

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

A table of contents for *The Baptist Magazine* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_baptist-magazine_01.php

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE

For 1887.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE

FOR

1887.

VOLUME LXXIX.

(NEW SERIES.—VOL. II.)

Editor—REV. STEPHEN A. SWAINE.

“Speaking the truth in love.”—EPHESIANS iv. 15.

London:

ALEXANDER AND SHEPHEARD,
21 & 22, FURNIVAL STREET, HOLBORN.

MDCCLXXXVII.

INDEX.

NOTE.—“Brief Notes,” “Ministerial Register,” “Reviews,” and “Literary Notes,”
have not been indexed.

PORTRAITS.

	FACING PAGE
ANGUS, Rev. J., M.A., D.D.	337
BROWN, Rev. Archibald G.	241
COMBER, Rev. T. J.	481
CULROSS, Rev. James, M.A., D.D.	193
GLOVER, Rev. Richard	433
GOTCH, Rev. F. W., M.A., LL.D.	289
JONES, Rev. David, B.A.	97
MACLAREN, Rev. Alexander, B.A., D.D.	145
MORTON, Sir S. PETO, Bart.	1
TRESTRAIL, Rev. Frederick, D.D.	529
TUCKER, Rev. Francis, B.A.	49
WIGNER, Rev. J. T.	385

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

<p>ALDEN, E. C. BAILLIE, Rev. James. BALFERN, Rev. W. Poole. BARKER, Rev. A. W. Leighton. BATE, Rev. J. D. BOTTRILL, W. E. BOWMAN, Rev. W. R., B.A. BOWNE, Prof. Bordon F. CAMERON, Rev. R., LL.D. CLARK, Rev. J. P., M.A. COX, Rev. Samuel, D.D. CULROSS, Rev. James, M.A., D.D. DAVIES, Rev. T. Witton, B.A. ECCLES, Rev. R. Kerr, M.D. FLAGG, Rev. Edward O., D.D. GOWARD, Rev. Charles. HAWKER, Rev. George. HENSON, Mrs. M. B. HILLMAN, Rev. J. HISTORICUS. HUMPHREYS, Rev. G. W., B.A. JAMES, Rev. G. Howard. JONES, Rev. David, B.A. LEONARD, Rev. H. C., M.A.</p>	<p>LUKE, Mrs. Jemima. MCLELLAN, Rev. J. MERRICK, Rev. Charles. MORRIS, Rev. T. M. PATTISON, S. R. QUARTUS. QULL, Rev. G., B.A. ROBINSON, Edith. ROUSE, Mrs. L. M. SCHAFF, Rev. Philip, D.D. SHINDLER, Rev. R. SHORT, Rev. George, B.A. SMYTHE, Rev. J. Francis. SPEAR, Rev. Samuel T., D.D. STUART, Rev. James. SWAINE, Rev. Stephen Albert. TODD, Rev. Frederick. TODD, Rev. J. W., D.D. TRAFFORD, Rev. J., M.A. TRESTRAIL, Rev. Frederick, D.D. UNDERHILL, Dr. E. B. WARD, Rev. William Hayes, D.D., LL.D. W. B.</p>
--	---

ARTICLES, &c.

	PAGE
AHAVA, The Prayer-Meeting at	536
ALDEN, E. C.	372
AMERICA, Impressions of Things Ecclesiastical in	166, 388
ANGUS, Rev. J., D.D.	337
ATONEMENT, The, Its Central Principle ...	293, 354
BAILLIE, Rev. James	489
BALFERN, Rev. W. Poole... ..	35, 511
BAPTISM in the Writings of the Apostolic Fathers	501
BAREBONE, Praise God—Was he a Baptist?	438
BARKER, Rev. A. W. Leighton	268
BATE, Rev. J. D.	55, 104, 160, 423
BINNEY, Recollections of the late Rev. Thomas	155, 198
BOTTRILL, W. E.	276
BOWMAN, Rev. W. R., B.A.	306, 363, 396
BROTHERHOOD, Church	9
BROWN, Rev. Archibald G.	241
CAMERON, Rev. R., LL.D.	293, 354
CHRIST, All for	228
" Brief Studies on the Character of	81, 129, 179, 272, 324, 370, 417, 470, 554
CIRCLES, Concentric	22
CLARK, Rev. John Pearce, M.A.	22
COLLEGE, Chilwell, for Ministers' Daughters	318
COMBER, Rev. T. J.	481, 552
CONTINENT, Another Dark	55, 104, 160, 423
CONTINENTS, Sacred Songs of Four	84, 180, 326, 421
CORRESPONDENCE	85, 132, 423
COX, Rev. Samuel, D.D.	447
CULROSS, Rev. James, M.A., D.D.	9, 193
DAVIES, Prof. T. Witton, B.A.	220
E. B. U. (Dr. E. B. Underhill)	337
ECCLES, Rev. R. Kerr, M.D.	166, 388
EDITOR, By the	149, 210, 247, 300, 345, 438, 481, 540
"ELSIE"	134
FLAGG, Rev. Edward O.	124
GIFFORD. See "Remains."	
GOTCH, Rev. Dr.	289
GOWARD, Rev. Charles	456, 483

	PAGE
HALL, John, Village Pastor and Schoolmaster... ..	171
HANNINGTON, Bishop	306, 363, 396
HAWKER, Rev. George	49
" The Poems of Robert Stephen	111
HENSON, Mrs. M. B.	262, 321
HILLMAN, Rev. J.	241
HISTORICUS	409
HUMPHREYS, Rev. G. W., B.A.	171
INSPIRATION, The Doctrine of	202
INSTITUTE, British Hebrew (or Semitic)	220
JAMES, Rev. G. Howard	61, 119
JONES, Rev. David, B.A.	3, 97, 99
J. L. (Mrs. Jemima Luke)	81, 129, 179, 272, 324, 370, 417, 470
J. S.... ..	433
J. T. (Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.)	530
LEONARD, Rev. H. C., M.A.	84, 180, 326, 421, 501
LIFE, Reminiscences of Village	215, 359
LINK, a Missing	85, 132
LITERATURE and Religion	495, 547
LOCH Etive, A Pastor's Visit to	489
LOWLY Things, On being Captivated by	447
MACLAREN, Dr.	147
MCLELLAN, Rev. J.	193
MERRICK, Rev. CHARLES... ..	312
MINISTERS, Memoirs of, in "Baptist Handbook," 1887	67
MISSION, Personal... ..	32
MONK, The Llanthony	540
MORRIS, Rev. T. M.	536
MOTHER, Honour thy Father and	268
MUSIC, Its History and Influence	223, 258
NERVES as Scientists	27
NONCONFORMISTS in Relation to the Young	456, 483
ORPHANAGE, A Visit to the Stockwell	276
PACIFIER, Jesus our	520
"PALACE, The, of Art," Lord Tennyson's	342, 401
PALMER, Rev. Ray, D.D.	253
PETO, Sir S. Morton, Bart.	1

