all-sufficient work of Calvary, of the overthrow of sin and death and hell. Why did God give His Son to die? Why did Jesus leave the glory of heaven for the shame and agony of His life on earth? Was it not that Father and Son heard the woeful wailings of a ruined world, and the Father gave His only-begotten, and the Son gave Himself, that all who should believe on Him might be redeemed from the curse? Morocco needs Christ, and is perishing for lack of the knowledge that we have to give; "and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Who will go to North Africa for the Lord Jesus Christ? Who will help to send others if they cannot go themselves?

N. H. PATRICK.

The Martyrs of Blantyre.

BLANTYRE is a little smoky town in Scotland, famous as the birthplace of David Livingstone. Not this, however, but another Blantyre, planted in the heart of Africa, was the scene of the heroic witness borne by the three men of whom the record lies before us.* Yet the old Blantyre was the source from which the martyr spirit, which found its sphere at the new Blantyre, took its rise.

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* The Martyrs of Blantyre. By Rev. William Robertson, M.A. Nisbet and Co. (See Review.)

Have you ever noticed the shape of Africa?

It is like a huge harp; but instead of the silver strings running parallel to each other, they all start in the great table-land in the centre, and find their way each to a different point on the coast. There are four great strings, the Nile, which flows northward; the Niger, which flows southward; the Congo, which flows westward; and the Zambesi, which flows eastward; and it is chiefly on these four strings that the Church of Christ is now trying to produce a divine harmony amidst the horrible discords of the Dark Continent. Each of these rivers has claimed its martyrs; the three, whose devoted service and death now engage our attention, entered on their work and on their rest by the Zambesi, and lived and laboured in the Shiré Highlands, in the direction of Lake Nyassa, in connection with the Church of Scotland Mission there.

Wonderful success has crowned this effort of the Mission to Christianize and civilize the native savages, as may be judged by the picture of the splendid church which has been erected there, a church which, architecturally, would not disgrace any city in England. But the true result cannot be gauged by bricks and mortar; the best evidence is in the changed lives of the people; and when we find them meeting *every mid-day* for worship (think of that, ye British Christians, who cannot get out to a week-day prayer-meeting!), and learn that the old tribal feuds are dying away, so that now Manganja and Yao work side by side, like brothers, clothed and in their right mind, we see what, in a few years, can be accomplished by the gospel of Christ. In our picture, borrowed from the book by the courtesy of the publishers, is a sample of each tribe, both boys being ready, we hope, to be themselves missionaries in their turn.

Henry Henderson is the first of the trio of martyrs, whose death has doubly claimed the country for Christ. A son of a Scotch manse, after years of life in Queensland, he went to Africa as a missionary, and, "if he had done nothing but choose the site of Blantyre, that itself would have been worthy to be a life's work."

Dr. John Bowie is the second name in this noble army. He gave up a comfortable practice in London, to serve his Master in medical work amongst the natives of Africa; and it is mentioned as a most interesting fact, that "at the very time when all Europe was thrilled with interest, as the most eminent surgeons performed tracheotomy on the Emperor of Germany, Dr. Bowie was performing the same operation on a poor black African woman, at Blantyre, and watching with no less solicitude the result of the operation."

By-and-by diphtheria appeared, and Mr. Henderson's little boy was carried off by it, in spite of every effort that medical skill and kindness could suggest. His mother sickened, too, and Dr. Bowie, who was her brother, and who had caught the infection by fearlessly sucking the tube in the child's throat to relieve his sufferings, was also stricken down. The operation of tracheotomy had again to be performed, this time on Mrs. Henderson, and it is touching to read how her brother, in spite of his own illness, performed it successfully. Braving himself for the effort, he made them carry him from his own dying bed to the bedside of his dying sister, and there, with clear head and firm hand,

he performed the operation with all his own skill and care, giving immediate and immense relief. But all was in vain. Both brother and sister succumbed to the deadly malady, and Mr. Henderson, broken in heart and health, lingered but a little longer. Who dare say, after such heroism, that missionaries are weak, rose-water individuals, lacking grit and genius? The lie would stick in the throat of the man who attempted to utter it.



MANGANJA AND YAO.

Robert Cleland is the third on this roll of honour. Only for three years and a half did he labour; but his life is not to be measured by these limits. His Lord only laboured for as long, so we must not count service by years. He, too, had his desire to find his grave in Africa, fulfilled, having given his life to the Dark Continent. All honour to such faithful men and women! It is proposed to erect a "Bowie Hospital"; to found a "Cleland Memorial Church"; and to place a "Henry Henderson" steamer on the River Shiré. Let all this be done; but the true record of such lives is on high. Their death shall yet bring blessing through the power of the risen Christ.

Mr. Spurgeon's Visit to Rothesay in 1878.

BY PASTOR A. G. SHORT, SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT.

I WAS at Rothesay, spending a brief holiday, when our late beloved President preached there in 1878. The mere fact that Mr. Spurgeon was announced to preach created great interest all along the Clyde; and in Rothesay, as the day fixed on (Sunday, July 28th) drew near, every scrap of information concerning the proposed service was greedily devoured. On the Saturday, Bute's bright little capital received a large temporary addition to its summer population. Many yachts, too, came and anchored in the bay. Mr. Duncan's yacht, with Mr. Spurgeon on board, arrived about three p.m.; and in a few minutes the word had gone all over Rothesay, "Mr. Spurgeon is in the bay." Directly on his arrival, our dear brother Crabb (who is still the respected pastor of the Rothesay Baptist Church) and I went off in a boat to greet our President, and to tell him what preparations had been made for the morrow.

We found Mr. Spurgeon in excellent spirits; and, after an enjoyable talk, it was decided that, in the evening, we should all go for a drive. At six o'clock, therefore, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Duncan, and Mr. Higgs, sen., came ashore, where Mr. Crabb and I were in waiting with an open carriage. As Mr. Spurgeon wished to make a call on a well-known Christian lady of Rothesay, we drove first to her house. While Mr. Spurgeon was making his call, our horse, for some reason or other, took to kicking and plunging in a furious manner; and Mr. Higgs at once declared that on no account could Mr. Spurgeon be allowed to ride another yard behind such a demonstrative animal. Much therefore to the regret of the poor driver, who had shown himself quite boyish in his pleasure at the prospect of driving Mr. Spurgeon, and who protested that his horse was perfectly quiet, in spite of the kicking and plunging, which were still going on, it was decided to obtain a fresh conveyance. Mr. Higgs kindly did what he could to comfort the man in his disappointment, by liberally rewarding services which, under the circumstances, we were, of course, only too glad not to accept.

When another carriage had been obtained, we drove along the shore in the direction of Mountstuart; and before reaching the pretty little village of Kerrycroy, we left the shore, and climbed the hills, and so came round by way of Loch Ascog, a loch which lies high up above Rothesay, and which supplies the town with its splendid drinking water. On leaving Loch Ascog, we had to descend a long and somewhat steep hill. I was sitting on the box-seat, and, as the hill opened out before us, I saw at a glance that for six of us to ride down such a hill, behind a single horse, would be foolish in the extreme. I consequently suggested to the driver that some of us should get down and walk. He replied by begging me not to be afraid; and by assuring me that he knew the road well, that he knew his horse well, and that he knew the vehicle well, and could, therefore, undertake to convey us all safely down into the town. He had scarcely given utterance to this assurance, however, when the horse, which had been

trotting slowly, seemed suddenly to seize the bit between his teeth, and to plunge forward into a wild gallop. In a moment we were tearing along down towards Rothesay at something like express speed. On losing control of his horse, the driver seemed also to lose control of himself.

I am writing of what took place about fourteen years ago, and my memory may not serve me correctly in every particular; but I believe what follows will represent exactly what occurred from the moment the horse bolted. The driver, on finding his horse was off, put his feet against the dash-board, with the object, I suppose, of gaining power in pulling; but, as the dash-board yielded to his weight, his feet went over on to the horse's back. This caused him to roll on his seat; and but for the prompt aid of Mr. Duncan, who jumped up on to the seat of the carriage, and caught him from behind, he would probably have rolled off into the road, carrying the reins with him. I at once seized the reins, and, twisting one round each hand, resolved to do my best to keep the horse in the middle of the road. Assisted by Mr. Duncan, the driver quickly recovered his position; and, with Mr. Duncan holding *him*, and Mr. Crabb holding *me* (while Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Higgs kept their seats in the back of the carriage), we went swinging along, like John Gilpin, on his way to Edmonton. On reaching the bottom of the hill, we had to journey some distance on level ground, but I cannot remember exactly how far. I do remember, however, that there were some houses along the way; and that the people came rushing out, gazing at us with blank astonishment. As we neared the town, I saw that the road turned suddenly to the left, in front of a high stone wall; and I felt instinctively that, to dash into that wall, would mean death to some of us, if not to all. While wondering what could be done, I observed that a narrow road branched to the right, and passed up a slight hill at the end of the wall. For that road I decided to make, and therefore asked the driver to pull with all his might at the right-hand rein. Our united strength proved sufficient to turn the horse from his course, and our carriage-wheel, as Mr. Duncan afterwards found, cleared the lamp-post at the corner of the wall by just six inches. We were thus saved from what must have been a fearful crash.

Within a few yards of the top of the slight hill I have referred to, our steed was reluctantly compelled to stop. An earnest "Thank God!" fell from Mr. Spurgeon's lips as he stepped from the carriage. He then, in his kind and generous way, thanked me heartily for the part I had been able to play in the matter. The feelings of the whole party at the moment were well expressed by our President, who compared himself to a piano which had been thumped on for an hour, and said he was vibrating from head to foot. With the exception, however, of a break or two in the harness, and some skin torn from my hands by the reins, we had escaped scot-free from a most dangerous position; and we could not help devoutly thanking God for his wonderful goodness to us.

The next morning (Sunday) Mr. Spurgeon was present at the Baptist Chapel, where he heard a sermon from Mr. Crabb which gave him manifest pleasure, and to which he afterwards referred in terms

of warm approval. The afternoon was spent quietly on board the yacht; and in the evening Mr. Spurgeon preached with great power from the top of a porch to a congregation, supposed to number fifteen or twenty thousand, which had assembled in the open-air, near the Rothesay Academy. I need hardly say that the service was a great success, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. When it was over, Mr. Spurgeon did not immediately return to the yacht; but when, half-an-hour later, he came down to the shore to do so, he found that a large portion of his audience had taken up positions along the sea-wall to witness his departure. On the boat moving off, the silent waving of many hundreds of handkerchiefs told how truly he was loved in Scotland.

At ten o'clock on the Monday morning, Mr. Crabb and I went out to the yacht, at the special invitation of Mr. Spurgeon. We found him little or none the worse for the exertion of the previous evening. He seemed delighted to see us; and for an hour or so he kept us laughing by relating to us amusing stories, many of which we shall certainly never forget. After a while, word came down that a gentleman had come on board to see Mr. Spurgeon. The visitor turned out to be a gentleman who desired to present him with some photographic views of Rothesay and the neighbourhood. They chatted for some time; and then, when about to go, the gentleman said, in Gaelic, something which meant, "Good-bye, God bless you!" Mr. Spurgeon, who did not of course understand Gaelic, at once held up his finger, and said, with splendid mock solemnity, "There is no bad language allowed on board this yacht, *if you please*." For a moment the Scotch gentleman did not seem to see the point of the joke; but when he did so, he laughed, and replied, "But, you know, Mr. Spurgeon, they say that Gaelic was the language spoken in the Garden of Eden." "Yes," answered Mr. Spurgeon, without a moment's hesitation, "I believe it was; but it was after the devil got in, you know, *not before*."

In the afternoon, we went as a party to the Rothesay Aquarium, where Mr. Spurgeon seemed greatly interested in many of the things we saw. He was specially attracted by a fish (a cod, I think it was), which bore the name of Peter, and which came at once to the surface of the water at the call of its attendant. For this act of prompt obedience it received, as a reward, a small portion of food. Again and again it came up at the attendant's call, and it seemed delighted to jump over his bare arm in the water; but it would not respond to the call of anybody else. We all tried it in turn; but it took no notice. Then Mr. Spurgeon asked the attendant to call it once more. He did so, and up it came as before. "Ah!" said Mr. Spurgeon, "it is like Christ's sheep, that know *His* voice; but they know not the voice *of strangers*." He then added, "What a blessed thing it would be for us if we responded to our Master's call as readily as that fish does to the call of its keeper!" On leaving the Aquarium, we signed our names in the visitors' book; and then our President, Mr. Duncan, and Mr. Higgs, returned to the yacht. In this way Mr. Spurgeon's memorable visit to Rothesay was brought to a close.

I dare not conclude this paper without saying a word concerning my own personal indebtedness to the great preacher. Twenty-five

years ago, I was taken as a young man to the Tabernacle. We arrived late, and found the building crowded from floor to ceiling. We could therefore only obtain standing-room just inside the doors of the first gallery. The sermon that evening led to my conversion, and from that day to the day of his death, I always found dear Mr. Spurgeon as kind and thoughtful as a father, and as simple and humble as a little child. He was far and away the grandest man I ever saw; and my heart aches at every remembrance of his death. May God help those of us who loved him, to try to live as he lived!

"Remember Me."

WE meet around Thy table, Lord,
In token of our love to Thee,
Drawn hither by Thy parting word,—
"Remember Me."

Fain would we close our eyes to all
Around us, and see only Thee,
While low and sweet those accents fall,—
"Remember Me."

Behold, we take the bread and wine,
As at the first ordained by Thee,
And listen to that word divine,—
"Remember Me."

How near Thou comest in this rite,
How plainly Thy dear face we see,
And hear Thee say, as on that night,—
"Remember Me."

Yet, as we come together thus,
We blush for very shame, that we
Should need that Thou should'st say to us,—
"Remember Me."

But while our sorrowing hearts are stirred
With grief for sin, O let us see
How much of love is in that word,—
"Remember Me."

Down to the end of life, dear Lord,
Let us go hand in hand with Thee,
Still hiding in our hearts Thy word,—
"Remember Me."

And when—by earth and heaven adored—
In robes of light and majesty,
Thou comest in Thy kingdom, Lord,
Remember *me*.

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

Garments as a Gift.

"ARE you in want of a suit of clothes just now?" said a well-to-do man to a ministerial friend, in my presence, some time ago.

"Yes, I need a suit very much; but I expect it will be a long time before I get one," was the reply.

"You can get a suit very cheap now," said the first speaker.

"Yes, I know that; but there are several others at our house besides myself who require clothing," was the reply; "and it takes me all my time to keep things going. By the time we have had a new pair of boots all round it is time to begin again."

"Then you are not likely to be a rich man for some time to come?"

"Rich!" was the quick reply, "I never expect to be rich till I get to heaven."

"Then you do hope to get to heaven some day?"

"I do not *hope*," replied the minister, a little mystified by the conversation; "I know by the grace of God my heavenly home is secure for me, and that there all my wants will be abundantly supplied."

"But I suppose you sometimes feel you could do with a little more of this world's goods, do you not?" continued the gentleman in whose house we were.

"Well, yes," said the good brother, "perhaps I could; for though poverty is no sin, it is sometimes very inconvenient. Sometimes my faith is a little tried."

"But I thought you preached faith to your people every Sunday."

"Yes, I do; and I often need my sermons quite as much as my people do. It is far easier to preach than to practise."

"Well," said the gentleman, "if a good suit of clothes is of any service to you, I can help you. I have a suit of black cloth much too small for me, and just about your size; and if they will fit you, you can have them, and welcome."

He rang the bell; the clothes were brought in for inspection, and when they were tried on, they seemed to fit as if they had been made to measure. They looked, too, as if they had just come fresh from the tailor's hands.

"You can have them," said the gentleman, "if they are of any use to you."

"What do you mean?" said the preacher, looking at his friend with astonishment.

"Just what I say," was the reply.

"You are surely joking."

"Indeed I am not; if you are not above accepting a present, you are quite welcome to them."

"You must be teasing me," was the reply. "But in all seriousness, if these clothes are misfits, you will let me have them at a reasonable price. I should have no objection to buying them."

At this point the gentleman, who had carried on all his conversation in a most humorous style, became more calm and serious, and said:—

"No, they are not for sale. Do you like them?"

"Yes, very much."

"Do they fit you?"

"They could not fit me better."

"Are you above accepting them as a present?"

"Oh, no! quite the contrary."

"Then you can have them, and welcome."

"But they look quite new."

"So much the better."

"And you really mean it?"

"Yes, certainly," said his friend, with a smile.

"On seeing the smile, doubts again began to arise, and he said, "I cannot help thinking, even now, that you are joking." Turning round to me, he said, "What do you think?"

"Well," I replied, "I know our friend better than you do; and if he had said half as much to me as I have heard him say to you, I should have tied up the parcel long ere this."

"Then, if you really mean it," he said, "I will gladly accept the gift, and thank you very heartily; but——"

"Then you cannot trust my word?" said the giver.

"I am sorry to doubt you," he said; "but it is such a valuable and unexpected present, and your manner has been so jocular, that I thought it must be a practical joke on your part."

"So it is," said the gentleman; "these are the kind of practical jokes I like to indulge in."

And so the clothes changed hands, and all doubt ceased when the good brother walked out of the house with the parcel under his arm.

How many people there are in this world who are just like this man with the clothes! God offers them salvation as a free gift; but they will not believe him. They either see some peculiarity in the servant who makes the offer, or they are quick to conjure up some reason why they should not accept it. "I am unworthy," says one. So you are, but God will not withhold the blessing on that account. "I am so poor," says another. Just so; then there is all the more reason why you should receive the gift God offers you. "It is such a valuable gift," says a third. Yes, but that is the very reason why you should prize it the more. "It is so unexpected." That should give you all the more joy in receiving it. "But I cannot think God means what He says." Then remember that your doubting God is an insult to Him. He gives you His word, and He offers you eternal life. Though you have delayed long, like this brother with the clothes, at length, like him, accept the gift which is offered to you. The garments of salvation may be yours for the taking. How glad I should be if my weak words should be the means of leading you to trust the Word of God, as that day they led this minister to faith in the word of my friend!

J. Manton Smith.

The Sick Lamb.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE following lines were written in the album of an invalid child, who has since been taken to the upper fold.

There's not one sheep in all the flock
The Shepherd does not prize;
Each has its portion from His hand,
And love-looks from His eyes.

Yet He reserveth for the young
The choicest and the best:
The lambs He gathers in His arms,
And folds them to His breast.

And if amongst these happy lambs
That in His kindness share,
There's one that's halt, or sick, or faint,
It has especial care.

How safe the fold—those arms divine!
What warmth—that heart of love!
Oh! surely this is heaven below,
What will it be above?

"Another Gem in the Saviour's Crown."

REGULAR readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* hardly need to be informed as to who MR. WILLIAM GIBSON was. Alas! that we have now to say *was;* for God has taken him. The sad news of his decease has just reached us, together with a few details concerning his last days. From these we learn that his end was peace. For some time the patient had been growing weaker, and early on the morning of June 27 he "passed peacefully away", at the ripe age of 73. He literally "fell on sleep."

"How sweet to die like this!
The soul outbreathed, as incense, on the breast of its Redeemer."

"So He giveth His beloved sleep." But what an awakening was his! By this time he has enjoyed two months in glory. He has beheld the Saviour, whom, having not seen, he loved; and, I doubt not, that he has ere this met the dear departed Pastor, whose work for God he so nobly helped, but whose voice he had never heard.

"O happy saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more!"

My dear friend (for thus I *must* speak of him) was a native of the fair island of Tasmania; and by successful farming, and especially by sheep-breeding, made his name notorious. Who that has had anything to do with colonial sheep or wool, that has not heard of Gibson's merinos?

But our friend's fame rests on something nobler far. "He served his generation by the will of God," and used his well-earned wealth, *while he was yet alive*, for the promotion of the gospel. Being a Baptist of the out-and-out sort—a Baptist with a backbone—he determined to support the interest of his own denomination. Seven or eight Tasmanian Tabernacles bear lasting witness to his generosity. Beside many of these stands a manse, erected by the same generous hand, and the Baptist Union of Tasmania rejoices in very substantial monetary assistance.

Nobly aided in these good works by his wife and son, Mr. Gibson had always in hand some fresh enterprise for God. It was no easy task to get a denomination securely planted which had come all too late into the field; but Mr. Gibson, ere he was called up higher, had the joy of seeing the work prospering all along the line.

Nor was it only in these more public and prominent ways that he dispersed his goods. His charities were many. Living himself in old-time simplicity, he practised with unsparing hand a liberality which was all the better for not being indiscriminate. His pretty home was ever open for weary workers in the Lord's vineyard. Very often has it been my privilege to rest and be thankful at "Native Point." How welcome I was always made! There I was "like a child at home", and no small grief is mine at the removal of "my Tasmanian father."

I loved him because he loved my Saviour.

I loved him because he loved "my gospel" (2 Tim. ii. 8).

I loved him because he loved my father and his sermons.

I loved him because of him I had often to say, "He loveth our (denomi) nation, and hath built us a synagogue."

In our prayers let us earnestly remember his lonely widow and the worthy son of a noble sire. Thus do the ranks of the Church triumphant increase. What bliss is his who lately suffered here! Well may his dear ones say that they would not bring him back if they could. Bring him back again? That would be cruel indeed. He is with Christ, which is "very far better" (Phil. i. 23, R.V.), and we shall go to him!

"Then why should our tears run down,
And our hearts be sadly riven?
There's another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another saint in heaven!"

T. S.

Notices of Books.

Answered Prayer. "A Book of Remembrance Written before God." By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Passmore and Alabaster. Price sixpence.

A LITTLE book, yet one that may become very valuable, if rightly used. Dr. Pierson says that he prepared it with the "hope of helping fellow-believers to cultivate a practice, which, beyond almost any other, has brought me blessing." The practice referred to is that of keeping "a sacred record of prayers offered, and of answers granted." In addition to the preface, there are texts of Scripture containing "Seven Great Conditions of Prevailing Prayer", and "Seven Great Promises to Praying Souls." The greater part of the booklet is ruled for entries under the following headings:—"Date of Prayer begun." "Particular Petition asked of God." "Particular Promises pleaded." "Date and Circumstances of Answer." Many of our readers will the more readily purchase this little work when they know that all profits from its sale are to be applied to the "C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund."

Ten Years in my First Charge. By Rev. Alexander Hugh Scott, M.A. Toronto: Hart and Co.

It was with great delight that Mr. Spurgeon read the following testimony to the influence he had exerted over this Presbyterian minister:—"Horatius Bonar led me to see Christ as my Saviour. Charles H. Spurgeon led me to see Christ in my Bible. Before these revelations from the Spirit, through Spurgeon's instrumentality, I had hazy views of the Word of God. . . . I wanted to understand the Bible, and was praying that my wish might be gratified. Providentially, about this time, I had placed in my hand one of Spurgeon's published sermons. That one brought me into a new land. It was through meditating upon that discourse that the Spirit of God led me to realize Christ as the central figure of the Old and New Testaments. . . . . To Spurgeon, therefore, I feel bound to express my indebtedness for having first shown me the living Christ in the living Word of God."

The book contains an exceedingly interesting record of Mr. Scott's ten years' pastoral experience in Owen Sound, Western Ontario; and relates many incidents which will be instructive both to ordinary readers and to Mr. Scott's brethren in the ministry. From the specimens of his preaching that are given in the volume, we should judge that his congregation has been highly privileged in having such a divinely-qualified teacher. We can fully endorse the verdict of Dr. Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University, Ottawa, upon this volume:—"There is a freshness and charm in its pages which greatly pleases me. It will prove especially interesting to young ministers, who will attach importance to your experience; but all who read it will derive profit, as I have."

The Infallible Word. A Criticism of the Rev. R. F. Horton's book, "Inspiration and the Bible." By Henry Varley. Alfred Holness.

Mr. Varley has been blamed for writing with so much vigour this "Up-grade Criticism", even by some who rejoice that he has undertaken the task. To us, his work resembles that of Moses demolishing the golden calf; for the modern methods of destructive criticism are like the "new gods, that came newly up," with which the Israelites provoked Jehovah to jealousy in the olden time. No doubt the idolaters thought that Moses was unnecessarily severe when he burnt their precious idol, ground it to powder, strewed its dust on the water, and made the people drink of it; but his was righteous indignation. It is thus that Mr. Varley deals heavy blows, not at Mr. Horton, but at his heresies; and in smiting *them*, we say, "More power to his arm!" Incidentally, he does show that if the writer of *Inspiration and the Bible* had been better acquainted with the Book he was attempting to criticize, he would not have had so many mistakes in his book. Of course, we do not endorse everything that Mr. Varley says; but we heartily commend his volume, and wish it a wide circulation. It is published in paper covers, at 1s.; and in cloth boards, at 2s. In the Appendix, there is a very needful exposure of the tactics of Dr. Clifford's friends, who tried to gain approval of his erroneous teaching on "Inspiration" by quoting a *Sword and Trowel* review of another book, written several years ago! Verily, the learned doctor has good reason to cry, "Save me from my friends!"

The Development of Revelation. By E. Reeves Palmer, M.A., North Shields. C. S. Palmer, 100, Southampton Row.

The writer holds that inexplicable paradoxes are presented to believers in Verbal Inspiration when they attempt to formulate their belief in a logical way. His idea is that spiritual truth has been gradually revealed; and that Inspiration was the suffusion of the mind with an idea to which God's servants could not but give expression. So far as our experience goes, we have found the "inexplicable paradoxes" to belong rather to other views of Inspiration than to what is known as Verbal or Plenary. As our author proceeds, he displays his loyalty to the Lord, and even to Scripture, by

vindicating its verbal statements (*e.g.*, the first chapter of Genesis) with the latest utterances of science. To the student who knows how to profit by such a book, it will be useful and suggestive. But for the mistaken postulate he starts with, and an unwarranted deference to evolution, we should commend the book. As it is, we quote the text at the head of Study II., "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and hold the controversy settled for those who, like the author, defend this rendering of the text. Observe, it is not the *thought*, but the *Scripture*, the writing itself, of which Inspiration is predicated. Mr. Palmer likens the history of the race to the life of an individual, and thinks that God taught some special truth at each successive epoch. In expressing God's mind as to this, the prophet was fully inspired. Ages passed and revelation developed, leaving the main ideas and moral truths infallible, but historic details and minor matters on the lower plane of common knowledge. Then *all* Scripture would not be inspired! Whenever we taste the new wine of these modern views, candour compels us to avow, in the golden blaze of God's own truth, "the old is better."

The Gospel of St. Paul the Apostle. By RALPH SADLER. Nisbet and Co.

PAUL certified the brethren that the gospel he preached was not of man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ (Gal. i. 11, 12). This portly volume is an attempt to clearly grasp the gospel thus taught by Paul. The author, with much careful skill and patience, has translated the Pauline Epistles (he does not think Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews), and the Acts of the Apostles as recording much of Paul's preaching and work. Based on Tischendorf's revised text, hints from other versions, from Septuagint quotations to Dean Alford, have been utilized, notes and appendices added, making, with the free translation, a valuable commentary on these Scriptures. We do not think all the renderings the best possible, or that they are always an improvement on our received text; but they invariably help to shed light on the meaning of the author. The excursus on the Βῆμα [Bema], translated judgment-seat in 2 Cor. v. 10, suggesting *pulpit* (not in the modern sense, however), or *rostrum*, is useful, but not exhaustive.

A Key to the Psalms. By the late REV. THOMAS BOYS, M.A. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and an Appendix on the Structure of the Psalms as a whole, by REV. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D. With Preface and Memoir, by REV. S. THELWALL, B.A. 7, St. Paul's Churchyard.

FORMIDABLE as the title seems, it is not overdone. The author was an accomplished Hebrew scholar, and perceiving the doctrine of Parallelism, or, as he calls it more fully and accurately, "Correspondence", in the structure of Holy Writ, he shows how the beauties of poetry are combined with the exactness of truth, as the perfect plan of each Psalm is traced. New beauties, and hidden truths, are thus brought to light. The editor's work is done so well that, if possible, it excels the author's. His Appendix, showing the correspondence between the five books of the Psalms and the Pentateuch, is admirable. Altogether, this is an invaluable book for ministers, teachers, and Bible students.

The Book of Psalms, with Explanatory Notes. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is mainly a reprint from the new and enlarged edition of the "Annotated Paragraph Bible." The Authorized Version is given in metre, and various renderings are added, as well as Notes in explanation. A valuable Introduction will help the average reader to a better understanding of this great "Treasury of David."

The Martyrs of Blantyre. By Rev. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, M.A. Nisbet.

A CHOICE memorial of three worthy soldiers of Christ. The record of such lives should be like fuel to the fire of missionary enthusiasm. Half-a-crown will be well invested in the purchase of this book. We devote a page or two to it in this month's Magazine.

God's Champion, Man's Example. A study of the conflict of our Divine Deliverer. By Rev. H. A. BIRKS, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

IN his treatment of the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, Mr. Birks has aimed at the instruction and strengthening of the average believer, and has succeeded. Devotional, rather than speculative; practical, more than critical; it is an admirable little book for the upbuilding of the tried and tempted. There is little that to the student is fresh or suggestive; but, in the well-beaten path, the author has culled some flowers of charm and sweetness, perfumed with lowly love to the Saviour.

Fellowship with Christ, and other discourses delivered on special occasions. By R. W. DALE, LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHATEVER Dr. Dale writes, is worthy of careful reading; having cost study, it claims it. As a theologian, he is always solemn, serious, and devout, manifestly set on finding the truth for himself, and then declaring it to others. The flippancy of the modern pulpiteer—commonly called "splendid audacity"—never appears in him; but that far more precious grace of the true theologian, the sitting at the feet of Jesus to learn of Him. So that, when we least agree with Dr. Dale, we none the less esteem and love him. The present volume is a collection of "sermons on special occasions", having little or no unity except that many of them are on foreign missions. They are fine specimens of Dr. Dale's peculiar style of thinking and expression; manly, devout, stimulating, and, for the most part, Scriptural.

If there were a stronger insistence on the work of supernatural regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and a clearer utterance as to the vicarious character of the Atonement, we should have nothing but praise for these sermons.

Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. By Rev. J. MACPHERSON, M.A. Edinburgh: Clark.

AN excellent and valuable addition to the list of commentaries on this masterly Epistle. The man who has grasped the Epistle to the Ephesians has secured a fine Body of Scriptural Divinity, and this volume will help him greatly to this. Our author is a man of scholarly attainments all sanctified to the service of the Master. He deals fully and faithfully with the Word of God; listening to, and then uttering its teachings rather than obtruding his own notions upon it. He is not in terror of Calvinism—that latest bogey to frighten theological babies—when it means the proclamation of God's sovereign grace as the only hope of salvation for lost sinners.

The exposition of the text is acute, suggestive, reverent: the theology is coherent, and eminently Scriptural: whilst the literary element, especially in the historical introduction, is crowded with reliable information, put in vivid style. We greet this volume with the heartiest welcome, and prophesy for it an extensive sale, and the increasing appreciation of those who study its contents.

Crux Christi. By Rev. J. BENNETT, D.D. Shaw and Co.

HERE we have something wholly to our mind. When dealing with *Crux Christi*, the Cross of Christ, the central object in the plan of salvation, nothing should be dim or misty; and our author is as clear as crystal upon the fundamental facts of Atonement and Substitution. With the vigour of a master hand, the Cross is traced in Scripture; and modern theories are reviewed and refuted. Bishop Westcott's *Victory of the Cross*, a book which stimulated us in many ways, yet wholly lacked clear insight into the truth of our redemption through the sacrifice of Christ, is here answered in a convincing manner. Scarce in anything would we wish this book to be other than it is, except that we would advise Dr. Bennett to revise the Scripture references before he issues a new edition of his work. We have read it eagerly, and shall turn to it again and again. Those who value the old-fashioned truth should get it, even if they have to go without their dinner for a day or two in order to procure a copy.

Theodor Christlieb, D.D. Memoir by HIS WIDOW, and Sermons translated by CANON T. L. KINGSBURY, M.A., and CANON SAMUEL GARRATT, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE tender hand of affection is visible in the charming memoir of this remarkable man, the influence of whose ministry, once known in London, but chiefly exercised in Bonn, has reached to the ends of the earth. The cause of missions had no warmer advocate than he, nor the rationalistic spirit a more stalwart opponent. His preaching, some score of examples of which are given in this volume, was full of evangelical fervour and chastened thought. The sermons are rich in suggestion, and of considerable expository value. We have lost in him a great and devout man; his name was noble, signifying as it does "the gift of God" and "the love of Christ"; and his life was on the level of his name. This memorial of him we unreservedly recommend.

Memorials of the Rev. John Frederick Stevenson, B.A., LL.B., D.D. By HIS WIFE. James Clarke and Co.

DR. STEVENSON occupied rather a nebulous position in theology. He was, as he himself termed it, a "Reconciliationist", standing midway between the new and the old faith. The sermons in this volume are good examples of preaching from that standpoint; but there is always something missing which we would like to see. In the somewhat meagre memoir, we find a touching contrast between the eager young man, sitting in front of Baldwin Brown's pulpit, and involuntarily shouting, "Go on"; and, many years afterwards, himself the pastor of the church, hopelessly invalided, discovered one day standing almost in the same spot, weeping because his work was done. This book will interest his friends.

Martin of Tours, Apostle of Gaul. By H. H. SCULLARD, M.A. John Heywood.

THE preparation of this "Hulsean" Prize Essay must have entailed much careful labour and research; the list of modern works referred to occupies three pages. Mr. Scullard deserves our hearty thanks for the manner in which he has set forth, not only his hero, Martin of Tours, but also the times in which he lived.

Looking Back; or, The Wandering of a Laddie. By JAMES RENNIE, Colporteur, Hitchin.

ANOTHER of Mr. Rennie's autobiographical pennyworths. As his previous sketch of his own life, *The Converted Shepherd Boy*, had reached its 40th thousand, he was encouraged to write again on the same theme. He will send six copies of either work, post-free, for sixpence, and those who buy them will have something worth giving away to other wandering laddies, such as Mr. Rennie was before his conversion.

Some Historic Women; or, Biographical Studies of Women who have made History. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. James Hogg.

PLEASANT readings for winter evenings. Neither dull nor tedious, they are well calculated to foster a love for history in the minds of the young daughters of the family, for whom they are evidently intended.

Woman's Influence in the East. By JOHN J. POOL. Elliot Stock.

AN interesting book, containing sketches of twenty-two queens and princesses of India. Mr. Pool has diligently gathered information from all sources, and brings into clear relief the considerable influence women have had in India in times gone by. In this he agrees with the contention of the Pundita Ramabai, that the degradation of women in the East is, to its present extent, not countenanced by the ancient Hindoo records. When, however, Sir Lepel Griffin, in his preface, compares the best side of Zenana life in India with what may, in truth, be looked upon as about the worst side of female life in England, and draws inferences favourable to the former, we cannot but dissent. In the book itself, narratives of heroism and devotion abound; and we hope that, at an early date, Mr. Pool may be encouraged to give us examples of these virtues in the humbler life of Indian women.

Heart Melodies of an Aged Pilgrim. By the Author of "Only a Servant." Edinburgh: Andrew Stevenson.

Wayside Melodies. By E. M. Ollerenshaw. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Simple rhymes for simple people.

Birds and Flowers. By Mary Howitt. Nelson and Sons.

Beautifully produced. A gem of a book in all respects. Mary Howitt modestly likened these poems to wild flowers by the wayside, or the songs of birds in the bushes; but we regard that lowly estimate as being, after all, as ennobling as it is true; for there are no flowers more truly lovely than those which spring unbidden from the sod, and no music is more sweet than that of nature's own free songsters. When we read these sweet verses, and look at M. Giacomelli's exquisite drawings, we feel as if some good fairy had carried us out of winter into spring and summer. Nature is all around us in her happiest mood. We hear the hum of the mill-wheel, and we see the lambs frisking in the mead, the swallows skimming the stream, and flowerets decking the bank.

Children should be taught such charming poetry. How one would like to hear his grandchild speak of the gentle birds down by the little gurgling brook, and how they drink their fill:—

"And dash about, and splash about,
The merry little things:
And look askance, with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings."

Day Dawn, Consolation, and other Poems. By J. Mellor. Stock.

Here the Christian muse pours forth her songs of comfort and of praise with reverent spirit in appropriate themes. There is "Consolation" for every season of the year, and for almost every circumstance in life, when once the "Day Dawn" of the New Life has begun; and this is aptly told in flowing verse by our author.

Zionward. Hymns of the Pilgrim Life. By Rev. John Brownlie. Nisbet.

Precious gems of truth, tastefully set in various forms of verse.

Pilgrim Songs: Poems, Chiefly Sacred. By Rev. W. Blake Atkinson. "Home Words" Publishing Office.

Pilgrims ought never to be either weary or sad, for, judging by the unlimited number of songs provided for their use, they should "feel like singing all the time." Sometimes the metre is so curious that it must be hard for them to find a suitable musical accompaniment; but the songs with which Mr. Atkinson furnishes them are of such smooth, flowing measure, that no such difficulty need be experienced.

Queen Summer: or, the Tourney of the Lily and the Rose. Penned and portrayed by Walter Crane. Cassell.

A very splendid affair. Many will admire this efflorescence of fancy. It is rather too Pre-Raphaelitish for our taste; but that is of no consequence, since we doubt not that persons, much better qualified to judge of such matters, will be delighted with its dainty colours and fair conceits. Our Magazine has more to do with the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys than—

"With blazoned shields, and pennons spruce
Of fluttering flag of fleur-de-luce;"

but yet we have been amused by this war among the gardens as we have said "Amen" to Queen Summer's benediction—

"Peace, then, in all my borders be,
Beneath the silvern olive-tree."

My Cross and Thine. Illustrated with original sketches by the author. By John M. Bamford. C. H. Kelly.

The drawings in this volume are almost good, yet they just miss the mark, and are poor tame things; and so our author's sentences are almost poetical, but not quite. We have enjoyed certain of Mr. Bamford's former writings, and so we do these pages, in a measure; but we cannot help observing that he is aiming at a style which is unnatural, and the sooner he drops it the better for his power with his readers. We have tried to enjoy this well-intentioned book, for it contains much acceptable teaching; but the style wearies us, and so we have to give it up.

"*Fernbank*" *Letter Leaflets*, to be obtained of the author, JOHN BURNHAM, "Fernbank", Brentford, post free, 2½d. per dozen; 1s. 2d. per 100.

SOME of these Leaflets have appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*, and others of them are quite worthy of a place in our pages. Our evangelistic brother has no mean poetic gift, and it is wholly consecrated to the highest themes. Friends who purchase his Leaflets for enclosure in their letters will send something that will profit the correspondents who receive them.

The Christian Traveller's Continental Handbook. Edited by Rev. R. S. ASHTON, B.A. Elliot Stock.

THIS little handbook continues to increase in size and usefulness; but the information in it is hardly brought down to date. We notice that, at Menton, Mr. Somerville is said to be still at the "Hall les Grottes, East Bay," whereas he will soon be commencing his third season in the new "kirk" built in the West Bay, near the Post Office; while Mr. Anderson, who is reported to be director of the McAll mission-stations, has been "at home with the Lord" for some years.

The Junior Society Class Prize Essays. By Revs. W. B. FITZGERALD, W. H. CHANNINGS, and J. SURMAN COOKE. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school Union.

OUR Wesleyan friends, anxious to retain their young people in some relation to their Church, offered three prizes for essays on the theme; and here is the result in printed form.

The suggestions here made are so peculiarly Methodistic, and with a view to present organization, that we feel ourselves "outsiders" in reviewing them; but, so far as they go, they are good.

We, however, believe that the great need of the Church towards the young is to have a firm conviction that children *need* to be regenerated, *may be*, and, as *children*, may serve the Saviour whom they have trusted and loved. In proportion as these essays enforce this, we commend them; other things are secondary.

The Story of the Resurrection, the Forty Days, and the Ascension. By WM. MITCHELL. W. Collins, Sons, and Co., Glasgow and London.

THE Bible story of "the great forty days" is here given in blank verse. The narrative is true to Scripture, tasteful in expression, and marked by spiritual insight and true poetic touches.

A Cyclopædia of Nature Teachings. With an Introduction by HUGH MACMILLAN, LL.D. Elliot Stock.

A VALUABLE book for lovers of the work of grace as illustrated in nature. In this volume, hill and dale, mountain and valley, air, earth, fire, and water are all brought into requisition, to illustrate the truths of the Word of God. Students and ministers will delight in this cyclopædia, and give it a prominent place upon their bookshelves. The introduction by Hugh Macmillan is worthy of the work, which deserves a large sale, for much labour has been bestowed upon its production.

Life Abundant. By SARAH G. STOCK. Shaw and Co.

A VOLUME of poems that would make a very pretty present. Many of the pieces are reprints from various sources; but they are well worth reproducing. Young people wanting recitations will find several here that will be worth committing to memory. The authoress's words carry weight and wisdom, and they are, withal, gracious in tone.

The Ethics of Drink, and other Social Questions. By JAMES RUNCIMAN. Hodder and Stoughton.

A VERY readable series of articles, containing a considerable amount of common-sense. If you know a young man who is being drawn into what he calls "the turf" and "sport", and if he *will* read this book, give it to him; for not only does Mr. Runciman deal with the Ethics of Drink, but he takes all-round shots into the joints of our social armour. Evidently the writer has had a wide experience, and keeps his eyes open for the benefit of others. We commend the book especially to young men.

Notes.



WHILE at Menton, the late beloved Editor wrote to ELDER M. ROMANG for his photograph, and some particulars of his long life, for insertion in the "Notes" of *The Sword and the Trowel*. We are glad, therefore, to be able to carry out Mr. Spurgeon's intention, and to present our readers with an accurate likeness of another of the venerable Elders of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church. Born in 1806, at Sanen, in the Canton of Berne, Switzerland, our brother travelled in many parts of the Continent before he came to England in 1831. He mentions, with devout gratitude to God, that before his conversion he was twice saved from drowning, and once narrowly escaped falling over a precipice. After coming to this country, he lived first at Hastings, and afterwards came to London. His religious experiences in the metropolis were rather remarkable. After about a year's attendance at Church of England services, a brother who was well-instructed in the doctrines of grace gave him the Scriptural reasons for holding those glorious truths; and while attending a *Wesleyan* chapel, he heard a preacher who proclaimed the doctrine of election in such a way that, while his Methodist hearers were offended, Mr. Romang found just what he wanted. Ultimately, he was baptized, and joined the church at Gray's Walk, now called Regent Street, Lambeth; from there he was transferred to the church at Unicorn Yard, of which Mr. Denham was the pastor. In his thirty-third year, he married a godly young woman, who was spared to him for more than fifty years. After many changes of residence and ministry, Mr. Romang settled at Bethesda Chapel, Rotherhithe, where he was elected Deacon. In October, 1870, he was transferred to the Tabernacle, and in February, 1872, he was elected to the eldership, in which office he continues unto this day, although increasing infirmities prevent him from doing as much as in his younger days. Writing to Mr. Spurgeon the above information at the beginning of this year, he said:—"I am surprised that one so unworthy should have such honour placed upon him. I bless the Lord's name that He is everything to me. He has helped me in affliction, taken from me the fear of death, and given me rest and peace, and a bright hope of eternal life.

'My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.'"

Friends ask us to keep them informed as to the health of MRS. SPURGEON. We regret that we cannot give a very cheering report concerning her, for the past month has been one of great weakness and weariness, with very trying headaches, &c. All this is hardly to be wondered at when we remember the great strain of the last year or so; but we are most devoutly thankful to have her even as well as she is. This brief note will make our readers prize all the more highly the letter from Mrs. Spurgeon's pen which appears in the present number of the Magazine.

MR. THOMAS SPURGEON'S ministry at the Tabernacle continues to be very highly appreciated. The impressions made during his first month's services have been deepened by those which have followed. It has now become quite a common experience to hear the expression, "Well, really, this morning's discourse (or, this evening's sermon) has excelled all that he has previously preached." For the time of year, the congregations have been very remarkable, especially on Thursday evenings, when the gatherings have been fully equal to those that assembled to listen to the late beloved Pastor. Crowds of strangers have come on Sabbath-days and week-nights, and filled up the places left vacant by Tabernacle friends away for their holidays. When these return, we expect to see the vast building thronged as in the best days of the past. It has been a great joy to the young preacher (though 36 is not very young for a Spurgeon!) to know that the truth he has proclaimed has been blessed to the conversion of many of his hearers, and to the comfort and strengthening of still larger numbers of believers. He has an insatiable longing for the salvation of souls; and his evangelistic experience in New Zealand has made him almost disappointed that he has not seen many anxious enquirers at the close of *every service*.

A slight bicycle accident prevented Mr. Thomas Spurgeon from preaching on *Lord's-day, August* 14; but at short notice, his dear brother, PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON,

of Greenwich, consented to occupy his place. It was a trying day for him, for he had not preached at the Tabernacle since his dear father's promotion to glory, and he was also far from well; but the Lord was with him, and many felt that, though his presence there was the result of an "accident", there was a divine providence in the arrangement.

Just as these "Notes" are going to the printers, we learn that Mr. Thomas Spurgeon has consented to preach at the Tabernacle during the month of October.

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—We call our readers' special attention to the *Annual Meeting* of this useful Society, which is to be held at the Tabernacle on *Monday, September* 12. PASTOR J. A. SPURGEON is to preside, and Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is to be one of the speakers. Tea at 5 o'clock, meeting afterwards. Two years ago, the late beloved Pastor issued an urgent appeal, asking all friends to bring or send to the Tabernacle at least one garment each, or a contribution towards the funds. To this there was a most hearty response, but last year the gifts were not so numerous. Just now there is great need of both clothes and contributions, which should be addressed to Mrs. D. S. Miller, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London (for Poor Ministers' Clothing Society).

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION.—The annual tea and public meeting will (D.V.) be held on *Friday evening, September* 16, under the presidency of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. This has usually been one of the best meetings at the Tabernacle. All friends interested in the evangelization of London and the surrounding districts are heartily invited.

On *Monday evening, July* 25, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting; and in his opening supplication pleaded for "a glorious season of refreshing." His prayer was heard, and many who were present went away spiritually refreshed. After one or two hymns had been sung, Deacons W. Olney and F. Thompson prayed; and our evangelistic brother Harrison gave an address, which included an interesting account of his voyage to Tasmania with Mr. Thomas Spurgeon. While recently conducting services in the East of London, he had met with a man who had been blessed at one of the services conducted on board the steamer by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon. Mr. Chamberlain, whose singing is always a means of grace at our prayer-meetings, sweetly sang the piece entitled, "The renewal of the heart." Mr. Harmer related some of his experiences as a Pastors' College Evangelist, and closed with an earnest appeal to the unsaved. After more singing and prayer, Mr. W. Corden Jones gave a short account of the Colportage Association. Mentioning that his appeal for one shilling from each reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* had not met with many responses, the chairman suggested that, if Mr. Jones would wait on the platform after the meeting, probably several friends would give to him the shillings they had not sent. In this way, about £6 was spontaneously given to this admirable work, which is not supported as it deserves to be.

Bank-holiday prayer-meetings, in the late beloved Pastor's day, were usually special gatherings; for, although many friends were away, others who could not usually come were able to be present then. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon asked that it might be so this year, and the gathering on *Monday, August* 1, may fairly be reckoned among the memorable Bank-holiday prayer-meetings, whether we judge by the attendance, the earnestness, or the impressive and inspiring character of the proceedings throughout the evening. After the opening hymn, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon prayed for a rich blessing to rest on that meeting, and also on the word preached, taught, or spoken on the preceding day. As the Sabbath sermons at the Tabernacle had been addressed in the morning to the aged, and in the evening to the young, it was appropriate that the next two petitions should be mainly for the conversion of Sunday-scholars and the children of believers. Elder J. T. Dunn read the requests for prayer, and having presented them at the throne of grace, pleaded that very choice blessings might rest upon the person and ministry of the beloved chairman.

Mr. Spurgeon expressed his gratitude for the place awarded him in the prayer just offered, and went on to remark that we must increase our desire for souls to be ingathered. It was with much gratitude to God that he mentioned the receipt of communications from various persons who had been blessed by his ministry, and expressed the hope that others would have cause to make similar communications. Mr. Spurgeon urged believers to share with him the joy of leading souls to Jesus, by each one, according to his own capacity and sphere, seeking to bring the unsaved to the Saviour. He laid particular stress upon the value of personal dealing with the anxious and enquiring, stating that he constantly resorted to it in his ministry.

The chairman then asked Mr. Cornell to give a short account of the work of the Spurgeon's Sermons' Tract Society, which issues Mr. Spurgeon's sermons for distribution in the country as loan tracts. Although he had only a brief notice, the hard-working secretary thoroughly interested the meeting in his work. He said that the Society had lost so many liberal helpers, who had gone to glory, that others were needed to take their places. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon referred

to the generous gifts to the Colportage Association on the preceding Monday, and said that it would never do to turn the prayer-meeting into a begging-meeting for any Society that might be in need; BUT—and there he paused, just as his dear father would have done, and the audience audibly smiled, as he said, "I see that I need not finish the sentence, and that you will help this good work also." Thus it came to pass that, after the benediction was pronounced, Mr. Cornell received contributions amounting to over £5, a promise of another £5, and several friends resolved to buy their weekly sermons of him, so that the profit on them might help to increase the funds of the Society.

On *Monday evening*, *August* 8, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, for the first time after his return from Switzerland. In commencing the meeting, he expressed his thankfulness for the benefit he had derived from his holiday. After singing, prayer was offered by Deacon W. Olney, Mr. Hill, one of the new students, and Mr. Clarence Chambers. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon read the special requests for prayer that had been received, and prayed in accordance with the desires expressed. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon gave an interesting account of some of his holiday experiences; after which, in his usual pleasing manner, Mr. W. J. Mayers related various incidents connected with his tour through Australia and New Zealand, with eight of the boys from Dr. Barnardo's Homes. During his travels, he had been able to visit twenty-seven of the brethren from the Pastors' College. He expressed great delight at being once more in the Tabernacle, although he sorely missed the late beloved Pastor and President, to whose memory he paid a tender tribute of love. After Mr. Mayers had sung, special prayer was presented for a blessing on the College work, commencing on the morrow; and with the benediction, another profitable Monday evening was brought to a close.

On *Tuesday evening*, *August* 9, the quarterly meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, was held in the College lecture-hall, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon. After the opening hymn, prayer was offered by Pastor Charles Spurgeon, with whom his brother had been spending the day, and who therefore accompanied him to the meeting. Mr. Judd, the energetic secretary, presented the Report, which showed that, during the quarter, £67 0s 10d. had been raised. With this amount, all the usual subscriptions had been paid; and, in addition, donations had been given to the Pastors' College Missionary Association, in memory of Miss Alice Churcher, £10; Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby's work in Moab, £3; and Mr. Chunder Dutt, for medicine chest, £1. Mr. Judd heartily thanked all the givers, and said that he should be glad if the donation for the College Missionary Association could be made into a quarterly subscription.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon expressed the great pleasure that it gave to him and his dear brother to be present. They did not believe in the laying on of hands as it was usually practised; but he believed that they had received a blessing through the prayers of the late Dr. Moffat. One day, the venerable missionary was in the dining-hall of the Stockwell Orphanage, and Mr. Spurgeon said to him, "I wish you would seek God's blessing on my two boys." The good old man put his hands on their heads, or shoulders, and prayed that their lives might be consecrated to God's service. The chairman congratulated the Sunday-school on being engaged in such a glorious enterprise, and urged all to renewed exertions in thus doing the will of God, that the gospel might be preached to every creature in all the world.

Mr. N. H. Patrick, from Tangier, gave a thrilling account of some of the difficulties that the missionaries have to overcome in North Africa. His address was instructive as well as interesting, for he explained the meaning of many passages of Scripture as they are illustrated in the daily life of the people of Morocco. Mr. Patrick closed his address by reading extracts from the late beloved President's letter to him when he was going to Tangier. It is so precious, that we must give our readers the whole of it. We trust that the reading of it will move many to help the fund from which Mr. Patrick and Dr. Churcher are supported.

"Dear Mr. Patrick,—I rejoice that the way is cleared for your going to North Africa. As a brother looking to our own funds for support, you are the first representative of the Foreign Mission of the College, and I am the more earnest that you should lead the way gloriously. I am sure from your personal character, and from your course in College, that I may place unlimited confidence in you; and far more is my confidence in the Lord whom you and I unitedly serve with our whole hearts. HE will help you to play the man.

"A blend of zeal, patience, and wisdom will be needed in a Mission so new, dealing with such a peculiar people. You believe that THE GOSPEL will meet the need of any creature in the form of man, whether Jew or Gentile, Mohammedan or heathen. You will keep wholly and only to the Cross; there hangs our hope, as well as the hope of those to whom we go. Hammer away with the old gospel; and let those who like it use the miserable wooden mallet of mere reason. The Lord will be with you; take special care to be much with HIM. Without the means of grace, in a lone land, as you will probably be ere long, 'give attention to reading' the one and only Book, and be often carried away to heaven on the wings of prayer and meditation. Write us often,

that you may keep up the interest of the brethren and of my constituency in the glorious work; be of good courage while you are dumb in the language of the people, and feel the fire burning within, without the power to let its heat warm the people. Carry your daily worries to your Master, and they will not be worries. Aspire to be another Patrick, the apostle of North Africa, as he was of Ireland.

"On your head may the Holy Spirit pour of the anointing oil, and may you often be constrained to sing, as I do,—

'Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!'

"God Himself bless you!

"Yours in Christ Jesus,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Mrs. Patrick sang very sweetly, "Tell it out among the heathen," and another piece while the collection was made. Mr. Harrald then gave a brief account of Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, relating "How the Fund became a Fact" in 1875, and how, like the typical lemon-plant, it had grown until nearly 130,000 books had been sent out to ministers of all denominations, in addition to the recent distribution of 35,000 copies of *The Greatest Fight in the World*. Mentioning the work of sending Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to missionaries in foreign lands, Mr. Harrald read Mrs. Spurgeon's letter, which appears in the present Magazine, and which was listened to with the deepest attention and interest. It was announced that Pastor Charles Spurgeon would have spoken if there had been time, but that he had kindly consented to preside at the next meeting. One of the most successful quarterly gatherings was then closed with prayer by the superintendent of the Sunday-school, Mr. S. R. Pearce.

On *Monday evening, August* 15, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, in the course of which he gave an address on the parable of the hidden treasure. He said that Christ was first concealed, then revealed, and afterwards possessed, enjoyed, and valued by those who sacrificed all for Him. Special prayer was presented that Mr. Thomas Spurgeon might be able to be at the Tabernacle on the following Wednesday and Thursday evenings. (Our next "Note" will show that this petition was granted for the Wednesday; and on the Thursday he was also present, and preached a remarkable sermon upon the words, "He made the stars also.") Professor McCaig and three of the students led the assembly in prayer; Deacon W. Olney read and presented the special requests for supplication; and with intervals of praise, prayer was also offered by Elder Wigney, Brother Bell, and Pastor Frank Russell, of Hull. It was a refreshing season of waiting upon the Lord.

On *Wednesday evening, August* 17, a special meeting of the TABERNACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor Charles Spurgeon. The attendance was very large, and the proceedings throughout most enthusiastic, reminding the audience of the glorious gatherings for the same purpose when the late beloved Pastor had been able to be present. The proceedings were commenced with the hymns "Rescue the perishing," and "To the Work!" and prayer by Mr. Harrald, after which the chairman spoke of the joy he felt in being present on such an occasion with his dear brother. He did not think that they had both been there at a Temperance meeting since the memorable evening, *twenty-seven years ago*, when Mr. Selway put round their necks the blue ribbons to which were attached Band of Hope medals. They had greater pleasure in being there that night as they had met to advocate *Gospel* Temperance. In an earnest address, he pleaded for the help of all in this God-like work. Miss Northcroft sang, with much pathos, a sacred solo with the refrain,—

"We cannot leave you lost and lone,
We want you over there;"

and then Mr. Thomas Spurgeon was called upon to address the meeting. When he came to the front of the platform, the cheering was so long continued that he went back to his seat, but after another hearty burst of applause, he was able to proceed. He first gave a few personal items of interest in connection with Temperance work; next, he spoke of the progress of the cause in New Zealand, which is far in advance of Old England in its method of dealing with the drink traffic, and also in its adoption of Temperance principles. Mr. Spurgeon said that he did not know a single Baptist minister, deacon, or elder in New Zealand, "nor a married one, either," he added, who is not a total abstainer. He also spoke of the Temperance work to be done at the Tabernacle, and said that he believed in the Temperance plough, especially when it had a Gospel share in it. The address was bright, cheery, earnest, full of illustrative incidents and sparkling humour, and gave great delight to the large audience. After a collection for the funds of the Society, Mr. Thomas recited, with fine effect, his poems entitled, "All Glory," and "Stitch it on," and between the two Mr. Tingey sang, with much feeling, the sacred solo, "Come unto Me." The benediction brought to a suitable close a most memorable meeting.

COLLEGE.—Mr. T. Heywood has accepted the pastorate of the church at Grays, Essex; and Mr. H. Spendelow has settled at Dartford, Kent.

The following removals have been notified to us:—Mr. F. James, from Kingsgate Street, Holborn, to Mint Street, Lincoln; Mr. T. Adamson, from Port Elizabeth, to

Kegworth and Diseworth, near Derby; Mr. W. Clatworthy, from Piqua, Ohio, to Aurora, Indiana; Mr. W. L. Mayo, from Alloway, to Point Pleasant, New Jersey, U.S.A.; and Mr. C. W. Townsend, from Victoria, British Columbia, to Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada. Mr. F. R. Bateman, late of Henley-in-Arden, has become pastor of Trinity Baptist Church, East 55th Street, New York; and Mr. W. Thomas, late of Penzance, at the First Baptist Church, Vincennes, Knox County, Indiana, U.S.A. Mr. J. Smale, of Ryde, Isle of Wight, is going to the United States.

During the past month, a new church, consisting of forty members, has been formed at Azof Street, East Greenwich, under the pastoral charge of Mr. W. E. Wells. There is every prospect of it becoming a strong and healthy cause; but meanwhile it receives financial support from the parent church, at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, under the pastoral care of Mr. Charles Spurgeon.

Yet another of our College brethren has been called to join the dear President in the presence of the Lord. *Pastor W. G. Clow*, who did good service for the Master at Sherborne and Newcastle-under-Lyme, and who had been quite invalided for about two years, was "called home" on August 4, leaving a widow and two children, for whom we bespeak loving sympathy and earnest prayer.

On *Wednesday, August* 10, the new College session was inaugurated by a meeting at West Croydon, where the tutors and students, with some of the trustees and "elder brethren" of the College, assembled at the invitation of the President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. As he did last year, Mr. Bishop again kindly placed his grounds at the service of the brethren, and a very pleasant time was spent in various outdoor amusements there, and in Mr. Spurgeon's garden at "Campbelton." Luncheon, dinner, and tea were served in the schoolroom of the West Croydon Baptist Chapel, where Mrs. James Spurgeon and a number of willing helpers had prepared abundantly for the needs of the numerous company. After the principal meal, the President addressed the students, choosing for his topic "Friendship", and recommending the new students especially to take as friends himself, the trustees, the tutors, their fellow-students, but above all, the Master. At his uncle's request, Pastor Charles Spurgeon read the portion for the day from *Morning by Morning*; Mr. Passmore, as the senior officer of the Tabernacle Church, spoke a few words; and brief addresses were given by Professor Marchant and Rev. John Spurgeon. Before separating for a while, the 17 new students were appropriately introduced and welcomed by the President. After tea, another meeting was held, when, on the motion of Principal Gracey, seconded by Mr. Spendelow, very hearty thanks were accorded to Pastor and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon for their kind welcome to the College. Mr. Gracey made special allusion to the beloved and bereaved one at "Westwood", who must that day feel very sad at the remembrance of the past happy gatherings there, and suggested that a loving letter of sympathy should be sent to Mrs. Spurgeon in the name of the brethren. This was silently but heartily agreed to, and thanks were also accorded to Mr. Bishop for the loan of his grounds. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon gave a short address upon the bed, table, stool, and candlestick provided for Elisha as illustrations of the thorough furnishing of the student and minister; and Mr. Charles Spurgeon spoke of the raising of the widow's son, by which she knew that Elijah was a man of God, as illustrating the prayerfulness and consecration to the work of soul-winning of the servant of Christ in the present day. The College anthem, "Hallelujah for the Cross!" having been sung, prayer by Professor McCaig, and the benediction pronounced by the President, brought to a close a happy day, but one necessarily clouded by the memory of the great loss sustained by the College since the last annual gathering.

EVANGELISTS.—All our brethren have been resting during the past month; but they are now recommencing their work, *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* at Ipswich, *Mr. Burnham* among the hop-pickers in Kent, and *Mr. Harmer* at Old Basford, Nottingham; and Alfreton (Sunday-school Union meetings).

COLPORTAGE.—During the past few weeks local guarantees have been accepted for three new districts, in which it is believed that the labours of a colporteur are much needed, and will prove very useful. The first is at East Dereham, Norfolk, under the auspices of the Congregational Church. Mr. Neal, who has been working in connection with Miss Robinson's Soldiers' Home, Portsmouth, has been removed to Dereham, on account of the failure of the necessary local subscription at Portsmouth.

The second new district is at Brixton and Streatham Hill, in connection with Rev. J. P. Gledstone and the Congregational Church. The third is at Cowling, Yorkshire, a sphere which appears very suitable for Colportage work.

This new work has been undertaken by the committee, after prayerful consideration, trusting that their appeal for increased aid to the General Fund will meet with a general and generous response. They are very grateful to those readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* who have responded to the appeal for a shilling from every reader. At the time of writing, less than a dozen out of the many thousands of readers have sent shillings; but those have done so with many kind expressions of sympathy with the work. Many more would send if they would only do so while reading this note.

At the Metropolitan Tabernacle prayer-meeting, on *Monday evening, July* 25, the secretary, W. Corden Jones, gave a brief address on the work of the Association, and at the close of the meeting about 120 persons voluntarily came forward to the platform, and brought their shillings. Further help is urgently needed, and will be gratefully acknowledged. The secretary's address is, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—August 4th, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. J. Wilson	1	10	9
Mrs. Wells	1	0	0
A sermon-reader	0	10	0
Mr. J. Chandler	0	10	0
Mr. J. S. Watts	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. J. M. Mathieson	10	0	0
An afflicted missionary	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Norman	1	11	6
Executors of the late Mr. Richard Evans	450	0	0
Mrs. Southwell	0	5	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6
New North Road Baptist Church, Huddersfield, per Pastor F. J. Benskin	4	7	6
Miss Bidewell	1	0	0
From a friend	20	0	0
N. B.	25	0	0
Pastor W. R. Biss	0	8	6
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Miss E. A. Gardner	0	10	0
Mr. J. Newell	0	15	6
J. S.	5	0	0
Mr. Henry M. Watts	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
July 17	38	16	3
,, 24	43	11	9
,, 31	42	14	6
Aug. 7	33	10	0
,, 14	41	6	6
	195	19	0
	£723	13	9

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
"Thy kingdom come"	3	0	0
Mrs. Devenish	0	5	0
Mr. N. H. Patrick, from preaching engagements	1	9	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, in memoriam of Miss A. Churcher	10	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	5	0	0
Miss M. K. Milligan	1	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
J. S.	5	0	0
W. S.	5	0	0
	£31	4	0

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Ramsay	0	10	0
A friend	0	5	0
M. W. E. E.	0	5	0
Manna	0	7	0
Mrs. M. G.	0	1	0
Mr. William Potter, jun.	10	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
R. H. B., Balham	1	0	0
Mr. A. Edmeades	1	1	0
Anon.	0	10	0
Mr. James Larard, per Master Frank Tuck	0	10	0
A poor man, but rich in Christ	0	7	6
Miss Brown	0	2	6
A. G. R.	5	0	0
Mrs. J. E. Gifford	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	39	11	9
G. R. A.	0	3	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Miss L. A. Scott	5	0	0
Master Bertie Wells	0	10	0
Master Norman Wells	0	10	0
Mr. E. H. Gayler	0	10	0
A friend, per Mr. John Hunter	1	0	0
G. H. S.	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. H. J. Narraway	0	10	0
An aged believer	0	5	0
Bessel's Green Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Greenway	2	4	0
Mr. F. Hard	0	10	0
Sutton Congregational Church Sunday-school, per Mr. A. Currie	2	0	5
Mr. Edward Adam	1	0	0
M. W.	0	1	0
Martha	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Rogers	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. Armes	0	12	0
Bible-class collection, per Mr. T. W. Fellowes	0	2	6
Mr. Moxham, per Mr. L. T. Carman	0	5	0
Box at Orphanage gates and office-box	4	13	1
Collected by Master W. A. Lewis	0	4	6
In memory of S. N. Cooke	1	0	0
An orphan	0	5	0
Mrs. John Hartop	0	6	6
Collected by Mrs. Page	0	4	5
L. S. Thorn	0	5	0
Mr. William Pilkington	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Anon., Taunton	0	10	6
Mr. Alexander Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. Richard Pope Froste	1	0	0
Miss Scoles	2	2	0
Readers of "The Freeman," per Rev. J. Angus, D.D.	1	10	0
Mrs. Corbyn	0	10	0
C. W. L.	0	1	0
A. C.	0	2	0
Mr. F. Holden	1	0	0
Mr. W. King	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Newbold	0	16	6
Sunday-school children of Wycliffe Chapel, Parsons Heath, per Mr. H. Letch	0	10	6
Collected by Miss Moore (No. 8 Boys)	0	19	0
Harry	5	0	0
Anon., Derby	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bragg	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Lock	0	6	0
A widow, Dalmuir	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Clews	1	0	0
Mr. George Reid	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. May	0	10	0
Mrs. G. Thompson	1	0	0
Collections at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath	3	18	6
Mr. H. Clarke	0	10	0
Members of the Holland Road Y.W.C.I., Brighton	5	11	6
Mr. J. H. Church	1	0	0
Per Miss Crumpton :—			
Mr. J. Jones 2 0 0			
Miss Belton 2 0 0			
	4	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Richard Evans	450	0	0
Executors of the late Mrs. McKenzie	20	0	0
J. C. S.	0	10	0
J. C. M.	1	0	0
Miss Greenwood	1	0	0
A lodger	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Curtis	0	5	0
From one now in heaven	1	0	0
Mr. W. Baldock	1	1	0
Mrs. Renshaw	1	0	0
Mr. John Green	1	0	0
Anon., Edinburgh	2	0	0
Mr. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. P. Towler	0	9	0
Anon., Chicago	1	0	5
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
For Christ's sake	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Lloyd	1	1	0
I. and O. B., East Sheen	0	2	0
Mr. R. Morgan	0	13	6
"A thankoffering for mercies received"	0	5	0
A Caithness fisherman	0	10	0
E. F., Hilgay, Norfolk	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
Mr. J. Haynes	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Windmill	0	10	0
"For Christ's sake," H. M. T. and L. B.	2	0	0
C. S. P.	0	3	0
Freda	1	5	0
Onslow Sunday-school, per Mr. G. Chisholm	1	1	0
C. J.	2	0	0
Lieut.-Colonel Sir George Leach, K.C.B.	5	0	0
Messrs. Clement and Newlings' ticket writers, per Mr. D. Hawkins	1	7	6
Mr. J. Campbell	0	6	6

	£	s.	d.
A thankoffering from a Christian friend, per Mr. T. McMahon	0	5	0
Mrs. McKeand	0	10	0
Miss C. Bacon	0	5	0
Per Pastor W. Burnett :—			
Mrs. Burnett's box 1 1 0			
Pastor W. Burnett's box 0 16 0			
Mr. Perry 0 5 0			
	2	2	0
A. B.	10	0	0
Mr. G. R. Ward	0	2	6
E. G.	0	4	0
T. O. O. G.	0	3	0
Mr. W. J. Orsman's Mission :—			
Female Bible-class 1 0 0			
Male Bible-class 1 0 0			
	2	0	0
Anon., Berwick	5	0	0
A. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. Wells	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Thomas	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Lockett	0	9	0
Mrs. Anderson	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. T. E. Inwood	0	15	0
Mr. A. Storr	1	1	0
Mr. J. E. Holloway	1	0	0
The Trustees of the Free Church, Princes Risborough	5	0	0
Yeovil	0	5	0
From the Lord	0	5	0
Mr. F. Hallett	0	5	0
Mrs. Schilizzi, per Mr. Joseph Benson	5	0	0
In loving memory of Pattie	0	10	0
Postal order, Holborn	0	5	0
Miss C. Maxwell	1	1	0
Mrs. Duly	0	10	0
"In memory of little Alec"	0	10	0
Mr. E. Corbett Byrne	1	1	0
Mr. J. Badley	0	1	0
Mr. Joseph J. Perfitt	1	1	0
Mrs. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
Lewis Dowlais	0	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. J. Walker	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Horrocks	5	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Box at Tabernacle gates, and office-box	1	8	6
Mr. Haddow	0	2	6
Mr. Bettinson	5	0	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—			
Mr. E. J. Reed 2 2 0			
Mr. Earl 0 5 0			
	2	7	0
Straight talk	1	0	0
Mr. F. Dillistone	1	0	0
Sabbath morning Children's Service at Moray House, Edinburgh	2	12	0
Pastor George Cobb	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Price	0	5	0
Mrs. Fraser	0	4	0
Mr. J. G. Casswell, per Mr. Thomas Spurgeon	5	0	0
J. S.	5	0	0
Mrs. Stopford	3	0	0
Mr. James G. Romang	1	0	0
Meeting by Mr. Charlesworth, and the Orphanage Choir :—			
Alperton	6	18	0
	£715	4	1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from July 15th to August 15th, 1892.—PROVISIONS :—40 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 10 baskets Gooseberries, Mr. H. T. Camps; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 hamper Black Currants, Anon.; a quantity of Cabbages, Mr. J. Watts; 2 Fowls, and a quantity Vegetables, Mr. Thomas Frost; 1 sack Potatoes, Anon.; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. F. Holmes; 1 hamper Bread and Cake, Mr. Nelson Read; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. J. Attlee.

BOYS' CLOTHING :—5 pairs Socks, Miss L. M. Pittman; 24 pairs Boots, Mr. E. Wrighton; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Hogg.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—9 Articles, Miss Gladstone; 28 Articles, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Burgess; 22 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 13 Articles, Mrs. R. Kidner; 15 Articles, Miss McLaren; a parcel of Stockings, Messrs. W. Welman and Son.

GENERAL:—30 Tooth Brushes, Mr. T. P. Chard; 1 load Firewood, Mr. F. Fisher; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Sons; 1 Sewing Machine, Mrs. E. Glethno.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—			
Okehampton	7	6	8
Stratford-on-Avon	7	10	0
Mr. George Hall, for Uxbridge	1	1	0
Cambs. Baptist Association	10	0	0
Mr. Dodson, for Littledale	20	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	3	15	0
Yorkshire Baptist Association	20	0	0
Oxfordshire Association: Stow and Aston district	10	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castleton, Cardiff, and Penrhikyber	20	0	0
Western Baptist Association: Williton district	10	0	0
Miss Griffith, for Somerstown	10	0	0
Home Counties' Baptist Association	30	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. William Meadows, senior	10	0	0
Mrs. White, for Tewkesbury	2	10	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Walworth	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Ross, per Mr. Thomas Blake	19	0	0
Bower Chalk District:—			
Baptist Church 5 0 0			
Mr. J. S. Harding 0 10 0			
Miss Burton 0 10 0			
Mrs. Bailey 0 10 0			
	6	10	0
Greenwich District	10	0	0
Giddersome District	20	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, J.P., for Cardiff and Penrhikyber	10	0	0
	£278	12	8

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Elgee	0	2	6
Mrs. Stratsmith	0	2	6
Mr. J. H. Field	5	5	0
"A friend, New Zealand"	25	0	0
Barrow, Suffolk, prayer-meeting offering	0	10	0
G. C., Bideford	0	2	0
Offering of shillings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle prayer-meeting	6	0	8
E. D., and T. W., two readers of "The Sword and the Trowel"	0	4	0
Mrs. O. Leary, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mrs. Southwell	0	5	0
Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel", postal order, Richmond Road, S.W.	0	1	6
Mr. Edward Wraith	0	2	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Miss Isabel Shepherd, in response to appeal	0	1	0
Miss Annie Haseltine	0	1	0
Alpha, No. 2. J. B.	0	5	0
"A Mite." Postmark, S.E.	0	1	0
Mr. J. Haseltine	0	1	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	0	10	0
H. B.	50	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Casswell, per Mr. Thomas Spurgeon	2	10	0
J. S.	2	10	0
W. S.	5	0	0
From a friend	10	0	0
Mr. Henry M. Watts	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas R———	4	0	0
A friend, "Amlwch"	0	1	0
Miss Mary Nicholson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Thorndik, Eye	0	2	0
Mr. M. A. Allen, Luton	0	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Mr. Walter Mills	1	1	0
Mr. John I. Rodgers	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown	1	1	0
	£119	12	8

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Malton	1	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Bromley Congregational Chapel	14	1	2
From a friend	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Casswell, per Mr. Thomas Spurgeon	2	10	0
J. S.	2	10	0
W. S.	5	0	0
	£31	11	2

C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund Account.

Contributions from July 15th to August 15th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thos. Greenwood	100	0	0
Mrs. E. Medway	10	0	0
Mr. F. Bullen	50	0	0
"In loving memory"	20	0	0
The Countess of Seafield	10	0	0
Mr. William Vinson	10	0	0
Mr. William Johnson	10	0	0
Miss Mary Mack Wall	2	10	0
Pastor R. Bastable	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas E. Sykes	1	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Maude M. Hodges	0	4	0
Wood Green Baptist Church, per Pastor W. Winston Haines	5	10	0
Mr. S. Birrill	0	6	0
M. B., a dear lover of the sermons ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Saunders	0	2	6
Miss Jane Vowles	0	7	6
Rev. G. Birkett Latreille	0	10	6
Miss E. L. Scornes	0	5	0
In weekly offering box, July 17th ...	2	0	0
Miss Catherine Roberts	5	5	0
Messrs. T. and E. Scott	1	1	0
Pastor J. Alexander Brown, M.R.C.S.	7	7	0
Mr. David Quy, per Rev. Samuel H. Ravenscroft	1	0	0
A. H., Ledbury	0	1	0
Miss Maxwell	1	0	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Nelson	1	0	0
Pastor Thomas Whiteside	0	5	0
Mrs. Styles	0	7	6
Miss Emily Ada Burton	5	0	0
The late Mrs. J. Towers, per Mrs. B. Donaldson	1	0	0
Miss Selth (sale of locket)	0	2	6
Wyoming, Ohio, per Pastor P. J. Ward	1	10	0
Miss Grant	1	2	0
Rev. John Macdonald	5	1	6
Inmate of workhouse	0	0	6
Mrs. Barclay	5	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Mrs. Shoesmith	0	5	0
Mr. Edward Roche	5	0	0
"Seal of Truth," Tamworth	0	10	0
Mr. J. Allardyce	0	5	0
Sergeant J. J. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. Buxton	1	0	0
Rev. J. D. Kilburn	2	0	0
"From a believer in the Lord" ...	0	1	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A., of India ...	5	0	0
"G. E. M. Y." postal order from Medstead	1	0	0
Miss Cooper and friend	0	7	6
Mr. Raymond Bomford	5	0	0
Mrs. Ann Jones	1	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Hunt	0	2	6
Mr. E. H. Angus	0	1	0
Mr. J. Houston	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Pyke	0	2	0
Cann Hall Road Baptist Chapel, Leytonstone, per Pastor G. T. Ennals ...	2	2	0
Mrs. A. Orr	5	0	0
Baptist Chapel, York Road, Leeds, per Pastor W. J. Wintle	2	0	0
Miss Taylor and friend	0	4	0
Miss E. Cane, Wynberg Baptist Chapel, South Africa	3	0	0
Miss Mackenzie	0	12	0
Mrs. J. Lloyd	1	1	0
Mr. P. Fowler	0	2	0
Mr. William Condy	1	1	0
Miss R. B. Dale	0	10	0
The Misses Kirtley	5	0	0
Mrs. Robert Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Lees	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary L. Pearson	5	5	0
Mr. John D. Watson	0	3	0
Mrs. Harriette Hood Titterton... ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Eldridge	1	0	0
Pastor Mark Noble	1	0	3
Newbury Baptist Church, per Pastor G. J. Knight	4	2	3
Miss Bricknoll	2	0	0
Mr. H. E. Kohlbeck	0	10	0
B. B.	0	10	0
Mr. M. Horner	0	2	0
Mr. W. B. Horner	0	2	0
"Nameless"	2	0	0
Tewkesbury...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mayers	3	3	0
Mr. Ebenezer Newell	7	10	0
Miss Mary E. Nicholson	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Oliphant	3	0	0
Mr. George Ranson and son	2	1	1
Mrs. Mary Cartwright	1	0	0
Pastor John J. Irving	2	0	0
Miss E. Ayris	0	5	0
B. C.	0	10	0
Mr. E. Thomas	1	2	6
Mrs. Butlin	5	0	0
E. M., Kew	0	10	0
Miss S. Burchnall, per Rev. H. W. Simmonds	2	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Woodhouse	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bridgman... ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Filer	0	2	6
Mrs. Anne Duckett	5	0	0
Mr. William Pitcher	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S.	10	0	0
Miss Deamer	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Hunt	10	0	0
Miss Janet H. Gentle	0	5	0
Mr. W. E. Foster	2	0	0
Mrs. Alexander Thomson	1	0	0
Miss Poate	1	0	0
Mr. George Lovejoy	0	5	0
Mrs. Mumford	1	0	0
Mr. James Ballantyne and friends ...	1	0	0
Mr. John Langton	0	10	0
Mrs. Street	0	1	6
Miss Mary Pendridge	0	5	0
A. B. C.	0	2	6
Princes Risborough Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Coombs	2	2	0
	£471	13	7

Mrs. Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £2 from Mr. D. J. Pillai, £5 from Mrs. Halsey, and £1 from Mrs. Price, "For General Use in the Lord's Work." She will be happy to receive other amounts for allotment to various works that may need assistance from time to time.

ERRATA.—In last month's "Sword and Trowel" list of C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund, for "Mr. H. J. Pascall," read "Mrs. H. J. Pascall." For "Mr. Haywood," read "Mrs. Haywood."

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Camberton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Society of Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

OCTOBER, 1892.

Fellowship with God's Greatness.

A MISSIONARY ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHEN I think of the great work of foreign missions, and of all that may result, with the Lord's blessing, from our obedience to His command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," the chief emotion that thrills my heart is that of gratitude to God for enabling me to have some sort of

FELLOWSHIP WITH HIS INFINITY,—

with His greatness. It was enough for me, at the beginning of my Christian life, to have *fellowship with God's mercy*, to rejoice in His compassion as a pardoning God, "merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin." I rejoiced to know, not only that God is merciful and gracious; but that His mercy and His grace had been displayed in pardoning my sins and iniquities. I praised the Lord because I could say with David, "Great is Thy mercy toward me: and Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell." Ever since that glad hour when I first saw Jesus as my Saviour, I have delighted to sing of Him, whose mercy endureth for ever. I have no sympathy with those who would set down as a vain repetition that oft-repeated refrain recorded in the hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm, "For His mercy endureth for ever." Long as we live, and till we die, this should be the grateful song of all who have tasted that the Lord is gracious,—

"For His mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure."

This, then, was my first Christian experience; a sense of overflowing gratitude for the Lord's forgiving mercy.

When I had advanced a little further along the heavenward way, I came to have *sympathy with God's justice*. I began to see something of the horrible character of sin, both in myself and in other people; and sometimes I felt a burning passion of righteous indignation within my heart as I heard, or read, of vice and crime in some of their grosser forms, or as I became acquainted with sinful men's intense hatred of Christ, the altogether lovely One. Our modern doubters talk with contempt of the "cursing Psalms" of David; but we have often needed just such language as he used; not for the purpose of vindictively calling for judgments upon our fellow-creatures, but as a prophecy of the doom that certainly awaits evil-doers. Even under the milder radiance of the gospel, we have the awful apostolic anathema, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha" (let him be accursed, the Lord cometh). Preachers of "another gospel, which is not another" (*gospel*), ought to take warning from Paul's solemn imprecation, "If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." God's danger-signals have flamed forth from the time of our first parents' entrance into the Garden of Eden, and the red lamp of His inflexible justice is still undimmed. By its crimson light we can clearly read that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." The righteous God "will by no means clear the guilty." "God is angry with the wicked every day." "The Lord is a God of judgment." As I thought of God's justice, and then saw how He had vindicated it by the great sacrifice on Calvary's cross, "that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus," I think I rejoiced as much in His justice as I had formerly done in His mercy.

Since then, on many occasions, I have seemed to have *fellowship with God's power*. During the terrific thunderstorms that we have had lately, I have thought of Job's words, "The pillars of heaven tremble —and are astonished at His reproof. He divideth the sea with His power, and by His understanding He smiteth through the proud. By His spirit He hath garnished the heavens; His hand hath formed the crooked serpent. Lo, these are parts of His ways: but how little a portion is heard of Him? but the thunder of His power who can understand?" I have had to get Dr. Watts to help me to understand "the thunder of His power", and I have joined him in singing,—

"The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above."

It is not easy for poor, feeble creatures, such as we are, to have sympathy with God's great power as manifested in the thunderstorm; some of us can scarcely do more than lie down, cowed by its majestic

grandeur. What would become of us if the Lord were to let loose all His wonderful power? Our comfort is that all the might of omnipotence is pledged to defend us who belong to Christ; and that greater is He that is for us than all that can be against us.

Thus, you see, I have had fellowship with God's mercy, God's justice, and God's power; but when I come to the mission-field, and begin to think of the work of foreign missions, I get more *communion with God's infinity* there than I do in almost anything else. You look at the mass of mankind, and talk of the population of the globe as being nearly fifteen hundred millions! What do we know about fifteen hundred millions? We cannot comprehend what one million means; indeed, we do not know much about fifteen hundred: what can we know about fifteen hundred millions? When we get into these long figures, we may as well talk about a million millions at once, or any larger number that you please, for we are quite out of our depth even with the smaller numbers. It is like a man who cannot swim, and who is cast overboard where the sea is five thousand fathoms deep; he would have been drowned if it had been only five fathoms deep, and he would not have been any more drowned if it had been five million fathoms deep. The term "millions" is one, after all, of which we have a very faint idea; and how can we think of the multitudes of men and women and children who swarm upon this globe, and not be overwhelmed with the magnitude of their numbers? Are these millions to be converted to God? That is our great aim and object, to seek to bring back this world to its rightful Lord and Master; that, filled with redeemed souls, it may shine among its sister stars with a fair, clear light to the praise and glory of God's grace.

We look back upon the ages past, and we mourn that so few have been brought to the Saviour. The years keep rolling on, and but slender progress is made after all; and centuries, in which we hoped that so much would have been accomplished, pass away with comparatively little done for Christ and His cause and kingdom. It is an awful struggle, this fight with sin; the cross against the tenfold midnight of human depravity; "the foolishness of preaching" against the wisdom of this world; nothing against everything, so far as appearances go! God, who is all in all, is able to effect His eternal purposes concerning the salvation of men by the feeble means that I have ventured to describe as "nothing."

When you come to the missionary meeting, you have gone beyond those trifling troubles with which some are so grievously perplexed. They are wasting their time in a fruitless discussion about the shape of a communion cup, or the colour of a vestment, or the position of a "celebrant" at what he calls "an altar." You have left the puddles of the street, and are soaring upwards toward your God; you have forsaken the little molehills where the worldlings burrow, and you are high up among the Alps when you get to the work of foreign missions. Here is a field wherein the tallest of us may stretch his legs, and not be afraid of intruding into the domain of his fellow-labourer. There are some men, and some women, too, who would be all the better if they would stretch their minds, and not always confine their thoughts

to one narrow circle. Look at our small country villages; how rife they are with slander and scandal! Very often it is because the people have nothing better to think about. I believe that the daily newspaper, with all its faults, has rendered some service to the cottagers of our hamlets, for it has enlarged their ideas, and shown them that there are other people in the world beside those who live at Little Pedlington or Slocum-in-the-Marsh. You hear them talk about the President of the French Republic, or the President of the United States, or the Emperor of Germany, or the Czar of Russia; and even if they talk nonsense, it is better than slandering their neighbours. When you transfer this idea to a higher sphere, when you begin to read God's Word, when the Lord has brought you into fellowship with Himself through the death of His dear Son, when He has made you a new creature in Christ Jesus, and put His Holy Spirit within you, and given you something of His own compassion for souls; then all things else shrink into nothingness compared with the great redemptive work of Christ, and your obligation to make that work known among the millions of men upon the earth. Compared with the tremendous conflict between God Incarnate and the evil that still remains in the hearts and lives of millions of our fellow-creatures, all the battles that ever were fought on the earth seem only to be like the fights of ants in their nests. There is no chivalry like that which is possible to a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

I seem to live in poetry when I get to the work of foreign missions. Some of our young brethren in the College, when they begin to make poetry (which is sometimes very poor-try, and at other times very cracked pottery), really imagine that one day they will become Miltons. Ah! well, there will be plenty of prose, and perhaps prosiness, too, in their ministry before it is finished; let us not take their poetry from them; but, brethren, if you want to be poets, think of missions to the heathen; there is a theme worthy of your muse. One feels as if his wings were beginning to grow as he contemplates the triumphs of the cross in foreign lands as well as in our own dear country. Are there not nations that are to be born to God, and are there not whole lands that are to be sown with the seeds of light for the reaping by-and-by?

Foreign missions supply a theme for the prophet as well as the poet. I like, as a rule, to prophesy after the event, or else when I am perfectly sure it is going to happen; and even then, I hold my tongue longer than most people would. But when a man begins to be a foreign missionary, he really does seem to grow into a prophet; there is something in his occupation congenial to the prophetic spirit, and he is linked on to the glorious company that in all ages has prophesied in the name of the Lord. He has higher objects and aims than he used to have, and nobler ambitions than many of his fellows have; his object and aim and ambition is to carry out God's purposes of mercy toward the sinful sons of men.

So, if nothing came of our mission-work except the education of the workers, the lifting of men up until they are able to have some sort of sympathy with God, it were worth while to have our foreign missions; but, thank God, there is much more than that as the result

of our efforts! Let India, China, Japan, Africa, and the islands of the sea testify what triumphs have been won for King Jesus by the heralds who have gone forth in His name to all quarters of the earth. There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed, both at home and abroad. Enlarge your sympathies, dear friends, increase your contributions; give yourselves to this glorious work, if you can; and if that is absolutely impossible, help to support those who are both able and willing to go. Do not imagine that the decrees of God can be shut up in a small box, and put away in a cupboard in one of your rooms. They are too great to be confined to any box, or any cupboard, or any room, or any house, or any street, or any town, or any country; nay, they are not confined to the world in which we live; for all worlds are comprehended within the influence of the everlasting purposes of God. His decrees concern the smallest grain of dust that can only be discovered by the aid of the microscope; but they equally have to do with the orbs of heaven, those starry hosts that He calleth by their names, and numbereth, as the Eastern shepherd does with his sheep. In this foreign mission work, I seem to get into the sweep of the spheres of God's eternal purposes; and there I hear again that note that first brought peace and pardon to my burdened heart, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else."

"Our Sufficiency is of God."

A MISSIONARY'S TESTIMONY.

LAST summer, we were in real need of money. I had been ill, and from this and other causes we had special expenses which we hardly knew how to meet. My wife and myself told our God of our trouble, and asked His help, not mentioning this trial to anyone else.

Before we called, our Father in heaven was answering, for by the next post came a letter which I now have before me. It reads as follows:—

> "Only thank the Father above, who sends this to supply some personal present need of His dear children. July 31st, 1891."

A £5 Bank of England note was enclosed. I had heard of such letters; but never before had I seen one. Was it *chance?* Was it *a curious coincidence?* No, surely not! It was our Heavenly Father's loving answer to His children's cry.

Carry all your cares to the Cross, and leave them there. You can never break the bank of God, for "my God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Tangier. N. HARDINGHAM PATRICK.

Prayer as the Resort of the Minister of Jesus Christ.

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

IN a previous article* we sought to set forth the threefold relation of the minister of Christ to the Holy Spirit, as the Spirit of Light, Love, and Life. We now supplement that article, and seek to complete the thought by a more extended reference to prayer as the means of alliance and affiance between the minister of Christ and the Holy Spirit; and, secondly, as the resort and resource of the pastor in the guidance and guardianship of his flock. We are deeply persuaded that that one word "prayer" covers almost the sole secret of an effectual ministry.

Prayer is contact and communion with God. It is not only the offering of supplication to Him, but it is the reception of blessing from Him. It is the spreading out of the fleece to receive the heavenly dew, and therefore it is the centre and source of all real power. A praying soul is a soul that receives and reflects a divine life. To neglect prayer, therefore, is to neglect everything. Upon prayer depends our insight into the Word of God, whether we shall discover the hidden things that are concealed in that Word. Upon prayer depends our personal sympathy with God, whether we shall work along the lines of His plan, submit ourselves thoroughly to His control, and become co-workers together with Him.

We shall take this for granted, and pass to what is not so obvious, but perhaps quite as important in some of its relations. In pastoral life, the minister of Christ finds himself an organizer and an administrator. He has to plan work for Christ; he has to adjust and adapt that work to the capacity and the sphere of different disciples; he has to bring church-members into co-operation with general plans of holy activity and service. He has to guard and guide enquiring, perplexed, doubting, and wayward disciples; he has to exercise discipline in the name of the Lord Jesus. He finds difficulties in his way in the prosecution of God's work, and often in the preaching of the gospel; and these difficulties must be removed. He finds crooked sticks in his congregation, which must either be removed out of the way, or be brought into harmonious relations with the brotherhood. These, and a thousand other difficulties and perplexities confront the minister of Christ; and the question is, How shall he be guided, guarded, and governed, and how shall he guide, guard, and govern others?

There are two principles of administration; both of them prevail. One we may call the principle of political management, the other we may call the principle of spiritual administration. We regret to say that far too often the political management is the rule of church conduct. When a difficulty presents itself, dependence is placed upon human wisdom, and especially upon the wisdom evolved by a multitude of counsellors. If there is a church-meeting approaching, when

* "The Relations of the Minister of Christ to the Holy Spirit." See *The Sword and the Trowel* for September.

it is feared that the ship may strike rocks or fall into whirlpool currents, management is resorted to; the programme of the meeting is cut and dried, certain men are selected to make certain motions, and others to second them, plans are matured to fill up the whole available time with *ad captandum* speeches. Dependence is placed upon "wire-pulling", upon secret measures and confidential agents. Sometimes these measures succeed, to appearance; but they breed discontent, they produce an impression of disingenuousness and trickery upon the part of the church officers, and even of the minister of Christ; they give the impression that the church is ruled by an aristocracy or a syndicate. The very efforts made to suppress disturbance rather increase it. The volcanic fires are smothered; but beneath the crater of a superficial quiet, they smoulder for a more violent outbreak by-and-by.