	PAGE
POETRY, The Study of	15
POETS, Five English	372
PREACHER, A Noted American	124
PROTESTANTISM and the Canon	74
PROVIDENCE, A Retributive	416
QUAINTNESSES, On Pulpit	61, 119
QUARTUS	223, 258
QUILL, Rev. G., B.A.	215, 359
READERS, To our	529
RELIGION, Progress of, during the Queen's Reign	247
REMAINS, The Gifford	149, 210, 300, 349
RHYME, Letter in, by Rev. John Ryland, M.A.	557
ROBINSON, Edith	411, 464
ROUSE, The late Mrs. L. M.	228
RYLAND, Rev. John	557
S. A. S. (S. A. Swaine)	227, 416
SCHAFF, Rev. Philip, D.D.	74
SCHOOLS, Catechisms in Baptist Sunday	312
SHINDLER, Rev. R.	67, 253, 511
SHORT, Rev. George, B.A.	385
SMYTHE, J. Francis	520
S. R. P. (S. R. Pattison)	32
STUART, Rev. James	15, 111, 342, 401
SUBSTITUTE, Colonel Marden's	411, 464
SWAINE, Rev. S. A. <i>See</i> "Editor."	
TEALL, Memoir of the late Rev. John	262, 321
TODD, Rev. Frederick	318
TODD, Rev. J. W., D.D.	97, 99
TRESTRAIL, Rev. F., D.D.	155, 198, 289, 530
TUCKER, Rev. Francis	49
UNCTION, An, from the Holy One	227
WARD, Rev. William Hayes, D.D., LL.D.	495, 547
WIGNER, Rev. J. T.	385
YEAR, A Meditation for the New	3
„ A Song for the New	35



Photograph of General John

Very Truly Yours

S. Morton Peck

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1887.

SIR S. MORTON PETO, BARONET.



WE are confident that we could present to our readers no more welcome portrait than will be found in this the first number of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE for 1887.

Throughout the entire denomination at home and abroad, the name of Sir Morton Peto is esteemed and honoured; for not only has it been for long years associated with almost every important movement for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom in this country and in distant lands, but in numberless ways, and through unobtrusive channels, it has been identified with a generosity and a sympathy that only those who have been the recipients can at all adequately understand or appreciate.

In Metropolitan denominational chapel building, Sir Morton may be said with the strictest accuracy to have introduced a new era, Bloomsbury and Regent's Park chapels asserting to-day the truth of this statement. In connection with the Foreign Missionary Society, Sir Morton's name will ever be remembered with special gratitude; for, in addition to his munificent contributions, he was enabled, while Treasurer of the Society, to inaugurate many new

missions and to enlarge and consolidate old ones in a manner the great advantages of which are clearly apparent to-day.

Almost every good denominational enterprise has reaped advantage from his support and counsel; while Home Mission work, and especially the grouping of small village churches and the wise development and use of lay agency have been questions that have ever engaged his sympathetic and earnest consideration.

Of the public life and service of Sir Morton; of his marked and successful Parliamentary career; of his practical association with most of the great engineering works of the past half century, and of his equally intimate connection with numerous great public philanthropic undertakings during the same time, it is clearly impossible to speak within the narrow compass of a BAPTIST MAGAZINE article. That this will be fittingly done at some future day we cannot for a moment doubt.

Since the retirement of Sir Morton from public life he has devoted almost the whole of his time and energy to directly Christian enterprise.

As a member of the Foreign Mission Committee, Sir Morton is still deeply interested in the extension and efficiency of the work, and most constant in his attendance at the meetings; while his large and varied experience, his broad and generous sympathies, and his liberal and catholic spirit render his counsel and advice specially welcome and valuable.

Few who heard Sir Morton at the Autumnal Missionary Conference in Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, in October last, will forget his tender and sympathetic words on behalf of his missionary brethren:—

“I would earnestly call your attention,” said Sir Morton, “to my deep conviction that all our missionaries require to be kept much more in touch with home life. Now, how is this to be done? If it is, as I deem it, all important that it be done, certainly not by the officers of our Society. They have, I know, and often I have had deep regret in the knowledge, more to do than can be done with the greatest devotion of life and purpose. Brethren, we who are not officially attached must become so in this matter if it is to be done; and why should we not be so engaged? I would suggest that some friend, who cannot himself go to the heathen, should consent to be the *alter ego* of some missionary in the field, and keep him supplied with at least one of our best weekly papers, one of the denominational papers, and certainly the *Missionary Herald*, and, from time to time, interesting books, and write to him personally, and have the privilege of

being the custodian of all the family burdens and anxieties, which so often press the missionary brother down.

“This continued intercourse with our missionary brethren would very greatly help in every way. Isolated from all the old, and very dear home associations, it would be a source of real strength to the missionary, and real heartfelt pleasure to the brother at home who thus ministers to him.”

We are sure we are but giving expression to the earnest desire of the entire denomination when we utter the prayer that Sir Morton may long be spared to us; that his closing years may be his brightest and his best; and that others like-minded and like-gifted may be raised up to carry forward the many and varied forms of Christian enterprise which for so many years past have secured his wise counsel, his constant and generous support, and his unfailing sympathy. We cannot refrain from recording here words of the well-known and universally respected missionary linguist, Dr. Wenger, written to the Secretary of the Missionary Society only a few months before his death:—

“I find from your letter that Sir Morton Peto has been ill. This is sad, sad news indeed. May the gracious Lord quickly restore him. This is my earnest prayer. To us missionaries, Sir Morton has ever been, and is, a joy and an inspiration. Tender, sympathetic, and true, we all feel we have in him a *real friend*. His many delicate, unobtrusive, *unexpected* gifts have cheered many an aching heart, lifted many a heavy burden, gladdened many a downcast spirit. I know of many, many such cases. *He never lets his left hand know what his right hand does*. The Lord reward and bless Sir Morton a thousand fold.”

A MEDITATION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE USE OF THE FRAGMENTS.

“Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.”—John vi. 12.



THESE words came from the lips of our Lord at the conclusion of the mighty miracle, when the five thousand were fed with five loaves and two small fishes. They surely are suggestive. An act has just been performed which reveals unbounded resources, but Christ will not therefore sanction any wilful waste. In the feeding of hungry thousands we see displayed the power of God, in the order to gather

up the fragments ; the humility of the perfect Man ; the wealth that can provide a welcome repast for a weary multitude, combined with the frugality that will not suffer the fragments of the feast to be left, as if worthless, to perish on the field.

But why is this command given ?

1. *Fragments are sometimes precious as the memorial of a great occasion.* It is quite true that, as good plants may run to seed, so healthful sentiment may degenerate into weak sentimentality. But it need not. We are all affected by the law of association. The consecration of what was great and noble in the past is an emotion common to civilised men in all ages. True religion does not frown on sentiment, but fosters and utilises it. For forty years a "table was spread in the wilderness" for the travelling tribes of Israel, and then, by Divine order, an omer of the manna was among the few things laid up in the Ark, to be kept through the coming generations. In Christianity we have manifold doctrines and precepts. We have but two ordinances, and one of them is a memorial service—"Do this in remembrance of Me." This feeding of the five thousand, whether regard be had to the multitudes who shared in the mysterious boon, or to its manifold typical teachings, must surely be ranked as among the grandest of those "signs and wonders" whereby Christ was "approved of God" among men. No wonder then that the mere fragments of such an occasion should not be allowed to perish. Let us so live that surviving friends will try to keep some little memorial of us when the feast of life is over. When Dorcas died, the weeping widows gathered round and "showed the coats and garments" her hands had made. May our conduct and character be such that, when we are gone, those who knew us best will like to obtain and keep some bit or scrap in remembrance of an attractive and useful life.

2. *These fragments are precious for their symbolic significance.* They point to Christ and speak of Him. It seems fitting, when we think of the relations of Jesus to the race whom He came to save, that there should be a few grand occasions, in whose magnitude some visible symbol should be given, inadequate indeed, yet faintly foreshadowing the magnitude of His moral influence and the extent of His redeeming power among men. We surely have one here.

The power of Christ pervades that vast assembly gathered on the green grass. Here, to-day, on the eastern side of the Galilean lake, we

get the mighty typical act ; yonder, to-morrow, on its western side, we get the long extended discourse, developing its spiritual meaning. It is all summed up in this, " I am the living bread which came down from Heaven : if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever." What the Saviour was then to these thousands of His hungry countrymen, He is now, spiritually, from His throne in the heavens, to redeemed thousands throughout the world. Micah's prophecy is fulfilled : " He shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord, in the majesty of the name of the Lord his God."

" Gather the fragments," *for their origin is Divine.* Man can make the loaves of bread when he has the flour, and the flour when he has the grain. But whence comes the grain ? Men can do many things, but they cannot create a single blade of grass or ear of wheat. How close such fragments link us on to God. Who shall innocently waste that which only Divine power can produce ? Jesus sees in those fragments a speaking symbol of Himself. Human systems of morality and codes of law for regulating conduct are good so far as they go. But Christianity is Divine. From first to last, Christ, in His incarnation, life, teaching, character, and influence, is not only super-human and super-angelic, He is Divine. No one can take His place, rise to His height, or wield His power. Here on earth the heavenly glory was shrouded in the human form ; but as a cloud is sometimes shot through and through with the solar refulgence it seems to eclipse, so the manifestation of our Lord in the flesh was often illumined with the Divine splendours, streaming outward from the shrine within.

Moreover, bread has *an inherent* value, and therefore should not be wasted. It is the appointed and acknowledged staff of life. Gold is precious, but the body cannot live upon gold. Were a man well-nigh famished in some lonely wilderness, of what use would it be (were it possible) to place before him a pile of brilliant diamonds or heavy bars of gold ? they would not satisfy his gnawing hunger or save him from starvation. What bread is to the sustenance of the body, the Saviour is to the soul. Between the two there is an inherent, Divine adaptation. Fallen and debased though our nature is, yet there are yearnings within us, breaking through all the ruin and rubbish, which God in Christ alone can meet ; yearnings for reconciliation and peace, for moral freedom and strength, for comfort,

purity, and fellowship, which can only find fitting and full response in Him who is the "Emmanuel—God with us." Men who fancy that intellectual acquirements alone are commensurate with the highest and strongest in man make a fundamental mistake. No doubt science is wonderful, history is instructive, fiction is stimulating, and poetry is beautiful; but souls in earnest search for their nature's full satisfaction want something *different* and deeper, for these leave the heart's biggest questions unanswered, its keenest hunger unappeased. Could you master all science, devour and digest a library of literature, the inner craving of the spirit for peace, rest, and righteousness would still remain unmet. Bread is plain food, but it has great nourishing power. Spiritual union with Christ may to some minds seem inadequate and prosaic, but He alone can say, "I am the Bread of Life." In Him alone men get the energy whereby they can work and wait, struggle and fight; strength "in the inner man," that gets woven into life's daily web, qualifying them to meet all the changing experiences through which they pass. Paul could say, "I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." The explanation comes in the next breath, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

3. *Circumstances may greatly enhance the value of fragments.* The Master knew how to estimate things in view of every consideration. The fragments which the disciples were about to leave as worthless on the field, to be picked up by the birds, he knew might be eagerly received and prized by some poor people in Capernaum; what was to the disciples a useless surplus, to them would be a feast.

We do not, and perhaps cannot, always value our mercies, providential or spiritual, in the light of this consideration. They come in a stream so full and constant that the thought of simultaneous scarcity does not occur, and we are tempted to neglect or extravagance. But when, amidst our own abundance, the thought of others' needs does occur with force, what motive power to a wise frugality should be in it!

The shelves of your library groan with a load of books which you will never or rarely read, how precious would they be to new settlers in some Australian homes. The bundle of magazines, containing a multitude of rich, bright thoughts, too liable sometimes to be treated as waste paper, how would they be prized by the inmates of many a

ship's cabin to break the monotony of a long voyage. The beautiful bouquets brought to adorn a flower-service, when taken and presented, what a boon they are to the poor. Our Lord saw the higher in the lower, the spiritual in the natural; should not we? Some solemn thoughts should surely be suggested here. As to supplies of spiritual food, we live in a land of Goshen. We are blessed with almost a redundancy of Christian privileges. The question is very common-place, yet, let it be asked, Do we think of them as they deserve? Do we ever estimate them in view of thousands who are less favoured? Do we ever value our religious wealth as contrasted with their poverty? The entire Bible, with us so plentiful and cheap, are there not people in Papal countries who would prize a single chapter? The ordinary means of grace, with us so common, are there not thinly populated places in most European countries where a public Gospel service once a month would be regarded as a boon? Are there not inhabited spots in the Australian bush where the voice of public prayer would be hailed as a benediction, and the sound of holy song would be like heaven?