I want to give my testimony for God, and to plead with my brethren in Christ solemnly to covenant with the Lord that all such methods of church management shall in His dear name be abandoned; and that whatever difficulty presents itself in our church life, it shall be met and mastered by way of the throne of grace. No minister should go to a field unless he is plainly put there by the providence of God. He should seek no place for himself; the place should seek him. He should lay no plans for himself, but fall into God's plans for him; and when distinctly located in a field by God, he has the right to claim God's promise, "Surely, I will be with thee," and when emergencies arise, he should go directly to God, present the case, claim divine help, and act under the suggestions of divine wisdom. When God is thus appealed to by a believing ambassador, when everything has been done according to the Scriptural rule for the reconciliation of contending brethren and the purgation of church life from iniquity, when there has been a faithful testimony in private and public, and all proper Scriptural expedients are exhausted, let the matter be brought directly to God for His personal interposition, and He will never fail His faithful minister.

In my own life, I was long inclined, from a training in business methods, and an undue confidence in my own sagacity, to undertake to manage matters myself. I learnt a better way; and from that time forth have found no difficulty confronting me in my ministry for which there has not been found a divine solution. I took charge of a church at one time, which was composed, for the most part, of the poorer and working classes, which had a terrible debt of £10,000 resting upon it. Feeling such a debt to be a reproach to Christ, I undertook, in the name of God, to raise it by voluntary offerings. It seemed to human eyes a hopeless task; but, by the grace of God, it was accomplished inside of three years without friction, without disturbance, without oppressive taxation. I explained to the ministers at the College Conference how, in another instance, I found in a church a mortal enmity existing between certain officers of the church; and after I had sought in vain to reconcile them, I carried the matter before God in believing prayer, the result being that not one of the parties that were responsible for that quarrel, and refused to enter into negotiations for its removal, has ever since darkened the doors of that church. By a strange series of providences, each one of them was immediately

removed from the congregation. To give the details would be to indicate individuals, which would be unwise; but the facts are as I have stated, and they have made a profound impression upon my mind, the effect of which will never pass away.

What power might be found in the churches of Jesus Christ if prayer were the resort and resource of the pastor in every time of difficulty, if every minister of God were first of all himself a man of prayer, who held daily communion with God, and received daily supplies of strength and wisdom, and who, in the guidance of the vast affairs and varied interests of God's dear people, would first of all ally himself with "the Head over all things to the Church", and seek through that Head to reach every reluctant, offending, unhealthy, or sluggish member!

I am persuaded that any minister of Christ, who will at once abandon all worldly men as counsellors, and all worldly measures as resorts, and for ever forswear all complicity with worldly management and political trickery, and abandon anything disingenuous, uncharitable, or self-dependent, as the means of administering church life, will never again return to that method which he has solemnly abandoned. We have no place in the ministry if we are not allied with God. If we are His ambassadors, all the power, and love, and wisdom of God stand behind us while we are obedient to our instructions, and act within the limits of our commission. We should use authority in His name, and should be ashamed of any methods which, in our place, the Master himself would not employ.

Finally, I wish to commend to my brethren that, in each Church of Jesus Christ, the minister should seek to associate with himself the most godly, devout, and holy men and women, in united prayer for great spiritual blessings; that one of the number should be appointed a secretary, and that every subject deferentially presented before God in united prayer should be recorded, with the promise upon which the request is based, and the date when such prayer began to be made. Then, so fast as the petitions are granted, the answers should be with equal fidelity recorded, so that this Prayer Union (which may be a very small circle), within the Church of Christ, shall demonstrate for mutual growth in faith and courage in waiting upon God how faithful God is in hearing and answering the prayers of His people. I would not attach any importance to numbers in such a prayer circle; and I would neither urge anyone to attend, nor prevent anyone from attending. In the nature of the case, such a prayer circle should be confidential; and while it is not desirable to erect any barriers between disciples, the minister might readily associate with himself those that were living in closest union with God; and while debarring none from attendance on such occasions, cultivate so high a standard of godliness and devoutness, as that none should feel at home if not in sympathy with the purposes for which such gatherings were held. I am profoundly convinced that there is nothing more needed in the Church of Christ to-day than a revival of the spirit of believing prayer; and I affectionately commend these imperfect suggestions to the consideration of Christian brethren in all departments of our church life.

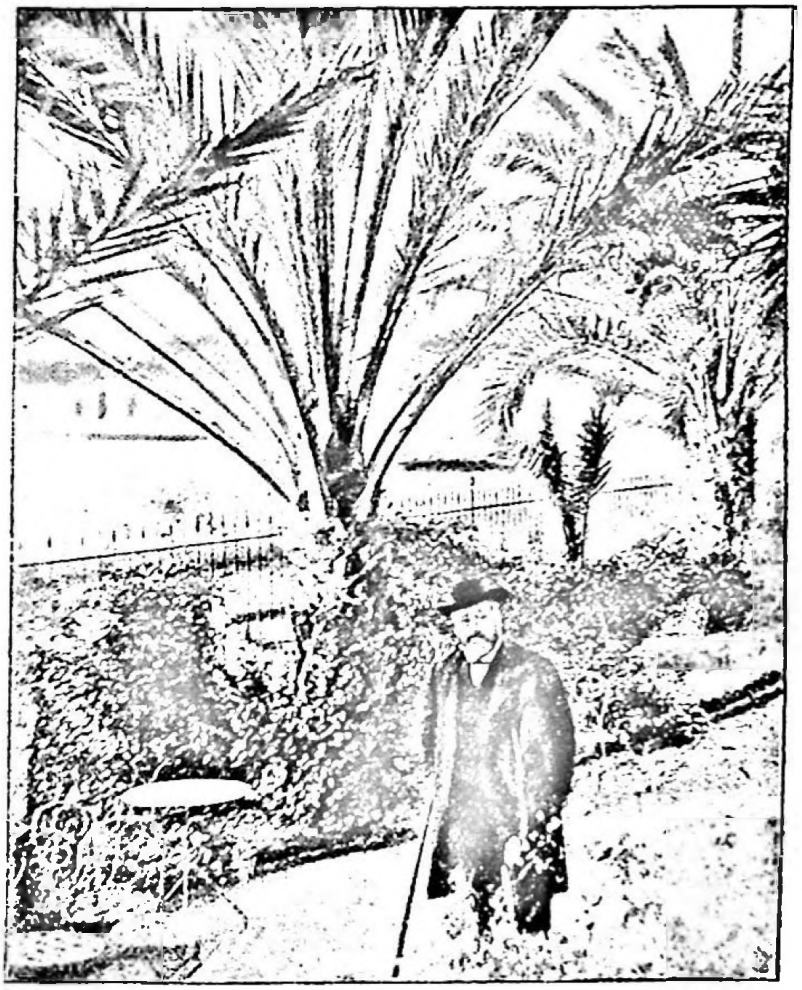
Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives at Menton.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

(*Continued from page* 561.)

ON one of the last drives that Mr. Spurgeon took at Menton, it was his "armour-bearer's" privilege to be his only companion. We started with the intention of going as far as the *Grottes de St. Roman*, on the Monte Carlo Road, in order that we might ascertain whether we should recommend Mrs. Spurgeon to visit the stalactite caverns another day. We safely reached our destination, and carried back a satisfactory report concerning the wonders to be witnessed; but no opportunity for a second inspection arrived before the beloved Pastor was called up to be "for ever with the Lord."

Before starting, Mr. Spurgeon said, "In our accounts of other drives, we have always mentioned what we have seen along the sea front, by the *Promenade du Midi*; let us this time go straight through the town, and notice everything of interest on the route."



Beginning at the beginning, I cannot do better than borrow a charming picture from my friend Manton Smith's *Life of C. H. Spurgeon for Young People.** I believe that the photograph from which this view is reproduced was taken by our Menton friend, Dr. Sewell. It represents Mr. Spurgeon walking in the little front garden of the *Hôtel Beau Rivage* under some of the very palm-trees whose feathery fronds afterwards adorned the olive-casket that contained his precious body, reminding us that he had joined the white-robed victors with palms in their hands in the presence of the King.

Even before we emerged from the hotel gateway, our first "object of interest" was visible. *Villa Imbert* will always be associated in our minds with beloved German friends from the Russian Baltic provinces, with whom we had much hallowed Christian fellowship. One of the *Villas Laurenti* also has similar associations; while another of the same group of villas at one time contained the clergyman of the English church in the East Bay. He had a balcony at the back of his house, from which he delighted to wave his morning welcome to Mr. Spurgeon on the balcony of the hotel. With this good evangelical brother, Mr. Bichard, we had much pleasant Christian intercourse.

A little further on, *Casa Rossa* reminds us of the tender, skilful care of Dr. FitzHenry; while the front view of the *Châlet des Rosiers*, where Queen Victoria stayed in 1882, is quickly followed by a sight of the very ordinary-looking *laiterie*, whose proprietor announces himself, *Fournisseur de S. M. la Reine d'Angleterre.* We have had very good milk and cream from this dairy. At our morning prayer and afternoon communion services, we usually had a contingent of friends from the *Pension Santa Maria*, notably a beloved Belgian baron, who was one of the most ardent admirers of the dear Pastor and his sermons, and one of the sincerest mourners when he was called home.

Mr. Spurgeon used often to say that he never passed the *Hôtel des Anglais* without looking at a certain room, and thanking God for a merciful deliverance there experienced. Many years ago, he was lying in that room, very ill; but he had insisted upon the friends who were with him going out for a little exercise. Scarcely had they left, when a madman, who had eluded the vigilance of his keepers, rushed in, and said, "I want you to save my soul." With great presence of mind, the dear sufferer bade the poor fellow kneel down by the side of the bed, and prayed for him as best he could under the circumstances. Mr. Spurgeon then told the man to go away, and return in half-an-hour. Providentially, he obeyed; and as soon as he was gone, the doctor and servants were summoned, but they were not able to overtake the madman before he had stabbed someone in the street.

In the garden of the same hotel, our dear Pastor once had an unusual and amusing experience. A poor organ-grinder was working away at his instrument; but apparently evoking more sound than sympathy, until Mr. Spurgeon took his place at the machine, and ground out the tunes while the man busily occupied himself in picking up the coins thrown by the numerous company that soon gathered at

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* *The Essex Lad who became England's Greatest Preacher.* By J. Manton Smith. With thirty-five illustrations. Passmore and Alabaster. 1s. and 2s.

the windows and on the balconies to see and hear Mr. Spurgeon play the organ! When the Pastor left off turning out the "music by handle", other guests occupied his place at the machine; and when the organ-man departed, he carried away a heavier purse and a happier heart than he usually took home.

Casa Mare will always be known to us as the *Hôtel de la Paix*; for that was its name when I stayed there on my first visit to Menton with my beloved "captain." It was there that we met Rev. Talbot Greaves, M.A., now of Clifton; Rev. G. Buchanan Ryley, B.A., now of Croydon; and many other friends. Adjoining the hotel is the English church; and a few yards further on, the *Villa les Grottes*, the mention of which recalls many happy memories.



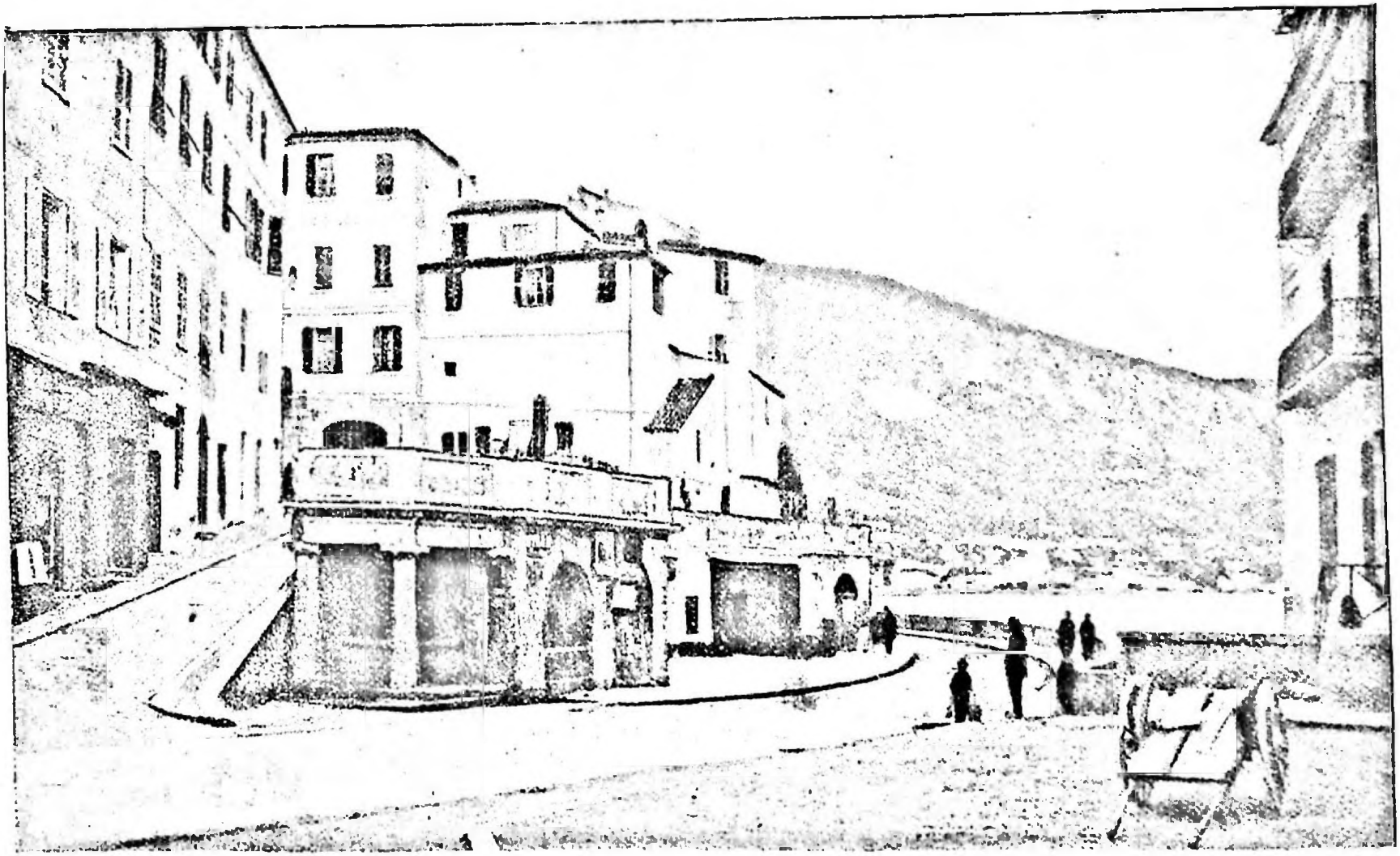
This view, borrowed, like the previous one, from Mr. Smith's volume, is reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr, in the garden of the *Villa les Grottes*, where he was staying with his aunt, Mrs. Dudgeon. The original photograph contained the portraits of Mrs. and Miss Dudgeon, as well as their guests, Mr. Spurgeon and his "armour-bearer." When I saw Mr. Smith, I reproached him for being so ungallant as to leave the ladies out of the picture; but he explained that there was no alternative, as there

was not room to put in that part of the garden where they were standing. Many pages would be required to say all that ought to be said about the honoured lady, whose house was the centre of a real Evangelical Alliance, although not called by that name. When Mr. Spurgeon stayed at her charming and hospitable home, she invited friends of all denominations to meet her honoured guest. One evening, there were so many Church of England canons, that Mr. Spurgeon humorously said that they might form a park of artillery. After a season of general conversation, the whole company usually settled down to listen to the story of the Stockwell Orphanage, or remarkable instances of answers to prayer, or a few words of loving gospel talk, closing with earnest supplication for a blessing to rest upon all present. And now both hostess and guest have met in glory!

A hall on the lower terrace was, for many years, the Presbyterian meeting-place; while lower still, on the level with the street, are rooms that have been of good service for a night-school, Bible depôt, and a branch of the McAll Mission. I am especially interested in this latter work; for it grew out of my simple gospel talks upon magic-lantern views, to the natives, to whom Miss Dudgeon gave French and Italian translations of what I said, with such additions as she judged wise. One night, we had an exhibition of the slides for our English visitors; but the natives, who had been told not to come that evening, crowded up in such numbers, that Mr. Spurgeon was really alarmed. Ultimately, the Mentonese men, women, and children were induced to leave by the promise of a repetition of the exhibition for their especial benefit another evening. It was quite delightful to see the crowd that gathered on a week-night to see a few Scripture views, and to hear a plain explanation of the gospel. Who knows whereunto this work may grow? It seems sad that so many hundreds of Christian people should go to the Riviera every winter, and yet do so little for the spiritual welfare of the natives. Major Colquhoun has been labouring in Menton, and some of the neighbouring towns, and his work has not been in vain; but there is need of many more labourers. The McAll mission now has its headquarters near the French Protestant and Scotch churches.

We have lingered so long at this interesting spot, that we must hasten on, for our morning's drive is scarcely commenced. With the exception of the *Hôtel d'Italie Annexe*, almost all the rest of the *Quai Garavan* and the *Quai Bonaparte* is occupied by native work-people engaged in various occupations, which are sometimes advertised in rather curious English. Here is one that I copied, TRUNCHS ARE REPARED HERE! In other instances, the French suggests a meaning other than the one intended. *Fabrication sur commande* looks very much like, *Lying done to order*. We wonder how much of this there was during the recent general election!

The *fountain*, or public pump, which we have reproduced from Mr. Houghton's photograph, stands just at the entrance to the East Bay. If our readers will look over the heads of the man and boy who are standing with their hands in their pockets, they will see a cluster of white buildings almost joining one another; these are the *Hôtel Beau Rivage* in the centre, the *Grand Hotel, Garavan*, on the right, and the



Villa Imbert on the left. At the back of the man and boy is the entrance to the *Rue des Marins*, the sailors' street, leading to the port. On the left of the picture is the road to the old town, *Rue des Logettes*; until Napoleon made the *Quai Bonaparte*, this was the only land route for all traffic through Menton, which then bore the more euphonious Italian name, Mentoni.

Our view was taken from the *Place du Cap*, on which the cart stands, and where, one "Good Friday" night, I saw a sight I shall never forget. The "Place" and the surrounding streets were crowded with natives of the town and neighbouring villages, and such of the visitors as did not mind the crush. By-and-by, a long procession slowly wended its way from the cathedral, and wedged its way through the throng, and into the centre of the "Place." The principal object in the procession was a life-sized figure of our Saviour, all marred and gory, as though just taken from the cross. As this was borne along, the priests chanted a funeral dirge, and all lookers-on uncovered their heads, or prostrated themselves before the image, while many women wept and bewailed, as did their sisters in Jerusalem when the Christ really did pass by on His way to Calvary. Having reached the middle of the crowd, some machinery was set to work, and presently the ghastly figure was lifted up to the kneeling and weeping throng, while an image of the Virgin, not noticed before, was brilliantly illuminated, and made to appear to be in the act of blessing the poor deluded Romanists below. The sight was so sad that I had to turn away with the prayer, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." So far as any of them did know what they were doing, it seemed as though they were crucifying Christ afresh, and putting Him to an open shame. How long, O Lord, how long shall men travesty the great sacrifice of Thy dear Son? Surely, we ought to pray for France, and all Roman Catholic countries, and do all we can to take or send the gospel to the people that still sit in the dense darkness of baptized paganism.

Enlarging the Cap Factory.

"YOU have no idea how the 'Down-grade' men dislike *The Western Recorder*," writes a leading brother. Oh, yes, we have! Every now and then we stumble on evidence of it. It only goes to show that they feel the force of the blows the *Recorder* strikes for "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." The old proverb is, "If the cap fits, wear it," but the modern practice is, if the cap fits, get angry at the man who made it. We have recently enlarged our cap factory.

Thus writes our Evangelical contemporary, *The Western Recorder*, of Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., a paper which heartily supported the late beloved Editor in his contention for the faith. The teachers of error are very much alike on both sides of the Atlantic, only that in England they have both worn the cap that fitted them and censured the honoured servant of the Lord who made it.

Four Mottoes for Earnest Souls.

THE apostolic exhortation to "covet earnestly the best gifts," dovetails perfectly into the shrewd maxim of modern society, that "there is always room at the top." In the affairs of the world, it is the men who have large ideas, and who aim high, that succeed. Why should not the Christian have a similar laudable ambition?

The ancient Spaniards had as their motto, "*Ne plus ultra*" (no more beyond); for they thought that their country, faced by the wide Atlantic, was the end of the earth, and that beyond the pillars of Hercules there was nothing. But when Columbus sailed over the sea, and discovered a new continent, they altered their motto, which henceforth read, "*Plus ultra*" (more beyond). And so, beyond even those who have attained most, there is yet much land to be possessed, a whole continent of blessing, and a further Pacific Ocean of rest. Let us believe this record, and press forward as those who have not yet attained.

It is said that Michael Angelo once visited the studio of Raphael, and, in his absence, seeing a picture on the easel sketched in a cramped, inartistic fashion, drew round the figures fuller lines, and wrote beneath, "*Amplius*" (larger), which advice Raphael discovering, accepted, and, at length, became famous for his broad conceptions, and the sweeping treatment of his pictures. That master-hand will be of most use to the church to-day, which will lead to an ampler life, showing the beauty and fulness of Christ to the people, and chiefly showing it by the full-orbed development of Christian character, leading us away from our pettiness into sympathy with the splendid purposes of God.

We shall never attain that which we think impossible of attainment. We must desire, in order to dare. "Write an essay on the sensations experienced going up a hill," said a master to his pupils. One boy's essay consisted of three words: "*Utinam essem supra*" (I wish I were at the top), putting the whole thing neatly in a sentence. But the summit is never reached by wishing. Upward, then, laggard heart! Thou, too, mayest climb thy Pisgah, and view the Promised Land.

Of course, there may be an ignoble eagerness to excel, heedless of the position of others. "Let who may be second, the first, I'm determined to be," is not always a motto prompted by greatness of soul. It may have been a mixed motive which inspired that celebrated French woman, when asked, in Vienna, to write in an album, already containing some inscriptions, to turn it round, and opening it at the other end to write, on what should have been the last page, "*J'aime être la première*" (I like to be first); but in these days of sluggish contentment with mediocre attainments, we want more of that spirit which is

> "Ever, by a mighty hope,
> Pressing on, and bearing up."

The things which God hath prepared for those who love him, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; neither have they entered into the heart of man; but if, by the Spirit, we are to know them, we must take (1) wider, (2) ampler, (3) higher, (4) grander views of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. The divisions of this sermon are at the end.

W. Y. Fullerton.

A Batch of New-comers at the Stockwell Orphanage.

ON resuming school, after the holidays, it is our custom to fill up the vacancies in the Institution. Wednesday, September 7th, will be a red-letter day in the history of the seventeen boys who then passed the last ordeal of an examination by our Medical Officer.

With what joy the notice of admission was received by the widowed mothers, can never be known; because tears, and smiles, and speech, alike fail to give it expression. To many of them the opening of the missive is like the flutter of an angel's wing. Fears, reluctantly entertained, are dismissed; and hopes, which only hovered, come to stay. Everything is changed in a moment; and the cloud, overshadowing both heart and home, is gilded with the radiance of morning.

If our friends who subscribe to the Orphanage could only witness the scenes we have recalled, they would feel that they had already begun to receive their reward. Few ministries, possible to us here, bring a quicker or more sure return than that suggested by the utterance of Job, "I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." To transform sighs into songs is a service worthy of angels.

A picture of the new-comers will, we trust, be scanned with interest. They are a merry party; and the look of contentment clearly indicates that they are pleased with their new home and its surroundings; and well they may be! The adults, completing the group, are the Head Master and the Secretary (with his little son), on the right, and the Head School Teacher and the Medical Officer on the left.

As revealing the world of orphanhood with which we have to deal, and the urgent need of the Institution, the following brief jottings are sufficient, and cannot fail to elicit the sympathy of our readers, and to ensure for our large orphan family an interest in their prayers and their purses.

C. C., Portsmouth. One of five children under eight, the youngest are twins, only two years of age. Father was a porter. Mother only able to earn 4s. 6d. per week for the family.

B. B., Swadlincote. One of four children under nine. Father was a Metropolitan Tabernacle Colporteur. Widow left totally unprovided for.

E. W., Peckham. One of seven children under ten; twins, six and four years of age. All totally unprovided for.

G. R., Edmonton. One of six young children. Father was a cabinet-maker. Widow left unprovided for.

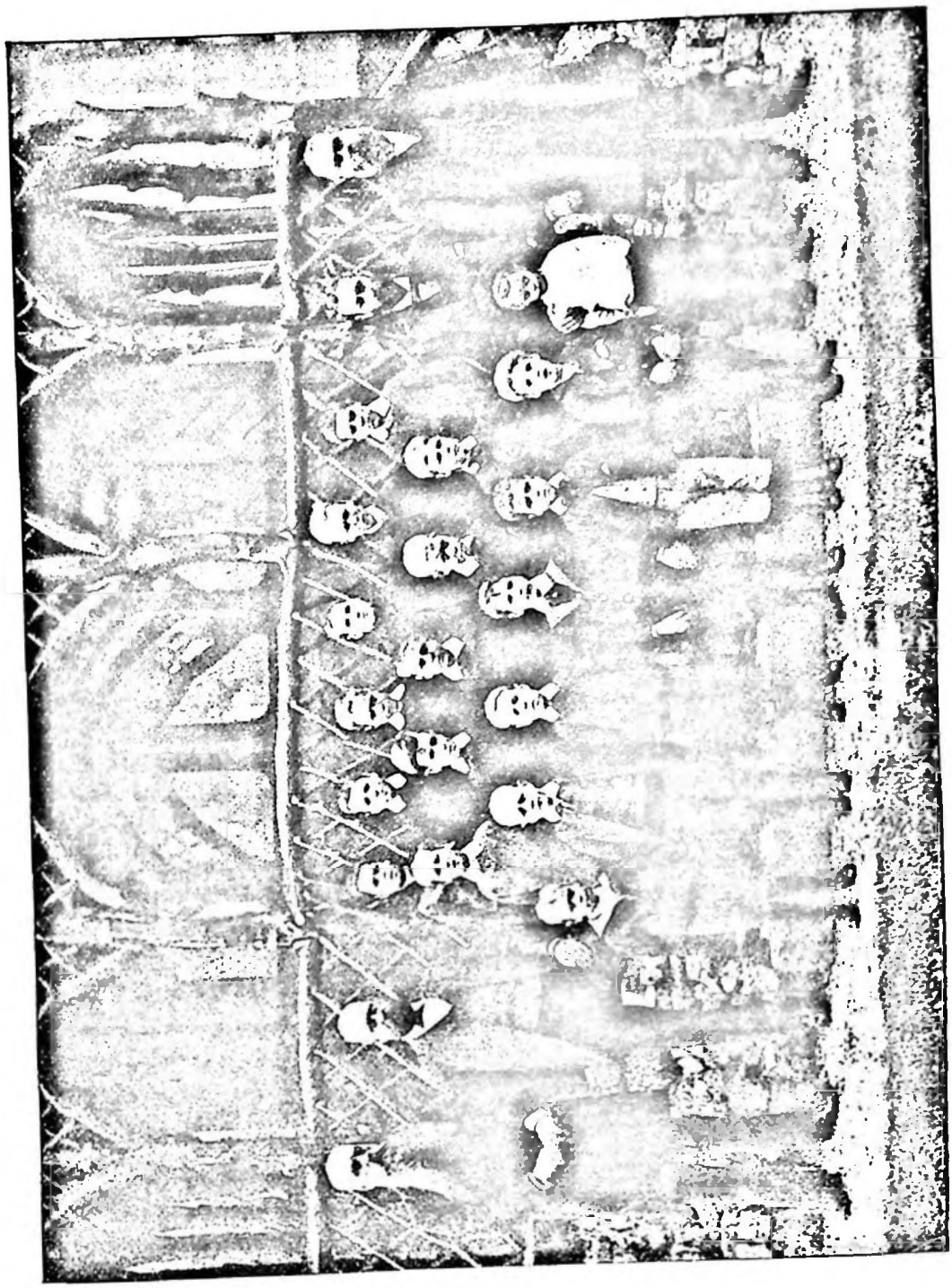
C. H. W., East Dulwich. One of eight children, left without provision. Father was a coachman, and died of heart disease.

H. A. Y., Kilburn. One of five children under ten, left without provision, except a small sum received from a Benefit Society.

J. H., Lambeth. One of seven children. Both parents dead!

A. S., Brixton. One of six young children under twelve, left dependent on widow, without any provision. Father was a cabdriver.

F. K., Fulham Road. One of four children, youngest only three months old. Father was a ticket-examiner, and was killed on the railway.



Dr. Nettleton as a Preacher.

BY R. SHINDLER.

IN the anecdotes and other notes which we have given from the lips or pen of Dr. Nettleton, it may be gathered that he was no commonplace man, and no ordinary preacher; and further acquaintance with him in his memoirs will help to warrant this conclusion. Yet those things which were peculiar to him are not out of reach of most men of average gifts and abilities. The ideas which some have of a revival preacher are that he is a man of fluent speech, addicted to saying strong and stirring things in a rousing and telling way; a man somewhat loose in his ideas, not very logical in his train of thought, and apt to deal ruthlessly with systems of doctrine, and to pride himself on so doing; a man who undervalues the ministrations of stated pastors as slow and spiritless, and who wishes to drive everything and everybody at high-pressure speed. There have been revival preachers of this kind both in England and America, who, though they may have been the means of blessing to some (for God is very condescending and merciful), have, upon the whole, done a great deal of mischief, and the cause of God at large would have been more healthy and prosperous without their efforts. We have far from filled up the outline in so far as some are concerned; but we need proceed no further, for none of these remarks apply to Dr. Nettleton. Truly, if any man might say, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake," he might.

His biographer has furnished the testimony of many as to his being an *instructive* preacher, a *doctrinal* preacher, a *practical* preacher, a *wise* preacher, a *plain* preacher, a *faithful* preacher, and a *solemn* preacher.

"Under his ministrations," it is said, "an awful seriousness pervaded the assembly. No one, unless it was some bold blasphemer, presumed to trifle. Such were the manifest tokens of the presence of God, that the minds of the people were filled with awe, and the breathless silence was broken only by the occasional sighs and sobs of anxious souls."

"His enunciation was distinct, and his emphasis natural; the deep bass tones of his voice were sometimes peculiarly solemn and impressive. His eloquence was not that of splendid diction, or graceful delivery; it was the eloquence of sight and feeling. It was practical reasoning animated by strong emotion. There was nothing peculiarly captivating in his voice, or his style, or his delivery; nothing to make you admire the man, or his writing, or his speaking. His prayers were generally short, and always fervent, Scriptural, and appropriate. When he rose to speak, there was a benignant solemnity in his countenance, which awed the most thoughtless into seriousness; while, at the same time, it exerted an unwonted desire to hear what he had to say. He had a voice of more than ordinary compass and power; and though there was nothing harsh or repulsive in its modulations, you sometimes regretted that he had not enjoyed better early advantages for training it. He always commenced in a low key, enunciating every word and syllable so distinctly, however, as to be heard, without difficulty, in the remotest parts of the house. So simple were his sentences, so plain

and unadorned was his style, and so calm was his delivery, that, for a few moments, you might have thought him dull, and sometimes even commonplace, but for the glance of his piercing eye, and an undefinable something in his whole manner which insensibly gained and rivetted your attention. As he advanced, and his heart grew warm, and his conceptions vivid, his voice caught the inspiration; his lips seemed to be touched with a live coal from off the altar; his face shone; every muscle and feature spoke; his tones were deep and awfully solemn; his gestures, though he never in his life flourished off a prettiness, were natural, and, at times, exceedingly forcible. But his eye, after all, was the master power of his delivery. Full, and clear, and sharp, its glances, in the most animated parts of his discourses, were quick and penetrating, beyond almost anything I recollect ever to have witnessed. He seemed to look every hearer in the face, or, rather, to look into his soul, almost at one and the same moment. You felt that you were in the hands of a master, and never stopped to enquire whether he was a good or a bad pulpit orator. Whatever the critics might say, in one thing you could not be mistaken; he arrested your attention, and made you feel, for the time at least, that religion is indeed the one thing needful." Such is the testimony of a contemporary minister, Dr. Humphrey.

One who had often heard him preach, remarked, that he had the art of repeating some short and striking sentence in a manner, and with an effect, that no other could imitate. It was like the repeated strokes of the beetle, in the hand of a giant, upon the head of the wedge, driving it into the *very heart of the knotty oak.*

In his preaching, every *Calvinistic* doctrine was brought forward in its own place. He found the Holy Spirit owned these doctrines, and that men were far enough from being lulled into slumber thereby, or repelled from salvation. The ministers to whose congregations he was made so useful held the same views, and one of them (Dr. Hyde) required of those admitted to communion full and explicit assent to every article in the *Westminster Confession of Faith.** And in all this they were owned of that God, whose sovereign grace they preached. "The truth is," says Dr. Nettleton's biographer, "*where the Holy Ghost is working*, these doctrines are felt, in their place, to be rays of God's glory, the Saviour himself in the midst, with the free and full gospel, beckoning on every sinner to come at once, without money, without any other qualification than his rags and unworthiness. It is only when, without seeking the special and peculiar working of the Spirit, *man is trying to work on his fellow-man by the power of mere moral motives*, that these truths seem to be hindrances."

What we need, then, is no new way of preaching, no new doctrines that seek to make the strait gate wider, nor yet mighty power of intellect or burning eloquence, but rather that anointing of the Holy Spirit which is found by close fellowship and holy walking with God; and that real, undeniable outpouring of the Holy Spirit which is not of man, but of God. For these, let us cry to the Lord; for these, let us make request without ceasing unto Him who says, "Mine heart

* Sprague on "Revivals."

is turned within Me, My repentings are kindled together." Ere the Son of man appears to judge the world in righteousness, let us, day and night, petition for these most needful and all-important blessings from Him who stretched out His hand so gloriously in the days of old.

THE DOCTRINES OF GRACE PROMOTE REVIVALS.

It has been a common opinion among certain Christian people, and may be so still, that in revivals of religion the prominent doctrines of grace should be kept in the background, out of sight. There are others, too, who, in seeking to promote revivals, and bring about conversions, think that the invitations and promises of the gospel should be the chief themes of the preacher, and that the more fundamental truths should be passed over, as having a tendency to check hope in anxious souls, and hinder a work of grace. This, indeed, is a common practice with many; while some will go so far in pressing home the responsibility of sinners, in the matter of their salvation, as to create an impression on the minds of hearers that the whole work of conversion is not so much God's as their own; and so they are rather strengthened in a false confidence than broken off entirely from self-hope and self-help, as they must be in order to salvation through faith in Christ. Dr. Nettleton knew, and followed, "a more excellent way." In preaching at *Taunton*, Massachusetts, his labours were made effectual to the conversion of many. The minister of the church, with whom Dr. Nettleton lived for some weeks, has given us some very interesting and instructive facts:—

"There had been, for weeks previous, a solemn stillness in my congregation, and many had been specially awakened, though they had kept their impressions to themselves. When Brother Nettleton commenced his labours, the revival immediately became manifest, and converts were multiplied almost daily during his stay.

"His sermons were clear, sound, able, full of thought, direct, and simple, with unity of design. He seemed to be destined to be understood. He enlisted the hearts and hands of all the church, and especially the aged members, our fathers, who were well-informed, and who had borne the burden and heat of the day. It was surprising to see what overpowering influence his kindness, devotion, and faithfulness had upon all, young and old, saints and sinners.

"As the revival progressed, he preached more and more doctrinally. He brought from his treasures the doctrines of total depravity, personal election, reprobation, the sovereignty of divine grace, and the universal government of God in working all things after the counsel of his own will. *Never had Brother Nettleton such power over my congregation as when he poured forth in torrents these awful truths.* And at no time were converts multiplied so rapidly, and convictions and distress so deep, as when these doctrines were pressed home to the conscience. One evening, while our house of worship was filled to overflowing, he preached on the doctrine of election; and the people were so held by the power of truth, that when, in the midst of the sermon, an intoxicated Universalist stepped within the door, and cried out with a stentorian voice, and with a horrid oath, 'That's a lie!' scarcely an eye was turned from the preacher to the door. . . . . The work was

still and deep; and after the lapse of nineteen years, we are satisfied that the converts were, generally, truly renewed in the spirit of their minds. They appear still to believe and love the doctrines of grace, and they have walked in newness of life.

"The great truths of the gospel were the weapons of his warfare, and were wielded with an energy which the people were unable to gainsay or resist. He was remarkably clear and forcible in his illustrations of the sinner's total depravity, and utter inability to procure salvation by unregenerate works, or *any desperate efforts*. He showed the sinner that absolute submission to a sovereign God was the first thing to be done. To this duty sinners were urged with great power and conclusiveness of argument.

"His visits among the people were frequent; but short and profitable. He entered immediately on the subject of the salvation of the soul, and the great importance of attending to it without delay. . . . . He was so acquainted with the human heart, that he seemed to have an intuitive perception of what was passing in the minds of those whom he was addressing. Thus, he could so direct his conversation as to produce silence and self-condemnation, and confine their thoughts to their own lost and ruined state, sometimes remarking, '*You have no time to spend in conversation before the salvation of your soul is secured.*'

"Well versed in all the doctrinal and experimental parts of the gospel, feeling deeply in his own heart the power of divine truth, he was qualified even beyond most men to judge of the character of others' experience; and though mild and conciliatory in his manner, he was faithful in his warnings against false hopes and spurious conversions. All selfish considerations in the concerns of the soul he discarded; and he never used any art or cunning to entrap, or produce commitment on the part of sinners. In the anxious circle (corresponding to the enquirers' meeting), he was short, direct in his remarks, concluding with a brief and fervent prayer, directing his petitions solely to God, and not displaying eloquence, or seeking to fascinate the congregation. He seemed to lose sight of man, and to be absorbed in an overwhelming sense of the divine presence."

It has been the fault of some revival preachers to seek to depreciate the labours of the pastors, as though they were cold, formal, indifferent, and unfriendly to revivals. In this way, in former days—perhaps more than at the present time—much permanent injury has been done to pastors, and to the cause of Christ, by men whose zeal far exceeded their knowledge, and who, whatever they were or were not lacking in, came no way behind the very chief in self-importance and self-assertion. Dr. Nettleton acted a better and nobler part. One of the ministers for whom he conducted special services, says, "In his intercourse with the people, he invariably produced favourable impressions on their minds in regard to their own pastor. He was not the *leader*, but only an *assistant* in the work. My people never before entertained and cherished so high and so affectionate a regard for their pastor as in this revival; and when Brother Nettleton left us in the midst of it, such was the effect of his course in this respect, there was scarcely a word of enquiry respecting his absence; and the work went on as though he were still with us."

Medical Mission Work in Tangier.

LETTER FROM DR. CHURCHER.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Several months have now passed since I have reported anything of my movements to those kind helpers who have been supplying my needs through the PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION. As each month has come round, the welcome cheque has arrived, supplying all the expenses of living, and thus leaving my hands free to work for the Master.

The question may fairly be asked, What has that work been? I will speak of the last two months, June and July. Over fifty natives have been staying with us in the hospital, for longer or shorter periods, during this time. The cards of those who have left us lie before me, and recall some interesting people. You will remember that the feeling among Mohammedans against Christians and Christianity generally, and their fanatical love and admiration for Mohammed and the Koran, are alike very deep and very strong. So, at first, it is difficult to do more than gain passing attention to the gospel, which we desire to see winning its way in their very hearts.

One of the first cases in June was that of a poor slave, whose neck was so swollen with many abscesses that it was as big round as his head. He was an outcast, his master having turned him adrift when too ill to serve him. He is with us still—better, but not yet well—so you see what a long stay, sometimes, a patient makes. Others are difficult to please. We had one man, with a great swelling of his lower lip, kept up by the irritation of his kief pipe—kief, or Indian hemp, being smoked here as opium is in China, and with somewhat similar result. This man chose suffering with kief rather than healing without it, and so left us; another objected to having his clothes washed, and so departed filthy still; but the great majority are glad to stay with us till they are cured.

Here is the card of a man, a native of the far-off Sous country—I suppose, close to the Western Soudan; for we get people from all sorts of places—being on a journey, he fell ill with fever in Tangier. He stayed with us three weeks, hearing the gospel daily, and departed cured. Another, who was suffering from one of the terribly ulcerated throats so common in this land, really seemed to be seeking the truth, and said, "Jesus is our Saviour. Praise be to God!" Another poor man came to us, with a leg which reminded me of the recorded fate of Herod the Great. He has been so interested in the truth, and so useful, that, now he is well, I have taken him on as hospital servant. Speaking of the devil's temptations, he said, "Yes, I know, he comes and says, 'Don't pray now, it is hot; wait till it gets cooler,' or 'You had better sleep now, sleep is sweet; pray by-and-by.'"

Several of our patients have come to us lately, suffering through explosions of gunpowder. A very nice fellow, named El Haddie, was with us for about a month. He could not read nor write, and seemed to know little of any religion. He met with an accident, and blew off part off his left foot. We hope that his trouble has been made a blessing to him, and that he has gone away with the double cure for

soul as well as body. Another man is with us now, whose gun burst, and blew off half his hand. I hope we may save two fingers; but one sickens to think what such cases *used* to suffer when left to *native* treatment.

Another group of cases consisted of four boys, one big and three small, who were standing round a bonfire in honour of a marriage, when a powder-flask exploded, and burnt them so severely that the two smaller lads were in great danger of losing their lives. It was pitiful to see the poor little fellows lying in the ward, with arms and legs swathed in lint, and white masks over their charred and blinded faces. They all four fully recovered, and, I doubt not, will recollect the lovingkindness of our nursing sister, and we hope also the love of Jesus of which they heard.

Another day, a number of workmen brought a poor fellow, shattered and apparently dying, who had fallen from the roof of a house. Five or six of his friends came each night to stay with him; and so, through this one, many heard the truth. Yet another came in great suffering, upon whom a heavy case had fallen in the custom-house. These both did well. One of them was grateful to us; but the other left without even saying "good-bye." I daresay he also was thankful; but the independent and wandering nature of the Arab makes him sometimes *appear* ungrateful, and I might add, cruel also, as was exemplified in the case of another patient, who, having met with an injury to his head, was allowed to lie in the sun for four days close to our house, because it was too much trouble to bring him to us earlier. It was sad to find that, when he *was* brought, it was *then* too late; he was already in a comatose condition, and died an hour or two after his admission.

Another man, who interested me much, was one of the Sultan's soldiers, who are encamped near here. From him I removed some small tumours; and when I offered one to him, that he might show it to his friends, he said, in effect, "No, thank you! I have had enough of *that*. I shall show *myself* cured. *I* shall be the best evidence of your skill." We long to see *spiritually* healed ones, who shall, having left their sins behind, go forth bearing similar testimony, by redeemed *lives*, to the power of the Great Healer.

We are almost in the midst of civil war just now; and hard fighting has been going on within sight of us during this week. Last Sunday, I was out at the camp, attending to some of the wounded. There are no doctors attached to either side; and when badly hurt, the poor fellows are just left on the battle-field to die. The distress among the village folk also will be terrible; the hill-sides are even now dotted with burning villages; and Tangier is crowded with plundered refugees. In a few weeks, when the weather changes, the distress must be wide-spread and pitiable. Should Christian hearts in England be moved to help these needy Moslems, for Jesus' sake, it might be a potent means of opening their hearts to the truth; and I shall esteem it a great privilege to be the channel of conveying the blessing to them.

I have taken the cases already mentioned from the list of *in*-patients during the last two months. During the same time, our

books show that we had nine hundred and twenty-eight visits from *out*-patients. Separate services are held each day for men and women before they see the doctor; so that we try to ensure that each one hears the gospel every time he or she comes for medicine. Beside these, at the dispensary in the town for Jews and Spaniards, I have seen about four hundred more patients during the same period. Of course, I have not been working alone; but have been a link in a chain of workers who, as preachers, nurses, dispensers, dressers, &c., have been bringing the water of life within reach of these dying ones.

In conclusion, I trust that those who have so kindly supported Brother Patrick and myself during the time reviewed, will rejoice in what has been done, that they will water with their prayers the gospel seed sown, and still feel upon their hearts the burden of this unevangelized people.

Worthless Weapons.

"A BOMBAY paper publishes a serious indictment against the contractors who have supplied swords to the Bombay army; and as the state of matters brought to light in this presidency may be prevalent all over India, it is as well that it should be made known widely. A military expert says that, three years ago, orders were issued to test the swords of the Bombay cavalry. In one regiment as many as one hundred and fifty were rejected. As the native cavalry are all on the sillidari system, under which every man buys his own sword, the discovery of the worthlessness of the swords at present in use caused the greatest consternation, not only amongst the men, but also among the officers, who also provide their own swords. *The military authorities at once issued an order forbidding inspectors from testing cavalry swords.* Scarcely one officer in twenty, it is said, would allow inspectors to test their swords, lest they should break. The officers pay for their swords, and trust their lives to a weapon they fear to have tested. The bayonets of the infantry have also been recently tested, and in some cases the rejections amounted to twenty, thirty, and forty per cent. of the whole number."

The above telegram, sent from Bombay a little while ago, reads like a parable, in almost every detail. God's host should be armed with tried weapons. Their own safety, and victory over sin and evil, alike depend upon it. Yet so few, perhaps not one in twenty, are willing to submit their weapons to the test. But what heinous folly must that be that moves those in authority, and officers in the army of God as well, to forbid the needed inspection, lest more useless weapons should be discovered in the hands of the rank and file! "The Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," is the only sword that should be girded on the believer. That will bear all tests; and it is those alone who possess it that can be free from fear in the hour of conflict.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

Madaripore, Bengal.

A Providential Disappointment.

TO us it seemed singularly unfortunate that we should reach the railway station just in time to see the train we hoped to catch steaming out without us.

The family, in lieu of their ordinary seaside holiday, had spent the month with us in Kent, whilst we were at work among the hop-pickers. With the somewhat tedious S.E. journey, the children were tired, and for their sakes we were eager to get home; hence our disappointment at reaching the S.W. junction just too late for our train, and with half-an-hour to wait for the next.

But the hand of God was in this disappointment, as the following narrative will show:—

As the next train drew up to the platform, we filed in, and nearly filled the compartment. One seat remained, and that was quickly occupied by an elderly gentleman. Seated opposite, I noticed that he appeared ill at ease, and in a restless mood.

As the train started, he drew from his pocket a scrap of paper, and, passing it to me, asked, "Can you tell me, sir, what this says? my sight is not very good."

"It appears to me like sundry directions to some place in Australia." I read them to him, and then enquired, "Is that your destination?"

In a sad tone, he replied, "Yes, sir; I am going there to try and start life afresh."

Astonished, I remarked, "Excuse me, I do not presume to ask your age, but you appear to me much nearer sixty than fifty years; and to talk of '*starting life*' at that age, strikes me as peculiarly sad."

"Yes, it is sad; but there is no help for it. I have just passed through the severest trouble of my life. After twenty-five years of unbroken happiness, I have buried my wife. She was all to me, for we had no children. With only a few hours' illness, she was snatched from my side, and the blow stunned me. I feel like a man who has had his right arm wrenched from the socket."

"But what has this to do with your crossing the sea to start life afresh?" I asked.

"A great deal to do with it, sir. So sad and lonely I felt, that I could not stay in the old home; I could not sleep at night, nor rest by day, and was thoroughly unhinged for business. I feel I shall lose my reason if I attempt to stay in England; so I have sold my business, broken up my home, and am going the other side of the world to try and forget my trouble."

"I am grieved on your account," I said, "but am afraid you are making a mistake. This burden will be present with you on the deep, and the other side. You cannot get rid of it in that way. There is a more excellent way than leaving the country to lose a burden."

Almost fiercely he turned on me, and in bitter, reproachful tone, exclaimed, "Young man, you know nothing about it! I defy anybody to know what my trouble is but the man who has himself passed through it."

Touched by his intense feeling, I replied, "That is just why I *do* understand your trouble, and deeply sympathize with you; for I, too,

have passed that way. I know what it is to stand by the open grave of a devoted wife; and fully endorse your opinion that only the man who has passed through this trouble can understand it."

At once it was evident I was in closer touch with the broken-hearted man, as he continued, "Then you *do* understand my trouble; and what is this more excellent way of which you speak? What did you do under your bereavement?"

"Well, first, it drove me to my knees as no other trouble had ever done."

"That is true," he interrupted; "I have never spent so much time on my knees as I have over this stroke of bereavement; and what next, sir?"

"Then, I wanted God to speak to me, and bind up the broken heart, as only He could do it; so I turned to His Word, and, lo! I found myself beside another broken-hearted bereaved one; and he gave wonderfully apt expression to my thoughts and feelings in these words (here I opened a pocket edition of the Psalms, and read), '*O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before Thee: let my prayer come before Thee: incline Thine ear unto my cry; for my soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave. . . . Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me; . . . Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction: Lord, I have called daily upon Thee, I have stretched out my hands unto Thee. . . . Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.*'"

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed the poor man, in an eager tone.

"What strikes you as wonderful?"

"Wonderful that *that* chapter so fully and feelingly expresses my experience just now! Where does it occur? I thought I knew my Bible, and yet I seem to have overlooked that portion just at this particular time when most I needed it."

Again I opened the book at the eighty-eighth Psalm, and pointed him to it; then, turning the corner of the leaf, closed the book, and asked his acceptance of it as a "Memento" of this providential meeting. I advised him to turn to this volume frequently, and make it the man of his counsel daily while on the deep; he would find in it suitable expression for his varying experiences, and it would assuredly speak to him, whenever he turned to its pages with an honest desire to hear the voice of God.

Suddenly our communings were interrupted by the porter's announcement, "Putney! Putney!" Abruptly springing to his feet, he said, "I have to get out here; I am sorry to cut short this conversation." Then, gripping my hand, as he hurriedly wiped away the tears which had flowed freely during our intercourse, he said, "God bless you, sir! You are the first man I have met who really understood my trouble. In forty-eight hours I shall be on the deep; but I shall not forget this strange meeting, and your words of counsel and comfort. Please pray for me."

He was gone, and I saw him no more. So sudden was his departure, that I had hardly time for a second thought, or I should certainly have asked an exchange of cards, so as not to have entirely lost sight

of this soul so providentially thrown across my path. That the hand of God, with design, was in the whole arrangement, I have never doubted; hence, may we not hope that the seed thus sown on the railway, has sprung up, and is bearing fruit to God's glory; and, if we see it not here, we shall in the great harvest-day?

Brentford. JOHN BURNHAM.

NOTE:—Should this sketch happen to fall beneath the eye of the gentleman referred to, the writer will be very glad to hear from him.

Psalm civ.

O LORD, my God, how great art Thou,
With glory clothed, as with a robe;
Thy thunders make the mountains bow,
Thy lightnings flash around the globe!

Thou art Jehovah, Thou alone,
In Thee both strength and beauty meet;
Light is Thy garment, heaven Thy throne,
And earth the footstool of Thy feet.

What are the nations in Thy sight?
Or angel hosts, that dwell above?
Created by Thy sovereign might,
In Thee alone they live and move.

Thy works, O Lord, are manifold,
In wisdom planned and wrought by Thee;
The earth is full of wealth untold,
So is the wide and rolling sea.

To all Thy creatures Thou art good,
Who lift their waiting eyes to heaven;
Thy hand provides their daily food,
They gather what Thy grace hath given.

Thou sendest forth Thy quickening breath,
And teeming life o'erspreads the plain;
Thou holdest back Thine hand, and death
Recalls them to their dust again.

Beneath the glancing of Thine eyes,
The trembling earth with fear is riven;
And touched by Thee the mountains rise,
Like clouds of incense up to heaven.

Sweet shall my meditation be,
Of Thee, and of Thy holy Word;
And long as life is given to me,
My soul shall magnify the Lord.

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

Romanism as it is.*

BY going into the Church of Rome, and remaining in that corrupt communion for some years, Miss Cusack has learned well-nigh all that a woman could learn concerning the difference between the theories and the actual practice of the apostate church. In a former volume she told something about her own personal experience with pope, bishops, priests, and sisters; but in the present work, which is far more interesting than the preceding one, she examines the claims of popery, and the foundations on which they rest. With an unsparing hand, she contrasts things as they are supposed to be with things as she has really found them. The lady is herself responsible for her own statements, but we believe she is both honest and well-informed. Her book has throughout an interest of its own; and it ought to open the eyes of many who are in danger of being deceived by the false glamour which still surrounds this system of boundless arrogance and ambition. Rome aims at political ascendancy, as well as at spiritual despotism, and she will do anything to work her will.

It is maintained, at the outset, that "the source of nearly all the moral evil in the Roman Church" is traceable to the celibacy of the clergy. The confessional is also described as "a cesspool of iniquity for the temptation of the priest." Both as regards the clergy, and those who confess to them, the evil influence of the confessional extend far and wide. Miss Cusack says, "I have heard the sad tale of many girls, teachers, who are under the control of the priest, who have been led on step by step to evil, and no hand was stretched out to save them, because none dared to interfere with the priest who led them to ruin." We feel sure that this witness is true. How can it be otherwise?

The ordinary daily life of a Romish priest is a cheerless one; and, without hope in the future, he is subject to temptations of one kind or another at every turn. Miss Cusack writes, "The wonder to me is, not that there are so many priests who drown their misery in drink, but that any escape." In the United States, at all events, drinking to excess appears to be a common failing. We know nothing beyond what is here stated, but our authoress goes on to say, "I have met many Roman Catholic men, both before and since I left the Church of Rome, who quite frankly avowed that the priests of their Church were, as a class, drunkards." To a great extent, this comes of taking unnatural vows, and undertaking to make sacrifices to which man in his own strength is unequal. References are made to the more general or widespread corruption of the Middle Ages; the same tree bears the same kind of fruit now as it did then. The difference is only in degree. If it were not so serious a matter, it would be simply ludicrous to find such a system claiming to be the only pure communion, and damning all who are outside its pale.

Miss Cusack gives some wholesome lessons to those who may be said to play at Romanism while professing to belong to Protestant communions. Such persons are often very ready to unchurch all who

* "Life inside the Church of Rome." By M. Francis Clare Cusack, "The Nun of Kenmare." Hodder & Stoughton. New Edition.

do not see as they do, apparently overlooking the fact that Rome deals out to them the same measure that they give to others. While very proud of their borrowed plumes, they are regarded by Romanists as having stolen them from those to whom they rightfully belong.

Miss Cusack repeats what others have often said, namely, that Rome is so far unchangeable, that she only needs the opportunity to be as persecuting as ever. The true character of popery was correctly stated by an archbishop in Philadelphia, who is said to be a frequent guest in Protestant houses:—

"We admit that the Church of Rome is intolerant, that is, she uses every means in her power to root out heresy; but her intolerance is the result of her infallibility. She alone has the right to be intolerant, because she alone has the right. The Church tolerates heretics where she is obliged to do so, but she hates them with a deadly hatred, and uses all her power to annihilate them. If ever the Roman Catholics in this land should become a considerable majority, which in time will surely be the case . . . then will religious freedom in the Republic of the United States come to an end. Our enemies know how the Roman Church treated heretics in the Middle Ages, and how she treats them to-day whenever she has the power. We no more think of denying these historical facts than we do of blaming the holy God, and the princes of the Church, for what they have thought it good to do."

This is plain speaking. To attain this dreadful object, the representatives of Romanism are not ashamed to make use of any means. We read that even "the Clan-na-Gael goes on its murderous way, with the full approval and blessing of the 'holy' Roman Catholic Church"; but this we can scarcely credit, since all secret societies are under the ban of Mother Church. What, however, Jesuits may do, no man knows.

We are glad to be reminded that there is a bright side to the boasted increase of Romanists in America; for that increase is mainly owing to immigration; otherwise there would seem to be something like an actual decline in the numbers of the Popish Church. "In all Southern States, in every Irish town, you find names which are unquestionably Irish; but the people are not Catholics. 'The voice is the voice of Jacob,' but they do not represent the Church, to which, by their nationality, you would suppose they would have belonged. Roman Catholic people have increased and multiplied in America, but they have not multiplied as Romanists, and no one knows that better than the ecclesiastics of their Church." Politically, Romanism is in the ascendant in New York; beyond this, it is as great a failure there as in Naples itself. Hence, speaking more generally, Miss Cusack is able to say, "Rome is a wrecked and ruined Church, holding her position, such as it is, not by the upholding arms of faithful children, but by the sword of political power."

"The Nun of Kenmare" will be one of the speakers at the Protestant Congress to be held at Portsmouth this month. Those who have not the opportunity of hearing her, should get her book, which is well worth reading. It is written in a remarkably fair and temperate spirit.

Fishing.

ON recovering from my recent illness, I went to Southport (Queensland) for a month, to recruit my strength. I was unable, at first, to engage in any exercise requiring strength or activity, and hence resorted to fishing, as providing a simple occupation without exertion. Starting as almost a novice, I met at first with small success; but before I left, I learned several points upon which we may moralize after the example of our Lord, who called His apostles to be fishers of men.

1st. It seems altogether too commonplace to observe, at the outset, that if anyone would catch fish he must go where the fish are. Yet we sometimes in our preaching forget this. To hold forth to empty seats will not lead to the conversion of sinners. As with Mahomet and the mountain, if they will not come to us, we must go to them. "Wisdom crieth aloud in the streets; she uttereth her voice in the broad places; she crieth in the chief place of concourse (the marginal note is, 'at the head of the noisy streets'), at the entering in of the gates, in the city, she uttereth her words" (Prov. i. 20, 21, R. V.).

2nd. But it is not enough merely to go to the sea. I found that fish frequent certain localities. Some are to be found on sand-banks, others amid rocks; some keep to the bottom, others swim near the surface. Thus it is with different kinds of sinners. The gambler is to be found on the racecourse, the covetous in the counting-house, the frivolous in the ball-room, the lascivious in the house of shame, the hypocrite in the church, the indifferent among the idlers in the street. Yet all are alike sinners, and it is the business of the preacher to seek after all, that he may by all means save some.

3rd. Different fish require different treatment. Apart from the various sizes of hooks, you need to vary the bait also. For whiting, you must bait with eugarie; for bream, with mullet or tailor; for large fish, with small whiting or diamond fish; while most kinds will take prawns, if such are available. So, different sinners require different treatment, and in the gospel we find invitations, warnings, exhortations, promises, and threatenings, to be used by the fisher according to the persons with whom he has to deal.

4th. I learned also that it was necessary to put the most tempting bait upon the hook. For instance, the tough part of the belly of the mullet is almost worthless; the prime, fleshy part round the backbone must be used, or fish will not bite. What is so attractive as the Lord Jesus? He is the bread of life, and He alone can satisfy the needs of guilty men.

5th. I found, further, that there is a particular way of fixing the hook so as to render it more effective—not at the top, for then the bait would be nibbled away; neither at the bottom, for then fish might not bite at all; nor yet covered over, or its point would be harmless. So there is a place in the sermon for the appeals of the gospel; generally speaking, neither at the beginning nor end, for men will learn to close their ears to that portion, but in some unsuspected and most interesting place, so that if men listen at all, the Word may fasten to them. We must be careful, too, not to cover it up, and render it harmless; but naked and sharp, let its power be felt.

6th. Much discretion is needed in landing fish. Should you pull the line too roughly, they will break away; if you are too slow, and the line slackens, they will slip off. Thus we need to deal discreetly with sinners. Untempered zeal may alarm and hinder, while lukewarmness will let them slip away. "On some have mercy, who are in doubt; and some save, snatching them out of the fire; and on some have mercy with fear; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh" (Jude 22, R. V.).

7th. Fish are often hauled some distance, perhaps fifty or sixty yards; but not being securely hooked, wriggle off when about to be lifted out of the water. Here we have the analogy in the parable of the sower: "And he that was sown upon the rocky places, this is he that heareth the word, and straightway with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but endureth for a while, and when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, straightway he stumbleth" (Matt. xiii. 20, 21, R. V.).

8th. I saw, moreover, that worthless fish are most easily caught. I watched Easter visitors freely landing the comparatively worthless diamond fish, while those who knew better were only anxious not to have their bait spoiled by such small fry. Those who nibble at everything, who are easily caught, and induced to join our churches, are usually of small value. They lack firmness and stability, and are with equal ease led away from us to something else.

9th. Some fish nibble gently, and, as it were, play with the bait before they are taken. Thus some hover around the gospel for many years, and are under conviction a long time before they are eventually brought into the church.

10th. Others, usually large fish, rush at and swallow the bait most voraciously. So, some grasp at the gospel directly it is preached to them, clutching as a drowning man at a rope. These are usually great sinners, who, knowing their lost condition, and hearing the gospel for the first time, eagerly accept the invitation held out to them.

11th. Some days and seasons are more favourable for fishing than others; and thus it is with men. There are seasons when they are more open to conviction and appeal, as in times of surprising providences, sickness, bereavement, revival, &c. Then, especially, must the fisher of men be on the alert, although as a faithful servant he is instant in season and out of season.

12th. The experienced and earnest fisher will meet with most success. I was at first somewhat surprised to see an old hand hauling up the fish one after another, while those around him were taking nothing. From him I gathered many of the points embodied in this article. Not only was he a fisher of long experience; but while others fished for pleasure or sport, his was a matter of business. His livelihood depended largely upon it. Hence he not only studied the art; but threw all his powers into it. So, I mused, it must be with us. If our Christian work is merely a sort of pastime, and occupation for leisure moments, we shall not succeed as he does who makes it the great business of his life to win souls, who feels that necessity is laid upon him, and who bends all his energies to the accomplishment of that end. Experience blended with a real live earnestness will seldom fail of success.

13th. After all, sometimes the fish would not bite, and we realized that we could only tempt or entice them with the bait; we could not compel them to take it. So it is with the gospel. We may plead, exhort, persuade; but we cannot force men to accept it. He only who formed them can make His people willing in the day of His power. This may encourage us not to despair if success be withheld. Duty-doing is ours; wonder-working is God's.

I have confined these remarks to my own recent experience; but I think the observations will hold good generally. If we could henceforth embody the teaching in our lives, we should hear the Master say: "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men" (Luke v. 10).

Albion, Brisbane, Queensland. WILLIAM HIGLETT.

The Rose of Sharon.

ON earth there bloomed a lovely Flower; in barren soil it grew;
Yet neither life nor strength declined, 'twas fed by heavenly dew.
Its perfect beauty far surpassed all other flowers of earth;
Mild glories rare and fragrance rich, proclaimed its heavenly birth.

It flourished fair in every clime with vigour unimpaired;
Bloomed where eternal snows were found, or tropic sunbeams glared;
On bleak and barren mountain high, in rugged glen and shade;
It thrived, in sterile regions bare, where earthly flowers would fade.

The changing seasons wrought no change; ne'er drooped its lovely head,
Though gentle showers of spring were gone, and summer sunshine fled;
Through cutting frosts and stormy blasts of winter dark and wild,
No withering blight its beauty marred; serenely still it smiled.

All other flowers soon droop and die; this Rose will ne'er decay!
It bloomed or ever earth was formed, and will through endless day:
The flowers of earth that flourish here, are hastening to the tomb;
Decay or death can never touch this amaranthine Bloom!

From heaven it came, on earth it bloomed, to cheer the dreary waste;
Shedding rich beauty and delight o'er scenes by sin defaced;
The desert bare it filled with joy, the wilderness made glad,
And solitary places sang which once were lone and sad.

Alas! but few discerned its worth; despised of men this Rose!
Slighting the Fairest heaven could give, foul weeds and thorns they chose;
No comeliness in it they saw, no fragrance sweet perceived;
For o'er their eyes a veil was drawn, and pride and sin deceived.

To yearning hearts it gladly came; and charms, till then concealed,
To Faith and Love's enraptured gaze were tenderly revealed.
It came no transient joy to give, not briefly to reside;
Wherever welcomed, there its home for ever to abide.

* * * * * *

O Rose of Sharon! come and dwell in my unlovely heart;
Make it Thy home, and in Thy grace Thy beauty there impart:
Abide within my soul, that I, on earth Thy life may show;
Fill me with love, that from my heart Thy fragrance rare may flow!

Faversham. C. A. SLACK.

Notices of Books.

The Prince of Preachers: a Sketch; a Portraiture; and a Tribute. By JAMES DOUGLAS, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

SINCE "the prince of preachers" has been promoted to glory, many tributes of love and esteem have been rendered to his memory; but the one before us far excels all others that we have seen at present. Mr. Douglas knew Mr. Spurgeon, loved him, reverenced him, and fought by his side in his great battle for the faith; it was meet that he should sketch his portrait, and he has done it perfectly. We could scarcely wish to have a word altered from the first page to the last. The charm of this "tribute" is that it comes from the writer's heart. We feel sure that he must often have had to lay down his pen while performing his task of love, and let his tears flow freely, as he realized the loss which he had personally sustained, and recognized more and more the loss which the whole church and world had suffered by Mr. Spurgeon's translation.

Trying to find a specimen that we might quote, we were indeed embarrassed with riches, for it is all worth quoting. Here is one of the many gems:—"He clave to the Cross with the grasp of a giant and the simplicity of a little child. He spoke of Christ's bleeding wounds out of a full heart, and from the impulse of a warm love. The Cross was his loadstone, drawing him on and lifting him up; Calvary was his Hermon, where he saw the Son of man transfigured, and where his own soul caught the glow of transfiguration. As iron, when magnetized, becomes itself a magnet, so is it with the preacher on whom the spell of 'Christ crucified' rests. There is a drawing power in his witness. Himself magnetized, he magnetizes."

The Christian in the World: his Path, and his Guide. By MARTIN HOPE SUTTON, F.R.H.S. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

WE do not wonder that this excellent essay has reached its sixth edition; it is worthy of reaching its sixteenth, or its sixtieth. Though issued a quarter of a century ago, it is as timely to-day as it was then. It is published at one shilling; but for free distribution it can be obtained at a reduced price of the author, Cintra Lodge, Reading.

The Dictionary of Religion: an Encyclopædia of Christian, and other Religious Doctrines, Denominations, Sects, Heresies, Ecclesiastical Terms, History, Biography, &c. Edited by REV. WILLIAM BENHAM, B.D., F.S.A. Cassell and Co.

THERE is a great mass of matter in this half-guinea volume, and, on the whole, the information upon the various subjects mentioned on the title-page appears to be accurate and reliable. The space devoted to each topic is necessarily brief, and we can readily believe the Editor when he says that "the difficulty has been to compress what was required within a manageable compass." In our previous notice of this work, we pointed out that the articles which touch upon the Baptists are "of a cloudy character; impartial, but half-informed, and blundering." This new issue has the same faults; indeed, the volume appears unaltered from the former edition.

Doctor Doctorum: The Teacher and the Book. By R. B. GIRDLESTONE, M.A. Shaw and Co.

HERE is a book indeed, worthy in its way to rank with Liddon's *Divinity of our Lord.* It is not so profound, nor so elaborate as Liddon's; but it is equally convincing. Modern criticism has undermined the faith of not a few in the infallibility of the Word of God, and sowed the seed of doubt even as to the absolute trustworthiness of our Lord as a Teacher. Such criticism is here dealt with in a calm, masterly way; which, we think, ought to carry conviction to the mind of every reader. The chapters on the limitations of the Saviour's knowledge, are specially timely and good. This volume ought to refresh the faith, and quicken the devotion of every Christian reader.

The Pulpit Commentary. JOB. By Canon RAWLINSON. PROVERBS. By Rev. W. J. DEANE, M.A., and Rev. S. T. TAYLOR-TASWELL, M.A. EZEKIEL. Vol I. By Dean PLUMPTRE. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

ALL Bible-students will be glad to find that this gigantic work proceeds apace. When completed, it will be one of the mightiest monuments of industry and learning this century has produced. We have now thirty-seven volumes issued, so that the editors are within measurable distance of the end of their laborious task. We have given no stinted praise to many former volumes; and we are glad to say that we think they improve as they increase. It would be too much to expect, in a work of this kind, to which so many men, of differing modes of thought, consecrate their talents and learning, that we should agree with all it contains. In several volumes we have observed serious errors in the expositions and doctrinal teaching, while some of the sermon outlines we found scarcely worthy of such a standard work; but in the three volumes now noticed, we have as yet discovered little to which any fair-minded reviewer can take objection. The introduction to each volume we esteem of special value. They deal in a masterly way with the spirit and purposes of the books, and often throw fresh and interesting light on the lives and times of their authors. They should in no case be omitted by the reader.

The book on *Job* is not too ponderous to be unusable, and yet it is full enough to afford all the aid preachers consulting it are likely to require. The expositions and the outlines are both terse and trustworthy. The volume on *Proverbs* will deepen interest in this treasury of sacred maxims, and render much valuable aid to those who seek to enforce its practical precepts; while students of *Ezekiel's* visions and prophecies will find in this volume many a dark saying lighted up, and not a few suggestions for discourses in a book rich in material for the pulpit, yet often too much neglected by those who occupy it. Fortunate, indeed, are the preachers who possess, *and use*, *The Pulpit Commentary*.

The Blessed Life. By JAMES ELDER CUMMING, D.D. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling.

EXPOSITIONS of portions of Scripture bearing on holiness. Sweet, if not strong. We think the brief exposition of Psalm cxxi. the best chapter, and in it we are glad to smell some perfume from *The Treasury of David*.

Bible-class Primers. The Shorter Catechism. Part II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

VERY good, except for its advocacy of infant sprinkling. They who shun the watery grave of Believers' Baptism, give us plenty of watery arguments against it.

Historical Connection between the Old and New Testaments. The Life of Abraham. The Life of St. John. The Seven Churches of Asia.

These also are in the "Bible-class Primers" series, and are in every way admirable. They are full of condensed Scriptural teaching, and must be helpful to all who study them. The series, when completed, will be a valuable contribution to our Biblical literature.

Guild and Bible-class Text-book Series. The New Testament and its Writers. Edinburgh: Adams and Black.

COULD scarcely be improved in so small a compass.

Life and Conduct is another of this series, and one about which it would be difficult to speak too highly. It treats of character, friends, health, recreation, books, and other subjects bearing on the true welfare of young men and maidens. It is full of admirable advice and wise counsel.

Divine Brotherhood. Jubilee Gleanings. By NEWMAN HALL, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

MEMORIALS of a long, honourable, and successful ministry. Newman Hall ever possessed a big, brotherly heart, a true Evangelical faith, and an eloquent tongue, of which these "Jubilee Gleanings" give ample evidence. The subjects dealt with touch life both on its human and divine sides, and will afford help to all who seek true manliness and vital godliness.

Preaching without Notes. By RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D., of Brooklyn. Second Edition. Dickinson.

WE heard a minister, of some eminence, say that this book had greatly altered, for the better, his style of preaching. All who are slaves to the manuscript in the pulpit, will do well to read it; for with such there is certainly great room for improvement; only let all be careful that "preaching without notes" is not preaching without *thoughts*, as it sometimes is. Notable preachers are likely to be not less notable, if they learn to preach without a note.

The Cradle of Christianity. By Rev. D. M. Ross, M.A., Dundee. Hodder and Stoughton.

In Christ's Country. By SAMUEL HOME, LL.B. Elliot Stock.

BOTH these works give us chapters on modern Palestine, by eye-witnesses of the scenes they describe. Both convey the impressions of thoughtful, travelled minds. Here the likeness ends. The former is a goodly volume of 256 pages, admirably describing the country, its history, its people, and its prospects. The author apparently holds that the Old Testament prophecies as to Palestine are all fulfilled, a view in which we do not share. The latter volume is smaller (107 pages), rather reciting the impressions of the traveller than giving details, as in the larger work. The whole description is readable, chatty, and interesting; though tinged with what the author calls a "reasonable scepticism." In other words, he found his visit to Palestine enhance his difficulty in believing some of the Old Testament miracles. Others have visited and described the Holy Land with no such difficulty. Indeed, the very word seems out of place where miracle is involved. The writer is quite convinced that the true Golgotha is not the traditional site; but just outside the Damascus Gate. Mr. Ross (presumably a Presbyterian divine) thus describes his bathe in the Jordan:—

"We descended into the river hot with our morning ride, and inconvenienced by the encrusting salt of the waters of the Dead Sea. We ascended refreshed and invigorated. That bathing-place in the Jordan, and my own experience in its waters on that sultry day, gave me a fresh impression of the kind of ideas which were associated, by the New Testament writers and the early Church, with that sacred rite of baptism in which immersion was a beautiful symbol of the washing away of the filth of the old life, and of rising into the new life of purity and spiritual vigour" (p. 155). Intending visitors to Palestine would find both books a capital preparation for their journey; while those debarred that privilege, would find them an agreeable substitute. The one supplements the other.

The Word Opened. Second Series. By Rev. EVAN H. HOPKINS. Marshall Brothers.

Foreshadowings of the Gospel. By HENRY THORNE. Drummonds.

What Subject shall I Take? By Rev. J. J. HUNT. Marshall Brothers.

THREE books of Bible Readings placed in their order of merit. No lack of subjects here. Several capital illustrations, as well as much spiritual instruction, are to be found in Mr. Hopkins' book. Mr. Thorne is full of the things which he has made concerning the King, and supplies many striking extracts. We recently noticed another book of his, on a similar plan, and welcome this new volume. Mr. Hunt gives but the bones of divinity: the body must be supplied by the preacher. Each of the three is good in its way. Eighteenpence will buy any one of them.

The Bible Remembrancer. Morgan and Scott.

A BOOK for Bible students, containing, as the title-page sets forth, "a large amount of Biblical information, and a good analysis of the whole Bible." The reader is enabled to turn in a moment to any passage or incident he may need. The analysis of the books and chapters is certainly very useful. The selection of promises, warnings, proverbs, doctrines, prayers, &c., will be of great service to preachers and teachers.

The Microscope and its Lessons. A Story of the Invisible World; with pictorial descriptions of its inhabitants. By JAMES CROWTHER. George Cauldwell, 56, Old Bailey.

THIS is the tenth and last volume of Mr. Crowther's admirable Natural History series. Those who have read the previous volumes will be glad to get this one, but they will regret that there are not "more to follow." The whole series ought to be in every Sunday-school, church, and public library. Mr. Crowther is an enthusiastic lover and student of the works of Nature, which to him are the works of God. He counted it one of the highest compliments ever paid to him, though it was not meant as such, when one said of him, "Oh, he doesn't care for natural history unless it illustrates religion."

Among the many amusing "personal reminiscences" is one that we must quote. On one occasion, Mr. Crowther received from a clergyman, who had formerly been his pastor, a letter which he thought implied something more than it contained. He therefore went to see the writer; and thus reports their conversation:—"'My dear Mr. A., you have written me a note which reads like a mysterious riddle. There's more in it than is expressed: what is it? What have I done that appears to have offended you?' 'Oh, nothing *very* particular,' said he, 'nothing *very* particular; only—only that lecture you have been giving at Mr. Spurgeon's ——!' Now the truth was this: I *had* been giving one of my entomological talks to the children at Stockwell, belonging to Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage, and a favourable report of it found its way into the newspapers, and my friend had been reading the same. When I discovered the key to the riddle, I fear I was *rather* naughty, as I remembered the unrest my good friend's note had occasioned me, and I said rather sharply, 'Mr. A., I was called to give the lecture at Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage, and I went; and I would go and lecture on a dust-heap if only I thought I could do any good on it.' 'Yes, dear Crowther,' said my friend, with a seraphic smile, 'that would be all very well, provided only it were a Church of England dust-heap!'"

By Sea-shore, Wood, and Moorland. Peeps at Nature. By EDWARD STEP. Partridge and Co.

A CHARMING book for our young people. The author modestly calls his talks "Peeps at Nature"; but they are admirable Natural History lectures; and with the 145 illustrations, many of them excellent specimens of engraving, they make up a most tasteful volume, which is very cheap at half-a-crown. Any boy or girl receiving this book as a present would be rich indeed in information about the wonders of creation "By Sea-shore, Wood, and Moorland."

Sermons from Browning. By Rev. F. EALAND, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THE author says, in his brief preface, "These sermons were delivered, in substance, as a course of Advent Lectures." To his own Master he stands or falls; but we cannot do otherwise than strongly deprecate the growing practice of taking poets, politicians, and artists as themes for pulpit discourses. Let Christian ministers "preach the Word", and leave Browning to those who have no higher themes as the subject of their sermons.

The English Presbyterians. By Rev. A. H. DRYSDALE, M.A. Presbyterian Office, 14, Paternoster Square.

A SMALL handbook on English Church History in general, and Presbyterian Church History in particular. The author has compressed a surprising amount of information into a small space. The purpose of the book is to help forward the Presbyterian cause in England, and this end it is likely to secure.

The Maiden's Birthday Book. With an Introduction by the Countess of Aberdeen. Marshall Brothers.

OF the making of birthday books there appears to be no end. This one differs from many others in having the daily texts taken from the Revised Version. It will be an acceptable present for a maiden's birthday.

Old England: Sketches of English History. By E. A. W. Hunt and Co.

WRITTEN upon sound principles, and worthy to be widely read. As a volume in large type, this is peculiarly fitted to be placed in public reading-rooms, to be studied by all-comers. Old England's story goes no further than the beginning of the present reign; but it gives instructive incidents constituting a trail of history from the days of the Britons down to William IV. It brings out the fact of the conversion of our Island to the faith long before the days of the Romish Augustine; it tells the story of the Reformation in the right spirit; and it deals fairly with Oliver Cromwell. Altogether, as a popular outline of English history, we heartily commend it.

Talks on Getting Married. By T. T. EATON, D.D., LL.D. Louisville, U.S.A.: Baptist Book Concern.

No class stands so much in need of a good talking to as the one that Dr. Eaton has chosen to address. The difficulty, we fear, on both sides of the Atlantic, is to command a hearing in time. If, however, those who are addressed in these "Talks" are patient enough to listen to good advice, and wise enough to follow it, Dr. Eaton will not have laboured in vain. We earnestly hope that, by his skilful charming, this divine may succeed where so many others have failed.

Tales about Sunday. Compiled by CHARLES HILL, Secretary of the Working Men's Lord's-day Rest Association. Partridge.

THESE are impressive stories, and should be widely scattered among our people. In France there is a great movement towards the institution of a weekly day of rest, on purely moral, social, and sanitary grounds. It will be a sad pity if England willingly loses that which France eagerly craves. The more perfectly the Sabbath rest can be enjoyed, the better for a nation. As for the spiritual bearings and the higher meanings of the day of rest, they can only be apprehended by those who have believed and "have entered into rest." We wish well to the excellent endeavours represented by this collection of tales.

Hold Fast by your Sundays. By the Author of "Deepdale Vicarage," &c. New edition. "Home Words" office.

A CAPITAL book on a very important theme. No class is so interested in preserving inviolate the day of rest as the hard toilers in workshop and factory; and this little volume puts this aspect of the Sabbath question very powerfully and attractively. An excellent book to put into the hands of the parents of our Sunday-scholars; and, indeed, to scatter far and wide. We cannot have too many works of this kind, in these days of Sabbath desecration.

Hunters and Hunted. In Forest and Field. With coloured pictures by HARRISON WEIR. *Under the Apple-tree.* A holiday story. By C. H. LYALL. Shaw and Co.

IF you want to give Master Jack the very book to suit him, buy him one of the New Natural History Stories which Messrs. Shaw have issued at half-a-crown each; and if his sister thinks she would like a book to match her brother's, get for her the holiday story written by C. H. Lyall; a queer name, by-the-by, for a writer of true stories.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. With Biographical Sketch of the Author, by ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D. John Hogg.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN will stand as a memorial of the author's genius long after Mrs. Beecher Stowe has passed away. It is a thrilling story still; what must it have been in the States in the old days of slavery? It must have largely helped to abolish the abominable system of traffic in human flesh, which was at last removed by an enormous sacrifice of life and wealth. Someone is wanted to write a new *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, describing the horrors of slavery in the lands where the evil still lingers. This new edition of Mrs. Stowe's great work is worthily produced, although some of the illustrations are very grotesque, and in others the principal characters are made to vary considerably in their personal appearance.

The Newly-recovered Apology of Aristides. Its Doctrine and Ethics. By HELEN B. HARRIS. Hodder and Stoughton.

A FAIRLY-SUCCESSFUL attempt to tell the story of finding the lost Apology, and to give specimens of its contents. A complete text of this work has been already issued; this little book goes rather to give a popular description and sample of it for the general reader. We do not imagine it will sell by thousands; but it will satisfy those who are already interested in the subject.

The Lepers of our Indian Empire. By W. C. BAILEY. Shaw and Co.

A SAD story, told with sympathetic power. The lepers of India have been reached and blessed by the gospel, and in some of the asylums there is a church wholly composed of lepers. This dreadful disease, that brings despair of cure, has a lurid record; but it was well worth writing, that the interest of God's children might be roused therein. The author speaks with the graphic force of an eye-witness: his travel has all been used for pitiful regard for these sad sufferers. We trust that many will read, and be moved to help them.

The Precious Things of Home. By Rev. WALTER SENIOR, M.A. "Home Words" Office.

TWELVE chapters of kind, plain, earnest talks with mothers, reprinted from *Home Words;* and well worth reprinting. The style is so happy, conversational, and attractive, that the little book cannot fail to be a blessing to many. Mothers ought to read this book, and mark, learn, and inwardly digest its contents. It would be a most useful little book for the Mothers' Meeting.

America and the Americans. By ALEXANDER CRAIB, F.S.A. Alexander Gardner.

THOUGH we do not share Mr. Craib's mildly-expressed sympathy with what he regards as "progress" in theology —we have another name for most of it—we heartily commend his book as a record of travel. He has gone through Canada and the United States with his eyes open, and his mind alert. He has given us excellent descriptions of scenery, interesting accounts of cities and towns and rural settlements, shrewd observations upon the life of the people, with their manufacturing and commercial methods, and on their advancement in education and science, and sympathetic and gratifying reports of the work of God wherever he has travelled. There is not a dull page in the book. It would be greatly improved by an index, and such a book deserves one.

Spiritual Law in the Natural World. By F. W. GRANT. New York: Loiseaux Bros.

Spiritual Law in the Natural World. By EDMUND SWIFT, sen. Stock.

THESE books represent the Eastern and Western Hemispheres as to their origin, and are equally diverse as to their spirit. The former is an incisive and effective critique upon Professor Drummond's well-known book; the latter is a philosophical attempt to harmonize nature and revelation, omitting the doctrines of the Cross. "Were we in all our actions to practise self-denial and self-sacrifice for the sake of benefiting others, we would ever be building up heaven in ourselves, and building up ourselves for heaven." Does the earth rotate upon its axis, and revolve around the sun? Yes, but not by its own inherent force. A sovereign power controls and guides, an almighty hand secures its perfect motion. Evangelical religion revolves around the throne of God, and finds an atoning sacrifice at its very centre. Lacking this, the author fails to solve the problems most vital to his theme. On the other hand, Mr. Grant not only confutes the brilliant Scotch professor, but seeks to show that the revelation of Scripture is the true interpretation of nature. He brings the ardour of love to his task, and the result is a fascinating and profitable book.

Disloyal. By SIDNEY WATSON. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling.

SHOWS that loyalty to Christ involves uncompromising fidelity to Him under every possible circumstance. The poetical quotations used as chapter-headings are aptly chosen, and the numerous Bible references peculiarly well-selected.

Rambles through Japan without a Guide. By ALBERT TRACY. Sampson Low and Co.

IT certainly was a venturesome thing for one who was only just beginning to pick up the language, to penetrate into the interior of Japan, and to ramble for three months all through the empire, with neither interpreter nor guide. Yet there must have been a great charm about the novel experiences of such a traveller. His narrative is simply, but interestingly written, and gives one a clear idea of the country and its inhabitants. Speaking of "the innate gentleness of the people", the author says, "In practical conformity to the teachings of Jesus Christ, in gentleness, in meekness, in a willingness to bear evil rather than do evil, the Japanese are to-day more really a Christian nation than any people of Europe or America." Is it so? Oh, that those gentle Japps knew our gentle Jesus!

Notes.

THE past month has been a time of great anxiety at the Tabernacle; and at the date of sending these "Notes" to the printers (the 23rd inst.), that anxiety has by no means abated. So serious is the crisis, and so grave are the issues involved, both for the Tabernacle church and its institutions, and the denomination at large, that we think it wise, for the present, to maintain absolute silence with regard to the position of affairs. When the right time comes, we will give our readers all the information we can; and meanwhile, we entreat the earnest, unceasing prayers of believers everywhere, that the Tabernacle church may be divinely guided in the important matters that must ultimately be submitted to the members for their decision.

MR. D. L. MOODY has promised to conduct a short series of services at the Tabernacle, from *Lord's-day, Oct.* 9, to *Lord's-day, Oct.* 16. Full particulars will be duly announced by bills and advertisements. According to present arrangements, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is to preach on the two Sabbath mornings, and Mr. Moody in the evenings; but in the present state of affairs at the Tabernacle, it is impossible to tell what will happen next; and a monthly Magazine cannot give such late information as can be conveyed through the weekly and daily papers. We pray that the visit of the beloved evangelist may be the means of bringing great blessing to the thousands who will, doubtless, gather at his services.

THE C. H. SPURGEON MEMORIAL FUND.—The donations already received amount to about £8,400. This is a very good *commencement;* but it is hoped that the amount will be so greatly increased that the many important institutions founded by Mr. Spurgeon will receive substantial and permanent aid. All donations should be addressed:—Treasurer, Memorial Fund, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS AND EXPOSITIONS.—Notwithstanding all the announcements that have appeared, we meet with many persons who are not aware that Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are still being issued in the regular weekly series, which has now been continued, without intermission, for nearly thirty-eight years. The publishers have sufficient manuscripts to continue the weekly issue for about sixteen years; and they rejoice to know that the sermons are prized as much as ever, and that to many readers their value has been increased since the beloved preacher has been promoted to glory. The addition of the expositions has met with universal approval. Mrs. Spurgeon is constantly receiving testimonies to the usefulness of the sermons. Many readers assure her that the living voice of her dear husband still speaks from the printed page, and that his message continues to be blessed to the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints. One of the best memorials of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry would be the far wider circulation of his sermons, either in the single numbers, by gift or loan, or in the many various volumes in which they are published. Catalogues can be obtained on application to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C., and they will send the weekly sermons, post free, to any address, for three months, for 1s. 3d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; twelve months, 6s. 6d.

Pastor Walter Hobbs, "Haddon," Salters' Hill, Upper Norwood, the Nonconformist chaplain at Norwood cemetery, asks to be supplied with sermons, tracts, &c., by Mr. Spurgeon, that he may either give them away to the crowds of visitors who come to look at the spot where the beloved Pastor's body sleeps till the resurrection, or place them upon the tomb for any persons who may desire to carry away from the grave such *souvenirs* of the glorified preacher's earthly service. Some friends have already

begun this thoughtful, loving ministry: but the supply of sermons is quite inadequate to the demand. Any contributions sent to Mr. Hobbs for this purpose will be rightly and wisely used.

Two more foreign translations of Mr. Spurgeon's works are now in course of preparation,—a French version of *The Cheque-book of the Bank of Faith*, and an Italian rendering of *The Greatest Fight in the World*. We wonder if all our readers are acquainted with these two books. The precious promises expounded in *The Cheque-book* are greatly prized by those who read them at their private or family worship; and "the whole armour of God" spoken of in *The Greatest Fight* is still needed, for "the fight for the standard" waxes fiercer than ever, in quarters where it is little suspected by outsiders.

The following is one of the most recent testimonies to the usefulness of Mr. Spurgeon's reprint of *Norcott's* "*Baptism Discovered plainly and faithfully according to the Word of God.*" If this twopenny pamphlet were widely circulated by all out-and-out Baptists at the present time, it would indefinitely postpone that union of Baptists and Independents after which many continue to hanker, and which Mr. Spurgeon prevented as long as he lived.

The letter is from one of our College brethren:—

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—Had our dear President been still with us, I should have written to tell him of two pleasing incidents in connection with his free distribution of *Norcott on Baptism*. You will perhaps remember that he gave our Home Counties' Baptist Association a large parcel. One of my deacons sent one of these to his sister in Tasmania. By the next mail, there came a letter, in which the sister said, 'We have read the book you sent us on baptism, with the result that my husband and I were baptized last Sunday.'

"The other case is, to me, even more interesting. I gave a few copies of *Norcott* to a sister in the country. She gave one to a farmer's daughter, who came back in a few days, saying, 'I wish to be baptized, for the Lord has taught me, from the reading of the book you gave me, that I have not as yet, as a believer, obeyed His command.'

"There being no Baptist church in the town, my friend suggested that application should be made to the nearest church of that faith, seven miles off. 'No,' replied the sister, 'It is my duty, I feel, to confess Christ where I am known.' This she did a few weeks since, when she was immersed in the river in the presence of a vast multitude. My friend says she feels sure much good was done.

"I thought you would be pleased to know of this, as I know *he* would whom we loved so dearly."

As an evidence of the interest taken in his articles on "Lady Hymn-Writers", Mr. Fullerton has received quite a number of replies to his enquiry as to the authoress of the hymn, "Jesus, I will trust Thee." Mrs. Mary Jane Walker was the wife of Dr. Edward Walker, late Rector of Cheltenham, where her son is still a minister. Her maiden name was Miss Deck, and she was the sister of the clergyman of that name, whose contributions are not unknown to hymn-lovers. She wrote other sweet pieces, and about eight years ago was called to her reward. "Jesus, I will trust Thee," was at first put aside in a drawer; like many another hymn destined to wide acceptance, it was thought by its author to be not worth printing. Miss Gedge, now a missionary at Frere Town, found it, and sent it to the Dublin Tract Society, which gladly accepted it, and launched it on its career of usefulness and blessing. Those who are familiar with the hymn will be glad of these particulars. Perhaps others may be led to give it more attention, and learn to climb its steps of praise.

On *Monday evening, Aug.* 29, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. After the opening hymn, and prayer by the chairman, came a request for prayer from a sister in great trouble. Supplication on behalf of the tried one was presented by our College evangelists, J. Manton Smith and A. A. Harmer, who also pleaded for a special blessing to rest on the winter evangelistic campaign which was about to commence. After more praise and prayer, Pastor D. H. Moore, of Barking, told the story of his work there, and related interesting instances of conversion among the men at the Beckton gas works. (Mr. Moore preaches in a small chapel, seating about 250 people; but he can gather a congregation of seven or eight hundred in the open-air, or in a hired building. The Lord's stewards would do well if they helped this earnest brother to build a more commodious chapel.)

Mr. Manton Smith gave one of his happy talks, and sang one of his sweet songs; and after more prayer, Mr. Chamberlain sang, "I know not what awaits me." Mr. Dunn spoke of the little boy, only nine years of age, then before the church, whose testimony for Christ was very clear and decided; Brother Ely led us in supplication for sinners; and Mr. Thos. Spurgeon closed, with prayer, another Monday evening meeting, which must have forcibly reminded those present of the hallowed seasons when our late beloved Pastor was present.