To many so situated, another gospel proclamation would be good news indeed, and the preacher would be esteemed as an angel of peace. What is the lesson to be learned hence by the reader of these lines? Is it not this? If the fragments of Christian privilege are thus valuable, how much more should be the feast? If the scattered ears of grain left upon the field are so precious, how should we estimate the full waving crop? If times of refreshing in worship are hailed by some, though "like angel's visits, few and far between," how much more gratefully should we accept the full tide of blessing daily borne onward to us? If others prize even broken glimmerings of the celestial light, what thoughtful appreciation and appropriation should be ours, who enjoy the full blaze of the mid-day Sun?

4. *Fragments well used possess great power for good—fragments of money to wit.* The odd penny of a bill is apt to be treated as a trifle, and yet the old saying is as true as it is trite, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." A house is built brick by brick. The power of the penny is well known in the building of many a church and the support of many a mission. With a Christian man economy should be part of his religion; frugal, that he may be generous.

Fragments of time. It is the stuff that life is made of, and therefore should not be wasted. No one can lay down a rule for another. Proper leisure is not loss, for in it life's loosened strings renew their tension, and thus strength and time are gained. But sometimes when there is no weariness to plead, the value of odd minutes and spare hours is disregarded. These precious fragments are too often lavishly left to lie unused on the field of life as worthless. William Carey worked diligently at his trade in his Northampton village; but with the bits and scraps of time which every day dropped, maps of the world were made, and on one or two languages were partially learnt, which afterwards became part of the great missionary's equipment for India.

Fragments of opportunity for doing good. They occur to most of us daily; let us be more prompt to use them. We like to be busy on great occasions. Some would willingly help to feed five thousand who would not care to feed five. Let the Master herein also be our example. He went about doing good as occasion arose. Our field of life is strewn with precious fragments for Christian service. Let us be willing to do roadside good. As we journey on, let the word in season or other form of help be given to the poor, the solitary, the sorrowing, the erring, or the seeking, and be sure that the year's aggregate of good, could it be seen, would gratify and astound us.

Fragments of truth. The Bible Society has been aptly called the bread-basket of the world. The Tract Society is its historic and instrumental complement, gathering up and distributing *fragments* of the same living bread. "The words that I speak unto you," said Jesus, "they are spirit and they are life." May they dwell richly in us. Our memories cannot contain all. But as God's truth is instinct with Divine power, single sentences thereof may produce marvellous results. With a single draught from this well of salvation you may give great refreshment; with a single leaf from this tree you may bring healing to some sick soul; with a single ray from this sun of saving knowledge you may carry welcome light into the midst of hopeless darkness; with a single arrow from this quiver you may carry conviction that shall end in conversion.

An infidel, in spite, once burnt a Bible, but a charred fragment remained unconsumed. On its being picked up he read, "The word

of the Lord is quick and powerful and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." That charred fragment became the means of his salvation.

DAVID JONES.

CHURCH BROTHERHOOD.



IMAGINE that we enter some ancient city like Ephesus or Philippi eighteen centuries ago, and look around. In the midst of the heathen population we find a society of people who stand aloof from the idolatrous worship, and the prevalent immoralities, of the age. Most of them are poor; many are slaves. One by one they have been gathered, by a Divine power, out of the surrounding mass. They regard the crucified Jesus of Nazareth as the Son of God, and the Saviour of men; they believe that He is seated at the right hand of the Eternal Majesty; though they have never seen Him, they love Him with a love that freely perils life for His sake. On the first day of every week they meet for worship, and to commemorate His death, not as mourners, but with the joy of men who believe that He will come again; in an age of moral decay they manifest the vigour of fresh life, and a heroic faith that girds itself for death rather than deny its Lord; and a strangely tender and faithful spirit of brotherhood grows up among them, compelling their heathen neighbours to say, "Behold these Christians, how they love one another!" This society is known as a Church of Jesus Christ.

In such a society we discern the grand principles according to which Christian churches should be built up to-day. Instead of attempting to expound these principles at large, and to show their application under modern conditions, all that space allows is to choose a definite standing-point, and call attention to what may be seen from thence. Such a standing-point is furnished by expressions like these—"the brotherhood," "the saints and faithful brethren in Christ."

A brotherhood, or family, is not an artificial association of human

beings, who have either drifted, or been purposely collected, together ; but a natural form of God's making. I do not *choose* my brothers and sisters ; God gives them to me, and I cannot alter His deed. I am responsible for loving them, but not for having them. A family is built, not on common likings and interests, but on birth-relationship. So with a Christian brotherhood : its members are brethren, in virtue of being born from above.

In some particular neighbourhood, a few who have confidence in each other as lovers of the Saviour, and doers of His will, are drawn together providentially. It is not that they separate themselves or break off in bitterness of spirit from other believers ; but, in unsought ways, God leads them into intimacy and fellowship by His Spirit. After honest prayer for guidance, and patient consultation, they receive one another as Christ has received them to the glory of God ; they agree to walk together in the Lord's commandments and ordinances ; they unite for worship, for the nurture of the new life in their souls, for aggression on the kingdom of darkness, for learning and practising "all things whatsoever Christ has commanded" ; and they hold themselves one with all who love Him in sincerity. They pretend to no authority over conscience, to no right of judging one another, to no prerogative of legislation : the will of the Lord is their only rule. They are not dependent for their church-standing on some asserted outward "succession" from apostolic days, or on state-sanction, or on the consent of other churches. In the conduct of their affairs, so long as they are subject to the laws of the realm, they are responsible to none but Jesus Christ. No man, or body of men, can confirm or annul their decisions, or interfere with their action in applying Christian principles. If they err, all that can be done is to show them their error by sound speech that cannot be condemned. In cases of perplexity, it is open to them to request counsel and assistance from without. It is also open to them, without giving up one jot of their freedom, or divesting themselves of their responsibility, to take common action with other churches in advancing the Gospel, and helping forward any undertaking that tends to the general welfare.

United thus, they are a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. They are a school, for learning the mind and will of the Master in heaven. They are a

missionary society, ready made, complete for service, and free to act in the manner that seems best adapted to providential circumstances. They are a brotherhood, within whose hearts the Holy Spirit has begun, and is carrying forward a Divine work, whose consummation will be seen in "the Day of Redemption."

Not an isolated brotherhood, but livingly connected with the great "communion of saints" of all ages and lands. Not a fragment broken off, but a living part. Not like a stone lying in a heap of gravel, that has no connection with the stone lying next it save the connection of touch; rather, like a leaf waving among ten thousand brother-leaves on that great tree of which Christ is the root, drawing its life and use from Him.

The true relationship of Christian churches can thus be understood. They are not held together by creed-subscription and ecclesiastical laws, or by subjection to a visible head, or to a central human authority: rather are they like the fingers of a human hand, moved by one central will; with separate and individual action, as when we extend one of them to point the way; with combined action, as when we hold a pen or manage a workman's tool; the action, whether separate or combined, depending on the will to which they are all obedient; the hand able to do not five times but five hundred times more than all the fingers separately. So, in ideal, with the churches in any particular region, each one complete in itself, but together constituting a higher unity—together forming *a Hand* for Divine work, obedient to one heavenly and holy will.

There are two directions in which men look at the present time, who see how the spirit of the world, operating among Christ's professed followers, leads either to isolation and disintegration, or to the building of mere Babel-towers of sectarianism. On the one hand, there are those who hope for the rearing of a mighty organised community, visibly one, overspreading the whole world. It is the idea which Popery has seized upon, and so ignorantly and unscripturally endeavours to work out, and which charms many minds beyond the boundary of that communion. On the other hand, there are those who pray to see Christian societies growing up everywhere, increasingly pure in their membership, guided by the Word of God and the living indwelling Spirit, working in concert toward one supreme result, because all inspired by that one Spirit. Is it

Utopian to expect this prayer to be answered? I know how the worldly-wise, who believe in "ecclesiastical polity," will smile at the idea. But have we not encouragement in the already-existing oneness of all who are "in Christ"? Does not the deeper oneness, already accomplished through regeneration, render forms of fellowship and of harmonious labour possible that we have not yet attained to? For, as matter of fact, the children of God are one already, united by an eternal bond; one, in spite of distance, and differences in worldly condition, and misunderstandings, and even variance of creed—according to the prayer of Jesus, "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us." Out of this Divine seed what fruit may yet grow!

Viewing a Christian church in this its ideal, as a holy and believing brotherhood, certain things become at once apparent.

(1.) We see who are fit members of a church—who are in it with Christ's approval: holy and believing brethren, and no others.* If unhappily others should find entrance, either "creeping in unawares" or received by mistake, it must be firmly maintained that they have no right to be there. The Christian communion is, indeed, no narrow and proudly exclusive fellowship, with the warning on its entrance-gate, "Come not near to me, for I am holier than thou;" it has room in it for men of every rank and condition, for men of every nationality and race, for men of every mental type; for all ages, from the child just old enough to receive the love of Christ into his heart, to the man of four-score. There are some to whom the church shall be a help, and some who shall be a help to the church: for both classes there is room and welcome. The one indispensable requisite to recognition in the Christian fellowship is the new birth, the germ of holiness.

So long as self-deception and hypocrisy exist there will be unworthy candidates for church fellowship; and, notwithstanding our utmost care, some of them may be received. Various influences tend to this. There is the fashion of the time, which makes it disreputable in many quarters not to be a church-member. There is an unspiritual ambition on the part of some churches to show large numerical success. There is the anxiety of parents to see their children gathered within the visible fold. These and other things being put

* The bearing of this on Christian baptism need not be pointed out.

together, it is no wonder if unworthy persons find entrance into the purest fellowship. But there must be no tone of hesitance in affirming that they are there without the approval of the Church's Head. Not to speak of danger for themselves, they are really a source of weakness and peril to a church—like bad timbers and fractured iron in a ship, or cowards in an army; and their inclusion tends to unspiritualise the church and to turn it into a worldly corporation.

(2.) The character of the church as a brotherhood determines the relative standing of the members. "One is your Master, and all ye are brethren." Granted that there are differences, not merely real but important. There are differences, inasmuch as there are various *stages of growth and experience* among Christians, from "babes" to aged saints; and as a matter of Christian propriety—to take no higher ground—the younger should be subject to the elder, while all should be clothed with humility. Then there is *office* in the church, and deference is to be shown to those who are faithful therein for their work's sake, as well as for their character's sake. There is also the greatest *diversity of gifts* among the brethren, both in kind and measure. To one is given the gift of sagacity and wisdom; to another, spiritual discernment; to another, the power of rebuke; to another, the faculty of teaching; to another, the gift of song; to another, skill in organising; to another, the spirit of Barnabas, the son of consolation; to another, the winningness that gains the hearts of the young; and so on to an almost unlimited extent.

But all this being said, it has to be said with equal fulness and emphasis that, being brethren, we stand on one common floor. There is to be no claim of "authority" set up by one over another, by the many over the few, by the past over the present, or by the present over the future. There is to be no lording it over God's heritage. There is to be no importing of "caste" into the church. It is a sore evil when incense is offered to the wearer of gold ring and gay clothing—albeit the ring may be only gilt and the clothing obtained on credit; it is just as sore an evil when a rich man dare not exert his proper influence lest he should be suspected of trying to rule his brethren. There is to be no upper room or chief seat kept vacant till the great man comes in. There is to be no love for chief seats or upper rooms. There is to be no compelling of consciences or suppressing of freedom. There is to be no dictation, whether by

priest or pope, king or demagogue. There is to be nothing inconsistent with the spirit of Him who washed the disciples' feet.

We are reminded of this, our brotherhood, every time that we take our place at the Lord's table. We sit down side by side, high and low, wise and simple, to partake of the one bread, and the one cup, in memory of the dying love of Jesus, and in the hope of His coming again. I dare not think hard thoughts of those among whom I take my place; I dare not hold aloof from them, or claim to be above them; we are there together through the same grace, and are embraced within the compass of the same eternal love.

(3.) The character of the church as a brotherhood declares what the church-spirit should be. To guide us in our intercourse and joint action the New Testament does not lay down a set of rules, covering so many probable cases—a rule for this case and a rule for that; but, proclaiming the great law of righteousness and truth, sends us forth into the midst of the relationships, duties, trials, and perplexities of practical life with a new spirit in our breasts, the spirit of brotherly love, and leaves us to the play of principle.