On *Monday evening, Sept.* 5, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, and after a hymn had been sung, explained that the petitions that evening would be specially on behalf of foreign missions. Prayer was presented by Pastor H. Dunington, of West Silvertown, another

hymn was sung, and then the chairman called attention to the large party of children from the Stockwell Orphanage who had come to the meeting, and called upon Elders Gray and Sedcole to pray for them. The orphans having very sweetly sung the hymn entitled, "Perfect Peace", Elder Wigney prayed that the singers might know the peace of which they had been singing, and also pleaded that a great work of grace might take place among the children of church-members.

At the request of the chairman, Mr. Macdonald, of Exeter Hall, briefly introduced Miss Krikorian to the meeting. Having expressed her gratitude to God for the privilege of being permitted to witness for Jesus in such a meeting, Miss Krikorian related her very early experiences in connection with the sermons of our late beloved Pastor, which her father, after they were translated, was in the habit of reading to a select circle in his home in Turkey. From her first religious impressions, when about three years of age, our sister gave an outline of her life and Christian work up till the present. Miss Krikorian, having come to England, and qualified herself by medical study, hopes speedily to return to Turkey. As teacher in a seminary there, she will try to impart to other ladies the medical knowledge she has acquired, with the hope that that knowledge, combined with Christian teaching, may bring healing and blessing to the suffering women of the Turkish Empire.

Miss Krikorian's address throughout was most impressive and instructive, and must have evoked the prayerful interest of many who were present.

The hymn, "I know not what awaits me," was feelingly sung by the orphans and congregation; Elder Cox offered prayer for the Master and staff of the Orphanage, and also seeking that God's presence in the church might be specially manifested just now; Mr. W. Olney also prayed for the children present and for Miss Krikorian; Mr. Charlesworth asked that the unspoken prayers of many present might be answered; and the chairman, in a brief prayer, closed another profitable meeting.

On *Monday afternoon, Sept.* 12, the annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall. After tea, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon explained that he had to meet the officers of the church for special business, so he briefly addressed the meeting, and then left the gathering to the care of his nephew. Mr. Harrald read extracts from the Annual Report, which commenced with the following reference to the great loss that the Society has sustained, in common with the whole church at the Tabernacle:—"We can scarcely restrain the tears of regret (on our account, not his) that we shall here no more behold the familiar face, nor hear the rich voice of our dear and lamented Pastor, for as such we will continue to think of him. What form of 'memorial' shall we adopt to

"OUR 'PROMOTED' C. H. SPURGEON?

"Surely that which would be most in accordance with his views and wishes; and better than statues and tombstones, though these have their place—let us perpetuate his memory in deeds of loving service, by active continuance in the operations of *this* Society, which, while in its nature cannot be advertised, yet hold a high position in the estimation of our beloved Pastor.

"To our widowed President (Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon), we offer our heartfelt sympathies in her loss, with the prayer that God may continue to apply His balm to the wounded heart; and that in the (at least temporary) restoration to her of the long-absent son, she may find cause for much joy."

The Report contained, as usual, interesting letters from applicants to the Society, and grateful acknowledgments for help received. During the year, 51 parcels, valued at £329 10s. 2d., have been sent out.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon gave a most appropriate address, which we hope to publish in a future number of the Magazine; and after he had closed the meeting with prayer, he was eagerly surrounded by friends who had brought contributions for the Society. We learn from the secretary, that the total number of articles sent or brought in was 890, and £16 6s. 6d. was given in special donations. The cash was more than last year, but the articles less. Perhaps our readers can still send more. All parcels should be addressed to Mrs. D. S. MILLER, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E. For Poor Ministers' Clothing Society. Each parcel should contain a card, bearing the name and address of the sender; and, in addition, a post-card should be forwarded to Mrs. D. S. MILLER, 16, The Terrace, Kennington Park, S.E., apprising her of its despatch, in order to ensure due acknowledgment. The working meetings are held in the Ladies' Room at the Tabernacle, on the Wednesday following the third and fourth Lord's-days in each month. The committee will gladly welcome any friends who can join them.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon occupied the chair until his uncle came from the officers' meeting. A most comprehensive prayer by Mr. W. Olney was preceded and followed by singing; and then the chairman stated that home and foreign mission work would occupy the thoughts and prayers of the meeting; and first, something would be said about the Poor Ministers' Clothing Society. Mr. Harrald gave extracts from the Report, and asked for continued and increased help for the society, after which prayer was presented by Mr. Ackland. Several missionaries connected with the China Inland Mission being present previous

to sailing for China, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon addressed them individually, and then spoke to them and to the congregation upon 2 Timothy iii. 16, 17, and commended them to the Lord in prayer. One of the students also offered supplication, and two of the missionaries spoke. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon presented at the throne of grace two requests for praise and two for prayer, and with two more brief petitions another memorable Monday meeting was brought to a close with the benediction.

On *Wednesday evening, Sept.* 14, under the auspices of the TABERNACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, Mr. W. J. Mayers, deputation secretary of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, gave a lecture, entitled, "What the drink does for the children, and what Christians ought to do about the drink." There was a large audience, filling the greater part of the Tabernacle. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon presided, and after prayer by Mr. Harrald, lovingly introduced the lecturer, relating the joy with which, as a boy, he used to go to Battersea Park Chapel to hear him preach, and also telling of the renewal of their acquaintance during Mr. Mayers' recent tour in New Zealand. In his preliminary remarks, Mr. Mayers incidentally stated that he had the honour of being the first to pin the blue ribbon on the coat of the late beloved President; and then, referring to Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, he said that he wished he had a string long enough and strong enough to tie him to the Tabernacle. The feeling of thousands present at once showed itself in a burst of cheering, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, &c. In his lecture, which was interspersed with sacred solos, and illustrated by a large number of photographic lime-light pictures, Mr. Mayers gave a graphic account of the ruin wrought by drink, and of the only radical cure for the evil; and especially pleaded on behalf of the children who suffer through the cruel traffic. The collection at the close was divided between the Temperance Society and Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. F. C. Morris, at Maldon, Essex; and Mr. H. Rodger, at Bromley Common, Kent.

Mr. C. Cole is removing, from Windsor, to Claremont Chapel, Bolton; Mr. W. Osborne, from Eastbourne, to Zion Chapel, Chatham; and Mr. G. H. Harris, late of Guernsey, has settled at Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire.

Mr. A. G. Barley, late of Paris, has taken the oversight of the work at Brighton Road, South Croydon, pending its formation into a church. He will still retain his representative connection with the French Baptist Mission.

Mr. F. J. Feltham, late of Luton, has recently taken up work in Leicester, in view of the formation of a new church in a large and rapidly-growing neighbourhood, where it is felt there is urgent need of increased religious accommodation. God has already given much blessing, and the prospect is a very bright one.

COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Just as this Magazine reaches most of our readers, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick and their little son will (D.V.) be on their way to Tangier. During their absence, the Scripture-reader's baby boy has had small pox in the mission-house, so the Spanish meetings have had to be closed. In referring to his personal loss through this affliction, Mr. Patrick says, "It is well to learn to take joyfully the spoiling of one's goods." We learn also that Dr. Churcher's little one lived only a few days, so he and his dear wife need our sympathies and prayers. These particulars concerning our brethren will give additional interest to the communications from them that we publish this month.

EVANGELISTS.—*Messrs. Fullerton & Smith* have been spending a month in Ipswich, at Turret Green (Baptist), St. Nicholas (Congregational), Stoke Green (Baptist), and another Congregational chapel. They have had good services, of which we hope to be able to give reports next month. October to December, our brethren are to devote to work in Liverpool.

Mr. Burnham and *Pastor W. H. Broad* had enjoyable services at Frampton Mansell, their best helpers being those who had been blessed at their previous missions. The Sabbath evening services, commenced at the time of their last visit, four years ago, have been continued ever since, and have been a great blessing. The report concerning our brethren's recent services is: "The meetings were well attended; there was a spirit of hearing amongst the people; we have had some results, and we hope we may see more yet."

Mr. Burnham is very grateful for the generous response to his appeal for the Hop-pickers' Mission. The workers have been favoured with fine weather, and good service for the Master has again been done among the poor pickers. This month, Mr. Burnham goes to the Spurgeon Memorial Chapel, Yalding. He asks us to say that he is at liberty from Dec. 6 to 19.

From Sept. 3 to 18, *Mr. Harmer* has been at Old Basford, Nottingham. Before leaving, he received a letter from the deacons, from which we extract the following sentences:—"We feel constrained by the love of God to congratulate you on your success as a soul-winner. Truly we can say that the Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. . . . The Lord has blessed and owned your labours in a marked degree." Mr. Harmer has since been at Alfreton, Derbyshire; and this month he goes to Stokes Croft and Wellington Road Mission, Bristol; and Melbourne, Derbyshire.

Mr. Harrison writes:—"During August, I supplied various London pulpits. During September, I am at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, Sunday afternoons, for men only; evenings, mixed audience. During October, I am to be at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, on Sundays. Will readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* remember the work of the various evangelists at the throne of grace? Physical health is nearly as important as mental and spiritual."

We have noticed, several times lately, in the newspapers, references to the great glut of money in the market. If any of this surplus cash is in the hands of the Lord's stewards, they ought to know that the balance to the credit of the Society of Evangelists is smaller than we ever remember it before; also that the Colportage Association is urgently in need of immediate and continued help.

COLPORTAGE.—Since the financial need of the Association has been more prominently made known, the Committee thankfully acknowledge that an encouraging increase has begun in the contributions to the General Fund, which if continued, will enable them to carry on the work as heretofore. The disbursements are continuous, hence the necessity for regular and sustained contributions. The smaller sums help to supplement more substantial gifts, and all are gratefully received.

The Committee have decided to consider the position of each district; and their ability to continue the whole will depend upon the funds placed at their disposal. But their trust is in the Lord, whose own work will not be allowed to fail.

Many cheering incidents are reported from different districts. Mr. R. Beck, who superintends our agent at Freemantle, writes the following cheery note about a place where the colporteur takes frequent services:—"The Mission Hall at Winser is in the New Forest, in what was once a very dark village—no place of worship—200 inhabitants—and now, on a Sunday night, over 100 people gather for worship. A steady revival work has been going on, and I have heard as many as nineteen pray in half-an-hour. The need of a resident colporteur is very evident."

Mr. Brooker states that a man bought one of the Penny Stories, called *Charlie Coulson*, which led to his giving up reading novels, and burning about £4 worth. He was also savingly converted to God.

Mr. Morey reports that a man was first awakened to a sense of sin by reading *Buy your own Cherries*, and was induced to attend a cottage-meeting, where he was led to decision for Christ.

Another colporteur reports that his father read one of the late President's sermons, which had been sent to him, and it was blessed to the salvation of his soul.

These are only a few out of many instances of good resulting from the work, which might be greatly extended if we only had increased funds. The Annual Report will be gladly forwarded on application, and all communications will receive prompt attention from the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, accompanied by a colonial friend, visited the Orphanage on Friday, September 16, and the children, to whom a half-holiday had been granted in honour of the event, accorded them a right joyous welcome. Their arrival was the signal of a jubilant shout, such as that which always greeted the late beloved President, and bespoke the gladness of the youngsters in seeing one who shared with them the experience of orphanhood and the heritage of a precious memory.

When the children and officers assembled in the dining-hall, a chorus of ringing cheers, repeated again and again, greeted the introduction of the visitors, by the Head Master, who remarked that it could not be said of the children that they had not come to Clapham.

Several exercises in musical drill, interspersed with school songs and bell-ringing, were then given, and, in a genial speech, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon thanked them for affording the visitors so much pleasure by the skilful manner in which they had rendered an impromptu programme. There were few dry eyes, even amongst the children, when a select choir of twenty boys sang the anthem, "So He giveth His beloved sleep!" A cathedral choir, it was remarked, could not have rendered the music with greater precision or pathos.

At the close of the visit, the Head Master addressed a few words to the visitors, and led the company in prayer; he was followed by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, the tones of whose voice, in supplication, revealed the sadness of awakened memories, and his solicitude for the orphans, that they might rise to the realization of the unchanging love of the Father of the fatherless.

The next *Quarterly meeting* of friends who collect for the Orphanage will (D.V.) be held on *Tuesday, Oct. 4*. The chair will be taken by E. Mounsey Esq., of Liverpool, as representing the donors to whom we are indebted for the first house in the Girls' Terrace, which is called "The Liverpool House." The President and Mr. Thomas Spurgeon are expected to take part in the meeting, which will be of an interesting and profitable character.

We shall be glad of a large accession to our noble band of collectors. Books and boxes may be obtained on application to the Secretary at the Orphanage.

We desire to thank the friends through whose kindness a goodly number of the children enjoyed a holiday. The service

they have rendered cannot be repaid here; but it will, surely, rank for reward by and by, according to the Master's gracious promise.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A donor in *Scotland*, sending help for various institutions to Mrs. Spurgeon, writes:—"I look upon myself as a member of the Tabernacle. Every Sabbath I like to read one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. I also have had the *Sword and Trowel* for years. I never felt anything as I felt the tidings of his removal, and for long could not read any of his writings without tears, and, indeed, I fear that I was rebellious in spirit for some time. It seemed to me so extraordinary for the Lord to call away His best servant when we all thought he was most needed; but learning of the way God enabled you to bear it, calmed me, and after a time I was able to say, 'His will be done.' No one will ever know on earth all the hearts he was able to cheer and feed. In this district I spread his works, and they are greatly valued. I rejoice to learn that the sermons will last for years; but even if not, I was intending to get the old ones, and read them over again."

Another of Mrs. Spurgeon's Scotch ministerial correspondents writes:—"I have no doubt you will be cheered to know that I learned of a young man who was anxious about his soul's salvation. He was serving in a shop; and being a smoker, he one day picked up a piece of paper to light his pipe with. Seeing some printing on it, he read it, and the truth found its way into his heart: and he got saved through reading what proved to be a bit of one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. This happened in Fifeshire. I once met a young man in Cromarty, who was converted through reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and was at that time preparing to enter the University. When I was a boy, mother used to gather quite a bundle of the sermons for my father to take with him when he went to sea."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—September 1st, twenty-three.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Wilkinson	1	0	0
The readers of "The Christian", per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0
Mrs. G. E. Chapman	0	2	6
A thankoffering, J. E. S....	0	9	0
Mrs. Fielder...	10	0	0
Rev. H. A. Ford, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	25	0	0
Mrs. Beveridge	0	10	6
A. and E. B., a thankoffering	5	0	0
Mrs. E. H. Edwards	2	0	0
Mr. R. Beck	1	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Miss Jephs	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Aug. 21 ... ... 9 0 0			
„ 28 ... ... 40 0 0			
Sept. 4 ... ... 45 0 0			
„ 11 ... ... 40 4 7			
	134	4	7
	£181	10	1

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Mr. Edward Cooper	50	0	0
Contents of missionary box	1	12	0
A. J. D.	0	5	0
	£51	17	0

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Readers of "The Christian", per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	41	10	0
A friend, New Zealand	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	7	0	0
Mr. W. May	0	10	0
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
A poor woman	0	0	6
Collected by the late Mrs. S. Saunders, per Mrs. R. Johnson	0	6	7
A thankoffering for deliverance from trouble	1	0	0
Rev. M. Baxter	1	0	0
Mr. E. Chitty	1	1	0
Mr. E. R. S. Porter	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
G. H. S.	1	0	0
Mrs. Kirkman	0	3	0
Mr. E. H. Gayler	0	17	6
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Mrs. Charles Walter	10	0	0
Mr. James Green	2	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Smith	1	0	0
A friend of Mr. Spurgeon, Tain	1	0	0
Miss Rogers	0	3	0
W. M.	0	5	0
For Jesus' sake	0	2	0
Mr. John Milne	0	10	0
J. H. W.	4	0	0
W. B. Boyne	0	2	6
Mr. W. French	0	3	0
Woodford Sunday-school	0	8	2
Stamps, from Glasgow	0	1	0
A thankoffering	1	1	0
Mr. James Gurney	1	1	0
H. W. H.	0	2	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	1	0
Mrs. D. Somerville	0	10	0
Mr. J. Badley	0	4	0
E. E.	0	2	0
Mrs. Curtis	0	10	0
Mr. James Tough	0	10	0
Mr. S. M. Burroughs	1	0	0
Per Pastor George H. Kilby:—			
Mr. A. G. Prior's box 0 3 9½			
Mr. Brow's (Great Hall) box 0 2 9½			
	0	6	7
Mr. H. Gammon	0	5	0
E. B.	0	2	6
A friend, per Mrs. B. Loch	10	0	0
R. R., West Smethwick	0	1	0
C. A. M.	6	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Greening	0	10	0
Highbury Hill Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. E. S. Mansell	1	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Fryer	0	2	5
Collected by Mr. Skinner	0	1	6
Stamps, from Airdrie	0	1	0
Anon., Killarney	0	5	0
W. A. B.	0	2	6
Mrs. Bowness and friends' farthing box	0	10	0
Mr. Merry	0	5	0
Mr. Samuel Buick	0	5	0
C. W. L.	0	2	0
Postal-order, Wingate	0	3	0
D. L.	0	3	6
Mrs. Forbey	0	1	0
J. L.	0	5	0
Miss Foley	0	10	0
Collected by Master L. P. Barber	0	10	4
Box at Tabernacle gates, and office-box	0	15	1
Postal order, Cardiff	1	0	0
Kilrea	0	2	6
Mrs. John Roberts	0	2	0
The Misses Selina and Clara Marlow	0	10	0
Mrs. Crampin	1	1	0
A lover of children	0	0	10
A worker	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Noble	3	0	0
Mr. Robert Beattie	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. S. T. Barrah	0	11	0
Collected by Mr. Samuel Bowden	2	5	0
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Couttie	78	4	2
Miss Mary A. Nunn	1	0	0
Miss Mackereth	0	2	6
Mr. J. Farley	2	2	0
Collection after address by Dr. Talmage, in Floral Hall, Leicester	33	11	9
Executors of the late Mr. Edward Cooper	300	0	0
Miss Gregg	0	2	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	2	6
M. M.	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Per Mrs. East, of Jamaica:—						
Rev. P. Williams	0	5	0			
Rev. E. J. Hewett	0	5	0			
Rev. C. C.	0	5	0			
Rev. J. Kingdon	0	5	0			
Rev. J. S. Washington	0	5	0			
Rev. W. Pratt, M.A.	0	5	0			
Mr. Ed. Kinkead	2	0	0			
Mrs. Oughton	0	10	0			
Mr. and Mrs. East	1	0	0			
Rev. A. P. Watson	0	5	0			
				5	5	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill				2	2	0
Mrs. Owen				0	2	6
L. M. H.				0	1	6
Mr. J. Osborn				1	0	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"				0	1	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncy				0	10	0
Mr. George R. Ward				0	3	0
Mrs. M. Beavan				1	0	0
Mr. Benjamin Price				0	5	0
In memory of Mother				0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolridge				0	10	0
Miss S. M. Starr				0	5	0
Wellington Street Baptist Sunday-school, Luton, per Mr. William Bigg				1	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker				0	10	0
Two American friends				2	0	0
Mr. S. D. Lamb				0	10	0
Mrs. Pickering				0	5	0
Mr. John Gavet				1	10	0
Jno. F. H.				1	0	0
Mercies received				0	10	0
A friend, Paisley				1	0	0
In Christ				0	2	0
Mr. J. Clark				1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne				1	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Mills				0	15	2
I. C. M.				1	0	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald", Liskeard				0	2	6
Mr. Samuel Popplestone				1	0	0
E. W., Perthshire				1	1	0
Postal order, Resolven				1	0	0
Stamps, Market Harboro'				0	1	0
Anglers at Littleport				0	1	0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey				0	5	0
Upwell Sunday-school scholars, per Pastor Arthur C. Batts				0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Goodfellow				0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kelk				2	2	0
R.				0	1	0
A friend of the children				0	5	0
A country minister				0	5	0
Stamps, Kirkwall				0	2	6
Per Pastor Arthur Shinn:—						
Collected by Miss Myra Exley	0	5	0			
Collected by the Misses Dodds	0	10	7			
Birch Meadow Sunday-scholars and friends	1	8	6			
Sigma	0	10	0			
Ladies' work-basket	1	6	11			
				4	1	0
W. D. K.				2	14	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald", Edinburgh				0	2	0
Miss Scivwright				0	2	0
Mr. William Henry Clark				1	10	0
Mr. J. Francis				2	2	0
Seaman				0	5	0
Sissy				0	1	0
Per Mrs. James Withers:—						
Mr. J. H. Fuller	2	2	0			
Mr. J. R. Grubb	1	1	0			
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0			
Mrs. Deane	0	2	6			
Mr. Cox	0	2	6			
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6			
				3	15	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Galloway	0	2	6
C. L. S.	2	0	0
Collected by the late Miss Turner ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Faulconer	100	0	0
Mrs. H. W. Thompson	0	2	0
A. H. W.	0	10	0
Box at Orphanage gates and office-box	1	17	5
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Orphan Boys' collecting-cards, per list	72	0	5
Orphan Girls' collecting-cards, per list	48	13	11
Mrs. Isaac	0	10	0
Pastor C. H. Statham	0	2	6
Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0
Mrs. N. G. Ede	1	0	0
Mrs. Jeffery's workpeople	0	10	4
Mr. C. E. Smith	25	0	0
Mrs. E. H. Edwards	2	0	0
Miss Kelland	0	10	0
Collection after sermon by Dr. Talmage, at the Gorbals Tabernacle, Glasgow, per Rev. John Robertson	20	0	0
	£855	0	8

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—Allnatt, W. H., 5s; Abbitt, H., 14s; Browne, C., 11s; Baldwin, R. F., £1 2s; Beattie, S., 2s 1d; Briggs, F., 1s; Battishall, W., 4s; Bryett, C., £1 1s; Burrows, G., 8d; Brown, C. F., 1s 6d; Bartholomew, H. W., 1s 8d; Benham, H., 7d; Brend, A., 3s 9d; Bird, A., 1s; Barrett, F., 3s; Burrough, D., £1 1s; Bradstreet, H., 9s 6d; Buddle, W., 4s 7d; Boggis, A. H., 6s 6d; Beer, A. J., 18s 3d; Burling, L., 16s; Channer, E., 5s 6d; Crudge, B., 4s 3d; Clayden, W. 10s 6d; Childs, C., 3s 6d; Cook, L. J., 2s 6d; Constable, F., 10s 1d; Cose, B. L., 10s 8d; Carman, A. E., £1 1s; Cole, J. L., £1 2s 6d; Challis, H., 8s 6d; Carter, Percy, 4s; Carter, Peter, 7s 6d; Copping, H., 2s 6d; Darling, G., 11s 8d; Day, H., 5s 9d; Dixon, A., 8s; De St. Legier, F., 11s; Davis, J., 12s 6d; Davis, A., 17s 1d; Darling, A. E., 12s 6d; East, G., 11s 6d; Edmonds, J., 7s 9d; Fox, J. R., 2s 6d; Flogdell, J. H., 11s 6d; Forsyth, G., £1 1s; Francis, H. C., 6d; Fowler, A. H., 4s; Fryer, F., 14s 6d; Fyfield, F., 6d; Goddard, C. J., 2s 6d; Gubbins, S., 7s 6d; Green, A., 8s 6d; Gardiner, G., 12s; Haines, J., 3s 8d; Hadlow, E. J., 16s; Hadley, F., 2s; Hale, W., 17s 1d; Heath, W., 3s; Henderson, P., 12s; Hooker, E. R., 5s 4d; Hodgetts, R., 15s 4d; Heywood, L., 8s 6d; Hewlett, H., 10s 6d; Hockley, F., £1; Head, C., £1; Hills, E. E., 9s 3d.; Horden, L. P., 2s 4d; Henderson, G. J., £1 1s; Horn, P., 10s; Isaac, J. S., 4s; Jones, D., 2s 6d; Jeacock, A., 4s; Jennings, R. W., 1s 1d; Johns, J. G., £1 1s; James, H., 10s; Jansen, W., 3s 6d; Knappett, C. E., 5s; Knights, W. J., 16s; King, H. A., 5s; Leach, E., 1s 6d; Long, H., 10s; Leak, A. S., 2s 2d; Lucy, F., 5s 4d; Love, A., 7s 6d; Langridge, J., 11s 4d; Lawrence, A., 10s; Legge, W., 16s; Longhurst, T. G., 6s; Llewellyn, H. V., 9s; Manser, S. H., 8s 1d; Mitchell, A., £1 1s; Mulholland, T., 3s 1d; Mabbitt, F., £1 1s; Mitchell, G. H., 2s 1d; Michael, E., 5s 11d; May, F., 2s 8d; Morley, C. T., £1 1s; Mc Arthur, K., 3s; Moore, F., £1 1s; Marks, A. T., 6s; Mann, H. G., 5s 2d; Moore, H., 2s 3d; Martyn, W., £1 17s 6d; Manktelow, P., 7s; Morgan, 14s 9d; Mansell, E., 10s 9d; Mimpress, E. C., 12s 8d; Newton, G., £1 1s; Nicholls, J., 7s; Owers, F. C., 3s 6d; Parker, T. M., 12s; Platt, A., £1 5s 6d; Payne, O. J., 2s; Pegg, G. W., 10s; Rickwood, S. 16s 8d; Rodwell, B., 9s; Robinson, S., 3s; Rogers, W., 13s; Ryland, A. C., 2s; Romang, A., 1s 6d; Rosser, C., 4s; Robins, O. A., 9s 6d; Roe, F., 1s; Stevens, W., 1s; Stratford, T., £1 1s; Sharp, W., 9s; Start, P., 14s; Sones, J. P., 5s; Smith, R. A., 8s 6d; Strike, A., 5s 10d; Sheen, A. E., 1s 6d; Sargeant, D., 10s; Sheppard, H., 2s; Seward, P., £1 1s; Sanders, W. G., 6s; Tanner, W., 1s 4d; Thomas, J., 16s; Townsend, W., 2s; Townrow, H., 7s; Taffs, P., 6s 3d; Tier, C., 10s 7d; Taylor, W. A., £1 5s 4d; Vokes, E., 8s 3d; Whiting, A., 14s; Wilson, G., 9s 10d; Wooltenden, H., 2s 10d; Worker, S., 10s; Walker, J., 10s 4d; Wells, S. A., 5s 8d; Wincott, J. S., 5s; Warren, H., 2s 6d; Warren, W., 11s 3d; Wren, W. P., £1 1s 7d; Woods, C., 4s 4d; Walker, C., 5s 6d; Wallis, H., 3s; Wheeler, E., 13s 8d; Wellard, L. E., 3s—Total, £72 0s 5d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards:—Attfield, B., 18s; Arnold, S., 2s 2d; Allsop, M., 3s; Bishop, A., 8s; Bateman, M., 3s 6d; Bassett, L., 16s; Bunce, A., 8s 5d; Brown, R., 12s 8d; Bülow, E., 1s; Barnes, A., 2s; Ball, M., 10s; Barton, E., 6s; Bliss, F., 5s; Brant, V., 2s 9d; Butcher, L., 9s; Buddle, F., 10s 8d; Beddoe, M., 2s; Church, E., 1s 1d; Coppendale, E., 1s 6d; Caister, E., 1s; Court, A., 2s; Coplestone, G., 13s 1d; Cullen, A., 11s; Court, A. and B., 2s; Cordwell, H., 10s; Cable, F., 7s; Coombs, E., 1s 9d; Dale, E., 5s; Dunslow, R., 18s 6d; Dickerson, E., £1 1s; Dunlop, E., 3s; Day, M., 14s; Dew, E., 10s 8d; Dolling, M., 1s 11d; Doult, H., 2s 2d; Dennis, M., 5s; Ellis, E., 5s 6d; Everard, E., 6s 8d; Evenden, M., £1 1s; Ellis, A., 13s; Ellis, E., 10s; Field, M., 1s 6d; Fitt, M., 3s 6d; Freathy, E., 1s; Fairhead, L., 2s 1d; Fowler, N., 1s; Filby, E., 2s 1d; Gurney, B., 6s 6d; Goodwin, M., 8s 3d; Grove, K., 6s 6d; Gurteon, B., 6s; Gutteridge, F., 4s; Garden, W., 2s; Grimes, E., 10s; Howell, N., £1; Hicks, M., 2s 6d; Harmer, E., 6s; Hoffman, M., 12s 3d; Hillier, R., 2s 6d; Heath, E., 9s 3d; Hoy, M., £1 1s; Hoidge, A., 16s 9d; Heath, K., 1s 6d; Hall, G., 6s 11d; Hyde, E., 3s; Henderson, M., £1 1s; Hall, K., 14s 6d; Huzleton, D., £1 1s; Hillyer, A., 1s 3d; Houching, M., 8s 3d; Jaques, K., 2s; Jessop, P., 6d; Jackson, A., 10s 7d; Johnston, A., 1s 6d; Jones, B., 3s 6d; Jackman, S., 3s; Knotts, A., 2s 6d; Kenward, B., 4s 7d; King, E., 1s; Larcombe, A., 4s 6d; Lawrence, C., 8s 1d; Last, E., 3s 3d; Langdon, E., 9s 6d; Leitch, G., 3s 8d; Lamb, R., 6s 6d; Lawler, R., 5s; Maynard, M., 5s 3d; Mitchell, E., 13s 7d; Moorcroft, R., 4s; Mitchell, A., 3s 1d; Mash, L., 2s 4d; Martin, A., 5s; Myhill, C., 13s 6d; McCondach, A., 5s 3d; Marks, C., 8s 3d; Miles, M., 9s; Meader, R., 9s 1d; Mayhew, E., 5s 6d; Neal, M., 2s 3d; Norveil, N., 4s 3d; Nugent, L., 11s; Nutt, M., 8s 4d; Nobbs, T., 2s; Orbell, M., 1s; Page, L., 16s; Palmer, B., 6s 6d; Pearce, R., 2s 1d; Papworth, E., 13s 5d; Piffin, W., 1s; Parker, A., 2s; Pope, A., 2s; Parsons, B., 2s 5d; Peck, E., 13s 2d; Page, E., 6d; Parker, N., 2s 8d; Smithers, L., £1 1s; Swannell, J., 4s 3d; Sayers, A., 3s 9d; Sidders, L., 1s 6d; Smith, P., 10s; Seymour, I., 9s; Selby, S., 9s 7d; Shaw, H., 8s 3d; Steer, M., 2s 2d; Sands, M., 4s; Turner, L., 10s; Taylor, D., 2s; Thiel, D., 3s 9d; Twynam, B., 6d; Townsend, B., 7s; Turney, H., 2s 6d; Trepte, E., 7s 6d; Tash, R., £1 2s; Villars, C., 2s 7d; Woodcock, I. C., £1; Westwood, F., 10s 6d; Warner, A., 5s 1d; Wright, K., 5s 4d; Willmott, M., 6s 6d; Wilkins, E., £1 1s.; Youens, E., 3s.—Total, £48 13s 11d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from August 16th to September 14th, 1892.—Provisions:—88 quarterns Bread, Mr. Schmidt; 1 lb. Tea, Mrs. R. Allen; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 5 cases Apples, Mr. F. Fisher; 1 hamper Plums, Mr. S. T. Field; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; a quantity Cabbages, Mr. Attlee; 1 hamper Apples, Mr. Hawley; 8½ quarterns Bread, Mr. H. Thumwood.

Boys' Clothing:—7 pairs Knitted Socks, 12 pairs Knitted Cuffs, 1 Muffler, The Misses Lear; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, from Alice.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—9 Articles, Miss A. Leeder; 9 Articles, Miss Cook; 1 Hood, 1 Scarf, 1 Fur Collarette, Mrs. R. Allen; 79 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 Articles, A friend at St. John's Wood; 10 Articles, Miss Wood; 6 Articles, Anon.; 1 Jacket, L. D.; 7 Articles, Mrs. F. A. Pearce; 3 Articles, Miss Descroix.

GENERAL:—1 load Firewood, Messrs. J. Keen and Son; 4 dozen Ironholders, 1 dozen Comb Bags, Miss Descroix; a parcel of Kinder-Garten occupation, Miss Best.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1892.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Robinson for Tewkesbury... ...	5	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Tewkesbury district, per Rev. E. Balmford:—			
Mr. Mercier Kemerton ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Creese, Teddington ... 1 0 0			
Miss Paterson, Overbury ... 0 10 0			
	2	0	0
Sellindge district, per Mr. Thomas R—	10	0	0
Newbury district, per Mr. A. Jackson	10	0	0
Abercarn District	20	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union, Newton Abbot District	10	0	0
Bower Chalk District:—			
Mr. W. Burrough 1 0 0			
Mr. A. Burrough 0 10 0			
Mr. F. Witt 0 2 6			
Mr. Martin 0 10 0			
Miss Martin 0 10 0			
	2	12	6
Tewkesbury, per Rev. E. Brett ...	1	5	0
Wilts and East Somerset Baptist Association	30	0	0
Rendham district	7	10	0
Repton and Swadlincote, per E. S. ...	20	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs P. C. Evans and Sons	20	0	0
Mr. J. Tawell, for Earl's Colne ...	10	0	0
Miss Billbrough, for Horsforth	10	0	0
Shipley and Wolverhampton District ..	10	0	0
	£178	7	6

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous, "Godalming"	0	1	0
Mr. James Wilson...	0	3	0
Sermon-reader, Blackburn	0	1	0
Mr. Edward Sharpe	2	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Sinclair	0	5	0
Three readers of "The Sword and the Trowel", per Mr. F. W. Singleton ...	0	3	0
W. H., "Sword and Trowel" reader ...	0	1	0
E. D., Hereford	0	10	6
E. D., Lewes Station postmark	0	1	0
Mr. H. Freeman	0	1	0
A lover of all Mr. Spurgeon's works ...	0	2	6
Mr. William Hiley...	10	0	0
J. D., Brentwood	0	1	0
Mr. Ride, Sheerness	0	1	3
Mr. Miller, Sheerness	0	1	0
H. E., Stratford-on-Avon	0	1	0
Mr. G. Underwood	0	2	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel", Croydon	0	1	0
M. S., Lewisham	0	1	0
Miss Agnes J. Pedley	0	1	0
Miss Louisa Urnard	0	1	0
E. A. C., Sheffield...	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Hegarty	0	2	0
Mr. C. H. Hooper	0	2	0
Mr. P. Fulton	0	2	0
Mrs. Shearman	2	0	0
Miss Carrington	0	1	0
Miss Habershon	0	1	0
Miss E. S. Jarrett...	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian", per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	2	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Edward Cooper	100	0	0
Miss Eliza Macnicoll	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Alexander	0	1	0
Reader of the "S. and T.", E. Newton	0	1	0
Mr. C. Harlow	0	2	0
E. W. S., Herts.	0	1	0
Mr. S. Robins	0	1	0
"In loving memory"	50	0	0
Anon.	0	2	0
Mr. H. Hibbert	0	19	0
E. H.	0	5	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0
Half-Yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
	£178	15	9

"A reader of 'The Sword and the Trowel,' Psalm cxxi. A Brussels carpet, for the benefit of the Association."

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Chalford & Frampton Mansell	1	15	4
Executors of the late Mr. Edward Cooper	50	0	0
E. H.	2	0	0
"In loving memory," for Mr. Burnham's support, 1893	50	0	0
	£103	15	4

For the General Work of the Lord as most Required.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Townshend	5	0	0

C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund Account.

Contributions from August 16th to September 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood	*500	0	0
Anonymous, per J. E. P.	100	0	0
"A friend," Monquhitter, Scotland ...	50	0	0
Mr. W. J. Guerrier	20	0	0
J. W.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Creasy	5	0	0
A poor Scotch friend, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	5	0	0
Mrs. Gordon...	5	0	0
Mr. James Black	5	0	0
Pastor J. Coker	1	0	0
Miss Macdonald	1	0	0
W. M.	0	2	6
Mrs. Withinshaw	1	1	0
A member of Surrey Tabernacle, Walworth	1	0	0
Mrs. Nancy Harrison	0	10	0
Miss Barker	1	0	0
The Misses Charlotte and Louisa Lofts	0	10	0
Mrs. T. J. E. Packer	0	5	0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	0	0
Mrs. M. G. Grant	1	1	0
Mrs. James	0	10	0
Mr. E. Gray	0	1	6
Mr. William Spickett	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Greening	1	0	0
M. R. L., Scotch note, Paisley	1	0	0
Mrs. E. South	0	5	0
Miss Pearmine	0	10	0
A. L. D.	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Morris	1	0	0
Mrs. D. A. Macdonald	0	5	0
Miss Barker, per Pastor C. Spurgeon...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Buckley	2	2	0
Pastor J. S. Bruce...	0	10	0
Mrs. Robert Hislop	1	0	0
Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Middleditch ...	0	5	0
Rev. A. and Mrs. Hall	0	10	6
Mr. H. W. Gardner	0	5	0
Abram and Jessica Gardner	0	1	0
Miss Wood	2	0	0
Pastor R. S. Latimer	1	1	0
Mr. J. Dowson	1	1	0
E. W. S.	0	2	6
Scholars and friends of Hope Mission, Camberwell, per Mr. A. Boatman ...	0	13	0
Mr. William Brandford	0	6	0
Mrs. Bully	1	0	0
"In loving memory"	0	5	0
The Misses Bick and Barritt	0	10	0
Miss A. Pedley	0	10	0
Mrs. Edwards	0	15	0
Mrs. R. Wright	5	0	0
A sermon-reader, Heaton Chapel ...	0	5	0
Mrs. C. McGillwin	0	5	0
Mrs. E. H. Edwards	1	0	0
Mr. E. and Miss J. H. Mann	1	1	0
Miss Cochrane	5	0	0
Rev. S. O. Ridley	0	5	0
Miss Lizzie Caffyn	0	10	0
Rev. James Neech...	0	2	6
Mr. Henry Joslin	1	1	0
Miss A. Hopkins, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Miss Husk	0	10	0
Mrs. Cunningham	0	2	6
Mr. Hazeltine and family	0	10	0
Messrs. S. E. and R. S. Chenery ...	0	7	6
Anon.	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Spink	10	0	0
"A lover of the old gospel," per Mr. F. W. Singleton	1	0	0
"Firstfruits," H. D.	0	5	0
Mr. H. Brain	0	10	0
	£767	3	6

Total amount received up to date, £8,400.

* This amount was acknowledged in the Orphanage list in *The Sword and the Trowel* for July.

Mrs. Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £1 from Mrs. Greenwood, 2s. 6d. from Miss Maggie Christie, and £10 from Mrs. H. Keevil, "For General Use in the Lord's Work." She will be happy to receive other amounts for allotment to various works that may need assistance from time to time.

Mr. Burnham asks us to acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions for the Hop-pickers' Mission:—In loving memory, £10; E. H. P., Ryde, £1; Mr. Decker, 5s; Sutton, Surrey, 2s 6d; Miss Maitland, 2s 6d; Miss Watts, 2s 6d; Mrs. Calder, £2 2s; Mrs. Higham 2s 6d; Mr. G. Collier, 10s; Mr. J. Collier, 5s; Mr. E. Goodman, 15s; Mr. A. Goodman, 10s; Mr. Poplett, 5s; Mr. Coulton, 5s; Mr. Wickenden, 5s; Messrs. Horner and Son, £1 1s; Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, £1 1s; Messrs. Nicholson and Sons, £1; Messrs. Weekes and Co., 10s; Mr. T. H. Olney, £2 2s; Mr. F. Fisher, £1 1s; Mr. Tawell, £1; Mr. H. Smith, £2; Mr. J. King, £5 5s; Mr. C. H. Coxford, 10s; Mrs. Bagg, 10s; Mrs. Best, 2s 6d; Mrs. Gilford, £1; Mrs. Perry, 2s 6d; Mrs. Elwood, £1; Mrs. Radbron, 5s; Mrs. Hughes, 5s; Miss D. E. Gerard, 5s; Miss G. R. Gerard, 2s 6d; Miss York, 2s 6d; Miss Ireland, 5s; Miss Bailey, 2s 6d; Mr. Lloyd, 5s; Mr. Chinn, 2s 6d; Mr. Harvey, 5s; Mr. Barwick, 10s; Mr. W. Higgs, £1 1s; An old Orphanage lad, 1s; Edith, 1s; Sergt. Jones, 2s.—Total, £38 15s. The Secretary at the Tabernacle has also received for the same object 10s from A reader of *The Christian World*, per the Editor.

Erratum.—In last month's "Sword and Trowel" list of C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund, for "B. B." read "R. B."

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Camberton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Society of Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

Cedars and Hyssops.

AN EARLY SERMON, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."—1 Kings iv. 33.

THIS evening we are to have a little spiritual botany. We have our sciences in the kingdom of grace, as well as in the kingdom of nature; but what is to be said about such a text as the one before us? Why, this: Solomon was exceedingly wise, and had addicted himself, among other studies, to the study of trees and plants; and, in order to make himself a complete arborist and botanist, it was necessary that he should study, not only the mighty, storm-defying cedar on Lebanon's brow, but also the tiny hyssop springing out of the wall. Travelling in the Alps, you meet with collectors of various specimens, and though they will sell you any specimens that you please, yet they best like to sell you a complete collection; and, in order to have it complete, you must have the humblest flower that blooms as well as the fairest.

Our Solomon, of whom the Solomon who sleeps with his fathers was but a faint and feeble type, possesses a wisdom by which He knows every plant of His own right-hand planting: and whether it be some towering saint comparable to the cedar in Lebanon, our Saviour knows him altogether; or one so little and despised as only to be worthy to be likened to the hyssop which springeth out of the wall, still our Solomon speaketh of him, and knoweth him altogether, and looketh upon him with an eye of affectionate regard.

I. We shall begin by saying that, IN THE WORLD OF GRACE, AS IN THE NATURAL WORLD, THERE IS A GREAT VARIETY.

This it is not necessary to prove; but still it may be comforting to some if we enlarge upon it. *It is a matter of fact, that, in the Christian Church, all have not attained to the same degree of grace.* We have Great-Faiths, a few of them; and these are captains amongst us. We have also Little-Faiths, very many of them; and they bring up the rear; they do some service, but they need much assistance. We have some who flame with love till they are like Basil, who was called "a pillar of fire"; and we have others who have so little of it, that they are rather to be compared to glow-worms than to flaming meteors. We have some who are profound in knowledge, who have come to where Paul was when he spake of "understanding mysteries", and they are able to teach others; they help to bind up the broken in heart, and comfort and instruct seekers. On the other hand, we have many who need to be themselves taught, little ones who must be put to the breast first, that they may drink in the unadulterated milk of the Word. You know, brethren, that such was the case in apostolic times; they were not all Pauls; they were not all of them able to take rank with the apostles. Many of them were but children and babes in grace. It has been so all down the ages; and it is so now. It is so in this church. We are very thankful that there are some who run well, and outstrip their fellows; but we know that there are also some who limp and lag behind. It always will be so. I do not know where you may be able to put yourselves to-night; you may be among the cedars; if so, be grateful. I will be grateful to God if you or I may even be permitted to rank among the hyssops. So long as we do but grow in the Lord's garden, whether we be great or small, let us be thankful; but great and small there always will be as long as the Church of God is here below.

Now, you old Christians, do not be expecting all the young converts to know as much as you do. You who have studied doctrine for forty years, do not be for knocking the heads off the youngsters, because they do not happen to know the difference between this point of theology and that. Comfort them; cheer them. If the farmer were to kill all his lambs, he would certainly have no sheep; and if we deal hardly with those who are but beginners in the kingdom of grace, we shall never have any who are well-taught and well-trained. We must expect to see little ones in the flock, and we must tenderly handle them, and kindly nurse them. The mustard-seed will yet become a tree, and grace in the blade will become the full corn in the ear. The fact, then, tells us this.

But even if we had not observed it, I think we might be pretty sure that there would be these differences in the family of grace, *because our God is a God of sovereignty;* and, being a Sovereign, He would be expected to display His sovereignty, not by distributing to all alike, but by giving to one man ten talents, to another five, and to another one. "Is it not lawful for Me to do what I will with Mine own?" is a question which God asks, and to which He would have us give a humble answer. He has a right to give much or to give little, to give all or to give none, as it seemeth to Him good. If He

chooseth, then, to make one of His creatures an eagle and another a moth, if He maketh one of His creatures a flying serpent and another a creeping worm, who shall stay His hand, or ask Him why He doeth it? He shall do as He wills. "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" Especially in connection with God's deeds of mercy, if He makes us all Christians, shall we wonder if some of us are like David in the ranks, while others are suffered to tarry at home, and divide the spoil? Sovereignty, then, would make us suppose that there would be cedars, and that there would be hyssops.

Besides that, *the analogy of the outward world of nature* would lead us to expect this. Variety is one of heaven's laws. Pope said that—

"Order is heaven's first law."

I am not so sure of that; but if it be, variety is one that is either second or third in place, for God createth no two things precisely alike. It is for man, with his coarse art, to run a thousand things in the same mould; but there are no two leaves upon a tree in all the forests of the West that are precisely alike, and there never were two blades of grass but what some distinctions might be detected in them, if the eye did but carefully observe them. God is a God of variety. We expect, then, to see in the world cedars and hyssops; and we must expect to see in the Church the distinguished and the unknown, the educated and the ignorant, the strong and the weak. We cannot too often, I think, speak out against those who try to clip God's people into uniformity. There is an attempt constantly made to get up a model of experience, like the gardeners do with their shears, clipping the trees all round to make them symmetrical circles. God's trees do not grow so; they grow anyhow. The trees of the wood twist their boughs and gnarl their roots just according to their own sweet wills, or rather, according to the will of God; and so the experiences of believers always differ if they are genuine. You can make counterfeit experiences which shall be all alike, and all of which shall say "Shibboleth" with the same sound of the "sh"; but when God comes to deal with us, there will be a unity, but not a uniformity. There will be a similarity, but we shall not be the same. We shall be distinguished in being living plants, because no one plant is precisely like the other. We gather, then, from observation, from the laws of sovereignty, and from the law of variety, that we must expect to have in the Church of God the great and the small.

And, beloved, there is another reason yet, namely, *the law of necessity*. The world requires the little as well as the great. Man has been very slow to learn this lesson in the outward world; but he must learn it. The destruction of the small birds by the farmers of France proved the means of covering the country with caterpillars and insects innumerable, which destroyed the harvests. At last, people opened their eyes, and said, "Is the sparrow, after all, of so much consequence; and whereas five are sold for two farthings, is it a fact that we cannot strike so humble a bird out of the list of nature's servants without being made to suffer for it?" It is a fact that the smallest thing in the economy of nature is as necessary as the greatest; just as, in some

machine, the smallest wheel, with its finest cog, is as necessary to the working of the machine as the largest fly-wheel or the widest band. So it is in the Church of God. The least beautiful member of the body is still necessary. In the Church of Christ, the eye cannot say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," nor can the foot say to the eye, "I have no need of thee." Brethren, I have heard sometimes a disgusting sneer against some congregations because there were so many poor people in them. May God always send us a plentiful mixture of the poor, ay, and of the very poorest, too! It is a great mercy to have a number of friends who, by their substance, can maintain the cause of God in its working, and it is a mercy, for which we ought to be grateful, when such persons are led to consecrate their substance to God; yet if I had my choice to-day, or any day, between two congregations, one all rich and the other all poor, I know which I should choose, and it would certainly be the latter. But when we can have both together, we must be most thankful. While the rich are the arm of the church, and can do work which could not be done without them, yet very often the poorest of the poor are the heart of the church, and by their earnest praying, by their holy living, and by their patient suffering, keep the church before the Lord, and bring down an abundance of blessings upon her. Ah, friends! we cannot do without the little ones; we cannot do without the obscure ones. The humblest member of the church, if he be a living Christian, if he were lost to us, would perhaps be as great a loss as some more conspicuous person, whose name covers a greater space, but who does not bring a greater blessing from God. I thank God for you who are horny-handed workers, but who work for Christ, too. I thank God for you little ones, you boys and girls, whom God has converted and brought in. We must have you all, for in some mysterious way we believe that you are all necessary in the economy of the Church of God. We cannot do without the hyssop any more than we can do without the cedar. If the cedar fell, we should cry out, "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar hath fallen"; but we ought also to sorrow if even the hyssop should be cut off. We want all of you. Oh, may we all be kept together in love and unity till we are transplanted, cedars and hyssops together, to the garden of the Lord upon the hill-tops of glory!

I cannot leave this point without saying that I do think there is one reason why some are so little in the church, which it would be unfair not to mention, namely, *because they are so slothful.* There are some Christians who might have more faith, and ought to have it; who might have more love, and should have it; and who must not lay their spiritual poverty at the door of divine sovereignty, but must confess that they neglect prayer, that they do not search the Scriptures, that they do not labour to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. If they be poor, it is because they are improvident; if they are not rich in grace, it is because they are spiritual spendthrifts, and do not redeem the time, nor seek to grow rich in the things of God. Oh, that such hyssops might grow into cedars! Why should it not be? If I were a soldier, and if the battle were for my country, I should like to do all that a soldier could do. I might not covet the front rank because of its honour; if I did, I should be



CEDARS OF LEBANON.

wrong; but I ought to covet it for the sake of the service I might render there. So with you. "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Seek to be foremost in the host of the Lord, not wanting the highest places to satisfy pride or ambition, nor desiring any earthly honour or eminence; but wishing for usefulness, desiring eminence in service that you may bring forth much fruit, and that so the world may know that you are Christ's disciples.

II. Our second point is that, though these cedars and hyssops do exist, yet JESUS KNOWS THEM ALL.

The cedar says, "Here am I, on Lebanon's stormy heights; the frosts of winter nip me, and the howling winds go among my branches; I stand alone. I wish I were a hyssop; I should then be so quiet and so comfortable; blooming in obscurity upon the wall, I should be sheltered from many a blast; but, alas! I am called into a prominence which is not a happy one, I am exposed thereby to troubles which others escape." So think some of the ministers of God who are here to-night, and some of you church-officers almost wish that you were hyssops, that you were not called to the work which you have to do. I know I sometimes think that, if I could sit and hear a sermon, if I could get my Sundays to myself, I would not mind what I did the other six days of the week; if I could but come to the house of God with nothing to think of but worship, and with none of the cares of a flock, and especially of so large a flock as this. One might well wish to be anything sooner than stand in the high places of the Church of God. There are many comforts in such places unknown to any but those who stand there; but there are many trials, too, that are peculiar to such a position.

Now, as God knows all about the cedars, He also knows all about the hyssops. You who feel that you are little in Israel, and less than the least of all saints, is it not sweet to you to think that your Father knows you? No one calls to see you; but Christ shall be your companion. You were ill a month ago, and nobody called upon you, and you thought yourselves neglected; but then your Father made your bed in your sickness. Sometimes you go into your poor little room when you get home from the Tabernacle, and you think that if you were to die there, nobody would miss you; but, remember, you would not die alone; you would have to say, "I am alone, and yet I am not alone, because my Father is with me." When one of old was delivering an oration, he suddenly discovered that he had only one hearer listening to him, and he was about to stop, when he observed that the one listener was Plato, and he considered that Plato was an audience in himself. Now, you have but one with you, but then that one is the Lord Jesus, and surely that should be sufficient for you. If you have never told anybody else your grief, never poured into another person's ear the story of your sorrows, let this be your consolation, that your grief and your sorrow are known beforehand to Him who sees the little as well as the great. Understand ye not, ye doubting ones, that that same God who spies the stars, as they roll in their orbits, marks also the grain of dust as it flies in the March wind? It is true that He guides the billow as it dasheth aloft to heaven; but He guides also every particle of spray as it springs from its foaming

crest. It is true that He wings the thunderbolt, but He wings also the tiniest humming-bee that flies from bough to bough. He guides the mighty beasts of prey as they stalk through the forest, but the smallest gnat that dances in the summer's beam is guided just as truly by Him. And so He knows you, catches your tears in His bottle, writes your cares in His book; He will not let a hair of your head be touched without His permission, for the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Therefore, be of good cheer, for Jesus Christ knows the hyssop on the wall as well as He knows the cedar in Lebanon.

III. Our third point is that, Jesus not only knows all, but HE CARES FOR ALL.

He has a heart which beats with as much sympathy towards the little as towards the great, and for this reason, that *He planted all* the plants that are in His garden. If you have but little faith, He gave you that as certainly as He gave Whitefield and Luther their great faith. The spiritual life is the same in its essence, and the same in its source, however much it may differ in degree. If you be regenerate, though you be but a babe in grace, yet Christ put the new life into you; the Holy Spirit kindled it as surely as ever He put the life into the mightiest hero who leads the van of the army of the Lord. Because He planted you, He cares for you. When Cyrus showed some ambassadors over his garden, he said to them, "You cannot possibly have such an interest in this garden as I have, for I planted every tree and every flower in it." So is it with the garden of the Church. Christ takes such a special interest in it because He planted it.

Moreover, besides planting them all, *He bought them all.* My dear brother, I know that you are not much known in the church, but you cost Christ as much to buy you, and to save you, as did the leaders in our Israel. He could not buy you except with His own precious blood, and He bought the others at the same price. The Lord said to the Jew, "The rich shall not give more, and the poor shall not give less than half a shekel," so that there was the same redemption money for each. The most popular and the most obscure, the most talented and the most hidden of the saints of God, are equally purchased with the precious blood of Christ, and therefore He cares for each alike.

Besides that, *Jesus supplies the wants of all.* Where must the great pitcher go to be filled but to the well? The little cup must go to the same place. When the rain falls, it moistens the roots of the cedars, and they drink in their deep draughts; but it falls also upon the cup of the harebell, and gives it its tiny sip. The same water, the same dew, the same sunshine, and the same earth, must supply all the plants. Be thankful then, humble Christian, that God loves you as He loves the rest, for He proves it by supplying you with the self-same food. There are no two tables in my Master's hall; there are not some who sit below the salt, and some who sit nearer to His hand. They are all His children, and they all feast on the same bread that comes down from heaven, and drink of the same water which flows from the rock, Christ Jesus. They are cared for and supplied by equal love.

There is this, too, about it, that *the loss of the meanest Christian would be as much a loss to Christ as the loss of the greatest.* It might not make

so much noise on earth, but it would make as much noise in eternity. "Aha! Aha!" the devil would say, if Christ lost even so much as a lamb out of his flock, "Thou Shepherd, Thou hast not kept them all; I have stolen one at least." If the tiniest jewel in the Redeemer's crown could be taken away by the black prince of darkness, the crown would not be complete; it would be as certainly an incomplete crown as if the brightest Koh-i-noor had been plucked from it. If an apostle should fall from grace, and perish, it would not make more scorn than if the humblest servant-maid in the Church of God should fall away and perish. It seems to me as if it would be worse for the weak ones to be lost than the strong ones, for it would be said, "Ah! He kept the strong ones, but He could not keep the weak," and then that would stain His honour all the more, and bring a greater discredit upon His love if He suffered the weak ones to be cast away. Oh! thou hyssop, rejoice that Jesus will not let thee be lost.

I must notice, before I leave this point, that *Jesus speaks of and for the very least of His people.* It is said that Solomon spoke about the hyssop on the wall. What had he to say about that plant? I do not know; but he must have said something or other. Perhaps you say, "What can Christ have to say of me?" Oh! He will find something or other to say even of you. When He looks into you, He sees something which you cannot see. You take up a common flower, and say, "Well, this a very ordinary kind of thing!" Yes, but look at it through the microscope, and see what singular net-works there are, and what wonderful lines of beauty. Then you say of it, "Well, I have seen nothing more lovely than this common field flower, after all, when looked at through the glass." Jesus Christ has such a glass as that in His eye; He can see in you what you cannot see in yourselves. Do you know what it is He sees? I think it is like this: a great artist, when he gets a block of marble, finds it a great dead lump; but he says, "I can see a statue in this lump of marble; I will chip away all the extraneous marble there is round it, and then the statue will stand out." Now, Jesus Christ sees Himself in you, and He works away till He has taken from you all the superfluities of naughtiness, and has brought Himself out, and He becomes formed in you the hope of glory. I know the ordinary eye cannot see it, but His eye can. It is strange what beauty mothers see in their own children. What mother ever had a child that was not lovely? Jesus Christ sees a beauty in us for the very same reason, because we are His own. He has loved us from before the foundation of the world, and He has begotten us again unto a lively hope by His resurrection from the dead, and therefore He sees a beauty in us which no eye but His would be able to discern.

He speaks *of* us, then, and blessed be His name, I know that He speaks *for* us! He puts in a good word for us at the throne of grace. He has God's ear, and He speaks into it respecting His people. Some young men, who want to get on in the world think, "Oh, if I could but get somebody, who has the ear of the Prime Minister, to be my friend, how pleased I should be!" Thou hadst better get that Friend who hath the ear of God; thou wilt get on far better than by trying the back-stairs of government influence. Young man, "Seek first the

kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Go to the King Himself. He will speak for you, and a blessing shall come to you, even to you.

I have been trying to speak to doubting and mournful souls, to the weak in the faith, and this has been the tenor of my words; I want them to feel that they have an interest in Christ's intercession, an interest in His blood, an interest in His heart, and that they have the same interest in it that the greatest saints have. You know, when a father dies, and leaves his property amongst his children, there is one of them, perhaps, who is five-and-twenty, and he has his portion; but there is one in swaddling-clothes, and that one has its portion, too. It does not matter how young the child is, it has its share. Some of you, I perceive, have some little ones, for I have heard their sweet voices to-night; well, they are as much your children as those who have grown up, are they not? Perhaps you even more clearly perceive your paternity in their case than you do in those who have left you. So is it with the Lord's little ones, who have but little faith, you are as much His children as those who can move the mountains, and thresh them till they become like chaff. You are as truly heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, and shall be as surely a part of His heritage as the brightest of all the saints in the family of God.

IV. This brings me to close with the last thought, namely, that JESUS CAN USE US ALL.

It is believed that the knowledge which Solomon had of plants was principally a knowledge of their medicinal properties. He could find a remedy in the cedar, and he could also detect a healing juice in the hyssop, which might have been the house-leek, of healing fame amongst old country-folks, or else the wall-flower. The skilful botanist knows that there are subtle virtues and powerful juices in all sorts of plants. The Lord Jesus knows that there are uses in all His people. A dear brother in the Lord called to see me, a little while ago, wanting to know what he could do in the cause of God. The dear man, through many infirmities, was not able to do much. I was nonplussed, and was obliged to tell him I had no doubt that the Lord Jesus had something for him to do; but I did not know what it was; and he must go and find out by asking the Master. But, do you know? I thought he had already done good by coming to me. When that aged man, so deaf that he could scarcely hear a sound, yet asked what he could do for Christ with such earnestness as though he were but a young beginner in the family of God, he had done good even by putting this story in my mouth. I believe that, as soon as ever a young person, or a boy or a girl, joins the church, there is something for each one to do. There is some use in that hyssop. You young people should begin to serve God betimes. You have joined the church; say not that you will be a Sunday-school teacher by-and-by; but try to do something for God now. You are not likely to be a useful old man if you are not a useful young man. As a rule, a serviceable matron is first a serviceable maiden. If you do not serve God earnestly while yet your youthful blood leaps in your veins, you are not likely to serve Him very vigorously when the stream

flows heavily along. Young Christians, be young Timothys and young Phœbes, and lay out your souls for God while yet the bloom of youth is upon you! I believe there is something to be done by the very poorest; and in such a city as this I need hardly point out what can be done. Some of you Christians are called to live in very low neighbourhoods, and very poor localities. Why, you ought to be the missionaries of the district! You should be; you are, indeed, God's clergy. Wherever you go, you should be the clergy of the district, taking with you the Word of God. And as for you tradesmen and masters, why, there is not one among you who ought to make the excuse that you have too much business to allow you to serve the Lord! I will not believe that you were bought with blood to be of no service to Christ. I cannot imagine that you have been made again by the Holy Spirit, and yet that you are incapable of honouring my Lord. Oh, what good might not some of you do! Some time ago, a member of this church left London to go to a little country town to take a drapery business. He was no sooner there than he began to look out for the means of grace, and finding a church pretty well asleep, he said, "This won't do." A little shed was taken, and a brother was found to preach. The people gathered together, a larger place was taken, a student was sent down, and last week, when I was preaching in that town, I found a crowded congregation, a church well able to support its minister, and many being added to the church; and all this blessing was brought about mainly through the exertions of that one brother who had resolved that, wherever business might take him, he would make it his business to serve his God there. There are always some of you who are emigrating to Canada, to the United States, and to Australia. Wherever you go, you should take the lamp of truth with you. I thank God many of you have done it. I would have you all like Samson's foxes, with fire-brands setting all the world on a blaze wherever you go. I do not think a Christian man ought to be for a month, nay, not for a week, in a place without spreading abroad the savour of Christ's name. We do not live here, dear brethren, I hope, merely to make money, and to do business. We are put here by the Lord Jesus Christ as stewards, as labourers in His vineyard, with this large commission, "Occupy till I come." If you have ten talents, or if you have only one talent, go to our great Solomon, and ask Him what is the use of you. Go to Christ, and say, "Lord, I am not a cedar, I wish I were; if I could help to build Thy temple, I would not mind being cut in pieces to help to make a beam in Thy house; but if I am not a cedar, I hope I am a hyssop; I grow upon the wall, the foundation of which is Thine own merit; I do send my roots into Thine own self, Lord, do use me!" I do beg you, who are His people, not to go to sleep to-night till you have found out what is the use He has for you. Do not give slumber to your eyelids till you have discovered what you were made for. Remember the answer to that question in the catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever." May we all, by God's great grace, attain to this!

Alas! there are some here who are neither hyssops nor cedars.

I am afraid there are some here who are like the green bay tree, which spreads itself on the right hand and on the left, but which is to be cut down at the last. Oh, you who are not believing in Christ, and whose hearts are not right with God, who do not love Him, remember that there will be an axe found that will cut you down; and where the tree falleth, there it must lie! Do you not know the plan of salvation? It is wrapped up in this one sentence, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." To believe is to trust, to trust in what Jesus Christ has done, and especially to trust in His atoning sacrifice. Throw your own merits away, and your own prayers, and your own tears, too. Do not trust them; but come and trust Him; and if you trust Him, you have the roots of a living faith, which shall bring forth fruit unto holiness, and the end shall be everlasting life.

God grant that it may be so, and that both cedars and hyssops, protected by the divine care, may be kept in the garden of the Lord until it is His will to transplant them into the Paradise above; and unto Him shall be all glory for ever and ever! Amen.

The Theme of Earth and Heaven.*

"WHEN broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice shall yet *Thy Blood* record,
Its virtue tried so long;
Till sinking low with calm decay,
Its feeble accents melt away,
Into a seraph's song;
And then along the eternal tide
I'll chant the praise of *Him* who died
To all the blood-washed throng."

The above lines were written in an album by the late C. H. Spurgeon. The following meditation thereupon was added by his loving son.

Sweet in old age that voice had proved,
Which from its youth the thousands moved
With love from Calvary.
We hoped to hear that bell for years,
Ring out the tale of blood and tears,
But it was not to be!
Why mourn we, though, what might have been?
He chants above the self-same theme
In heaven's own happy key!

THOMAS SPURGEON.

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* *From Mr. Thomas Spurgeon's volume of poems, entitled, "Scarlet Threads and Bits of Blue," with Preface by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, shortly to be published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. Price, in ornamental paper covers, 1s., in cloth, 1s. 6d.*

The Preacher among his Books, and with his Themes.

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

THE *object of the reading of books is fivefold.*

1. First, to gather information as to facts and truths; to store the memory with valuable material. That word "information" is etymologically suggestive. In-form-ation implies something taking form in the mind, symmetrically arranged, crystallized, not hastily, superficially, and chaotically accumulated, but built up into form and proportion. It implies classification, orderly arrangement.

2. The second object of reading is intellectual quickening, the projection of lines of thought upon which the mind may move, like a locomotive on its tracks of steel. This suggests thought awakening thought, mind coming into contact with mind, the flash of intelligence, sparks created by friendly collision as between the flint and steel.

3. The third effect of reading good books is the refining of the sensibilities. One is brought into contact with the heart of the author in his works; and whatever is refined and cultivated and ennobling in him communicates itself to us. There is a heart quickening as well as a head quickening in all true reading.

4. Again, books of a high character chasten style. They show us how the best men think and express their thoughts; they enlarge our vocabulary, teach us the discrimination between different words, and how different words may be effectively put together in sentences, and so they enlarge the whole scope and compass of our use of knowledge.

5. Yet once more, good books impart moral tone. As a stream leaves its residuum upon its bed, the green of sulphur, the red of iron, the glitter of gold on the very pebbles that lie in its channel; so good books leave their residuum in the mind; and this is perhaps the main benefit of wholesome reading, that it leaves in the whole character a deposit as it passes through. The book may not be remembered, but the effect of reading it is permanent.

Some *rules for reading* may here be added.

1. First, never lose a valuable fact or a good thought. Make a note of it, preserve it, and put it into shape for future use. You will thus not only retain it, but you will make it serviceable.

2. Never read a vile, coarse, or worthless book. Time is too short, character is too priceless; and you are, moreover, in so doing, encouraging a low type of literature, and so helping to make a market for poor wares; and you are so far responsible, for you help to create the demand of which worthless literature is the supply.

3. Never pass by a reference to an historical or scientific fact, or anything else worth knowing; never pass even a word that you do not understand, until it is understood. No one can tell how much added intelligence will come in the process of reading a single book of worth by mastering its contents as you go. If you do not care to stop in the process of reading, make a note of what you do not

understand, and search out the meaning of words and the reference to facts afterward.

4. Mark and indicate in the books you read the matter contained in them. It has been my habit to indicate on the margin of a book by single, double, or triple lines, drawn with a pencil, and again by a line underscoring words and sentences, whatever in these books I desire to have at my fingers' end for ready reference and future use; and then, on the fly-leaves of such books, to make a brief index, under subjects, of such portions of the contents as are specially valuable. These may seldom be referred to afterward; but the very fact that one has made these discriminating marks will tend to impress valuable contents upon the memory.

5. Read a good book with such mastery of its general contents as that you are not likely ordinarily to need a second reading. Read with reference to a practical command of the contents, and not in a slovenly fashion, as though you expected to give them a future examination.

6. Read some books at least that tax all your powers. It may be well to read now and then books that do not by their contents particularly attract, and are what we call "dry reading", for the sake of learning concentration of mental powers, of acquiring the voluntary exercise of attention aside from attractive features that draw out our mental powers by fascination. There is some reading, which, like medicine, may not be agreeable, but may be as necessary and useful.

7. Let reading be varied. Variety of mental occupation is restful to the mind itself. After reading a philosophical work, the mind will, without fatigue, turn to romance, poetry, history, or biography. We rest in such a variety of mental occupation, and not in absolute repose of mind; and the very variety will help us to come back with the more avidity to a book that we have laid down.

8. Ordinarily, do not buy a book that you may as well borrow, and which you do not need as a permanent possession. There is vanity in accumulating a large library; but it is often a snare. There are comparatively few books that you will ever examine after you have once carefully read them. Those few you want to keep, and keep at hand. Encyclopædias, for instance, are permanent accessions to a library, always in use; but even a worthy book of fiction may be laid aside when it has been once read.

9. Seek first-class books, not only in point of authorship, but in point of accuracy, fulness of information, and complete classification, so that you may save all the time possible, and avoid all the error possible, when you consult their contents.

To these suggestions about reading, we may add some hints as to the *composing of sermons.*

1. Accumulate material before composition is undertaken. No builder would think of quarrying the stones in the process of his building, putting one stone into shape in the edifice, and then going away to cut another in the quarry. He gets the stone ready at hand on the building site before he begins to build, or he is at least certain to make provision that it shall be on hand in ample time for its

erection into the structure. The larger your accumulation and the more perfect your classification of material before you begin to write, the more rapid will be your composition when you start.

2. Have your material in an available form. There is much unused material that you accumulate in the course of a life of thought. It may have its use afterward. Do not discard it because it has no present utility; store it by, as bees store honey for future needs. Boxes, labelled with the letters of the alphabet, an ordinary *index rerum*, or some other form of receptacle, in which the matter that is at present waiting for service may be so classified and arranged as to be at hand when wanted, is a desideratum of every preacher.

3. Avoid too complicated a system. The best method becomes impracticable when it is too large and cumbersome for us to work. It may be so complete and so minute as absolutely to be useless. Especially should your sermon memoranda, upon which you are to draw frequently, be in a form readily resorted to, and convenient to control.

4. There is a principle of "unconscious" cerebration, as Carpenter has shown; a process which corresponds to the incubation of an egg, the gradual and unconscious formation of an idea in the mind. You have a thought to-day; you make a record of it; you draw it out somewhat in a memorandum, and lay it aside. A month hence you take up your memorandum, and you find that the thoughth as unconsciously matured. You have been incubating your own conception, and it is growing toward completeness though you have been unconscious of any mental process concerning it.

5. Write out fully for the sake of style, even though you may not use in the pulpit what you write. It will help even extemporaneous address, to habituate yourselves to the careful use of the pen in the formation of sentences, in the accurate choice of words, in the study of the position and relation of particles, in the training of your mind and pen in accurate and graceful forms of speech. All these things tell on the speaker, even though he may make no direct pen preparation for the particular address that he delivers.

6. It is well to write for the press, and to publish at times; but it is never well to hurry into print. Write for all the future time, and write what you are willing to have abide for all the future time. Give the best products of your mind and of your pen to the printing-press, and give nothing else.

7. Every form of neatness and accuracy in the work done, even in penmanship, will help to a similarly neat and accurate method of thinking. These two go together; slovenliness of the hand is the companion of slovenliness of the brain.

8. Continuous writing when you write, and continuous thinking when you think, are favourable to that particular ardour and fervour, that mental excitement and inspiration that we call by the name of "glow." You cannot bring the brain to the white heat except as you bring the iron to the white heat, by the continuous action of the fire, and the blast through the furnace. Avoid, therefore, unnecessary interruptions in the midst of your work, and seek continuousness of thought and utterance.

9. We are not to despise any intellectual faculty or power which

God has given us. It constitutes one of the tools in our chest of tools which we should sharpen diligently, and prepare ourselves to use effectively. Solomon says in Eccl. x. 10, "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength." And the old proverb reads, that, "a whet is no let." The time is not lost that the mower spends in sharpening his scythe, or the reaper his sickle. A man with less natural faculty—that is, with less strength of arm—may accomplish more, with his faculties sharpened and acuminated, than a man of larger natural gifts or strength, with duller weapons. Therefore let us make the most of the powers that God has given us.

"Ecce Homo!"*

BEHOLD the Man! despised, forlorn,
Wearing for us a crown of thorn,
And silent in the midst of scorn.

Behold the Man! of all our race
The only One, upon whose face
No blush of shame could find a place.

Behold the Man! betrayed, denied,
By Gentile and by Jew decried,
Delivered to be crucified.

Behold the Man! now raised on high,
Yet still the same in sympathy,
As when they led Him forth to die.

Behold the Man! a Friend indeed,
A Helper in the time of need,
He will not break the bruisèd reed.

Behold the Man! His gentle heart
Knows how to ply the healing art,
Relieving sorrow of its smart.

Behold the Man! a brother He,
To all who in adversity,
Appeal to Him for sympathy.

Behold the Man! and as you gaze
On Him with reverent amaze,
Let love enkindle into praise.

Behold the Man! He died to win
The soul from self, the world, and sin,
Open *thine* heart, and let Him in.

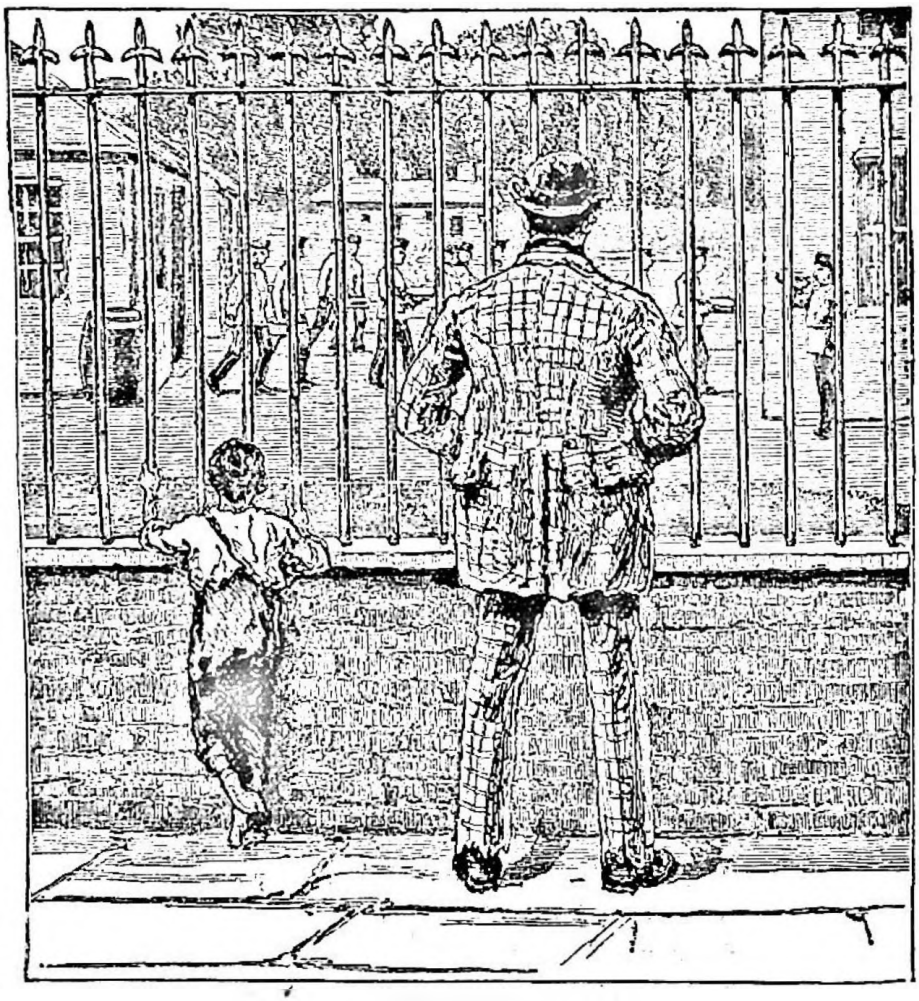
Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

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* Next month we hope to publish Mr. Tydeman's companion poem to the above; it will be entitled, "Ecce Rex!"

Miss Robinson's "Yarns."

OUR pages have already borne testimony to our high appreciation of the work, on behalf of the soldiers, in the hands of Miss Sarah Robinson, at Portsmouth. It was with considerable expectation that we took up her new book,* which lay on our table resplendent in a cover of red, white, and blue; and, having read it through at a sitting, we are charmed by its profusion of pictures and graphic descriptions, its sly humour and general breeziness. If these "Yarns" do not arouse interest in our "men of Mars", nothing will.

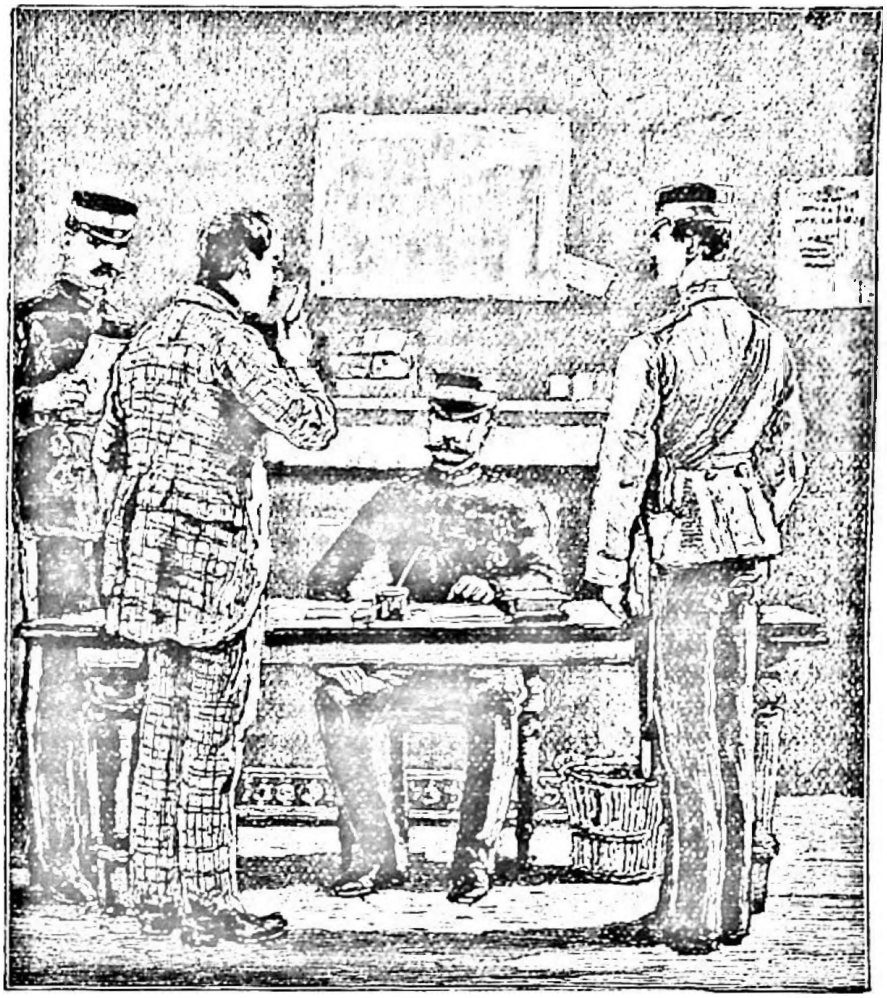


UNDECIDED.

With refreshing frankness, the authoress pictures her own wayward girlhood; and though we cannot help feeling that she is sometimes a little hard on herself, the record of her outrageous pranks has evoked from us roars of sympathetic laughter. What else can the reader do when he is informed of the village butcher, who gravely sent his son with the message, "Vather's respects: he be going to kill his self on

* "Yarns." By Miss Sarah Robinson. 1s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 9d. To be obtained only at the Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth.

Thursday, and what part would you like?" and who could refrain from smiling when told that her father, having engaged a doctor to watch his symptoms, gravely sent down the message on several occasions, "Tell Mr. S—— I am *not well enough* to see him to-day"? Miss Robinson has the art of telling "Yarns" to perfection. There is a healthy absence of cant in what she says. She is like that soldier, of whom his worldly comrades said, "Yes, Maxy is blue, but then it is such a *bright* blue."



ENLISTED.

The personal part of the narrative is full of interest. Difficulties early beset her path. Endowed with a singularly daring temperament, enfeebled by a spinal curvature, and brought up amongst "the straitest sect of the Pharisees", she had a mental and moral discipline which well fitted her for the subsequent work to which, in spite of increasing infirmities, she has devoted herself without stint.

Always an admirer of soldierly qualities, her first efforts on behalf of the army were made at Aldershot, in connection with Mrs. Daniell, who has established there a noble enterprise. Here is a bit of experience gained when Miss Robinson acted as a sort of go-between

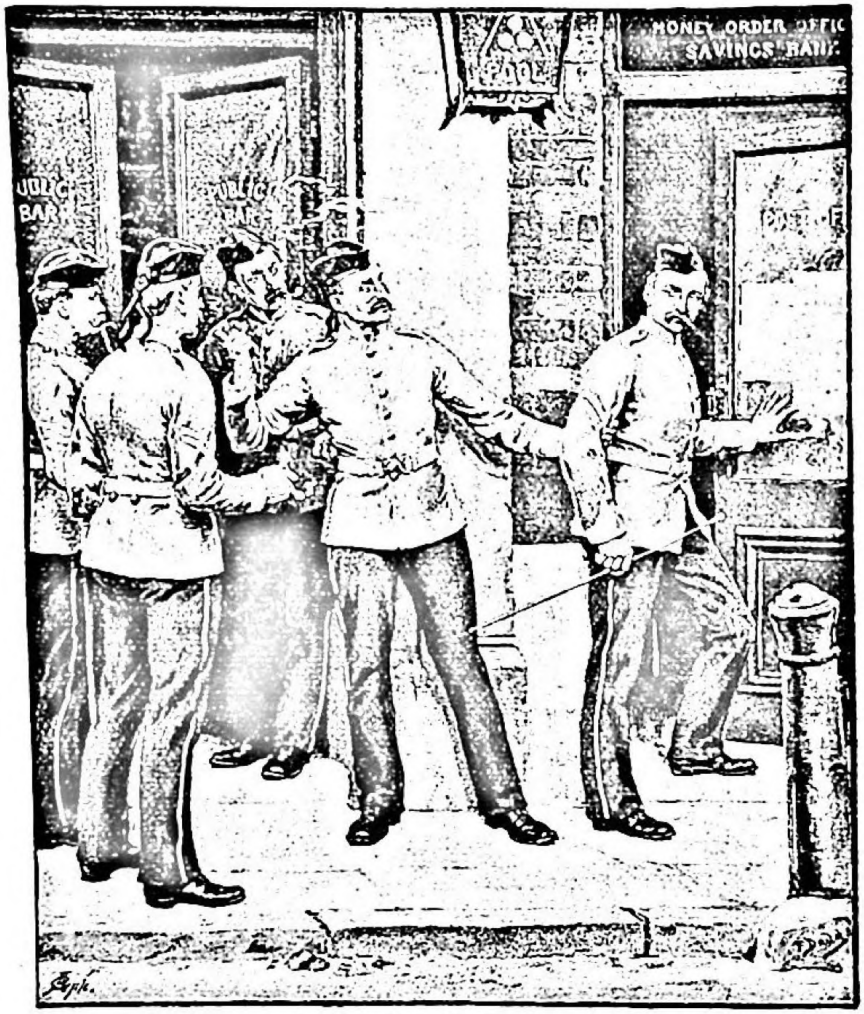
the soldier and Mrs. Daniell. It shows what simple and modest men many soldiers are.

"Sometimes, when an unusually interesting experience was mentioned to her, she would have the man up to tell it himself. What a work I would have!

"'I couldn't really, miss.'

"'Oh, yes, you can, Wilson; you would do anything to please Mrs Daniell. I know.'

"'Well, miss, will you come, too, and tell me what to say?'



A BATTLE.

"He would enter, salute her, and stand as stiff as a poker, with a perfectly vacant countenance.

"'This is Wilson, Mrs. Daniell, the man who fetched his comrade from close to the Russian outposts.'

"'Oh, yes! do tell me about it, Wilson.'

"Then Wilson, growing very red and hot, striving vainly for words which would not come, as he looked at Mrs. Daniell's ear-trumpet held expectantly upwards, would stammer, 'There's nothing to make a fuss about, ma'am; I don't know as I have anything to tell you.'

"(Myself.) 'Now, Wilson, you know that *anything* about the Crimea

is interesting to us stay-at-home people; just begin with, "Me and Jim was chums," and you'll get on all right.'

"'Miss Robinson knows all about it, ma'am; she'll tell you better than I can.'

"(Mrs. D., vexed.) 'Nonsense; I don't want to hear Miss Robinson talk, I want *you* to tell me your adventures. I understand you are quite a hero.'

"'Oh, ma'am!' was all the agonized man could say; and the interview ended by his abruptly bolting from the room, and from the house."

The work among the soldiers grew so greatly that Miss Robinson was compelled to establish herself in Portsmouth; and merely to describe the various agencies she has been enabled to set on foot, would exhaust our space. Many men have been turned to the Lord, and much moral reformation has been effected.

Stress is laid on the necessity of total abstinence from intoxicants, if the soldier is to be won. For many years our authoress indulged in her glass of wine. "I felt," she says, "like the old woman who said it was not so much that she liked the whisky, but that she liked herself so much better after taking it." But soon she found that she must set the example, and put this thing away; and she did it, though at some physical cost. Very properly she remarks, however, "I do not care for Christless teetotalism: mere outward reformation means that the man or woman is walking along the clean side, instead of the dirty side of the road, but the road is still the same, 'the broad road that leadeth to destruction.' The importance of this question to the soldier—why not also to every soldier of Christ?—is paramount. I need hardly say that, as a matter of course, a Christian soldier is an abstainer; were he otherwise, none of his comrades would believe in his religion. A soldier may be considered 'a good Churchman', 'a good Catholic', 'a good Wesleyan', or any other name, but by 'Christian' *I mean Christ's man*, and so do the soldiers themselves, even the ungodly ones." This distinction between a Christian and a merely nominal professor is becoming strongly marked amongst civilians also. Merely party names are losing their meaning, and true-hearted devotion to Christ and his Word is largely looked upon in the world as the mark of a real believer, and it is well that it should be so.

Our pictures, which are borrowed from the book, by Miss Robinson's kind permission, might almost suggest a parable of Christian experience.

Having begun to quote from this racy book, we scarcely know where to leave off. Opening at random, we find that when Miss Robinson was leaving Aldershot, the people in a thieves' kitchen, which she had been in the habit of visiting, expressed their regret by saying, "We reckons you quite *one of ourselves*." Though this was rather ambiguous, it shows the only way in which we can help the fallen: *we must get into touch with them*. To stand like a muezzin on a tower, and summon them to prayer, is not a bit of good.

When a converted soldier kneels to pray, his courage is severely tested, though the trial is not now so great as it used to be. "Look

here, you snivelling jackass, what's Miss Robinson been a-doin' to ye?" was the salutation to a young beginner. "She says God a'mighty can't a-bear cowards, nor no more can't she; and I've got to 'fess Christ this very night 'fore I turns in." There, that is good, is it not?

Space must be found for another extract, which shows something of the trials and triumphs of this noble work :—

"Let me describe my first visit to a very difficult cavalry regiment. Arriving at the guardroom, I told the sergeant my name and errand, handed the men some attractive little books, and asked when they would be coming off guard.

"'To-morrow morning.'

"'Then you will not be wanted for any duty to-morrow evening; suppose you all come to tea with me!'

"Silence and incredulous grins on two or three countenances.

"'What! do you think I'm joking? I really do want you to come; my big teapot goes the round of the garrisons with me. Come, what do *you* say?' fixing my eyes on a trooper who was making derisive signals to the others.

"'You are very kind, miss' (sheepishly).

"'Very well, then, you must be kind, too, and come and make friends when I ask you.' Then, handing each man a written invitation to 'Tea and Bible Talk', with place and time, I wished them good day, and proceeded to visit the troop-rooms.

"Among the guard that day was Tom Miller, a ringleader in fun and mischief, a very dare-devil; when he announced that *he* would go to that old gal's tea-party, for he liked her pluck, there was a roar of laughter, and others said they would go, too, if only to keep Tom in order. Now the Lord had a gracious purpose towards Tom Miller in all this. Far away in Yorkshire, his good old Methodist mother was praying for her wild boy; she had heard nothing from him for many months, and could only tell her God about him.

"At the hour for my tea, a party of nine men appeared; I shook hands with each, and asked them to put their caps, canes, and gloves on a sideboard. But Tom Miller was staring at the tea-table as if fascinated; then, seizing a teacup, and flourishing it wildly, he shouted,—

"'Why, if here isn't the very same tea-set I gave my mother two years ago! It was the only bit of kindness she ever had from me.'

"Some of the others began to laugh, thinking Tom was 'up to his larks', but I saw tears in the man's eyes, and said,—

"'You shall sit next to me, and tell us all about your mother while we are at tea.'

"So he did, not sparing himself as he spoke of his own waywardness, and of his widowed mother's love, and how she kept 'Tom's tea-set' in the corner cupboard as the very best china.

"After tea, we had a real good time; and Tom Miller, on his knees, giving himself to his mother's God, was a sight never to be forgotten. He went back to the barracks, and told the men about it that night; he said to those in his room,—

"'I expect you'll lead me a life of it after all my goings-on; but it won't make a bit of difference. I am going to serve God now if He will have me.'

"To his surprise, none of his companions molested him at all.

"To the last, Tom Miller was an out-and-out Christian, and a most useful helper in barrack-work. Of course, he wrote at once to gladden the dear old mother's heart, and was continually talking of the way 'he'd make it up to her' next furlough; he would take her to chapel *every night*, and so on. The old lady's health was failing at this time, though nothing serious was anticipated.

"But one morning, Tom Miller burst into my room, and flung a telegram on the table, then dropped into a chair, and cried like a child—*his mother was dead* (in fact, we both cried); but there was comfort in the thought that she had lived long enough to know that her prayers for Tom were answered. He obtained leave to go home at once for his mother's funeral; I had left the town before his return.

"The following summer was exceptionally hot, and at the very hottest time his regiment was marched to Aldershot; several cases of sunstroke occurred, of which three were fatal. I was summoned to Aldershot Hospital to see the last of Tom Miller, so changed I did not recognize him, his head on a bag of ice, speechless, but not unconscious, for there was a look of glad recognition. The orderly in attendance said,—

"'He's dying now, miss; the doctor says he won't speak again.'

"I knelt at his side, and said, 'Why, Tom, dear lad, I congratulate you, you are going home to your mother after all; how glad she'll be to have you!'

"His whole face was bright as I thanked God for His goodness to mother and son, and prayed for Tom's comrades, several of whom were standing round. He seemed to sleep after that, and so passed away.

"The men of the troop said, 'If ever there was a Christian, it was Tom Miller.'"

Our readers will heartily endorse their verdict after reading this touching story.

Thank you, Miss Robinson, for "Yarns." We recommend all our readers to get your charming book. It will help to brighten many a dull day, and will also increase the interest felt in the work on behalf of our soldiers, that you are carrying on at Portsmouth and elsewhere. God bless you, and the soldiers, too!

Tears, their Usefulness and Power.

NOT a few tears have been shed over the departure of the beloved C. H. SPURGEON. In heathen centres, such as India, China, and Africa, many missionaries of the cross have poured out their living, loving sympathy in TEARS; and to-day, seven months or so after God has called his gifted servant upward and homeward, we find many eyes still filled with tears at the memory of the one so dearly beloved.

Now, there are tears, *and* TEARS. I, for one, have little patience with the mere sentimental tear-drop. Some can and do cry "*to order*"; but these tears have no power in them, and are never treasured up by God in His bottle.

But, apart from sentimentalism, there is a sympathy and a tenderness, which, at certain crises, can only find vent in real, Christlike tears.

What a wondrous wealth of meaning we have in those two incomparable words—

"JESUS WEPT"!

We get, as it were, into the very heart of our blessed Lord in thinking about them. Nothing brings Him so close to us, nothing touches our saddened hearts so much, when the clouds of trouble roll up thick and dark over our heads, and the heavens are black, without a streak of light. These precious words come, then, like twin angels, to wipe our weeping eyes.

Yes, *Jesus did weep*. Do we ever weep, I wonder?

I have heard it said that, to see a man weep, is about the saddest sight on earth; but, under some conditions, I personally think it the grandest of all sights.

Just before leaving for China, in 1887, we farewelled at the Tabernacle. The late beloved Pastor was in the chair; and we, the outgoing missionaries, were sitting quite near him on the platform.