The spirit to cherish is that of *love*. The word will not bear, as it does not need, translating. Every one who knows Christ knows love, and must see, however dimly, what a strain love is capable of bearing. The special characteristic of the love which one child of God bears to another is *brotherliness*, springing out of the brotherly relationship and corresponding in quality. It is, so to speak, instinctive in the new nature. Should any one ask me why I love my born brother, I reply, Just because he *is* my brother. And if I am pressed to say why that should make me love him, I cannot tell; I cannot get back of this—he is my brother. Just so among saints: in that region love is, so to speak, an instinctive thing, for which we cannot give a farther or deeper reason than the fact of brotherhood.

This brotherly love will discover itself in a thousand various ways—in worshipping together, in bearing each other's burdens, in making allowance for one another, in restoring any who may have been overtaken in a fault, in ministering to the necessity of saints, in striving together for the faith of the Gospel, and in countless other ways that cannot be named. It never lacks means of expressing itself. If we must say, "Silver and gold have I none," we can always add, "Such as I have I give." It is the secret of Christian "tact"; not the

scheming that makes tools of others, but the delicate skill of love. It is a spirit that ought to be cultivated by us. "This is His *commandment*," says the Apostle John, "that we should . . . love one another." And again, "If God so loved us, we *ought* also to love one another." True, love cannot be called up in the bosom by an effort of the will—as a gardener cannot make his garden fair by merely willing it. It is a culture. "Our church is so cold; the members are so stiff and ungracious; nobody notices any but those of his own *clique*; when I go into the meeting I feel as if going into an ice-house." One hears complaint of this sort both east and west. But there is a better way than complaining and prophesying ill—to look out for something in which we can serve and bless our brethren; instead of insisting on our share of love *from* them, to let our love go forth *to* them: and we shall be the first to marvel at the blessing that comes. It is a divine art, that of "considering one another, to provoke unto love and good works;" and practice makes perfect. Just as a man of the world may cherish and nurture ambition, or daring, or self-reliance, a Christian man may cultivate brotherly love, and inspire those about him to do the same.

Our influence for good, as Christian churches, is largely dependent, under God, on our culture of this spirit. Mightier than all argument, more persuasive than all pleading, in favour of the Gospel, is the influence of a society of holy men and women who love another with pure hearts fervently: "for there the Lord commandeth the blessing, even life for evermore."

JAMES CULROSS.

THE STUDY OF POETRY.



T has frequently been asked how a "general reader," a man of limited time and means, may best enter on a systematic study of English poetry, and, as the inquiry is by no means idle or impractical, we may fittingly attempt to answer it. Poetry is worthy of study, as, if it is to be of any service to us, it assuredly demands it. We claim for it a high place in our intellectual and moral development, and believe that,

allied with religion and inspired by its truths, it will prove an un-failing source of enjoyment. We should, indeed, care very little for the study if all poets were like him who affirms of himself—

Of Heaven and Hell I have no power to sing ;
 I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
 Or make quick coming death a little thing,
 Or bring again the pleasures of past years ;
 Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
 Or hope again for aught that I can say—
 The idle singer of an empty day.

Neither should we trouble ourselves with the matter if there were any force in the opinion of Alexander Pope that poetry and criticism are by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets and of idle men who read there.

We are no adherents of the school which is commonly known as that of "art for art's sake." Even if we allow that pleasure is the sole end of poetry, we should yet contend that the pleasure must be based on a solid intellectual and moral foundation, and that any disregard of ethical principles and of the laws resulting from them would vitiate the poet's work and mar our delight in it.

Mr. Swinburne, for instance, affirms that—

"The two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony ; that where these qualities are wanting there can be no poetry, properly so called ; and that, where these qualities are perceptible in the highest degree, there, even though they should be unaccompanied and unsupported by any other great quality whatever—even though the ethical or critical faculty should be conspicuous by its absence—there, and only there, is the best and highest poetry."

To this position we cannot assent, for, though imagination and harmony are indispensable, they are not independent of the ethical quality. Truth is at least of equal rank with beauty. A poet must see life steadily, and see it *whole*. He must discern the great universal laws which underlie the common facts of life, and have some insight into our abiding relations with God. Life is full of morality. Human character cannot be portrayed, human emotions cannot be expressed, without carrying us into the sphere of ethical

requirement. A man who pays no heed to the revelations of the conscience, who does not discriminate between spiritual beauty and deformity, who gives no indication of the inevitable consequences of human actions, is defective even as an artist. His verse may be brilliant, musical, and entrancing, but poetry of the first order it is certainly not, and its hold on men will be precarious and fluctuating.

It is difficult to give or even to find a satisfactory definition of the work of the poet—this “serene creator of immortal things.” Poetry, we have been told, is “thought coloured by emotion and expressed in metre,” “the natural language of excited feeling,” “the indirect expression of feelings which cannot be expressed directly.” It has been described as the blossom and fragrantcy of all human knowledge, thought, and passion, as the glow of emotion excited by living contact with truth and fact when these are apprehended with more than ordinary vividness. But these and all other definitions show how impossible it is to give in words an expression of the essential idea, the innermost note of poetry, and how, in order to know, we must first enjoy it.

There is a celebrated passage of Francis Bacon’s on the functions of poetry, which those who have not seen will be glad to possess:—“The use of this feigned history hath been to give some satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical; because true history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merit of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution and more according to revealed Providence; because history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness and more unexpected variations; so, as it appeareth that poesy serveth and confineth to magnanimity and delectation, and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind;

whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

Our language probably does not contain a more eloquent passage than that in which the great poet of Puritanism expresses his conception of the functions of his office:—

"These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, and are of power beside the office of a pulpit to unbind and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightyness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave—whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thought from within—all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to point out and describe."

Surely this noble and stately paragraph, which falls on the ear like the solemn and majestic roll of a deep-toned organ, expresses a conception of the poet's office much worthier than that conveyed by "the idle singer of an empty day." Nor is Milton alone in his lofty conviction. We find an echo of his words in much that has been written by Wordsworth (both in prose and poetry), Longfellow, and Tennyson. Less widely known, but scarcely less beautiful, are the stanzas in which Barry Cornwall, the father of the gifted Adelaide Anne Proctor, has taught us the true purpose of song:—

Song should breathe of scents and flowers ;
 Song should like a river flow ;
 Song should bring back scenes and hours
 That we loved—ah ! long ago.

Song from baser thoughts should win us ;
 Song should charm us out of woe ;
 Song should stir the heart within us,
 Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
War and peace and right and wrong,
All things that the soul subdueth,
Should be vanquished too by song.