During the meeting, Mr. Spurgeon called on the Rev. Mr. Moore, of Wimbledon, to pray; and there was one clause in that clergyman's very helpful prayer, which brought the tears into our dear Chairman's eyes. I forget the exact wording; but I remember it was "thanksgiving" for being redeemed and rescued from our low estate; "Sinners saved by sovereign grace, lifted out of the horrible pit," &c., &c. As the tears flowed down his cheeks, C. H. S. very quietly said, in a low tone, "Yes, Lord! saved even *me!*"

Very few saw him weep; but I did, because I was in the line of vision (with my eyes open). I need hardly say how impressed I was with the scene; I confess to the sin of having had my eyes open; but it did my soul a wealth of good to see that manly, yet tender-hearted servant of God weep as he thought of his own redemption.

My brother, my sister, do you and I know what it is to weep for ourselves, or for others?

Listen to these precious words:—"He that goeth forth and *weepeth*, bearing precious seed (or seed basket), shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Psalm cxxvi. 6).

Again, let the secret of Paul's success not be forgotten by us. In that memorable charge to the Ephesian elders, he said, "Therefore watch, and remember, that *by the space of* THREE YEARS I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears" (Acts xx. 31).

It was this spirit of tender-hearted sympathy, which often found its outflow in tears, that made the late beloved Tabernacle Pastor such a power for good. Coming near some great men is like coming into collision with an iceberg; they are cold enough to freeze the spiritual life out of us. It was not so with dear C. H. S.; his heart was full of warmth and kindliness; and thus it must be with us, if we are to be "soul-winners."

There is a terrible danger of home and foreign workers growing cold and heartless even in their work. Contact with heathenism, poverty, and sin, under every and any guise, will deaden one's finer feelings unless there be much contact and fellowship with the great weeper, Jesus. Therefore, bear with me, beloved, if I urge, in conclusion, an old truth.

To win souls anywhere, we *must* have something of our Lord's fervent *compassion* for men. Mark Guy Pearse, in his sweet little book, *Christ and the People*, says (page 3), "The word compassion means a great deal, *co-passion*, feeling together with them, so one with the people that He shared their burdens, and felt their fears, and sorrowed in their griefs. But the Greek word means still more than that. It was a yearning pity that drew up into itself all the strength of His life, a longing that filled not only all the heart, as we say, but all that was in Him. It was a pity that became a pain. So did Jesus Christ yearn over the people, for that they were as sheep not having a shepherd." These words of Mr. Pearse need to be emphasized in this present day. The use and the power of tears cannot be too earnestly studied. Harry Moorhouse tells of a poor, fallen girl won over to Christ through the ministry of tears. In your experience and mine, we can, doubtless, cite similar cases; and as the years pass by, we shall find that it is the tender sympathetic spirit, which can weep with those that weep, that even the cold, callous world admires and loves. The hard, shrivelled-up nature, working simply from dry professional duty, may do something; but I question whether, after years of toil, it will accomplish anything worthy of the Lord; but there's a mighty power in tears. A sceptic once said, "I could stand his arguments and appeals; but when he wept over my lost condition, I had to give in. I couldn't stand those tears."

Am I wrong, then, in supposing that, if the Church of Christ had more of this sympathizing spirit, we should see a revival of true religion scarcely known before? Anyway, be it ours to be in fullest living sympathy with saved and unsaved souls; and thus seek, in some humble way, to copy HIM, who, when He was come near to Jerusalem, where so much of His loving ministry had been exercised, beheld the city, and *wept* over it.

China Inland Mission Sanatorium,
Chefoo, N. China.

JOHN A. STOOKE.

Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives at Menton.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

(*Continued from page* 602.)

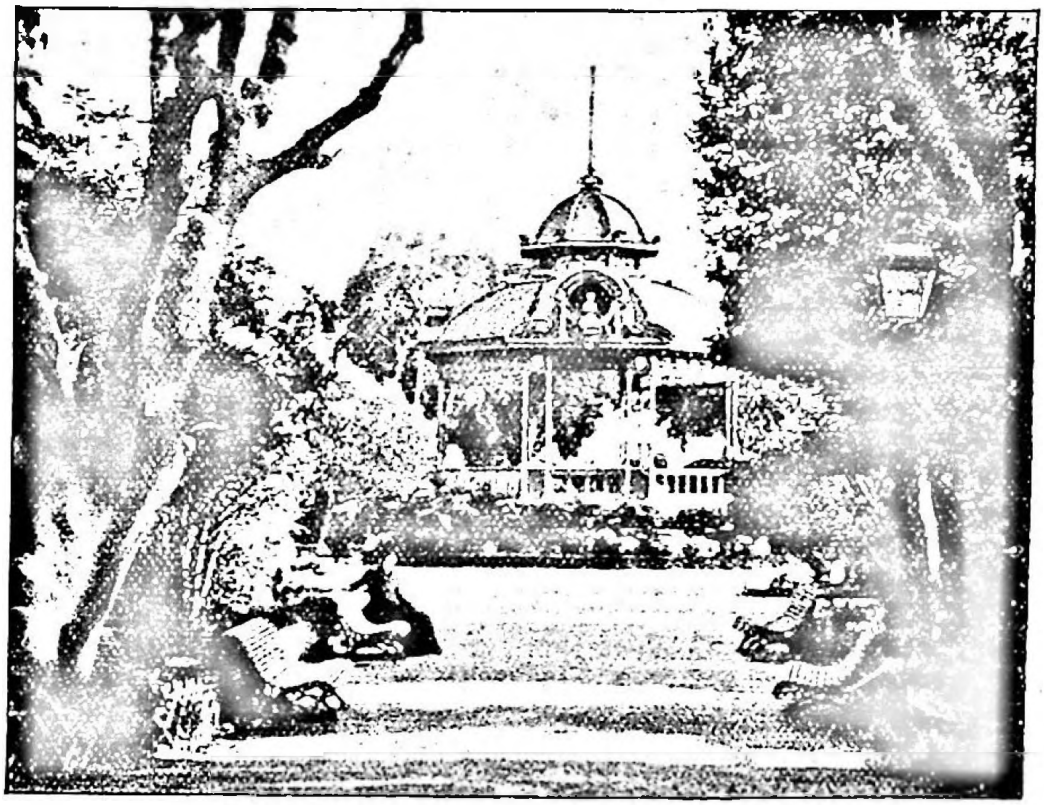
OUR last halt was at the fountain, which marks the boundary of the East Bay, and the beginning of the main business streets of the little town. The principal thoroughfare is here called *Rue St. Michel*, in honour of the patron "saint" of the Mentonese; but in the middle of the town it is known as the *Avenue Victor Emmanuel*. All visitors are certain to pause a little while at the *Place du Marché*, the market-place, to look at the miscellaneous array of articles there displayed for sale; and not a few purchase there the "flowers from the land of the sun" that they send home to their friends in Old England, or elsewhere, to give them a little idea of the fragrance and beauty abounding in the sunny South when the inhabitants of more northerly regions are shivering with cold, or choked with fog. The postal arrangements for the despatch of flowers are very convenient, and the rate is very reasonable. Britishers are sure to take note of the bank, bearing the name of the British Vice-Consul, Charles Palmaro, Esq., to whom we were deeply indebted for many kindnesses in the time of our great bereavement. On the opposite side of the way, a little further down, is the *Maison Modele*, where M. Amarante sustains, as far as possible, the rôle of "universal provider" of all that visitors are likely to require during their sojourn.

Close by is the *Place Nationale*, in the centre of which stands a statue, or bust, of the Republic, and at the back, the *Hôtel de Ville*, or town-hall, with the inscription, GLORIA PATRE OMNIA A DEO, surmounting the arms of the town. Just inside the front door of the building, is the *Journal Officiel*, the Frenchman's daily bulletin of national affairs, with various other public notices. Upstairs, are the offices of the Tribunals of Commerce, Justice, and Peace, and a small and well-kept library; but the room in which Mr. Spurgeon spent many happy hours was the one set apart as a *Museum*. Many persons have been to Menton, for years, without discovering this collection of objects of local interest, most of which have been gathered by M. Bonfils, who has presented the whole to the town. The collector is himself the curator, and he takes a great delight in explaining to enquirers all that he knows concerning the curiosities here preserved. He waxes quite eloquent over some remains of the supposed "prehistoric man" from the Red Rocks, near the Italian frontier. He has made a kind of miniature Cleopatra's Needle, from flints picked up in the region, and has ingeniously manufactured the figure of a pheasant and a representation of Cap Martin, out of pine cones picked to pieces, and gummed on cardboard, with various ferns and flowers of the region. The venerable curator has, evidently, a considerable vein of fun in his nature; his skeleton frogs and toads prove that. Their names indicate the attitudes they are made to assume:—*Le crapaud orateur* (the toad orator). *Rétour de Monte Carlo* (the return from the gaming-table with pockets emptied). *L'équilibriste* (the gymnast). *Au dernier sang* (to the last drop of blood—duellists). There is a

touch of humour, too, in the remains of dinners that M. Bonfils has literally preserved, and now keeps in various drawers. On one occasion he told us of the great amusement of *La Reine d'Angleterre*, when she saw his collection of fish, flesh, fruit, &c.

The student of the history of the district will find many things here to interest him. There is a drawing of Menton in 1273, in which the sea bears the name of *Golfe de la Paix*, and over its waters a 24-oared galley is being rowed. The town is walled in on all sides, and behind it can be seen the *Val de Menton* and *Castellar*, as they remain to this day. There is also a representation of the ancient seal of Menton, with St. Michel, sword in hand, standing on the back of a prostrate dragon, much as the English St. George is supposed to do.

We must not wait any longer here; for we have only just begun our morning drive, and objects of interest abound on every hand. Proceeding westward, almost any of the turnings on the right will conduct the visitor to the French Protestant Church, the McAll Mission, and the Scotch Presbyterian Church. On the occasion now under consideration, we were not going to either of these places; so, making a brief call at the Post Office, we came back to the main route, and soon found ourselves at the *Public Gardens*, of which, through Mr. Mackenzie's kindness, we are able to give our readers a very accurate view.



BANDSTAND IN PUBLIC GARDENS, MENTON.

Whenever we passed the gardens while the band was playing, Mr. Spurgeon waited a while to listen to the music, or to chat with the

many friends who gathered at that delightful spot. Our view is taken from the *Carrei Bridge*, which, on my first visit to Menton, thirteen years ago, bore a notice forbidding "trotting" over it because of its unsafe condition; the last time we were there, the same notification remained. Why don't the good people make the bridge safe? Are they waiting till a serious accident proves the necessity of repairs, or the need of a new structure? Is not this just the way that people procrastinate in spiritual matters? They know that they are in an unsafe condition, and yet they do not yield themselves up to the Lord for the all-important work that needs to be wrought upon them. By-and-by, the fatal crash comes, and then repentance is for ever too late. "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

A little beyond the public gardens stands *St John's Church*, where Mr. Spurgeon's sincere friend, Canon Sidebotham, officiates; opposite the *Hôtel Splendide* is the *Lawn Tennis Court*, which is usually occupied, during the winter season, by a band of ardent tennisonians. After crossing the *Borrigo Bridge*, we soon reach the drill ground on which the conscripts have their first experiences of being made into soldiers. This process always interested Mr. Spurgeon; and he often said that he did not think our English recruits would endure the insults, blows, and pushes, which the French corporals deal out to the awkward squad under their charge. They do, however, manage in the course of a few weeks, to make some improvement in their outward appearance; but soldiering is bad business at the best.

Near the drill ground stands the *Maison St. Jean*, or Clergy Home of Rest, many of whose inmates knew and esteemed our late beloved Pastor. Only a few days before he was called to his rest, he had accepted an invitation to lunch with the brethren staying at the home. His illness, however, prevented him from going. On his previous visit, almost his last public act was that of attending the funeral of a clergyman who had been for several seasons at the home; and when our loved leader was taken from us, amongst the numerous friends in Menton who mourned his loss were many of the clergy who had come to tarry a while in the sunny land he loved so dearly.

Our space is exhausted, so we must again halt; and a very convenient place for stopping will be the *Pont de l' Union*, which celebrates the union of the communes of Menton and Roquebrune in the year 1859. Standing on this bridge, or driving over it, Mr. Spurgeon always called the attention of visitors to the remarkable building on the other side of the stream, or the place where a stream ought to be; for the river bed sometimes contains a rippling rill, and at other times a roaring torrent, but usually there is scarcely sufficient water for the use of the washerwomen who bring their linen there to be washed. Mr. Spurgeon said that he should like to put a view of this house in his "Menton Drives", so Mr. Mackenzie kindly photographed it for him, and afterwards placed the negative at our disposal. What a delicious sense of coolness one gets from those thick walls and open arches; and when the summer clothes with verdure those dry sticks and branches, how delightful it must be for the owner to sit under his vine and fig-tree, as Israel shall do in the brighter days yet to dawn!



The Rippling Rill.*

EMBOWERED from the glare of day,
The brooklet threads its silver way;
Though no one lists, it glides along,
Its banks a choir, itself the song.

Oh, what a wealth of music rare
It whispers to the lambent air;
And when the sparkling sunbeams fade
It sings as sweetly in the shade!

The limpid, liquid music springs
From pebble harp with water strings;
The sparkling drops in dulcet tones,
Play on the key-board of the stones.

Whose hands unseen these harp-strings trill?
What genius inspires the rill?
Do sweet-voiced Naiads sing below,
And cause the stream to warble so?

The flowers which bloom the banks about,
From bright-hued bells toll perfume out;
The birds sing sweet the boughs among,
Then wherefore should the brook be dumb?

If from the branches and the braes
Ascends the sacrifice of praise,
Whoe'er would deem it right to spurn
The pure libation of the burn?

The birds and flowers find their duet
Made trio by the rivulet;
The triple music's trebly sweet
As brook, and birds, and flowers compete.

Nor does the streamlet ever tire,
It plays an everlasting lyre;
When flowers fade, and birds remove,
The rill sings on in endless love.

Sometimes, indeed, the summer sun
Will shrivel every string but one;
And when no music murmurs there,
The stream from praising turns to prayer.

But soon as e'er the autumn showers
Distil upon the fields and flowers,
The grateful rill resumes the strain,
And blesses God for "latter rain."

Would God that I were like this brook,
Though hid in a sequestered nook;
Content my humble song to raise,
Come shade or shine, come blame or praise!

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* *From Mr. Thomas Spurgeon's volume of poems, entitled, "Scarlet Threads and Bits of Blue," with Preface by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, shortly to be published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. Price, in ornamental paper covers,* 1s., *cloth,* 1s. 6d.

And when my moisture's turned to drought
"All prayer" should put my fears to rout;
"The Lord will not His saints forget;
Fear not, my soul, I'll praise Him yet."

Lord, I would praise "yet more and more"
When clouds returned their gifts outpour;
Sweet are the ripples of the rill,
But gratitude is sweeter still.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

"I Slept all Night, and Didn't Know it."

A FEW hours after I entered the Pastors' College, I found out that I was a poor, ignorant fool; and I told my tutor so; but, God bless him! it is just like that big-hearted Professor Fergusson, he consoled me by saying, "Thank God for that, it is a good day's work to have learned so much the first day; for it is out of fools that we obtain wise men, and, God helping us, we will do our best to train you in that heavenly wisdom that will enable you to win souls; and then, if all the world counts you a fool, God will pronounce you wise in the best and truest sense." There are times, even now, when most awkward mistakes occur, and we feel that we have made fools of ourselves; but by seeking God's guidance the first thing in the morning, praying for God's blessing to rest upon us at noon, and asking God's forgiveness for all the misdeeds of the day at night, we generally find our actions, however foolish they may have seemed to us at the time, have been wisely overruled by God, and often unexpected good has been the result even of certain mistakes that we have made.

It was by mistake that a friend of mine opened an old woman's street-door, and stepped inside the house. He felt quite sure that it was the house of an old neighbour, where he had been asked to call; but, finding himself in the presence of an aged Wiltshire woman, indulging in a whiff of tobacco, from a long clay pipe, he felt, for the moment, that he had made a fool of himself by blundering into a strange house.

However, being inside, he was obliged to say something, so he bluntly said, "Well, mother, how are you this morning?" As the old lady raised her head, my friend saw that she was totally blind. She was wearing one of those old-fashioned, large white-frilled caps, which, when neat and clean, make those who wear them look most motherly and nice, that is, according to my way of thinking. I did not wonder, when my friend told me that he at once fell in love with the old blind woman and her cap, even though she was seventy-five years old; I should have done the same myself had I been there. "Well," said the blind woman, in answer to my friend's salutation, "I don't know who you be; for I don't seem to remember your voice; but I was just thinking, over my pipe, as you came in just now, I've lived in this world now over seventy-five years, and, if I were to die to-night, I don't know whatever would become of me."

"Well, friend," said her visitor, "you might know, and you should

know, that if you were to die to-day, like the penitent one beside Jesus Christ on the cross, you would go to be with Him in Paradise."

"Ah, my lad!" replied the old lady, "I'd give all the world, if it were mine, to be sure of that at last."

"It is most cheering, friend, to hear you talk so; for we may all get assurance on this point, if we seek it. God has given us a Bible in our own mother tongue, and there are some wonderful things in that Bible. There is the Gospel of John, which is written to tell us *how* we may be saved; and an Epistle written by John, to tell us how we may *know* we are saved. Do you know what Isaiah says, in the fifty-third chapter, and sixth verse?"

"I don't know that I do," said the blind woman; "read it to me, there's the big Book," said she, as she pointed to the family Bible on the shelf beside her arm-chair. It was a very old Bible; but it had been carefully guarded as a family treasure. You could see at a glance that it was quite an heirloom; and though the old woman was blind, others, who could see, had left their thumb-marks on many a promise. It was a beautiful picture to see the old woman's face uplifted, and lighted up, as she listened to the words being read aloud, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." At the close of this verse, she exclaimed, excitedly, "Deary me, do just read it again, my lad;" and a second time the same verse was read aloud to her, only to be followed by the same request. "Read it again;" and a third time it was read to her. She then clapped her hands, and said, "Deary me, do please read it out once more to me." And, after hearing it a fourth time, the old woman continued clapping her hands, and said, "Praise His name, I see it now!"

"And what do you see, pray?" enquired the reader.

"Why, don't you see? I do! Why, if the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all, He must have laid upon Him mine also!"

"Exactly, I am so glad that, though you are blind, you can see by faith what thousands who have the use of their eyes have as yet failed to see." After a little further interesting conversation, my friend knelt with her in prayer, and left her rejoicing to think that, after living seventy-five years in the world, she had at last obtained full assurance that it was well with her soul. As my friend bade her adieu, and shut her door, he could not help saying to himself, "Truly,

> 'God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform,'

for I felt, as I entered that house, what a blunder I made, and before I retraced my steps, I again proved, how truly God overrules our mistakes, and converts them into blessings."

The following morning, on the way to the railway station, my friend was anxious to know if the new-found joy was as real and clear, after a night's repose, as at first, so he called again upon the old blind woman. Immediately he opened the door, and spoke his first word, the old woman recognized his voice, and said, in glad tones, "Come in, my lad, and sit ye down, for I know who you be, and I want to tell you something very particular."

"Nay," said my friend, "I can't sit down, I am on my way to the station to catch a train."

"Deary me, do let me tell you what I want to say."

"You must promise to be quick, then." So, feeling drawn towards the old lady, by her joy and her affliction, he was compelled to sit down beside her, at the risk of having to return home by a later train, and asked her if she was still resting her soul where she had anchored it the day before.

"Well, my lad, that is just what I want to tell you, only you must not interrupt me; I must tell you in my own way."

"Yes, certainly, go on."

"Well, my lad, I went to bed last night; and soon after that, I thought I heard a noise."

"Oh, dear!" thought my friend, "here's some old woman's superstitious tale coming. Well," said he, "go on."

"Well, my lad, as I was saying, I went to bed last night, thinking over what we had talked over together, about the Lord having laid on Jesus the iniquity of us all; and soon after doing so, I heard a noise, which woke me up, so I called out to my big boy, who sleeps in a room near by, and I said, 'Willie, my boy, how late you are in coming to bed to-night!'"

"No, mother," said the son, he being a man who had seen some forty-eight summers, and yet she considered him her boy. "Why, mother!" said he, "it is six o'clock in the morning, and I am just going off to work."

"Now, my boy, don't tease your poor old blind mother, don't; for I am quite sure it cannot be morning."

"It is indeed, mother, it is six o'clock, and I am just off to work."

"Don't you see, my lad," said she, "I laid me down last night, thinking over that text, the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all, and *I slept all the night through, and didn't know it.* Such a thing as that I have never done for years and years."

"How nice!" said my friend, "The Lord promises to give to His beloved sleep, and you are one of His beloved ones, and trusting in His Word, you see, helps us to sleep as well as to live."

"Oh, deary me! my lad, I do feel so happy since trusting God's Word last night; and, God helping me, so long as He shall spare me to live, I'll keep on trusting Him. Now, look you here, my lad, I don't know how you are off in this world's goods; but though I am only an old blind woman, having four-and-sixpence a week and two big loaves allowed me weekly by the parish, if ever you should run short, and stand in need of a shilling, write to me, and wherever you be, I'll surely send you one."

God bless the dear old soul! She reminds one of the widow at the treasury in the temple casting in her two mites. How true it is that love always loves to give!

God so loved the world, that He gave the best gift He had, even His Only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Reader, may you trust that Saviour, and so love God as to joyfully give Him all you have in return for His unspeakable gift to you!

J. MANTON SMITH.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon and the Tabernacle.

THE SPECIAL CHURCH-MEETING.

THE proceedings at a church-meeting are, of course, private; but the late beloved Editor always published any information which was of general public interest, and we propose to follow his example by giving simply the resolutions passed at the special church-meeting held at the Tabernacle on *Friday evening, October* 7 :—

"That this church deeply sympathizes with the Acting-Pastor in the heavy affliction under which he is now suffering, and from which it prays that he may speedily recover."

"That the supply of the pulpit be left with the officers of the church, in whom the church has every confidence, with the understanding that they will continue to seek the views of the church upon the steps they may propose to take before inviting anyone to occupy the pulpit with a view to the pastorate, and that the heartiest thanks of the church be given to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon for his able and acceptable services, and (the church) hopes to see him again in the Tabernacle pulpit."

Having given these resolutions, all we wish to say, at present, concerning affairs at the Tabernacle, is this. Before the church is called together again for special business, we beg the officers to appoint a day of prayer, a week of prayer, a month of prayer, or such period of prayer as shall enable the members to ascertain without doubt the will of God concerning the future of the church. It was after ten days of prayer and supplication, in Jerusalem, that the Holy Ghost was given on the day of Pentecost; it was "as they ministered to the Lord, and fasted," at Antioch, that "the Holy Ghost said, Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them;" it will be while we are praying, and perhaps fasting, also, that the Lord will reveal to us what He would have us to do.

FAREWELL ADDRESS AT THE TABERNACLE.

On *Lord's-day morning, October* 9, at the close of his sermon in the Tabernacle, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon said:—"I won't keep you more than a minute or two, dear friends, as I try to express just some of my feelings this morning. First of all, I would like to say that I am greatly gratified by the kindness which has been shown me in this closing prayer, and this commendation, in which I do not doubt you all have joined. I would like to say, if I can only choose the words, something to express my gratitude—first, that you have asked me to the old country at all, and so conferred upon me a privilege I could not else have had, to stand in this sacred place, to see my dear mother again, to stand in my father's place, and to behold the place where you laid him. These are privileges, though some of them are sad, which I do from my heart appreciate, and I have to thank this church and people for making it possible for me to do this. I thank you also for coming to hear me when I did come: for hearing me so attentively, so numerously; for supporting the offerings meanwhile, and for very many acts of kindness and thoughtfulness which have been shown to me during my sojourn here. I thank you also for the vote of thanks which was passed on Friday evening. I thank you for thanking me; for I do not deserve these thanks. I came at your call, and, as I thought—and as I still think—at the Master's call. I have tried to serve you under circumstances which, I confess, have been most trying; for I had hardly recovered from what was to me the shock of returning to stand here when sorrow of another sort possessed my heart. I seem to have been unwillingly in the midst of strife. Well, dear friends, I have tried to serve you, or, perhaps I might say, tried rather to serve my Master, and I am glad to know that many of the Lord's people have been helped by my poor words. I thought,

when I went away last, I might never come home again; for my dear father said to me, 'Good-bye, son Tom; but you must not come back; for I could not say "good-bye" to you again. I shall never see you in the flesh again;' and so it was. But we shall all see him again, not in the flesh, but glorified and risen. This hope, and the still brighter hope of seeing Jesus, will make our hearts one, though leagues of sea divide us. I won't say more this morning; for in my heart the flag flies half-mast high; but it is the same flag of love to Christ and trust in God."

DEPARTURE FOR NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon and their little son sailed from Gravesend on *Friday, October* 14, by the New Zealand Shipping Company's s.s. Kaikoura. Mother and baby travelled down by rail; but Mr. Thomas Spurgeon went by the special steamer which carried 300 or 400 friends who desired, like some of Paul's hearers, to accompany him to the ship. A large company of Tabernacle folk and others came to the Old Swan pier to bid the traveller *bon voyage*, and a still larger assemblage waved hats and handkerchiefs from London Bridge. At various points down the river, sympathetic friends were on the look-out for the steamer and its chief passenger. This was specially the case at Greenwich, where Pastor Charles Spurgeon's congregation sent a large contingent to cheer their minister's beloved brother ere he left old England again. During the voyage, an illuminated address was presented to Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, which he accepted in a graceful and appropriate speech. Pastor Charles Spurgeon also briefly spoke; and before the Kaikoura was reached, he offered special prayer for the voyagers as well as for the loved ones left behind. Master Thomas Harold Spurgeon and his mother were the centre of attraction as the river-boat approached the great steam-ship; in a few minutes, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon and his luggage were transferred from one vessel to the other; the well-known hymn,—

"God be with you till we meet again!"

was sung to the accompaniment of streaming eyes, sorrowing hearts, and waving handkerchiefs; and so ended the simple and touching parting ceremony which none who were present are likely to forget.

Before leaving, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon asked us to express, through *The Sword and the Trowel*, his grateful thanks to the many kind friends who had written to him. He replied to all as long as he could; but at last the letters arrived in such numbers that it was impossible, amid the preparations for departure, to answer them. We can assure all the sympathetic writers that their communications were most gratefully received.

The Kaikoura arrived safely at Teneriffe on *October* 20, and sailed the same day for Cape Town, Hobart, and Wellington.

C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund.*

MY DEAR BROTHER HARRALD,—The Lord bless you more and more for the love you bore the dear departed President! Here is an incident to cheer the heart of dear Mrs. Spurgeon, and to encourage her during the "little while", Heb. x. 37.

A short time back, I was preaching in Scotland at my former church. At the close of the service, an aged woman came into the vestry, and,

* We insert this letter, by Mr. Medhurst's desire, in the hope that it will move some of the Lord's stewards to give largely to the Memorial Fund, which this aged saint has helped so generously. Contributions should be addressed to the Treasurers, C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London. The total given or promised now exceeds £9,000.

laying down her two crutches on the floor (for she had long been a cripple), drew up a chair, and sat beside me. Placing her hand on mine, she said, "Dear Mr. Spurgeon has gone home to his reward. I know you loved him greatly; but not more than I did. I am an old woman, and have had many troubles, sorrows, and bereavements; but I felt none of them as I felt the death of dear Mr. Spurgeon. When he died, I wept for a week, and refused to be comforted. For years I have read his sermons and the *Sword and Trowel*, and I have given them away whenever and wherever I had the opportunity. I want to give something to the *Memorial Fund* to show how much I loved him. I want it to go to the *Stockwell Orphanage*, because he loved the dear orphan children so much. I am a poor woman, seventy-four years of age; all I have to live on is two shillings and sixpence a week from the parish, and a little a few friends give me occasionally. Please do not let anyone know I give this little sum, or they will think I do not need help. God knows that *I have denied myself many necessaries* that I might have the great joy I have to-day in asking my dear old pastor to accept this piece of paper, and to send its contents to the beloved *C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund*. It is all I have in the world; and I give it with all my heart as a thankoffering to God for all He helped His honoured servant to do. You would not have been my pastor if it had not been for Mr. Spurgeon, so I have much to be thankful for."

I have given the dear old saint's words as nearly as I can remember them. I put the "piece of paper" in my pocket; and when I opened it, to my surprise and joy, I found TEN HALF-SOVEREIGNS, the savings of years, "all her living." She had walked four miles, leaning on her crutches, to see her "dear old pastor", and having presented her gift, travelled the four miles home again, eight miles in all; and, I verily believe, the old soul literally went on her way rejoicing, because she had embraced the opportunity of expressing her love to the ever well-beloved and now glorified and exalted C. H. Spurgeon, whom she loved so well for his Lord and Master's sake. And there are tens of thousands who still love him for his Lord's sake who have never seen his face in the flesh.

Remember me kindly to dear Mrs. Spurgeon. She is never forgotten when we have the ear of the King. I am, yours heartily,

Cardiff, Oct. 9th, 1892. T. W. MEDHURST.

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1893. Passmore and Alabaster. Price one penny.

THE issue of this sheet Almanack will be a welcome surprise to those of our readers who thought that "John Ploughman's" promotion to glory would prevent the publication of his annual broadsheet. The fact is, as soon as the late beloved Editor was well enough, he commenced the proverbs for 1893; and before his translation, he had advanced so far with them, that it was a comparatively easy task for other hands reverently to complete the set of 365. The centre picture on the Almanack is a new view of the Menton sitting-room, in which Mr. Spurgeon wrote most of the proverbs; another illustration represents a French farm scene, which he wished his readers to see; and the third is one that he had selected for the present issue. For these reasons, we think that we may expect a very large demand for the sheet shortly to be published. Let it be hung up in every kitchen, cabin, office, and workshop. It will cheer and help many.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1893. Passmore and Alabaster. Price one penny.

FOR several years, Mrs. Spurgeon has selected the texts for her dear husband's little book Almanack; and this fact has caused many readers to speak

of it as her Almanack. The one about to be issued is hers in a double sense. Not only has she chosen the passages of Scripture for daily meditation throughout the year, and written an interesting letter concerning them; but other articles from her pen appear in the book. The illustrations were almost all selected by Mr. Spurgeon, of whom an excellent portrait is given; and there are also four exquisite little articles by the late beloved Editor, for which special illustrations have been prepared. We trust that all old friends will purchase and distribute the Almanacks for 1893, and that many new friends will be induced to do so by the information we have here given.

C. H. Spurgeon's FIRST *Words at the Tabernacle.* Passmore and Alabaster. Price fourpence.

THE words on this illuminated card are taken from the first sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon, in the Tabernacle, on March 25th, 1861. Friends who have the companion card, *C. H. Spurgeon's* LAST *Words at the Tabernacle*, will be glad to have this one to match it. The pair will make a cheap and useful adornment of every home where the sermons published in *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* are read and prized. Each of the cards is adorned with a photograph of C. H. Spurgeon.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have also issued an illuminated card, entitled, *A Guide for Inquirers*, containing seven passages of Scripture selected by Dr. Pierson. These also are fourpence each, and should be widely circulated.

A Hundred Years at Surrey Chapel. By BENJAMIN SENIOR. Passmore and Alabaster. Paper covers, 1s. Cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

AN interesting story, well worth telling; and containing within itself several other interesting stories, also well worth telling. The sermons on the same text, preached by Rowland Hill, at the opening of Old Surrey Chapel, in 1783, and by C. H. Spurgeon, at the opening of New Surrey Chapel, in 1888, are both in this volume; which closes with a list of the donors of over £9,000 to the building fund of the chapel for which Mr. Senior laboured with such untiring perseverance. The portraits of preachers and leaders in Christian work, at Old or New Surrey, give additional interest to the book.

Miss E. St. B. Holland, The Deaconess House, Mildmay Park, sends us specimens of the new illuminated cards issued for Christmas and New Year. They are most of them characterized by the good taste and delicacy of execution that have long made the Mildmay Deaconesses' cards favourites among Christian people. There is nothing strikingly fresh; how could there be after all we have had already? The gems in this collection, in our opinion, are *The Grace of Life*, and *Grace and Peace* (1s.), which are very graceful; *Treasure, new and old* (6d.), which will be a treasure to young and old; and *Speed-well*, which ought to speed well, although 2s. is rather dear for the eight cards in the packet. The *Mildmay Stand Calendar* (1s.), is very pretty, and will remind its possessor all the year round that "God is faithful."

Mr. Walter G. Wheeler, 21A *Warwick Lane*, also sends samples of his new booklets, &c. There is very little that is striking in them, and it is curious to notice how the same illustrations are used again and again. We like best, *Thoughts for our Pilgrimage*, 12 text cards with cords for hanging up, price 1s. 6d., and the two threepenny *Calendars*. Among the six threepenny *Booklets* is one entitled, "The Dear Old Hymns of Yore," containing extracts from Mrs. Chaplin's "Chimes for the Times," recently noticed in these pages.

Daily Calendar for 1893. *Proverbial Calendar. Shakespearean Daily Calendar.* Bemrose and Sons.

BEMROSE'S Calendars have long been in use at "Westwood." We are glad to be provided with a new set for 1893; the figures and the names of the days and the months are so distinct that they can be seen at a good distance. They are one shilling each, and well worth the price.

Onward Reciter. Vol. XXI. Partridge.

OUR old favourite keeps up to the mark, and still holds the high place it has long retained. Let its motto still be "Onward."

The Herald of Mercy. Vol. 1892. Morgan and Scott.

FULL of gospel and temperance teaching, plainly told, and copiously illustrated. Well worth a shilling.

The Quiver. Volume for 1892. Cassell and Co.

A QUIVER full of good things. The "short arrows" strike us as being likely to be the most effective; but possibly some of our readers will more admire the stories that tell the fortunes, or misfortunes, that resulted from the shooting of Cupid's darts. This is a wonderful volume, and well worthy to take its place with its many predecessors. With its 960 pages of letterpress, and 600 original illustrations, it ought not to be called dear at 7s. 6d.

The Expository Times. Vol. III. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

IN these days, when books bear down upon us like snow-flakes, hard-pressed ministers and workers will welcome such a help as this, which keeps an open eye on the whole field of theological literature, and informs its readers of the substance, tone, and bearing of each volume issued from the press, as far as that is possible. The contents are varied, fresh, and able; but the standpoint has not always the distinct ring of reliability about it that we could wish. More deference is paid to certain modern critics than we think warranted by their work or their arguments. But to those who can discriminate, this is a volume of much value.

Our Lifeboats: Pictures of Peril and Rescue. *Our Play Time.* Partridge.

THERE is a great contrast in the subjects of which these shilling picture-books speak; but they are equally suitable as presents for the youngsters. Our friend, William Luff, writes the story of our lifeboats; that fact ought to secure for the book a large circulation. What a pity it seems that even our children's playbooks have to be "printed in Holland"!

Little Rosebud's Picture Book. Sunbeam's Pictures and Stories. Partridge.

TWO more of Messrs Partridge's admirable shilling picture-books. Written in simple language, and printed in bold type, even little children can read the descriptions of the pictures with which the books abound.

Edwin Octavius Tregelles. Edited by his daughter, SARAH E. FOX. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE subject of this memoir is described on the title-page as "Civil Engineer and Minister of the Gospel." He was for many years known and esteemed amongst the Society of Friends as one of their most trusted leaders and counsellors. For fifty years he was a preacher of the Word, and in this country, in the West Indies, and in Norway, he exercised his ministry with much profit to his hearers. This ten-shilling volume is chiefly compiled from his diaries; and the narrative thus loses its connectedness and force. The literary flavour and piquancy of the journals of Caroline Fox are also missing; but all through, even from early days, there is here a tone of devoutness and piety most refreshing and restful to the patient reader. In these days of "strikes", it may be worth while to draw attention to the way Mr. Tregelles quelled a threatened strike in 1831. He felt a sudden impulse to address the men seriously; so, taking off his hat, he simply quoted the verses beginning, "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example," and nothing more was heard of the insubordination. That was simple, wasn't it? Perhaps, in the labour troubles of these days, the Word of God, if honestly used, might solve a good many other problems! This book is not one for a swallow to skim; but for a truly religious soul to swallow and digest.

Tobiah Jalf, Lay-preacher and Methodist. By ALFRED E. KNIGHT. Bible Christian Book Room.

A QUAINT and pleasing story, full of pith and point.

The Ivory Palaces. By J. Oswald Jackson. Hodder and Stoughton.

This three-and-sixpenny book consists of a graceful analogy which the writer draws, comparing the Scriptures to a king's palace. The idea is not new, but it was well worth working out; and Mr. Jackson has succeeded in so combining fancy and fact, biography and narrative, that no one can read this volume without a greater love and reverence for the Book of books. The author has a gracious tone, and a gentle touch, and with a devout spirit uses the results of evidently wide reading, and extended travel, and so makes a useful book.

Simple Bible Lessons for Little Children. By F. A. Lang. Glasgow: David Bryce and Son.

Without being either "baby" or "dry", these Bible lessons are full of instruction and interest for children. They are very brief, leaving plenty of room for filling in by those who will use them; but there is enough to form outlines for diligent and lively speakers. Pointed and picturesque, they will arrest the attention of the little ones; and we believe will instruct and help them too. They cover a large range of consecutive Scripture study; but, besides this, they include a large number of general themes attractive to the young. An excellent handbook either for the class or the superintendent's desk.

The Great Foundation. By J. H. Roozemeijer. Nisbet and Co.

A little book on a sublime theme, the person of the Lord Jesus the great argument for the Christian faith. It has already been through three editions in the original Dutch, and is now given to English readers. It is a powerful, pregnant, pithy little book, and is worth careful study. We trust that it will strengthen and confirm many who might be troubled by the prevailing unbelief.

The Casting out of Satan into the Earth, and the Gathering of Israel. By T. G. Jack. Folkestone: 76, Dover Road.

This book, dealing with present signs of the Lord's speedy Advent, has already run into a second edition, nor are we surprised. The vigour and alertness of the author's style compel attention; and his wondrous power of gathering and massing facts, holds it. He is terribly in earnest, believing in the almost universal influence of the devil in the earth; but also in his speedy and complete overthrow. With many of his prophetic interpretations, we may not agree; but with his whirlwind enthusiasm for Christ's return, we dare not quarrel. To Mr. Jack's mind, everything, even to the influenza and vivisection, has a connection with the devil's usurpation over man, and his ultimate defeat. In any case, this book is worth reading, and the theme of which it treats deserves serious study.

"That I may know Him." Noontide Thoughts for Busy Lives. By Leonard K. Shaw. Shaw and Co.

Thirty-one papers, short and precious, intended as noonday readings for a month. They will be greatly valued by those who love to get five minutes with Jesus in the middle of the day.

The Shield, the Sword, and the Battle. By the Rev. George Everard, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

Eight chapters on Ephesians vi. 12-18. They are evangelical, and eminently practical, and likely to be very useful where Gurnall's massive work on this subject would not be read.

Life in the Joy of the Lord. By Mrs. Boardman. Marshall Brothers.

An earnest plea for the exercise of that whole-souled confidence which makes the believer glad. Some of the sentences need to be read with care; but the little book, as a whole, is a very useful one, written evidently out of the fulness of a heart that has learned to rejoice in God.

Bible Footsteps in Daily Life. By Margaret Haycraft. Partridge.

One more of the many helpful little books upon Bible subjects which are continually being multiplied. The various selections are all well made; but in the general treatment there is sometimes a lack of clearness, which rather spoils their worth.

Recent Exploration in Bible Lands. By Rev. THOMAS NICHOL, B.D. Edinburgh: George Adam Young.

IN seventy pages of small type, and for a shilling, we get here all the essential facts brought to light by recent inquiry with reference to Bible lands. Such a book as this is, of course, devoid of the colouring found in the original books of exploration; but having personal knowledge of many of these matters, we recommend this little volume as a reliable guide to Sunday-school teachers, and to ministers with a limited library.

Modern Science in Bible Lands. By SIR J. WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., &c. Hodder and Stoughton.

NO man has a better right to speak on the scientific side of Bible knowledge than the learned and eminent author of this book, of which a revised and popular edition, published at six shillings, is under review. When faith in the early records of Genesis is weakening in many minds, we thankfully hail such a reinforcement to the side of revelation. The unfounded idea of evolution, with reference to man, finds in Sir William Dawson a determined opponent, and facts are cited, having all the authority of a geological expert behind them, which go to prove that not earlier than 6000 or 7000 years ago man began to be. Clear geologic evidence is also given with reference to "the waters of Noah"; and the chapter on "Early Man in Genesis" is full of bracing suggestion. We are not quite sure that the topography of the Exodus, and the question of the slime-pits of Sodom, are definitely settled; but much information worthy of attention is given on both subjects.

When "modern criticism" seeks to steal the Bible from us, "modern science", which was supposed by some to be against these records, thus takes up arms in our behalf. As unfaltering believers in the Word of God, we only need to stand by, and see them fight the duel to the death. And that it may be seen, in future days, that the gift of prophecy is not lost to us, we venture to predict that *that company which sides with the Bible will win.*

The Chairman's Handbook: Suggestions and Rules for the Conduct of Chairmen of Public and other Meetings. By REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE, C.B. Sampson Low & Co.

THE clerk of the House of Commons knows all about points of order, amendments, notices of motion, the previous question, and the various difficulties that beset inexperienced chairmen at public and other meetings. Pastors of churches, and all presiding officers, would do well to master the contents of this admirable handbook, which is now in its eighth and enlarged edition. It contains all the latest information upon the subject, of which Mr. Palgrave is one of the highest possible authorities.

An Old Roman City: a Memorial of the Martyrs. By C. BLOOMFIELD. A. Holness.

A BRIEF and interesting sketch is here given of the Roman Silchester, whose ruins are open to the tourist travelling from Reading to Basingstoke. The story of its martyrs for the faith when Rome was pagan, and in the after-days of papal rule, on to the close of Mary's reign, deserves such record as the author's. Moderate in tone, reliable in his use of material, and penetrated by the Christian spirit, this book gives voice from the faithful dead of a ruined city to the men and women of our day, which, to many careful observers, appears to have its tide set in towards Rome.

Alcohol and Public Health. By J. JAMES RIDGE, M.D. H. K. Lewis, 136, Gower Street, W.C.

A *vade mecum* for the Temperance lecturer, a most excellent class-book for schools, and withal, interesting to the ordinary reader. The very highest authorities have been laid under contribution by Dr. Ridge, who also gives the results of many experiments conducted by himself; the whole being ably summed up to show, as the author modestly puts it, "that there is a good deal more to be said in favour of total abstinence than in favour of drinking intoxicating liquors."

Treasure Lost and Treasure Found. By Rev. R. G. SOANS, B. A. and EDITH KENYON. George Cauldwell.

WE are glad to commend this treasure of a story. It has gospel teaching in it. The vanity of earthly riches without the heavenly treasure is illustrated and enforced in such a way that the juveniles are not likely to forget it. To learn in childhood that ill-gotten gains are not real wealth, may save them from a thousand snares.

Fritz, the Young Swiss Guide. By ALICE BRIGGS. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

A SIMPLE story, of which its very simplicity is, perhaps, its greatest charm. It shows how faith and practice are united in the lives of those who truly receive the truth.

1,900? *A Story and a Forecast.* By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. James Clarke and Co.

VERILY, the poetess hath dreamed a dream! She writes of a time when all who call themselves Christians shall unite in one common endeavour for the people's good; when the boys of England shall be largely instrumental in returning to Parliament only those members who are godly in heart, and upright in character; when masters and men shall together share in the lawful profits of businesses that "pay"; and when war shall be known no more; for the quarrels of nations shall be settled either by arbitration, or by the offering up, for a hand-to-hand struggle, of two picked combatants chosen from among their noblest and their best. Is there anything in prophecy, or in the present outlook, to justify such hopes?

The Magic Flower Pot, and other stories. By EDWARD GARRETT. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE writer of these stories is quick of hearing and sensitive of heart. He has caught "the cry of them that are ready to perish", and with awakened sympathies gives it utterance.

Sweet William. By MARGUERITE BOUVET. *Waiting and Serving.* By MAUD M. BUTLER. Nelson.

TWO very pretty little books. *Sweet William* is the story of a little boy who was shut up in the Castle of Mount St. Michael by a cruel uncle. It is well told, and may safely be placed in the hands of our young people. *Waiting and Serving* is the record of the doings of a number of young people during their holidays. Those who approve of christening, charades, and dancing, may perhaps like this story. In the family there is a little sufferer patiently "waiting" for restoration to health.

Alone, and not Alone. By Mrs. ZILLAH DUGDALE. National Temperance Publication Depôt.

THIS story, founded on facts, is a sort of supplement to Mrs. Dugdale's former work, *A Prey to the Enemy.* In that tale, the hero went down through drink; but in this one, the principal character, at the lowest point in his career, was directed upwards by a text of Scripture hanging upon a workhouse wall. The frontispiece represents a bridal procession, and thus shows that the young man who had been "Alone" was "Not Alone" any longer; his bride, however, was not his only companion; for he had also found the Lord. Those who wish to know how it all happened had better get the book, and read it for themselves; the story is well worth reading.

Rudolph of Rosenfeldt. A Story of the Times of William the Silent. By JOHN W. SPEAR. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE reading of this well-written story makes us thankful that we did *not* live in the Low Countries in the days of the cruel Duke of Alva. The narrative will give to our young people a good idea of the state of society, and the condition of religion generally, in the Netherlands, a little over three centuries ago.

A String of Stories. By ASCOTT R. HOPE. George Cauldwell.

EIGHT stories, all of which are good, both as to the moral pointed and the tale adorned. They may be safely given to the youngsters, who ought to be all the better for reading them. Paul Hardy's illustrations give an added charm to the pages.

"*Five Words.*" *A Daily Text-book.* Partridge and Co.

A MOST ingenious and helpful arrangement of five-word texts, giving a pair for each day of the year, the second being a sort of echo of the first. This most excellent idea has evidently been suggested by 1 Cor. xiv. 19: "I had rather speak *five words* with my understanding, that I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." Much "understanding" is shown in the selection of the passages, and the twin texts are full of teaching.

Notes.

MESSRS. PASSMORE & ALABASTER desire us to call very special attention to the following announcement. They have decided to present, *gratis*, to every purchaser of the January number of *The Sword and the Trowel*, a fine photo-print portrait of the late beloved PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON. The portrait is reproduced from the last and best photograph taken before his fatal illness; and being on plate paper, 22 inches by 15, it is well worthy of being framed and hung up in every home where Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and other works have been, or still are, a channel of blessing. Orders for the January *Sword and Trowel*, price 3d., should be given to all booksellers at once.

We have come to the end of one of MR. D. L. MOODY'S most successful missions. Our honoured brother commenced his work at the Tabernacle on *Lord's-day, October* 9, and ended it on the 16th. There were 20 services, without reckoning the after-meetings for the confirmation of believers, and raising the tone of the spiritual life, and for converse with enquirers. Wonderful blessing rested upon the Word, and Mr. Moody seemed at his best; freshness, pungency, and unction were manifest in every utterance. Jesus was lifted up in the glory of His substitutionary sacrifice, and the Holy Spirit in His ever-abiding sanctifying power, while the Father's precious love to sinners in the gift of the Son and the Spirit was ever to the front. The importance of justification by faith alone, the duty of everyone who hears the gospel to believe it, and the imperative necessity of a holy life, were enforced with many tears, the heart of the preacher being at times stirred to its inmost depths while he pleaded with all unsaved ones to yield themselves at once to God. During the week, some hundreds professed to find Christ and salvation, while backsliders were restored, and in a great number of instances believers, who had neglected family prayer, undertook to erect the family altar. Mr. Moody was ably assisted by the singing of Mr. G. C. Stebbins, Miss Ada Rose, and an excellent choir. The evangelist stated that he had felt more joy in these services than in any he had ever held in London.

Overflow meetings were held in the lecture-hall of the College buildings, and by the kindness of Pastor W. J. Mills and deacons, Walworth Road Chapel was thrown open on Lord's-day afternoon. The Duchess of Teck and the Princess May were present on Wednesday. Assistance during the whole week, on the platform, and in the enquiry-room, was most energetically given by Lady Beauchamp, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Bennett, Mr. Robert Paton, Messrs. T. A. Denny, H. M. Matheson, J. E. Mathieson, George Williams, and a host of others. To God be the glory; great things He hath done! On Thursday, at Mr. Moody's request, three collections were made on behalf of the Orphanage, realizing £317 9s. 1d., for which the trustees are devoutly grateful both to the beloved evangelist and to all the donors.

One of the first week-night meetings to be held after DR. PIERSON returns to the Tabernacle, will be the annual gathering of MR. DUNN'S BIBLE-CLASS, on *Tuesday evening, November* 8. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon has promised to preside, and Dr. Pierson, Rev. W. R. Mowll, of Brixton, and members of the class are expected to speak. Tea at 6, public meeting at 7.30.

On *Monday, September* 19, the thirteenth annual meeting of the SURREY SQUARE MISSION was held in the hall, under the presidency of Mr. W. Olney. The treasurer, Mr. Romang, reported a deficiency of nearly £5; but the collection removed that, and left a balance on the right side. The honorary superintendent, Mr. Pavey, read the annual Report, from which we extract the following particulars, which will give a good idea of the work that is being done by the Surrey Square friends:—

One hundred and fifty-six public services have been held during the year. The prayer-meetings are well sustained. The Sunday-school has 490 scholars on the books, with 33 teachers; and nearly every week some children have to be refused admission for want of room. The Tract Society reports 38 distributors, 4,000 tracts in circulation, and 60,000 visits paid to the homes; through the efforts of the visitors, sick persons have been cheered, and cases of distress

relieved by the Benevolent Fund. Forty-two open-air services have been held at the corner of Surrey Square, and on the steps of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The Gospel Temperance Meetings are fairly well attended, and the Band of Hope reports 177 members. The Young Men's Christian Improvement Society meets every week for the study of Biblical subjects, and during the year members have taken 32 services at neighbouring Mission-halls. The Young Women's Christian Society sends in a good report, as does also the Young Christians' Band. The Mothers' Meetings are well attended. The superintendent of the Lodging-house Branch of the Mission reports that 60 services have been held in and out of a common lodging-house in the Mint. The Skirmishing Band reports having held, since January 17, 97 meetings; in fact, all the Societies report progress both financially and spiritually.

The address of the chairman was of the most stimulating character for all the workers, and earnest and impressive addresses were also delivered by Messrs. Flower, Flint, Arkell, and Ellis.

The annual meeting of the workers at the SURREY GARDENS MEMORIAL HALL was held on *Tuesday, October* 4. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather (for it was "a time of much rain"), over a hundred friends gathered at tea; and at the later meeting the beautiful and commodious hall was well filled. Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, of Bromley, a good friend and generous donor to the cause, was the genial chairman, and spoke wise and weighty words of cheer and counsel, mainly dwelling on the words of Nehemiah, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." The Report, read by the secretary, Mr. H. J. Monk, gave some account of the origin of the work, twenty-three years ago, and its vicissitudes through sunny and cloudy days up to the present: and especially of its progress during the fifteen months since the hall was opened. The Sunday-school numbers 325 scholars and 22 teachers; there is a good morning service for children, and capital evangelistic services for adults, in the open-air, and in the hall, on Lord's-day evenings. Other branches of work include Young Christians' Bands, Band of Hope, Mutual Improvement Society, Bible-reading Association, Mothers' and Workers' Meetings, and gatherings for Musical Drill. The Report closed with an affecting tribute to the memory of the late Pastor, whose hearty aid and sympathy were readily accorded at a critical period, establishing the work in its new and permanent home. The Financial Report showed a balance due to the treasurer (Mr. Edward Pearce), on the fifteen months' working, of £38 odd. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who came down specially from the Orphanage collectors' gathering to address the meeting, spoke in a cheery strain, which vividly recalled to many friends the presence and spirit of his dear father. He referred to the Tabernacle as a great Mother Church, with a numerous progeny of Mission works around her; and styled the Surrey Gardens work what the nursemaids call "*Missis's last.*" The sex of the child was doubtful, for it was (judging from the secretary's report) *buoy*ant in its Christian energies, and *gall*ant in defence of the faith. The teeth of the babe were its numerous branches of work, and it seemed to be cutting them pretty well! Pastor J. T. Briscoe (Rye Lane Chapel) spoke wise and encouraging words to the workers, dwelling on the sources of strength, the inspiration, and the sure reward of their labours. Mr. Frank Thompson also addressed the meeting; and Mr. S. R. Pearce (the first superintendent) proposed, and Mr. T. G. Ackland (the present superintendent) seconded, a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Lloyd for presiding. A collection in the hall realized over £20 (including £10 10s. from the chairman, and a cheque for £4 2s., the balance of the fund collected by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon), leaving £18 outstanding, which must be cleared off forthwith, so that the work may be carried on, as the hall was erected, entirely free from debt.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, on *Monday evening, October* 17, Deacon F. Thompson presided. Mr. Broomhall, and ten young men from the China Inland Mission, were present. After prayer for blessing upon the late mission, and the general work at the Tabernacle, in which Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, and Dr. Pierson, were commended to God, Mr. Broomhall introduced the young missionaries to the congregation. Some four or five of them having given a statement of their conversion, and call to the work, Brother Thompson commended them to the protection and guidance of God, and bade them farewell.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. A. J. W. Back, at Alperton, Middlesex; Mr. A. G. Edgerton, at Chiswick; Mr. F. W. Reynolds, at Spennymoor, co. Durham; and Mr. S. H. Wilkinson, at Putney.

Mr. D. Chinnery has removed from West Gorton, to Cottenham, Cambridgeshire; Mr. C. A. Slack, from Faversham, to Market Harborough; and Mr. T. F. Waddell, late of Crayford, has gone to Dorking.

Mr. C. A. Dann is leaving Blockley, and returning to Nassau, in the Bahamas. Mr. E. Blewett has gone from Clapton to the United States. Mr. H. D. Archer has removed from Delorraine, to Longford, Tasmania; and Mr. J. Blaikie, from Kew, Melbourne, has become pastor at the Auckland Tabernacle.

EVANGELISTS.—We have received the

following cheering report of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Ipswich:—

"The mission has been a very successful one. The evangelists visited Burlington Chapel (Baptist), Nicholas Street (Congregational), Stoke Green (Baptist), and Tacket Street (Congregational). A large amount of enthusiasm was created in the town, all the meetings being well attended. The Sunday services were especially crowded, many persons being unable to gain admission. Mr. Fullerton's earnest addresses, we believe, led many to decision for Christ, and stirred up the languid zeal of many who had grown cold in the Master's service. Mr. Smith's rendering of the gospel in song was much appreciated, and helped to cheer many a heart.

"During the mission, in addition to the ordinary services, Bible-readings were held in the Presbyterian Church, on Tuesdays and Thursdays; a men's meeting on each Sunday afternoon, and a meeting for women, conducted by Mrs. Fulerton, in one of the chapels. Mr. Smith held two meetings for children, one on the first Sunday afternoon, in the public hall, when about 3,000 children and teachers were present; and one on the third Saturday, when prizes were given to all the children who had written his previous address out from memory. The song-services, on Saturday nights, in the public hall, were very much enjoyed.

"The farewell services took place at Tacket Street Chapel, preceded by a tea-meeting, when the school-room and class-rooms were filled with friends anxious to bid 'good-bye' to the evangelists. The closing meeting in the chapel was one long to be remembered, the building being full to overflowing half an hour before the service began. There were many enquirers during the mission, and it is believed that, as the result of the services, many will be received into church-fellowship. This was the first visit of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith to Ipswich: but they have carried away with them the warm friendship of many hearts, and they will be followed with many prayers for a blessing on their three months' mission in Liverpool."

Our brethren commenced their services at Liverpool by holding a 12 days' mission at Kensington Chapel (Baptist); and they next went to Norwood Grove (Congregational). This month they go to Richmond (Baptist) Chapel, and Stanley (Congregational) Chapel; and they are afterwards to be at Prince's Gate (Baptist), and Great George's Street (Congregational). The beginning of the three months' campaign has brought blessing to many, and has given promise of greater things before the series of services is over.

Mr. Burnham asks for special praise for blessings given in connection with the work among the hop-pickers. He sends us a most encouraging account of "a brand plucked out of the fire", which we shall insert next month, if possible.

From October 11 to 24, Mr. Burnham conducted a mission at the Spurgeon Memorial Chapel, Yalding. This month he goes to Appleby Magna and Dunnington.

Mr. Harmer has had much blessing in his mission at Stokes Croft, Bristol. Concerning one of the Sabbath services, he writes:—"Many were turned from the doors, and many were turned from sin to God." Mr. Harmer has since been at Wellington Road Mission, Bristol. His next mission is at Melbourne, Derbyshire.

ORPHANAGE.—At the collectors' meeting, on *Tuesday, October* 4, notwithstanding a heavy and continued downpour of rain, a goodly number of collectors attended, bringing the contents of their books and boxes, which realized an amount quite up to the average of former meetings. The chair was taken by E. Mounsey, Esq., of Liverpool, but as he was unavoidably detained, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon commenced the proceedings by calling upon Mr. Harrald to lead the assembly in prayer. With much earnestness, Mr. Harrald pleaded for continued blessings to rest upon the institution, and also prayed for the restoration of the President, who was confined to his house with a serious attack of gout in the throat. The children sang the anthem, "The Lord will be a Refuge," a promise which has been abundantly verified in the history of the institution. Mr. Mounsey, accompanied by several friends, arrived during the singing of the anthem, and he was very soon quite at home with his audience. He recalled the scene at the stone-laying of "The Liverpool House", exactly twelve years ago, when there was a similar downpour of rain. It was evident that the memory of the late beloved President was enshrined in his heart, and that he was pleased to have an opportunity of bearing testimony to Mr. Spurgeon's character and worth. The programme was then proceeded with, the children affording the audience much pleasure by their singing, recitations, and handbell ringing. An interesting feature in the proceedings was an address by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, and the presentation by him, on behalf of the President and Trustees, of two illuminated copies of the inscription on the foundation stone of "The Liverpool House", one for Mr. Mounsey to retain, and one to be hung in the vestry of Myrtle Street Chapel. Mr. T. H. Olney, in moving a vote of thanks to the chairman, spoke of the claims of the institution, and bespoke the continued sympathy and help of our friends. Mr. Hine, of Maryport, Cumberland, complimented the children upon the able manner in which they had sustained the interest of the meeting, and testified to the esteem in which Mr. Spurgeon is held wherever his name and work are known. Altogether, the meeting was quite worthy of comparison with similar gatherings in

the past. New collectors are always welcome. Apply for cards or boxes to the secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

COLPORTAGE.—The work is still fully and efficiently maintained throughout the country, as the committee are encouraged by the response to the appeal made for its support. It must not be supposed, however, that the large total of subscriptions this month, (mainly derived from the "C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund") supersedes the necessity for further regular donations. The immediate pressure has been relieved; but, as it costs over £7000 per annum to maintain the operations of the Association, they can only be continued so far as regular help is sent in. The committee gratefully acknowledge the support received, accompanied as it has been, in many instances, by kindly words of appreciation of the work. The secretary, W. Corden Jones, will gladly receive and attend to all communications addressed to him at the Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTE.—Mrs. Spurgeon has received a letter from one of the pioneer band of the Congo Balolo Mission, from which we are permitted to publish the following interesting and cheering extract:—

"You will rejoice to know that God is giving a glorious reaping-time now on the Upper Congo. It is in connection with this that I append an extract from a letter written by one of my colleagues, which will cheer you, I believe. He says, 'We had a prayer-meeting on behalf of Mrs. Spurgeon and the Orphanage this week, when about thirty boys prayed for her and the institution.' Alluding to dear Mr. Spurgeon's home-going, he adds, 'The loss is great, and we wonder who will be our hero for the truth now he has gone. The Lord will provide for each step of our pilgrimage. Jehovah-Jireh!' For myself I would just add how much dear Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were blessed to us out in Africa. We more than most do need spiritual food there. The Lord has prepared many a table in the wilderness, blessed be His name!"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—September 29th, twenty.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. L. Ball	2	10	0
"Singapore," in memory of C. H. S....	2	0	0
M. P., 25th September	1	0	0
G. G., near John o' Groat's	0	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Part legacy, per Rev. James McRovie, Strathaven, executor	20	0	0
Miss M. Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	2	0	0
First-fruits	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wilson	1	14	0
Miss C. Job	0	2	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Friend at Merstham	0	5	0
Mrs. Bevis	0	2	6
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Miss C. Cooper	0	10	0
Mrs. Welch	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliff	1	0	0
Nameless	1	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	2	2	0
Pastor Harry Wood	0	5	0
Mr. W. Buckingham, Sydney	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Sept. 18 ... ... 43 6 6			
„ 25 ... ... 40 4 0			
Oct. 2 ... ... 18 12 0			
„ 9 ... ... 46 9 0			
	148	11	6
	£197	2	6

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss M. H. Sharp... ...	3	10	10
Mr. John Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
A penny each for twelve pieces of work done	0	1	0
Miss Watts	2	2	0
A lighted candle in a humble candlestick	0	2	6
Sale of pincushion, per Miss Brown ...	0	7	0
Mr. James Cotty, per Rev. E. Francis	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Noble	3	0	0
R. H.	0	2	6
Mr. E. H. Gayler	0	10	6
A little help...	0	5	0
Lizzie	0	1	0
E. F. Hilgay, Norfolk	0	1	0
Mrs. Hayler...	0	5	0
C. H.	0	10	0
Mr. James Jackson	2	0	0
Battersea Park Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. S. J. Collins	0	10	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	4	0
Martha	0	5	0
Freda	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. Cairns	0	6	6
Mrs. S. French	0	3	0
Mrs. Hoskins	0	2	6
Mrs. Earish	25	0	0
Mrs. M. Bealea	1	0	0
E. and M. A. T.	0	2	6
A reader of "The Christian Herald," Kirkstall	0	3	0
A well-wisher	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Pastor T. R. Matthews ...	0	8	0
Mr. D. Land	0	3	6
Executors of the late Mr. Dugald Campbell and Mrs. Campbell ...	63	13	4
Collected by Master Robbie Watson ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Ada Phillips... ...	0	7	6
Mrs. P.	0	10	0
G. G., John o' Groat's	0	10	0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Mrs. Weller...	0	1	0
Mr. J. Potts	0	5	0
Stamps from Leicester	0	1	0
A poor friend	0	2	0
E. E.	0	2	0
Mrs. S. Chidlaw	0	10	0
Collected by Miss G. Shaw	1	0	0
Collected by Master W. Cross	0	2	7
Postal order, Kentish Town	0	6	0
C. W. L.	0	2	0
H. P. W.	0	0	6
Seaman	0	5	0
A. W., Peckham	0	10	0
W. B. Boyne	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Wells	0	5	0
Mr. George Fryer	0	10	0
Mr. William Ransom	1	0	0
Collected by Miss F. Good	0	7	0
The late Mr. John Brockie, per Mr. R. A. Brockie	5	0	0
A friend, Muthill	0	5	0
For Christ's sake	0	5	0
Collections at Townley Street Mission, per Mr. R. H. Tomkins	0	13	0
Mr. C. H. Hooper	0	2	0
Thankfulness	0	10	0
Stamps from Wimbledon	0	1	0
A friend, per Mr. G. W. Scrimgeour ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Dodd	0	0	6
Mr. George Wood	0	2	6
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Crockett	0	2	0
Mr. James Wilson...	0	10	0
A friend visiting the Orphanage ...	0	2	0
Sale of jewellery	1	10	0
Mrs. Macrae, per Mr. W. Hale... ...	0	5	0
Singapore, in loving memory of C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
R. H. S.	0	5	0
Part legacy, per Rev. James McRovie, Strahaven, executor	20	0	0
Mrs. Samuel Stanton	0	2	6
Misses E. and A. Heap	4	0	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	0	13	11
Mr. David Clark	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Vane	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Porter	10	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Webb	0	2	1
Mrs. N. Sparrow	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Colvin...	0	8	6
Collected by Miss Ena Stevens... ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Straw	0	12	0
Mr. R. Lickfold	0	5	0
B. O.	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. M. Penning	0	6	0
Collected by Master E. T. Voss ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Fosdike	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Hillier...	0	5	0
Mr. Noah Keevil	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Maud Lovell ...	0	5	0
G. H. S.	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Holder	1	6	7
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. W. Booth	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Hardy...	0	3	5
Mr. Joseph Billing	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Axton...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. Tolley	0	14	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Weeks	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Lloyd	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Young Women's-class of the Christian Band, Victoria Chapel, Deal, per Miss F. Pledge	2	2	10
Collected by Miss L. Cobby	0	19	0
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	1	4	0
Collected by Miss Bagshaw	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Fryer	0	2	6
E. W....	5	0	0
Collected by Miss F. Jeffery	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. B. Vanheson ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber ...	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Bentlett	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Girdlestone	1	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Slade	0	5	6
Collected by Master E. Wilson ...	0	1	6
Collected by Mr. James Friend	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. P. Wooltorton ...	2	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. G. Palmer... ...	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Frederick Battam ...	1	10	0
Collected by Miss Wolfenden	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Ashton	0	3	0
Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. H. Hillier	0	5	3
Collected by Mr. E. Walker	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. S. Church	0	10	0
Collected at Regent Street Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. S. Church ...	0	5	6
Collected by Mrs. S. A. Wright ...	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. E. Jones	1	11	4
Collected by Miss M. Bennett	0	2	6
Mrs. M. F. Tasker	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Fairey...	0	7	0
Harvest thankoffering at the Baptist Chapel, Craven Arms, per Rev. M. Matthews	1	0	0
Collected by Miss S. E. Thorpe, per Pastor A. Priter	0	7	0
Collected by Miss H. Simmonds ...	0	3	4
Collected by Mr. A. Colley	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Hoskins	0	6	6
Collected by Miss M Blayney	2	3	6
Collected by Miss Annie Wilmot ...	2	2	6
Collected by Miss S. K. Goddard ...	0	7	0
Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock	1	14	9
Collected by Mr. J. Merson	0	2	0
Mr. Joseph Wates	5	0	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss D. L. Martin... ...	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Hoghton	1	10	0
B. B., Winchcombe	0	5	0
Mrs. Whatley	0	5	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Vaughan	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Annie Orsman ...	0	11	6
Collected by Miss Bowerman	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. A. W. Freudemacher	0	5	0
Collected by Master W. New	0	4	6
Collected by Mr. H. Woodcock	0	4	1
Collected by Miss Daisy Bond	0	10	7
Collected by Miss E. L. Riddle	0	5	3
Collected by Mr. John Berry	0	7	3
Collected by Mr. James Harman ...	0	5	0
Collected by Misses M. and K. Wheatley	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Merritt	0	12	0
Collected by Miss E. Cobley	0	10	6
Collected by Miss M. Curtis	0	4	6
Collected by Miss H. Wood	0	6	4
Collected by Miss G. Harvie	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Burton (school-room collections)	0	11	6
Collected by Miss Bradbury	0	2	11
Collected by Miss Katie Butler ...	1	1	0
Collected by Master W. Thurtle ...	0	1	10
A. A.	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. E. H. Rhodes ...	1	6	0
Collected by Miss Annie Duggan ...	2	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Cooper (No. 6 Girls')	0	6	8
Collected by Miss L. Bunn	0	5	4
Mr. R. W. Campbell	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss M. Isley	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Snellgrove	0	5	0
For Christ's sake	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. James Fish	0	13	0
Collected by Miss Buckingham	0	8	0
Collected by Miss M. Ellis	0	3	2
Collected by Miss Pavey	0	11	4
Mr. and Mrs. Conchie	0	5	0
First instalment from the C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund	500	0	0
Mr. Neil McVicar	2	0	0
A. P., St Neot's	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Thomas Jones	0	4	0
Mrs. E. B. Thorn	1	0	0
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	0	16	6
Collected by Miss FitzGerald	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Permaine	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. Malyon	0	12	0
Collected by Mr. John Dobson	0	2	8
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
G. W., Birmingham	10	0	0
Houston Free Church Sabbath-school, per Mr W. Kerr	0	10	0
Woodford Baptist Sabbath-school, per Mr Thomas Green	0	6	0
A. Morgan, Chepstow	0	1	0
In loving memory of Mr. Spurgeon	0	6	0
Collected by Master E. Chance	0	5	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cutler	1	0	0
R. B.	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	8	6
Mr. and Mrs. Pearce	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Cook	1	5	6
Collected by Mr. G. C. Maxted	0	3	8
Collected by James Perrall (Orphan boy's card)	1	1	0
Mrs. Row, per W. Y. Fullerton	0	2	6
Mr. Ogleby, per Mr. Norris	1	0	0
A friend, S. Shields	0	4	0
Mr. John Hodges	0	18	0
J. N. B. M.	0	10	0
Faith	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	9	6
From Hull	1	12	0
A parlour-maid	0	2	6
Mr. J. Badley	0	1	0
M. R.	0	10	0
Mr. T. Jephcoat	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Vincent	0	7	0
Collected by Master Sidney Benson	1	2	1
Collection at Chase Side Baptist Chapel, Old Southgate, per Rev. C. Chambers	1	0	0
Mrs. A. L. Davies	0	5	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mr. W. J. Laird	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Wilmot	0	7	6
Mr. W. French	0	5	0
Stamps from Hexham	0	2	6
J. C. M.	1	0	0
S. S., Medbourne	0	2	6
Mrs. Hepworth, per Pastor Albert Prior	1	0	0
R. B., Sheffield	0	5	0
Mrs. Hockey's Mothers' Meeting, at Park Chapel, Brentford	0	12	0
Hawick Working Boys' and Girls' Religious Society, per Mr. George B. Douglas	2	12	1
Collection at Harvest Thanksgiving Services, at Baptist Mission, Thoydon Bois, per Miss Thompson	1	2	6
J. H. C.	0	4	0
Postal order, Burton-on-Trent	0	10	0
W.	0	2	9
Postal order, Dungannon	0	5	0
Mr. T. A. Flitton	1	0	0
J. H. W.	2	0	0
Mr. Edward G. Church	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
Mr. G. W. Skeats	1	0	0
Washing money	0	0	6
A few sermon-readers	0	14	0
Mr. James Sutt	1	0	0
Mr. W. Marriott	0	2	0
Miss Way	0	3	0
Nameless	1	0	0
Mrs. Lambert	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potts	1	0	0
Mr. Whytock	1	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
T. J. C.	0	1	0
In loving memory of a beloved sister, A. J. G.	10	0	0
Orphanage boxes at Tabernacle gates	2	16	3
Mr. Ranford	0	10	0
Mrs. Jones	0	3	0
Mr. W. Park	1	1	0
Friends at Clapton Hall, per Mr. E. Blewett	7	7	6
Mr. H. M. Grange, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mrs. Bevis	0	2	6
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Lisle	1	0	0
Miss M. Papineau	1	0	0
Executor of the late Miss E. C. C. Featherstone	90	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth, and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Queen's Park Hall, Harrow Road	1	17	7
Palmer's Green	1	5	0
West Norwood	5	0	0
Received at Collectors' Meeting, Oct. 4th, Collecting Boxes:—			
Allan, Miss V.	0	13	3
Allsop, Mrs.	0	4	1
Allen, Miss	0	16	11
Attwater, Miss E.	0	5	1
Appleton, Miss	0	13	7
Brice, Master A.	0	4	0
Belleini, Miss P.	0	2	7
Barnard, Master H.	0	1	9
Bown, Miss N.	0	11	5
Barton, Mr. J.	0	1	1
Bell, Master E.	1	10	0
Bailey, Master F.	0	2	4
Barber, Miss	0	4	6
Ball, Miss	0	2	2
Belleini, Miss C.	0	5	9
Bown, Master C.	0	11	8
Butler, Mrs.	0	17	9
Barber, Master L. P.	0	4	1
Brake, Miss G.	0	12	6
Bartlett, Master E.	0	11	10
Bartlett, Miss, S. O., No. 11 Boys'	0	8	6
Burgess, Misses A. and E.	0	5	1
Buswell, Miss	1	7	8
Cox, Mrs.	0	8	4
Court, Master C. F.	0	3	10
Cook, Miss A. M.	0	9	9
Cowie, Miss J.	0	16	11
Carr, Master S.	0	2	1
Chapman, Master E.	0	1	7
Clode, Mrs.	0	1	6
Crickett, Miss L.	0	3	7
Carter, Miss	0	7	9
Church, Miss	0	7	4
Conquest, Mrs.	0	4	0
Crisp, Master E.	0	4	9
Clow, Miss E.	1	5	4
Crowder, Mrs.	0	5	9
Davis, Mrs.	0	2	1
Davis, Mrs.	0	5	4
Dunsdon, Master F.	0	2	8
Dudley, Master W.	0	2	8
Dennish, Master A.	0	15	9
Dean, Mrs.	0	15	5
Evans, Master A.	0	5	3
Eastcott, Master W.	0	1	8

	£	s.	d.
Eyles, Miss A.	0	2	6
Ey, Miss A.	0	7	4
Esbury, Master S.	0	1	8
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	1	10
Edmonds, Miss	0	1	3
Ely, Mrs.	1	2	1
Fathers, Mrs.	0	5	3
Field, Mrs.	0	1	5
Field, Mrs.	0	2	2
Fern, Master C. H. ...	0	4	7
Fitch, Miss A.	0	2	9
Fletcher, Miss G.	0	4	10
Fuller, Miss E.	0	4	8
Finch, Miss	0	1	6
Forsdike, Mrs.	0	5	4
Frisby, Miss A.	0	14	2
Farmer, Miss E. J. ...	0	14	6
Fisher, Mr. H.	0	18	6
Gray, Miss	0	3	0
Glover, Master S.	0	4	1
Grose, Master V.	0	1	11
Grimes, Mrs.	0	12	6
Holland, Master J. ...	0	3	6
Hillier, Mrs.	0	14	0
Haseltine, Mr.	0	16	9
Hillier, Mrs.	0	7	0
Hewitt, Miss	0	2	10
Harris, Mrs.	0	3	0
Hunt, Miss	2	4	4
Hudson, Master H. W. ...	0	3	4
Hill, Master G.	0	3	1
Hall, Miss L.	0	8	2
Hoyles, Masters H. and F.	0	4	10
Hill, Miss	0	5	5
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	2	6
Hollobone, Mr.	0	11	5
Hoyles, Mrs. A.	0	11	7
Johnstone, Miss N. ...	0	6	0
Jordan, Master F.	0	5	10
Keys, Master F.	0	1	8
Kember, Miss	0	3	1
Kelting, Miss R.	0	5	0
Keys, Master O.	0	1	10
Kirby, Mrs.	0	3	11
Kington, Mr.	0	4	3
Lewis, Miss E.	0	2	8
Luckhurst, Mrs.	1	0	3
Lewis, Master H.	0	6	10
Larkman, Miss	0	7	10
Lewis, Miss F.	0	6	11
Moore, Miss E.	0	4	4
Middleton, Mrs.	0	7	6
Madge, Mrs.	0	4	4
Madell, Miss	0	13	5
Morgan, Mr.	0	14	9
Messent, Miss E.	0	5	11
Mitchell, Miss A.	0	5	0
May, Miss	0	7	3
Meredith, Master C. ...	0	2	11
Macgregor, Mrs. B. C. ...	0	5	4
Morris, Master S.	0	3	9
Morgan, Miss E.	0	2	1
Marriott, Mrs.	0	3	2
Millwood, Mrs.	0	3	10
Messent, Miss	0	3	7
Messent, Miss A.	0	1	1
Moon, Master T.	0	1	3
Oliver, Miss T.	0	16	5
Porter, Mrs.	0	10	0
Parker, Miss B.	0	1	4
Perkins, Master W. F. ...	0	2	11
Pain, Miss C.	0	7	3
Predec, Mrs.	0	9	1
Peters, Miss F. W.	0	6	2
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
Pitt, Mrs.	0	6	5
Pain, Master S.	0	6	5
Palmer, Mrs.	0	10	7
Pritchard, Mrs.	0	6	7
Plater, Mrs.	0	2	10
Pegg, Mrs.	0	2	2
Pacase, Master H.	0	2	8
Quennell, Master P. ...	0	3	6
Ricketts, Master S. ...	0	2	0
Reeve, Master G.	0	1	6
Reeve, Master E.	0	2	6
Russell, Mrs.	0	2	4
Rowley, Miss	0	2	1
Rose, Master W.	0	3	11
Robjns, Mrs. S.	0	5	8
Richardson, Mrs. H. G. ...	0	4	7
Roper, Mrs.	0	4	1
Spencer, Miss	0	5	6
Soper, Miss Lulu	0	3	6
Seaton, Miss M.	1	1	0
Smee, Miss C.	0	5	0
Stapleton, Mrs.	0	3	3
Smith, Mrs.	0	15	9
Selth, Miss	0	2	8
Schneider, Mrs.	0	4	10
Simmons, Mrs.	0	2	9
Stevenson, Mrs. S.	0	10	6
Sidery, Mrs.	0	15	0
Staines, Mrs.	0	11	7
Tapling, Master F. G. ...	0	6	11
Thomas, Miss G.	0	7	10
Turner, Miss M.	0	5	9
Thomas Miss A.	0	11	0
Tilbury, Miss	0	2	8
Trim, Miss	0	2	10
Tucker, Mrs.	0	3	1
Turner, Master A.	0	1	11
Thompson, Master A. ...	0	1	10
Trevillion, Miss A. ...	0	3	5
Thiel, Mrs.	0	4	10
Thornton, Master A. ...	0	1	1
Tarrant, Mrs.	1	1	1
Turner, Master A. J. ...	0	2	9
Taylor, Miss S. J.	1	2	7
Watling, Mrs.	0	18	2
Wingate, Miss N.	0	1	10
Wyld, Miss M.	0	1	5
Warren, Miss F.	0	4	5
Wicks, Master W.	0	1	10
Wells, Miss	0	4	5
Williamson, Miss	0	2	3
Williams, Miss A.	0	14	6
Whitelock, Mrs.	0	7	7
Whittington, Master S. ...	0	7	10
Walton, Mr.	0	8	0
Winter, Miss E.	0	4	0
Wragg, Mr.	0	12	0
Young, Mrs.	0	2	6
Sums under one shilling ...	0	4	10
Odd farthings and halfpence	0	8	3
			62 13 10
Collecting Books:—			
Alderton, Miss	0	8	0
Barrett, Mr.	1	15	6
Bonser, Miss	0	5	0
Brown, Miss J. H.	0	17	0
Charles, Miss F. B. ...	0	7	0
Crumpton, Miss	0	6	0
Coleman, Mrs.	0	5	6
Fryer, Miss S.	0	10	0
Good, Miss	0	4	0
Jephs, Miss	1	1	0
Lawson, Mr.	0	10	0
McDonald, Mrs.	0	15	0
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	3	10	0
Spurgeon, Mr. Samuel ...	1	2	7
Per. Mrs. Charlesworth:—			
Messrs. Pocock Bros. 2 2 0			
Mr. W. W. Thompson 1 1 0			
Mrs. Jno. Olney ... 2 2 0			
	5	5	0
Walters, Miss	0	13	0
Wilkinson, Mrs.	0	8	0
Donations:—			
Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. E. Passmore ...	2	0	0
Mr. Buswell	1	0	0
Mr. Walter Mills	1	0	0
Mr. R. Watson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hine	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hine...	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Mrs. Lord	0	6	0
Collection at doors ...	2	0	7
Tea tickets sold	1	13	6
			41 3 8
			£1028 2 7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from September 15th to October 14th, 1892.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; a quantity of Beans and Greens, Mr. M. E. Garrood; 9 jars Jam, The Misses Jeffreys and Harris; a quantity of Apples, The Architect, London County Council; 12 Stilton Cheeses, 58 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 3 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. W. J. Graham; 10 bushels Apples, Messrs. E. and W. Wells; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co. Proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Services:—A quantity Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Palmer's Green Mission, per Mr. Ford; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, Flowers, Bread, &c., Chase Side Baptist Chapel, per Mr. W. Cork; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, &c., Baptist Chapel, Chittern, per Mr. F. Maidment; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, &c., Baptist Sunday-school, Luton, Chatham, per Mr. T. J. Hart; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, 1 sack Flour, &c., The Congregational Chapel, Wylye, per Mr. H. J. Sutton; 1 large hamper Apples, Whitestone Baptist Chapel, per Pastor William Price.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—12 Night Shirts, Mrs. Watling.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—121 Articles (Boys and Girls), the Reading Young Ladies' Working Society, per Mrs. James Withers; 14 Girls' Hats, Mrs. E. Hunt; 24 Articles, G. W.; 28 Articles, Anon.; 26 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 137 yards Dress Material, 84 yards printed Cotton, 17½ yards Cloth, 13½ dozen girls' and boys' Hose, 9 Caps, Messrs. J. Pentelow & Son; 12 straw Hats, Mr. J. S. Eyles; a few Remnants of Dress Material, 1 Ulster, Mr. J. McDonald; 4 Articles, 2 Overalls, 1 Jacket, Miss E. Leeder; 27 Articles, the Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 14½ yards Dress Material, 17½ yards Cloth, Anon.; 2 Remnants and Lining, From Epping; 5 Aprons, Miss E. Marsh; 24 Articles, Mrs. Watling; 31 Articles, the Sewing Class at the Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Mrs. Phillips.

GENERAL:—1 Box, 1 Fretwork Inkstand, Mr. James Wilson; 1 Quilt, Miss E. Marsh; 1 Boa, Mrs. R. Allen; 1 Hearth Rug, Mrs. S. E. Menlove.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1892.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Orpington District, per Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0
Langham, per Mr. Robert Scott ...	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	7	10	0
Norfolk Congregational Union, for East Dereham	11	5	0
Great Totham, per Pastor H. J. Harvey	10	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association...	35	0	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. Thomas Gurney ...	7	10	0
Friends at Maldon...	15	0	0
Norfolk Baptist Association	20	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for West Wickham	10	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thomas Harris ...	10	0	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. Taylor	5	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	30	0	0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck... ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. W. F. Durant ...	10	0	0
"In Memoriam" for District	10	0	0
Fairford, per Captain Milbourne ...	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	10	0	0
Hockliffe, per Pastor J. R. Baker ...	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
	£253	15	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Clara Lewis	0	1	0
Two friends, Pembury	0	1	6
Mr. George Horne...	0	2	0
Mr. C. Bridge	1	0	0
M. S.	0	2	0
H. W.	0	1	0
Mr. William Laurie	0	10	0
Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel", Grange-over-Sea	0	1	0
A family at Brockley	0	5	0
Friend, per Mr. Mizen	0	10	0
Z. S. Benenden	0	1	0
Mr. D. Hannington	0	1	0
B. B. Winchcombe	0	5	0
M. A. K.	0	1	0
C. A. M., per Mr. Thomas Spurgeon...	25	0	0
C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund (first instalment)	300	0	0
One who prays for the colporteurs ...	0	1	0
Mr. William Bird	0	1	0
"Sword and Trowel" reader, Brighton	0	2	6
Mr. S. Chidlaw	0	1	0
Constant reader, Strathaven	0	2	0
Miss Drake, per Mr Ambrose	0	2	6
Constant reader of "The Sword and the Trowel", and Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	1	6
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Mr. J. Quick	0	2	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Part legacy, per Rev. J. McRovie, Strathaven, executor	20	0	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	1	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	5	5	0
	£331	2	6

For the General Work of the Lord as most Required.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
R. H. S.	0	5	0
Part legacy, per Rev. James McRovie, Strathaven, executor	10	0	0
C. A. M.	25	0	0
	£35	5	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
C. A. M., per Mr. Thomas Spurgeon ...	25	0	0
E. H.	3	0	0
Part legacy, per Rev. James McRovie, Strathaven, executor	20	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Queensbury Chapel, Old Basford, Nottingham	4	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Alfreton, Derby	4	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
	£57	1	0

C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund Account.

Contributions from September 15th to October 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Collections on behalf of the Stockwell Orphanage, taken at Mr. Moody's meetings at Metropolitan Tabernacle, October 13th	317	9	1
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Kelsey ...	0	5	0
Mr. William Smellie, jun.	1	1	0
Readers of "The National Baptist," per Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D. ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Harvey	5	0	0
Mr. John Clark	0	8	0
"A lighted candle in a humble candlestick"	0	1	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	10	0	0
Mr. W. Hyde	0	5	0
A friend	0	10	0
Miss E. Gregory	0	5	0
M. S. and Mrs. Edwards...	0	10	0
A few friends at Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	4	3	0
Mrs. B. Jenkins	5	5	0
Emma Howard	0	10	0
Mrs. Kerridge	0	2	6
Rev. John Davis	0	5	0
Mr. James Greenhill	0	7	6
Miss S. Green and friends	1	0	0
Mr. S. Osborne	1	1	0
Mr. Alexander Barr	0	10	0
Mr. William Ward	0	10	0
Mrs. Ellen Gardner	0	2	6
Mrs. Green, "A thankoffering" ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. H. Duckett	0	6	0
A friend in Herts	0	2	6
A widow's mite	0	5	0
Mrs. Greenwood	2	0	0
Per Pastor George Samuel :—			
Mr. C. H. Baldwin	1	1	0
Mr. W. Denning	1	1	0
Mr. E. T. Hambley	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Holmes	1	1	0
Mr. J. A. Sprason	1	1	0
Mr. J. Parker	1	1	0
Mr. G. Wheeler	1	1	0
Pastor George Samuel ...	1	1	0
			8 8 0
Mrs. E. J. Burnett			0 10 6
Mrs. Yallop and Mrs. Mallett			3 0 0
Friends at Guildford, per Pastor J. Rankine, result of visit of Orphanage Choir, September 28th			20 4 6
Thankoffering for mercies received (Scotch note)			1 0 0
Mr. J. Hunt...			1 0 0
Mr. Samuel Pearce			0 4 6
Mr. James Coxeter			20 0 0
Interest on deposit			7 11 3
A friend, Richmond Chapel, Liverpool, per W. Y. Fullerton			1 1 0
Mr. Thomas Summers			26 5 0
Mr. T. Foottet			1 0 0
Anon, per J. E. P....			1 18 2
Mrs. George Williams			10 10 0
"A friend from Wales"			0 5 0
Miss Close			0 8 0
Mrs. Alchin			5 0 0
Mr. T. Morgan Harvey			25 0 0
			£487 5 0

Received with thanks, for Mrs. Spurgeon's fund "For General Use in the Lord's Work", a sympathizer, 7s. 6d.; Miss S. Beebee, 2s. 6d. £26 8s. 6d. from R. K., per Mrs. C. H. S., will be entered in next month's lists:—Colportage Association, £13 8s. 6d.; Society of Evangelists, £13.

Contributions for College Missionary Association, omitted in error, will be acknowledged next month.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbelton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Society of Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

THE

Sword and the Trowel.

DECEMBER, 1892.

Beaten Oil for the Light.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Thou shalt command the children of Israel, that they bring thee pure oil olive beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always."—Exodus xxvii. 20.

JEHOVAH is the God of light, and He would not have His service performed in darkness. As there were no windows in the Tabernacle in the wilderness, the holy place was lighted by the seven-branched candlestick or lamp. This lamp was to be fed with oil, and the oil was to be supplied by the Israelites. In the Church of God there must always be light; light within herself for the delight and instruction of those who dwell in the courts of the Lord, and light which, unlike that of the old Tabernacle, shall shine forth in the midst of the dark world. The Israelites were a nation of priests, and so were typical of the children of God; and as it was their business to supply the oil for the sanctuary lamp, so is it the privilege and province of the children of God to keep the lamp of knowledge perpetually burning by bringing forth the precious oil of divine truth. Upon the ministers of God this work is especially binding, but every believer, according to his ability, is called upon to take his share therein, for it is not written of ministers only, "Ye are the light of the world," but of all the disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ; even as Paul said to the Philippians, "Do all things without murmurings and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked

and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life." From the rubric before us, in reference to the character of the oil to be supplied for the sanctuary, we may gather not a little of the duty of preachers and teachers with regard to the instruction by which they endeavour to feed the lamp of knowledge.

It is clear that it was intended, by this precept, that *the oil furnished for the sanctuary should be the very best.* That oil which comes from the olive under heavy pressure, or after being subjected to heat, is of a secondary quality, thick and cloudy; whereas the virgin oil, which flows forth under a more gentle pressure, is clear, and of the highest value. God is to be served at all times with our best; the clearest thought, the deepest study, the truest conception, and the most excellent utterance, should all be displayed in preparing to "speak on God's behalf." We must burn nothing but the best oil. For a preacher to rush into his pulpit, to fill up the time with talk of the sort which first comes to hand, is to present to the Lord the very dregs of the oil-press. God forbid that we should serve Him with so little reverence! For a teacher to go to his class, to weary the children with dry, uninteresting talk in which there is no real instruction, and no gospel unction, is to treat the Lord as if we had no awe of Him, but felt that anything was good enough for His service. Such negligence may be covered over with the notion of trusting in the Spirit of God, but the veil is too thin to conceal the sloth. We should endeavour to bring our minds into the best possible condition by prayer; we should labour to draw from them their noblest ideas, and most spiritual conceptions; we should also search the Word of God, and the choicest of books, selecting with care everything that is most apposite and suitable; and thus we should come forth to edify others with valuable knowledge worth communicating. The Lord would not have His lamp supplied with any common kind of oil which stood handiest in the house, or with that which could be produced most quickly, or with that which had stood so long as to become stale and rancid; but the very best oil in the country was to be consecrated to the golden lamp which burned before Him continually. Is not this right? Should such a God as He is be served with anything but the choicest? He bestows upon us the richest imaginable gifts; should we not in return offer to Him that which is most costly, and the noblest of its kind? We would impress this upon all who undertake to feed even the least of the lamps, and we would especially urge it upon those whose public position causes them to supply oil to hundreds, and perhaps to thousands. How shall the Church of Christ shine with a clear radiance if the oil supplied by her ministers be coarse and impure?

The ceremonial law fixed everything, and allowed no latitude. The filling of the lamps was commanded, and the exact manner of doing it was prescribed. *The oil to be used was not left to choice or chance; it must be olive oil, and nothing else.* The precept is specific, and cannot be misunderstood. As Dr. Gill very properly remarks, "the oil to be brought and used there was not any sort of oil; as what is got out of fishes, as train oil; or out of nuts, as oil of almonds; but

what comes from the olive-tree." Even so, we are not left in ignorance as to what we shall preach; the doctrines of the gospel are revealed plainly and definitely, and it is not our business to make discoveries, or to frame inventions, but to proclaim the very truth of God. There were, no doubt, excellent reasons for the choice of olive oil, and the refusal of every other oil; and there is the best of reasons for our bringing forth Scriptural truth, and nothing else; for it is the entrance of God's Word which giveth light, and not the entrance of human opinions. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;" nothing else but the living Word of God will convince, convert, renew, and sanctify. He has promised that this shall not return unto Him void; but He has made no such promise to the wisdom of man, or the excellency of human speech. The Spirit of God works with the Word of God; and if we get away from that Word, we depart from the track of the Holy Ghost. All His paths drop fatness; but man's paths are barrenness.