Song should spur the mind to duty,
Nerve the weak and stir the strong ;
Every deed of truth and beauty
Should be crowned by starry song.

To the strengthening, refining, and consolatory influences of poetry we have many testimonies from men whose judgment commands universal respect, and whose experience lends them an added authority. Thus, for instance, Samuel Taylor Coleridge has aptly described the varied power of poetry :—

“ Under the pressure of long and painful disease poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward ; it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.” The present distinguished occupant of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford assures us that—“ Like the fabled fountain of the Azores, but with a more various power, the magic of this Art can confer on each period of life its appropriate blessing—on early years, experience ; on maturity, calm ; on age, youthfulness. Poetry gives treasures ‘ more golden than gold,’ leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature.”

In view of such assertions as these, we can well understand that poetry demands study as severe as that which we give to the mathematics. Various plans for the prosecution of this study have been recommended, such as restricting ourselves to a single author and thoroughly mastering him, or taking the principal works of the authors of a given period—such, for instance, as the Victorian age, or the age of the French Revolution, the Eighteenth Century, the Commonwealth, the Elizabethan age, &c. Others advocate the study of well-chosen “ selections ” from all the poets, especially in the case of general readers who have not formed a decided taste for poetry ; and, on the whole, we are inclined to give our hearty adherence to this plan. It is important that the mind should be familiarised from the outset with the highest and best expressions of the poetic art. Second and third-

rate creations should be quietly left aside until the taste is formed and a sound judgment attained. After that the student may be safely trusted to take his own course. Happily we have no lack of judicious selections, the perusal of which is itself an education. The two which we can most unhesitatingly recommend for popular use are Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" and the late Archbishop Trench's "Household Book of English Poetry."

Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" contains few, if any, songs and lyrics which are not entitled to rank in the first class. There is not a single piece in it which we should not hesitate to remove, even if the removal were to make way for some omitted favourite, while his brief summaries of the four books, into which the work is divided, explaining the characteristics of each epoch, and the notes at the end of the volume are full of clear, terse thought and recondite learning. Archbishop Trench set before himself a somewhat wider aim. He restricted himself to no one class of poetry, but has given specimens of all—lyrical, dramatic, narrative, elegiac, and devotional, while, on the other hand, he has used, though sparingly, the works of authors still living. It is a decided advantage to have in a volume of this kind such pieces as Henry Vaughan's "Peace" and "Beyond the Veil," Sir Thomas Browne's "Evening Hymn," Richard Baxter's "Valediction," Francis Quarles' "The World's Fallacies," Michael Bruce's "Ode to the Cuckoo," along with the songs, odes, and sonnets of the highest rank from the poets of every age. Trench's book is larger than Mr. Palgrave's, and for household reading, for use in the family, will be generally preferred to it. Neither of these works is, however, likely to supersede the other.

Of the larger selections there are two which deserve mention.

The series known as "English Verse" is an American production, published in this country by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. It contains five volumes, which are thus arranged: "Chaucer to Burns," "Translations," "Lyrics of the XIXth Century," "Dramatic Scenes and Characters," and "Ballads and Romances." The series is edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. Its characteristics are accurately marked by the titles we have quoted, and the selections seem to us to have been made judiciously. Mr. Stoddard's Introductions, though too brief and sketchy, are yet the work of a fine critic, who is also endowed with poetic genius. He is at once a poet and a scholar,

whose ample learning has not interfered with the keenness of his insight and the delicacy of his touch, and if his design in these Introductions had been somewhat broader, he would have given us contributions of permanent value.

We should not, however, be surprised if the volumes of "English Verse," valuable as they are, were to be supplanted by the four volumes of Ward's "English Poets," published by Messrs. Macmillan, for, in addition to a very varied and ample selection, Mr. Ward has secured critical Introductions to each poet by writers specially qualified to deal with the subject assigned them. Mr. Matthew Arnold's General Introduction to the series contains some of his best writing, though it is vitiated by his supercilious and dogmatic utterances in relation to religion. The opening paragraph quoted from one of Mr. Arnold's earlier essays might well have been omitted. The comparison between poetry and religion is needlessly offensive. It contributes nothing to a clear and practical apprehension of their relations, and rests on an utter misconception as to the foundations of religion in general, and of the Christian religion in particular. In a volume which claims for itself the note of universality, a paragraph so narrowly dogmatic is altogether out of place. Mr. Arnold's Introductions to Gray and Keats are the best critiques we know on these poets. Mr. Ward's own Essays on Chaucer, Cowper, and Clough, Mr. Mark Pattison's on Milton and Pope, Dean Church's on Spenser and Wordsworth, Mr. Pater's on Coleridge and Rossetti, are all remarkable for their subtle and powerful criticism, and these are but a few among the many valuable contributions with which the editor has enriched the most comprehensive and complete selection of English poetry we possess. Like all "Selections"—even though this extends to four closely-printed volumes—it necessarily omits some pieces which their admirers say ought to have been given, and we are bound to add that several of the critical essays are sketchy, thin and vapid, as well as written from a standpoint with which we have no sympathy. But taking it all in all, it is a noble monument erected by the reverence and affection of disciples to the great masters of English song. Any reader who carefully studies these four volumes will have no despicable acquaintance with the foremost poets of England, and would have at command a wealth of poetical thought which would prove in many ways a priceless possession.

JAMES STUART.

CONCENTRIC CIRCLES.



THE simple distinctions of thought, which the following paper tries to make clear, may be very familiar and even commonplace to some readers. To the writer they have long been as clear guiding lights, revealing an open way through many a theological tangle. What has helped him may help others; and so he is encouraged to write about the concentric circles of the love of God.

Much confusion of thought, and much error consequent upon such confusion, results from overlooking the fact that love differs, not merely in degree, but also in nature, according to the nature of its object. When that object is clothed with misery, love regards it with benevolent compassion. When relationship is the tie, strong-hearted faithfulness acts love and lives love, solely on the ground of that relationship, and without reference either to misery on the one hand or to merit on the other. Or, the one loved may be intrinsically worthy: we loved him for his goodness. Love may be as real in the one case as in the other; but the differences that distinguish the love of compassion, the love of relationship, and the love of complacency, one from the other, are radical and everlasting. Both in their nature and in their cause they are absolutely distinct.