Much stress is to be laid upon the word "pure" in the statute now under consideration; for it was not enough to bring olive oil; but it must be in a refined and undiluted condition. There must be no dregs in the oil; it must run clear, and appear transparent. This was the reason why the olives were to be bruised and beaten, and not ground in a mill; because in the mill the stones are broken and ground, and so the oil is not so pure. Everything in the process was chosen to promote purity; so must it be with all our teaching, truth and nothing else but truth must be brought forth for the enlightenment of God's people. Our own opinions and imaginings must not be substituted for the infallible mind of God. We must not declare the dogmas of councils, or the creeds of churches, or the dicta of learned men, as if they had an authority co-ordinate with Holy Scripture. We must keep to "Thus and thus saith the Lord," for it is the Word which giveth light; and of all teaching which is not according to that Word, it may safely be affirmed, that there is no light in it. It will not be a service done unto God; but rather an insult to His majesty, if we smuggle into His sanctuary the sayings and traditions of men. The words which the Holy Ghost teacheth must alone be the oil which feeds the lamps of God; and it is at our peril that we substitute the inferences of reason, the hypotheses of philosophers, or the drivellings of superstition.

Nor will it suffice for the Lord's priests to replenish the lamp with oil of which the major part is pure. The oil must have no admixture of any sort; as far as possible, we must endeavour to remove from it the scum and dregs of our poor fallible interpretation, and we must entreat the Holy Spirit to enable us to deliver, not our rendering of the Scriptures, but God's Word itself. Jealously must we fight against the temptation to tone it down, to soften it, and dilute it, where the truth seems to be harsh or unpleasant. It is no business of ours to please men; our sole object must be to please God. We ought to speak the truth, and the truth just as we find it; we may not even attempt to increase its force by purposely exaggerating its expressions, or placing those truths in the forefront which the Holy Spirit has put in the rear. The exaggeration of a doctrine may lead

to an error as gross as that which comes out of lessening its importance. To add to the Book of the Lord, is denounced in the same text as that which forbids taking from it. As the Israelite was commanded to bring the best olive oil without dilution, without mixture, and without dregs, even so must we bring forth in our teaching "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." To return to the figure before us, it must be pure olive oil, and nothing else.

The oil was to be prepared by beating the olive. The Israelites were not to bring the olives whole; but they must be crushed, and the oil must be extracted by manual labour. The Holy Scriptures must be searched with diligence by those who would find instruction in them worthy to be imparted to others. The apostle saith, "Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all." Superficial talkers upon holy things do not bring to the lamps beaten oil. A little of the precious fluid of instruction exudes from the berries, and they are content to present this to the Lord; but they are not acting according to His commandment. Idleness invents excuses, but God does not accept them. The oil was to be prepared, and so must our teaching be; there must be force of mind, effort, energy, hard study, laborious thought, or otherwise our testimony will not be such as the children of God require to make their light clear and steady, and acceptable with God. The oil was not to be such as flows from the berries when they are ground beneath the rough machinery of a mill. The major part of olive oil is produced by crushing between stones, and such oil is good enough for ordinary purposes; but for the lamps of the sanctuary the oil must be prepared in a mortar with a pestle, by the personal labour of the individual, judiciously applied, and not with the rude roughness of mere force. He who prepared the oil must bruise the olives and press them with discretion; no heavy grinding-stones were to run their accustomed round, but the living force of a willing hand was to extract the choicest juice. We have heard of ministers preaching other men's sermons, and we have even been informed of the existence of mills in which the olives of doctrine are bruised wholesale, and the extract is sent forth bottled up for immediate use. We refer to lithographed discourses, whose manufacture is an important branch of trade. Those who purchase and habitually use such substitutes for personal study hardly deserve the name of ministers of Christ; and if they do not meet with the divine acceptance in the course of their ministrations, they need not marvel. If the Israelite had presented the very best oil which had been produced at the mill, he would have been acting in violation of the divine ordinance which required of him oil beaten with the hand; and we are persuaded that sermons which are borrowed, which cost their reader no thought, no emotion, no prayerful agony, are not at all the offerings which the Lord requires at the hands of His true ministers. Before we venture upon the high and honourable service of instructing the Lord's people, let us go to the Lord Himself for a supply of His grace, and when He has directed our minds to the chosen subject, let us further ask His aid that we may, in devout meditation, extract from the Word its fatness and unction; and then let us spare no effort, but cast our whole strength

into the endeavour to prepare that which we hope to present to the people of God. It must be beaten oil. McCheyne was wont to say to young preachers, "Mind, it must be beaten oil, beaten oil, for the lamps of the sanctuary!" Such a work must not be entered upon with half-heartedness: casual thoughts, and superficial observations, platitudes, and everyday expressions, are not worthy of the people whom we would instruct, much less of the God whom we would honour by our service.

It may be instructive here to observe that, *although a measure of force was needed to bruise the berries, yet this had to be used with discretion*, lest even by the gentler mode, as well as by the mill, an impure oil should be produced. What was wanted was such a bruising as would express from the olives their first and readiest juice. What was called "the mother-drop" flowed forth of itself as soon as the berries were a little bruised, and this was much purer than that which was obtained after the olives were put under the press. You can soon squeeze a text too much. It is even possible to extort from it what it never contained. The plain meaning of the Scriptures is the best and purest. Ingenuity is often presumption. When we go about to force a sense upon God's Word which is not natural to it, we are rolling the olives under the grinding of huge stones, and are not beating them according to the commandment. Let all readers, and writers, and preachers, remember this: there must be the pressure of study; but not the force of violence. Beat the oil for the light; but use not the mill-stones.

Another thought strikes us. Much of the teaching which is given forth by the servants of God, flows from their experimental acquaintance with the Word of God, and this they can hardly obtain without affliction. No doubt, God's best ministers are sorely bruised and passed through many a crushing trial in order that they thus may present unto the Church of God beaten oil, the truth which they have procured by suffering, which has become their own by the breaking of their hearts and the bruising of their spirits.

"Spices crushed, their pungence yield,
Trodden scents their sweets respire;
Would you have its strength revealed,
Cast the incense in the fire:
Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield;
And, through suffering, toil, and shame,
From affliction's keenest flame
Heavenly incense is distilled!"

Certainly, no testimony for the Lord is so much valued by His saints as that which comes from men who have tried and proved the loving-kindness of the Lord in dark hours of adversity. These, like ships which have been tossed upon the mighty main, bring treasures from afar, and, like victors in a great war, return with mountains of prey. Gladly, therefore, do we glory in infirmity if thereby the power of Christ doth rest upon us, and we the more fully bring forth for the lamps of the sanctuary "pure oil olive beaten for the light."

Doubtless the reason why the purest kind of olive oil was used in

the sanctuary lamp was that there might be less of smoke and smell than would be caused by any other kind of oil. If we endeavour to feed the lamps of God with mere human thought, and the production of talent and ability, there will always be the smell of human fallibility and error, perhaps of pride and self-sufficiency; and with this ill savour will go forth the blackening smoke of man-worship and creature-confidence, which will be exceedingly displeasing to the great God who takes up His abode in His Church. It would have been a sorry thing for the vessels of the sanctuary to have been smoked and blackened by the lamp that gave light to the holy place; and it is beyond all measure deplorable when those who should give light in the house of the Lord dim the lustre of the glorious doctrines which it is their duty to reveal. Purity of heart and life and teaching are beyond measure essential: that which defileth can never be tolerated in the courts of the Lord's house. Our doctrine must be according to holiness, our speech must minister edification, our lives must be sanctified, and our whole spirit must be gracious. We are to wear "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD" upon our brows, and all our teaching must be godly and pure.

We have been viewing the text from the human side of it, and interpreting it as representing what the priestly nation was to bring into the Lord's service for the maintenance of light in His house; but there is another side to the type. Oil usually represents the Holy Spirit. The golden lamp typifies Christ and His Church, and the light which streams therefrom is produced by that Divine Enlightener, the Holy Ghost. All His influences are pure and holy; He is never the author of any doctrine which leads to sin; all His teachings tend to the production of holiness in the heart and in the life. Any fancied spiritual light which does not come from Him is mere darkness; and any professed "light of the world" which burns with blackness and smother of smoke, is not of His kindling, and is not sustained by His influence; for that is pure in itself, and produces a pure light. Let it be ours to magnify His name by sensibly feeling and openly confessing our dependence upon Him, without whom we shall be like the foolish virgins, who took their lamps, but took no oil with them. Our lamps, instead of being fit to do honour to the heavenly Bridegroom, will bring despair to our own souls, if they be without the holy oil.

Nature, God's Handiwork.

WHEN Apelles, the Greek painter, called on his friend Protogenes, and found him absent from home, he entered the studio, took the pencil which had been kept ready for the master's use, and made one straight line with its point on the unfinished subject. When Protogenes returned, he exclaimed, "Apelles of Cos has been here!" He recognized the artist in the faint line he had left behind. And may we not recognize the hand of the Creator in His handiwork, when we observe the same principle employed in either branch of the natural world?—*From "The Microscope and its Lessons." By James Crowther.* (*See Review in October "Sword and Trowel."*)

The Preacher among his People.

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

THERE is a certain individuality in the best sermon, and this individuality proceeds, first, from the experience of the preacher himself, and, secondly, from his power to apply the truth to the hearer so as to make the hearer say within himself, "That man knows all about me." A sermon needs to reach real wants; and the question is, how real wants are to be known. The only solution to this question is that there ought to be personal contact, not social contact only, but spiritual contact. We must make pastoral calls, and pastoral calls which shall have the effect of disclosing to us the inmost spiritual history of the people to whom we minister, and disclosing to us their actual, personal, daily needs. We shall find that the methods by which we are enabled to reach the needs of one man or woman are the methods by which we reach the needs of all others of which that individual is a representative. Hence the best sermons will be suggested by personal contact with those to whom we preach. When we find that we can help persons in actual difficulties, when those difficulties have driven us into a corner, and we find that God's help comes to our aid, we may further utilize the train of thought, argument, illustration, or appeal, by which we have brought assistance to that distressed or enquiring hearer, and it will be found that these are the most effective sermons for the multitude.

I was accustomed, during the later years of my pastorate, to carry about with me a book for permanent record, in which I put down, in cipher, all the facts which affected the personal and family life of my congregation, which I was able in any way to ascertain. For instance, I would enquire where the members of each family were born; whether there were any special besetting sins in the children, known to the parents; whether any children had been specially consecrated to God from birth, &c. I would enquire and record about those who had died in the family circle; their ages and circumstances; and about members of the family living in other parts; about aged grandparents and their infirmities; about members of the household who belonged to other churches and communions; about those who had any physical infirmities or deformities,—in a word, ascertain, as far as I could, facts of the family history. This enabled me to pray intelligently for my people; and before I repeated a call, I would look over my memoranda, so as to be enabled to converse intelligently and sympathetically; and I found that this method of getting at the inmost history of my people was an invaluable source of power to me in reaching their souls.

Moreover, let us remember that it is of the very genius of love that the tie formed by personal contact should invest sermons with strange power. Even what is commonplace in itself becomes uncommonplace and extraordinary when the love of one's own dear people creates round about the preacher a halo which is sacred. His words coming through that halo acquire a divine lustre and power. There is many a man, who is a very ordinary preacher, but who, by devotion to his people,

as a pastor, comes to be dearer to them than all other preachers, and actually more interesting to them than any stranger, however gifted. Here is God's compensation for a lack of intellectual genius, that He bestows on many a man, somewhat defective in mental power, this genius of the heart. He easily works himself into the deepest affections of his congregation, he becomes to them their indispensable guide and helper, the simplest of his utterances becomes to them the wisdom of a sage. They look to him for comfort, counsel, strength, guidance; their experience of contact with him makes him more and more helpful to their spiritual life. He becomes an integral part of their very existence. I have known some of the most efficient and useful ministers to be men of little intellectual ability, and even less intellectual culture; but they occupied a place in the hearts of their people that no stranger could possibly possess. I fear sometimes that, because Mr. Spurgeon, who was an extraordinary man, was a preacher first of all, and to a very limited extent came into pastoral contact with his people, some of his students may be misled into the inference that it will be safe for them to undertake simply to be preachers, and to neglect pastoral activities; but, if so, I prophesy, in nine cases out of ten, virtual failure.

There is interpreting power in a deep and godlike experience. The spiritual wealth of the Word of God can only be understood by one who is spiritually enriched. "There are some things," says Dr. Pardington, "which a deep and devout spiritual life alone can interpret." Voltaire attempted to versify the fifty-first Psalm. He succeeded fairly until he came to the tenth verse, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." His self-righteousness and enmity to God forbade his saying that. He struggled to put it into verse, but could not. The fear of God seized him, his pen refused to move, he sought to leave his study, but could not; he fell on his couch in great mental suffering, and he subsequently said to a friend, "I can never think of that hour without great terror." How true it is that the natural man perceives not the things of the Spirit of God! A discernment of spiritual things is impossible except through a quickening of the spiritual senses by the Holy Ghost. Then we find the Psalms and all other portions of the Word of God to be a vehicle of divine truth. The heart is prompted to prayer for celestial cleansing. The man enters upon the heritage of righteousness, sanctification, and becomes the means of divine power on the souls of others.

I have seen, in a recent copy of an American paper, the following letter received by a young minister, from one of his hearers, upon the occasion of an exchange with another pastor, and it teaches how much of the prevailing indifference to the gospel on the part of men may be ascribed to the fact that pointless essays are too often substituted for gospel sermons. Let me reprint this letter, with the hope that God will bless the rebuke which it contains to every one of us.

"Reverend Brother,—I listened very much to your clever essay on history this morning, and hoped to find some features of a gospel sermon. Was it my fault that I did not find in it anything, first, to convict men of sin; second, to guide the penitent to Christ; third, to quicken

the backslider; fourth, to comfort the afflicted; fifth, to guide the perplexed; sixth, to encourage the desponding; seventh, to caution the unwary; eighth, to remove doubt; ninth, to stimulate zeal; tenth, to fortify patience; eleventh, to arouse aspirations; twelfth, to kindle devotion; thirteenth, to expose the wiles of the devil; fourteenth, to broaden charity; fifteenth, to develop faith; sixteenth, to instruct in any of the practical duties of Christian life; seventeenth, to impart information needed for practical utilization in Christian life? You may reply, 'I did not design to do any of these things.' But, my brother, as a Christian minister, and not as a literary essayist, can you afford to misuse any such occasion by not designing to do some of these things? You are a minister of the Word, which is to make the man of God perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works. Pardon these kindly suggestions from one, who, tired of business, goes to church to be helped."

Such preaching as is begotten of personal contact will be powerful to save and sanctify. Preaching, when it is instinct with God's power, is the spreading of God's truth over the whole man, till it touches intellect, sensibilities, affections, conscience, will; but we can apply truth to others only so far as we understand others.

But God's Word, in order to be effective, must have the man behind it as well as before it, and come forth backed by a rich personal experience, a co-ordinate testimony from the inward life of the preacher. How obvious it is, therefore, that the preacher must be a genuine man, and his whole life be *a doing of the truth!* Nowhere do subtlety and fraud appear to more disadvantage than in the pulpit.

On the Duke of Richmond's report about fortifications, Sheridan said that he "complimented the noble president on his talents as an *engineer*, which were strongly evinced in planning and constructing that very paper. . . . . He has made it a contest of posts, and conducted his reasoning not less on principles of trigonometry than of logic. There are certain assumptions thrown up, like advanced works, to keep the enemy at a distance from the principal object of debate; strong provisos protect and cover the flanks of his assertions, his very queries are his casemates." I remember to have heard, in a great ecclesiastical gathering, from a conspicuous ecclesiastic, the most disingenuous and thoroughly dishonest speech I ever heard. How can such a man help struggling souls? Oh, for the sermon behind which is the whole, honest-minded, honest-hearted man, who speaks what he knows and has been taught of God!

It has "pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." *The pulpit is the main agent in evangelization*, and to raise or lower its standard is to help or to hinder every other form of active effort to save souls. When the preachers of the gospel are content to *preach the gospel;* when Christ crucified is their theme, and it is treated "in a crucified style"; when the germ of every sermon is some seed-thought of God that has found root in the heart, and borne fruit in the speech; when the definite aim of every sermon is to glorify Christ in saving and sanctifying souls, and toward that end every thought, and word, and gesture, converge, we shall see results of which even Pentecost was but a prophecy and foretaste.

In the assault on Fort Pulaski, every ball in the first volley of seventy guns struck within a circle twelve feet in diameter. Down came the flag! Of what use was it to resist such a fire? Many a flag of Satan would be hauled down if our guns were pointed in one direction, and shot upon shot were hurled, heavy and hot, against the walls of his citadel. The gospel is still the power of God unto salvation. There is no promise that man's word shall not fail; but God says, "My Word shall not return unto Me void."

Different Styles of Preaching.

DO you not know the difference between one style of preaching and another? Here is a young gentleman who has been to college, and has learned the doctrines of the gospel out of some very excellent Body of Divinity. Hear him reel them off; and when you have heard it, and gone home, it has been very much like pouring water on a duck's back, it has had no effect upon you whatever. But listen to another preacher, perhaps not half as well educated as the former one, but what he speaks he has felt, he believes it, he cannot help believing it, he has lived in the atmosphere of it, and known its truth, and he speaks with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. He is a witness for God; and whether you receive his witness or not, you remember it, you cannot help remembering it because of the living power which a living witness is sure to have resting upon him. I charge all of you who preach or teach, do not go beyond your own experience of the truth. If you have not felt the truth in your own soul, do not tell others of it till you have done so. You will be a poor witness of a thing which you have not tasted, and handled, and felt, and made your own out of the Word of God.

There are some people who can hear all sorts of preaching and teaching, and be pleased with it all. When two ministers contradict one another, certain hearers say, "They are both very clever men, no doubt; and as to their differences in doctrine, we must be very charitable." Is that charity that teaches a man to believe that black is white, and that white is black, and that truth and a lie can lie down side by side, and be friends? There is something very mischievous in such teaching. If God has written truth on your heart, you cannot endure the reverse of it. You will grow indignant at those who undermine the truth that God has revealed to you, and you will be very earnest to spread in the minds of others that truth which has taken possession of your own soul. Believe me, dear hearers, we know nothing as we ought to know it unless, what we read in the Book, God himself can read in our hearts. You must have a transfer made from the page of revelation to the page of experience, or else you have not learned the truth. I do not think I have ever learned anything myself unless it has been burnt into me as with a hot iron, when God the Holy Ghost has stamped it on my heart, so that I cannot get rid of it. Blessed be God, I do not want to get rid of it! If man had written it, he who made the marks with the pen could, by-and-by, cross them out; but when God writes upon our hearts, he deeply inscribes his law, and it is written there for ever.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon's Volume of Poems.*

BOOKS of poems are often said to be a drug in the market; but we venture to prophesy that the volume before us will not be so described. It may contain a drug which will "drive dull care away" by causing a merry peal of laughter, or it may soothe some sorrowful soul, as the strains of David's harp refreshed King Saul, and banished the evil spirit that troubled him; and in that sense the author will be grateful that he has been enabled to put such a drug upon the market. The book is divided into two parts—*Scarlet Threads*, which are all Gospel poems, and *Bits of Blue*, which are Temperance pieces, and at the end there are a few *Miscellaneous Rhymes*, including one upon "John Ploughman", and another on "Gossips", which greatly pleased our late beloved Editor.

Mrs. Spurgeon's preface will ensure from many of our readers a hearty welcome for her "Son Tom's poems." She says, "In the dear and happy days now passed away for ever, these verses used to travel across the seas in love-letters to 'Mother', and they were generally accompanied by the request to 'read them to dear Father, and tell me if he likes them.' Now 'dear Father' was a little impatient of poets and their 'pottery', as he called it; but whenever I read to him one of 'Son Tom's pieces', the result was sure to be smiles or tears, or both mingled together on that beloved face, and *such* a verdict always satisfied me. . . . . From my vivid remembrance of my beloved's pleasure in his son's heart-music, I may safely promise the readers of these pages a kindred delight, and perchance, a similar experience of tears and smiles as they read *Scarlet Threads and Bits of Blue*."

The first part of the book is printed in scarlet, and the second in blue; and the cover bears a pretty design of the scarlet cord hanging from the window, and bits of blue ribbon dangling before the reader's eyes. One of the first poems in the collection tells the story of Rahab's scarlet line. On the last Thursday night that Mr. Thomas Spurgeon was at the Tabernacle, he preached upon this incident, and closed his sermon by repeating the following lines:—

A TRUE TOKEN.

"Give me a true token."—Joshua ii. 12.
"Thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window."
"And she bound the scarlet line in the window."
"By faith the harlot Rahab perished not."—Hebrews xi. 31.

"Thou shalt bind this line in the window,"
The spies to Rahab said;
"'Tis the line thou didst let us down by,
A cord of scarlet thread:
And thou shalt be saved! and thy kindred
May have salvation, too,
But all must unceasingly tarry
Beneath this token true."

* Scarlet Threads and Bits of Blue. By Thomas Spurgeon. With Preface by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster. Ornamental paper covers, 1s., cloth, 1s. 6d.

So she bound the line in the window
In confidence sublime,
And waited in peace with her dear ones
The fulness of the time.
And when, at the blast of the rams' horns,
The walls their strength forgot,
The house of the harlot stood steadfast;
By faith she perished not.

Have *you* bound the line in the window—
The precious, precious blood?
Have you trusted in Christ's atonement
Which maketh peace with God?
Then bring in your nearest and dearest
To rest beneath this sign;
The BLOOD is the truest of tokens,
'Tis God's own scarlet line!

On the previous Sabbath evening, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon had selected as his subject, "The precious blood of Christ." In his discourse he made special reference to the late Dr. Stanford's memorable words, "The principle of our acceptance through Christ is awfully told in the word BLOOD,—the red word." It is worthy of note that the poem above-quoted and the one which follows were both written within a few days of the author's departure for New Zealand.

"THE RED WORD."

"The Red Word" is a *Beacon*,
Of sin to warn mankind;
"The Red Word" marks the *Harbour*
Where sinners shelter find.

"The Red Word" is God's *Signet*,
His pardoning love it proves;
"The Red Word" seals the cov'nant,
The Blood the curse removes.

"The Red Word" is our *Token*,
The sprinkled Blood we trust;
God saves believing sinners,
"He promised, and He must."

"The Red Word" is our *Magnet*,
'Tis Blood that makes us nigh;
"The Red Word" is our *Passport*
"To fairer worlds on high."

"The Red Word" is our *War-cry:*
When foes come like a flood,
We lift the crimson standard,
And shout, "THE BLOOD! THE BLOOD!"

"The Red Word" is the *Key-note*
Of all our praise to God;
And "e'en where glory dwelleth,"
We'll sing our Saviour's Blood.

Our readers are familiar with many of the *Scarlet Threads;* but they will be glad to have them in this portable form. Here is "All of Grace," that poetic Calvinistic gem which pleased Mr. Spurgeon as much as his son delighted in his dear father's book, entitled *All of Grace*, written to help enquirers and young converts. Here, too, is "All Glory," which brought "tears" to many eyes when the author recently recited it at the Tabernacle Gospel Temperance meeting, and the "smiles" of which his dear mother writes in her preface, followed a few minutes later when "Son Tom" repeated that triumph of the punster's art, "Stitch it on."

We expect that some of the poems will find a permanent place in our Baptist hymnology; such, for instance, as—

"Looking unto Jesus."

"Our Master's Messages."

"Jesus is my Shepherd."

"Is thine heart right?"

and that grand baptismal hymn, "Love's Loyalty," in which every line is accompanied by a proof passage from the Word of God. This would make an admirable leaflet for use at baptismal services.

The poem which, at present, ranks as Mr. Thomas Spurgeon's masterpiece, is the one entitled, "In Perils in the Sea." When his beloved father published it in *The Sword and the Trowel*, he accompanied it with the following note:—"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 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."

In one of the recent sketches of his life, the writer said that probably Mr. Thomas Spurgeon thought no more of the voyage from Plymouth to New Zealand than most of us think of crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne. He is certainly well acquainted with the ocean, and many of these poems tell of his interest in the men that go down to the sea in ships; take, for instance, this verse from "Remember me Aloft,"—

"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 abstaining readers will be glad to find many of their favourite pieces among the *Bits of Blue*, but they will also meet with some that have not appeared before. Our space is exhausted, so we cannot give details; but we advise all to get the book for themselves, and to put it among the Christmas and New Year presents for their friends. The publishers have printed a large edition; but we hope that the public, if not the publicans, like Oliver Twist, will speedily ask for "more."

Lessons from the Loom.

BY R. J. PEDEN, FOXTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE visitor to our manufacturing firms, while he stands watching, with profound interest, the interlacing and binding together of warp and woof, is liable to forget to cast his eyes upward and above him, where a most important part of the machinery is at work. We hear the swish and clash caused by the moving of the numerous needles and springs of that machinery, while we are watching with evident admiration the gradual working out of the most exquisite of designs upon and into the textile fabric. We forget, amid the din and clatter of lever, wheel, and crank of many looms, to find out the origin of the beautiful design in the cloth which we admire.

Now, this is often the case when men set themselves to judge the character of the Christian life. They admire the beauties of the Christian religion in others as far as they are faithful to the design which the Great Designer had in fashioning them; and why should they not admire those traits of character even though they do not know their source? But it is far better to know their origin.

Our Lord's test for trying His followers is, "By their fruits ye shall know them." By that means we can find out whether the tree is good or bad. But if there be any goodness in us, whence cometh this goodness? It must come from Christ; and, even though men know not God savingly, yet the light which beams forth from a holy Christian life, is calculated to lead others to glorify our Father who is in heaven by impressing them with the thought that we have been with Jesus, and have learnt of Him.

If we take the loom before us, and notice the hidden operations of this well-known and useful piece of machinery, we may learn a few lessons therefrom. In making the hangings for the Tabernacle, it is said that "every wise hearted man among them that wrought the work of the Tabernacle made ten curtains of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet: with cherubims of cunning-work made he them." These figures were probably wrought by needle in the cloth, perhaps after the pattern shown to Moses in the Mount, or as the Lord had directly revealed to the workers; for many had by the Almighty been "filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the *weaver*, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work." In modern productions, we have a designer who paints his pattern on a large sheet with mathematical precision, from which pattern a set of cards is cut, representing *in extenso* the artist's design. These cards are so united as to pass in consecutive order around a revolving cylinder, which is pressed against a bank of needles fastened in a machine at the top of the weaving shop, and far above what is properly called the loom. To these needles is attached the harness or body of fine twine, reaching down to the yarn of the loom, and they have all the warp of the loom under their control; and, being acted upon by this cylinder and cards, we understand how the design of the cards is wrought into the cloth.

This piece of machinery, which is almost hidden from view among the dingy cross-beams of a country weaver's shop, is the source of the very acme of the weaving art. Two particulars associated with this machine form our main illustrations. To my mind, the loom is eminently figurative of man, with his marvellous mechanism. But not only is man fearfully and wonderfully made in his physical arrangement, but he is endowed with an inner, a spiritual organism, far above the narrow limits of a natural system. As there is a variety of looms, there is also a variety of men; but as each loom is weaving its own web, so each man is weaving into his life an ineffaceable design. The hidden machinery—the heart of man—contains all the living elements which are developed in the life. The life is but a transcription of the heart. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The heart is the seat of life; and as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. If the heart is right with God, the life will be right; but if otherwise, then the life will betray tokens of a spiritual disease. If the weaver is foolish enough to put the wrong set of cards upon his machine, he will probably have to pay rather heavily for his mistake; for there are good designs, and there are bad designs; designs which are to order, and designs which are out of order.

When the noble Augustine was struggling against the bars of his prison, like some imprisoned bird, endeavouring to free himself from the yoke of spiritual bondage, he read the words, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." This was the light he sought; and, laying aside all other designs, he desired to have Jesus formed in his heart as the hope of glory. Dear reader, is your heart right with God? Have you the divine design before you?

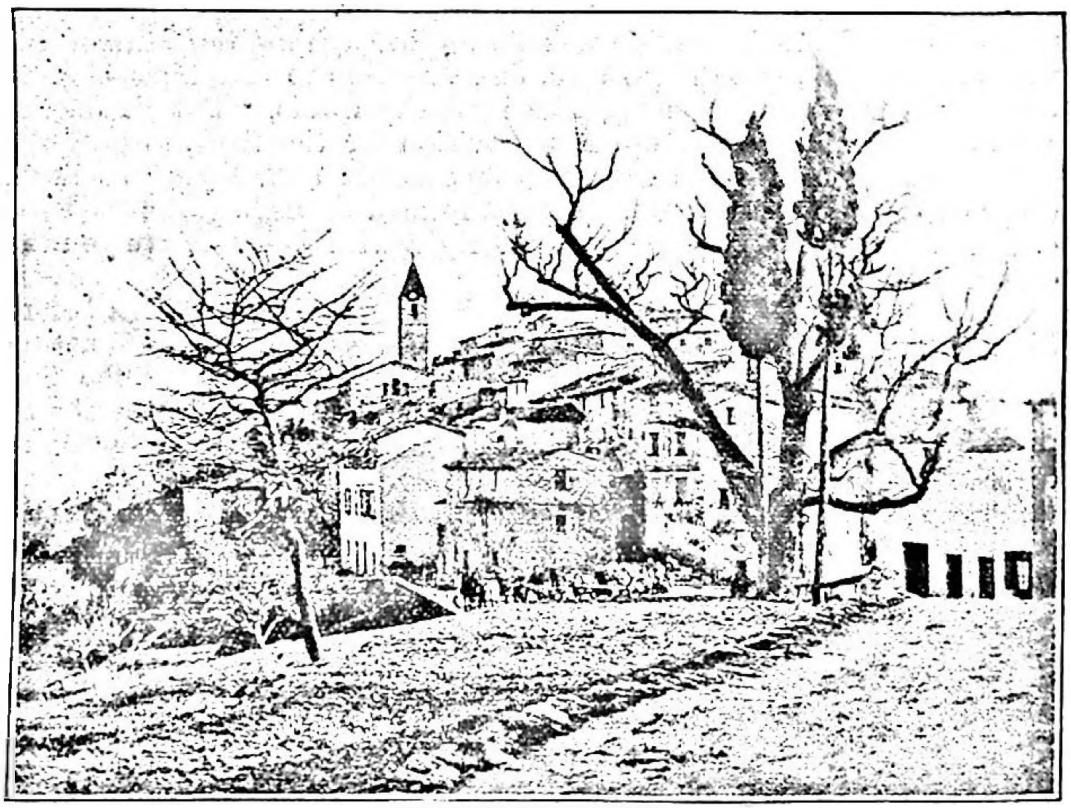
When the weaver is satisfied that he has the right design before him, his next question is, are the needles perfect? If a single needle is broken or bent, then an imperfection will be visible. If the fine quick points of our heart are blunted by disobedience, or by secret and wicked deeds, then the life will be weakened, and will come far short of the design shown to us in the Mount, when the Spirit took of the things of Jesus, and revealed them unto us. No good weaver would consider the breaking of a thread, or the bending of a needle, too trifling to be attended to; for he knows it would mar the beauty of the manufacture. Is it so with us? Are we careful to look after every detail of the Master's commands, lest we should come short of their observance? Are we anxious to make our lives a *fac-simile* of our Master's; not counting the least word that He said too trifling for our attention? "Trifling!" echoes some good soul with surprise; thinking rightly that not a syllable from those sacred lips of Jesus should be thought of lightly; yet it is true that many otherwise beautiful lives are spoiled through inattention to the commands of Jesus. How many fail to commemorate His dying love, and refuse to be buried with Him in baptism! Are these things trifling? You answer, "No." Then why mar the web of a useful Christian life by neglecting those things which help to constitute what our Saviour called the fulfilment of all righteousness?

Mr. Spurgeon's Last Drives at Menton.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

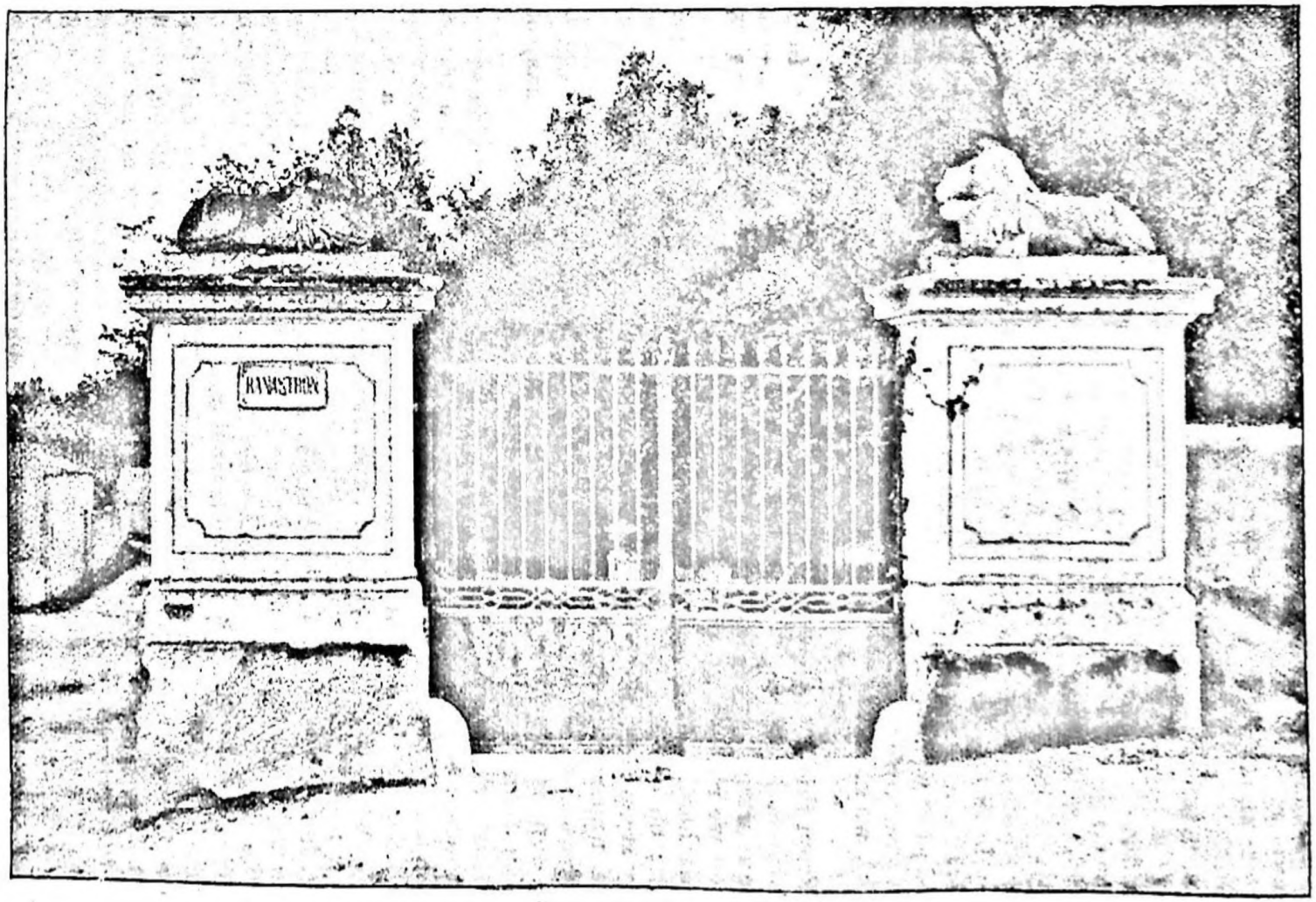
(*Continued from page* 663.)

IF our space had permitted us to do so, we should last month have inserted the view we give below of the little mountain village of Gorbio, which Mr. Spurgeon often visited, and of which he published a lengthy and interesting description in *The Sword and the Trowel* for August, 1890. At that time he had been unable to procure a photograph of the place; but our friend, Mr. Houghton, kindly undertook to take one, and we are thus able to give our readers a picture of the spot which has for us many happy associations. Its connection with the narrative in our last number is just this. Beneath the trees here shown on the left hand, flows, or should flow, a stream of water, which winds and twists in all manner of directions until it at last finds its way into the sea just past the curious building represented in last month's Magazine.



GORBIO, NEAR MENTON.

Resuming our drive from the *Pont de l'Union*, a few seconds sufficed to bring us opposite "*Dr. Hanna's lions.*" When the esteemed author of *The Last Day of our Lord's Passion* drove along this road with our late beloved Pastor, he was most seriously assured by Mr. Spurgeon that "neither our own Zoological Gardens, nor the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*, at Paris, possessed a specimen of the species of lion to which



"DR. HANNA'S LIONS."

these belonged;" and it was not until the middle of the night that he saw the meaning of his genial companion's playful remark. In repeating the story, our dear Pastor said, "Never will myself or my friends cease to think of the honoured Dr. Hanna so long as the lions remain;" and, at his request, Mr. Mackenzie photographed the charming (!) creatures, whose portraits we are able, through his kindness, to present to our readers. While we recall Dr. Hanna's stay at Menton by this amusing incident, we also retain most pleasant recollections of his Sabbath morning services at the Presbyterian mission-room in the *Villa les Grottes*. How well we remember the delight with which Mr. Spurgeon listened to his venerable friend's helpful expositions of the Scriptures, and the joy that they both manifested as they talked about the things of God! And now, for nearly a year, they have been in the presence of the King, whom on earth they loved to serve. One would like to listen to their conversation in the heavenly land; but we must be content to wait the Lord's own time, and then, by His grace, we too shall rejoin the dear ones from whom, to our great grief, we have been for a while separated.

From this point, the objects of interest along the route were fully described by Mr. Spurgeon in his "Drives at Menton," No. II.—To Roquebrune. (See *Sword and Trowel*, July, 1890.) On that occasion, when we reached the spot where the two roads converge, we took the right hand turning, and ascended to the little town on the brown rock; on our last journey, we turned to the left, and descended the very steep road down which many travel on their way to Monte Carlo. The upper portion of the road is flanked on the left by sentinel cypresses; and lower down there are many large carob-trees, which are supposed by some to produce the "locusts" (locust-beans) of which John the Baptist ate.

Although Mr. Spurgeon had probably driven in this direction scores of times, he had never left the main road, and explored the region around the station of *Cabbé Roquebrune*. He wished to find out what the neighbourhood was like, and especially whether it was a place where we could bring our books, and sit down for a quiet read or talk. After making a thorough investigation, we came to the conclusion that, however suitable the spot might be for those who had villas and gardens, it was not at all the place for casual visitors; so returning to the highway, we drove to *Les Grottes de St. Roman*, the point for which we were bound when we started out.

One of the Mentonese papers, speaking of these grottoes, said that no stranger who visited Nice, Cannes, Menton, or San Remo, could excuse himself from going to visit them; and even went so far as to say that one must not return to Paris, or to his own country, without going to see the wonderful discoveries recently made. After paying our franc, and by the light of a pair of *bougies* on long sticks, viewing all that there was to be seen, we could say to our friends, "Yes; the place is worth visiting. You must not expect to see anything like the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, or Fingal's Cave in the Isle of Staffa; but if you want a pleasant morning's drive, or a good stiff walk out from Menton, the *Grottes de St. Roman* are just a convenient distance

off, and the sight of the stalactites and stalagmites will be worth the franc that the loquacious attendant will charge you for the view, the candles, and the description he gives you of the churches, pillars, animals, &c., that a vivid imagination can see in the various formations on the roof and floor of the caverns."

Our morning's task being accomplished, we returned to the hotel to give a report of our discoveries to Mrs. Spurgeon, in the hope that, some day, she might be able to pay a visit to the *Grottes*. That day, however, never came; for ere long, other thoughts filled our minds, and other emotions stirred our hearts, as he who was the life and soul of our little circle was stricken with his last illness, and quickly called away from us to be "for ever with the Lord."

"Ecce Rex!"*

BEHOLD your King! by God decreed,
Though crowned with thorns, and with a reed
For sceptre, yet a King indeed.

Behold your King! what royal grace
And dignity light up His face,
While standing in the judgment-place!

Behold your King! how calm He stands,
Enduring insult at the hands
Of Jewish and of Gentile bands!

Behold your King! how patiently
He bears the coarse brutality
Of those who mock His majesty!

Behold your King! faint, bleeding, bound,
In cruel jest, enrobed, and crowned,
While jeering thousands gather round.

Behold your King! His travail o'er,
Rejected, and despised, no more,
Ascending where He reigned before.

Behold your King! Lo! angels wait
To hail Him, and the golden gate
Swings wide, as He returns in state.

Behold your King! He comes again,
Not to be mocked, and scourged, and slain,
But over all to rule and reign.

Behold your King! and bow the knee,
Before Him in sincerity,
And own His sway in loyalty.

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

* We published last month Mr. Tydeman's companion poem to the above, entitled, "Ecce Homo!"

"It is Finished."

IN the original, "It is finished," is only one word: a sea of meaning in a drop of language. *We* talk much, and say little; our Lord spake little, but said more than all the rest of language can explain.

It was *His glory* that He could say "finished"; for we begin and seldom *finish*, though we come to the close; and often we break off before a proper end is made. He finished every stroke of the work as He went on: there was a fine finish about it all, whereas our work is often spoiled for lack of finish even when we have done with it. His was an unparalleled work; but having undertaken it, he carried it to a glorious end.

This is *our comfort*. We are free, for our redemption is finished. We are accepted, for our righteousness is finished. For life, for death, for eternity, the work which saves us is finished; therein we rest.

This is *our example*. Let us not weary till we too can say, each one, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." Then may we joyfully bow our head, and yield up the ghost. May His good Spirit keep us till He who finished the work *for* us shall finish the work *in* us!—*Written by C. H. Spurgeon, in a young lady's album, on Lord's-day, November* 3, 1889.

"John Ploughman's" Last Messages.

ON *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for* 1893, special attention is called to the entries opposite the dates *January* 31 and *June* 19. They are as follows:—

> Our beloved Pastor entered heaven, 11.5 p.m., January 31, 1892.

> "John Ploughman" fifty-nine;
> Help his orphans, brother mine!

We refer our readers to the Almanack itself for full details; but there are two other dates which deserve particular mention.

It will be remembered that Mr. Spurgeon had written in his pocket-book several couplets, all of which more or less related to the end of life on earth, and the entrance into life in heaven. Some, at least, of these lines were not original; but they were sufficiently striking to be recorded by Mr. Spurgeon for the use of all who might afterwards read them. One of the couplets in the pocket-book,—

> "Poor they may live, but rich they die
> Whose treasure is laid up on high;"

was also inserted by "John Ploughman" in his new Almanack, which closes with two lines of a similar character to the rest, although they were not in the pocket-book. The motto for *December* 31, 1893,—

> "Life itself will soon be past,
> See that heaven is yours at last;"

is, as far as any words can convey it, "*John Ploughman's*" *last message to the readers of his Almanack.*

A Tiny Teacher from the Orphanage.

THE following conversation took place in a bedroom in a country minister's house, and the speakers were two young occupants of the dormitory, the first, the little son of the minister, aged four; the second, a little maiden from the Stockwell Orphanage, who was spending her holidays at the manse.

He said, "Tell me something about heaven and hell." She replied, "I will tell you something about heaven; but not about hell."

The listeners' hearts throbbed with delight and many conflicting emotions, as the sweet voices of the little theologians gave a new illustration of our Saviour's words, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Much passed in that infantile talk that cannot be reproduced; but one question, put by the little maid, is a precious testimony to the character of the teaching given to the children at the Orphanage, and the intelligence with which the orphans receive that instruction: "*Do you think you can go to heaven without repentance?*" This question might supply food for meditation for many teachers older and more experienced than the one whose words we are quoting. Her baby hearer was not sufficiently versed in theology to venture on an answer to her query; but he replied by asking another question, "*Can I take my drum to heaven?*" The merry peal of amused laughter showed plainly that the little teacher's notions of heaven were not very materialistic.

Next morning, the little man announced his summary and conclusion of the previous night's debate by saying, "*I don't want to go to heaven if I cannot take my drum.*" I am afraid that many children of a larger growth do not betray a much larger growth of heart and mind than our little boy displayed. Only a few days since, a "Christian" man, and a member of a large London Baptist Church, said to me, in my own study, "I do not believe in the God of the Bible." God's ways, and words, and thoughts, do not always fit in with the fads of such people; and, sooner than give up their "drum", they will give up their hope of heaven, if they ever had any!

God bless, say I, the Institution that not only cares for the bodies of the orphans, but aims definitely at the conversion of the dear bairns at the earliest possible age! As a fellow-student and personal friend of John Maynard, who went from the Orphanage to the College, and from the College to the Congo, and from the Congo to the glory-land, I say, God bless the Stockwell Orphanage! J. S.

Joy from the Word of God.

TRUE spiritual joy comes from the Word, and that rightly understood; but delusive joy comes either without the Word, or by misunderstanding of the Word. The channel of divine communications is the Word of God: Isa. lix. 21. That joy which comes by pretended revelations, dreams, or impressions, without the Word, is most likely to be the effect of a heated fancy; and people had need to beware of being beguiled with these things.—*Thomas Boston.*

The Old Hermit.

ONE lovely day, not long ago, we were steaming along past the rocky coast of Greece, on our way from England to the Black Sea. After leaving Cape Matapan behind us, by sailing inside the island of Cerigo, the bold point of Cape Malia came prominently into view. The water all round this coast being very deep, we were able to go comparatively close to the shore, and obtain a fine sight of this noble headland. The cape is a magnificent mountainous rock, rising almost perpendicularly from the sea-level to a great height, the water close to the edge of the rock being at least sixty fathoms deep.

Although the point of this promontory is so formidable and dangerous to seamen, yet there is an item of interest connected with it that always wins the attention of all sailors; for, about half way up the mountain-side, there is a little white house, and surrounding it a small garden; and in this house, all alone, there lives an old, white-haired man, with a long, flowing beard. From the house there is a small path, leading to a little chapel, about a mile away to the right, where this so-called saintly man spends much of his time in his religious exercises and devotions; probably counting his beads, and reciting his prayers, thereby imagining that, being separate from sinners, he will be separated from sin, and so gain and merit the salvation of his soul.

The sailors' yarn about him is, that he was formerly a sea-captain, and on the occasion of his first voyage round this cape, his ship struck on the rocks, and went down, he and his crew escaping only with their lives. But again he came on a similar voyage, and again disaster attended his efforts to round this point; for this time, in a fog, he ran straight against the headland, with the result that his ship was lost, and half his crew drowned. Time passed by, and once more he tried to sail by this fatal place; and on this occasion, besides having a noble ship and a valuable cargo committed to his care, he had his own wife and family on board with him, which would make him more intensely anxious than ever to steer clear of all danger. Once more, however, the hand of Providence seemed against him; and, terrible to relate, this vessel, like the others, struck, and quickly went down, and all on board met with a watery grave excepting the captain, who, swimming to shore, found, to his inexpressible sorrow, that his wife, his family, and his crew, were all gone, and he was left desolate. Such was the burden of his grief, that he determined that he would henceforth live as a hermit on the very spot where he had lost all that were near and dear to him in this life.

Such is the sailors' story. Whether there is any real foundation for it, the writer cannot say; and he must ask the reader to accept it for what it is worth. Certain it is, however, that a man lives all alone on the side of this mountain facing the sea; for, with the aid of our glasses, we were able to see him distinctly walking along the path towards his one-storied house.

Personally, the writer thinks the other account is more reliable; that is, that the man is a monk of the Romish church, who has withdrawn from his fellows to obtain greater peace of mind and sanctity of spirit; and certainly he could scarcely have chosen a spot more suitable; for his dwelling-place is almost inaccessible either from sea or land. Though a few pilgrims do venture, with perseverance worthy of a better cause, to climb to his little sanctuary, once a year, yet he may have no fear of being disturbed very often. Living on the produce of his garden, and fish caught from the sea, he hopes to win eternal rest. Inspired Scripture, however, gives no warrant for any such hope. We cannot be saved by our works, for sin preceded them, accompanies them, and will follow them, and so finally destroys their power to redeem us. The only possible way of salvation is by faith in the finished work and sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Then, again, is it true that we can attain greater personal holiness by living a life of absolute seclusion from all social intercourse, than if we are daily in the midst of our fellow-creatures, seeking their highest good? There is sufficient sin within a man's own heart to be capable of anything equal to that which he sees around him. If we let the reins lie slack upon the necks of the fiery steeds of our own passions, they will drag us to the lowest wickedness; and to get away, and be alone, may be one way of avoiding the company of wicked people, yet in reality we have taken our worst enemy with us. Further than this, we have deprived ourselves of the sympathy and help which the examples of earnest Christian workers always give as they work on for the extension of Christ's kingdom amidst scenes of vice and misery. Is it not, also, indescribably selfish on the part of any one man to be seeking his own salvation in such a way, and never have a thought for the millions perishing in the world?

If our blessed Master had shown the same spirit towards us, where should we have been to-day? Then let us first of all accept, by personal faith, the redemption of the Lord Jesus, and begin at once to strive for the salvation of others; and in so doing we shall find we are nearer attaining to Christ's righteousness in our hearts and lives than if we adopt the life of a hermit. Remember Christ's own words, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

Shipley. ALBERT PRITER.

Another Trophy of the Hop-pickers' Mission.

IN sending us a report of this year's work among the hop-pickers in Kent, MR. BURNHAM writes:—"We missed from our midst one who had been a regular visitor for twenty-six years. When first he came among us, he was a rough drunken bully. Scarcely ever sober, his boast was that, with his one arm, he could fight any man; and too often he proved the truth of his boast, until he was the terror of the camp in which he lodged. When first Fanny Crosby's hymn, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' came out, fresh and sweet, Mr. Kendon, with a few of his scholars, entered the camp, one Sunday morning, singing the now well-worn strain. Seated upon a log, with a short pipe in his mouth, listening to a mate reading a Sunday newspaper, was this man. The sound of the singing arrested him, then the words so rivetted his attention that his pipe dropped unnoticed from his lips, and his heart was touched by the sweet song. It awakened within him serious reflection, and caused a distaste for his former wickedness. On returning from Kent, he sought a mission-hall, and there attended with saving result. He returned to us the following season 'a new man in Christ Jesus.' For many years he has been 'a bright and shining light' among the hoppers here, and ever at our right hand as a true witness for Christ. Last year, at our hoppers' free tea, when speaking to the crowd of about a thousand, I turned to him for a confirmation of my testimony, and asked, 'What have you to say to this, Mr. Carter?' His quiet, unaffected reply was, 'Oh, I wish all these dear friends knew my blessed Jesus!'

"On the first Sabbath morning of this month, I visited the camp where I had so long been accustomed to find him, and learnt that he was too unwell to come this season. I was led to plead for dying grace for our old friend, if the hour of his 'departure' had come. Next day, the tidings reached us that, *at that very time*, whilst we were praying for him, he peacefully passed away, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?'"

A Promising Work in Leicester.

ON the opposite page is a view of the hall, for the preaching of the gospel, which it is proposed to erect in a recently-risen and rapidly-growing artisan suburb of Leicester, just opposite to the spot where for several years I have made my home. The urgent need for an evangelical and evangelistic effort there has been evident for some time, especially since the erection, in the district, of a large shoe factory employing about two thousand persons.

Circumstances have conspired to thrust upon me the responsibility of initiating this work; and hitherto the Lord has so graciously opened up the way, step by step, as to make it evident that whoever is the worker, the work is HIS. In that confidence we venture forward.

No better service for Christ can be accomplished than the planting, in needy neighbourhoods, of permanent centres of Christian teaching and activity. A year ago we looked hopefully forward to Mr. Spurgeon's generous counsel and help in this particular effort—for he always had the greatest sympathy with such an undertaking—but as we are deprived of his eloquent advocacy, I am kindly permitted to make this personal statement to his friends.

On the very day which brought the tidings that "our beloved Pastor entered heaven," the project took definite shape in the liberal promise of £500 from Mr. Spurgeon's dear friend, and my friend, Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd; and when, some time afterwards, my friend, Mr. J. Wallis Goddard (who is now the Treasurer of the scheme), promised another £500, a very fair financial start was made. Since then, about £500 further has been promised; but as the land which has been purchased and the building will together cost about £5,000, there is yet a sum of £3,500 to be raised. We have been praying that £1,000 of this may be speedily given as a further token of God's will in the matter.

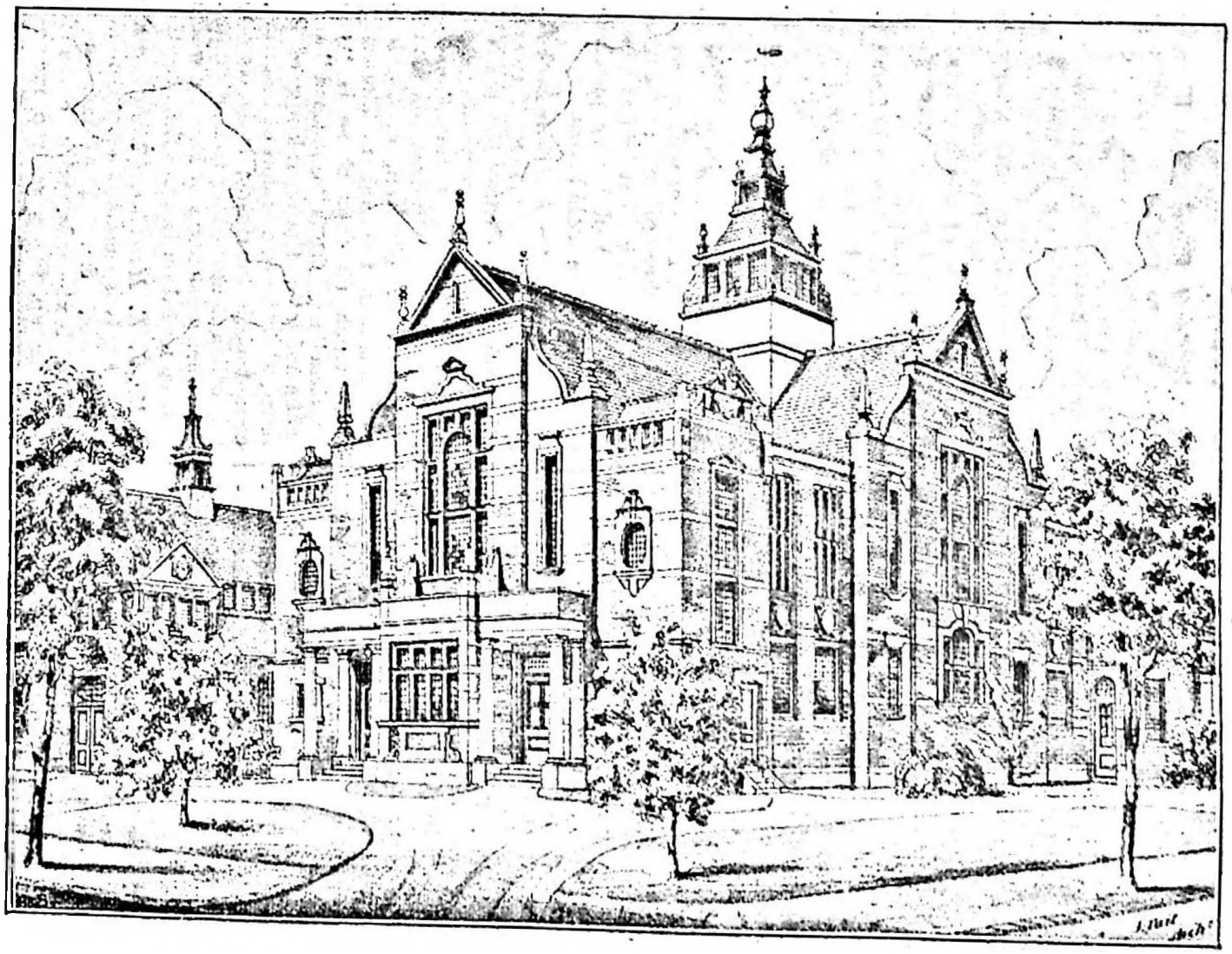
But the most interesting circumstances remain to be told. A committee of gentlemen resident in the neighbourhood having been formed, in whom the property is vested, and the approval of the churches of Leicester having been gained, it was found that our Pastors' College Brother, F. J. Feltham, late of Luton, was willing to undertake the work. He was gladly welcomed in August, and has commended himself to everybody as just the man for the place, and has won the hearts of the people in a way quite remarkable. The services were inaugurated in a little hall which, without our knowledge, seems almost to have been specially built for our present use. From the first it was crowded with eager listeners, and the interest has deepened until, recently, 240 persons were counted out of the hall, which is only supposed to hold 160. A capital Sunday-school has been established, large prayer-meetings are regularly held, and, better than all, souls have been converted, and the life of many believers quickened. The only limit to the work is the meagre accommodation.

Here are the people; here the ready worker; here the evident presence of the Spirit of God. To the measure of its ability, the congregation is prepared to contribute towards the larger building; but the help of the Lord's people outside is necessary. Surely it will not be withheld.

The proposed hall, which will accommodate about a thousand persons, will, at first, be used both for services and Sunday-school. No money will be wasted. The building, which will be in the Dutch style, will be adapted for real work; and being uncommon in its plan, yet simple in its arrangements, will, we are assured, be a popular meeting-place.

If some of the readers of this statement will prayerfully consider the need of this promising work, and incline to aid, I shall be very glad to supply the fullest information, and shall most gratefully receive any donations to help it forward. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

122, Regent Road, Leicester. W. Y. FULLERTON.



Notices of Books.

The Sword and the Trowel. Volume XXVIII. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 5s.

SHORTLY after the publication of the present number, our publishers will be prepared to supply the Volume for the year 1892. After certain of the monthly parts had run out of print, there was so large a demand for them, that we expect many, who were then disappointed, will obtain the copies they needed by purchasing the Volume which contains them; for they cannot be procured in any other way. This year's issues will ever be memorable mementos of the late beloved Editor, and his many works of faith and labours of love.

Breaking the Long Silence. Mr. Spurgeon's last two Addresses, delivered at Menton, on New Year's Eve, and New Year's Morning, 1892. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 6d.

OUR publishers have, we think wisely, issued our late Editor's last two Addresses, in a tastefully-printed booklet, with gilt edges, suitable for Christmas or the New Year. Many of our readers will be glad to possess and distribute these charming *souvenirs* of Mr. Spurgeon's last sojourn in the sunny South.

No Cross: No Crown. Passmore and Alabaster. Price threepence.

ANOTHER illuminated card, which many of our readers will wish to possess, as it contains the seven couplets written by Mr. Spurgeon in his pocket-book, closing with the solemn message,—

"Prepared be
To follow me."

Before our friends purchase their *Calendars* for the New Year, we advise them to enquire for the one published by Marcus Ward and Co., and Passmore and Alabaster. It is entitled, *The Spurgeon Calendar, with Quotations for Every Day in the Year from his Writings.* It is adorned with a portrait of our late Editor, views of the Pastors' College, and Stockwell Orphanage, the text that was on the olive-casket, and the emblematic palm-branches. The price of the Calendar is 1s.

Mr. Walter G. Wheeler, 21A, *Warwick Lane*, sends us some more specimens of his booklets, cards, &c. The only fresh ones are *Messengers of Salvation*, 12 cards with gospel texts, and designs of birds on the wing, 1s. the packet. There is a superabundance of colour in the pictures, but even that may attract attention to the texts. The designs on some of the booklets are spoiled by the undue prominence given to the name of the publisher.

Mr. Wheeler also forwards four sixpenny booklets, by Dr. Pierson, *The Pillar of Fire: A Word of Witness from Personal Experience. The Dove in the Heart; or, the Perfect Peace of God. The Hand on the Plough; or, Some Secrets of Service. Hope: the Last Thing in the World.* Those who have heard Dr. Pierson will recognize much that is here printed; and those who wish to know what he has to say on these topics had better purchase any or all of the little books.

Mr. Ernest Nister, Religious Book Society, 28, *Paternoster Row*, forwards samples of Motto cards for the New Year, illuminated correspondence cards, &c. We like them all except one that is evidently intended for the sprinkling of children, although it mentions trine immersion. The Scriptures teach us that there is "one baptism" as there is "one Lord" and "one faith"; the sprinkling of infants, and the immersion of believers, cannot both be right; it is easy to tell which is according to God's mind. There are some texts in French, which will be useful on the Continent.

Mr. J. E. Hawkins, 17, *Paternoster Row*, sends specimens of Calendars, Text-cards, &c. The fashion of issuing Text-cards, with cords for hanging up, seems on the increase. *Light and Love*, 12 for 2s., are a pretty set; but they will soon get soiled; and the same remark applies to the 12 cards sold at 1s., under the title of *Faith and Hope. The Faithful Promiser Calendar* is neat; and there are other Calendars at 4d., 6d., and 1s.

each. The two booklets, *Grace to Glory*, and *Thoughts of Peace*; and the two sets of cards, tied in book form. *Guidance and Help*, and *Riches of Grace*, are among the more noticeable contents of the packet. Not knowing the prices, we cannot mention the cost of these pretty things; but intending purchasers can easily ascertain it from the publishers.

The Sunday-school Union, 56, *Old Bailey*, has issued its Annual Volumes for Teachers and Scholars. *The Teacher's Pocket Book* is as good as usual, except that it has, for a frontispiece, a hideous misrepresentation of our good friend, Mr. George Williams. *The Sunday-school Teacher*, and *Notes on the Scripture Lessons*, must be of great service to teachers who have little leisure and slender apparatus for their important service; while preachers may find in them many illustrations worthy of use in the pulpit. *The Silver Link*, the organ of the International Bible Reading Association, comes out in a handsome cover adorned with butterflies and blossoms: would not bees have been more emblematic of those who are seeking to extract the essence of the Word, which is sweeter than honey? The contents of the Volume will interest many beside the members of the mystic I. B. R. A. *Young England* has reached Volume XIII., and in its teens gives promise of a long and vigorous life. The stories are lively enough to please the young people of both sexes, and there is a good deal in the book better than stories. *The Child's Own Magazine* is getting very venerable; for this is the fifty-ninth Volume. It bids fair to be "the child's own" even when it is a hundred years old.

A batch of new books accompanies the Annuals. It is to be hoped that the publishers have carefully examined them all before issuing them; for we cannot undertake the task of reading them. Here are the titles and prices of the whole set:—*Waif and Gipsy. The Mystery of Hall-in-the-Wood* (2s. 6d. each). *The Lightship Hand* (2s). *In the Days of '54* (1s. 6d). *Wrecked off Scilly. Elf Island* (1s. each). *Choosing her Way. Dick of the "Paradise"* (9d. each). *Moved] by Example* (6d). *Mother's Money. Marion's Revenge* (4d. each).

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, send us eleven little books, six by Mary Holdsworth, and five by other writers. As far as we can make out, there is nothing in any of them that is likely to do the young readers any harm, *or any good.*

Hand and Heart. Volume XVI. "Home Words" Office.

EVERYTHING issued by our good friend, Mr. Bullock, is sure to be evangelical and earnest. To this Magazine he puts his hand with all his heart, and thus he is the means of uniting other hands and hearts. God bless him, and *Hand and Heart*, too!

The Infants' Magazine. The Children's Friend. The Friendly Visitor. The Mothers' Companion. The Family Friend. The Band of Hope Review. The British Workman. Volumes for 1892. Partridge and Co.

WE should not be far from the mark if we declared these seven Annuals to be "All good alike." There is considerable variety in them, but they are all excellent in their own line. Mr. Spurgeon always delighted to look through these publications of Messrs. Partridge & Co., and now several of the volumes before us contain appreciative notices of himself and his work. These Magazines are all too well known to need commendation; but we wish to all of them an ever-widening sphere of usefulness.

Little Folks. Volume for 1892. Cassell.

SURELY the "little folks" must declare that *their* magazine gets better every year. What a treasure the Annual Volume must be to the tinies! With 432 pages of letterpress, and pictures on nearly every page, it is cheap at 3s. 6d.

Railway Booklets, Gospel Leaves, Plain Points for Plain People, and *The Consolations of God.* Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling.

AN assortment of gospel tracts, all good, and well adapted to meet the varied needs of those for whom they are written. Specially choice and tasteful is a beautiful series entitled, "The Consolations of God."

The Gospel of St. Matthew. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Vols. I. and II. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE are "Bible-class Expositions" by the greatest of living preachers; but many a minister will be glad to take a place in his Bible-class, and listen to his masterly expositions of "The Gospel of the Kingdom." Not a word is wasted; every sentence tells. The expositor draws no "bow at a venture"; his arrows strike the very centre of the target at which he aims.

Opening Vol. II. almost at random, these striking sentences caught our eye, and we could not help making an application of them to the martyr for the truth whose loss is still fresh in our memories:—"It is a great deal easier to build tombs than to accept teachings, and a good deal of the posthumous honour paid to God's messengers means, 'It's a good thing they are dead, and that we have nothing to do but to put up a monument.' . . . . . The magnifiers of the past are often unconscious of the hollowness of their admiration, and honest in their horror of their fathers' acts; and we all need the probe of such words as Christ's (Matt. xxiii. 29—36) to pierce the skin of our lazy reverence for our fathers' prophets, and let out the foul matter below, namely, our own blindness to God's messengers of to-day."

Another volume, by Dr. Maclaren, "*The God of the Amen*," *and other Sermons* (Alexander and Shepheard), has been too long upon our shelves unnoticed. Our advice to our readers is, "Buy this book, and every other that bears the honoured name of Alexander Maclaren; and we prophesy that you will not have cause to regret your purchase."

Christ is All. By H. C. G. MOULE, M.A. *Plain Words on Great Themes.* By J. OSWALD DYKES, M.A., D.D. Sampson Low and Co.

TWO more volumes of the "Preachers of the Age" series, and two that have a right to be placed in such a collection. The Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, and the Principal of the Theological College of the Presbyterian Church of England, have been charged with a message to the age in which they live, and clearly have they delivered their message.

Mr. Moule plainly states his position in relation to the vital question of all the ages:—"A strong thinker of the past generation, Isaac Taylor, of Ongar, somewhere says that to the end of time a Vicarious Atonement (in the old evangelical sense of those words) will be assailed with objections; and that to the end of time the awakened, the thoroughly awakened, conscience will gravitate to the Vicarious Atonement as to its one possible rest. True witness; let me put my seal humbly to it in both its parts."

Dr. Dykes is not less definite in his declaration:—"It was the mysterious power of the cross which tamed the rude, fierce youth of the Teutonic peoples. I welcome the lesson. I do not wish it to be taught to-day as it was taught then. We want no rood or crucifix set up here to symbolize for us the attraction of the Crucified; for, with the open gospel in our hand, we need none. But the Crucified we must still keep where mediæval piety placed Him, in the centre of our Churches, in the heart of our hearts. Nor must we be ashamed to proclaim that the very secret of the strength of our faith, the root and fountain of all its power to draw, to reconcile, to satisfy, to calm, to chasten or revive the souls of men, lies still where St. Paul found it, and Constantine, and Bernard, in the cross."

The Biblical Illustrator. EXODUS. I. and II. THESSALONIANS, and I. TIMOTHY. II. TIMOTHY, TITUS, and PHILEMON. Nisbet and Co.

OUR late beloved Editor often complained of the wholesale appropriation of his writings by this literary "cream separator." Had he been spared to review the volumes before us, he would have had cause to repeat his complaints, for the name of *Spurgeon* occurs with great frequency. There might almost as well be no law of copyright if it is to be set aside in this fashion. Still, the practice which is injurious to the author, whose best thoughts are reproduced without his permission, makes the books all the more valuable to the purchaser, who

certainly gets full value for the three half-crowns charged for each volume in this series. Mr. Exell's work excels that of a mere manipulator of scissors and paste; but the question is, whether it ought to be done at all.

Yonder; or, Glimpses of the Glory Land. By GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE. Elliot Stock.

THIS little book ought to have been noticed before. It contains a series of Bible-class lessons given by the author to his Young Women's Bible-class, at Holland Road, Brighton. Many precious and gracious thoughts about heaven are conveyed through these "Glimpses of the Glory Land." They will be helpful to Bible-class teachers, who may here learn how a successful teacher makes the lesson interesting and profitable. We heartily commend the book as a good, plain Bible talk about "the land over there", first, for its own merit; and, next, for the sake of the "man of God" who delivered these addresses. Long may he be spared to the Bible-class that he loves so well!

The book can be obtained in limp cloth; but the volume in boards is worthy of a place on the drawing-room table.

The Pastor's Ready Reference Record of Sunday Services for Fifty Years. Designed by Rev. WILLIAM D. GRANT. Funk and Wagnalls.

JUST the thing for a methodical minister; it might help to make more methodical one who is not very orderly in his record of Sabbath services. Mr. Grant has tested this system for some years, and he believes that what has been helpful to himself will be useful to other ministers. Try it, brethren, and see.

Sermon Pictures for Children's Services. By Rev. T. D. HYDE, B.A. R. D. Dickinson.

A USEFUL volume of outlines for addresses to young people, but spoiled by the repeated unscriptural teaching of Baptismal Regeneration. Scripture is only partly quoted, and so is made to mean what the Holy Spirit never intended. For instance, our author says, "Oh, remember, Jesus has said, 'Do this,' and 'Baptize them.' Acting so disobediently, you are presuming upon your own opinions, and casting yourselves off from God's special means of protection." We must remind Mr. Hyde that our Lord's command to baptize referred only to believers; and we should like to ask him for chapter and verse for much that is here said about infant sprinkling. But when all this error is struck out, enough good material remains to furnish useful hints for young peoples' services.

The Book of Joshua. By G. E. JOHNSON, M.A. Nisbet.

THIS shilling handbook is one of Nisbet's series for the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations. Containing General Narrative, Analysis, Notes, and Questions, it is well adapted for its purpose, and would be greatly helpful to busy Sunday-school teachers who are not possessors of larger works.

Christus Magister. By ALFRED PEARSON, M.A. Nisbet.

THESE meditations upon the Sermon on the Mount are meant as "a devotional *vade mecum* for the people, not a volume of exegetical research for the student." They are admirably adapted for the purpose; recognizing Christ as Master in every sphere, and focusing His teaching on present-day life. The folly and the sin of war, the place of prayer amid life's pressures, the call to effort, and the claims of duty, are well set forth. Speaking of life's highest aim, the author says, "The Benthamite goal, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, is not the noblest goal for which to strive. There is a nobler than this to set before ourselves. A martyr, yielding his life to the stake, is supremely blessed if the creed for which he burns is a worthy one. At the moment of his agony he cannot be called happy. . . . . Without doubt, heaven is for the holy. But he who would not rather a thousand times be holy than happy in heaven, if he might not be both, has yet to learn what heaven means, and what are the primary constituents of fitness for it." Bravely said! To which may grace incline our hearts to add our glad "Amen"!

The Story of John G. Paton, told for Young Folks. By Rev. JAMES PATON, B.A. Hodder & Stoughton.

HERE is a treat for the youngsters—the story of Mr. Paton's apostolic labours and trials for thirty years among South Sea cannibals, retold by his brother, and illustrated by forty-five full-page illustrations by James Finnemore. This book ought to enlist many recruits for the great foreign mission army of the cross, thus realizing the author's "hope and prayer that the Lord will use it to inspire the boys and girls of Christendom with a whole-hearted enthusiam for the conversion of the heathen world to Jesus Christ." The fault we have to find with the illustrations is that they are scattered all over the book instead of being placed opposite the letterpress to which they refer. The volume is cheap at five shillings; get it at once for the children, and for the Sunday-school library.

Lord Shaftesbury. General Viscount Wolseley. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. Nisbet and Co.

TWO more volumes of Mr. Ellis's series of shilling biographies, "Men with a Mission." The life of Lord Shaftesbury, with that of Lord Wolseley, reminds us of Milton's lines,—

> "Peace hath her victories
> No less renown'd than war."

Lord Wolseley has much of which, as a soldier, he may well be proud; but we are more thankful for the noble Englishman of whom Mr. Ellis can write, "Hannibal was sworn to undying war with Rome, and Shaftesbury to relentless, unrelaxing combat with all that harmed or troubled the outcast poor of London." Both these books are written in Mr. Ellis's well-known popular and interesting style.

The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone. The Marquis of Salisbury. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. Nisbet.

MERE party politics have long been discarded by *The Sword and the Trowel;* so we can, without the slightest fear, examine the latest issues of Mr. Ellis's series of popular biographies, "Lives that Speak." Having done so, we advise our Conservative readers (and we are glad that we have many such), to study the sketch of the G. O. M., and we just as heartily recommend our Liberal subscribers to invest half-a-crown in the account of the noble marquis whom Mr. Disraeli called "a great master of gibes, and flouts, and sneers." Perhaps we shall please both author and publishers most if we say to *all* who read these lines, "Buy both the books," and this is just exactly what we do say.

Royal Children: their Childhood and Schoolroom Hours. By JULIA LUARD. John Hogg.

SUCH a book deserved to reach a second edition; for it is a very successful attempt to recount interesting portions of English history in a style which children can understand. Beginning with Richard the Second's child-wife, and ending with Queen Victoria, the authoress has woven into a connected narrative stories associated with the children belonging to the Houses of Lancaster, York, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanover, which will convey much historical instruction to youthful readers. On the whole, the information appears reliable; but we do not agree with the way in which Oliver Cromwell and Charles I. are described.

Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. By RICHMAL MANGNALL. Hodder and Stoughton.

IN these days of free education, High Schools, etc, the publishers of a new edition of "Mangnall's Questions" must be rather venturesome. It is stated in the preface that "the biographical and historical chapters of the original edition have (it is believed) had all inaccuracies rectified, and are brought down to the present time." That may be the belief of the editors; but it would not be difficult to show that the foundation of their faith is not very solid. Still, taken with a few of the proverbial grains of salt, Richmal Mangnall's Questions (and Answers) might teach a few things even to the clever children of the present wonderful age, for they don't know everything yet!

A Master Mariner. The Life of Captain R. W. Eastwick. (Adventure Series.) T. Fisher Unwin.

ADVENTURES, indeed! Could a life be fuller than this of wrecks, and fights, and hairbreadth escapes? But these thrilling events are recorded in no vainglorious tone by the honest-hearted captain. He tells of how, in his boyhood, he listened, all agape, to the "yarns" of sailors in the London Docks, and adds, "I did not know, then, the habit of exaggeration which is common to sailors; but believed implicitly everything that was told me." Fortunately, when he did know the habit, he avoided it. In one of his many visits to India, this master mariner visited Serampore, and saw Dr. Carey, of whom he speaks as "a most distinguished and able missionary."

Despite his many hardships, Captain Eastwick lived to be ninety-three—another Ancient Mariner—having lost his sight at sixty. The story of his decease is very striking. The ruling passion was strong in death. "With his gaunt and shrunken arms feebly gesticulating, and his sightless orbs peering into the unseen tempest, he lifted up his voice, and called out in swift succession his orders to his crew, as though he were once again standing on his own quarter-deck. Then he paused and trembled. . . . . The uplifted hands fell helpless to his side. Slowly his head bowed down and down, until, crouching low, as before an evitable fate, he sank back upon his pillow, repeating, for the last time, 'This is a fearful hurricane, Willie, my boy; we shall never weather this!'"

Nor are there wanting evidences that, in the storm, he hailed the only Pilot who could bear him to the haven of eternal calm.

The Adventures of a Blockade Runner; or, Trade in Time of War. By WILLIAM WATSON. (Adventure Series.) T. Fisher Unwin.

MR. WATSON has an exciting experience to relate, and tells it in frank, if somewhat blunt, sailor style. He uses nautical terms, but is gracious enough to explain many of them for the benefit of "land-lubbers." Blockade running was anything but child's play. Sharp eyes, keen wits, and a brave heart, were all required. With these, the narrator seems to have been blessed. We think they were worthy of a better cause.

Some of our author's sentences need a little touching up. Mr. Watson was evidently a better navigator than grammarian. He runs the blockade of several simple rules. We feel constrained to give chase with the gunboat "Lindley Murray"; but he is sure to get away, so clever has he always proved at eluding capture.

Ludgate Hill: Past and Present. Hazell, Watson, and Viney.

THERE is no author's name on the title-page of this little volume; but the two prefaces and the dedication to the late Lord Mayor reveal the fact that Alderman Treloar is the writer of what he calls "a gossiping, but, it is hoped, an entertaining, and perhaps in some instances an instructive memorial of one of the great highways of the greatest city in the world."

The book before us is in its second edition, the first issue of 20,000 having been long since exhausted. It is full of interest, from the first page to the last; and the work is so ably done, that we endorse the opinion of the late Chamberlain of the City, Mr. Benjamin Scott, that "it would be well if every quarter of our ancient city were similarly treated."

Foundry, Forge, and Factory. By W. J. GORDON. Religious Tract Society.

HERE is a welcome birthday present, or a Christmas treat for elder boys, or all who love the marvels of mechanical engineering. In graphic, interesting fashion, the author makes great workshops of the North unveil their mysteries. From the building of the wonderful Forth Bridge, to the printing of a cotton gown, we are taken in successive chapters, entranced with the happy descriptions, and charmed with the suitable illustrations. The wonders wrought by the printing-press fitly close the volume.

Father Christmas's Stories. By LOUISA ALICE RILEY. John Hogg.

MUCH of fun and fancy, with little of sober fact. Small doses of morals in large spoonfuls of mirth.

A Canterbury Tale. By M. A. HOYER. John Hogg.

WHAT is the matter with this "Canterbury Tale"? Is it that its tendency is to turn the children's faces Romeward, and to lead them to look at the apostate church with a kindly, appreciative, and even a longing eye? It would seem so to some readers; but possibly the writer may be misunderstood. In any case, the story lacks that sturdy spirit of Protestantism which everywhere in England appears to be dying out.

Milestones, and other Stories. By JESSIE M. SAXBY. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

SHORT tales for the children, with which they are sure to be pleased.

Molly. By A. C. HERTFORD. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE character of this story is tenderly sympathetic and morally beautiful. But why seek to comfort the sorrowing by speaking of rest that is to be attained rather than of rest that is freely given? It is the sight of the stricken Saviour that gives peace to the stricken heart. The sacrifice of Jesus speaks infinitely better things than the sacrifice of self.

For Elsie's Sake. By JENNIE CHAPPELL. Shaw and Co.

TELLS of the happy results that followed from the gentle ministries of a little unselfish child.

Geordie Stuart, a Story of Waterloo. By M. B. MANWELL. Nelson.

THE boys will soon find themselves one with the hopes and aims of "Geordie", and will be deeply interested in reading of the way in which he plans and effects the escape of his French friend, Denise Aucamp.

Comrades True. By ELLINOR DAVENPORT ADAMS. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A TOOTHSOME morsel for some wild little monkey with an insatiable appetite for freedom and fun. Yet the dainty is hardly a wholesome one, for the young Bohemians, of whom the story tells, are allowed a liberty which degenerates into lawlessness, and encouraged in a display of independence which is nothing less than insolence. From a just abhorrence of that kind of training which makes the child a "prig", the writer goes to the other extreme, and advocates a theory of *unrestraint*, which, if carried into practice, could scarcely fail to produce mischievous results.

Little Queenie; a Story of Child-life sixty years ago. By EMMA MARSHALL. Shaw and Co.

FOND nurses and foolish story-tellers have often done much mischief by fostering in the minds of orphaned children that prejudice against step-parents which so commonly exists. In this story, however, the prejudice is wisely met. It is just the book to put into the hands of a little girl awaiting the home-coming of a step-mother, concerning whom she is "quite certain" that she "never *can* learn to like her."

Little Miss Joy. By EMMA MARSHALL. Shaw and Co.

THIS will be spoken of in the nursery as "a very pretty book."

Won at Last; or, Mrs. Briscoe's Nephews. By AGNES GIBERNE. Shaw and Co.

MISS GIBERNE'S stories always embody much that is valuable in Christian teaching, and *Won at Last* will not be found lacking in this respect. Yet, is the book, as a whole, *quite* as good as some that have gone before it?

A Little Stray Lamb. By MARGARET HAYCRAFT. Shaw and Co.

Put this book into the Sunday-school teachers' library. It may serve to encourage some who are tempted to think that *all* the good seed sown has either dropped by the wayside, or fallen on stony ground.

Shadow-Land; or, What Lindis accomplished. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. Shaw and Co.

TELLS, in pretty fashion, how a dreamy and fanciful, but loving little girl, managed to charm away the shadows, and bring back the sunshine to a clouded and troubled home.

Notes.

THE portrait referred to in Mrs. Spurgeon's Personal Notes is the one which Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have promised to present, *gratis*, to every purchaser of the January number of *The Sword and the Trowel*. It is a fine photo-print of the late PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON, reproduced from the last and best photograph taken before his fatal illness; and being on plate paper, 22 inches by 15, is worthy of being framed for permanent preservation. Orders for the January *Sword and Trowel*, price 3d., should be given to all booksellers at once.

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON, of Greenwich, has never fully recovered from the severe attack of influenza from which he suffered last winter; so, in accordance with the highest medical advice, he is again obliged to leave his happy and successful work for a while. By the time this Magazine reaches our readers, he expects to be on the sea, as he has arranged to sail for Melbourne by the s.s. *Australia* on *November* 25. We are sure that many friends will pray that he may be completely restored to health, and that they will also affectionately remember at the throne of grace his dear mother, wife, children, and church, who have again to part for a time with the one they all love very greatly.

As one brother is leaving Old England, we trust that the other brother will be nearing New Zealand, for MR. THOMAS SPURGEON'S ship is due at its destination before the end of November. From Teneriffe he wrote to the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* a bright, cheery letter, commencing—

"'Thus far our God hath led us on,
And made His truth and mercy known.'

Everything has favoured us, and all is well." For these joyous tidings many will join us in praising the Lord, while they still pray for guidance and blessing to be given to the beloved writer. The s.s. *Kaikoura*, in which he and his dear wife and baby sailed, arrived at Cape Town on *November* 4, and left again the following day.

DR. PIERSON received a kind welcome on *Monday*, *October* 31, on his return to the Tabernacle for another season of service. On the following Lord's-day morning he expressed his hope that he might be made the means of further blessing to those who had been awakened during the ministry of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon and Mr. Moody; and he asked that special supplication might be presented with that object. We trust that Dr. Pierson's present visit, like his former one, may result in the conversion of sinners and the edification of believers.

At the communion service, on the evening of *November* 6, PASTOR J. A. SPURGEON gave the right hand of fellowship to about 40 new members. In the course of a brief address, he said, "The church has just lost one of its oldest members, and I feel that I have lost one of my oldest friends in our dear brother, JOHN T. OLNEY, who went to his rest last Thursday evening. When I first came to London, now many years ago, he was a kind friend to me as a youth, and he has been so all these years." Mr. John Olney was in his 74th year, and was the oldest brother of the present treasurer of the Tabernacle Church, Mr. Thomas H. Olney, the last surviving son of the former Thomas Olney, of blessed memory. The funeral was conducted by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, in Norwood Cemetery, on November 10; and it was somewhat remarkable that, only an hour or two previously, Mr. W. C. MURRELL, a former deacon and energetic worker at the Tabernacle, had been buried near the same spot. May the Lord graciously comfort both the widows and all the bereaved relatives!

On *Saturday*, *November* 19, just as these "Notes" were being printed, MR. JAMES ALABASTER was "called home," after being laid aside less than a week. His loss is most keenly felt by his family and partners in business, especially by the head of the firm, MR. JOSEPH PASSMORE, with whom Mr. Alabaster had been in close personal friendship for nearly forty years. We have tried to picture the meeting between the beloved Pastor and his esteemed publisher; for, although Mr. Alabaster was a staunch adherent of the Church of England, he loved the same Lord whom Mr. Spurgeon served, and was an equally devout believer in the faith once for all delivered to the saints.

On *Monday evening*, *October* 24, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. The report contained suitable references to the retirement of the secretary, Mrs. Jenkins, and the treasurer, Mrs. John Olney, whose places are now occupied by Mrs. E. H. Bartlett and Mrs. James Hall. The need for the Society still continues, and its help is gratefully appreciated. The expenditure reported was £47 16s. 9d., and 120 boxes have been lent during the year. Addresses were given by the chairman, and by Messrs. W. Olney, F. Thompson, and G. Gray; and efforts were made to enlist fresh workers and subscribers.

On *Tuesday*, *October* 25, the annual meeting of the HOME COUNTIES' BAPTIST ASSOCIATION was held at Peckham Rye Tabernacle.

A well-attended prayer-meeting, conducted by the moderator, Pastor J. E. Perrin (Esher), was followed by a business meeting, at which it was resolved that, in future, the meetings of the Association should be held quarterly instead of half-yearly. Pastor J. S. Hockey (Brentford) read a trenchant and powerful paper on "The Influence of Faith on Practice." The financial statement presented by the treasurer, Mr. J. N. Goatly, showed that the total income during the year had been £194 0s. 1d., and the expenditure £169 3s. 8d. The secretary, Pastor G. Wright (Kingston) reported that it was expected that the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, whose late Pastor had been a tower of strength to the Association, would continue to pay the contribution of £40 to the colportage work carried on by the Association. The election of officers resulted in the appointment of Pastor Charles Spurgeon vice-moderator, and the re-appointment of Pastor G. Wright and Mr. J. N. Goatly as secretary and treasurer respectively, with Pastor C. Ingrem as minute secretary. An excellent lunch was provided at the Public-hall, Peckham Rye. In the afternoon, Pastor W. Cuff, of Shoreditch Tabernacle, preached to a large congregation; and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Pastor F. M. Smith, and addressed by Pastors E. H. Brown (Twickenham), and D. Loinaz (Hounslow), and Mr. F. J. Bridger (colporteur, Horsell).

On the evening of the same day, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of Mr. W. Stubbs. During the evening, Miss Clarkson sang several sacred solos. Mr. Millican, the secretary, reported that 5,000 copies of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are distributed every week in 104 districts within a radius of a mile from the Tabernacle. The sermons have never been so well received as they are at the present time, and many who have read them have been blessed. There is also a Sick Fund for the relief of necessitous cases known to the distributors. Mr. Harrald, the treasurer, read the balance-sheet, which showed that the total receipts had been £23 15s. 3d., and the balance in hand was £5 3s. He also gave a statement of the accounts of the Mothers' Meeting and Maternal Society connected with the tract work. The receipts of the former had been £17 16s. 6d., and the expenditure £17 18s. 10d.; and of the latter, the receipts, £2 16s. 11d., and the expenditure, £1 19s. 9d. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Pastor W. Williams (Upton Chapel), Mr. W. Olney, Mr. Harrald, and Mrs. Capel, the manager of the Mothers' Meeting. Several fresh distributors were secured; but other Christian friends who are willing to undertake the work will be heartily welcomed in the Tract Room after any of the services.

On the same evening, a sale of useful clothing was held, at the SURREY GARDENS MEMORIAL HALL, in connection with the Mothers' Meeting, the proceeds of which will go to relieve the poor in connection with the meeting and neighbourhood. Great thanks are due to all the friends who helped to make it a success; also to the students of the Pastors' College for musical selections during the evening. The sum realized was:—By sale of articles, tea, and tickets at doors, £20 7s.; subscriptions, Mrs. Higgs, £2 2s.; Mr. Wakeford, £1 1s.; Mrs. Chilvers, 10s.; making a total of £24. The expenses of printing, gas, &c., were £1 12s., leaving a balance of £22 8s. with which to carry on the work during the coming winter.

On *Saturday, November* 5, the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS held their Annual *Soirée*, and assembled in large numbers to enjoy a most pleasant and profitable evening. The tone of the engagements was excellent. Sacred music and recitations were interspersed with short pointed addresses by teachers, on such topics as "The Teacher a Personal Friend to the Scholar", "The Influence of the Teacher's Example", "The Teacher's Reward", &c. The principal feature of the evening was the presentation of a handsome marble timepiece and ornaments to Mr. Charles Wagstaff (secretary of the school). The superintendent (Mr. S. R. Pearce), in making the presentation, warmly eulogized the very thorough manner in which his colleague had discharged the heavy duties of his office, and gave expression to the affection and esteem in which Mr. Wagstaff is held by both teachers and scholars after a happy connection of 29 years as scholar, teacher, and officer of the Tabernacle Sunday-school.

On *Tuesday evening, November* 8, the annual meeting of Mr. DUNN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon took the chair after tea, of which 300 partook. The secretary, Mr. Hudson, reported that the class started the year with 99 members; 34 had joined and 14 had left, leaving 119 on the books, being a net gain of 20. Of the 14 gone out of the class, one is now a city missionary, another is a colporteur, and others are helping in Sunday-school work. Eight or ten members have joined the church, and much good has been done by the class. The treasurer, Mr. Boulter, handed to the chairman a cheque for £54; for the Pastors' College, £25, and for our missionaries in Spain, Messrs. Wigstone and Blamire, £29. The chairman, in acknowledging this gift from the class, urged the brethren to give themselves as well as their contributions to the Lord's work, and to be true followers and imitators of Him as dear children. Miss Wheatley recited very touchingly, "The Little Chorister." Rev. W. R. Mowll, of

Christ Church, Brixton, mentioned that his efforts to help a victim of strong drink had detained him, and urged total abstinence on all present; he then spoke upon the presence of the Word, the preaching of the Word, pardon through the Word, and the power of the Word. Miss Kate Limbert next sang a solo, "Eye hath not seen," after which Dr. Pierson addressed the meeting. He said that the three secrets of growing power were Prayer, Bible-study, and Benevolent giving, and from the 1st Psalm drew four lessons—(1) Delight, (2) Meditation, (3) Planting, (4) Fruit-bearing. Messrs. Beckley and Ebblewhite, members of the class, having spoken, Mr. Dunn thanked the brethren who had so ably assisted him during the year, and said that they would gladly welcome men who are not attending other classes, and that they would seek to do them good. Votes of thanks to the speakers were passed, the doxology was sung, and the benediction concluded one of the most enthusiastic and successful meetings the class has ever held.

College.—Mr. G. A. Ambrose has settled at Wantage, and Mr. T. E. Titmuss at Spring Hill, Birmingham.

Mr. G. Boulsher has removed from Chatteris, to Waterloo, Liverpool; Mr. W. C. Bryan, from Bluntisham, to Union Chapel, Hunstanton; Mr. G. Freeman, from Halstead, to New Southgate; and Mr. T. Lardner, from Battersea, to Thornton Heath.

College Missionary Association.—Mr. Patrick writes:—"We had a fine passage out, especially after the first two days. As the Passover feast was being celebrated in Tangier, there was no communication between Gibraltar and Tangier, so we were delayed in Gibraltar for nearly a week. A very hearty welcome awaited us in Tangier, and right glad we were to be back in the old spot. We found the Spanish work in a most healthy state, and rejoiced exceedingly over the old friends, and were also gladdened by the sight of new faces. We have never had better meetings than since our return. . . . . Dr. and Mrs. Churcher have left Tangier for Fez, the capital of Morocco. Much rain has fallen during the last few days, and we fear they have had a rough journey. We pray that no harm may come to them; and we expect great things to be done through them in their new sphere of labour. We are all in the best of health."

Although Mr. Patrick writes so cheerily, he is obliged to report that the work is not without difficulties, and that efforts are being made in various ways to hinder its progress.

Evangelists.—We have in type long and cheering reports of the work of our brethren; but the space required for Preface, Index, &c., makes it necessary to hold them all over until next month.

Orphanage.—The Trustees ask us to insert the following letter as an appeal for the *Christmas Festivities' Fund*. We hope our readers will remember the orphans, and take care that they are well provided with the good things suitable for the festive season. Donations should be addressed to the Treasurer, other gifts to the Head Master, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

"Dear Friend,—With a sad yet hopeful heart, I pen this line of loving appeal to the Lord's stewards on behalf of our poor orphan children. In the years past, my dear Brother has eloquently and ever successfully besought your generous aid each Christmas for these helpless ones committed to our care. Alas! he will do it no more. My ever-helpful colleagues, the Orphanage Trustees, now join with me in this, as in all else of good work for God. Let us be cheered by a more than usually large response. God is very gracious to our institution, in caring for the multiplied wants, the continued health, the successful settlement in life, and, best of all, in many cases gladdening us by the conversion of these fatherless ones. As a Board, we were never more hopeful about the condition of this eminently Christ-like work. In God's strength we will carry it on to His glory with undiminished efficiency and care. The usual number of our inmates is once more made up, the staff is in good working order, and our hearts are praising God for His continued presence and blessing. Aid us, therefore, we pray you, dear friend, to make this coming Christmas-time one of the happiest to these dear children that they have ever known. Thanking you in anticipation for your kind gift, I am, on behalf of my co-trustees and myself,

Yours in heartiest greetings,
Jas. A. Spurgeon."

Mr. Charlesworth has conducted a series of meetings in Newport (Mon.), Cross Keys, Risca, Blaenavon, Newbridge, Pontypool, Aberdare, Abergavenny, Bridgend, Cardiff, and Stroud. Great sympathy was manifested, and we beg to tender to our friends the sincere thanks of the President and Committee of Management for their generous help to the funds of the institution.

This month Mr. Charlesworth hopes to visit Waterlooville, Portsmouth, Southsea, Gosport, Ryde, Cowes, Bournemouth, Poole, and Winchester. We shall be glad if friends in other places can arrange for a visit by Mr. Charlesworth and the choir. Communications should be addressed to him at the Orphanage.

Colportage.—Ninety colporteurs are engaged in as many different districts in England and Wales, their monthly wages amounting to £600. No collector is employed, and the work is supported by voluntary contributions from the Lord's stewards. For the information of those who have

kindly responded to the appeal for not less than one shilling from each reader, it may be stated that only a little over two hundred out of many thousands have so far sent contributions. It is hoped that many more will yet have a part in this good work of seeking to spread the gospel, and evangelize the country.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon recently wrote:—"I wish you much success and a well-filled treasury, so that your efforts may not be lessened. We must ask with more faith for the needed supplies; for, though the beloved one is gone, his God still remains to us, and is *our God* also. Be assured that I have the welfare of the Colportage Association at heart; and though I cannot do for it as much as my beloved did, I can and will pray that the Lord will continue to bless and sustain a work which was so dear to His faithful servant's heart."

All communications will receive prompt attention from the secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—All readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, who think with me, that the late beloved Editor's own Magazine should prosper for his dear sake, and flourish in tender memory of his lovely life, can easily fulfil their own desire by the simple means of introducing it to their friends, and inducing some to become subscribers for the coming year. What a difference this would at once make in its circulation!

The present Editor has stores of good things from the beloved one's pen to lay before us, and loving pains are taken to carry on the Magazine in the way *he* would approve and commend. All the institutions he founded and loved are represented in these pages, so that their progress and prosperity can be watched, and aided, and rejoiced over by all who are interested therein. *Personally*, I shall be gladdened and encouraged by knowing that a hearty, sympathetic welcome is accorded to these pages.

May I say a word about the beautiful portrait of dear Mr. Spurgeon, which is to be *given* with every copy of the Magazine for January, 1893? True, I have seen it only through a mist of tears; for, at the first glimpse of the beloved face, the fountains of grief were opened. But a glance was enough. It is so natural, so sweet, so grave, so very like himself, one could almost fancy the dear lips were opening to speak some word of comfort or wisdom!

I would very gratefully thank those thoughtful friends who have entrusted to me the means of continuing the manifold benevolences which come under the term of "The General Work of the Lord." My beloved husband had so intricate and extensive a network of charities and kindnesses woven around his precious life, that when God took him away, it was a sore rending asunder of long-enjoyed comfort and freedom from care, to some who had learned to depend upon him; and all would have fared badly had I not been enabled, in some measure, to continue his tender ministry of love. Now, it is one of the sweet compensations of my loneliness, that, as far as lies in my power, I keep up these gracious ways of his; and when a missionary needs a respite from work, or a chapel debt grows intolerable, or a poor overworked pastor longs for a holiday, I write a cheque from this blessed little store, and scarcely know which is the more glad, the giver, or the receiver.

Many kind friends will like to be assured that my special work—the Book Fund—is thriving grandly, by the evident blessing of God upon it. The treasury is still well filled; and since my return from Mentone, I have been working with increased zeal to make up for the interruption of that sorrowful season last year, when my beloved's suffering condition claimed all my tender care. Now he is with God, I have, more than ever, time, and reason, and incentive to devote myself to the service which has always been so dear to me. I hope to write a Report of this year's work for my generous and indulgent friends.

In my letter, published in the September *Sword and Trowel*, mention was made of the despatch to India of 2,000 sermons for distribution. The following was the grateful acknowledgment of the receipt of the parcel:—

"Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, London,

"Dear Madam,—I cannot tell you how glad and thankful I felt when I received your post-card saying that you had sent me 2,000 of your beloved husband's sermons. I now write to say that I have received them without any charge whatever, and to thank you very heartily in the Lord for this precious gift. It is such a delight to me to offer these precious sermons to Europeans sitting in the train. I always hold up one to the driver on the engine as the train comes up alongside the platform. Not one has ever refused to accept the offer; but, on the contrary, they look out for the sermons, and take them with a smile, and return thanks and a salute for them; and of all the European passengers to whom I have offered them, during many years now, I can remember two only who refused to accept of one. As a rule, they accept them eagerly when they hear Mr. Spurgeon's name. 'May I offer you one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons on the Lord's-day?' 'Oh, yes; *thank* you!' To another, 'Will you accept one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons on the Lord's-day?' 'With pleasure.' Another will answer, 'Yes, thank you, sir. A grand man, Mr. Spurgeon!'

"The Hindus and Bengalis and Urdu-speaking people are very eager to receive tracts in their own language, and many of them, the better-educated ones, ask for English ones. Very seldom are they refused.

"Allow me to thank you very sweetly again for the precious sermons now received. I know you will pray for a blessing on them, and this gives me great joy.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and (continue to) give thee peace, peace, peace!—E. C."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Fish	5	0	0
From a friend	1	1	0
N. B.	25	0	0
Collection at the ordinance, Philip Street Chapel, Bedminster, per Pastor H. Moore	2	2	0
Miss Rickwood	0	2	0
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D	0	10	0
Mr. C. Robertson	1	5	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6
From E. B., Bedford	0	10	0
O. B.	25	0	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mrs Gardiner	2	2	0
Mrs. Margaret M. Fergusson	1	1	0
M. H.	1	1	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Miss C. Cooper	0	10	0
Catford Hill Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Greenwood	4	4	7
Mr. Dunn's Bible-class	25	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Oct. 16	70	0	0
,, 23	16	14	2
,, 30	48	18	0
Nov. 6	31	0	0
,, 13	45	0	0
	214	12	2
	£310	6	3

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to November 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. N. H. Patrick, from preaching engagement	1	2	0
Services at Melbourne Hall, Leicester, per Mr. N. H. Patrick	1	18	0
Mr. Stevens	0	10	0
Part legacy, per Rev. James McRovie, Strathaven, executor	10	0	0
"Jesus only"	0	10	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Mrs. Cleminson, per Mr. Thomas Spurgeon	1	0	0
From W. J. S.	0	6	6
Mrs. Devenish	0	5	0
E. B., Bedford	0	10	0
M. G., Deptford	0	2	0
W. Y. S.	0	3	0
Mrs. Brazil	2	0	0
The Christian Band, Loose	0	2	6
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson	0	5	0
Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Miss Fenner	5	0	0
Mr. Dunn's Bible-class, for Spanish Missions	29	0	0
	£53	15	0

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hall	3	3	0
E. S. M., a birthday offering	0	10	0
From Minehead	0	5	0
W. C. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Lewis	2	0	0
Mr. H. Tyler	1	0	0
The Free North Church Sabbath-school, per Mr James B. Lovie	3	17	0
Mr. William Williams	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. William Willson	1	1	0
Miss H. V. Oriel	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Miss Hawkes	0	5	0
Mrs. Clout and friend	0	2	0
Mr. E. H. Gayler	0	13	0
Marion. A thankoffering for Mr. Moody's services at the Metropolitan Tabernacle	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Walter Wright	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens—on sea and land	10	0	0
Mr. J. Badley	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. T. G. C. Armstrong	1	1	0
Mr. John Lamont, per the late Mr W. C. Murrell	5	0	0
Miss Elven	0	10	0
Miss White	0	2	6
A domestic servant	0	10	0
M. G.	0	1	0
X. S.	10	0	0
Mr. H. S. Pledge	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Hyland	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Fox	0	3	11
Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0
Proceeds of Mrs. Boggis's children's bazaar	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Keating	1	0	0
Mr. John Nicholls	1	1	0
Harvest thanksgiving at Corton Chapel, per Mr. Barnes	1	0	0
Mr. H. J. Deacon	1	1	0
For Jesus' sake	0	5	0
E. E.	5	0	0
Mrs. Whitfield	0	5	0
Collected by E. G. Latlin (Orphan Boy's card)	0	5	6
Young Women's Bible-class, per Miss G. Thorne	0	12	0
The late Mr. John Cook, per Mr. W. Cook	25	0	0
Mrs. Latta	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
A widow's mite	10	0	0
Mrs. S. Carveley	0	5	0
Mr. C. Sladen	0	2	6
Per Mrs. Adlem:—			
Produce of a pear-tree planted by the late C. Adlem	0	4	0
A friend	0	2	0
	0	6	0
P. P.	0	5	0
N. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. Newman	0	5	0
Mrs. Cockburn	1	10	0
Lottie N., Clapham	1	0	0
E. S. Williams	0	5	0
Mr. William Brodie	1	0	0
S. S.	1	0	0
J. C. H.	0	2	6
A lady at Mr. Moody's meeting, per Mrs. Payne	0	10	0
Miss Hawkston	0	5	0
Mrs. Grant	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. D. Macmillain	17	15	11
Miss Thomson	0	10	0
S. R.	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tidmarsh, per F. R. T.	0	10	0
Lord and Messrs. A. and L. de Rothschild	2	2	0
Wastepaper	0	3	6
C. L., Dowlais	0	2	6
Mr. R. Raymond	0	10	0
Mr. W. Kirkland	0	10	0
A widow	0	3	0
E. S. B.	0	10	0
Miss E. Fiddymont	0	10	0
C. W. L.	0	2	0
Second instalment from the C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund, being amount of collections for the Orphanage at Mr. Moody's services	317	9	1
Miss Gertrude A. Bedwell	0	2	6
Mr. William Sewell	1	1	0
Mr. C. Robertson	1	5	0
Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	2	0
Mr. G. A. Cane	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Ellwood	1	6	3
J. G., Dursley	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nichols	1	0	0
Mr. D. Land	0	5	0
G. H. S.	0	10	0
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. P. E. Chapman	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Knights	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	1	8	0
Mr. J. G. Van Rijn	4	12	6
Mr. A. Cumpstey	1	0	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald", Coventry	0	10	0
M. K., Cullybackey	0	5	0
Pontywain	1	0	0
R. A. V.	0	5	0
Mr. D. Foord	5	0	0
Mr. D. Goodall	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Communion collection at Union Chapel, Darjeeling, per Pastor H. Rylands Brown	4	6	11
Mrs. James Hunt	0	5	0
Mr. John Thomas	1	0	0
W. D.	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Berry	1	0	0
A poor old woman, per Mr. T. W. Lister	0	2	6
Miss Rosa Robinson	0	10	6
Mr. George D. Forbes	0	5	0
Mr. John Grant	0	10	0
Mr. S. Little, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	1	0	0
Mr. James Pester	0	5	0
M. W.	0	5	0
Per Mr. W. J. Gardner:—			
Collected by Daisy Gardner	0	11	3½
Collected by Cottle Gardner	0	5	5½
Daisy Gardner's "Childish Echoes" publication	0	6	2
W. J. G.	0	5	0
	1	7	11
Collected by Mr. Ward	0	9	0
Mr. S. Slodden	0	2	6
Mrs. Reed	4	0	0
E. W., Burton-on-Trent	0	7	6
A friend, Southampton	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Fergusson	0	14	0
C. G. W.	0	2	0
A cup of water	0	2	6
Collected by Miss C. Jesson:—			
Mr. William Stanyon	0	5	0
The Misses Bennett	0	5	0
The Misses Eames	0	5	0
Miss Raynes	0	2	6
	0	17	6
Collected by Mrs. Tansley and Miss Jelley:—			
Mr. W. Mellows	1	1	0
Mr. S. Willson	1	1	0
Mr. S. C. Colman	1	1	0
Mr. Jelley	1	0	0
Mr. J. Tansley	1	0	0
Mr. H. Colman	0	10	0
Mrs. Lound	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Thompson	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Sturton	0	5	0
Mr. T. Morris	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Beeby	0	5	0
Mr. Dennison	0	5	0
Mr. D. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. Hendry	0	5	0
Mr. Marriott	0	5	0
Rev. T. Barrass	0	5	0
Mr. C. L. Edwards	0	5	0
Misses Hall and Torey	0	5	0
Mr. Jarman	0	5	0
Mr. Hayward	0	5	0
Sums under five shillings	1	3	0
	10	11	0
S. and N.	10	0	0
M. H.	1	1	0
A friend, South Shields	0	2	6
Mr. R. J. Moody	0	5	0
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell:—			
Mr. T. Woodley	2	0	0
Mr. R. Cleaver	1	1	0
J. J. S.	0	10	0
Smaller sums	0	15	0
	4	6	0
Mr. William Mingins	1	0	0
Part collection at Harvest Festival, Christ Church, Addiscombe	5	0	0
Mr. W. J. May	0	10	0
Mr. J. Goyer	0	15	0
Mrs. Devenish	0	5	0
Mr. F. Fordham	0	5	0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
E. B., Bedford	0	10	0
Mr. George Watts	0	5	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
E. B., Bedford (second donation)	0	10	0
O. B.	50	0	0
B.	1	0	0
M. S.	0	1	0
Mr. J. E. Stephens	0	5	0
A poor woman	0	2	6
A Baptist, Bradford	0	6	0
Praying for a continuance of the Master's favour	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Toomer	1	1	0
Part proceeds of sale of work, per Miss Annie Battley	4	14	6
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Miss Winckworth, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
A poor widow	0	5	0
Mr. F. Howard	2	2	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. James Austie	10	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Orphanage boxes at Tabernacle gates	2	1	3
W. and T. J.	1	0	0
Mrs. Diaper	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Willoughby	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Howard	0	9	0
Mr. William Lawrie	1	0	0
Mrs. Pool	1	1	0
Miss Green	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Watson	0	10	0
Collected by Master M. Herries	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Mrs. Hamilton	400	0	0
Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	50	0	0
The mothers attending the Misses Lovell's meeting at Surbiton	2	5	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth, and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Culvaria Chapel, Aberdare:—			
Proceeds of meeting 27 6 9			
Mr. F. W. Mander 1 15 0			
Friends 1 7 9			
	30	9	6
Abergavenny:—			
Proceeds of meeting 26 12 6			
Mr. T. P. Price 1 0 0			
Mr. F. Davis 2 0 0			
Mr. Charles 0 10 0			
Dr. Steele 0 7 6			
	30	10	0
Stroud	34	5	8
Cardiff—donation given at meeting by a friend	50	0	0
Moiety of proceeds of meeting at John Street Chapel, Bedford Row	4	10	3
The Youths' Christian Association at Arthur Street Chapel, per Mr. G. A. Miller 2 10 0			
Sale of programmes 1 4 8			
	3	14	8
	£1,215	14	11

Twenty £10 shares in the Great Northern Telegraph Company, of Copenhagen (valued at £870), the gift of a friend, A. Z., carried to Foundation Fund.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from October 14th to November 14th, 1892.—PROVISIONS:—A quantity Bread, Fruit, Vegetables, &c., proceeds Harvest Thanksgiving Services, Raleigh Park Baptist Chapel, Brixton, per Pastor F. Carter; 10 cwt. Jam, Mr. G. H. Dean; 1 bag Walnuts, Mr. F. Fisher; 2 barrels Apples, the Misses Harris and Jefferys; 1 case Apples and Potatoes, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins; a quantity of Apples, Messrs. Livett, Frank, and Son; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Scale Haslam; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 1 Sheep, 6 Fowls, Mr. W. J. Graham; 4 Sheep (weighing 192 lbs), Mr. Samuel Barrow; 1 large Cake (No. 6 Girls), Miss Dawson.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—16 Scarves, 6 pairs Cuffs (for No. 12 Boys), Miss Hulbert, 25 Articles, Anon.; 7 Scarves, Mr. L. Heward; 9 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 18 Boys' Bows, Mr. A. Pitts; 14 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 5 Garments, Mrs. James Cunk.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—29 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 Ulster, 2 Jackets, Anon.; 9 Articles, Anon.; 13 Articles, Miss E. M. Robbins; 2¼ yards Flannelette, 1 pair Gloves, Anon.; 28 Articles, Miss E. Cooper; 40 Articles, Y.W.C.A., Perth, N.B., per Mrs. Glen Rippin; 22 Articles, Mrs. Mannington; 3 Articles, Miss A. McKenzie; 41 Articles, The Sewing Class at the Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, Mon., per Mrs. Phillips; 11 Articles, Mrs. Kidner; 31 Articles, Mrs. Brownson; 3 Articles, Anon.; 4 Garments, Mrs. James Cook.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Illuminated Text Cards, &c., Miss E. St. B. Holland; 1 load Firewood, Mr. F. Fisher; 1 vol. each "Boys' Own Paper," "Girls' Own Paper," "Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," "Cottager and Artizan," "The Light in the Home and Tract Magazine," "Friendly Greetings," "Child's Companion," Rev. J. G. Van Rijn; a set of Lantern Slides, "The Life and Works of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon," Mr. F. York; 6 Hair Brooms, Mr. T. P. Chard; a quantity Writing Copies, Drawings, and other School Materials, Mr. H. Kitching; 2 Scrap Books, Miss Dawson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1892.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Western Association, for Chard and Williton	20	0	0
Worcester Association	37	10	0
Ironbridge, per Mr. Maw	7	10	0
Cambs. Baptist Association	10	0	0
Yorkshire Baptist Association	20	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, J.P., for Cardiff and Penrhikyber	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Frithnam	10	0	0
Miss Evans, for Rainhill	10	0	0
Repton and Swadlincote, per E. S.	20	0	0
Mr. J. Cory, for Castleton, Cardiff, and Penrhikyber	20	0	0
Streatham Hill Congregational Church, per Rev. J. P. Gledstone	10	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen.	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Oxfordshire Association, for Stow and Aston	10	0	0
Home Counties' Baptist Association	30	0	0
Miss Griffith, for Somers Town	5	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Newington and Walworth	10	0	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	2	10	0
Bower Chalk District:—			
Mr. J. K. Butler 2 0 0			
Mr. H. Butler 2 0 0			
	4	0	0
Tewkesbury District:—			
Mrs. Robinson 5 0 0			
Mrs. White 2 10 0			
	7	10	0
Mr. Thomas R——, for Bower Chalk	6	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Church, Cowling Hill	10	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Mr. J. Tawell, for Earl's Colne... ...	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Greenwich, per Mr. R. Allsop	10	0	0
	£350	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Given at Maternal Society's tea ...	0	1	0
C. H. S. S.	50	0	0
A deferred shilling from a "Sword and Trowel" reader	0	1	0
Mr. J. McInnes	0	2	0
A friend, Willesboro	0	1	0
O. B.	10	0	0
Messrs. J. F. Shaw and Co.	2	0	0
Mr. Brazil	2	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
R. K., per Mrs. C. H. S.	13	8	6
Mrs. Pool	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Calder	5	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	20	0	0
	£126	17	6

ERRATUM.—The total of General Fund last month should have been £358 2s. 6d.

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Stokes Croft, Bristol... ...	10	0	0
Mr. John Marsh	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Yalding...	1	2	9
C. H. S. S.	50	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Wellington Road Gospel Mission Hall, Bristol	3	0	0
Miss Louisa Haward	0	5	0
O. B.	10	0	0
Mr. Brazil	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Melbourne, Derbyshire ...	4	3	7
R. K., per Mrs. C. H. S.	13	0	0
	£93	11	4

C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund Account.

Contributions from October 15th to November 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Female Bible-class, Henley Tabernacle, per Miss Harbert	2	5	0
H. D., Boyle	1	0	0
Mr. A. L. Jackman and Mrs. A. A. Farrant	2	10	0
Mr. Levi Hayh	0	5	0
Pastor T. B. Field, Mr. S. Lord, and Mrs. Noble	0	6	6
Mr. J. Cobain	0	10	0
Mrs. M. E. Hall	0	5	0
A. T. B.	0	10	0
Miss C. E. B.	0	5	0
Miss A. Hopkins	0	5	0
Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wimbledon, per Pastor C. Ingrem	2	15	5
Mr. W. Lawton	5	5	0
M. R.	5	0	0
Mrs. Kate Hasking	0	5	0
A. A. and S. Y.	1	0	0
A friend	2	0	0
Mr. J. Buswell	5	0	0
Rev. A. Tessier	0	10	0
In loving memory, "Lill"	0	10	0
Mr. E. Marsh	38	0	0
Mrs. Gainfort	0	5	0
Mrs. Margaret Shuckard...	1	0	0
Anna	0	10	0
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	10	0
Mrs. Baines	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Hilbert	0	5	0
Mr. Robert D. F. Shirreff	1	0	0
A sermon-reader in Herts.	0	7	0
Mrs. S. Dales	1	0	0
Proceeds of lecture by Pastor J. Clark, Nottingham	7	10	0
A friend, per Mrs. Ironside	0	3	0
	£85	16	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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbelton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Society of Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

FOLLY OF UNBELIEF.

A Sermon

DELIVERED ON LORD'S-DAY MORNING, AUGUST 28TH, 1887, BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

"Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."—Luke xxiv. 25.

THE two disciples who walked to Emmaus and conversed together, and were sad, were true believers. We may not judge men by their occasional feelings. The possession of gladness is no clear evidence of grace; and the existence of depression is no sure sign of insincerity. The brightest eyes that look for heaven have sometimes been holden so that they could not see their heart's true joy. Be not cast down, my brethren and sisters, if occasionally the tears of sadness bathe your cheeks. Jesus may be drawing near to you, and yet you may be troubled by mysteries of grief.

The Lord Jesus Christ came to the two disciples, and took a walk of some seven miles with them to remove their sadness; for it is not the will of our Lord that his people should be cast down. The Saviour does himself that which he commanded the ancient prophet to do. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem." Thus he spake and thus he acts. He was pleased when he went away to send us another Comforter, because he wishes us to abound in comfort; but that promise proves that he was, and is, himself a Comforter. Do not dream, when in sadness, that your Lord has deserted you; rather reckon that for this very reason he will come to you. As her babe's cry quickens the mother's footsteps to come to it more speedily, so shall your griefs hasten the visits of your Lord. He hears your groanings; he sees your tears—are they not in his bottle? He will come to you as the God of all consolation.

Observe that, when the Saviour did come to these mourning ones, he acted very wisely towards them. He did not at once begin by saying, "I know why you are sad." No; he waited for them to speak, and in his patience drew forth from them the items and particulars of their trouble. You that deal with mourners, learn hence the way of wisdom. Do not talk too much yourselves. Let the swelling heart relieve itself. Jeremiah derives a measure of help from his own lamentations: even Job feels a little the better from pouring out his complaint. Those griefs

which are silent run very deep, and drown the soul in misery. It is good to let sorrow have a tongue where sympathy hath an ear. Allow those who are seeking the Lord to tell you their difficulties: do not discourse much with them till they have done so. You will be the better able to deal with them, and they will be the better prepared to receive your words of cheer. Often, by facing the disease of sorrow the cure is half effected; for many doubts and fears vanish when described. Mystery gives a tooth to misery, and when that mystery is extracted by a clear description, the sharpness of the woe is over. Learn, then, ye who would be comforters, to let mourners hold forth their wound before you pour in the oil and wine.

Learn also a sacred lesson, O ye mourners! It is well for you, when you are pouring out your griefs, that you do so before the Lord. These two troubled wayfarers, though they knew it not, were telling their sorrow to him who best of all could help them to bear it. You may tell your friends, if you will, and it will be some relief to you; but if you seek the throne of grace, and make the Redeemer your chief confidant, your relief will be sure. Get you alone; shut to the door; bow there apart from the disciples, and say, "Jesus, Master, I would tell thee that which saddens me! Thou great High Priest, who wast compassed with infirmities, thou wilt understand me better than my nearest friend, and I would place myself beneath thy care!" How great the privilege that we have access with boldness to the ear and heart of Jesus our Lord!

Again, learn another point of wisdom. When our Lord had heard their statement of distress he might immediately have comforted them: a word would have done it. Did he not say "Mary," and did she not at once turn and say, "Rabboni" with ecstatic delight? He went more wisely to work than to administer hurried consolation: he rather rebuked than encouraged them. He began by saying, "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken!" Observe that I quote the Revised Version, for the Authorized is too harsh. Our Lord did not call them *fools*, but foolish persons. The difference is rather in the manner than in the sense. He chided them; gently, but still wisely. He let them know that their unbelief was blameworthy, and he called them foolish for indulging it. O beloved brother, if thy Master chide thee, do not doubt his love! If, when thou goest to him in grief, he answers thee roughly, it is his love scarcely disguised, which thus seeks thy truest welfare. If thou believe in thy Lord, thou wilt reply, "Master, say on." If he call thee foolish, thou wilt wonder that he does not say something worse of thee; and in any case thou wilt trust him after the manner of Job when he said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Especially observe that our Saviour's rebuke was aimed at their unbelief. Unbelief, which we so often excuse, and for which we almost claim pity, is not treated by our Lord as a trifle. It is for this that he calls them foolish; it is about this that he chides the slowness of their hearts. Do not let us readily excuse ourselves for mistrust of God. If we ever doubt our gracious Lord, let us feel ourselves to be verily guilty. Regard unbelief as a fault rather than a weakness. Brace yourselves to seek a braver and more constant faith than you have reached as

yet. Why should we go on blundering, and misjudging, and therefore fretting when a little consideration will set us right, and at the same time cause us to honour our Lord, and to be ourselves filled with joy and peace through believing?

I am going to handle this rebuke as God the Holy Spirit shall help me; first addressing it *to the true believer*, and secondly, *to the seeker*. I shall have to bring forth some bitter things which will act as a tonic, but by giving tone to your system, they will, in the end, remove your fears better than sweeter matters would have done. Hear then our Lord say, "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken!"

In speaking to believers, I would have them observe that our Lord rebuked their unbelief under two heads: first, *as being folly*, and secondly, *as arising from slowness of heart*.

First, then, UNBELIEF IS FOLLY. Not to believe all that the prophets have spoken, and not to draw comfort out of it, is great folly. Folly! Note the word. "O fools! O foolish men!" It is folly such as makes the tender Jesus cry out.

It is folly because it arises from want of thought and consideration. Not to think is folly. To give way to sadness, when a little thought would prevent it, is foolishness. Is it not? If these two disciples had sat down and said, "Now the prophets have said concerning the Messias that he shall be led as a lamb to the slaughter, and thus was it with our Master," they would have been confirmed in their confidence that Jesus was the Messiah. If they had said, "The prophet David wrote, 'They pierced my hands and my feet,'" they would have recognized in this their crucified Lord. And if then they had turned to the other passages of the prophets in which they speak of Messiah's future glory, they would have been refreshed with hope. In the Scriptures they would have found types, and figures, and plain words, in which the death and the rising again, the shame and the glory of Christ are linked together, and his cross is made the road to his throne. Had they compared the testimony of the holy women with the prophecies of the Old Testament, they would have obtained ground of hope. The women reported that the body was no longer in the tomb, and that they had seen a vision of angels, who said that he was alive; two apostles went to the sepulchre, and gave in a like report; and this tallied with the Lord's own words, in which he made Jonah his type, because he came up from the deep on the third day. But they forgot the Scriptures; they did not think of that great source of hope. Their eyes were dimmed with tears, so that they did not see what was plain before them. How many a precious text have you and I read again and again without perceiving its joyful meaning, because our minds have been clouded with despondency! We take the telescope, and try to look into heavenly things, and we breathe upon the glass with the hot breath of our anxiety till we cannot see anything; and then we conclude that there is nothing to be seen. Do you not think, beloved, you that are depressed and sorrowing to-day, that if you thought more of the promises revealed in God's Word, you would soon see things differently, and would rise out of your downcast condition?

You put your Bibles away, and read nothing but the roll of your troubles. There are no handkerchiefs for the tears of saints like those which are folded up within the golden box of God's Word. He who inspired this volume is "The Comforter"; will you not apply to him in your dark hours? O you, whose melancholy arises from forgetfulness of the words of your heavenly Father, of the tender Saviour, and of the divine Spirit, I beseech you be more considerate! Think of God's providence, his unchanging love, his power, his faithfulness, his mercy. Think of the promises, and as you handle them by thought, they will exhale a sweet perfume which will delight you. Holy thought will charm you out of your griefs. But what folly it is that, for want of thought, we should bow our heads like the bulrush, when, like the sunflower, we might look at the light till we became little suns ourselves!

Unbelief is folly *because it is inconsistent with our own professions.* The two disciples professed that they believed in the prophets; and I have no doubt that they did do so. They were devout Jews who accepted the Holy Books as divinely inspired, and therefore infallible; and yet now they were acting as if they did not believe in the prophets at all. Are we not often found guilty of like inconsistency? O brethren, it is one thing to say, "I believe the Bible," but it is quite another thing to act upon that belief! We have more of seeming faith than of real faith. That Book is true, and every promise in it is true, and I know and believe that it is so; and yet, when I come to the test, how much of faith evaporates, and how sadly my fluttering heart proves that my belief was more in fancy than in fact! There is more infidelity in the best believer than he dreams of. We think we believe in the gross; and yet, when it comes to the detail, and we have to deal with this promise and with that as a matter of fact in every-day life, we have to light a candle, and sweep the house, to find our faith. What folly this is! If the Word of the Lord be true, it is true, and we ought to act upon it; if it be not true, why do we profess to believe it? That which is unquestionably true will bear all the strain and pressure which life and its trials may put upon it, and it is for us to act upon this belief. Brethren, it ill becomes us to play at believing; let us have our wits about us, and make serious business of that which is not sent to delude us, but soundly to instruct us. The Word of the Lord is in harmony with his providence; and as we believe him as to the one, we must trust him as to the other. We may safely rest the weight of our body and soul, our present and future, upon the sure promise of a faithful God; and we are bound by our profession to do so. It is folly to call ourselves believers in the Bible, and then to doubt and distrust.

Folly, again, is clearly seen in unbelieving sadness, because *the evidence which should cheer us is so clear.* In the case of the brethren going to Emmaus they had solid ground for hope. They speak, to my mind, a little cavalierly of the holy women as "certain women." Yet there were no better disciples in the world than those women. They were surely the best of the chosen company—Mary and the Magdalene. Even the testimonies of Peter and John, the very chief of the apostles, are not sufficiently valued, for they speak of "certain of them which were with us." I say not they speak disrespectfully; but there is a slurring of their witness by casting a doubt upon it. Concerning these

godly women they leave an impression on my mind as if they had said, "Women will talk, and these women said that they had seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive." It is rehearsed as hearsay of a hearsay: they said that they had seen those who had said. If they had been pushed to the point, the two disciples would not have allowed that the Magdalene and the other women, or Peter, or John, were unworthy of credence; and yet they were by their sadness acting as if the witnesses were mistaken. If those who were at the empty sepulchre were to be believed, why did they doubt? The evidence which they themselves detail, though we have it only in brief in this place, was conclusive evidence that Christ had left the tomb; and yet they doubted it. Now, dear friends, you and I have had superabundant evidence of the faithfulness of God, and if we are unbelieving, we are unreasonable and foolish. At least, I stand here to confess that whenever I doubt my God it is on my part a superfluity of naughtiness. I have never had any reason to distrust him. These many years that I have trusted in him he has never failed me once. Experienced Christians, how can you waver in your confidence? If we disbelieve, is it not folly? If the Saviour does not call us fools, we are forced to call ourselves so.

We could not suppose that the promise, covenant, and oath of God could fail. The supposition cannot be tolerated for an instant. Thousands of souls are resting everything upon the faithfulness of God, and desire no other security; but if God be unfaithful, what will become of them? If the foundations be removed, what can the righteous do? Then they that have fallen asleep in Christ have perished; or, even if they be in heaven, what security have they there, if God can change? I feel quite safe on board the ship of the covenant, for all the saints are floating in this one vessel. If God fails, then we all fail together, and there is an end of faith, and hope, and all things. Wherefore, let us not be so foolish as to sin against the light of clear truth. Let us believe what we have known, and tasted, and handled. Let past experience anchor us firmly as to future circumstances.

Unbelief is folly, because *it very often arises out of our being in such a hurry.* They said, "Beside all this, this is the third day." I know that they had expected great things on that third day, and were justified in expecting them; but still, the day was not yet over, and they were in as great a fever as if it was past a month ago. Although the Saviour had said that he would rise on the third day, he had not said that he would appear to them all on the third day. He told them to go into Galilee, and there they should see him; but that meeting had not yet come. "He that believeth shall not make haste;" but they that do not believe are always restless. Well is it written, "Ye have need of patience." God's promises will be kept to the moment, but they will not all be fulfilled to-day. Divine promises are some of them bills which are payable so many days after sight; and because they are not paid at sight we doubt whether they are good bills. Is this reasonable? Are we not foolish to doubt the sure handwriting of a God that cannot lie? Because the Lord has not carried out your interpretation of his promise in the way of your own dictation, therefore you question his truthfulness! If the vision tarry, wilt thou

not wait for it? It will come in its own appointed time; wouldst thou have it hurried on for thee? What next? Shall the sun and moon be quickened in their pace to suit thy rashness? Must God himself alter his purposes at thy bidding? Truly, things have come to a pretty pass! Art thou man or God? If thou be a man, wait God's time, and in thy patience possess thy soul. If thou do not, but, like a fretful child, must have everything now, or else cry and fight, thou deservest the rod, and well may the Lord say to thee, "O foolish one!"

Yet, again, I think we may well be accused of folly whenever we doubt, because *we make ourselves suffer needlessly*. There are enough bitter wells in this wilderness without our digging more. There are enough real causes of sorrow without our inventing imaginary ones. I believe that the sharpest griefs in the world are those that men make for themselves. No asp ever stung Cleopatra so terribly as that which she held to her breast herself. Certain of our friends spend all their days in stitching away to make themselves garments of sackcloth. I have seen the cobbler with his lapstone cobbling up a trouble, and he has done his work so well that the shoe has pinched his foot for many a day. It seems a pity, does it not? Yet, brethren and sisters, we have those about us who are great adepts at self-worrying. When you were boys, I do not suppose you ever went into the woods to find a stick for your father to beat you with; but you have done so again and again since you have been men; and the more is the pity that you should be so foolish. If these two travellers had considered and believed, they would have known that Christ was risen from the dead; and as they walked along to Emmaus, if indeed they had ever taken that walk at all, their faces would have brightened at the prospect of soon seeing him they loved so well.

I want you to notice yet further that it was folly, but *it was nothing more*. I feel so thankful to our Lord for using that word. Though we ought to condemn our own unbelief with all our hearts, yet our Saviour is full of tenderness, and so freely forgives, that he looks upon our fault as folly, and not as wilful wickedness. He does not take our doubt as an affront, but he calls it folly. He knows that it is true of his children, as it is of ours, that folly is bound up in the heart of a child. He puts that down to childish folly which he might have called by a harsher name. I am sure that any dear, obedient child will feel thankful if his father calls his fault by the lighter name of folly, because it will prove that he loves him, and will endeavour to teach him better. It was not wicked rebellion; there was no enmity in it. They loved their Lord, though they feared he had not risen from the dead. I do not want you to draw undue comfort from this gentle word, but yet I would have you lose none of the cheer it is meant to convey. You that are vexed at your own doubts are not to come to the conclusion that the Lord utterly rejects you. He discriminates between the folly of a child and the wickedness of a rebel: he knows what is in your heart, and knows that you are his. You are like a ship that is well anchored, and though the tide is rushing in, and makes your vessel roll from side to side, so that you yourself stagger, yet the vessel is not loosed from its moorings, neither are you in any danger. Your faith is fixed on Christ, and this anchor holds you; though you are tossed about a

little, you will suffer no shipwreck because of sin, but much sea-sickness because of folly. So much concerning unbelieving sadness as folly.

In the second place, our Lord rebuked them for SLOWNESS OF HEART TO BELIEVE.

This is an evil greatly to be fought against, but it is by no means a rare sin among the people of God. Let me try and bring home the charge made by our Lord against the two disciples, since I fear it applies to us as much as to them. Our hearts are full often sluggish in believing; at least, mine is so, and I suppose we are much alike.

First, we are slow in heart to believe our God, for *we are much more ready to believe others than to believe him.* I am often amazed with the credulity of good people whom I had credited with more sense. Credulity towards man and incredulity towards God are singular things to find in the same person. We cannot help seeing in the daily papers how easily people are duped. Get up a prospectus, and a list of names as directors, including a titled pauper, and you can bring in money by waggon-loads. The confidence trick can still be successfully performed. One impostor lived for months by calling at the door of guileless old people in almshouses, and telling them that a cousin in America had died, and left them a fortune, but it was essential that fees should be paid at the government offices, and then the legacy would at once be handed over. Times and times the money has been scraped together, the rogue has gone his way, and no more has been heard of the cousin in America. There are so many simpletons about that rogues reap harvests all the months of the year. And yet the God of truth is doubted! Yet the incorruptible Word is mistrusted! This makes our slowness of heart in believing God all the more sad a sign of our inward depravity of nature. We *can* believe, for we believe in man. In the course of our lives we are fools enough to believe in men to our cost; in fact, it is not easy to rise out of this snare: and yet we are slow at heart to believe our God. Oh, my brethren, can we excuse ourselves? The Lord forgive and cleanse us! Let us henceforth accept every syllable of God's Word as infallible, while we turn our unbelief towards man and his philosophies and infidelities!

Is it not clear that we are slow of heart to believe, since *we judge this of others when they are mistrustful?* When we see our brethren in trial desponding and distrusting, we are very apt to think them needlessly dull, and sinfully slow to grasp the promise; and yet, if we come into the like case, we are by no means better than they. That which we censure we commit. The beam is in our own eye as well as the mote in our brother's eye. You have come home from visiting a friend who was distressed at heart, and you have said, "I cannot make her out, I have put the promises before her, but she is so foolish that she refuses to be comforted." Yes, and from this learn what you may be! Within a month's time, you may be sinking in the same mire. An evil heart of unbelief is to be found in many a breast where its existence is least suspected. But if we see the folly of others, will we not confess our own? Dare we commit what we condemn? Did you ever say of Job, "It was a pity that after all his patience, he spoke so bitterly, and cursed the day of his birth"? I wonder how many of us would have been any better than Job. I dare not hope that I should have been

worthy to unloose the latchets of his shoes. If I had been bereaved as he was, and tortured with like burning boils, and, worst of all, irritated by critics with their cruel candour and malignant sympathy, I could not have behaved so grandly as he did. Let us not severely judge others. They ought to believe, of course; they ought to be more cheerful; they ought not to let their burdens crush them so completely: but when we also are tempted shall we be so very much superior? I fear not. Let us see ourselves in the weakness of our brethren, and confess that the Saviour's words are true: we are "slow of heart to believe."

There is another point in which we are very slow of heart to believe, namely, that *we do believe, and yet do not believe.* We must be very slow of heart when we say "Yes, I believe that promise," and yet we do not expect it to be fulfilled. We are quick of mind to believe mentally, but we are slow of heart to believe practically. The very heart of our believing is slow. Our dear friend, Mr. George Müller, whom may God long preserve, says that one of his objects in journeying about, at his advanced age, from church to church, is to try and lead God's people to real faith in the promises of God. He says, "As for fifty-seven years I have seen how very little *real* trust in the living God there is (generally speaking), even amongst true Christians, I have sought, in these my missionary tours particularly, to strengthen their faith; because, in the course of my pastoral labours, the blessed results of *real* confidence in God on the one hand have come to my knowledge, and the misery of distrusting him on the other." Mr. Müller's object is a very desirable one; but what fools we must be that this should be necessary! There are plenty of people who believe God after a superfine kind of fashion up there on the edge of the moon, or "at the back of the north wind"; but they do not believe the Lord in their shops, and on their beds, and in their kitchens: they cannot believe as to bread, and cheese, and house-rent, and raiment. They talk about believing in the Lord for eternity, but for this day and next week they are full of fear. True faith is every-day faith. The faith of the patriarchs was a faith which dwelt in tents, and fed sheep. We want a faith which will endure the wear and tear of life—a practical, realizing faith, which trusts in God from hour to hour. Oh, to be delivered from shams, and windbags, and to believe God as a woman believes her husband, or a child believes its father! I hear of writers of "the realistic school": we want believers of the realistic order. We need faith in which there are backbone and grit. We are sham believers, and so we lead sham lives. The promises of God speak to us as Jesus spake to his disciples when he rose from the dead: each one cries "Handle me, and see." God's words are not chaff, but wheat; not wind, but bread. We are slow of heart because, while we think we are believing all that God saith to us, it often turns out that our believing is all a puff.

These two disciples must have been slow of heart to believe, again, because *they had enjoyed so much excellent teaching*, and they ought to have been solid believers. They had been for years with Jesus Christ himself as a tutor, and yet they had not learned the elements of simple faith. "Oh," say you, "they were very slow!" Are not you the same? How many years have you been with Jesus? Perhaps for even thirty

years. He has himself taught you, has he not? Let me remind some of you of the remarkable events of your lives. What wonderful providences you have seen! What singular deliverances you have experienced! What divine upholdings you have enjoyed! What heavenly consolations you have received! If you doubt the Saviour, you may well be called "slow of heart to believe." After what you have experienced, my brother, the shadow of a doubt should never fall upon you! Have you not said many times, in the flush of your gratitude for some signal favour, "There, I can never doubt my Lord again"? You were foolish when you made that boastful observation; but you are more foolish still for running back from it. You have passed through the Red Sea, and with your timbrel in your hand you have sung unto the Lord; and yet, perhaps, after a short march, you have tasted the bitter waters of Marah, and opened your mouth in murmuring. God only is wise, and we are fools. He alone hath understanding, and we are "slow of heart."

Once more, these two disciples were very slow of heart to believe, because *there is so much in the Word which ought to have convinced them.* See how the Saviour puts it—"Slow of heart to believe *all* that the prophets have spoken." What a mighty "all" that is! Brethren, are you half aware of the treasure hidden in the field of Scripture? Are you as familiar with your Bibles as you should be? If so, you will join with me in speaking of Scripture as having almost a redundance of confirmatory testimony. There is rock enough here for us to build upon. We have here, not only precept upon precept, but promise upon promise, and all these confirmed by pledge, and oath, and covenant of the Lord God Almighty. The teaching of Scripture is so full, so varied, so convincing, that we are, indeed, slow of heart if our faith is not firm and immovable. Brethren, a want of familiarity with the Word of God is very often the seed-plot of our doubts! Half our fears arise from neglect of the Bible. Our spirits sink for want of the heavenly food stored up in the inspired Volume. God forbid that you should fly to light literature to give your mind a fillip! Go to the solid literature of the promises, and be established with food more suitable for an immortal soul. Like Luther, say, "Come, let us sing a psalm, and drive away the devil." There is no enchantment for the casting out of evil spirits like a resort to the divine Word. When you see more of what God has revealed, you will rise out of your doubts and fears, and your slowness of heart to believe will depart from you.

Before I leave this point, I beg you to notice that the Saviour does not say that they were "hard of heart," but "slow of heart." I like to notice that. When he is most severe, he is still tenderly discriminating. "Slow of heart" we are, but there is no enmity in our heart towards him. It is slowness, and that is bad enough, but our Lord graciously helps our pace. Our face is in the right direction, and our feet are going the right way; but we are slow in heart, and lame in faith. As David spared Mephibosheth, and admitted him to his table, though lame in both his feet, so the Lord loves us, and communes with us, slow of heart though we are. It is bad to have a slow heart, very bad; but it would be much worse to have an unrenewed heart. With all our doubts and fears, we have no longer a heart of stone, but we have a heart of

flesh, which mourns because of its sinful unbelief. The Lord knows the difference between the sin of hating the truth and the folly of doubting it. Strive against this slowness of heart, but still let not Satan come in as an accuser, and condemn you as though you were not a child of God at all.

So there I leave it. There is the Master's gentle rebuke, not meant to discourage you, but to encourage you. He calls you foolish in order that you may be so no longer. Believe, and this shall be your wisdom.

Will the Lord's people kindly pray for me while I now speak *to the unconverted?* Ask that I may have God-speed while I try and speak to those who are seeking the Lord, and have not yet believed in him. I want to say to them just this: "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe!" Some of you are really seeking the Lord, but you say that you cannot believe, though you long to believe. You are not like the spider, whose motto is, "I get everything out of myself." You do not hope to spin salvation out of your own bowels, but you own that salvation must be through faith in Christ. So far so good: but how is it that you do not at once believe? You say you cannot. How is it that you cannot believe in Jesus? He commands you to believe in him, and promises that you shall be saved. Trust him, and you shall live as surely as his Word is true.

Listen! This unbelief proves you to be foolish, and slow of heart, for *there are other parts of his Word which you easily believe.* If there is a threatening or a condemnation, you believe it. If there is a text that speaks of judgment to come, you believe it. You have a quick eye for anything which reads hard and looks dismal. Have I not seen you reading the Word, and stopping at a passage, and saying, "Alas! this makes my case hopeless. I have sinned the sin that is unto death"? You believe in more than God has said, for you read your own thoughts into God's Word, and make it say more than it means. You are ready enough to take in the hard things, but the gracious promises of the loving Christ you will not believe. How can you justify this? How foolish you are! The promises are in the same Book as the threatenings, and if you believe the one, believe the other. Certainly, the cheering words come from the same inspiration as the depressing ones: if you believe that which looks dark, believe that which looks bright.

Next, you are very foolish, because *your objections against believing are altogether poor and puerile.* I should think I have heard hundreds of them in my time, but out of all the objections raised by troubled souls against believing in Jesus, there is not one worthy of serious discussion. One man cannot believe in Jesus because he does not feel humble enough; as if that affected Christ's power to save. If he felt more humbled, then he could believe in Jesus. Would not that be just believing in himself, and trusting in his own humility instead of trusting in Christ? One man cannot believe in Christ because he is not like a certain great saint. Does he expect that he is to be like a great saint when he first comes to Christ? Has not Christ come to save sinners? Another says he cannot believe because he has not felt the terrors of the law and the dread of hell. Does he think that his terrors are to save him? Would his dreads and horrors help Christ to

save him? Would he not be trusting his terrors, and not Christ? The Lord Jesus says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." The gospel is to be preached to every creature, and every creature that believes it shall be saved: but these people back out of it, and begin hammering out reasons for their own destruction. A sadly suicidal business this! Let the devil invent reasons for my not being saved: it is not a business which can bring me any form of good. Nothing can stand against the promise of God: he commands me to believe on his Son Jesus, and I do believe, and I am saved, and shall be saved, despite all the objections which may be raised by carnal reason.

Though you find it so hard to believe Christ, *you have found it very easy to believe in yourself.* Not long ago you were everybody, and now you cannot believe that Christ is everybody. You thought you were very good; you were wonderfully easy in your own mind when you ought to have been afraid. What! Was it easy to believe your poor self, and can you not believe the faithful word of a good and gracious Saviour who says that if you trust him you shall be saved?

Moreover, *you are very apt now to believe Satan* if he comes and says that the Bible is not true, or that Jesus will not accept you, or that you have sinned beyond hope, or that the grace of God cannot save you. Of course, you believe the father of lies, and you go mourning and moping, when you might at once go singing and dancing if you would believe your Saviour. Jesus bids you trust and live, and Satan says it is of no use your trusting; you believe Satan, and treat your Lord as if he had intended to deceive you. "O fools, and slow of heart!"

Then you know *how ready you are, you seekers, to stop short of Christ.* If you hear a sermon and get a little melted, and go home and pray a bit, you get quite easy and say, "Now I am on the road." Why, your meltings and your prayings are not the road to heaven: Jesus says, "I am the way." You are not on the way till you get to him. You have been in gracious company, and singing holy hymns; you feel quite good, and are highly pleased with yourselves. What right have you to be restful even for a moment? How dare you linger till you have reached the city of refuge, which is Jesus Christ? Till you believe in Christ you have no right to a single moment's peace, or hope, or joy; and yet you do get a sort of peace and a kind of hope, which are only sparks of your own kindling which will die out in blackness. Because you are content to trust in something short of Christ, I say to you—Why not rest in Jesus? O fools, and slow of heart! Refuges of lies you fly to, but the true refuge of the finished work of Jesus Christ you do not accept? Why is this?

And then some of you are foolish and slow of heart because *you make such foolish demands upon God.* You would believe if you could hear a voice, if you could dream a dream, if some strange thing were to happen in your family. What! Is God to be tied to your fancies, that you will not believe him unless he does this and that extravagant thing? If he chooses to bring some to himself by extraordinary means, must he do the same with you, or else you prefer to be cast into hell? Surely you are mad. Who are you that you are to dictate to the Lord, and say he shall do this, or that, or else you will refuse to believe him? And so you will trample on the blood of Jesus, and turn your

back upon the kingdom of heaven, unless an angel is sent to you, or you hear a voice from heaven! O fools, and slow of heart, to make these irrational demands upon the ever-blessed God!

You are foolish and slow of heart because, to a great extent, *you ignore the Word of God and its suitability to your case.* If a soul in distress will take down the Bible, and turn it over, he need not look long before he will light upon a passage which describes himself as the object of mercy. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Does not that fit you? "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Does not that fit you? "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Does not that apply to you? Why, if you will but look through the Word, you shall find passages so pertinent to your condition that, as a key fits a lock, they will seem made for you! Those two disciples did not, for a while, see how the prophets met the case of the crucified and risen Christ; but as they did see it, their hearts burned within them. As you also see how God has provided for your condition in his Word, in his covenant, in his Son, your sadness will flee away.

I close with this one word of warning to those of you who are distressed in heart, and are falling into the habit of looking for reasons why you should *not* believe in Christ. I do pray you to leave off this silly practice. Before this evil becomes chronic with you, quit it as a deadly thing. People can reason themselves down, but they cannot reason themselves up again. If thou seest a door open, in God's name hasten in, for one of these days thou mayest be so blind as never to see an open door again. Seize this opportunity, and while Christ stands and says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," come along with you. If you sit down to argue against Christ, he may allow your conclusions to stand to your own destruction. Those who are so foolish as to find twenty unhallowed reasons to-day will be foolish enough to find two hundred such reasons next year. A man may act the cripple till he grows hopelessly lame. Mind what you are at. You may lock a door, and open it again for many a year; but one of these days you may so hamper the lock that it will not open again. Oh, that you may at once believe in Jesus Christ unto eternal life!

I have come to this pass myself—if I perish, I will perish believing in Jesus. If I must be lost, I will be lost clinging to his cross. Can any man be lost there? No, "fools and slow of heart" though we may be, we know that none shall perish who come to Christ, for that would greatly dishonour the Saviour's name. God bless you! Amen.

PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Luke xxiv. 13—35.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—676, Psalm 42 (Ver. I.), 191.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

GOD THE WONDER-WORKER.

A Sermon

DELIVERED ON LORD'S-DAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1887, BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

"To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever."—Psalm cxxxvi. 4.

BELOVED, when we get into God's world of wonders, we have range enough. Which way shall I turn? On what subject shall I speak? If I turn to nature, it teems with wonders. Altering a little the language of Coleridge I would say, "All true science begins with wonder, and ends with wonder, and the space between is filled up with admiration. If we turn to Providence, the history of the nations, the history of the church, what centuries of wonders pass before us! It is said that wise men only wonder once, and that is always; fools never wonder, because they are fools. The story of the church is a constellation of miracles. I cannot venture upon themes so vast as Creation and Providence. Shall we turn to the works of Grace, the wonders of Redemption? If we consider the glory of grace surrounding the cross, which is the wonder of wonders, we are upon a boundless ocean. Here is sea-room indeed; we are at no loss for a subject, but we are lost in the subject. Now are we where the height, and depth, and length, and breadth are each immeasurable. It was said of Dr. Barrow that he was an unfair preacher, because he exhausted every subject he touched, and left nothing for anyone else to say. I would like Dr. Barrow to try my text, and I am sure for once he would have to vary his style. He would only be able to suggest to us what might be said by ten thousand preachers all occupied ten thousand years upon the one theme.

"To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever." I feel inclined to bow the knee instead of opening the mouth, and to ask you rather to meditate in the silence of your hearts than to listen to my scanty speech. Happily, the text assists me; for it suggests that I narrow my theme to the consideration of wonders of mercy; and that I then narrow it again to present wonders of mercy; for the text is in the present tense—"To him who alone *doeth* great wonders"; that is to say, is doing them now. Only, then, of marvels of mercy shall I speak at this time, and I shall endeavour, as far as possible, to direct your thoughts to present wonders of mercy. I say, as far as possible; for it must needs be that we link with the present both the

past and the future, because they are all of one, and God lives in all the tenses at once.

I. Our first head shall be this—GOD IS WORKING WONDERS OF MERCY NOW. "To him who alone *doeth* great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever." It is enduring now, and is in the present tense for ever.

Wonders are things out of the common, unusual things, extraordinary things. Usually they are unexpected; we wonder at them partly because they are novel and surprising. They take us aback; they are things which we looked not for. When they come they astonish us, and put us both in a muse and in a maze. We look, and look, and look, and cannot believe our eyes; we hear, and hear, and scarce believe our ears. Great wonders, even when we grow accustomed to them, still continue to excite admiration, and frequently they cause us to praise the worker of them, as it is written, "Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done marvellous things."

I believe that to-day God is doing great wonders in saving great sinners. It is a wonder that God should touch a sinner at all, yea, that he should even look at him. A sinner is such an evil thing, his sin is so vile, so foul, that holiness cannot take any pleasure in him. He who fails to obey his Maker is creation's blank, creation's blot, and it is a wonder that his Creator should think of him with patience. But that God should call the sinner with the voice of love, and bid him return and find favour is a wonder. That when he does not return at the gracious bidding the Lord should draw him with bands of love, is more wonderful still. The Lord takes more trouble with a sinner than it cost him to make a world: he could complete the globe in six days, but it often takes many years to bring a sinner to repentance, and to perfect his salvation. The aboundings of divine wisdom, and prudence, and long-suffering, and patience are needed to work salvation. The Lord, travailing with compassion, goes about to compass the salvation of the greatly erring one. He is still doing great wonders in changing depraved natures, breaking hard hearts, subduing obstinate wills, enlightening darkened judgments, and winning rebellious minds. Spiritual miracles Jesus is working still; and of this fact many of us are instances in our own persons, and also eye-witnesses of the like wonders wrought on others. Blessed be God: we still see with wonder sinners saved by the marvellous grace of God. The riches of his mercy are still displayed in the salvation of the lost.

Nor less may the wonders of the Lord be seen in the preservation of those who believe on his name. A true believer's life is a mystery to himself and to others. Concerning the wind, thou canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth, "so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." We are men wondered at. Do you not wonder, my brother, that you are still a Christian? Faith is so contrary to nature, that its existence in the heart is like a spark burning in the sea. Faith is so much attacked, especially in this evil day, that it is like a candle kept alight in a cyclone. Yet you have not drawn back unto perdition! Still, though faint, you are pursuing. Truly if you had been mindful of the country from which you came out, you have had many opportunities to return. Satan's chariots and his horses have waited upon you with many invitations

to ride back into the land of your former slavery if you had a mind to go. Alas! the evil heart of unbelief has lusted for the leeks and garlic and onions many a time. Kept alive with death so near, you are a standing wonder to your own self. What great things the Lord has done for you! How he has led you, instructed you, helped you, comforted you! All these as I mention them will wake up many admiring memories, and cause you to cry: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

To me, also, it is a great wonder that God should use any of us, we seem so unfit for his holy purposes. Can he write with such a pen as I am upon the fleshy tablets of men's hearts? What! can he paint a fair picture of holiness in the characters of my hearers with so poor a brush as I am? Then indeed he doeth great wonders. That which God does by our instrumentality at any time, if, indeed, it be for his glory, should fill us with astonishment. When Saul, who formerly persecuted the saints, saw saints made under his ministry, he was drawn out in wondering adoration as he wrote, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given."

The Lord God does wonders still by maintaining his church and the cause of truth in the midst of the world. Read through history, and you meet with periods when the light seemed quenched; but then suddenly it burned up with superior lustre. Remember the Reformation, and the revival of the last century. When spiritual life seemed almost extinct, there came times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It will be the same at this dark hour. All the devils in hell can never quench the light of the truth. They may do all they can in union with all the wise men of the world to put down the old gospel of the cross; but even though they should slay it and bury it, it would rise again. When the voices which have been lifted up against the gospel shall have been silenced for ever, the Word of the Lord shall sound forth to the ends of the earth. God is still doing great wonders in the maintenance of his despised gospel, and in the keeping alive of those spiritual doctrines which the carnal mind hates as much to-day as it ever did.

Now, dear brethren, why may we expect the Lord still to do wonders? I answer, first, because *his word raises our expectations.* Surely the Lord will not cease to work wonders, and descend to the common-place; for this Book talks of great things and marvellous things. Does he not say concerning his great grace, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts"? Have we not many passages of Scripture which run in this wise—"Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow"? The universe is challenged by the question, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage?" Hear our Lord speak and invite the labouring and heavy laden to his rest. Hear him declare that "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." Hear how his apostles declare that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Paul, that chief of sinners, sets himself forth as the type and pattern according to which God will work in the after ages. This inspired Book does not promise us small things. It is not pitched in a low key. Concerning the multitudes

that will be saved in the latter days, it speaks in grand terms, saying, "Nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee." We have so much to this effect that I will not stay to quote the passages; only of this we are sure, that one day we shall hear the glorious shout, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Any one who is familiar with Holy Scripture will expect that God will continue to work wonders in the realm of grace.

But, beloved, we have something more than words. *God has evidently made preparations for doing great things.* When he made the covenant of grace to be the very soul and centre of all his acts, when he put it first, and last, and midst, he did not intend little things. Jehovah does not swear by himself about trifles, nor lift his hand to heaven concerning small matters. The very existence of the everlasting covenant is the sure prophecy of grace on a grand scale, grace magnified to the astonishment of all intelligent beings. When the glorious Son of the Highest came from heaven, and veiled his Godhead in human flesh, he had designs of a majestic character. An incarnate God forbodes great grace to our humanity. And when as God and man, in one person, our Lord Jesus suffered shame, and spitting, and scourging, and condemnation, and bowed himself at last to death, the result of all his passion cannot mean the salvation of a few, or a questionable salvation for many. It must foretell a sure salvation for a multitude of great sinners. Stupendous guilt is intended to be washed away by the blood of so divine a sacrifice. If our Lord Jesus Christ is to receive a reward commensurate with his accomplished work, we may safely look for things which shall amaze the world. Such a feast as I see spread within the royal halls of grace is not intended for a handful of guests. When oxen and fatlings are killed, to provide such abundant meat the host must have an eye to vast numbers of guests of voracious appetite. The provision of grace in Christ Jesus is so abundant that it must be meant for a wonderful assembly of needy souls. Come ye, and try the freeness and fulness of Christ, and see if ye be refused.

Furthermore, when I reflect that the Holy Ghost has come down from heaven, and that he has never quitted us, but abides with his church to carry out the purposes of grace by convincing men of sin, and glorifying Christ, I am encouraged to look for great things. The Holy Ghost is not here in vain. He intends to do great things. If the biggest blasphemer out of hell were reported to be saved to-day, I should not find it difficult to believe the news. If, in this house, there should be one who has denied the Deity of our Lord, and has cast off all fear of God, and consequently has plunged into the worst forms of sin, I can readily hope that the Lord may pass by all his transgressions, and make him one of his most earnest servants. It would be a wonder, it may seem to be an impossibility; but this is no reason why it should not be done. God has made preparation for producing this kind of wonder. Faith is led confidently to expect what reason would never suggest.

When I see, in addition to the covenant, the Christ, and the Holy Ghost, all the preparations of the Lord's effectual power for the coming of the Lord, for his glorious reign upon the earth, and for the eternal glorification of the redeemed, I am assured in my own soul that the Lord is working upon a wonderful scale, whether we see it or not. Between

now and the consummation of all things, wonders are to be common. The pathway of grace shall blaze with splendour. I invite you to enlarge your hope concerning him who alone "doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever."

Dear friends, we are not left to promises and preparations. *Our faith is continually refreshed by new facts.* I have the great happiness of frequently seeing very extraordinary instances of God's grace among sinful men. I will not relate even one of them, but my memory is stored with them. Often my eyes are filled with tears when I grip the hand of a convert who but a little while ago was a blasphemer and injurious, a Sabbath breaker, a drunkard, and sunk in every form of uncleanness. When I see such a man converted, renewed and made holy, because the Lord has met with him and revealed himself to him through the preaching of the word, my eyes are filled with tears of wondering joy. When I find that such a poor testimony as I am able to bear is made by God's grace effectual to work a total change of nature, I am overwhelmed with wondering and grateful emotions. To see the Lord lift wretches from the dunghill and set them among the princes of his people causes us to hold up our hands in joyful astonishment, and ascribe all praise "To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever."

The joy is that you and I assembled here this morning either are, or may be, personal instances of the wonder-working power of God. O my hearer, if thou wilt now in thy great sin accept great mercy, thou mayest have it! If thou wilt come with all thy evil habits binding thee, and ask to be set free from them, the great Redeemer will break those manacles from thy wrists, and give thee a glorious liberty. Is not our Lord named Jesus because he shall save his people from their sins? If thou be the greatest sinner out of the bottomless pit, if thou wilt look to Christ upon the cross, and trust in him alone, thou shalt be born again, thou shalt pass from death unto life, and thy many sins shall be forgiven thee. Some of us are always wondering every day why the Lord loved us, why he bought us, why he sought us, and why he continues to acknowledge us; and our heart's desire is that all of you who come to this house of prayer may become similar wonders of divine grace. The Lord grant that the wonders may begin this morning. We are assured that among us upon whom the ends of the earth have come, "the Lord doeth great wonders." Did I hear anyone say, "Truly, if I were converted it would be a wonder"? Yes, you are excellent raw material for God to work upon in the creation of a wonder. Did I hear another say, "A person is here this morning who, if he were saved, would be a wonder indeed"? Pray for him, then. Pray at once, distinctly, for him, in the glad hope that he will be another wonder. The God of infinite mercy looks out for room for his grace to work in, and space for almighty love to display its power. Your necessity, feebleness, and emptiness, are the space in which infinite mercy finds elbow-room for its energy. He "who alone doeth great wonders," looks for the greatly guilty and the greatly needy, that in them he may reveal his grace. Oh, that my heart were enlarged, and my mouth were opened fitly, to encourage you who think you are beyond the bounds of divine mercy! Oh, think not that the grace of God can never

come to you! The Lord delighteth in mercy. He loves to do that which is unexpected by the heart of man. He delights in surprising men with his grace, and getting to himself renown by his love. He will, for his own name's sake, do great wonders of mercy. Because no reason can be found in men themselves, the Lord resolves to find it in himself; and therefore he lavishes his grace that his glory may be wondered at, both in heaven and in earth.

II. I pass on to another phase of the same thought; for upon this one thought I mean to harp at this time, so that this one note shall linger in your ears for many a day. Our first head has been that God is working wonders of mercy; our second point is that THESE WONDERS ARE STILL GREAT. "To him who alone doeth *great* wonders."

We have heard of wonders that were not great, for they were not even true. The magicians of Egypt withstood Moses with their enchantments, and false prophets have much relied upon tricks and deceptions. Antichrist to this day is prone to use lying wonders. But God's wonders are real, they are truly wonderful, and are not mere pretences. Neither nature, nor providence, nor grace, lends any countenance to mere outside appearance: the deeper you go in God's wonders, the more wonderful they are. That which the Lord doeth is peculiarly his own. Even as the magicians said, "This is the finger of God," and ceased from their conjuring. They had touched upon the inimitable, and were forced to pause.

Many apparent wonders can be explained, and, henceforth, the wonder is gone. Certain nations wonder at an eclipse, which to the astronomer is a very simple affair. Now, you cannot explain away election, redemption, regeneration, and the pardon of sin: these great wonders of almighty love are all the greater the more you know of them. Many wonders, also, are diminished by familiarity. Well do I remember as a child being taken to see the first train drawn by a steam-engine to our town: I greatly wondered; but I have now ceased to wonder at such an ordinary sight. I remember a viaduct, which to my juvenile mind was stupendous; I have seen it since, and it is by no means one of the wonders of the world. The wonders of grace are such, that the more you see them the more your wonder grows. In these cases it is ignorance which does *not* wonder; but knowledge marvels exceedingly. Those who are most familiar with the Lord think the most of him and of his grace. The wonders of divine grace are so great that they can never be eclipsed by any greater marvels. No one will ever tell us a more marvellous story than the life and death of our Lord for sinful men. In the gift of Jesus Christ the infinite God has outdone all his previous acts. This is the greatest wonder that ever angels heard of; they desire still to look into it. This is in words and sense the climax of all miracles—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." When you and I have, for millions and millions of years, realized what divine mercy means, my conviction is that we shall wonder more at the Lord's grace than we do now. Salvation is an exceeding *great* wonder, like the great mountains, or the great sea. The lovingkindness of the Lord is immeasurable. "Now," cries some one, "you speak about wonders; if I were to be converted it would not only be a wonder, but a *great*

wonder." That is why I expect it, for the Lord still takes pleasure in performing great wonders. "Oh, but I am such a devil in sin! I have gone to the brink of hell. It is impossible that I should be forgiven." That is why I expect to see such pardons given. Unconquerable mercy will, I trust, take up the challenge of your sin. The Lord is at home with great things. You and I are often overbalanced with small affairs; but the Lord's element is greatness. See him making worlds, striking them off like sparks from the anvil of his creating power! Miracles are commonplaces with God. His is essential and unrivalled greatness. "The nations are as a drop of a bucket: he taketh up the isles as a very little thing." The Lord grants great forgiveness to great sinners, and takes pleasure to work great transformations in those who were sodden through and through with sin.

Why doth God work great wonders of grace? I answer, *because he is great and greatly wonderful.* He acts according to his nature when he doeth great wonders. He is so wonderful a God that no one has ever formed an adequate conception of him. We do not understand God, nor can we comprehend him. We know that there is such an one, and we love and praise him; but to say that we understand God as a man is understood of his fellow, would be very far from the truth. Ten thousand minds, educated to the highest, and even filled with the Holy Ghost, if they could unite their largest ideas, could not compass the infinite Jehovah. You have filled so many little cups with the waters of the sea, but you are as far off as ever from having taken up the great deep. It is but natural that the Infinite One should do great wonders. The Lord is inconceivably great, and therefore we are unable to imagine a limit to what he may do in a direction so much his own as that of mercy, since God is love. Assuredly, to be great in everything is after the manner of the great Lord: he doth greatly pardon, greatly renew, greatly love, greatly bless, greatly glorify. Oh, that we would believe him to be great, then should we with Mary sing, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour."

Do not despondingly imagine that God will allow his wonders to dwindle down as the world grows old. "Oh," say you, "he did great wonders in the olden times, but he is not of that mind now." Is that your God? My God is the same: he fainteth not, neither is weary. He still doeth great wonders. Jehovah who divided the Red Sea is our God for ever and ever: he could divide the Atlantic if he willed it, and would do so if it were needful for the fulfilment of his gracious purposes. The God who fed his people in the wilderness may not cause manna to fall from heaven to-day; but he will none the less give food unto his people. "Thy place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; thy bread shall be given thee, and thy waters shall be sure." The Lord can do as much to-day as he did in the elder ages; yea, we may look for greater things than these. I do not believe that God's music is now marked with *diminuendo*, but I see *crescendo* on the score: it grows in volume and in force as the ages roll along. The Lord leads on our wondering minds from height to height, and reveals to us more and more the glory of his power.

This leads me to believe that *the Lord Jesus will yet save greater sinners than he ever did save*, if such sinners there be. Our Lord celebrated

his entrance into Paradise by the salvation of a thief, and soon after his resurrection he restored Peter. He will always be saving thieves, and restoring backsliders. He went after Saul of Tarsus, who was both a persecutor and a blasphemer; and he means always to be saving sinners of that kind. That Philippian gaoler, converted at the dead of night, is but a specimen of the sort of hard, rough, cruel brutes that he will still subdue by his mighty grace. The Lord will go on to save great sinners, for he has put his hand to the plough of grace, and he will not look back.

"Jesus reigns on Zion's hill,
He receives poor sinners still."

The very guiltiest, and most hardened, and most daring of rebels are welcome to come to Jesus and look to him and live. How pleased I am to preach this gospel! Oh, that I could preach it better! I expect the Lord to go on saving great sinners by these words of mine, and this shall be to the praise of the glory of his grace.

We may expect the Lord to forgive great sins, such as murders, adulteries, robberies, blasphemies, and sins unmentionable. Mercy gets to itself renown when it annihilates giant sins: then we sing of Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan, overthrown by the Lord, whose mercy endureth for ever. His mercy is not an atom less than it used to be, for it endureth for ever. The ocean of to-day is as full as when Jonah went down into its deeps; the sun of to-day is as bright as when it shone on Lot entering Zoar; and the grace of God is as full, as broad, as deep, as omnipotent, as when our Saviour dwelt among men, and said to one and another, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

The Lord is also doing great wonders in displaying great condescensions to those who believe on his Son Jesus Christ. It would be a great wonder if the Lord should meet with *us* to-day and make our hearts leap for joy: but, unworthy as we are, he is ready to do so. It would be a great wonder if he were to restore our backslidings, and heal the bones which are broken by our sins; but he waits to act as our soul's surgeon. It would be a great wonder if he were to enter in and sup with us, and we with him; but he even now knocks at the door of our hearts with that design. The Lord's bosom may still be leaned upon; we may still lean on our Beloved; he will still kiss us with the kisses of his mouth. The Lord still dwells with the humble and contrite; for this great wonder of condescension still delights him.

The Lord is working great wonders of delivering grace. Are any of you in great trouble or great danger? The Lord that delivered David out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, and from the hand of the uncircumcised Philistine, will deliver you also with a great deliverance. He that saved Daniel in the den of lions, and brought him out unharmed, even he that walked with the holy children in the burning fiery furnace, is the same God still. He can, he will, he doth deliver. You shall see his great wonders if you will but trust in him. You that are tossed about and sorely pained with the present state of the Church of God, you may look for wonders of grace. I expect our Lord to do great wonders at this time by sending us great revivals of religion, or in some other way making bare his

holy arm. What shall withstand him if he doth but arouse himself! In former ages the light has burned very low, and then the Lord has trimmed the lamp. The Lord has spoken, and great has been the multitudes of them that have published his word. Then "kings of armies did flee; and she that tarried at home divided the spoil." It shall be so still. Oh, thou that doest great wonders, fight for thyself this day, and make the adversaries of thy truth to melt away. Let us pray for the visitations of the Holy Spirit; but never let us give way to doubt, even for a moment. "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." Now we have got some good way into our text—"To him that doeth great wonders" be glory for ever and ever.

III. The third point is this—THESE GREAT WONDERS ARE WROUGHT BY GOD ALONE. He *alone* doeth great wonders. Lay emphasis heavily upon the word "alone."

My brethren, there are deeds of kindness which you could not expect any one else to do. The most forgiving of human spirits can never pardon as God does. You, poor sinner, have been measuring God's corn with your bushel, and therefore you conclude that he cannot forgive you; but his longsuffering and grace are greater than yours. If you had offended others as you have offended God, you might safely come to the conclusion that forgiveness would be out of the question; but the Lord in mercy far outruns all others. None can forgive and forget as the Lord does. It was never heard of, that one could pass over such offences and rebellions as God doth freely blot out. The Lord can do, and is daily doing, such acts of love and mercy as would be looked for in vain among men and angels. Believe that God is more able to forgive than you are able to believe. Have you written it down among your sadly sure conclusions that you are certain to be lost? The God of all grace delights to contradict our despairs. He will disannul your covenant with death, and deliver the lawful captive from the hand of the destroyer. He will interpose in an unheard-of manner. He saith, "Behold, I will do a new thing." He will do that which we looked not for, and thus make us own that he alone doeth great wonders. God's grace is unique. To whom will ye liken him? In this he is seen to be God alone. None can approach him, so as to be mentioned in the same day. He does for us exceedingly abundantly above what we ask or even think. Ah, poor desponding soul! you had a dream. Did you not dream that you were a child again, and could begin life once more? You woke up, and cried, "Ah me! this will never be true. I wish it were." It can be true. The Lord can make you again to become a little child by being born again. It is hard, I know, for you to believe it; but nothing ought to be hard to believe concerning the God whose mercy endureth for ever. He alone, himself, and by himself, can perform prodigies of love.

When it is said that he does these great wonders "alone," it means that he does them when nobody can help him. My friend, you cannot do anything: you are now reduced to utter impotence, under a sense of sin. You fear that you cannot even believe, or feel; but the Lord is all-sufficient, and he alone doeth great wonders. He can do all for you,

and work all in you. What strange creatures we are! We feel that we must try to help God. What folly is this! O poor creature of a day, didst thou help him to make the world? Where wast thou when the mountains were brought forth? O feeble creature, what canst thou do? Canst thou help him in providence? He asks no aid from thee. I have known some poor souls complain that they cannot feel their nothingness; and they fancy that if they felt their nothingness, Christ could then save them. This is odd, is it not? Here is a man who must needs help God by his nothingness! Out of the way with you! You do but block the road. Stand aside, and let grace work! What canst thou do? Do you reply, "I must believe and repent?" I know you must, but

> "True belief, and true repentance,
> Every grace that brings us nigh,
> Without money,
> Come to Jesus Christ and buy."

Jesus Christ comes to save you just as you are, and his salvation comes to you where you are. When they make railways in England they usually carry them sufficiently far from a town to give work to an omnibus. Seldom does the station stand near the house where one wants to go. The railway to heaven is of another sort: it comes to your door. Jesus comes where you are, and meets your actual condition. Though you lie at death's door, Christ comes as the resurrection and the life. Though you pine in the vestibule of hell, almighty mercy comes to free you from condemnation. In your spiritual helplessness and hopelessness, Jesus comes to you, saying, "Trust me now to be all in all to you." Praise him who alone, without your puny aid, or the aid of priest, or the aid of mortifications and penances, can remove your sins, and make you pure and holy. His own arm brings salvation to those who trust him, and he alone doeth great wonders.

When the Lord uses means in the salvation of a soul, he takes care that nobody shall praise the means or ascribe the salvation to the agent. He has many ways with his most useful servants of making them keep their places; and you will notice that as soon as ever any one of them begins to grow rather large in his own esteem, he is usually met with weakness and barrenness. We must, brethren, keep self out of the way. We must put ourselves absolutely into God's hands, that he may use us in the winning of souls, and then we must send the great *I* down, down, down, till it is buried out of all remembrance. They tell us that when you go fishing it is wise to stand back and keep yourself out of sight as much as possible. The fish that see *you* will not take the bait. The Lord will not do great wonders in company, but alone. His servants must not set up to be masters, or they will be sternly rebuked. On the throne of grace God will brook no rival. If we are to see Jesus increase, we must decrease. If Christ goes up, self goes down. The Lord saith, "My glory will I not give to another." We shall be made to forget the minister, and every other worker, and recognize the fact that the Lord alone doeth great wonders.

O brethren, when I think of what the Lord has done for some of us by forgiving and saving us, how his glorious name rises and fills the whole heaven! God is not to be compared with any: they vanish as

he appears. The Father is everything; he alone doeth great wonders when he receives the returning prodigal. The Son of God who bore our sins in his own body on the tree is everything to us, and he alone is the Wonderful. When we shall see him it will be as the Lamb in the midst of the throne. We shall give no praise for our salvation to any, but himself and that divine Spirit who regenerates us. Beloved, we rely on no influences of any sort save that almighty influence which proceeds from the Holy Ghost. "He alone doeth great wonders."

This should be a great comfort to those of you who are not yet saved. If I were in your condition I would try to catch at the text this morning. God himself is able to save. Trust Jesus and live.

Here also is comfort for children of God who are exercised concerning the state of the churches. Be encouraged, for the Lord who alone doeth great wonders is equal to the emergency. Perhaps he will strip us still more: perhaps he will take away every able man that now preaches the gospel; and when our Calvins and Luthers and Zwingles are all dead, then, may be, he alone will do great wonders. Be it so, if so it pleaseth him; for he must have all the glory. The extremity of the church shall be the opportunity of God. But, man of God, rest thou sure that his everlasting purposes will stand, and his divine covenant of mercy will endure for ever.

IV. I close with my last head—upon which I will speak briefly. Beloved, if you know anything about these wonders, these great wonders, these wonders in which God stands alone, then remember that FOR THESE WONDERS HE IS TO BE PRAISED. This verse is an ascription of praise. "To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever." It means—to him be thanks and praise and power and honour and majesty for ever and ever. Oh, that we could fill the universe with praise!

Wonder is a sort of praise; it is the chaos out of which a world of praise is to be made. Sit thou still and silently meditate on the greatness and goodness of God until thou art overcome with admiration, and then thou wilt adore. Our wonderment should always blossom into thanks. Holy wonder is like sweet incense, but love must set it on a blaze with a burning coal of gratitude. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever."

If you will begin to praise the Lord for his great wonders of mercy, I will tell you what will happen to you. First, we shall find *his nature revealed to us*. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good." We shall begin to see the essential goodness of God, and then we shall the better understand the manifestations of it as seen in ten thousand ways. This is something to learn. We learn through the habit of praise to know in a measure what God is.

Next, while praising for his wonders, thou wilt learn to *adore his Godhead*. "Give thanks unto the God of gods." It is a grand thing to be deeply impressed that God is God. Hath he not said, "Be still, and know that I am God"? We do not know what God is, but we know that he is God; we cannot comprehend him, but we apprehend this much—that he is God. It is the greatest thought a man can ever think when he thinks that God is God. I would have thee praise him until thou knowest that he is God; for thou wilt treat him as he

should be treated when thou dost distinctly recognize the glory of his Deity.

If thou wilt keep on praising him for his wonders, thou wilt come to *know somewhat of his sovereignty.* "O give thanks unto the Lord of lords," for he rules over all things, both in heaven and in earth, and in all deep places. I reverently adore and heartily love the doctrine of the sovereignty of God. Those words which are terrible to the ungodly are sweet to him who knows the love of God—"I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." We can trust our God with unlimited power, and with the right to do whatever he wills; and it is a part of our worship that we should never question whatever he may do. "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good."

Still, when thou praisest God for the wonders he has wrought for thee, and for others, let the climax of thy praise be this, that "*His mercy endureth for ever.*" Magnify with all thy faculties of mind and heart; with memory, and hope, and fear, and every emotion of which thou art capable, the changeless mercy of God. He is ever merciful, or full of mercy. He always will be so. Thou hast a God of immutable goodness, rejoice in him at all times, and under all aspects. When thou thinkest upon his terrible justice, doubt not his mercy. Pharaoh is cast into the Red Sea, but Jehovah's mercy endureth. He slays mighty kings, but "his mercy endureth for ever." Ay, when thou seest hell engulf the impenitent, and thou thinkest with solemn awe of the dread punishment necessary to sin, rest assured that this alters not the fact that God is love, and that "his mercy endureth for ever." There must be no collision in thy thoughts between his justice and his mercy: they are both divine, and they both endure for ever. Do thou say "Hallelujah!" even when thou seest his wrath. Accepting his mercy in Jesus, praise him; resting in that mercy, praise him; hoping in that mercy, that it will follow thee all the days of thy life, praise him. By-and-by, brothers and sisters, we shall know more of his eternal mercy, and then we shall praise him in loftier strains. Shall we ever need a sweeter song than this—"To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever"? As we shall hear the harpers harping with their harps, and see the holy ones casting their crowns before him on the glassy sea, shall we not chant this *great Hallel*—"To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever"? The Lord bless you ever! Amen.

PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm cxxxvi.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—136 (Song I.), 117, 136 (Song II).

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

LOVE AT ITS UTMOST.

A Sermon

DELIVERED ON LORD'S-DAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1887, BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."—John xv. 9.

IN the love of Christ we find our best joy. The pastures of the Great Shepherd are wide, but the sweetest grasses grow close to his pierced feet. The love of Jesus is the centre of salvation; it is as the sun in the midst of the heavens of grace. I trust that while I lead your meditations this morning towards this golden theme you will be able to enter in spirit into the heart and soul of it. Paul said, when he spake of marriage, "Behold, I show you a mystery: but I speak concerning Christ and the church." There is always much that is mysterious here, but it is ever the mystery of love. You believe in this love; you know it; you have tasted it; and, therefore, I speak to an audience that will appreciate the subject, however faulty may be my handling of it.

Oh, for a higher experience! May the Lord at this hour conduct us into his banqueting-house, and rejoice us with his love, which is better than wine! Many of us will bring to the feast a keen appetite: this is all we can contribute, and even that is a gift of love. Oh, that we may have a quick eye to see the beauties of the Lord, and a discerning heart to perceive how his love to us enhances all his charms!

The love of Christ to his people is the sweetest, fullest, and most profitable theme that a preacher can bring before his people, and it is always a suitable and seasonable subject, whatever the condition of the congregation may be. But we greatly need the aid of the Holy Spirit to prepare our minds for the enjoyment of this truth. It is one thing to hear the outward sound of love, it is another thing to feel an inward sense of it. It is pleasant to hear the rippling of the brook; but if you are dying of thirst that silver music will not refresh you if you are unable to drink of the stream. Come, Holy Spirit, come! We beseech thee, take of the things of Christ, and glorify him by revealing them to our inmost souls!

I. We will plunge into the subject at once. Here is our first exhortation: LET US UNQUESTIONINGLY BELIEVE THAT JESUS LOVES US. That is to say, if we are indeed in him, he loves us infinitely. Our

Lord is speaking here, not of his general love of benevolence, but of that peculiar and special affection which he bears to his own, of whom he says, "I have chosen you out of the world." If we are in him, as the branches are in the vine, and if we prove the reality of that union by bringing forth the fruits of grace to his glory, then we are the objects of the Saviour's peculiar love. He speaks to us as a church, and to each one personally, and says, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." O my hearer, does he speak thus to thee? Hast thou taken hold of Christ by faith? Has he saved thee? Is thy life derived from him? Is he thy hope, thy joy, thine all? If this be so, then doubt not that he speaks to thee with his own lips as well as out of this book of record. As truly as if he stood at thy side and grasped thy hand, and spoke, with his eyes looking into thine eyes with tenderness of love, he saith to thee, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."

That he truly loves us, we may confidently believe; for he himself is at pains to assure us of it in so many words. He does not leave it to an inference, although the inference might be safely drawn from the ten thousand love-deeds of his life and death; but he deliberately declares his love: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." Do you doubt his words?—words spoken in the solemn night of his agony, and registered in the volume of inspiration? Does not your heart respond to him, as he says, "I have loved you"? Do you not answer, "Ay, Lord, it is true indeed! There is little need for thee to tell me this with thy lips, for thou hast assured me of it by thy wounds. I know that thou lovest me. Oh, that I loved thee better in return!"

As if to confirm us in our belief beyond all wavering, and to lead out our hearts to behold the largeness of his affection, he quotes a parallel to his love of the most extraordinary kind. He looks not to the loves of earth, but to the greatest love of heaven, and says, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." Beloved, you do not, dare not, could not, doubt the love of the Father to his Son. It is one of those unquestionable truths about which you never dreamed of holding an argument. Our Lord would have us place his love to us in the same category with the Father's love to himself. We are to be as confident of the one as of the other. What a wonderful certainty is conveyed to us by this token! The Father regards with boundless love the Son, with whom he is in essential union, since they are one God; and as surely as this is the case, so surely does Jesus love the people whom he has taken into marriage union with himself for ever. Doubt not: it will be a sort of blasphemy to doubt after such a pledge as this. Think of it, and let your assurance become doubly sure.

Behold the course and proof of our Redeemer's love! *He chose us in love.* The reason of his choice was love. Remember how he puts it in the seventh chapter of Deuteronomy. God there speaks of his choice of Israel: "Thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth. The Lord did not set his love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people: but because the Lord loved you." He loved you because he loved you. Election is based

upon affection, and that affection is its own fountain. The whole system of divine love springs from the love of God, and from nothing else. Jesus loves us because he is love. If I must add anything to that statement, it will suffice me to quote the Well-beloved's own words: when he thanked the Father that he had hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes, he said, "Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight." O believer, Jesus loved thee before the world began, and all because he would love thee. He loved thee in order that he might manifest his love to thee. He loved thee in order that thou mightest be conformed unto his image, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren, and that thus we might share his nature and his character and his Father's love, and so draw nearer and nearer to him in ever-growing fellowship of affection. See the love which is its own cause spending its own self, and by its own efficacy working out its gracious purposes, every one of which is as full of love as the love which designed it.

Having thus chosen us for love, so great was the love of our Lord that *he became man for love of us*. He "counted it not robbery to be equal with God," but became man that he might carry out his purposes of love to us. It is written, "For this cause shall a man leave his father and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." and this has its highest exemplification in Christ, who quitted his Father that he might become one flesh with his church. He took our nature, that so he might be able to do for us, and suffer for us, what else he could not have done and suffered. By thus taking upon himself our nature he established a nearer union and a sweeter fellowship with his beloved church than could otherwise have existed. If he had never become the babe of Bethlehem, and the man of Nazareth, how could he have been made in all points like unto his brethren? Think what that love must have been which brought the Lord of glory from the highest heaven to become the Man of sorrows for our sakes!

Having become a man for us, we remember that *Jesus died because of love*. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." That laying down of life in our Lord's case was specially a proof of love, for he died voluntarily; there was no necessity upon him, as upon us, to die. Other men, if they died for us, would but pay the debt of nature a little before its time; but Jesus died who needed not to die, so far as he himself was concerned. He died also amid circumstances of pain, and shame, and desertion, which made that death peculiarly bitter. The death of the cross is to us the highest proof of our Saviour's infinite love to us. He must die the death of a felon, between two thieves, utterly friendless, the object of general ridicule; and this he must do as bearing our sins in his own body. All this makes us say, "Behold how he loved us!" O beloved! can we doubt Christ's love, since he laid down his life, "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God"?

It was *because of this love*, remember, dear child of God, that *the Lord made thee live*. I cannot quote at full length that memorable passage in the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel; but there you have our condition represented as that of a deserted infant cast out to die, unwashed, unswaddled, bleeding itself to death in filth and misery; and it is written

that when the Lord passed by, he said unto that infant, "Live." Even thus did he speak to us, and we lived, and rose out of our misery. He declares that the time when he thus passed by was "a time of love." Shall I not touch your hearts when I remind you of the Lord's time of love to you? Remember your cast-out condition, your helpless distress, your hopeless ruin. You lay between the very jaws of death, and no one eye pitied you; you did not even pity yourself. Jesus looked on you long before you looked to him. He spoke to you before you spoke to him. He said, "Live!" and you did live, but before that you were dead in trespasses and sins. Then he washed, clothed, beautified, and adopted you. He made a wretched foundling to be joint-heir with himself. O love! matchless love! We owe our spiritual life to love, and therefore as long as we live we will praise the Lover of our souls!

Inasmuch as we are by nature at a distance from God, we needed *to be brought nigh.* We have been brought near to him by love. Jeremiah hath a famous passage—"The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Do you remember when the bands of a man were fastened around you, and you felt the cords of love drawing more and more forcibly? You could not tell why you were so singularly inclined to better things, but it was so. In yourself you were at first lifeless as a log; but soon you began to feel a yielding, yes, and an inclination, and at last that stubborn will relented, and new desires took the place of former aversions. Then you ran in the way in which you were drawn: your will had at last been made truly free, so that you delighted in the will of God. Love did all this. Love was more than conqueror; for it did not vanquish the enemy by force, but turned him into a grateful friend. By the recollection of those drawings which have not ceased even now, let us believe in the love of Jesus. Do you not feel him drawing you even as you sit in this house of prayer? Then under a present sense of his love, cry out, "The love of Christ constraineth us." I charge you, have no doubt about the love of your divine Lord which even now is working within you.

Time would fail me if I were to go into all the fruits of the love of Christ to you. For love he has forgiven you! Have you ever forgotten the blotting out of your iniquities by that hand of love? For love he has fed you day by day with the best of spiritual meat. "Ye are complete in him." All your wants his love has supplied: there are shoes for your pilgrimage, armour for your warfare, strength for your labour, rest for your weariness, comfort for your sorrow. No good thing does his love withhold. You have an inward satisfaction in Christ which all the world could not produce. Moreover, he has led you through this wilderness life in safety to this day. In dark and devious roads he has been near you; his rod and his staff have comforted you. You have not gone astray, and that not because there was not the spirit of straying in you, but because the great Shepherd has kept you in his paths. How often has he succoured you, and delivered you! How graciously has he helped your weakness, enlightened your darkness, allayed your fears, renewed your hope, and, above all, preserved you from sin! As I look back upon my own life, I am filled with adoring thankfulness. I know

that the retrospect which each one of you is looking upon is very much the same. Surely, goodness and mercy have brightened all the days of our lives. Each day has been so wonderful, that if we had only lived that one day, we should have had cause to praise the Lord for ever and ever. When all the days are "threaded on time's string," what a bracelet of mercies they make! What shall I say of my Lord's love? If I liken it for height to the mountains, I see Alps piled on Alps. "Thy mercy, O God, is in the heavens." If I liken it for depth to the sea, I am again lost in the comparison; I can only cry, "O the depths!" As to counting the gifts of his love, if we think of them, they are more in number than the sands of the sea. Let us not doubt his love, for that would be wanton cruelty; but sitting down in stillness of mind let our hearts quietly beat time to this one sentence: He loveth me—He loveth me. More surely than parent or child, or husband or wife, or the best tried friend, Jesus loves his blood-bought ones! O my soul, he loves thee! Be thou always ravished with his love.

Yet must I not quite close the list till I remind you that you are now this very day in union with him. You are laid on him and cemented to him as a stone is built upon the foundation. You are also joined to him vitally as the branch is to the stem, and as the member to the body. You are, moreover, joined to him by living, loving, lasting union, as the bride is united to the bridegroom. You are identical with your covenant Head to-day in the purposes of God. God hath dealt with him as though he had sinned your sin, and now he deals with you as though you had wrought his righteousness. In the purposes of God you are wrapped up with the Lord Jesus Christ. Herein is love! The future of Jesus is to be your future; you are to be with him where he is. When Luther was in his worst troubles a friend came in to see him, and he noticed that he had written upon the wall in big letters the word, "Vivit!" He enquired of Luther what he meant by "vivit"? Luther answered, "Jesus lives; and if he did not live I would not care to live an hour." Yes, our life is bound up with that of Jesus. We are not called upon to live of ourselves, that would be death; but we have life and all things in union with him. This is love indeed, which rests not till it is one with its object. O you unconverted ones, how can you live apart from Christ? To live one hour apart from Christ is to live in infinite peril, since in that hour you may die, and pass beyond the realms of hope.

O beloved, you that love him are one with him by an infinite and indestructible union! "Who shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?" This eternal oneness is the security both of grace and glory to us. Certain of our dear brethren and sisters have lately gone up the shining road. We might envy them if we did not know that even here we have the Lord's love to cheer us. Let us love Jesus for his love to our brethren; for now they share his throne, lie in his bosom, and are indulged with a vision of his glory. We also are on our way to the wedding-feast; let us keep our lamps burning. Comfort yourselves with the divine hope of everlasting joy. His love which came to us from heaven to earth will bear us up from earth to heaven. Heart cannot conceive what love has laid up for those whom it has chosen.

II. But I cannot proceed further after this fashion; I must now exhibit my theme in another light. LET US MEDITATE CONTINUALLY UPON THE LOVE OF CHRIST. I would help your meditations by giving a few hints. Do not think that I am preaching, but consider that you are alone in your chamber, and that I am speaking through a telephone to you. Let me vanish, and let Jesus stand before you.

Meditate upon the love of Christ to you. *It is a love ancient and venerable, tried and proved.* He loved you when you were not; he loved you when you were, but were not what you should be. He has loved you into spiritual being; he has loved you so as to keep you in that being. He loved you so as to suffer and to die, and he loves you so as to permit you to suffer for his sake. He has loved you so well as to bear with your ill manners, your shortcomings, and your transgressions, your coldness, your backsliding, your lack of prayer, your hardness of heart, your little love to your brethren, and all the other sins of which I will not now accuse you, for it is a time of love. He has loved you right on without pausing or slackening. Some of you have known his love these twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years; yes, some of you even more than that. It is no new thing with us to sing, "Jesus loves me." All this while he has never failed us once, nor done us an ill turn. The kindest husband that ever lived may sometimes be faulty, but this husband of our souls overfloweth with divine affection every day, and all the day. We could not find fault or flaw in his love, if we were to try. Doubtless, in the future we shall have to make continued trial of his love, but we are sure it will endure every test. We may have rough ways to traverse, but he will tread them with us, and we shall lean upon our Beloved. We may be very sick and faint, but he hath borne our sicknesses, and will sympathize with us. He hath said, and we believe it, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." His promise is "Certainly I will be with thee. Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you." The longer we live the more abundant evidence shall we receive of that love of Christ, which at this moment is assuredly ours. At this moment we believe in this love as implicitly as yonder babe believes in its mother's love, and stretches out its little hands to be embraced in those dear arms. Is it not so, dear friends? Do you not lean on the bosom of your Lord, without a shadow of mistrust, and do you not there find your fears all laid asleep? What love is this!

Remember also in your meditation, that *his love to you has been most free.* It was unbought, and even unsought. In Hosea it is written, "I will love them freely"; and surely, if ever there was a case in which that verse was transparently true, it is in my case. Was it not so in yours? What was there in you that could have won his love? If he could see any beauty in me, it must have been first in his own eyes. They say that love is blind; and certainly, though our heavenly Bridegroom is not blind, yet he was somewhat kinder still; for he saw our deformities of sin and folly, and yet he loved us notwithstanding all. He saw our iniquities, and then he cast them into the depths of the sea. Jesus, lover of my soul, thou lovest me, and that love is free indeed! How couldst thou be enamoured of such an one as I am? It could only be because thou lovest

those who most need thy love, and can least repay it. Inasmuch as it is even so, what shall I do but admire and adore? Brethren, let us muse and meditate, and pray, and praise, and wonder, and worship him whom, having not seen, we love. Let us love him because he first loved us. Beholding the generous upspringing of a love which we could not deserve and would not seek, let us freely love in return.

This love of our Lord's, so free, so full, so forceful, was and is *most amazing*. We shall never hear better or more surprising news than this, that Jesus loves us. Nothing more surprising ever came to me than to learn "he loved me, and gave himself for me." Others may, perhaps, see what is wrought by the Lord's grace in us, and this may make them the less astonished at the Lord's love towards us; but we know ourselves, and see our blemishes as well as our beauties, and hence we know that there is nothing lovable in us by nature. When we see our Lord's beauty we see nothing but deformity in ourselves. The more we perceive his love the more do we abhor ourselves because of our own want of love to him, and because of the defilements into which we have fallen. We are amazed at our sin, and more amazed at his love. We shall go on reading in the golden Book of Christ's love throughout all eternity, and the longer we study it the more we shall be astonished that ever the Holy and the Glorious and the Ever-blessed should have espoused in love such insignificant, polluted, and fickle-hearted creatures as we are.

The love of Jesus is love *most practical*. Christ loves not in word only, but in deed and in truth. There is a greater force to my mind in Christ's deeds of love than in all the words which even he could have uttered. His deeds emphasize his words. Words cannot to the full express the mind of love: language filters from the lips, while feeling gushes from the heart. Jesus has written out his love in living characters. O Master! never man spake like thee, and yet that was thy most eloquent discourse when thou didst say but little, but didst stretch thy hands to the cross, that they might be nailed there. Then didst thou pour out thy heart, not in oratory, but in blood and water. Jesus has given to us his crown, his garments, his body, his soul, his life, himself. Said I not well that his is practical love? It is love full of tenderness, rich in bounty, lavish in thoughtfulness, firm in constancy, strong as death, mightier than the grave.

Think, again, that *it was personal love*. The Lord Jesus Christ loves each one of his people as much as if he had not one more. All the heart of Christ goes out to each one of us. The great sun shines to-day on this round earth, and while it pours its limitless flood of light on all, that one tiny daisy, as it bathes in the brightness, is able to say, "The sun is all mine." Though there be myriads of flowers in the meadows and the gardens, yet this one flower may freely possess all that the sun can give, or rather all that the little flower can receive, as much as if it were the only flower that blooms. So Jesus is to me, to you, to each one of us, all our own; neither lose we anything by the fact that he is all the own of so many millions. Nay, we gain by his being thus possessed by so many brethren, for we find our bliss repeated in the happiness of all whom Jesus loves as he loves us. In the text we read, "so have I loved you." Mark how the two personal pronouns

"I" and "you" stand with nothing but "love" between. The Lord Jesus, his own self, delighted in us, even in us who are not worthy to be named in the same day with him. Glory be to his holy name for ever!

The pith of our text lies in this, that to make us know a little of how much he loves us, our Lord has paralleled his love to us with the Father's love to him. What kind of love was that? Here we get into deep waters. Each thought is an abyss. We know that the Father loved the Son *without beginning*, even from eternity. It is not conceivable that there ever was a period when the Father did not love his Son: neither is it conceivable by those who read this Book of the Lord aright that there ever could have been a time when Jesus did not love his people. This love constrained him in the council chamber of eternity to become the surety of the covenant for those his Father gave him. In that time before time began, the Lord's love went forth; for his goings forth were of old, from everlasting. Not when we began to love him, nor even when we began to be, did the love of our redeeming Lord commence its divine history; but from of old, or ever the earth was. Some of you dote upon antiquities; but this to me is the most precious of all ancient things—the everlasting love of Jesus.

We also feel sure that the Father loves the Son *without end.* There cannot come an hour when the Father will banish the Son from his heart. Till then Jesus will never cast off his people. The unchanging Christ of God will never cease to love his redeemed; for the Father will never cease to love him. Hath he not said, "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee"?

Beloved, we must not fail to note *the intimacy of this love,* for Jesus said, "I and my Father are one." Even such is his love to us; it is intimate in character; for Jesus saith, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." Jesus has made himself one with his people. He loves them with a marvellous intimacy, so that in loving them he loves himself, for he has made them to be "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." I go further: our Lord loved us better than he loved himself, for they truly said of him, "He saved others; himself he could not save." His mighty love made him to be a sacrifice for his people, that he might redeem them from under the curse of the law.

It is a love, in fact, *immeasurable;* there is no bound to it. The Father must love the Son inconceivably. As God himself is incomprehensible, so is the love of the Divine Persons to each other. Jesus also loves his chosen without limit. He loves unto the end with a love which has no end. We can only become conscious of a limited portion of that love, but it is not limited in itself. To this ocean there is neither shore nor bottom. Jesus loves omnipotently, everlastingly, and infinitely.

His love is also *immutable,* like that of his Father to him. Change is unknown to the heart of Jesus. He cannot love us more, and he will not love us less. I spoke of the ocean just now, but it was a faulty emblem, for it ebbs and flows, while our Lord's love is ever at the full.

Now the point I want to bring you to is this—remember that the Father's intimate and infinite and unchanging love to his Son did not prevent his Son from being "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"; did not prevent his having to say, "I have not where to lay my head"; did not prevent his bloody sweat in Gethsemane. "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." Even he had to cry, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," and to add, "nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." Think you that you will be excused the bitter cup? You in your prayers have said, "My Father, if thou lovest me let me not be poor, let me not be bereaved, let me not be laid aside, let me not be evil spoken of." You know not what you ask. You pray against promotion when you pray against affliction. It was needful for the greater glory of the Mediator, in his complex person as God and Man, that he should greatly suffer and give himself a ransom for many, and therefore the love of the Father did not withhold the wormwood and the gall. And now for other purposes known to the wise heart of Jesus it is needful that you, his disciple, should be made to drink of his cup, and to be baptized with his baptism, and he will not deny you the privilege. You must be made a partaker of Christ's sufferings, that you may the better have fellowship with him in the highest form of his glory. Wherefore, believe that Christ loves thee when he afflicts thee, that he loves thee when he declines to remove the cup of trembling from thy lips. Thou wouldst decline the high honours he intends thee, but his love forbids the heavy loss. If we are to reign with him we must first suffer with him, and so his love urges us on to the suffering out of a high regard for our eternal welfare. O thou that art shrinking from the cross, art thou willing to forego the crown? Surely thou art not so foolish. Wherefore, be sure that these griefs are needful for thee, that thy soul may be enlarged and enabled to contain more of delight and of bliss in Christ Jesus thy Lord throughout eternity. To spare thee that pin's prick to-day would be to make thee a loser throughout the endless ages; wherefore, lift up thy finger to the needle, and be ready to endure the sharp point for an instant, seeing it is the trifling penalty of thy rank as a follower of the Crucified. "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"; why, then, do we draw back from them?

God grant us grace to meditate much upon this love of Jesus Christ to us paralleled only by the Father's love to him; and meditating, may we become content to have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, that we may partake in his glory!

III. Bear with me while I come, in the third place, to say, LET US EXPERIENCE AND ADMIRE THE POWER WHICH THIS LOVE HAS OVER US. I asked you to forget me just now, and to regard me as a mere telephone; but now I desire to retire altogether, that Jesus only may rule in your mind and heart in the fulness of his power. What can be more powerful than this love? What can be operative in so many ways and in such varied methods? Happy is the man who is evermore under the spell of its power!

The love of Christ received into the heart *acts as a catholicon.* The old doctors searched for many a day to find a universal remedy. They

sought in vain ; yet here we have it. Christ is all medicine for all ailments ; but he is vastly more than that. He heals and he fills ; he fills and he beautifies ; he beautifies and he confirms ; he confirms and he perfects. So wondrously does his love work on men. Let the love of Christ be believed in and felt in your hearts, and *it will humble you.* Proud self goes out when sweet love comes in : the flesh dies through the power of that love on which the spirit lives. Can I be proud when my Beloved unveils to me his love which passeth knowledge? Impossible ! Nay, I feel ready to sink into the ground when I see his glories: "My soul melted while my Beloved spake." Brethren, the love of Christ is such a torrent that when it floods the soul it carries self before it.

Love has also a melting influence. The hammer of the law breaks, but the heart, when thus broken, is like a broken flint, every bit of which is still flint. When the love of Jesus performs its office, it dissolves us, turning the flint into flesh. An old divine says that when the law creates repentance the tears are hard as hailstones in the sinner's eyes, and I believe it is so; but when the gospel makes us repent, our weeping is as the dew of the morning. What a blessed softness grace produces ! How tender is the heart which Jesus touches with his pierced hand !

This love of Christ, how *consoling* it is to mourning hearts ! This is the best candle for one who is lying in bed in the dark. Oh, ye Much-afraids and Despondencies, who are hardly able to enjoy my subject this morning, I would fain uplift and cheer you by this sweet love; for indeed it is a balm for you. Do not turn away from this heavenly cordial. Do not try to doubt : you can scarcely do so when you think of our Redeemer's love ? What ! Desponding ? when thy Beloved gives thee the kisses of his lips, and says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love" ? If his presence doth not cheer thee, surely heaven itself would not make thee glad ; for what is heaven but the full enjoyment of his love ?

The love of Jesus has *a cleansing and sanctifying power.* To kill the love of sin live in the love of Christ. He whom Christ loves hates sin. We begin to say within ourselves—What shall I quit for Christ? What shall I do for Christ? The love of Jesus shed abroad in the soul hath a sanctifying savour : it perfumes the heart with holiness. His love is as a fire of odoriferous woods ; it consumes sin, and gives forth a fragrance of virtue. No furnace ever purifies our heart like the love of Jesus, which burns like coals of juniper. The way of love is the road to perfectness. Jonathan will not offend the David whom he loves. A heart enamoured of the holy Jesus will be very jealous lest it grieve him by sin.

A sweet sense of Christ's love also *strengthens us.* Love is strong as death, and it makes us strong for the duties of life. Those holy women in Scotland tied to stakes to be drowned by the incoming tide, what made them so brave in their confession of loyalty to Jesus? What but a sense of his love to them? Feeble men and women were cast to the lions in the Roman amphitheatre; did you ever hear that they cowered before the wild beasts, or asked mercy of the cruel crowd that sat around, and gazed on their agonies? Ah, no ! Christ's soldiers

never quail; and if you ask the secret of their courage, it is that he loves them, and they cannot but be bold for his dear sake.

This it is, too, that *makes us tender to others* and compassionate for this poor, ruined world. If any of you want to love the souls of men, learn how Christ loved *you*. You will love the vilest for his sake. If you would have eyes wherewith to weep over this sinful city, see how Jesus wept for *you*. If you would be prompt at all times to help the needy and succour the afflicted, keep close to the side of your gentle, tender, compassionate Lord, and as you feel his love to you, you will feel pity for others.

It is this that *inflames men with a true zeal for God* and for the good of men. Some hardly know what it is to be zealous; but there are a few saints yet remaining who are like pillars of flame from morning till night. We have some among us; my fear is lest they consume themselves and are gone before others have caught the flame. Would you know the secret of that holy flame which sits upon some apostolic men? The love of Jesus is that heavenly fire: they burn with love as they think of him whose love made him a whole-burnt offering for them.

This love *fills believers with delight*. If you would be always happy, sustain your mirth upon the spiced wine of his pomegranate. He loveth me; he loveth me, O joyous thought! Such an assurance creates a Paradise in a prison, and a heaven in heaviness.

Now I invite you, in conclusion, dear friends, to enter into this love of Christ by personal enjoyment. Wade into this river of the water of life. Do I hear you cry, "It is up to the ankles"? Go deeper, brother! "It is up to the knees." Go deeper, brother! Think more of divine love; value it more; live upon it more; trust it more! "Sir, it is up to my loins." Go deeper, brother! Thank God when it begins to lift you from your feet and bear you up above all earthly things. When you cannot touch the bottom rejoice. When you must needs swim, be happy to cast yourself upon the blessed flood. Drown you it cannot: these are not waters to sink in, but "waters to swim in." Be you as a bird in the air, a fish in the stream, an angel in heaven; let the love of Christ be your element: to you let love and live be the same word. You cannot think too much of Christ's love. The wise man saith, "Eat not too much honey"; but you cannot enjoy too much of the love of Christ. Get absorbed into it; be swallowed up in it till it is "no more I but Christ that liveth in me."

And when thou art once immersed in this love, continue in it. Christ does not love you to-day and cast you away to-morrow. Shall your faith be inconstant when his faithfulness is so abiding? How is it that you to-day are so happy in the Lord, and to-morrow will be so dreary? Are you up on Sunday and down on Monday? Is your God only the God of the Sabbath, and not of the whole week? What! is Christ a Sunday Christ, and not a Monday Christ? and is his love a Sabbath theme, and not an inspiration for Tuesdays and Wednesdays? Beloved, this must not be. Why, it is a childish thing—I retract the word as dishonouring to dear children—it is a foolish thing to be warm with this love to-day, and then to be cold to-morrow. Surely near such a fire we ought to be always warm. Abide in his love. Jesus Christ would have his people remain in a high, happy, holy, heavenly

condition. Do you say you think it is impossible? I do not agree with you. Enoch walked with God for many a year, till at last he walked away with God. Try after continued communion. Too often we get up to the top of the hill, and slide down again like boys at play. Come, come: this will never do. Let us keep up to the height which we reach. If I climb to the top of a hill I am by no means able to boast, for at once I see another hill beyond, which I had not before perceived. I aspire to climb that new summit, and I doubt not that if I attain it, I shall there spy another; and so on till the end. It is never ours to write the word "finality." *Higher and holier* is still our watchword. But why must we come down into the marshes again? What can be the good of rushing out of the sunshine of Christ's love into the fogs of distrust? Whereunto we have attained, let us abide in it, and seek grace to go on to something more. Does not our Lord intend this when he says, "Continue ye in my love"? "Oh," saith one, "you set us a hard task." No, brother, I have set before you a pleasant privilege, but I admit that you will not reach it by your own power, and as you are in yourself. But I am not talking to you as you are in yourself. I am talking to you as you are in Christ; and as you are in Christ all power is given unto you. Exercise that power. Henceforth instead of singing a song which breaks up into verses with groans between, let us chant a Psalm that goes right straight on, and has in every verse the joyous stanza, "His mercy endureth for ever." My Beloved is mine and I am his, and till the day break and the shadows flee away my soul shall feast upon his love, and joy and rejoice in him. God help you to do this for his name's sake! Oh, unconverted hearers, do you not wish to taste our joys? Come as you are, and trust in Jesus, and they shall be yours. Amen.

PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—John xv.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—916, 798, 792.

Mr. SPURGEON calls the attention of his readers to his new book upon the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, entitled *The Golden Alphabet*. It is mainly taken from *The Treasury of David*. Passmore & Alabaster. Price 3s. 6d.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

HOW HEARTS ARE SOFTENED.

A Sermon

DELIVERED ON LORD'S-DAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1887, BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

"And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn. In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon."—Zechariah xii. 10, 11.

HARDNESS of heart is a great and grievous evil. It exists not only in the outside world, but in many who frequent the courts of the Lord's house. Beneath the robes of religion many carry a heart of stone. It is more than possible to come to baptism and the sacred supper, to come constantly to the hearing of the Word, and even, as a matter of form, to attend to private religious duties, and yet still to have an unrenewed heart, a heart within which no spiritual life palpitates, and no spiritual feeling exists. Nothing good can come out of a stony heart; it is barren as a rock. To be unfeeling is to be unfruitful. Prayer without desire, praise without emotion, preaching without earnestness—what are all these? Like the marble images of life, they are cold and dead. Insensibility is a deadly sign. Frequently it is the next stage to destruction. Pharaoh's hard heart was a prophecy that his pride would meet a terrible overthrow. The hammer of vengeance is not far off when the heart becomes harder than an adamant stone.

Many and great are the advantages connected with softness of spirit. Tenderness of heart is one of the marks of a gracious person. Spiritual sensibility puts life and feeling into all Christian duties. He that prays feelingly, prays indeed; he that praises God with humble gratitude, praises him most acceptably, and he that preaches with a loving heart has the essentials of true eloquence. An inward, living tenderness, which trembles at God's word, is of great price in the sight of God.

You are in this matter agreed with me: at least, I know that some of you are thoroughly thus minded; for you are longing to be made tender and contrite. Certain of you who are truly softened by divine grace are very prone to accuse yourselves of being stony-hearted. We are poor judges of our own condition, and in this matter many make mistakes. Mark this: the man who grieves because he does not grieve is often the man who grieves most. He that feels that he does not feel is probably the

most feeling man of us all; I suspect that hardness is almost gone when it is mourned over. He who can feel his insensibility is not insensible. Those who mourn that their heart is a heart of stone, if they were to look calmly at the matter might perceive that it is not all stone, or else there would not be a mourning because of hardness. But, whether this be so or not, I address myself to all of you whose prayer is for godly sorrow for sin. It is written in the covenant of grace, "I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." I pray that this may be fulfilled in you even now. The object of this sermon is to show how this tenderness is to be obtained, and how an evangelical sorrow for sin can be produced in the heart, and maintained there. I would set forth the simple method by which the inward nature can be made living, feeling, and tender, full of warm emotions, fervent breathings, and intense affections towards the Lord Jesus Christ. While I speak I beseech you to pray: Create in me a tender heart, O Lord, and renew within me a contrite spirit.

It will be instructive to keep to the words of the text. This passage is peculiarly suited to our purpose, and it will add authority to that which we teach. Observe that holy tenderness *arises out of a divine operation.* "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications." Secondly, *it is actually wrought by the look of faith:* "And they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him." And, thirdly, the tenderness which comes in this way *leads to mourning for sin of an intense kind:* "They shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn. In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon."

I. First, note that THE HOLY TENDERNESS WHICH MAKES MEN MOURN FOR SIN ARISES OUT OF A DIVINE OPERATION. It is not in fallen man to renew his own heart. Can the adamant turn itself to wax, or the granite soften itself to clay? Only he that stretcheth out the heavens and layeth the foundation of the earth can form and reform the spirit of man within him. The power to make the rock of our nature flow with rivers of repentance is not in the rock itself.

The power lies in the omnipotent Spirit of God, and it is an omen for good that he delights to exercise this power. The Spirit of God is prompt to give life and feeling. He moved of old upon the face of the waters, and by his power order came out of confusion. That same Spirit at this time broods over our souls, and reduces the chaos of our natural state to light and life and obedience. There lies the hope of our ruined nature. Jehovah who made us can make us over again. Our case is not beyond his power. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? He can change the nether millstone into a mass of feeling, and dissolve the northern iron and the steel into a flood of tears. When he deals with the human mind by his secret and mysterious operations, he fills it with new life, perception, and emotion. "God maketh my heart soft," said Job, and in the best sense this is true. The Holy Spirit makes us like wax, and we become impressible to his sacred seal. Remember, you that are hard of heart,

that your hope lies this way ; God himself, who melts the icebergs of the northern sea, must make your soul to yield up its hardness in the presence of his love. Nothing short of the work of God within you can effect this. "Ye must be born again," and that new birth must be from above. The Spirit of God must work regeneration in you. He is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham ; but until he works you are dead and insensible. Even now I perceive the goings forth of his power : he is moving you to desire his divine working, and in that gracious desire the work has already begun.

Note next, that as this tenderness comes of the Spirit of God, so *it also comes by his working in full co-operation with the Father and with the Son.* In our text we have all the three persons of the divine Trinity. We hear the Father say, "I will pour upon the house of David the spirit of grace," and that Spirit when poured out leads men to look to him whom they pierced, even to the incarnate Son of God. Thus the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son, fulfils the purpose of the Father by revealing the Son, and thus the heart of man is reached. The divine Father sends forth the Holy Ghost, and he bears witness to the Son of God, and so men come to mourn for sin. We believe in the three persons of the blessed God, and yet we are equally clear that God is one. We see the divers operations of these three divine persons, but we perceive that they are all of one, and work to the selfsame end, namely, that grace may reign by delivering us from our natural impenitence, and by causing us to sorrow because we have sinned. The Holy Spirit worketh not without the Father and the Son, but proves himself to be in full union with both by his operations upon the soul of man. Do not think, therefore, when thou feelest the Holy Ghost melting thee, that the Father will refuse thee : it is he that sent the Holy Spirit to deal with thee. Imagine not that thou canst feel repentance for sin and bow in sorrow at the Saviour's feet, and that Jesus will reject thee; for it is he who sent the Spirit of grace to bring thee to repentance, and make thee mourn because of the ill which thou hast done. The glorious one God, who made the heavens and the earth, is dealing with thy heart if the Holy Ghost is now working in thee as "the spirit of grace and of supplications."

This operation is an unseen secret work. Thou canst not perceive the work of the Spirit by the senses of the flesh ; it is spiritually discerned. When the Spirit of God was poured out at Pentecost, there were divers signs attendant thereupon, such as rushing mighty wind, and cloven tongues as it were fire; but these were outward signs only, the Spirit himself is inward and secret. The Spirit is as the wind, invisible save by its effects. The Holy Ghost cometh as the dew which in soft silence refreshes the tender herb. Not with sound of trumpet or observation of man doth the Spirit perform his gracious deeds. His working is one of the secrets and mysteries which no man can explain to his fellow. He that feels the movement of the Holy Spirit, knows that a singular work is going on within him, but what it is, or who it is that worketh it, he knoweth not. Do not, therefore, expect to be informed when the Spirit is upon thee. Marvel not if it should so happen that he is dealing with thee now, though thou knowest it not, "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not."

The operations of the Holy Ghost are consciously perceived by the human heart, but they are not always attributed to their right cause. Many a man, to use the words of our hymn,

"Wonders to feel his own hardness depart."

He does not know how his new tenderness has been produced. He finds himself anxious to hear and understand the gospel, and he feels that the gospel affects him as it never did before, but he does not perceive those "invisible" cords of love which are drawing him towards his Saviour. Before long he will cry, "This is the finger of God"; but as yet he perceives not the divine cause. It is well set forth by Mr. Bunyan in his parable of the fire which burned though a man tried to quench it. There was one behind the wall who secretly poured oil upon the fire. He himself was unperceived, but the fire burned because of what he poured on it. You can see the flame, but you cannot see the hidden One who ministers the fuel. The Spirit of God may work in you, my dear hearer, this morning, but it will not be with special token of marvel, or voice, or vision. Not with earthquake, nor wind, nor fire will he come, but with "a still small voice." He may deal with many of you at once, and yet none may see it in his fellow. I expect that he will work upon many at this time, for much prayer has been put up that the Lord Jesus may be glorified in our midst.

But the secret operation of the Spirit is known by its effects, for *it is sweetly productive.* We read in the text of "the spirit of grace and of supplications," which must mean that the Spirit produces graciousness and prayerfulness in the soul upon which he works. The man is now willing to receive the grace or free favour of God; he ceases to be proud, and becomes gracious. He is put into a condition in which God's grace can deal with him. As long as you are self-righteous, God cannot deal with you in the way of favour; you are upon wrong ground, for you are making claims which he cannot possibly allow. Mercy and merit can no more blend than fire and water. You must be willing to receive as a free favour what God will never give you if you claim it by right. When thou art made conscious of sin, then forgiveness can be granted. When thou art malleable under the hammer of God's Word, then will he work his work of love upon thee. When thou dost lay thine own righteousness aside, and take up the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," then shalt thou go to thy house justified. It needs the Spirit of grace to give us grace to receive grace. We are so graceless that we will not even accept grace till God gives us "grace for grace"—grace to accept grace. Blessed is the hour when the Spirit of God comes to us as the Spirit of grace, and works in us that graciousness which makes us value and seek after the free grace of God in its further forms. Grace itself clears out a space in the heart for grace to enter and carry on its work.

It is also said that the Lord will pour out "the spirit of supplications." This is the creation of desires and longings which express themselves in prayer. When the Holy Ghost works savingly upon the heart, then the man begins to approach the mercy-seat with frequent and fervent supplications. The words may be broken and confused; but what are words? Sighs, tears, heavings of the breast, and upward

glancings of the eye—these are true prayers, and are very prevalent with God. Brethren, we poor preachers cannot make men pray. We can produce a Book of Common Prayer, and read it to them, and get them to utter the responses; but we cannot make them pray by this means: the Spirit of God is still needed. The child may be taught a form of prayer at its mother's knee, and he may repeat it daily till he is old, and yet he may never have prayed in all those years. Only the Spirit of God can produce the smallest atom of prayer. I tell you, there was never a prayer on earth that God could accept, but what first came down from heaven by the operation of the Spirit of God upon the soul. But here is the point: have you this "spirit of supplications" this morning? Are you groaning, crying, sighing—"Lord, save, or I perish; give me Christ, or else I die"? Well then, I trust you have come under the sacred outpouring promised in the text—"I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications."

All this leads on towards the tenderness which begets mourning for sin. Again, I say, this is the point from which help must come for the sinner. You that have been striving to feel, and yet cannot feel, and do not feel—you should look to the strong for strength, and to the living for life. He who in the day of his creation breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life, so that he became a living soul, can infuse the new life into you, and give you with it all the feeling which is natural thereto. Think much of the Holy Spirit, for he can make thee live in the truest sense. It is God's to give thee a tender heart, not thine to create it within thyself. Do not attempt first to renew thy heart, and then to come to Christ for salvation; for this renewal of heart is salvation. Come thou as thou art, confessing all thy hardness, thy wicked, wilful obduracy and obstinacy, confess it all; and then put thyself into the hands of the Spirit, who can remove thy hardness at the same time that grace removes thy guilt. The Holy Spirit can make thy heart as tender as the apple of the eye, and cause thy conscience to be as sensitive as a raw wound, which feels the slightest touch. God grant us grace to deal with him about these things, and not to be looking to ourselves. As well hope to extract juice from the stones of the sea-beach, as spiritual feeling from the carnal mind. He who can make the dry bones live, and he alone, can make the hardened mourn over sin.

II. But now I come to the core and centre of our subject: THIS TENDERNESS OF HEART AND MOURNING FOR SIN IS ACTUALLY WROUGHT BY A FAITH-LOOK AT THE PIERCED SON OF GOD. True sorrow for sin comes not without the Spirit of God; but even the Spirit of God himself does not work it except by leading us to look to Jesus the crucified. There is no true mourning for sin until the eye has seen Christ. It is a beautiful remark of an old divine, that eyes are made for two things at least; first, to look with, and next, to weep with. The eye which looks to the pierced One is the eye which weeps for him. O soul, when thou comest to look where all eyes should look, even to him who was pierced, then thine eye begins to weep for that for which all eyes should weep, even the sin which slew thy Saviour! There is no saving repentance except within sight of the cross. That repentance of

sin which omits Christ, is a repentance which will have to be repented of. If such sorrow may be called repentance at all, it is only as wild grapes are yet called grapes, though they have in them none of the qualities and virtues of the clusters of the true vine. Evangelical repentance is acceptable repentance, and that only; and the essence of evangelical repentance is that it looks to him whom it pierced by its sin. Sorrow for sin without faith in Christ is the hard bone without the marrow: it kills, but never blesses. It is a tempest of the soul with thunder and lightning, but no rain. God save us from remorse! it worketh death.

Mark you, *wherever the Holy Spirit does really come, it always leads the soul to look to Christ.* Never yet did a man receive the Spirit of God unto salvation, unless he received it to the bringing of him to look to Christ and mourn for sin. Faith and repentance are born together, live together, and thrive together. Let no man put asunder what God hath joined together. No man can repent of sin without believing in Jesus, nor believe in Jesus without repenting of sin. Look, then, lovingly to him that bled upon the cross for thee, for in that look thou shalt find pardon, and receive softening. How wonderful that all our evils should be remedied by that one sole prescription, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth"! Yet none will look until the Spirit of God inclines them so to do; and he works on none to their salvation unless they yield to his influences and turn their eyes to Jesus.

Note well that *this look to the pierced One is peculiarly dear to God.* Observe the change of the pronoun in the middle of the verse: "They shall look upon *me* whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for *him.*" The *me* and the *him* refer to the same person. I lay no special stress upon this, and I do not attempt to *prove* any doctrine from it; but certainly it is remarkable that when we read this verse with defined views as to the oneness of Christ with God, and the union of God and man in one person in the Lord Jesus, we find the pronouns perfectly correct, and understand why there should be "*me*" in one case, and "*him*" in another. If you adopt any other theory, then the passage would seem to be a jumble of words. It is instructive to note that the Lord, instead of saying, "They shall look upon him whom they have pierced," cannot keep himself in the third person, but bursts upon the scene in his own individuality. Either you have here the Father regarding himself as pierced in his Son, or the Lord Jesus Christ himself speaking in the spirit of prophecy of himself, and personally noting those looks of faith and penitence which are fixed upon his sacred person. He has such a delight in those looks of believing sorrow, that he mentions them as having personally beheld them: "They shall look upon *me* whom they have pierced." Nothing pleases Jesus more than the faith-looks of his people. In every stage of their history the glances of believers' eyes are very precious to him. "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes," saith the Bridegroom in the heavenly canticle. Surely the first glance of a tearful, penitent eye to Christ is very dear to him. He saith, "I have seen him and observed him." Nobody sees our look of faith but himself, and it is not needful that anyone else should

see it: is it not a matter between our own soul and our Lord? He foresaw that look, and in this verse uttered a prophecy concerning it; and he looks back upon it with pleasure, keeping it before his mind as a part of his satisfaction for the travail of his soul. The looks of faith and the tears of repentance are precious jewels to our Lord Jesus. He rejoices so much when one sinner repenteth that the angels see his joy. O dear hearts, if this morning, in those pews, you look to Christ believingly, accepting him as God's salvation, then is the promise fulfilled before the eyes of him who spake it, and said, "They shall look on me whom they have pierced." He will be glad of your faith: he invites it, he accepts it, he rewards it. "They looked unto him and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed." Looking unto Jesus we receive joy, and we give him joy. As he delighteth in mercy, so he delights in those who come to him and accept his mercy. He was lifted on a cross to be looked at, he was nailed there that he might be a perpetual spectacle, and his heart was pierced that we might see the blood and water, which are our double cure.

The look which blesses us so as to produce tenderness of heart, is a look to Jesus as the pierced One. On this I want to dwell for a season. It is not looking to Jesus as God only which affects the heart, but looking to this same Lord and God as crucified for us. We see the Lord pierced, and then the piercing of our own heart begins. When the Lord reveals Jesus to us, we begin to have our sins revealed. We see who it was that was pierced, and this deeply stirs our sorrow. Come, dear souls, let us go together to the cross for a little while, and *note who it was* that there received the spear-thrust of the Roman soldier. Look at his side, and mark that fearful gash which has broached his heart, and set the double flood in motion. The centurion said, "Truly this was the Son of God." He who by nature is God over all, "without whom was not anything made that was made," took upon himself our nature, and became a man like ourselves, save that he was without taint of sin. Being found in fashion as a man, he became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. It is he that died! He who only hath immortality condescended to die! He was all glory and power; and yet he died! He was all tenderness and grace; and yet he died! Infinite goodness was hanged upon a tree! Boundless bounty was pierced with a spear! This tragedy exceeds all others! However dark man's ingratitude may seem in other cases, it is blackest here! However horrible his spite against virtue, that spite is cruellest here! Here hell has outdone all its former villanies, crying, "This is the heir; let us kill him." God dwelt among us, and man would have none of him. So far as man could pierce his God, and slay his God, he went about to commit the hideous crime; for man slew the Lord Christ, and pierced him with a spear, and therein showed what he would do with the Eternal himself, if he could come at him. Man is, at heart, a deicide. He would be glad if there were no God: he says in his heart, "No God"; and, if his hand could go as far as his heart, God would not exist another hour. This it is which invests the piercing of our Lord with such intensity of sin; it meant the piercing of God. But why? Why and wherefore is the good God thus persecuted? By the loving-

kindness of the Lord Jesus, by the glory of his person, and by the perfection of his character, I beseech you be amazed and ashamed that he should be pierced. This is no common death! This murder is no ordinary crime. O man, he that was pierced with the spear was thy God! On the cross behold thy Maker, thy Benefactor, thy best Friend!

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Saviour die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

Look steadily at the pierced One, and *note the suffering* which is covered by the word "pierced." Our Lord suffered greatly and grievously. I cannot in one discourse rehearse the story of his sorrows; the griefs of his life of poverty and persecution; the griefs of Gethsemane, and the bloody sweat; the griefs of his desertion, denial, and betrayal; the griefs of Pilate's hall, and the scourging, and the spitting, and the mockery; the griefs of the cross, with its dishonour and agony. The sufferings of our Lord's body were only the body of his sufferings.

"'Twas not the insulting voice of scorn
So deeply wrung his heart;
The piercing nail, the pointed thorn,
Caused not the saddest smart:

"But every struggling sigh betray'd
A heavier grief within,
How on His burden'd soul was laid
The weight of human sin."

Our Lord was made a curse for us. The penalty for sin, or that which was equivalent thereto, he endured. "He his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." "The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Brethren, the sufferings of Jesus ought to melt our hearts. I mourn this morning that I do not mourn as I should. I accuse myself of that hardness of heart which I condemn, since I can tell you this story without breaking down. My Lord's griefs are untellable. Behold and see if there was ever sorrow like unto his sorrow! Here we lean over a dread abyss and look down into fathomless gulfs. Now we are upon great waters, where deep calleth unto deep. If you will steadfastly consider Jesus pierced for our sins, and all that is meant thereby, your hearts must relent. Sooner or later the cross will bring out all the feeling of which you are capable, and give you capacity for more. When the Holy Spirit puts the cross into the heart, the heart is dissolved in tenderness. *Crux in corde*, as the old preachers used to say, this is the source of godly sorrow. The hardness of the heart dies when we see Jesus die in woe so great.

It behoves us further to *note who it was that pierced him*—"*They* shall look on me whom *they* have pierced"; the "they," in each case, relates to the same persons. We slew the Saviour, even we, who look to him and live. If a man were condemned and put to death, you might enquire who it was that slew him; and you might be told that it was the judge who condemned him; but that would not be all the truth. Another might blame the jury who brought in the verdict of guilty, or

the executioner who actually hanged him ; but when you go to the root of the matter, you would find that it was the man's crime which was the real blameworthy cause of his death. In the Saviour's case sin was the cause of his death. Transgression pierced him. But whose transgression ? Whose ? It was not his own, for he knew no sin, neither was guile found in his lips. Pilate said, "I find no fault in this man." Brethren, the Messiah was cut off, but not for himself. *Our* sins slew the Saviour. He suffered because there was no other way of vindicating the justice of God and allowing us to escape. The sword which else had smitten us was awakened against the Lord's Shepherd, against the man that was Jehovah's fellow. Truly may we sing—

"'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursèd tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

"Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God ;
Those sins that pierced and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood !

"Oh, if my soul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs !
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes."

If this does not break and melt our hearts, let us *note why he came into a position in which he could be pierced by our sins.* It was love, mighty love, nothing else but love which led him to the cross. No other charge can ever be laid at his door but this, that he was "found guilty of excess of love." He put himself in the way of piercing because he was resolved to save us. He loved us better than he loved himself. And shall we hear of this, and think of this, and consider this, and remain unmoved ? Are we worse than brutes ? Has all that is human quitted our humanity ? If God the Holy Ghost is now at work, a sight of Christ will surely melt our heart of stone.

Furthermore, notice that *looking to the pierced One causes mourning in every case.* All hearts yield to this. Under the power of the Holy Ghost *this works efficaciously of itself.* Nothing else is needed. "They shall look upon me," and "they shall mourn." Faith in Christ is sufficient for the production of acceptable and deep repentance ; this, and this only, without mortifications and penances.

Let me also say to you, beloved, that *the more you look at Jesus crucified, the more you will mourn for sin.* Growing thought will bring growing tenderness. I would have you look much at the pierced One, that you may hate sin much. Books which set forth the passion of our Lord, and hymns which sing of his cross, have ever been most dear to saintly minds because of their holy influence upon the heart and conscience. Live at Calvary, beloved; for there you will live at your best. Live at Calvary, and love at Calvary, till live and love become the same thing. I would say, look to the pierced One till your own heart is pierced. An old divine saith, "Look at the cross until all that is on the cross is in your heart." He further says: Look at Jesus until

he looks at you. Steadily view his suffering person until he seems to turn his head and look at you, as he did at Peter when he went out and wept bitterly. See Jesus till you see yourself: mourn for him till you mourn for your sin.

The whole of this subject leads me to observe that the conversion of the Jews will come from a sight of the crucified Messiah. I conclude from this text that Israel will be brought to know the Lord, not by a vision of Christ in his glory, but by a sight of Christ in his humiliation. "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and shall mourn for him." But I also conclude that this holds good of all mankind. By the preaching of Christ crucified will their hearts be broken. The cross is God's hammer of love, wherewith he smites the hearts of men with irresistible blows. Men tell us we should preach Christ as an example. We do preach him as an example, and rejoice to do so; but we can never allow that view of our Lord to overshadow our preaching of him as a sacrifice for sin. He suffered in the room, and place, and stead, of guilty men, and this is the gospel. Whatever others may preach, "we preach Christ crucified." We will ever bear the cross in the forefront. The substitution of Christ for the sinner is the essence of the gospel. We do not keep back the doctrine of the Second Advent; but, first and foremost, we preach the pierced One; for this it is that shall lead to evangelical repentance, when the Spirit of grace is poured out. O brethren, whatever else you preach, or do not preach, preach Christ crucified! Jesus Christ my Lord as crucified is my main topic, and shall be till I die. I trust you feel a pleasure in thinking of the Lord Jesus in any character in which he is revealed, but yet the cross is that whereon he is most lifted up, and this is the chief attraction for sinful men. Though it be to the Jews a stumblingblock and to the Greeks foolishness, it is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

III. My time is nearly over, and therefore I must only for a minute touch upon the surface of my third subject: THE SIGHT OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED WILL PRODUCE A MOURNING FOR SIN OF A VERY THOROUGH CHARACTER. It will be *immediate*. If the Spirit of God grants us an inward sight of Christ, we shall bleed inwardly at once. The sentences are fast joined together—"They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn." How rapidly the Spirit of God often works! "His word runneth very swiftly." With a single blow of grace the bars of iron are broken. Saul of Tarsus was foaming at the mouth with rage against Jesus of Nazareth and his disciples, but a flash and a word changed him. "Why persecutest thou me?" showed him the pierced Lord, and, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" was his speedy answer. One glimpse at Christ will make yonder stubborn sinner bow the knee. Look on him, Lord!

This mourning, according to our text, is *refined and pure*. They shall mourn *for him*, they shall be in bitterness *for him*. For Jesus they sorrow rather than for themselves. Sin is not mentioned in these verses, and yet the sorrow is all concerning sin. The grief for sin itself is overborne and compassed about by the greater grief occasioned by the sad results of sin upon the person of the pierced One. Sin is grieved over as it is against the Lord: even as David cries, "Against thee, thee

only, have I sinned." The mourning of a penitent is not because of hell: if there were no hell he would mourn just as much. His grief is not for what sin might cost himself, but for what it has cost the Substitute. He bemoans himself thus: "Oh, how could I have pierced him! How could I have wounded the Beloved? Lover of my soul, how could I have pierced thee?" True penitents smite upon their breasts as they behold their Saviour bleeding on the tree. This is the sense of sin which is the mark of God's electing love, the token of the effectual calling of his grace.

In this mourning there is *a touching tenderness:* "They shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn." It is not a son lamenting for a father, for there the grief might be as much for the loss of the father's care and help as for the father's self; but in the case of a father mourning his young son, the father is not supposed to lose anything but his boy; his grief is for the child himself. Mourning for a son is caused by a peculiarly pure and unmixed love. Somewhat that is of the earth earthy may enter into the mourning for a wife; but for his son a father laments with a love which none may question. For an only son the mourning is bitter indeed, and for a firstborn it is as gall and wormwood. The Israelite was specially sensitive concerning the death of his offspring. To lose his firstborn was as when a nation loses its prince. To lose his only son was to quench the light of the house. The old man mourns, "I am as good as dead. I am blotted out of the book of the living, for I have now no son to bear my name. The lamp has gone out in my tent, for my son, my only son, my firstborn, has gone down to the gates of the grave!" The case was hopeless for the future; none remained to continue his family among those who sit in the gate, and the old man rent his clothes and wept sore. It is a bitter mourning which we have when we see Jesus slain by our sins. Were it not for the consequences which grace has caused to flow therefrom, our sorrow would be hopeless and helpless; for we feel that in killing Jesus we have destroyed our best, our only hope, our one and only joy. His death was the hiding of the sun, and the shaking of the earth, and we feel it to be so within our own souls. All that is worth having is gone when Jesus is gone. When God's only Son, his firstborn, dies, we sympathize with the great Father, and feel ourselves bereaved of our chief joy, our hope, our delight.

This sorrow is *intense.* The word "bitterness" is used twice. Sorrow at the cross-foot is sorrow indeed, sorrow upon sorrow, grief upon grief. Then we have bitterness and bitterness, bitterness upon bitterness, the bitterness of bitterness. Thank God, it is a healthy tonic: he that hath tasted this bitterness may say, "Surely the bitterness of death is past."

And this kind of mourning is *very extraordinary.* The prophet could not recollect any mourning which he had ever heard of that was like it, except the lamentation of the people for the death of Josiah. Then all Judah mourned, and Jeremiah wrote sad dirges, and other prophets and poets poured forth their lamentations. Everywhere throughout the land there went up an exceeding great and bitter cry, for the good king had fallen, and there were no princes of like mind to follow him. Alas, poor nation! it was thy last bright hour which saw him ride

to the battle; in his death thy star has set! In the valley of Hadadrimmon the mourning began, but it spread through all the land. The fatal fight of Megiddon was wailed by every woman in Jerusalem. Bravely had Josiah kept his word, and sought to repel the Egyptian invader; but the hour of Judah's punishment was come, and Josiah died. A mourning as sincere and deep comes to us when we perceive that Jesus died for us. Blessed be his name; the joy that comes of it when we see sin put away by his death, turns all the sorrow into joy.

This mourning is *personal grief;* every man repents apart, and every woman apart. It is a private, personal grief; it is not produced by the contagion of example, but by the conviction of the individual conscience. Such sorrow is only to be assuaged by Jesus Christ himself when he is revealed as the salvation of God.

Brethren, I am conscious that I have not preached as I ought to have preached this morning. I have been mastered by my subject. I could sit down alone and picture my divine Master on the cross. I delight to do so. It is my comfort to meditate on him. I see him hanging on the tree, and carefully survey him, from his head encircled with the thorns, down to his blessed feet, made by the nails to be fountains of crimson blood. I have wept behind the cross at the marks of the dread scourging which he bore; and then coming to the front I have gazed upon his pierced hands, and lingered long before that opened side. Then I feel as if I could die of a pleasing grief and mournful joy. Oh, how I then love and adore! But here before this crowd I am a mere lisper of words—words which fall far below the height of this great argument. Ah me! Ah me! Who among the sons of men could fitly tell you of his unknown agonies, his piercing anguish, his distraction and heart-break? Who can fully interpret that awful cry of "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Alone I can hide my face and bow my head; but here what can I do? O Lord, what can thy servant do?

> "Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
> And thy compassions are divine."

I cannot tell of love's bleeding, love's agony, love's death! If the Holy Ghost will graciously come at this time, and put me and my words altogether aside, and set my Lord before you, evidently crucified among you, then shall I be content, and you will go home thoughtful, tender, hating sin, and therefore more deeply happy, more serenely glad than ever before. The Lord grant it for his name's sake! Amen.

PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Zechariah xi. 3; xii.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—296, 284, 290.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

MAN, WHOSE BREATH IS IN HIS NOSTRILS.

A Sermon

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

"Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?"—Isaiah ii. 22.

MAN, especially since the fall, is a very unspiritual creature. His animus is animal. He is made up, as the old writers used to say, of soul and soil. Alas, the soil terribly soils his soul! "My soul cleaveth to the dust" might be the confession of every man in one sense or another. We bear the image of the first Adam, who was of the earth earthy: earthy enough are we.

One consequence of the prevailing materialism of our corrupt nature is our craving for something tangible, audible, visible, as the object of our confidence. We want something which can be touched, heard, seen, or felt: we cannot be content with that which appeals only to the soul or the spirit. It seems as if man is so unspiritual that he cannot believe in a spiritual God; and yet any other than a spiritual God is an absurdity. Man cannot see God; therefore he will not trust in him. He cannot hear his voice; therefore he will not attend to the movement of the Holy Spirit upon his soul. Humanity is carnal, sold under sin, infected with idolatry; and this fact remains true in a measure even of the regenerate. Their old nature is not other than it was, save that it is held in check by the new nature. So long as sin remaineth in us—and this will be so long as we are in this body—our tendency will be to be weary of God, who is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. We seek after something to worship, something to love, something to rely upon, which is so near akin to the coarser part of our nature that we may commune with it through the senses. It is sad that it should be so, but it has ever been so throughout the history of man, and sad traces of it are to be seen even in the history of God's own church.

Man is by nature an idolater. Under the most favourable circumstances he flies to his idols, even as the dog seeks after carrion, or the vulture hastens to its prey. The Lord's people, Israel, were delivered out of Egypt with a high hand and with an outstretched arm, and by many signs and tokens God's presence among them was abundantly certified.

This was a noble beginning. The circumstances which afterwards surrounded them were specially helpful. They were placed in the wilderness, where, if they lived at all, they must live through the special protection and provision of God; for they reaped no harvests, and they gathered into no barns: the bread they ate fell from heaven, the water they drank came from a rock which had been smitten by command of God through the rod of Moses. All day long they were sheltered from the burning sun by a canopy of cloud, and at night the canvas city was made bright with that same canopy turned into a flame of fire. They were in the wilderness alone, and apart; shut out from the rest of the world, surrounded as it were by the Lord himself, who was a wall of fire round about them, and the glory in their midst. Nothing could have been more favourable for faith in God. Yet they must needs have a god that they can see. "Make us gods to go before us," cried they with such furious clamour that Aaron yielded to their evil desires, and made them the image of an ox. Behold the people of God, whom he had brought out of Egypt, bowing before the image of an ox that eateth grass—an image which Moses in sarcasm styled a calf. They turned the glory of the invisible God into that of a brute beast, and said—"These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." Then they degraded themselves, and laid their manhood prostrate on the ground in adoration of the image of a bull. How is humanity fallen!

For century after century this was always the tendency of Israel, the most spiritual race of men upon the face of the earth. This race, educated by miracle and instructed by revelation, continually went aside after the gods of the heathen. Abraham among his own descendants after the flesh had few who were like him in his high spiritual faith. The world of spiritual realities seems to be too bright, too holy for the best of such gross and carnal beings as we are.

The people of Isaiah's day were like the rest of their race: they showed their unspiritualness and their inability to walk in the light of the Lord by making their own *wealth* their chief confidence. We read at verse 7—"Their land also is full of silver and gold, neither is there any end of their treasures"; and then it is added, "their land also is full of idols." Alas! this idolatry of wealth is common among God's people even at this day. "Give us this day our daily bread" is a prayer which falls far short of the general desires even of Christian people. Our demands are for luxuries, and plenty of them. Many would be coming down in the world very terribly if they had to receive after that from-hand-to-mouth fashion—day by day their daily bread. Yet the Lord Jesus has put these words into our mouth. The providence of God is to some professing Christians a mere dream: they cannot rest till they have something more substantial to rely upon than the care of heaven. You think I am sarcastic; is it not true? See how your professed believers hunger to make sure of the main chance: as eagerly as the merest worldlings they scrape and they hoard. I have not a word to say against that Scriptural prudence which bids us, like the ant, lay by in store for wintry times; but I speak of the hunger to be rich, and of the selfish expenditure which forgets entirely that our substance is to be used for the glory of God, and that we are only stewards. I ask again, do not many slave, and hoard, and grasp as if there were no

promise in the Scriptures of temporal provision from God's own right hand, and no exhortation to lay up our treasures in heaven? Are we liars? Do we say that all that we are and have is the Lord's, and do we after this live for ourselves, as if there were no redemption and no hereafter? That there should be need for the preacher to raise such questions is an indication that there is a common tendency to worship wealth, or at least to regard it as a substantial support.

Nations also, like the Israelitish people, are apt to idolize *power;* yes, even power in the form of brute force. We read—"Their land also is full of horses, neither is there any end of their chariots." Cavalry and war-chariots were as much in repute in that age on land as ironclads are at this day upon the sea; and Israel trusted to these. Jehovah was the guardian of his people, the Lord of hosts is his name. He alone was a match for Egypt and Babylon; but the kings of Israel and Judah thought not so. They could not feel secure without great armies; they must needs multiply their horses and their chariots. They forgot that "a horse is a vain thing for safety"; they knew not that in the Lord alone is the salvation of his people. The like feeling crops up among God's people at this day. We pine for visible power, it may be physical or mental, as the case requires; but we thirst to have it available, embodied in some human form. We cannot rest upon God alone and feel that when we are weak we are strong. The Lord taketh not pleasure in the strength of the horse nor in the legs of a man, but his people often do. Eloquence, cleverness, intellect—these are still the idols which the church dotes upon: she has not yet understood the words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Still we make too much of the instrument and too little of the Divine Worker; still is there more expected from music, architecture, and oratory, than from the simple gospel and the attendant working of the Holy Ghost. How hardly can men be brought to trust in the invisible God! Alas! it is still true, "Their land also is full of idols: the mean man boweth down, and the great man humbleth himself." O Church of God, how long will it be ere thou believest thy God?

These people, in the heat of their idolatry, set up *many idols.* They made anything into a god. He that was so impoverished that he could not make a god of silver would make an idol out of a tree which would not rot; and having carved and gilded it, he prostrated himself before it. To what a height of folly has a man come when he can do this! You tell me that this idolatry is confined to heathen countries. Alas! it is not so; idolatry is common even here. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols," is a text that needs still to be preached from—ay, to be preached in Christian congregations; for idols will intrude themselves into the sanctuary of the Lord. The forms and shapes of modern idols are many and crafty. We see no elephant-headed deity such as is the fear of the Hindoos, and no absurd fetish such as the African dreads; but more dangerous, because more subtle and secret, forms of idolatry are allowed to remain in our midst. Oh that the Lord would in his people fulfil the word, "The idols he shall utterly abolish"!

May we not easily make idols of *ourselves?* Almost before we are aware of it, we may be thus debased. What more degrading than for a man to worship himself! We read of some whose god is their belly:

this is the grosser part of self. What heathen ever worshipped his own belly? Yet we all too much trust in ourselves at times—what is this but idolatry? Do we not seek ourselves in a measure—is not this idolatry? Do we not reverence our own achievements and attainments—in what does this differ from idolatry? Gods many and lords many have men made unto themselves. Like a child that must have a toy, man must have a visible trust and confidence. For this purpose, "he hath sought out many inventions." He will even worship reptiles of the river, and plants of the garden, rather than be without a visible deity. Alas, poor foolish creature!

I need not enlarge upon this. You all know how true it is that, one way or another, man gets away from the spiritual life which would make God everything to him, and he wanders into the sensual region, where he either finds another god, or else allows some symbol or priest to stand between him and God. So sadly through sin is our nature twisted and biassed, that we seem to be under the witchery of idolatry.

As I have already said, there is nothing more absurd in the history of human nature than the fact that man is apt to trust in man. To worship something superior to myself is bad enough if it be not God; but to begin to put my dependence upon a man like myself or upon myself, and so to allow man, who at the best is a sorry creature, to take the place of God, is indeed a wantonness of evil. Do you wonder that God has pronounced a curse upon this provoking folly, this insult to his divine majesty? Hear ye the words of this anathema: "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." The sin is none the less accursed because of its commonness. That which God blesses is blest indeed, and that which he curses is cursed with an emphasis. Concerning that sin so common and so accursed I have to speak at this time. May the Lord bless the word that we may be kept from the transgression! Here is the text: "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

We will handle the text thus—First, *What is man?* Answer: "His breath is in his nostrils." Secondly, *What is to be our relation to man?* "Cease ye from man." And, thirdly, *Why should we cease from him?* It is answered by another question, "Wherein is he to be accounted of?" This puts the question, What is there in him or about him that renders him a proper object of reverence or confidence? May the Holy Spirit send us a profitable meditation!

Our first enquiry is, WHAT IS MAN? This question is asked many times in Scripture, and it has been frequently answered with a copiousness of instruction. David even asks of heaven, "Lord, what is man?" I will not, however, go over all that wide expanse of thought which the Bible puts before us, but simply answer the enquiry from the point of view of our text.

What is man? *He is assuredly a very feeble creature.* He must be weak, for "his breath is in his nostrils." We measure the strength of a chain by its weakest link. If other links are strong, yet if one is ready to snap, we judge that the whole chain is far from strong, and is not to be depended upon. See, then, how weak man is, for he is weakness itself in a vital point. He has bones that may be hard and durable, and he has many a strong sinew, tough and wiry, as we sometimes say; but

there is a weak point about him which is found in a matter on which his life depends, namely, his breath. And what is our breath? A vapour which we scarcely see ourselves—a thing so unsubstantial that when we have it we scarce see it, and yet when we lose it life is gone from us. Our earthly existence depends upon our breath, and that breath is mere wind. How feeble must that creature be whose vitality rests on a foundation so airy and unsubstantial as mere breath! A vapour is not more fleeting. We talk of strong men. Is any man strong? We speak of the strength of our constitutions: how is that strong which depends upon a puff of air? It is a marvel that so frail a life is not sooner ended. That we live is miraculous; that we die is but natural. Readily enough may that house fall which is built, not on sand, but on air. Dr. Watts has well said—

> "Our life contains a thousand springs,
> And fails if one be gone;
> Strange that a harp of thousand strings
> Should keep in tune so long!"

Dust we are, and that dust hastens to dissolve, and so to return to the kindred dust of the earth. Under our feet are our graves, and above us are the stars which will soon look down upon our silent tombs. The trees cast their leaves, but they grow green again; we shed our life's glories once and they return no more. Thus the trees outlive us, and beneath their shade we are reminded that man is far more frail than the tree which he fells with the axe. Yea, the very grass which he mows outlives the mower. Man is a mere shadow: we have scarce time to say that he is before he is not. Are we not foolish if we place our reliance upon such a feeble creature, so weak that his breath, his unsubstantial breath, is essential to his life? Who art thou, O man, that trusteth in man? If thou hast half a grain of wisdom left, how canst thou quit the ever-living God and put thy reliance upon a poor creature who is as the grass, that to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven? Go, rest on a reed, or ride upon a moth, or build on a bubble; but rely not upon a man.

Moreover, *man is a frail creature;* for his strength must be measured by his fleeting breath, and that breath is in his nostrils. It seems as though his life in his breath stood at the gates, ready to be gone, since it is in his nostrils. The text says not that his breath is in his lungs, deep, hidden below, but in his nostrils—at the door, in the most exposed part of the face, at two open portals which can never be shut; as if it meant to secure an easy exit at any moment. Brethren, there are ten thousand gates to death. One man is choked by a grape-stone, another dies through sleeping in a newly whitewashed room; one receives death as he passes by a reeking sewer, another finds it in the best kept house, or by a chill taken in a walk. Those who study neither to eat nor to drink anything unwholesome, nor go into quarters where the arrows of death are flying, yet pass away on a sudden, falling from their couch into a coffin, from their seat into the sepulchre. The other day one of our own brethren sat down in his chair to sleep a moment; but it was his last sleep. Another stumbled in his own room never again to rise: these were apparently in health. Life is never sure for an instant.

How can we place our trust in a creature which is so soon gone. Shall we make the insect of an hour the object of our fond affection and our chief dependence? How can we be so foolish as to trust our treasure in a purse made of such a spider's web? The casket should be fit for the treasure; do you mean to trust your soul's confidence to a man that shall die—that may die in an hour? I asked, What is man? But before the question is answered I have to ask, "Where is he?" He is gone like a watch in the night. How can we make a dying man the object of a living trust? "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils."

Man is a weak and frail creature; *he is also a dying creature.* Need I further enlarge upon this? To our sorrow, many of us know that it is so. Some of you had fathers of your flesh, but they passed away and you were fatherless before you could earn your bread. Had not God preserved the orphan, you had been miserable indeed. Some of you once leaned upon a manly arm and looked up into the smiling face of a husband; but the dear one has been laid in a grave wet with floods of tears: it is well for you that your Maker dies not. There are those here who once enjoyed dear friendships: these seemed essential to your lives, but ruthless death has torn Jonathan away from David. It has come closer, and stolen the child from its mother, and the wife from the husband. Man is ever dying while he lives. Oh, set not all thy love, or much of thy confidence, or any of thy worship upon a creature that will soon be worms' meat.

Contemplate the dead! What think you now of your idol? You who could sit down by the hour together and revel in the sight and company of your beloved object, what think you now of that which you doted on? If you could see it uncovered after a few days you would say, "Deliver me from this noisome smell, this horrible corruption, this dreadful mass of decay!" Wherefore, could you ever be so vain and foolish and bereft of reason as to make a thing that comes to this your trust and confidence? The prophet says, "Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth." In this he rebukes our fears, but equally rebukes our carnal trusts.

But I think that the text also reminds us that *man is a very fickle creature.* His breath is in his "nostrils." That is where he wears his life, and this hints to us that he is sadly changeable. As his breath is affected by his health, so is he changed. To-day he loves, and to-morrow he hates; he promises fair, but he forgets his words. He swears that he will be faithful unto death, and anon he betrays the confidence reposed in him. No dependence can be wisely placed in him. O man! O woman! Change is written on thy brow. The lapse of years alters thee, yea, the flight of days and hours suffices to transform thee! We may better trust the winds and waves than thee! David said in his haste, "All men are liars." That may not be quite true, and may bear the mark of hasty judgment; but it is a rough-hewn truth, which is far more accurate than flattering compliments. David might have deliberated, and then have said very much the same thing with great certainty. In some senses the broad verdict is correct as it stands; for if

we make an arm of flesh our trust, to whomsoever that arm belongs, we shall find that we have rested on a broken reed. In the time of our calamity, when we most need help, we shall find that mortal assistance is either gone through falsehood, or is incompetent through feebleness. Then shall we know the curse of trusting in man, whose breath is in his nostrils. Who will stand by us when we are slandered? Does not that winter make all the swallows take to their wings? Who can help us when the soul is in despair? O my brothers! who can help us when our spirit is wounded, when the arrows of grief pierce the heart? Who can help us when we come to die? When the mysteries of eternity darken around us, and we quit the light of day, what friend or fond one can be at our side as we enter the unknown land? There are certain points of life in which every man must tread a lonely pathway. We then need God, and if we have made a god of any man, what shall we do? Ah me! what reason we have to look to him who is ever the same! Remember how he says, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

If you read the chapter through, you will also find that man is *a trembling creature,* a cowardly creature, a creature indeed who, if he were not cowardly, yet has abundant reason to fear. Read from the nineteenth verse: "They shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth. In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats; to go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth." Think of the days of divine wrath, and especially of the last dread day of Judgment, and of the dismay which will then seize upon many of the proud and the great. Are you going to make these your confidants? Are you going to give up Christ for the sake of the smile of these who will wail in terror when he comes? Is it so, that for the sake of some young man or woman who loves not God, and one day must quail before the coming Judge, you will let your Lord and Saviour go? It is concerning such a temptation as this that the text thunders at you: "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," who will fear and fly and lose his breath in very dread at the appearing of the Lord. Cease to regard these as the fond objects of your love and trust, lest the curse of God should lie upon your soul throughout eternity. O my hearers, hearken to this!

So much concerning what man is, according to our text. Is it not a powerful argument against placing man where God alone should be?

II. Secondly, WHAT IS TO BE OUR RELATION TO MAN, or what does the text mean when it says, "*Cease ye from man*"?

It implies, does it not, that we very probably have too much to do with this poor creature man already? We cannot "cease" from that with which we have nothing to do. The text implies that in all probability we have entered into connections with man which will need changing. We may even require to reverse our present conduct, break up unions, cancel alliances, and alter the whole tenor of our conduct.

"Cease ye from man" means, first, *cease to idolize him in your love.* Do any of you idolize any living person? Answer honestly. It is very common to idolize children. A mother who had lost her babe fretted and rebelled about it. She happened to be in a meeting of the Society of Friends, and there was nothing spoken that morning except this word by one female Friend who was moved, I doubt not, by the Spirit of God to say, "Verily, I perceive that children are idols." She did not know the condition of that mourner's mind, but it was the right word, and she to whom God applied it knew how true it was. She submitted her rebellious will, and at once was comforted. Cease ye from these little men and women; for, though you prize them so, they are of the race from which you are to cease. Cease ye from them, for their breath is in their nostrils, and indeed it is but feebly there in childhood. A proper and right love of children should be cultivated; but to carry this beyond its due measure is to grieve the Spirit of God. If you make idols of children you have done the worst you can for them, whether they live or die. Cease from such folly.

I will not go into the many instances in which men have been idolized politically, or idolized by a blind following of their teaching. You can idolize a minister, you can idolize a poet, you can idolize a patron; but in so doing you break the first and greatest of the commandments, and you anger the Most High. He declares himself to be a jealous God, and he will not yield his throne to another. Upon any who are thus erring, let me press the text home: "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

Next, "Cease ye from man": *cease to idolize him in your trust.* There is a measure of confidence that we may place in good and gracious men, for they are worthy of it; but a blind confidence in any man is altogether evil. I care not who he may be, you cannot read his heart; and some of the greatest deceptions that have ever been wrought in this world have been accomplished by persons who seemed to be self-evidently honest and sincere. I remember conversing with a person, who was concerned in one of the great speculations which brought loss and ruin to many, and as I looked into his honest face and heard his open-hearted talk, I said to myself, "This is not a man who is capable of robbery. He is a plain, blunt, farmer-like sort of man, who might even be the victim of the confidence trick." I afterwards learned that this is the usual style of the man who puffs a company, or betrays a trust. Of course if a man looks like a thief, you button up your pockets, and smile if he invites you to take shares; but you are off your guard when the man appears to be the embodiment of simple honesty. The woman in the omnibus who picks your pocket looks like the last person to be capable of such a thing, and this is why she is able to do it. Transfer this knowledge to other matters, and it may save you sorrow. If you get trusting anybody with a blind confidence beyond what you ought to give, and especially if you trust your soul with any priest or preacher, whoever he may be, you are a fool, and your folly may turn out to be an everlasting mischief, which can never be undone. Hear you this, and learn what God would teach you, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?" Do not idolize man by laying yourself at his feet, or following him in the

dark; for it will not only be in itself a folly, but it will bring you under the curse of my text.

Cease to idolize any man by giving him undue honour. There is an honour to be paid to all, for the apostle says, "Honour all men." A measure of courtesy and respect is to be paid to every person, and peculiarly to those whose offices demand it; therefore is it written, "Honour the king." Some also, by their character, deserve much respect from their fellow men, and I trust we shall never refuse "honour to whom honour is due"; but there is a limit to this, or we shall become sycophants and slaves, and, what is worse, idolaters. It grieves one to see how certain persons dare not even think, much less speak, till they have asked how other people think. In some congregations there are weak people who do not know whether they have liked the sermon till they have asked a certain venerable critic to whom they act as echoes. The bulk of people are like a flock of sheep: there is a gap, and if one sheep goes through, all will follow. If the ringleader should happen to be an infidel or a new-theology man, so much the worse; if he should happen to be orthodox, it is much better in some ways; but then it is a pity that people should follow the truth in so thoughtless a manner. Public opinion is a poor substitute for conscience, and is no substitute at all for righteousness and truth. Because the general opinion bids you bow down before this man or that, will you do so? Will you forget God, and conscience, and right, and truth, and ask another man to tell you when you may breathe? God's people should scorn such grovelling. If the Son shall make you free, you will be free indeed. Jesus loves that the soldiers in his host should own his supremacy; but once owning him as Lord, he would have them feel that no man or set of men shall draw them away from his word, either in doctrine or in precept. Worship is for God only: render it to him, and "Cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils."

Equally does the text bid us *cease from the fear of man.* Oh, how many are kept from doing right through some man or some woman, wealthy relative, or influential friend! Are there not men in workshops who join with others in their ribaldry because they are afraid to speak out lest they should be laughed at and marked as hypocrites? Are there not persons in well-to-do circles who must attend a certain place of worship because all the respectable people go there? No matter which way conscience would take them, they are bound to follow the fashion: the fear of men is upon them. They do not want to be despised and remarked upon. But, my dear friends, if any of you are doing wrong under fear of men, do not excuse yourselves, but at once obey the word which says, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." Who are you that you should set man before God? Is not this a grievous presumption? The fear of God ought so to be before your eyes that the fear of man will not weigh with you in the least. "I fear man," said one, "but I fear God infinitely more": this was near the mark. Our Lord said, "Fear not him that can kill the body, but afterwards hath no more that he can do; but fear him who can cast both body and soul into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him." Dismiss the craven fear which would make you false to your convictions in any degree, and thus "cease from man."

Once more, *cease from being worried about men.* We ought to do all we can for our fellow men to set them right and keep them right, both by teaching and by example; but certain folks think that everything must go according to their wishes, and if we cannot see eye to eye with them, they worry themselves and us. This is not right, and that is not right, and indeed nothing is right but what is hammered on their anvil. Let us please our neighbour for his good, for edification, but let us not become men-pleasers, nor grieve inordinately because unreasonable persons are not satisfied with us. To our own Master we stand or fall, and interfering brethren must be so good as to remember that we are not their servants, but we serve the Lord Christ.

Moreover, brethren, let us not be unduly cast down if we cannot set everybody right. Truly, the body politic, common society, and especially the church, may cause us great anxiety; but still the Lord reigneth, and we are not to let ourselves die of grief. After all, our Lord does not expect us to rectify everything, for he only requires of us what he enables us to do. We are not magistrates, nor dictators, and when we have done our best and kept our own garments clean, and given earnest warning, and cried unto God by reason of the evil of the times, then this word comes in, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

"*But they say.*" What do they say? Let them say. It will not hurt you if you can only gird up the loins of your mind, and cease from man. "Oh, but they have accused me of this and that." Is it true? "No, sir, it is not true, and that is why it grieves me." That is why it should not grieve you. If it were true it ought to trouble you; but if it is not true let it alone. If an enemy has said anything against your character it will not always be worth while to answer him. Silence has both dignity and argument in it. Nine times out of ten if a boy makes a blot in his copy-book and borrows a knife to take it out, he makes the mess ten times worse; and as in your case there is no blot after all, you need not make one by attempting to remove what is not there. All the dirt that falls upon a good man will brush off when it is dry: but let him wait till it is dry, and not dirty his hands with wet mud. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils."

Brethren in Christ, let us think more of God and less of man. Come, let the Lord our God fill the whole horizon of our thoughts. Let our love go forth to him; let us delight ourselves in him. Let us trust in him that liveth for ever, in him whose promise never faileth, in him who will be with us in life, and in death, and through eternity. Oh that we lived more in the society of Jesus, more in the sight of God! Let man go behind our back, and Satan too. We cannot spend our lives in seeking the smiles of men, for pleasing God is the one object we pursue. Our hands, and our heads, and our hearts, and all that we have and are, find full occupation for the Lord, and therefore we must "Cease from man."

Cease ye from man because you have come to know the best of men, who is more than man, even the Lord Jesus Christ, and he has so fully become the beloved of your souls, that none can compare with him. Rest in Christ as to your sins, and cease from priests. Rest, also, in the great Father as to your providential cares: why rest in men when

he careth for you? Rest in the Holy Spirit as to your spiritual needs; why need to depend on man? Yea, throw yourself wholly and entirely upon the God all-sufficient, El Shaddai, as Scripture calls him. Some read it, "the many-breasted God," who is able to supply from himself all the needs of his creatures. He will do for us exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or even think. "O rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him," and cease ye from man. That was a wise and tender word of our Saviour to the woman who had washed his feet. He said to her, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" and then, as they began to cavil at her, and talk about the expense and the waste of the ointment, he added to her, "Thy faith hath saved thee; *go in peace*": as much as to say, "They are going to have a discussion about you, but do you go out of earshot of it. They are going to criticize what you have done, do not tarry to hear them, but go home. I have accepted you, let that be enough for you; never mind *them*. Do not want to know their opinions." Oftentimes to a child of God it is the best advice that can be given—"Go in peace." Certain doubters are about to argue; let them argue to themselves, but do you go in peace. Why do you want to know the last new doubt? Would you like to taste the last new poison? "Prove all things," but when it has been proved to be evil have done with it. Do not want to hear that which can only tend to stagger your faith and defile your conscience. You have heard enough of that stuff already; go in peace. When men begin to cavil at Christ and the doctrines of grace, cease from them. Steal away to Jesus in private prayer. Five minutes' communion with your Lord will be worth five years of this idle talk. Go in peace, and "Cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." Do you hear that one professor declares that there is no God, and another that there is no providence, and another that there is no atoning sacrifice, and another that there is no hereafter? Now that we know that a mad dog is about, let us keep out of his way. It does not matter who he is; we have nothing to do with him. When a thief meets me, I need not stay even to say, "Good night" to him. Cease ye from such a man, for the very breath of his nostrils breathes death to that which is good.

III. We finish with that last question: WHY ARE WE TO CEASE FROM MAN? The answer is, *because he is nothing to be accounted of*. Begin, dear brethren, by ceasing from yourselves. Every man must cease from himself first, and then he must cease from all men, as his hope and his trust, because neither ourselves nor others are worthy of such confidence. "Wherein is he to be accounted of?" If his breath is in his nostrils, see how short his life is, wherein is he to be accounted of? If his breath is in his nostrils, see how weak he is, wherein is he to be accounted of? If his breath is in his nostrils, see how fickle he is, wherein is he to be accounted of?

What figure shall I put down for man? Some men would wish to have themselves written down at a very high figure, but a cipher is quite sufficient. Write man at nothing, and you are somewhat above the mark. Wherein is he to be accounted of? Compared with God man is less than nothing and vanity. Reckon him so, and act upon the reckoning. If there were no men on the face of the earth, how would you live? If God alone filled all your thought and all your heart, how

would you live? Live just so. Then if there be a thousand million men upon the face of the globe—and there are more—they will not sway you. If the city teems with them, and if the forum is disturbed with their noise, and if they ride up to the capitol in triumph, what of that? We have ceased from them, and we shall never have cause to regret it, for they will be no loss to us. If we try to reckon up what the loss might be if we lost their aid, it comes to nothing; for wherein are they to be accounted of. Cease from them and go straight on in the path of faith and duty, resting in God and believing in him. Care nothing for the vanity of vanities, but trust in the Verity of verities, even God himself.

This is a special subject, and someone will say, "Can such a text as this be useful for the ungodly?" Yes, it hits the nail on the head. Some of you have been trying to save yourselves. "Cease ye from man." You have been looking to your feelings; you have been looking to your works; you have been looking to this and that of your own; cease ye altogether from that evil man—yourself. Wherein are you to be accounted of? Some of you have kept back from Christ because you have made much of this poor nobody that is crushed before the moth, this worm of the earth, this mere vapour. Now, rise above your dead selves and think more of God. Believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him, and may his Holy Spirit help you now to come and commit your souls into the hands of the risen Redeemer, even unto him who is able to save you and keep you to the end. God so help you, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Isaiah ii.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—63 (Song III.), 688, 39.

"THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL." Edited by C. H. SPURGEON.

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BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

A Sermon

INTENDED FOR READING ON LORD'S-DAY, DECEMBER 6TH, 1891,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Thursday Evening, May 14th, 1891.

"Then came Amalek, and fought with Israel in Rephidim. And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek: to morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand."—Exodus xvii. 8, 9.

In trying to understand the truth of God we are in great danger of being one-sided. One man catches at part of a truth, and says, "That is it, and that is the whole of it." Another man lays hold of another side of truth, and he says, "This is the whole of it;" and straightway there arises a contention between them. They are like the men who quarrelled as to the material of which a certain shield was made. One of them said that it was a golden shield; the other was equally sure that it was a silver one: whereas it so happened that it was gold on one side and silver on the other. So they fiercely wrangled when they might very well have been agreed if they had known a little more. Most truths have two sides, and it is well to try to see both of them. Nearly every doctrine in the Word of God is balanced by some other doctrine, and many of the differences amongst the people of God have arisen from the undue stress which has been laid on one aspect of truth, while the other side has been altogether neglected. This danger very frequently besets us. For instance, some see the sovereignty of God, and are so carried away with that sublime truth, that they deny the responsibility of man; they thus both wrest the doctrine they do know, and fight against the doctrine they do not know. Others can see the universality of the gospel invitation, and with large hearts can urge all men to turn unto God and live; but they have never seen the speciality of the redemptive work of Christ, and so fail to understand the eternal purpose of God to save his chosen people. Running away with half a truth, they are like men that go through the wilderness wearing only one shoe, and they get lame of one foot, and that makes them limp all over. It does not matter which foot it is that is lame; the man is a cripple if either foot is thus afflicted.

It is essential for us to hold our minds ready to receive whatever the Holy Ghost teaches, and frequently to accept truths which we cannot harmonize. I have long ago given up all attempts to reconcile what God has revealed in one part of the Bible with what he has made known in another part. If I find in God's Word doctrines which appear to me to be at variance with the teaching in other passages, I say to myself, "God knows where these things harmonize, and if he had wanted me to know it, he would have told me. As he has not told me, why should I worry myself about the matter? I am not going to speculate and theorize as to where these truths meet; nor will I cast a bridge of gossamer across the deep gulf which I fancy I see, and then trust myself to a thread that cannot bear my weight." "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever." One said to me, the other day, concerning two great doctrines, "How do you make these two agree?" I answered by first asking another question, "How do I make two things agree that never fell out? There is no need for me to attempt anything of the kind. These two truths are perfectly reconcilable; and as they come from God's mouth, it would be as difficult for you to show that they do not agree as it is for me to show that they do agree." God does not say "Yea" and "Nay." The Lord does not blow hot and cold. If he reveals two doctrines which apparently contradict each other, yet are they both true, since both are spoken by the God who cannot lie; and if I cannot see how they can be both true, it comforts me to think that I am not asked to see it; I am expected to believe it, and God's grace gives me the faith to do even that. In fact, I rather like a difficulty, for then there is an opportunity for the exercise of faith. It is glorious, when one is sailing, to come right up under the lee of a great rock, and to be compelled to say, "Well, I cannot proceed any further this way." What then? Why, just let your anchor down, and make a harbour of the rock, and lie there at rest while stormy winds do blow. That is what you should do with difficult doctrines; make a quiet haven of the mysterious truth, and let it shelter you in time of doubt or despondency. When the storm is passed, you will find that there are other ways for you to go where it is perfectly plain sailing. Seeing that the revelation is divine, there must be mysteries which mortals cannot understand at present. Let us comfort ourselves with our Saviour's words, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." Some day the way will be made plain before us; and meanwhile, our attitude should be that of trustful children, who believe implicitly whatever their loving father tells them, whether they comprehend it or not.

In the present discourse, I am going to take up two sets of truths which are rather varied, and yet are very practical withal. My range of thought will be extensive, but I will not wander from the incident before us. There are four things which have been suggested to my mind while meditating upon this text and its surroundings, each of which may be viewed from two standpoints. First, in this assault of Amalek on the people of God, we see *persecution in its double aspect;* secondly, in the rod of Moses we behold *instrumentality in its double*

relation: thirdly, in the battle we observe *prudence in its double activity;* and lastly, in the leaders of the people we are reminded of *Christ in his double capacity* as he pleads for us yonder and fights for us here.

I. First, let us look at PERSECUTION IN ITS DOUBLE ASPECT. On the one hand, notice that this attack upon Israel was Amalek's great sin, on account of which the nation was doomed to be extirpated. Because of this, God said, "I will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven." But, on the other hand, this assault was the result of Israel's sin, for it is significantly put after the strife of Massah and Meribah, "*Then* came Amalek, and fought with Israel in Rephidim." The point is this: persecution may come to you from evil men, distinctly from them, and it may be their wicked free will which makes them assail you; and yet, at the same time, it may be your sin which lies at the bottom of it, and because you have erred they have been permitted, and even appointed, to bring trouble upon you. Let us think of these two things.

Notice well that *assaults upon us may arise from the sins of others.* It is right that we should recognize this, lest in the dark day we should become unduly discouraged. Persecution often arises because we come into conflict with wicked men; but God will judge our adversaries; he will remember his covenant with his people, and deliver us from the hand of all our enemies.

These Amalekites attacked Israel, and greatly sinned in so doing, for they were the first that made war against God's people. He who had so graciously chosen and kept them, who with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm had brought them through the Red Sea, had espoused their cause; and his word, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," had been a kind of shield to Israel in her earliest days. Though Abraham and others had, at times, gone forth to battle, nobody had fought with Israel since she had become a nation, and by mighty signs and wonders had been delivered from the hand of Pharaoh and the bondage of Egypt. But Amalek first among the nations dared to assail the chosen people of God; and hence a stern doom was decreed against him. He had heard what great things God had done for his people, and yet he presumed to fight against them, and in so doing impiously lifted up his hand against Jehovah himself. He became the leader in this particular form of evil, and thus assumed a fearful responsibility, and assured to himself a terrible judgment.

But the impiety was still worse; for Amalek went out of his way to attack Israel. The people had not come into his territory; they were a good way off it, and were passing quietly by; but we read, "Then *came* Amalek." His envy was stirred up so much that he came away from his own region to fight with Israel without any provocation. Amalek was a descendant of Esau, and the hate of Esau towards Jacob so burned in the breast of Amalek towards Israel, that he came a long journey in order that he might at once, without proclaiming war, fall suddenly upon the hosts of Israel. Because the attack was thus wanton, he had to suffer the stern judgment of God. Let not wicked men imagine that, because God is in heaven and they are upon the earth, they can with impunity oppose his people. "He that

sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision." Woe be to the man who wantonly attacks the saints of the Most High God! Be not disquieted, O child of God, if this is thy case! "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb."

Moreover, Amalek in this act went forth to fight against God himself. It was not with Israel alone that he warred; he battled also with Jehovah, the God of Israel. In the words of the sixteenth verse, as some translate them, Amalek had laid his hands upon the throne of God, therefore God laid his own hand upon the throne, and swore by his throne that he would uproot Amalek from among the nations. It was because the opposition to the Israelites was distinctly on account of God himself that therefore Amalek had to be cut off. Dear brothers and sisters, you and I may be assailed by wicked men, and we may distinctly trace the whole of it to their malice, and to their enmity against God himself; but though that may be all true, yet we must not therefore be ourselves malicious towards them. Neither must we be proud, as though we were innocent, and they alone were guilty. Wicked men nailed our Saviour to the cross, but his prayer for them was, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Dearly beloved, if the ungodly hate you, and persecute you, avenge not yourselves; but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." When you are persecuted for righteousness' sake, the Lord takes notice of it. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou *me?*" was the word which came from the excellent glory to him who journeyed to Damascus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." When he persecuted them, he was really persecuting their Master. Be not, then, troubled if men revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for Christ's sake; but rather "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Leave the issue with the Lord; the battle is his, and he will, in his own time and way, overthrow all his and your adversaries.

Let us now turn our thoughts to the other aspect of this subject. The guilt of ungodly men in persecuting God's people is not inconsistent with my next statement, that *assaults upon us may also arise from our own sins.* We may have brought the evil upon ourselves; and we had better look to it that there be not a sin of our own that lies at the root of what we suffer, for it was so with these people. When they had chided with Moses, and murmured against God, "*Then* came Amalek."

Israel had been quarrelling with God. Do you wonder, then, that other people quarrelled with them? You may often read your sin in its punishment; and, if you had prophetic eye enough, you might see your chastening in your offence. Many a time our severity to others is the reason for God's apparent severity with us. If we have withheld from the poor, we need not wonder if God withholds from us; and if we have been slow to forgive, we need not marvel if we do not soon get a sense of forgiveness for ourselves. We often urge people

to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. Let me reverently say another thing—do unto God as you would that God should do unto you; for "with the froward God will show himself froward." That ink with which we wrote the ill word, God will use in the writing down of our sentence. It was so in this case; Israel quarrelled with God, and now Amalek quarrels with Israel.

They put a question about God, "Is the Lord among us, or not?"—a horrible question, since it involved a doubt as to the veracity of Moses, and as to the reality of all the great wonders which were wrought in Egypt and in the wilderness. But, because they questioned God, God makes it a serious question between them and Amalek—a question which, for a while, seemed to be answered favourably, for Israel prevailed. But soon it was answered unfavourably, for Amalek prevailed. The conflicting hosts sway to and fro on the battle-field, first victors, then vanquished; again conquering, then once more conquered. How will the terrible struggle end? No wonder that God puts the issue in question, when they had put him in question. If you question God, he will soon leave you to question yourselves. I do not wonder that men say, "Have I any faith?" when they begin to doubt the very inspiration of Scripture. What is the good of having any faith when there is nothing left for you to believe? You may well fear to build upon that Scripture whose very foundations you have undermined. If we make God a question, God will make our safety a question, and we shall have a stern fight for it.

Moreover, we find that Israel had uttered threats against Moses, so that he said, "They be almost ready to stone me." Now, if they would stone the man of God, is it at all wonderful that the men of the world were ready to kill them? If you go against Moses, God will send Amalek against you, for remember that God does chasten his people. Though he forgives, he chastens; and he chastens all the more because he forgives. He condemns us in our consciences, that he may not condemn us at the judgment-seat. He afflicts us here, that we may not be destroyed with the world at the end. Now is the day of the believer's chastisement for his benefit. By-and-by will be the time of the unbeliever's punishment, which shall bring him no benefit, but shall be the just reward of his evil deeds. Child of God, do you wish to receive chastisement? You have only to go into sin, and you may rest assured that you will not escape the rod. If you are a bastard, you may, perhaps, sin and prosper; but if you are a true-born child of God, you cannot sin without smarting for it.

> "Did I meet no trials here,
> No chastisement by the way,
> Might I not, with reason, fear
> I should prove a castaway?
> Bastards may escape the rod,
> Sunk in earthly vain delight;
> But the true-born child of God
> Must not, would not if he might."

So, there is our first point. We may sometimes justly charge our afflictions upon the ill intent of ungodly men; and yet, at the same time, we may have to charge them also upon ourselves. It may be

equally true that we have procured them by our own slips and stumblings in the ways of the Lord, as that evil men have wickedly raised their hand against us. So, when attacks are made upon us, let us be more careful to search our own hearts, and examine our own lives, than to condemn the faults of other men. To their God they will have to render their own account.

II. In the second place, let us think of INSTRUMENTALITY IN ITS DOUBLE RELATION. Here, again, another contrast is to be found in the text and its connection. If you will notice, in the fifth verse, God says to Moses, "Take with thee of the elders of Israel; and *thy rod*, wherewith thou smotest the river;" but when Moses talks about the rod, in the ninth verse, which forms our text, he says, "To morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with *the rod of God* in mine hand." In both verses it is the same rod which is spoken of. God calls it the rod of Moses; Moses calls it the rod of God; and both these expressions are true. I want you to recollect that. The first is true: it is the rod of Moses; that is the human side, and in this connection it is sometimes called the rod of Moses, and sometimes the rod of Aaron. But the divine side is just as noticeable, and then it is called the rod of God. With reference to the instrumentality which God is pleased to use, we must thus remember its twofold nature, and look on both sides of the shield.

One side is that *God calls it the rod of Moses, and so honours him.* Wherever there is an opportunity of doing honour to the faith of his own servants, God is never slow to use it. He is a King who delights to give glory to his warriors when they behave themselves bravely in the heat of battle. It gives him pleasure to knight them on the field, and let them know that they have done well. At the end he will say to those who have been valiant for his cause, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Even here he gives his chosen a foretaste of that full approval which will make their heaven complete. God is not afraid of spoiling his people by saying a good word about them. You remember the story of the man who had a good wife, and one said to him, "Why, she is worth her weight in gold." "Yes," he said, "she is worth a Gibraltar rock in gold, but I never tell her that. You know that it is necessary to maintain discipline, and, if I were to tell her how much I really value her, she would not know herself." Well, now, that is wrong. It does people good to be told how highly we value them. There is many a Christian man and woman who would do better if now and then someone would speak a kindly word to them, and let them know that they had done well. God himself gives us an example of this, for he here puts honour on his servant, by saying to Moses, "*Thy* rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go." Moses was the instrument whom God used against Pharaoh; and though his rod was in itself only a common stick, yet it was he who used the rod, and it was really that rod with which he smote the river. God actually did use him; and it is not God's way to use a man, and then say nothing about it. God ascribes to Moses what Moses really did. We must never despise the instrumentality which God uses. The tendency of our nature is to run to the other extreme, and to rest in instrumentality.

We often need to remember that word, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." But in trying to avoid that rock, we must not run on the other, and slight all instrumentality. God will have his servants esteemed; and, if he puts honour upon them, we cannot be wrong if we also honour them.

Moreover, it really was the rod of Moses, and would not so well have fitted any other hand. God does not put into a position of influence a man unfit for the post. Even Moses did not work wonders with the rod until he had renounced the riches of Egypt, and borne the burden of life in the wilderness. There was a fitness in the fact of the rod being in the hand of such a man. He had no rod when, in his fleshly energy, he slew the Egyptian whom he found oppressing the Hebrew slave. Had it then been in his hand, what sad havoc he might have made! But now he used it as God directed. In fact, the rod was the symbol of his authority, and that authority was not bestowed upon him until he was qualified to exercise it. Thus, in a very real sense, it was the rod of Moses. In addition to this, it was the faith of Moses which gave power to his rod; he himself was the conductor of the divine energy. Had the rod been wielded by another man, self-appointed, and lacking the confidence which Moses had come to possess in God, it would have been simply a powerless stick; but because of his authority, and because of his faith, it was meet to call it "the rod of Moses." When a man is evidently used of God, let us be quick to recognize the special qualities which render him worthy to be used, and let us esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake. Thus we see that God calls the almond branch, which did such wonders in Egypt and at the Red Sea, the rod of Moses.

On the other hand, *Moses calls it the rod of God, and so honours God.* He whom God uses gives God the praise, for God is ever the source of our strength; and if any work is done that is worth the doing, unto him must be ascribed all the glory. It was not in his own might that Moses turned the waters of the Nile into blood, and caused the fish to die. It was not by any power inherent in himself that he made the dust of Egypt to live, and become a terrible plague to the people. It was not by any human magic that Moses divided the Red Sea, and made a way for the ransomed nation to march through its depths. No one knew better than he that the instrument that branded the breast of the Red Sea, and left a dry mark where it fell, was the rod of God, not man's. It is he alone that doeth great wonders, and unto his name be all the praise. "*Non nobis, Domine,*" must ever be our psalm of adoration unto Jehovah; "Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto thy name, give glory."

Let us learn, from these words of Moses, that instrumentality is not to be decried or despised, for God uses it; but the instrument must never be allowed to usurp the place of God, for it must be always remembered that it is *God* who uses it. The axe must not exalt itself against him that heweth therewith; but, when there are trees to be felled, it would be folly to throw the axe away. The net must not be made a god that we may sacrifice to it; but it would be idle to go fishing without a net. Use your agencies and your instrumentalities to the

very fullest extent, and then know that it is God that worketh in you, and God that worketh by you, if anything is accomplished that is worthy of record.

Thus I have given you two sets of things in which it is easy enough to blunder if you shut one of your eyes, or if you only look at them in one light: first, the persecution of God's people; and, secondly, the instrumentality used in God's service.

III. And now, for a third thing. Behold, in this incident, PRUDENCE IN ITS DOUBLE ACTIVITY. You have that in the text. Moses said unto Joshua, "Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek." To which Joshua might have replied, "Yes, I will gladly do that, and you will go too, Moses, and fight, will you not?" No, no, he will not. "To morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand." You see, as Oliver Cromwell would have put it, prudence trusts in God, and keeps its powder dry. Prudence prays with Moses, while it fights with Joshua. In like manner, in the activities of our holy faith, we must learn to balance work and worship, prayer for victory and conflict with the enemy.

In the case before us, we see that *the means are not neglected.* Moses did not call all the people to pray when it was time for fighting. He prayed, but at the same time he set the battle in array. This is true wisdom, for "faith without works is dead." We cannot expect to have souls saved if we pray and never preach. We cannot expect to have our children saved if we only pray for them night and morning, and never speak to them about eternal matters, and do not instruct them in the things of God. The means must not be neglected.

Observe how Moses prepared to fight the Amalekites. He said to Joshua, "*Choose us out men.*" He did not lose sight of the necessity of having the fittest warriors, because his trust was in God. If someone, seeing only one side of the question, had come to him, and said, "The battle is the Lord's, why do you want to pick the men? Will not one man do as well as another?" Moses would probably have replied, "These Amalekites are mighty warriors. Take chosen men—men that are able-bodied, men that are expert in war, the choicest men you can find, and go to war with Amalek. We shall need our best men to overcome such a foe. Choose us out men." This is a rule without an exception, when you go to work for Christ, bring forth the best of everything that you have, your best thought, your best knowledge, your best ability. Let the church always see to it that she tries to get the best men she can to fight the battles of the Lord. It is a mistake to suppose that anybody will do for Christian work. Christ may use whom he wills, even the weakest things, and the things that are despised; but as for us, we must always look to that which is most adapted to the work, most suitable for it, ever hearkening to the words of Moses to Joshua, "Choose us out men."

The leader was also chosen—"Moses said unto *Joshua*." He did not pick up the first youth that he met, and say to him, "Go and fight these Amalekites," but he took the man whom God had fitted for the post of leader in the war, even Joshua, and said to him, "Go out, fight with Amalek." It is well for us, in carrying on the work and warfare for God, to rally round those whom God has qualified to be

leaders. Means are not to be neglected, nor may God's work be done in a slovenly style. Choose you out men, and let the leader of them be a choice man, the man of God's choice.

The time for the battle was also chosen. "*To morrow* I will stand on the top of the hill." Why not to night, Moses? These Amalekites have just been falling upon you. Why not fight them at once? Well, because the people were not ready; it would take a little time to get the fighting men in order. To morrow was quite soon enough. Besides, Moses felt by instinct that he would fight these children of the wilderness best when he could see them; not by night, when they knew the way better than he did, but by daylight. To those of you who earnestly desire to serve God, I would say—Do not be in too great a hurry, lest your indiscreet zeal should bring disaster upon you. "He that believeth shall not make haste." Choose the best time. Serve God wisely. Go about the work as if all depended upon you, and then trust in God, knowing that all depends upon him. Use the same foresight, the same judgment, the same care that you would use if it were solely your own work; and then, when you have done that, fall back upon God, feeling that all your care and all your foresight will be in vain unless he stretches forth his hand to help, and to ensure success.

Note, again, that the battle was most real. Moses did not say, "Choose you out men, and go and drive Amalek away like a flock of sheep." No; but "Go out, *fight with Amalek*." Believe me, brethren, we make a great mistake if we think that this world is to be conquered for Christ without mighty efforts. Some talk as if the expenditure of a few pounds, and the going forth of a few men will end the whole war. It will do nothing of the sort. If nations are to be subdued to Christ, his church must exert all her power. All her power without him is nothing; but if he chooses to use her power, he will have the whole of it brought into use before he gives the blessing. "Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek." When the battle began, it was no child's play; it was a hand-to-hand conflict, a struggle for life or death; and the end of it was that "Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword;" not merely by praying, but "with the edge of the sword." Moses on the hill-top is doing his part by holding up the rod; but you must have Joshua down below with the sharp edge of the sword, or else Amalek will laugh at the prayers of Moses. I should like to have this rule written on every man's mind, that, if he is to serve God, and get a blessing from God, he must have both the prayer of Moses and the sword of Joshua.

But, on the other hand, in this battle, *reliance upon God is not neglected.* Moses ascends the hill holding up his banner, and that banner is the rod of God. The staff on which God's servant had been accustomed to lean, God had blessed, and made it to be a sceptre, the sign of the royal presence, and a wonder-working thing in the land. Moses holds this up. The banner is the rod of God, and the banner-bearer is the chosen servant of God. Everything on Israel's side is of God; Moses and Joshua are ordained of God, and the rod chosen of Moses is at the same time the rod of God. This is held up where all the people can see it, and every warrior, as he turns

his eye, can behold that rod of God, which had wrought such wonders before, still held aloft above the conflicting armies. When Moses' hands are heavy, the symbol of God's presence need not be lowered; for Aaron and Hur are at hand to hold up his arms. Israel is continually reminded of the interest of God in the battle against Amalek. The rod in the hand of Moses seems to say "God is fighting for you. God's servant is holding up the appointed standard." Undoubtedly that assurance must have largely aided them to go through the battle with a brave heart. The meaning of it would be clear: "Fight, but trust. War with Amalek with the edge of the sword, but prevail over Amalek by prevailing with God in prayer."

Unfortunately, in our work for God, we generally fall into one of two blunders. Either we get a lot of machinery, and think that we shall accomplish everything by that; or else we are like some whom I have known, who have confided so much in prayer that they have done nothing but pray. Prayer is a downright mockery if it does not lead us into the practical use of means likely to promote the ends for which we pray. I have known friends take medicine when they have been ill, and never pray about their sickness. There are some others who pray about their sickness, but never take the proper medicine. They are both wrong. You must have Joshua, and you must have Moses, too, in the time of trial. Go before God with your sickness; but if there be an appointed means that has been made useful to others, use it, for God will bless you by the use of means. Try to see two sides of a thing. Do not trust exclusively to either one or the other. It is a very heinous fault to trust the means without God; but, though it is a much smaller fault to trust in God, and not use the means, yet still it is a fault. Practical prudence will lead you to do both. It gives to Joshua his sword, that he may make it red with the blood of the enemy; and it gives to Moses his rod, that he may go with it up to the top of the hill, and hold it up there in the sight of the people, that all may know that the battle is the Lord's, and that he will deliver the enemy into their hands. God make you wise in these things, and enable you to use both the rod of God and the sword of man!

IV. I have to speak of one other truth, and then I have done. Behold here, in a wondrous type, CHRIST IN HIS TWOFOLD CAPACITY. Christ is represented to us here as Moses on the hill pleading, and as Joshua in the valley fighting.

Learn, first, that *Christ is pleading for us.* He is not here: he is risen, and he has ascended to the right hand of God, even the Father, and there he is making intercession for his people. It is because he intercedes for us that we win the victory. Cannot your faith's eye see him now, on the top of the hill, with the rod of God in his hand, with all power given to him in heaven and in earth, pleading with authority before the great throne of Jehovah? Here is the secret of our strength. He never fails; he never needs to sit down upon a stone; nor does he need any to stay up his hands because they grow weary. No, blessed be his name, he pleads and prevails from generation to generation, and will continue to do so until he shall descend from heaven a second time to complete the victory of his people! In his mediation is our confidence.

But, then, do not forget that *he is also warring for us*. He is here, though I have just said that he is not here; in one sense he is gone, and in another sense he remains. On the very eve of his departure, he said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." And his promise is for ever true, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." So, though he has gone into the glory, he is yet here in a spiritual sense by the Holy Ghost, who is his lieutenant, who takes the kingdom, and presides over it, and works in it on behalf of King Jesus. He is that "other Comforter" whom the Lord Jesus promised to send to his disciples; and so, though Christ has ascended, that blessed Paraclete, the Holy Spirit, has taken his place, and, by the Holy Ghost, Christ is still here. We need not pray for the Holy Ghost to be poured out. He never will be poured out again, since he was once poured out at Pentecost, and is still here. You may very properly ask to be baptized into the Holy Ghost if you desire to know his power to the full; and you may go down into his influences till you are immersed therein; but how can we ask that the Spirit should again be poured out, when he has not gone back to heaven? He came down once, and here he stays. "He shall abide with you for ever." This is the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, and in him Christ is always with us, our greater Joshua, fighting for the people whom he will one day lead into the promised land, the heavenly Canaan.

I think that I see our Joshua now, sword in hand, chasing our adversaries; and I turn my eye upwards, and see our Moses, rod in hand, pleading for his people. Let us see him in both capacities, and thank God that Christ is all—not one type of the law, but all the types—not one of the ceremonials, but all the ceremonials, and all the shadows melting into one great substance. Glory be to his name! Believe in Christ in heaven, and trust him with your prayers. Believe in Christ on earth, range yourself on his side, and rest assured that no foe will be able to stand against him. He is on the battle-field to day; and in the thickest of the fray, when his own people are driven back, and his adversaries begin to rejoice, friends and foes alike shall yet prove the power of his almighty arm. "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty; and in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things."

> "Fight for thyself, O Jesus, fight,
> The travail of thy soul regain."

So, you see that, though two things may look contradictory, they are often both really true, and are both different sides of one shield. Try, then, always to see both sides of every truth revealed in the Scriptures. Divine truths often resemble tramcars, which travel upon two lines of iron, and yet the two lines make but one tramway. The lines are parallel, and do not touch each other. How could the car travel if they did? This is the truth of God; it is but one truth, but it has two sides which run parallel to each other. Do not try to join them, nor take them up, and make them cross each other; but travel along them till you come to the great terminus above.

God bless you, if you are his people! If not, all is wrong. Oh, may you now trust the living Christ! He is here, ready to hear your cry for mercy; he is there in glory, ready to plead your cause. He waits to be gracious to sinners here below; he waits in heaven till his enemies shall be made his footstool. May you bow before the silver sceptre of his mercy, that you may not be broken in pieces by the iron rod of his justice; and may the Lord be with you all! Amen.

PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Exodus xvii.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—686, 665, 664.

TO THE READERS OF MY SERMONS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I had much enjoyment in preaching the sermon of this week, and I trust the like will be the case with its readers. The lessons are rather wide in their range; but they serve as illustrations of the great fact that there are two sides to most questions, and that progress in the truth is along two fixed lines, which cannot be made to meet according to human judgment, but are, nevertheless, each of them laid down by revelation upon the same basis. We believe in the sovereignty of God and in the responsibility of man; and while we conceive that everything is fixed by divine decree, we perceive that man is a free and self-contained moral agent. We no longer ask—How can these things be? We make inscrutable mysteries into footstools for faith to kneel upon. The hour of your friend's death is appointed, and the length of his illness; and yet you will pray for the prolonging of his life, and the restoration of his health, and your prayer will be answered.

May the Lord deal graciously with all my readers! So prays

Your hearty friend,

Menton, Nov. 28, 1891. C. H. SPURGEON.

"THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL." Edited by C. H. SPURGEON.

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A Sermon

INTENDED FOR READING ON LORD'S-DAY, DECEMBER 13TH, 1891,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Lord's-day Evening, April 5th, 1891.

"And this they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God."—2 Corinthians viii. 5.

HERE we see the apostle Paul disappointed, though he was never discontented. God had taught him how to abound, and how to suffer need. In the school of grace he had learned contentment; but at this time he had met with disappointment. Things had not happened as he thought they would have done, and now he tells the Corinthians how the churches of Macedonia have disappointed him. "This they did, not as we hoped."

Paul's disappointment, too, was concerning money, although that was a thing the apostle never cared about at all. He never lived with any idea of gain; he held it almost in contempt. Yet here he is disappointed about money matters, and he is writing of his disappointment. But do not run away with a mistaken idea of what Paul meant. Though this is one of the many unexpected things which happened to him, it is different in its character from most of his other disappointments. His expectations were not realized on this occasion because they were exceeded. He was disappointed with the churches of Macedonia because they did a great deal more than he ever expected them to do. "This they did," he says, "not as we hoped." He had only hoped that they would give a little, for they were not rich people, and a little would show their generosity to the poor saints at Jerusalem. And he was ready to make much of that little, and thank God that they were willing to remember those who were more in want than themselves. But they went far beyond anything he expected of them. Paul bore record that their liberality was up to the utmost limit of their power, "yea, and beyond their power." A little from them would have been more than a much larger sum from richer people. Our gifts are not to be measured by the amount we contribute, but by the surplus kept in our own hand. The two mites of the widow were, in Christ's eyes, worth more than all the other money

cast into the treasury; for "she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

Not only did these Macedonian believers give much, but they gave it willingly. "They were willing of themselves." This added fragrance to their gift. They needed no pressing or urging: the apostle did not have to organize a "Fancy Fair" to wheedle the money out of them, nor even to preach loud and long to arouse them to their duty. "They were willing of themselves." I thank God that you, my people, have ever abounded in "the same grace also." Still, what we have done is nothing compared to the need which lies before us. May those who have hitherto been ready to bestow their goods be found even more willing now to contribute to the cause of God, and generously give towards the spread of the gospel, the education of ministers, and the needs of the orphans! Let there be no necessity laid upon you, except the sweet compulsion of love, remembering that "God loveth a cheerful giver."

But these Macedonians gave more than money: they gave themselves. Paul writes, "They first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." This was the best donation; better even than the two mites of the poor widow. She gave her living; but they gave their life, their very being. They also gave the best donation in the best way. They did not stop with giving themselves to the Lord, they also gave themselves to the Lord's people. This is the will of God, that those who yield themselves up to him should join those who are his already.

In speaking to you concerning these churches of Macedonia, I would say, first, that *these people are an example to us* in several particulars; and when I have spoken a little upon that subject, I will say, in the second place, *Let us follow their example.*

I. First, then, THESE PEOPLE ARE AN EXAMPLE TO US. The grace of God seems to have been so largely bestowed upon them, that they, of whom but little was expected, sprang at once into the chief place of honour. Sometimes we see this in churches to-day; poor and despised communities suddenly excel all their brethren. "The lame take the prey." The great works of the world are not done by the great people of the world; but as the tiny coral insects, patiently working unseen, produce large results, it often happens that the weakest brethren bestow a large legacy of blessing upon us. This was the case in Macedonia; "The abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." As an ounce of example is worth a pound of precept, let us study the conduct of these early Christians very carefully.

First, they are an example because *they followed the right order.* They did the first thing first. Paul says, concerning them, "This they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own selves to the Lord." You know that it spoils even good things when you reverse the right order in which they should be done, and, as we commonly say, put the cart before the horse. Did you ever hear of the servant who was told to go and sweep a room and then dust it, who went and dusted the room and then swept it? She did not obey her orders, because she did not observe the right order. Her work might as well have been

left undone. Great mischief always comes of departing from God's method in spiritual things. When the Lord tells you to believe and be baptized, if you are baptized first and believe afterwards, you have upset the Scriptural order, and have practically disobeyed it; you have not kept to God's Word at all. There is nothing like doing the right thing in the right order. Do *what* Christ tells you; and do it *as* Christ tells you. These Macedonian believers put the first thing first. They first gave themselves to the Lord, and afterwards they gave themselves to the church of God.

This is the first thing, because it is of the first importance. If you are Christ's, join Christ's people; but the first thing is, see to it that you are Christ's. Yield yourself unto him; trust in him. This is the first thing, and everything else is a poor second in comparison with it. Dear friend, have you given yourself to the Lord? Can you truly say, "I am my Lord's, and he is mine; I have by his grace made sure of that"? Especially you young people, who are just starting out in life, let this be your prime care. May God give you grace to yield yourself to Christ even now, ere you meet the fiercer temptations of the world! Stand still, and consider the matter, and say, "I will now unreservedly yield myself to him who died for me:

> "'Now that my journey's just begun,
> My course so little trod;
> I'll stay before I further run,
> And give myself to God.'"

Yielding ourselves to the Lord comes first, and thus makes the second thing valid. If it does not come first, the second is good for nothing. If a man gives himself to the church, he must not therefore suppose that he has given himself to God. To give himself to the people of God, before giving himself first to God, will do the man no good; it will, indeed, do him a positive injury. The man who acts in this way is either self-deceived, or else a deceiver: he does wrong to God, to the church, and to himself, and is thus a threefold offender. You have no right to either of the ordinances of Christ if you do not belong to him: they are only for believers; and until you first give yourself to the Lord, you have no right to be reckoned among the people of God. If you come to the Lord's table as an unbeliever, so far from getting any good there, you will eat and drink condemnation to yourself; for you cannot discern the Lord's body, and therefore you cannot rightly use the bread and cup which are the emblems of his broken body and poured out blood. Dear friend, keep that first thing first. Give yourself first to the Lord, and then give yourself to us by the will of God.

This is the first thing, again, because it leads to the second. I do not think that these Macedonians would ever have thought of giving themselves up to the church if they had not first given themselves up to God; for in those days, you know, to join the Christian church meant enduring shame, and persecution, and frequently death itself. They had to steal away by night to the private assemblies of the saints; and if they joined the church, and it was once known, there would probably soon be the cry, "Christians to the lions!" and they would be

taken to the amphitheatre first to be exhibited, and then to be devoured by wild beasts. Men did not care about joining churches in those days unless they first gave themselves to the Lord. The persecution of the early Christians was a wonderful means of keeping the churches pure. Church-officers then did not need to examine those who sought fellowship with them as we are obliged to do, for not many were likely to present themselves unless they loved their Lord and his gospel better than life itself. Even then some hypocrites did profess to be the Lord's people, though their heart was far from him. But in these soft and silken days I would be the more earnest in saying to you—Do not give yourselves to us, do not think of joining any Christian church, until, first of all, you have given yourselves to the Lord. Make a very searching enquiry into your own spiritual state before you offer yourself as a candidate for church-fellowship. Many of you do this. I have been struck, again and again, with the fact that the results of our special services in this place are not garnered quickly. Sometimes people come in numbers to join us, who trace their first impulse to some special effort put forth here a year or two before. I fear that many wait too long; but there should be no undue haste in the matter. Make sure that first you are the Lord's, then come and be baptized, confessing your faith. Now, do you trust Christ? Have you become Christ's servant? Have you taken his cross upon your shoulder to bear it after him? Then come and welcome, and join with his people; but you must not do it until first you are the Lord's.

These Macedonians are examples, next, because *they were free in what they did.* They "first *gave* their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." They did not come to God by compulsion. There was a gentle pressure put upon them by the Holy Spirit, which made them willing in the day of God's power; and they willingly and cheerfully gave themselves up to God. Are you doing so, dear friend? Is your religion a thing which has been impressed upon you by your surroundings, by your Christian friends, or by the demands of society? Such a religion is not worth having. To be truly the Lord's, there must be a voluntary giving up of yourself to him and to his service. You must be able to say,—

> "'Tis done! the great transaction's done;
> I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
> He drew me, and *I followed on,*
> Charmed to confess the voice divine."

Then you will be able to sing the chorus at the end of it—

> "Happy day! happy day!"

and you will not feel it to be a misery to have given yourself up to God, but your soul's greatest delight; and so be like those who gave themselves to the Lord, and did it cheerfully and freely.

They gave themselves, also, wholly and unreservedly. This is proved by the fact that their money followed the gift of their own selves. The dedication of their persons was followed by the consecration of their purses. It was no half-hearted offering of a languid devotion, but a real and practical yielding up of every bit of their being to be entirely and for ever the Lord's. Now, this is the sort of conversion that

delights both God and his people: when the whole man is all aflame with love to Christ; when there is no attempt to compromise matters, or to keep back any part of that which is the Lord's; when we are able truthfully to sing—

"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

. . . . . .

"Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

. . . . . .

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

These Macedonians were so eager to be out-and-out for Christ, that they, without any constraint, gave themselves to his people. I delight to see young believers coming forward promptly and cheerfully, feeling, "Yes, I belong to Christ, and I should like to join those who also belong to him." To have it pressed upon you by one and another, and to be urged to do it, almost spoils it. I think that it is with our gift of ourselves to Christ and his people as it is with plucking a peach: if it is handled much, or pulled off the tree by a rough grasp of the hand, the beautiful bloom is quickly gone from it. Christ loves to have our hearts with the bloom on them; he delights to see us willingly yielding ourselves. I remember the difficulty that I had, when I was converted, and wished to join the Christian church in the place where I lived. I called upon the minister four successive days before I could see him; each time there was some obstacle in the way of an interview; and as I could not see him at all, I wrote and told him that I would go down to the church-meeting, and propose myself as a member. He looked upon me as a strange character, but I meant what I said; for I felt that I could not be happy without fellowship with the people of God. I wanted to be wherever they were; and if anybody ridiculed them, I wished to be ridiculed with them; and if people had an ugly name for them, I wanted to be called by that ugly name; for I felt that unless I suffered with Christ in his humiliation, I could not expect to reign with him in his glory. Beloved friends, give yourselves first to God, and afterwards to his church, as these people did, cheerfully and promptly, without pressure or excitement. They came forward, not even as the apostle hoped, but they went beyond all that.

In the third place, these people are good examples, not only in following the right order, and doing it willingly, but because *they had a sense of obedience in both.* What they did, they did because they found that it was "the will of God." It was the calm decision of hearts made sensitive by the Holy Spirit. Their faith was a living one, and produced these good fruits. They were not carried away by emotion, but led by reason and conscience to give all to him who deserved more than all they could give.

They felt that it was right to give themselves to the Lord first. They said, "How can we do otherwise? Christ has bought us with his blood; we must give ourselves to him. God has chosen us from

before the foundation of the world; we must choose him. The Holy Spirit has renewed us; this new nature of ours must belong to him. We are God's by election, by creation, by providence, by redemption, by new creation, by adoption; and his we will be for ever and ever." They felt that they could not do otherwise, but must be wholly the Lord's, because of what the Lord had done for them. This is the apostle's argument, when he says, "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again." I wish that, under the sweet constraint of divine love, many of you might be led at once to give yourselves to the Lord.

Well, then, they felt the same thing about giving themselves to the apostle, and giving themselves to the church. They said, "We will give ourselves up to this apostle, who has brought the Word of the Lord to us; he shall lead us. He has been a messenger from God to us; we will let him be our captain. What he bids us do, we will do; for we are persuaded that he is a man of God, and he seeks not himself, nor ours, but us; he seeks to glorify God by leading us to nobler deeds of grace, and to greater heights of excellence. We will give ourselves to him and to the church." Surely, dear friend, if a man of God has been used to bring you out of darkness into Christ's marvellous light, you may well feel that such a man shall still lead you on. As long as he is faithful to his Master, you may very naturally and gladly be faithful to him. "They first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God."

They had a sense of obedience also in helping the poor, especially the poor saints, and, most of all, the poor saints at Jerusalem. Perhaps, mindful of that ancient promise, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble," they recognized that the care of those in poverty and distress was specially pleasing to him to whom they had given themselves. For that reason they would gladly make their contribution to the utmost limit of their power. Doubtless, they had heard the word that the Lord Jesus spake to his disciples, "Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always;" and as they could not directly bestow their goods on Christ, they willingly bestowed them, out of love to him, upon the poor who knew his name. If we cannot give gold and silver to the Head of the church in heaven, we may help his poor members on earth. The reception of Christ into the heart, and the yielding of the life to his sway, has ever been fruitful of beneficence to the poor. Zacchæus has not been the only one who, when he has received Christ, has said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor." Some men to-day, in their zeal for the poor, deliberately shut their eyes to this fact, that before the time of Christ the poor were left to their hard lot, and that any alleviation which has come to them has come from disciples of the lowly Jesus, who was so poor that he had not where to lay his head. Christ is the poor man's truest Friend; and those who give themselves to Christ must always see to it that they also give of their substance to the poor, and thus lay up "treasure in heaven."

Paul distinctly states that these Macedonian Christians gave themselves to the church "by the will of God." Beloved, it is the will of God that you who love him should be numbered with his people. It is for your comfort; it is for your growth; it is for your preservation. If you belong to Christ, you should belong to Christ's church. You owe something to the church already. By its means the preaching of the gospel has been kept alive in the world. Through its preaching you have been converted. Through some one of its members you were brought to Jesus' feet. It is your duty and the church's due that you should give yourself to the church by the will of God. Think it over, and see if it be not so. I say not that you should join this church. You may be quite a stranger to us; but there is a place where God has fed your soul; there is a company of people somewhere, amongst whom you have often been taken up to heaven's gate; there is an assembly where you first of all found the Saviour. Go, I pray you, and, by the will of God, give yourself to that church, as you have given yourself to Christ.

You cannot tell the joy I have had to-day in visiting one who is lying grievously ill. My dear friend, in talking with me just now, as I sat by his bedside, said to me, "Pastor, do you remember what you said to me when you baptized me?" I said, "No, I do not." "Well," he said, "it is thirty-five years ago, and when I was stepping into the water, you said, 'Let us praise God for this brother. I hope he will be a gift, a precious gift, to this church.' And then you stopped before you baptized me, and said, 'Lord, make him useful, grant him grace to serve thee for many years to come!' It was thirty-five years ago," said he; "and yet I remember it as if it were but yesterday, how you prayed for me, and how you finished up by saying, 'And, when your feet shall touch the cold waters of the river of death, may you find it firm beneath you!' Oh, dear Pastor," he said, "it is firm beneath my feet. I was never so happy or so joyful as I am now, in the expectation of soon beholding the face of him I love." Our brother also added, "How little does modern theology supply to a man on the brink of eternity! I want no theories about inspiration, or about the atonement. The Word of God is true to me from beginning to end, and the precious blood of Jesus is my only hope." I said to him, "My brother said to me, the other day, what John Wesley said to Charles. He said, 'Brother, our people die well.'" "Yes," my friend who is ill answered, "they do, for as an elder of the church, I have visited very many, and they always die with sure and confident faith." I never see a doubt in any of our friends when they come to die. I have more doubts than they seem to have. Alas, that it should be so! But I expect to play the man when I die, as they do, resting in that self-same Saviour. But, brethren, we should have been great losers, if that brother had not, thirty-five years ago, having given himself to the Lord, also given himself to me and to the church over which the Lord had made me overseer. Blessed be God, who has kept him and us even to this day!

Thus you see that these people of Macedonia are an example to us.

II. Secondly—and this I will urge very strongly on you all—LET US FOLLOW THEIR EXAMPLE. What use can we make of that example

if we do not follow it? Let us make those Philippians, who are now citizens of a better city, glad when they hear that some, even in this nineteenth century, were fired by their example to yield self and substance to their Lord and ours; to give all to him who is the King of the country where they now have their blest abode, and where every man who now gives himself to Christ shall also reign with him. Think you that, if they came back to earth, they would behave differently? Think you that they would give less now that they know their Lord more? No; had they a chance of living here again, they would even more willingly yield themselves, and more ungrudgingly give of their substance, to their dear Lord and Master.

First, imitate their example in this particular, *give yourself to the Lord.* You who have done it, do it again; and you who have up till this moment kept back that which he claims, make a full surrender now. Do not wait to make yourself better, or to feel better; but, just as you are, determine to be his, and to be his for ever. Say, "I do now first of all give myself to thee. I trust in the death of Christ as my only hope of eternal life, and I give myself up to him, believing that he will save me. There are many reasons why I should do this, but the chief reason is, that Jesus gave himself for me: shall I not then give myself to him 'who loved me, and gave himself for me'? What is there that I should like to keep back? I know of nothing. No, let him take all."

"Saviour! thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
My Lord, from thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee."

The best offering you can bring to Christ is *yourself*, for until you have given yourself to him, he cannot accept any other offering at your hands. Unless you are really Christ's, you cannot be truly happy. Surely, this is a motive that will appeal to you. You wish to live a happy life, do you not? There is no happiness without holiness, and no holiness without faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Give yourself to him, and he will make you holy and happy too. True joy will never be yours until "the joy of the Lord is your strength." To abide in Christ is heaven begun below. "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee." Those who know the Lord best, praise him the most; therefore would I urge you to give yourself to him at this good hour.

Furthermore, we are only safe as we are given up to Christ's keeping. Only his power can save us from our adversary the devil, who, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." If you give yourself to the Lord, you will be "safe in the arms of Jesus." He will hold you despite all the assaults of your foes, and none shall pluck you out of his hands; so that you may exultingly say with Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

Some of us gave ourselves to Christ forty years ago. Oh, how thankful I am that I can say "Forty years ago"! Some of you came thirty years ago; some twenty; some ten. Some of you only gave yourselves to Christ quite lately, when my dear brethren Fullerton and Smith were at the Tabernacle. Well, do you wish to run back? If any of you do, I know one who does not, but who says, "Lord, I come again, as if I never had come before, and my heart's desire is to be fully thine, more entirely thine than I have ever been. Take heart, and hands, and feet, and eyes, and ears, and tongue; take life, and will, and all my powers of body, mind, and soul; take all I am, and all I have, and all I ever shall have; take it all, for it is all thine." Will you not say so? While I am speaking, say it in your own souls. These Macedonians "first gave their own selves to the Lord." May some do this for the first time even now! Each one of them shall then be able to sing—

"Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his 'house of wine';
I stand upon his merit—
I know no other stand—
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

In the next place, follow this example, and *give yourself to the church.* You that are members of the church have not found it perfect, and I hope that you feel almost glad that you have not. If I had never joined a church till I had found one that was perfect, I should never have joined one at all; and the moment I did join it, if I had found one, I should have spoiled it, for it would not have been a perfect church after I had become a member of it. Still, imperfect as it is, it is the dearest place on earth to us.

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns."

All who have first given their own selves to the Lord, should, as speedily as possible, also give themselves to the Lord's people. How else is there to be a church in the earth? If it is right for anyone to refrain from membership in the church, it is right for everyone, and then the testimony for God would be lost to the world. As I have already said, the church is faulty; but that is no excuse for your not joining it, if you are the Lord's. Nor need your own faults keep you back; for the church is not an institution for perfect people; but a sanctuary for sinners saved by grace, who, though they are saved, are sinners still, and need all the help they can derive from the sympathy and guidance of their fellow-believers. The church is the nursery for God's weak children, where they are nourished and grow strong. It is the fold for Christ's sheep; the home for Christ's family.

It is due to the minister that you should join some Christian church. If the Lord has blessed you under our ministry, tell us. I think that I once told you the story, which I know to be accurate, of a church

clergyman, a sincere, earnest brother, who had preached for years, and, to the best of his knowledge, had never seen a conversion, and therefore concluded that his ministry had been useless. On the day he was buried, a gentleman was observed to stand and weep much at his grave, and someone asked him why he did so. He said, "Nobody can tell what that man was to me. He led me from darkness into light, and his word has been my comfort for years." Yet that gentleman had never told the minister. He had never spoken to him of the blessing he had received under his ministry, and he had let the good man die under the impression that he had been useless. When someone told him how the clergyman had grieved over his apparent non-success, he said, "Oh, I did not know that he felt like that! I wish that I had told him what a blessing his sermons were to me." Now, if we say anything foolish, or if we are reported to have said something silly, which probably we never did say, we have plenty of friends to write and correct us, to whom we are greatly obliged, of course; but there are some who are so afraid that we might be puffed up, that they will not tell us even though they get a blessing from us. At any rate, be just, be grateful, and let the servant of God know that his Master has blessed his message to your soul.

If it is not due to the minister that you should join the church, and help in its work, I think it is due to our fellow-workers. Some of them are working for Christ with all their might, and in the schools and elsewhere they are fainting for want of helpers. Let me tell you what you are like. It is a hot autumn day, and a man is reaping; the sweat pours from his face as he bends to his task, and he fears that he will never get to the end of the field; and all the time you are pleasantly occupied leaning over a gate, and saying to yourself, "That is an uncommonly good labourer." Or, perhaps, instead of doing that, you are saying, "Why, he does not handle the sickle properly! I could show him a better way of reaping." But as you never attempt to show us, we have only your own word to go by, and you must excuse us for being a little sceptical on the subject. The work of the church is generally left to a few earnest folk. Is that right? Is it right that a few should do all the work, while many others, who profess to belong to Christ, are doing just nothing at all? Let that not be your case; but if you have given yourselves to the Lord, give yourselves to his church, according to his will.

Think again, what a lack of fellowship there will be if those who have given themselves to the Lord do not also give themselves to his people. Possibly you ask, "What should I gain by joining the church?" That is a miserable question to put. I will answer it by asking another—Do you know how much you will lose by not joining the church? You will lose the satisfaction of having done your Lord's will; you will lose the joy of fellowship with your brethren and sisters in Christ; you will lose the opportunity of helping by your example the weak ones of the flock. Your question should be, not "What should I gain for myself?" but, "What can I do for others?" And the answer should be, "I will join the church, because this is the will of God, and there I shall be of benefit to my fellow-Christians."

In the third place, you should follow the example of these Macedonian

believers, and *give yourself both to the Lord and to his church.* Put the two together, and thus begin to place yourself wholly in the line of God's will. Joining the church without being the Lord's, no matter from whatever motive it is done, is a course of action fraught with great danger to the soul; for none are more dead than those who only have a name to live; on the other hand, much blessing is missed if those who are the Lord's do not unite themselves with his people.

If you have given yourself to the Lord, give yourself, next, to his people, that you may with them bear witness for Christ. Here is a certain number of people who, with all their faults, are the true followers of Christ. Join them, and say, "I, too, am a follower of Christ." That is what membership with the church means. It is as if you should say, "If the world is divided into two camps, I am on the side of King Jesus, and under his banner I will fight as one of those who bear witness to the truth that he has revealed."

Do it, next, to spread the gospel. Everybody is needed in this service to-day; for the clear light of the gospel is sadly obscured in many places. We cannot all be preachers; for if all were preachers, where would be the hearers? But we want everybody to be talking about Christ, by lip and life, by the printed and the spoken word, telling about salvation by the precious blood for all who believe, forgiveness through the grace of God for the guilty, renovation by the Holy Spirit for the depraved. Come, then, and give yourselves to the Lord, and then to his church in order that you may spread the gospel!

Do this, again, to maintain the church. Nothing in the world is dearer to God's heart than his church; therefore, being his, let us also belong to it, that by our prayers, our gifts, and our labours, we may support and strengthen it. If those who are Christ's refrained, even for a generation, from numbering themselves with his people, there would be no visible church, no ordinances maintained, and, I fear, very little preaching of the gospel. Therefore follow the Macedonian example for the sake of the church.

And finally, do it that you may grow in love; and continue to prove your love to your Lord and his church; and also that you may continue to live unto the Lord, and increase your life by mingling with others who are alive unto God. My dear friend, who is now lying so ill, of whom I have told you, does not regret that he joined the church; for, being a commercial traveller, he had opportunities of preaching Christ in different places; and that he might render the best possible service to his Lord, he always lived wherever his pastor told him to live, seeing that his business interests did not tie him down to any particular place. If there was no church in a town, he went and lived there till he had raised one. Then he moved off to another spot, and founded another church; and so he continued to spread the knowledge of his Lord and Master. He is now lying between life and death, and if he is raised up again it will be a miracle; yet perhaps the Lord will do that work of healing, if he has yet further service for our brother on earth.* Though he is so ill, he does not regret

* The brother referred to has been raised up, as by a miracle. His recovery was a great encouragement to many as they prayed for their Pastor's restoration.

anything that he has done, but only wishes that it had been in his power, as it was in his will, to do still more for his Master. Those who are about to be welcomed into the church, as we gather around the communion table, may regret it if they are not good men and true; but if they have first given themselves to the Lord, they will never regret the step they are now taking in identifying themselves with his church.

The sum of all that I have said is this, let all who are not the Lord's come, and, first of all, give their own selves to him, and then give themselves to his people, and to his service; and let those of us who are already Christ's keep together, and fulfil our vows more than ever we have done, and so prove continually that we have given ourselves to the Lord, and to his people, according to his will. Thus shall God be magnified, Christ glorified, his church increased, and the world blessed. God grant it, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—2 Corinthians viii.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—427, 661, 944.

LETTER FROM MR. SPURGEON.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The last month of the year is upon us, and mercy, like a river, continues to flow side by side with the pathway of our lives. It is for us to abide faithful to our Lord and to his truth, since he is ever faithful to his promise and to his covenant. We should be foolish indeed if we sought for other comfort or confidence than that which we daily find in Jehovah, our God. In HIM let us remain steadfast, immovable, while life remains.

I hope I am climbing the hill of returning strength. As yet I have hardly crept upward enough to be quite sure that I am, on the whole, a little above where I was when I left home. My publishers wished to begin the year with a portrait, and I submitted to be taken off; but the result is too painful. I do not think that any of my friends would wish to see the picture twice. To those who meet me I do not appear to be much the worse for wear; but when I sit down before the camera, the unflattering sun puts down details of countenance which it would not be pleasing to remember. So the publishers must wait a little, as they will right cheerfully.

I mention this that I may ask a continuance of the prayers of the sermon-readers. I am anxious to be soon in my place, or at least to be making progress towards fitness for it. Meanwhile, may our Lord use these printed sermons for the good of his church and cause!

Yours very truly,

Menton, Dec. 5, 1891. C. H. SPURGEON.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

A WARRANT FOR YOUR APPREHENSION.

A Sermon

INTENDED FOR READING ON LORD'S-DAY, DECEMBER 20TH, 1891,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Lord's-day Evening, April 19th, 1891.

"The word of the Lord is against you."—Zephaniah ii. 5.

THE word of the Lord was against the land to which these words were spoken. The whole verse reads: "Woe unto the inhabitants of the sea coast, the nation of the Cherethites! the word of the Lord is against you; O Canaan, the land of the Philistines, I will even destroy thee, that there shall be no inhabitant." This contest could have only one end, for behind "the word of the Lord" was the Lord himself. "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker!" Who shall dare to oppose his sovereign will? All forces are at his command, and they are foolish indeed who say to him, "What doest thou?" I have not come here, however, to speak to you simply about the land of the Philistines, and the sinners who dwelt there. The burden of my sermon is concerning men and women who are living now, and to whom I may truthfully say, "The word of the Lord is against you." May you wake up to see the truth of this terrible sentence, and by the power of the Holy Spirit be at once moved to flee from the wrath to come!

The Philistines were one of the Canaanitish nations, and they were so prominent that they gave their name to the whole country. Palestina was the land of the Philistines. These people had a fine physical development, and among them were persons of unusual stature. There were giants in their cities; Goliath of Gath is the one most familiar to us, because of his encounter with David; but there were many others. They were, moreover, a very warlike race. When God brought his people out of Egypt into the land of promise, the five lords of the Philistines were to be destroyed, and their cities were to be taken by the Israelites. But they were not destroyed, neither were their cities captured; for the Israelites had not faith enough, and the Philistines were men of courage, and defended their country stubbornly. They even came to be the oppressors of Israel, and becoming a great and

powerful nation, held the Hebrews in subjection for many a year. Even when Israel was strong, and brought Philistia under tribute, the Philistines constantly revolted and harassed the Israelites. They were always against God, and against God's people; and though Jehovah waited long and patiently, that they might have space for repentance, yet they repented not. When this prophecy was given, their cup was full; they had so sinned against God that at length the day of their doom came, and the prophet Zephaniah, in the name of God, said to them, "The word of the Lord is against you."

I do not know that anybody else was against them. They were a people who feared nobody, and for many years, when they were attacked, first by one and then by another, they held their own. They had strongly-fenced cities, some of which stood, after the time of Christ, even in the age of the Crusaders; so that they had no reason to fear the other nations of the earth. They could maintain their rights against all comers, and it seemed as if they would never be moved. But prosperity is often deceitful. Their fancied security was only like a thin crust over a lava-bed, and the volcano lay beneath ready to burst forth at any moment.

They had one overwhelming cause for dread, though they knew it not. They could conquer all nations; but a foe was marching upon them, against which they would fight in vain. When the prophet delivered the message, "The word of the Lord is against you," he rang the knell of their doom. What an adversary is this, "The word of the Lord"! This enemy is more powerful than Egypt, or Assyria, or any of the tribes of men on the face of the earth. It is more terrible, too, than the voice of the storm. Many times the Lord had thus scattered those that opposed themselves against him: "The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail stones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them." Those who have the word of the Lord against them have an enemy to fear more dreadful than the most fearful convulsion of nature; more terrible than the simoom of the desert, the sirocco of the plain, or the euroclydon of the sea. The prophet does not attempt to show the Philistines by what instrumentality God would break them in pieces, whether by plague, or famine, or pestilence, or war. He simply says, "The word of the Lord is against you." That is enough; he states the cause; the effects are sure to follow.

To-day, as the result of the warfare mentioned in my text, Philistia is swept away, and its cities are destroyed. Gaza and Ekron, Ashdod and Ashkelon, have perished by the judgment of God. I have not time to give you the evidence of travellers to prove that the prophecy against them has been kept to the very letter. Where it seemed as if it had failed, there has been only a more complete fulfilment of the sentence against the Lord's enemies.

My main business at this time, is not, however, with the Philistines. God's word is against a good many other people besides them, and I am going to try to talk to some of them in words of solemn warning. My message to many must be, "The word of the Lord is against you." Oh, that God may help me so to speak that your life

may be changed, and that the word of God may be against you no longer! Hearken, then, to this word, you that are living in sin, you that are refusing the Saviour, you that are delaying the time of repentance, you that have backslidden, you that are opposing the gospel: "The word of the Lord is against you." I would like to get hold of some man who is in this terrible condition of rebellion against God, and hold him by the hand, while I speak to him, in a kind and friendly and fraternal way, this solemn word of warning: "The word of the Lord is against you."

First, I shall simply state the general fact, that *it is so*—the word of the Lord is really against many men and women; secondly, I shall endeavour to make it clear that, if you are living with the word of the Lord against you, *it is a very terrible thing;* and, thirdly, if you are awakened to see your danger, I shall try to set before you *what can be done in the matter.*

I. First, concerning many people, my text is literally true, "The word of the Lord is against you." IT IS so. Just as surely and as sorrowfully as we can say to-day that the law of England is against some of the people in England, we can affirm that the word of the Lord is against many of the inhabitants of the earth. The word of the Lord will not, cannot change, and there it stands, bearing testimony against many, who, in due time, unless they become partakers of the grace of the Lord Jesus, shall be overwhelmed, and destroyed without remedy.

I am quite sure that "the word of the Lord" is against some of you, because *you are against the word of the Lord.* There is war between you and this wonderful Book. You do not enjoy the reading of it, nay, perhaps, you have come even to hate it. You oppose it; possibly you even wish there were no Bible. Perhaps you have been drinking in theories of inspiration that make it to be practically no Bible; deposing it from its rightful position as a full and authoritative guide in all matters of faith and practice. If you do not accept it as such, you are against it. If this is true of you, I fear that it is because you do not understand the Bible. God's word carries within itself the evidence of its truth. It teaches men who are not encased in prejudice, and enlightens those who will open their eyes to see. You cannot be against it unless you have a clear suspicion that it is against you. The fact is, the Bible does not please you; it does not let you sin with impunity; it presents to you a way of salvation that does not pander to your pride, or flatter your intellect. Therefore, you do not like the Book. "The word of the Lord is against you." Now, be you sure of this, that if you are against the word of the Lord, it is because the word of the Lord is against you.

Again, I am sure that the Bible is against you, for *you do not care to read it.* Your conscience will be with me when I urge this reason, for many of you know well that you have a strange distaste for the Bible. Can you tell me why, in some countries, Romanists are forbidden to read the Scriptures? Why do the priests or their emissaries take from the people the Bibles which the colporteur has scattered? The reason is to be sought for in the false teaching and superstitious observances of the Church of Rome. If you went into a shop to buy an article, and

the first thing that the man did was to turn down the gas or blow out the candle, you would say to yourself, "He is going to sell me bad wares, and he does not want me to have too much light lest I should find him out." The reason why the priest is against the Bible is because the Bible is against *him*. Now it is just so with you. You would read the Book willingly enough if you were agreed with it: but because it is too truthful, too faithful, and exposes your faults too much, therefore you do not like it, and you do not read it. How long is it since some of you have read even a chapter of Scripture? How long is it since you have thought over one gracious text? Oh, my dear friends, if I probe you, if I press this matter upon some of you, it will be clear enough that the word of God is against you; for you yourself know that it is, and therefore do not read it. You do not want to be plagued by it. It condemns your sins; it disturbs your false security; it robs you of your sleep in evil. "The word of the Lord is against you;" your neglect of the word shows that this is true.

And truly the word of the Lord must be against you, for it must be against sin, and *you delight in sin*. If you live in sin, and love sin, should God send you a book to pacify your conscience in such a state? If that which is unjust, intemperate, and unholy, is hidden in your heart, and is practised in your life, would you expect the Holy Spirit to write a Book to help you on in such a way as that? It is blasphemy to think that it could be so. All through the Book, sin is uniformly and universally condemned, from the day when Adam was driven out of the garden because of his transgression, until the flood came upon guilty man because "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." On Sinai the same truth was thundered out. This was the burden of the prophets' messages. The word of God is always against sin; and many times the warning is given, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." If you are a sinner steeped in sin, depend upon it that this Book is against you, and ought to be against you. You could not wish it to be otherwise, if you are a right-minded person. You will say, "Whatever I may be, I do not want the Bible tampered with, to make it suit my ungodly life, nor do I wish holy Scripture to favour me in an evil pursuit."

This Book must be against some of you because *you have refused Christ*. God has given his dear Son to die to save men. He has appointed the one way of salvation to be through faith in the precious blood of Christ. If you will not have the appointed way, if you refuse the ordained Saviour, this Book may well quarrel with you, for you quarrel with God. What! the blood of his dear Son given to redeem, and yet you reject it! Mercy dressed in crimson to save you, and yet you fly from it! Love incarnate in a bleeding Saviour, and yet you spurn it! Perhaps you imagine that you are good enough to be saved without Christ; but what infamous pride this is on the part of a poor sinful worm of the dust! Perchance your whole confidence is in your own good works, and you hope they will be found sufficient without the blood of Calvary. Presumptuous arrogance and vain conceit for a man who is born in sin, and shapen in iniquity! Truly "the word of the Lord" cannot side with you. If it is given to reveal Christ as the Saviour of men, it cannot take the part of him who refuses that

Saviour, slights the blood of Christ, and does despite to the Spirit of grace. Oh, my dear friend, when I used to read the Bible, and had not yet looked to Christ, how sternly it used to speak to me! It had an angry look; it threatened me; it seemed to draw a sharp sword, and thrust it at my heart. I bless the Bible for being severe with my unbelief. It was the wound of a friend which it gave me: when I was wounded, I fled to Christ for cure. If the word of God were not against you in your rejection of Christ, it could not be the word of God; and, if you did not know it to be against you, it would be an unhappy thing for you to be rocked in the cradle of unbelief, and allowed to remain afar from God without a warning. Until you believe in Christ, be you sure of this, "the word of the Lord is against you."

Even if you do not read God's word, and thus discover that it is against you, *your conscience tells you that it ought to be so.* Many men and women who are sitting here, if they did but begin to think, would say, "I must be wrong. God's Book, which is truth itself, must be against me." Men will not allow conscience to speak; but if they do, it soon bears testimony in the same line as God's own word; for you cannot very readily make your conscience a false witness. There are some who preach that all men will be saved, whether they believe in Christ or not. I remember what a certain hearer said to a minister who preached that doctrine: "Sir, if what you have preached to-day is true, we do not want you; indeed, we do not want any minister at all; we can get along all right without one. And if what you have preached is not true, we do not want you; so in either case we have no need of your ministrations." The hearer knew that what the minister had preached was not the truth; conscience confirmed the declarations of the word of God. The word would be true, whether conscience confirmed it or not; but conscience does tell men that it cannot be the same with the wicked as with the righteous; it cannot be the same with those who reject the Saviour as with those who accept him. You cannot silence that voice within the heart. A Unitarian minister, who preached that wild doctrine of universal salvation which is so popular just now, once met an old-fashioned Baptist brother, who was not a well-educated man, but who had a crowded congregation, while his learned brother had only a dozen or two to hear him eloquently discourse. The Unitarian said, "I cannot make out how it is that there is such a difference in our congregations; you get so many to hear you, and I get so few. I preach a very pleasing doctrine. I tell the people that all will be right with them all at last. I do not worry them with any doctrines of repentance and faith and atonement, and yet they will not come to hear me. You preach a very dreary doctrine, and you tell the people that except they repent they shall perish and be cast into hell, and yet they crowd your place to hear you. How is that?" "Well", said the old man, "I think it is, my friend, because they have a shrewd suspicion that what I say is true, and that what you say is not true." There he hit the nail on the head. It is so. The conscience of men bids them distrust the word which tells them that there will be no difference between the righteous and the wicked. God has somehow written on the heart of man this judgment: "Sin must be punished. It cannot be the same with the godly and the

ungodly at the last." Hear that voice of your conscience. Listen to it, and it will tell you that "the word of the Lord is against you."

One thing more. You who live in sin, and will not have a Saviour, may be sure that "the word of the Lord is against you." *Your efforts to harden your heart prove it.* The struggle you have to make in order to keep all things quiet within your own bosom, leaves no room for doubt that "the word of the Lord is against you." Sometimes, when you are being spoken to about your soul, you do not like it. You feel irritable. You make some jest, or you utter some blasphemy, or repeat some old worn-out slander, to stiffen yourself to reject the word; and when you get home, it takes you all your time to press down the sparks which the gospel has kindled in your heart. You are kept very busy trying to stamp them out, for you know that you have some inflammable stuff in your soul, and you are afraid that there will be a fire within. If you did not think the word of God was against you, you would not have to make such a vigorous effort to prevent its having its due effect upon your mind. Oh, that you would yield, young man; oh, that you would let God's word do its will with you, young woman! Oh, that you would let it break you in pieces, wound you, kill you, and then make you alive, and heal you; all you of whom it is true, "The word of the Lord is against you"!

II. In the second place, I want to say that if "the word of the Lord is against you," IT IS A VERY TERRIBLE THING. When the word of Pharaoh was against the Israelites, they suffered cruel bondage, but the word of the Lord was stronger than the word of the mighty despot; and when he spoke, by Moses and Aaron, his people were brought out free. When the word of King Saul was against David, he was hunted like a partridge upon the mountains; but the word of the Lord was confirmed to him, and he was delivered from the hand of his enemy, and at length seated on the throne. When the word of Nebuchadnezzar was against the three Hebrew youths, they were cast into the burning fiery furnace; but the Lord delivered them, as he also delivered Daniel when the word of Darius was against him. But when "the word of the Lord is against you," its judgment is more to be dreaded than the bondage of Egypt, more to be feared than the fiery furnace or the den of lions; for there is none that can deliver you from the power of the Lord, whose word has gone forth against you. If this is your case, you are truly in a terrible state.

If "the word of the Lord is against you," you have great cause for trembling, for *it cannot be bribed.* Many a wealthy man has escaped the punishment he deserved because he has used his silver and his gold judiciously. It cannot be so easily done now in this country as it used to be, though there is still a gift that blinds the eyes, and many a man of position has escaped his deserts because of his wealth. But you cannot bribe the word of God, though there are some who seem to try to do it. They live a whole life regardless of God and his word, amassing money by fair means or foul, and then, when they cannot use it further, they leave it for some religious purpose, in the hope of thus meriting favour with God, taking care the while, generally, to have their own name lastingly associated with the gift. But there is nothing which you can give that will be taken by the word of the

Lord as a payment for your wrong. It will speak, and it will effect its purpose, in spite of all your bribes.

If "the word of the Lord is against you," you may well be dismayed as you remember that *it will never be changed.* You cannot, by any possibility, so long as you are what you are, make it cease to be against you. If a man is against me to-day, he may be my friend to-morrow. The wind does not always blow from the same quarter. Tides that flow will also ebb; but God's word never changes. From everlasting to everlasting it never turns an inch aside from the straight path. If you remain the same, and that word is against you, it will be against you in life, and against you in death, against you at the day of judgment, and against you through all eternity. Oh, my dear hearer, it is a dreadful thing to have this immutable, unchanging word against you!

It is a terrible position, again, to have the word of the Lord against you, because *it cannot be escaped.* You may get away from the Queen's writ by flying to the Continent, you may escape a warrant of arrest by fleeing to certain countries, though I scarcely know where you can now go to; but how can you escape from the word of God? That word changed chaos into order; that word came into the thick darkness, and there was light. "He spake, and it was done." The word of the Lord can come into your bed-chamber. If you journey to the ends of the earth, the word of God can find you out, even though you never read it. It can reach you even if you should become a sevenfold infidel. You cannot change the threatening by disbelieving it, nor escape the vengeance by professing that there is no such thing. The Psalmist's words about God's omnipresence apply also to the word of the Lord: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." The word of the Lord is everywhere; it cannot be escaped.

Furthermore, it is a terrible thing to have the word of the Lord against you, for *it cannot be resisted.* If a man be against you, you can fight it out with him. You may oppose force to force, and cunning to cunning; but if the word of the Lord be against you, what power have you? By his word were the heavens made; by his word the heavens and the earth shall pass away and be dissolved. How canst thou fight against the word of God? As well might Pharaoh fight with the plagues that Jehovah sent upon him. God's word is too strong for thee. "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth," but strive not thou with him who has all power, and whose word is "quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

And now let me speak to you very solemnly. If "the word of the Lord is against you," *what a state you must be in!* for God is love, and he will not say a word against a man if he can help it. God is gracious, tender, loving; and when God himself has to be against a

man, the condition of that man's heart must be something very terrible, and his state of life must be so depraved as to demand that love should give place to justice. Why, this Book of God was written for sinners, written to cheer penitent hearts; and if *it* be against you, what a state *you* must be in! Here is food prepared for an invalid; if you cannot eat that, if it turns upon your stomach, how diseased you must be! If the medicine becomes poison, if the sweet is sour, if the light itself is darkness to you, O wretched madman, thou hast come into an evil plight indeed! God have mercy upon thee! If God's word be against you, you are in an awful state indeed.

Not only is this true, but *what a sad state you will soon be in!* Whether you believe it or not, you will soon be dead, and, dying, you will pass into another world; and, being there, you will come to the seat of judgment to be tried for the things done in the body. You will want witnesses in your favour, and this Book will be called to give its testimony. What will it say about you? If the Book could speak, it would say, "Great God, he never read me. I bear witness to his neglect of thee, for he never read me." And many a text of Scripture would rise up in that last day, and say, "I was preached to him; his mother quoted me to him; his sister wrote this in a letter; a friend sent him this verse, and pleaded with him to take it to heart; but he heeded none of them." If "the word of the Lord is against you," the law will say, "He knew me, and he broke me;" the gospel will say, "He knew me, and he refused me;" the Bible itself will say, "He understood something of me, but he ridiculed me." It will go hard with a man who has such testimony against him at the bar of the great Judge. Let me have the Bible on my side, and I will fearlessly face the whole world; but if the Bible is against me, I must be conquered; if it be against me in the last day, I must be speechless. He whom the word condemns has the foretaste of that final condemnation which shall be his in the next state, unless by sovereign grace he shall be constrained to turn to God ere it is too late. I cannot speak as I would on this awful theme; but I am trying to plead with you from my very soul. Oh, that God the Holy Spirit would send home the word to many!

Remember, my dear hearers, there is not a waste word in this Book. Whatever God says will happen to the ungodly, will happen to them. Judgment is God's strange work; but what he threatens, he will certainly perform. How terrible will it be when the threatenings of his word come to pass! See, even in the verse from which our text is taken, a glimpse of what it may mean. First, there is woe. "Woe unto the inhabitants of the sea coast." Then there is destruction, "I will even destroy thee." When the woe is past, there is utter destruction: "There shall be no inhabitant." Oh, the woe of having the word of the Lord against you! Behold, again, how those cities which Christ would have blessed so highly, were cursed when they rejected his message. "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! Woe unto thee, Capernaum!" These repeated "woes" sound like a funeral knell. To-day those cities are wholly swept away, because the word of the Lord was against them. Learn, also, from the history of Jerusalem, how surely the word of the Lord

against a man or against a city is fulfilled. Christ was rejected by the people of Jerusalem, so that it is not surprising that "when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it;" for he knew what a terrible doom awaited the guilty capital. Well might that demented man, of whom Josephus tells us, go through the streets of the city, when it was being besieged by Titus, and call out in tones of horror, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" Rest assured that the Lord will "render to every man according to his deeds." Those who obey his word shall be for ever blessed; but those who have the word of the Lord against them shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.

I have been accused sometimes of picturing the wrath to come in too horrible a way; but I have never described it more sternly than Christ himself did. It was his gentle lips that declared, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." It was he who spoke of a place "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." It was he who uttered the most awful words about the wrath to come. I pray you, do not wish to know, in your own experience, all that "the wrath to come" may mean. Flee from it. Seek rather to know what salvation means, and God help you to obtain it even now! If I am addressing any person who feels that the word of God is against him, I do beseech and conjure him not to rest any longer in that condition. If thou hast a quarrel with God's word, thou art wrong: God's word cannot be in error. If the word of God offends you, you must be offended; or, rather, you have offended against it: it will never beg your pardon, you must beg its pardon; or, rather, seek forgiveness from the Lord whose word is against you, and who is himself also against you. Said I not truly, that when "the word of the Lord is against you," it is a terrible thing? If that is your position, may it soon be changed!

III. Now I come to my third and last point. If it is true that "the word of the Lord is against you," and that it is a terrible thing to be in such a state, WHAT CAN BE DONE IN THE MATTER? Is there any way of escape, any loophole through which deliverance may come? If the word cannot be bribed, changed, escaped, or resisted, what are we to do, since we cannot sit calmly beneath the curse of God?

I think that the first thing to be done, if you would escape out of this direful position, is to *confess that you are wrong*. There is a writ out against you. You have run away from it. Come home; submit yourself to the court; be willing to be put under arrest. There is no other right course. I knew one who, being charged with embezzlement, fled the country. He still has to keep away. If he had submitted himself to whatever punishment might have come upon him, he would have passed through it long ago. But now he still remains under the censure of the law, and cannot return. Now, you runaway from God, come home at once! Sinner, against whom the Lord has issued his warrant, yield yourself to the officer of divine justice at this moment! You need not move from your present position; but just where you are, humbly whisper in your heart, "Lord, I am guilty; I submit to thy word. Whatever thy word says is true, and I will no longer fight against it; but here, bowing my head, I confess that the wrong is

with me, not with thy word. I confess that." Have you made this confession? Then it is well; for if "the word of the Lord is against you," your only hope lies in taking the side of the word of the Lord, and being against yourself.

But when a man gives himself up to justice, he has next to stand his trial. If "the word of the Lord is against you," it is against you in your present position, and in your present character; and you must *change your position.* Come, then, and escape the hostility of the word of the Lord by altering your attitude towards it. If you have loved sin, repent and hate it. May God the Holy Ghost work in you a loathing of the evil thing which the word condemns; for when you are no longer a sin-lover, but a sin-loather, the word that was against you will be for you! God has no thunderbolts for those who hate their sins. If your soul and sin be divorced, your soul and mercy may be married; but not otherwise. When thou dost give up thy sin, God will give up his suit against thee. If thou turn not, he will whet his sword; but if thou turn, he will sheathe that sword, and speak comfortably unto thee.

Another change must take place. Thou must no longer stand in thyself, but in another. The word of the Lord is against thee; but what if thou couldest change places with another, on whose side the word of the Lord is, and in whom thou couldest lawfully and rightly stand? What if Christ stood in thy place, and thou shouldest stand in Christ's place? Then this word would not condemn thee, but it would acquit thee; and more than that, it would defend thee against all thine adversaries. Behold a miracle of mercy! Christ Jesus, the innocent Son of God, dies for the guilty sons of men, that they may be covered with his righteousness, and accepted in his name. This is the pith and marrow of the gospel: "I stand in Christ's place because he stood in mine. The law cannot be against him, for he fulfilled it, and made it honourable. The word of the Lord cannot be against him, since he hid it in his heart, that he might not sin against God; and if I come to be in him, where the word is hidden, it can no longer be against me."

"Confounded, Lord, I wrap my face,
And hang my guilty head;
Ashamed of all my wicked ways,
The hateful life I've led.

"I yield—by mighty love subdued;
Who can resist its charms?
And throw myself, by wrath pursued,
Into my Saviour's arms."

Let me say to you further, that, if you have hitherto had the word of the Lord against you, *be very careful to be right with the word.* In seeking to be saved, avoid, above everything, a sham salvation. When a man has a bad sore, it is a mischievous thing to let it heal with proud flesh in it. To cover over a wound may be to create seven dangers instead of one. Come to the Word of God, and search thyself. Use the lancet, take the probe, examine into the depth of thy wound and sore. Let your prayer be, "O God, let me never be comforted apart from thy Word; let me have no foundation apart from Christ to build upon! Let

me never think that I am saved unless Christ be my Saviour." My dear hearer, you had better be hungry than eat poisoned meat, and you had better be in despair than get comfort that does not spring out of the word of God. If you think that you are saved, and yet find that "the word of the Lord is against you," you may be sure that you are not saved, and should hasten to cast away your false confidence as quickly as possible. You can never be saved unless you are right with the word of God.

"This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail,
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale."

One more thing, and I have done. If to have the word of God against you is an overwhelming calamity, *how happy are they who have the word of the Lord with them!* I have heard of two Romanists, a man and his wife, who became possessed of a copy of the Scriptures, of which they had never seen one before. The man began to read it, and one night, as he sat beside the fire with the open book, he said, "Wife, if this book is right, we are *wrong*." He continued reading, and a few days afterwards he said, "Wife, if this book is right, we are *lost*." More eager now than ever to see what the word of the Lord was, he studied the book until, one night, he joyfully exclaimed, "Wife, if this book is true, we are *saved*." The same word that showed them that they were undone, revealed also the gospel of salvation. This is the glory of the word of God: it is against us until it leads us out of our sins, and then we find that death becomes the gate of life to our souls, and the word of God is on our side. The same word that reveals the terrors of the Lord, also says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." I believe on the Son of God as my Saviour, therefore I have everlasting life. The word of the Lord is now for me, and assures my deliverance. It further says, "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." When I read this, my heart sings for joy; for the word which was against me, now justifies me. Again it says, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." As I tremble because it is written, "He that believeth not shall be damned," I rejoice because the same word says, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." I believe, and I have been baptized; therefore I am saved. If you have the word of God for you, you want no other advocate. Even your own conscience may be lawfully overridden by the word of the Lord. "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."

This is the sum of the whole matter. Come just as you are, and trust Christ as your Saviour. Leave your sin, and seek after holiness. Have done with your own wilfulness, and seek the meek and lowly mind that was in the Man of Sorrows. In a word, come and lie at Jesus' feet, and lift your tearful eyes to his loving gaze, and say—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all."

Trust Christ, trust him now, trust him only, trust him wholly, trust him for ever, and you shall be eternally saved. As surely as the Bible is true, you are safe for time and for eternity if you believe in Jesus.

God bless this feeble word of mine! I have tried to preach the word faithfully, that, at the day of account, I may be clear of the blood of all men. I shall not then be asked whether I spoke eloquently, or whether I had energy of mind or power of voice: but I shall be asked if I warned you to escape from sin and seek the Saviour; and *that* I have done to the utmost of my power. I wish that I knew how to persuade men to seek the Lord. Oh, that I could learn the art of reading the hearts of men! What do you want with fine speeches? Escape for your lives! What do you want with polished phrases and rounded periods? "Lay hold on eternal life." Repent, believe the gospel, and be saved. O God, the Holy Ghost, lead men to this blessed decision at this very moment, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Jeremiah xxvi.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—501, 520, 589.

LETTER FROM MR. SPURGEON.

BELOVED READERS,—This sermon was preached with great anxiety for the souls of those who heard it; and now that it comes forth from the press, I again lift my heart to God with the prayer that it may arouse many who are slumbering in indifference. Believing readers will greatly oblige me if they will place their copies in the way of persons for whose salvation they are pleading with God. It may be that the Lord will use this discourse to the end they so much desire. My silent Sabbaths breed in me a great hunger for the salvation of those to whom I can only speak through the press. Oh, that my Lord would honour me by making me fruitful in this winter of my weakness!

I have a word for this season, which I must not forget. Christmas is near. Our orphan children must have their festival, though I cannot have the joy of presiding at it. Will my kind friends remember my family of five hundred, keep up the general funds, and add some little treat for the boys and girls?

I am sending a Christmas letter to all the subscribers whose names we have on our list; but as we may miss some, let them not feel that they are left out. I invite their thoughtful consideration of the matter. Direct to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, and thus gratify

Your old friend,

Menton, Dec. 12, 1891. C. H. SPURGEON.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.

PRODIGAL LOVE FOR THE PRODIGAL SON.

A Sermon

INTENDED FOR READING ON LORD'S-DAY, DECEMBER 27TH, 1891,

DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON,

On Lord's-day Evening, March 29th, 1891.

"And kissed him."—Luke xv. 20.

In the Revised Version, if you will kindly look at the margin, you will find that the text there reads, "*And kissed him much.*" This is a very good translation of the Greek, which might bear the meaning, "Kissed him earnestly," or "Kissed him eagerly," or "Kissed him often." I prefer to have it in very plain language, and therefore adopt the marginal reading of the Revised Version, "Kissed him much," as the text of my sermon, the subject of which will be, the overflowing love of God toward the returning sinner.

The first word "and" links us on to all that had gone before. The parable is a very familiar one, yet it is so full of sacred meaning that it always has some fresh lesson for us. Let us, then, consider the preliminaries to this kissing. On the son's side there was something, and on the father's side much more. Before the prodigal son received these kisses of love, he had said in the far country, "I will arise and go to my father." He had, however, done more than that, else his father's kiss would never have been upon his cheek. The resolve had become a deed: "He arose, and came to his father." A bushelful of resolutions is of small value; a single grain of practice is worth the whole. The determination to return home is good; but it is when the wandering boy begins the business of really carrying out the good resolve, that he draws near the blessing. If any of you here present have long been saying, "I will repent; I will turn to God;" leave off resolving, and come to practising; and may God in his mercy lead you both to repent and to believe in Christ!

Before the kisses of love were given, this young man was on his way to his father; but he would not have reached him unless his father had come the major part of the way. When you give God an inch, he will give you an ell. If you come a little way to him, when you are "yet a great way off" he will run to meet you. I do

not know that the prodigal saw his father, but his father saw him. The eyes of mercy are quicker than the eyes of repentance. Even the eye of our faith is dim compared with the eye of God's love. He sees a sinner long before a sinner sees him.

I do not suppose that the prodigal travelled very fast. I should imagine that he came very slowly—

> "With heavy heart and downcast eye,
> With many a sob and many a sigh."

He was resolved to come, yet he was half afraid. But we read that his father ran. Slow are the steps of repentance, but swift are the feet of forgiveness. God can run where we can scarcely limp, and if we are limping towards him, he will run towards us. These kisses were given in a hurry; the story is narrated in a way that almost makes us realize that such was the case: there is a sense of haste in the very wording of it. His father "ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him;"—kissed him eagerly. He did not delay a moment; for though he was out of breath, he was not out of love. "He fell on his neck, and kissed him much." There stood his son ready to confess his sin; therefore did his father kiss him all the more. The more willing thou art to own thy sin, the more willing is God to forgive thee. When thou dost make a clean breast of it, God will soon make a clear record of it. He will wipe out the sin that thou dost willingly acknowledge and humbly confess before him. He that was willing to use his lips for confession, found that his father was willing to use his lips for kissing him.

See the contrast. There is the son, scarcely daring to think of embracing his father, yet his father has scarcely seen him before he has fallen on his neck. The condescension of God towards penitent sinners is very great. He seems to stoop from his throne of glory to fall upon the neck of a repentant sinner. God on the neck of a sinner! What a wonderful picture! Can you conceive it? I do not think you can; but if you cannot imagine it, I hope that you will realize it. When God's arm is about our neck, and his lips are on our cheek, kissing us much, then we understand more than preachers or books can ever tell us of his condescending love.

The father "saw" his son. There is a great deal in that word, "saw." He saw who it was; saw where he had come from; saw the swineherd's dress; saw the filth upon his hands and feet; saw his rags; saw his penitent look; saw what he had been; saw what he was; and saw what he would soon be. "His father saw him." God has a way of seeing men and women that you and I cannot understand. He sees right through us at a glance, as if we were made of glass; he sees all our past, present and future.

"When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him." It was not with icy eyes that the father looked on his returning son. Love leaped into them, and as he beheld him, he "had compassion on him;" that is, he felt for him. There was no anger in his heart towards his son; he had nothing but pity for his poor boy, who had got into such a pitiable condition. It was true that it was all his own fault, but that did not come before his father's mind. It was the

state that he was in, his poverty, his degradation, that pale face of his so wan with hunger, that touched his father to the quick. And God has compassion on the woes and miseries of men. They may have brought their troubles on themselves, and they have indeed done so; but nevertheless God has compassion upon them. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not."

We read that the father "ran." The compassion of God is followed by swift movements. He is slow to anger, but he is quick to bless. He does not take any time to consider how he shall show his love to penitent prodigals; that was all done long ago in the eternal covenant. He has no need to prepare for their return to him; that was all done on Calvary. God comes flying in the greatness of his compassion to help every poor penitent soul.

"On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad."

And when he comes, he comes to kiss. Master Trapp says that, if we had read that the father had kicked his prodigal son, we should not have been very much astonished. Well, I should have been very greatly astonished, seeing that the father in the parable was to represent God. But still, his son deserved all the rough treatment that some heartless men might have given; and had the story been that of a selfish human father only, it might have been written that "as he was coming near, his father ran at him, and kicked him." There are such fathers in the world, who seem as if they cannot forgive. If he had kicked him, it would have been no more than he had deserved. But no, what is written in the Book stands true for all time, and for every sinner,—"He fell on his neck, and kissed him;" kissed him eagerly, kissed him much.

What does this much kissing mean? It signifies that, when sinners come to God, he gives them a loving reception, and a hearty welcome. If any one of you, while I am speaking, shall come to God, expecting mercy because of the great sacrifice of Christ, this shall be true of you as it has been true of many of us: "He kissed him much."

I. First, this much kissing means MUCH LOVE. It means much love truly *felt;* for God never gives an expression of love without feeling it in his infinite heart. God will never give a Judas-kiss, and betray those whom he embraces. There is no hypocrisy with God; he never kisses those for whom he has no love. Oh, how God loves sinners! You who repent, and come to him, will discover how greatly he loves you. There is no measuring the love he bears towards you. He has loved you from before the foundation of the world, and he will love you when time shall be no more. Oh, the immeasurable love of God to sinners who come and cast themselves upon his mercy!

This much kissing also means much love *manifested.* God's people do not always know the greatness of his love to them. Sometimes, however, it is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. Some of us know at times what it is to be almost too happy to live! The love of God has been so overpoweringly

experienced by us on some occasions, that we have almost had to ask for a stay of the delight because we could not endure any more. If the glory had not been veiled a little, we should have died of excess of rapture, or happiness. Beloved, God has wondrous ways of opening his people's hearts to the manifestation of his grace. He can pour in, not now and then a drop of his love, but great and mighty streams. Madame Guyon used to speak of the torrents of love that come sweeping through the spirit, bearing all before them. The poor prodigal in the parable had so much love manifested to him, that he might have sung of the torrents of his father's affection. That is the way God receives those whom he saves, giving them not a meagre measure of grace, but manifesting an overflowing love.

This much kissing means, further, much love *perceived*. When his father kissed him much, the poor prodigal knew, if never before, that his father loved him. He had no doubt about it; he had a clear perception of it. It is very frequently the case that the first moment a sinner believes in Jesus, he gets this "much" love. God reveals it to him, and he perceives it and enjoys it at the very beginning. Think not that God always keeps the best wine to the last; he gives us some of the richest dainties of his table the first moment we sit there. I recollect the joy that I had when first I believed in Jesus; and, even now, in looking back upon it, the memory of it is as fresh as if it were but yesterday. Oh, I could not have believed that a mortal could be so happy after having been so long burdened, and so terribly cast down! I did but look to Jesus on the cross, and the crushing load was immediately gone; and the heart which could only sigh and cry by reason of its burden, began to leap and dance and sing for joy. I had found in Christ all that I wanted, and I rested in the love of God at once. So may it be with you also, if you will but return to God through Christ. It shall be said of you as of this prodigal, "The father saw him, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him in much love."

II. Secondly, this much kissing meant MUCH FORGIVENESS. The prodigal had many sins to confess; but before he came to the details of them, his father had forgiven him. I love confession of sin after forgiveness. Some suppose that after we are forgiven we are never to confess; but, oh, beloved, it is then that we confess most truly, because we know the guilt of sin most really! Then do we plaintively sing—

> "My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
> How sad on thee they fall!
> Seen through thy gentle patience,
> I tenfold feel them all.
> I know they are forgiven,
> But still their pain to me
> Is all the grief and anguish
> They laid, my Lord, on thee."

To think that Christ should have washed me from my sins in his own blood, makes me feel my sin the more keenly, and confess it the more humbly before God. The picture of this prodigal is marvellously true to the experience of those who return to God. His father kissed

him with the kiss of forgiveness; and yet, after that, the young man went on to say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Do not hesitate, then, to acknowledge your sin to God, even though you know that in Christ it is all put away.

From this point of view, those kisses meant, first, "*Your sin is all gone*, and will never be mentioned any more. Come to my heart, my son! Thou hast grieved me sore, and angered me; but, as a thick cloud, I have blotted out thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins."

As the father looked upon him, and kissed him much, there probably came another kiss, which seemed to say, "*There is no soreness left:* I have not only forgiven, but I have forgotten too. It is all gone, clean gone. I will never accuse you of it any more. I will never love you any the less. I will never treat you as though you were still an unworthy and untrustworthy person." Probably at that there came another kiss; for do not forget that his father forgave him "and kissed him much," to show that the sin was all forgiven.

There stood the prodigal, overwhelmed by his father's goodness, yet remembering his past life. As he looked on himself, and thought, "I have these old rags on still, and I have just come from feeding the swine," I can imagine that his father would give him another kiss, as much as to say, "My boy, I do not recollect the past; I am so glad to see you that *I do not see any filth on you, or any rags* on you either. I am so delighted to have you with me once more that, as I would pick up a diamond out of the mire, and be glad to get the diamond again, so do I pick you up, you are so precious to me." This is the gracious and glorious way in which God treats those who return to him. As for their sin, he has put it away so that he will not remember it. He forgives like a God. Well may we adore and magnify his matchless mercy as we sing—

> "In wonder lost, with trembling joy
> We take the pardon of our God;
> Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
> A pardon bought with Jesus' blood;
> Who is a pardoning God like thee?
> Or who has grace so rich and free?"

"Well," says one, "can such a wonderful change ever take place with me?" By the grace of God it may be experienced by every man who is willing to return to God. I pray God that it may happen now, and that you may get such assurance of it from the Word of God, by the power of his Holy Spirit, and from a sight of the precious blood of Christ shed for your redemption, that you may be able to say, "I understand it now; I see how he kisses all my sin away; and when it rises, he kisses it away again; and when I think of it with shame, he gives me another kiss; and when I blush all over at the remembrance of my evil deeds, he kisses me again and again, to assure me that I am fully and freely forgiven." Thus the many kisses from the prodigal's father combined to make his wayward son feel that his sin was indeed all gone. They revealed much love and much forgiveness.

III. These repeated kisses meant, next, FULL RESTORATION. The prodigal was going to say to his father, "Make me as one of thy

hired servants." In the far country he had resolved to make that request, but his father, with a kiss, stopped him. By that kiss, his *sonship was owned;* by it the father said to the wretched wanderer, "You are my son." He gave him such a kiss as he would only give to his own son. I wonder how many here have ever given such a kiss to anyone. There sits one who knows something of such kisses as the prodigal received. That father's girl went astray, and, after years of sin, she came back worn out, to die at home. He received her, found her penitent, and gladly welcomed her to his house. Ah, my dear friend, you know something about such kisses as those! And you, good woman, whose boy ran away, you can understand something about these kisses, too. He left you, and you did not hear of him for years, and he went on in a very vicious course of life. When you did hear of him, it well-nigh broke your heart, and when he came back, you hardly knew him. Do you recollect how you took him in? You felt that you wished that he was the little boy you used to press to your bosom; but now he was grown up to be a big man and a great sinner, yet you gave him such a kiss, and repeated your welcome so often, that he will never forget it, nor will you forget it either. You can understand that this overwhelming greeting was like the father saying, "My boy, you are my son. Despite all that you have done, you belong to me; however far you have gone in vice and folly, I own you. You are bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." In this parable Christ would have you know, poor sinner, that God will own you, if you come to him confessing your sin through Jesus Christ. He will gladly receive you; for all things are ready against the day that you return.

"Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored,
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed;
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

The father received his son with many kisses, and so proved that his *prayer was answered.* Indeed, his father heard his prayer before he offered it. He was going to say, "Father, I have sinned," and to ask for forgiveness; but he got the mercy, and a kiss to seal it, before the prayer was presented. This also shall be true of thee, O sinner, who art returning to thy God, through Jesus Christ! You shall be permitted to pray, and God will answer you. Hear it, poor, despairing sinner, whose prayer has seemed to be shut out from heaven! Come to your Father's bosom now, and he will hear your prayers; and, before many days are over, you shall have the clearest proofs that you are fully restored to the divine favour by answers to your intercessions that shall make you marvel at the Lord's loving-kindness to you.

Further than this, you shall have all your *privileges restored,* even as this wandering young man was put among the children when he returned. As you see him now in the father's house, where he was received with the many kisses, he wears a son's robe, the family ring is on his finger, and the shoes of the home are on his feet. He eats no

longer swine's food, but children's bread. Even thus shall it be with you if you return to God. Though you look so foul and so vile, and really are even more defiled than you look; and though you smell so strongly of the hogs among which you have been living that some people's nostrils would turn up at you, your Father will not notice these marks of your occupation in the far country with all its horrible defilement. See how this father treats his boy. He kisses him, and kisses him again, because he knows his own child, and, recognizing him as his child, and feeling his fatherly heart yearning over him, he gives him kiss after kiss. He kisses him much, to make him know that he has full restoration.

In this repeated kissing we see, then, these three things: much love, much forgiveness, and full restoration.

IV. But these many kisses meant even more than this. They revealed his father's EXCEEDING JOY. The father's heart is overflowing with gladness, and he cannot restrain his delight. I think he must have shown his joy by *a repeated look.* I will tell you the way I think the father behaved towards his son who had been dead, but was alive again, who had been lost, but was found. Let me try to describe the scene. The father has kissed his son, and he bids him sit down; then he comes in front of him, and looks at him, and feels so happy that he says, "I must give you another kiss," then he walks away a minute; but he is back again before long, saying to himself, "Oh, I must give him another kiss!" He gives him another, for he is so happy. His heart beats fast; he feels very joyful; the old man would like the music to strike up; he wants to be at the dancing; but meanwhile he satisfies himself by a repeated look at his long-lost child. Oh, I believe that God looks at the sinner, and looks at him again, and keeps on looking at him, all the while delighting in the very sight of him, when he is truly repentant, and comes back to his Father's house.

The repeated kiss meant, also, *a repeated blessing*, for every time he put his arms round him, and kissed him, he kept saying, "Bless you; oh, bless you, my boy!" He felt that his son had brought a blessing to him by coming back, and he invoked fresh blessings upon his head. Oh, sinner! if you did but know how God would welcome you, and how he would look at you, and how he would bless you, surely you would at once repent, and come to his arms and heart, and find yourself happy in his love.

The many kisses meant, also, *repeated delight.* It is a very wonderful thing that it should be in the power of a sinner to make God glad. He is the happy God, the source and spring of all happiness; what can we add to his blessedness? And yet, speaking after the manner of men, God's highest joy lies in clasping his wilful Ephraims to his breast, when he has heard them bemoaning themselves, and has seen them arising and returning to their home. God grant that he may see that sight even now, and have delight because of sinners returning to himself! Yea, we believe it shall be even so, because of his presence with us, and because of the gracious working of the Holy Spirit. Surely that is the teaching of the prophet's words: "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee

with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing." Think of the eternal God singing, and remember that it is because a wandering sinner has returned to him that he sings. He joys in the return of the prodigal, and all heaven shares in his joy.

V. I have not got through my subject yet. As we take a fifth look, we find that these many kisses mean OVERFLOWING COMFORT. This poor young man, in his hungry, faint, and wretched state, having come a very long way, had not much heart in him. His hunger had taken all energy out of him, and he was so conscious of his guilt that he had hardly the courage to face his father; so his father gives him a kiss, as much as to say, "Come, boy, do not be cast down; I love you."

"Oh, *the past*, *the past*, my father!" he might moan, as he thought of his wasted years; but he had no sooner said that than he received another kiss, as if his father said, "Never mind the past; I have forgotten all about that." This is the Lord's way with his saved ones. Their past lies hidden under the blood of atonement. The Lord saith by his servant Jeremiah, "The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found: for I will pardon them whom I reserve."

But then, perhaps, the young man looked down on his foul garments, and said, "*The present*, my father, *the present*, what a dreadful state I am in!" And with another kiss would come the answer, "Never mind the present, my boy. I am content to have thee as thou art. I love thee." This, too, is God's word to those who are "accepted in the Beloved." In spite of all their vileness, they are pure and spotless in Christ, and God says of each one of them, "Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee. Therefore, though in thyself thou art unworthy, through my dear Son thou art welcome to my home."

"Oh, but," the boy might have said, "*the future*, my father, *the future!* What would you think if I should ever go astray again?" Then would come another holy kiss, and his father would say, "I will see to the future, my boy; I will make home so bright for you that you will never want to go away again." But God does more than that for us when we return to him. He not only surrounds us with tokens of his love, but he says concerning us, "They shall be my people, and I will be their God: and I will give them one heart, and one way, that they may fear me for ever, for the good of them, and of their children after them: and I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." Furthermore, he says to each returning one, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them."

Whatever there was to trouble the son, the father gave him a kiss to set it all right; and, in like manner, our God has a love-token for every time of doubt and dismay which may come to his reconciled sons. Perhaps one whom I am addressing says, "Even though I

confess my sin, and seek God's mercy, I shall still be in sore trouble, for through my sin, I have brought myself down to poverty." "There is a kiss for you," says the Lord: "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." "But I have even brought disease upon myself by sin," says another. "There is a kiss for you, for I am Jehovah-Rophi, the Lord that healeth thee, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases." "But I am dreadfully down at the heel," says another. The Lord gives you also a kiss, and says, "I will lift you up, and provide for all your needs. No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly." All the promises in this Book belong to every repentant sinner, who returns to God believing in Jesus Christ, his Son.

The father of the prodigal kissed his son much, and thus made him feel happy there and then. Poor souls, when they come to Christ, are in a dreadful plight, and some of them hardly know where they are. I have known them talk a lot of nonsense in their despair, and say hard and wicked things of God in their dreadful doubt. The Lord gives no answer to all that, except a kiss, and then another kiss. Nothing puts the penitent so much at rest as the Lord's repeated assurance of his unchanging love. Such a one the Lord has often received, "and kissed him much," that he might fetch him up even from the horrible pit, and set his feet upon a rock, and establish his goings. The Lord grant that many whom I am addressing may understand what I am talking about!

VI. And now for our *sixth* head, though you will think I am getting to be like the old Puritans with these many heads. But I cannot help it, for these many kisses had many meanings: love, forgiveness, restoration, joy, and comfort were in them, and also STRONG ASSURANCE.

The father kissed his son much to make him quite certain that it was *all real.* The prodigal, in receiving these many kisses, might say to himself, "All this love must be true, for a little while ago I heard the hogs grunt, and now I hear nothing but the kisses from my dear father's lips." So his father gave him another kiss, for there was no way of convincing him that the first was real like repeating it; and if there lingered any doubt about the second, the father gave him yet a third. If, when the dream of old was doubled, the interpretation was sure, these repeated kisses left no room for doubt. The father renewed the tokens of his love that his son might be fully assured of its reality.

He did it that in the future it might *never be questioned.* Some of us were brought so low before we were converted, that God gave us an excess of joy when he saved us, that we might never forget it. Sometimes the devil says to me, "You are no child of God." I have long ago given up answering him, for I find that it is a waste of time to argue with such a crafty old liar as he is; he knows too much for me. But if I must answer him, I say, "Why, I remember when I was saved by the Lord! I never can forget even the very spot of ground where first I saw my Saviour; there and then my joy rolled in like some great Atlantic billow, and burst in mighty foam of bliss, covering all things. I cannot forget it." That is an argument which even the devil cannot answer, for he cannot make me believe

that such a thing never happened. The Father kissed me much, and I remember it full well. The Lord gives to some of us such a clear deliverance, such a bright, sunshiny day at our conversion, that henceforth we cannot question our state before him, but must believe that we are eternally saved.

The father put the assurance of this poor returning prodigal beyond all doubt. If the first kisses were given privately, when only the father and son were present, it is quite certain that, afterwards, he kissed him *before men*, where others could see him. He kissed him much in the presence of the household, that they also might not be calling in question that he was his father's child. It was a pity that the elder brother was not there also. You see he was away in the field. He was more interested in the crops than in the reception of his brother. I have known such a one in modern days. He was a man who did not come out to week-evening services. He was such a man of business that he did not come out on a Thursday night, and the prodigal came home at such a time, and so the elder brother did not see the father receive him. If he lived now, he would probably not come to the church-meetings; he would be too busy. So he would not get to know about the reception of penitent sinners. But the father, when he received that son of his, intended all to know, once for all, that he was indeed his child. Oh, that you might get these many kisses even now! If they are given to you, you will have, for the rest of your life, strong assurance derived from the happiness of your first days.

VII. I have done when I have said that I think that here we have a specimen of the INTIMATE COMMUNION which the Lord often gives to sinners when first they come to him. "His father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him much."

You see, this was *before the family fellowship*. Before the servants had prepared the meal, before there had been any music or dancing in the family, his father kissed him. He would have cared little for all their songs, and have valued but slightly his reception by the servants, if, first of all, he had not been welcomed to his father's heart. So is it with us; we need first to have fellowship with God before we think much of union with his people. Before I go to join a church, I want my Father's kiss. Before the pastor gives me the right hand of fellowship, I want my heavenly Father's right hand to welcome me. Before I become recognized by God's people here below, I want a private recognition from the great Father above; and that he gives to all who come to him as the prodigal came to his father. May he give it to some of you now!

This kissing, also, was *before the table communion*. You know that the prodigal was afterwards to sit at his father's table, and to eat of the fatted calf; but before that, his father kissed him. He would scarcely have been able to sit easily at the feast without the previous kisses of love. The table communion, to which we are invited, is very sweet. To eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ, in symbol, in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, is, indeed, a blessed thing; but I want to have communion with God by the way of the love-kiss before I come there. "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth." This is something private, ravishing, and sweet. God give it to many of you!

May you get the many kisses of your Father's mouth before you come into the church, or to the communion table!

These many kisses likewise came *before the public rejoicing.* The friends and neighbours were invited to share in the feast. But think how shamefaced the son would have been in their presence, if, first of all, he had not found a place in his father's love, or had not been quite sure of it. He would almost have been inclined to run away again. But the father had kissed him much, and so he could meet the curious gaze of old friends with a smiling face, until any unkind remarks they might have thought of making died away, killed by his evident joy in his father. It is a hard thing for a man to confess Christ if he has not had an overwhelming sense of communion with him. But when we are lifted to the skies in the rapture God gives to us, it becomes easy, not only to face the world, but to win the sympathy of even those who might have opposed themselves. This is why young converts are frequently used to lead others into the light; the Lord's many kisses of forgiveness have so recently been given to them, that their words catch the fragrance of divine love as they pass the lips just touched by the Lord. Alas, that any should ever lose their first love, and forget the many kisses they have received from their heavenly Father!

Lastly, all this was given *before the meeting with the elder brother.* If the prodigal son had known what the elder brother thought and said, I should not have wondered at all *if he had run off, and never* come back at all. He might *have come near home, and then, hearing* what his brother *said, have stolen away again.* Yes, but before that could happen, his father had given him the many kisses. Poor sinner! you have come in here, and perhaps you have found the Saviour. It may be that you will go and speak to some Christian man, and he will be afraid to say much to you. I do not wonder that he should doubt you, for you are not, in yourself, as yet a particularly nice sort of person to talk to. But, if you get your Father's many kisses, you will not mind your elder brother being a little hard upon you. Occasionally I hear of one, who wished to join the church, saying, "I came to see the elders, and one of them was rather rough with me. I shall never come again." What a stupid man you must be! Is it not their duty to be a little rough with some of you, lest you should deceive yourselves, and be mistaken about your true state? We desire lovingly to bring you to Christ, and if we are afraid that you really have not yet come back to God, with penitence and faith, should we not tell you so, like honest men? But suppose that you have really come, and your brother is mistaken; go and get a kiss from your Father, and never mind your brother. He may remind you how you have squandered your living, painting the picture even blacker than it ought to be; but your Father's kisses will make you forget your brother's frowns. If you think that in the household of faith you will find everybody amiable, and everyone willing to help you, you will be greatly mistaken. Young Christians are often frightened when they come across some who, from frequent disappointment of their hopes, or from a natural spirit of caution, or perhaps from a lack of spiritual life, receive but coldly those upon whom the Father has lavished much love. If that is your case, never mind these cross-grained elder brethren; get

another kiss from your Father. Perhaps the reason it is written, "He kissed him *much*," was because the elder brother, when he came near him, would treat him so coldly, and so angrily refuse to join in the feast.

Lord, give to many poor trembling souls the will to come to thee! Bring many sinners to thy blessed feet, and while they are yet a great way off, run and meet them; fall on their neck, give them many kisses of love, and fill them to the full with heavenly delight, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Luke xv.

HYMNS FROM "OUR OWN HYMN BOOK"—568, 521, 548.

END OF VOLUME XXXVII.

The publishers desire to call special attention to the first sermon in the new volume of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. It is entitled "Gratitude for Deliverance from the Grave," and is the first sermon that Mr. Spurgeon has been able to revise since his long illness. The text is Psalm cxviii. 17, 18: "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death." Both preacher and publishers would be glad if friends, who have been profited by reading the sermons, would introduce them to others who at present are not acquainted with them.

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