It will help our understanding of the subject to conceive of these emotions as existing in one man, whom we think of as loving different people, in differing degree, with different sentiments, and for different reasons. Sheer wretchedness moves him to an almost passionate regard for some whom otherwise he must despise. The tie of close relationship binds him to others, causing him to bear with the patience and to serve with the service, of love, though naturally he would avoid them altogether. Others there are whom he loves for their nobleness and beauty, with a love that is full of satisfaction and gladness, and which, using a deep but somewhat old fashioned word, we call the love of complacency.

Here, then, are three circles, one within the other. The innermost belongs to the love of complacency; for love at its best is more than pity, and more than faithfulness, great and divine as these qualities

are. Founded on respect, it rejoices in moral worth. Next comes the second circle, in which simple relationship determines the object, and faithfulness to relationship—the strong determination to do the kinsman's duty, without reference to personal preference—is the motive. Outermost of all is the great circle of benevolence and pity, stretching out and out, till it covers the entire race of man, and touches the very boundaries of hell.

This is the beautiful theory: in practice, alas, we fail lamentably! Some men's souls are so narrow that it is as much as they can do to love one, or perhaps two, besides themselves. We like to think, however, that there are some great hearts still among us whose wide sweep of affections includes multitudes, all of whom are truly loved, though not in the same way or to the same extent. We call such men godlike. The wider and fuller their love-power the more godlike are they in our sight, and herein we show that we think of God as glorious in love. If we enlarge and intensify our conception of these heroes indefinitely, we reach perfection, infinitude, God; for we think of Him as full of love, love in every form, perfect in strength, and perfectly appropriate to every relationship in which He stands towards His creatures. The concentric circles of love are realised in God, and in Him only.

For clearness' sake, I have spoken of but three circles; but in actual fact these both overlap and subdivide. In the inner one alone the subdivisions are infinite, stretching from the repentant sinner, whose only beauty is his penitence, and that childlike, loving trustfulness which is so dear to God, up through the splendid ranks of the Church militant, through the innumerable gradations of the angel-hosts, and of the spirits of just men made perfect, up to the Well-beloved of the Father.

But it is time that we turned from these somewhat abstract moral considerations to notice their actual existence in the thoughts and facts of Scripture.

I. *Respecting God's love to all men.*

The causes of that love are at least threefold—pity, humanity, and creatorship. Here our circles overlap.

1. God loves the world out of pity. "His compassion fails not." "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." The passionate intensity of His pity is manifested in "His unspeakable gift,"

and illustrated in the story of the good Samaritan. If we could only understand that God pities every man, and how lovingly He pities, there would be a strange winning pathos in our lives, and in our preaching.

2. **Humanity.** "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us." He was, and still is, "The second Adam," the Representative Man. On this fact, the fact of His actual union with our race, rests His *right* to stand in our stead and to bear our iniquities. This union was moral as well as legal. He was joined to us in heart and sympathy, as well as by the relationship of flesh and blood. While Scripture does not warrant us in speaking of Jesus Christ as brother to every man, it warrants us fully in teaching that He regards every man with more than a brother's sympathy and affection. There is no humanity so true and tender as His; and it never changes. His law is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and that law He kept, for He was the perfect example. Therefore we are free to say that Jesus Christ loved every man as Himself; and, because He is the same for ever, He loves men now as He did when He dwelt among them. So, although the relationship of brotherhood to Jesus Christ—a relationship which passes thought—is strictly and of necessity reserved for the regenerate only, we delight to tell men everywhere of One who loves them all, and loves them truly.

3. **Creatorship.** This is akin to God's fatherhood, immeasurably superior to merely human fatherhood, and yet, according to Scripture thought and language, it is quite distinct from that far higher glory—his fatherhood towards believers in Jesus Christ. Who can measure the love of God as Creator? "His tender mercies are over all His works." "He makes His sun to shine on the evil and on the good," for He has created them all. Those whom He has made He loves as no earthly father can. So, though the Bible is most remarkably exact in speaking of God's fatherhood as having reference only to those who "are accepted in the Beloved," we feel gloriously free to preach the great Creator's love, and to

"Let all men know, that all men move
Beneath a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above."

II. *Love, special to some, based on special relationship.*

We are now come to that everlasting relationship in which every

true believer stands to God in Christ—a relationship so great and wonderful that all others are of small importance in comparison with it. The New Testament never confounds our natural relationship to God with that into which men are brought by the new birth of the Spirit. As little, too, does it confound the love peculiar to the one with that which belongs to the other. For God's love to all, true and warm as that is, rests on a foundation which is distinct from that on which rests His love to His people. This difference is clearly marked in John xvii. and elsewhere. Moreover, apart from Christ the Mediator, the relationship between man the sinner, and God the Holy One, is that of culprit and Judge. It is much to know that the Creator-Judge loves the culprit; but is it not equally important to remember that He is not less a judge because of His great love; that law must reign; and that, therefore, the love can have freedom of outflow only through the Atoning-Mediator, Jesus Christ? This seems to explain why Jesus Christ Himself, the Incarnation of God's love, raised such stern barriers to any hope of satisfactory relationship to God apart from Himself, teaching with all solemnity and reiteration of utterance that men must be born of the Spirit ere they can enter the kingdom of heaven, and that otherwise they "are condemned already," the wrath of God abiding on them. Love lives for all, but apart from Christ, law reigns, love is restrained, and judgment overhangs the entire outer circle.

But there is a Door piercing that adamant wall which denies to the guilty any entrance into the sphere of peaceful and assured relationship to God. Of the piercing of that Door, and of its cost, I will not speak, for that Door is Christ. Through Him we draw near. Receiving Him we have "power to become the sons of God." We become "the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." The New Testament says wonderful things about the closeness of the union that joins believing men to Christ, and to God in Christ. The strongest figures known to us, such as the union between a vine and its branches, a body and its members, are those it employs.

It speaks just as strongly, too, of the love which is based on this relationship. "We are accepted in the Beloved." "Thou has loved them as Thou hast loved me." It teaches that this love is such as to establish something like an identity of interest and sympathy between Christ and His people, so that a kindness done to them will be

rewarded as though it were done to Himself. It tells how there came a Divine voice to persecuting Saul, saying, "Why persecutest thou *Me*?"

Such, then, is the circle of heavenly relationship—a circle warmed and brightened by the Elder Brother's love, and the Great Father's smile.

III. *Lastly, there is the love of complacency, with which God loves His children strictly in proportion to their merit.*

Does anyone object that this idea conflicts with the sacred doctrine of free grace? The objection arises through confounding things that differ, and overlooks much of our Lord's teaching. So long as it is a question of satisfying law and of gaining entrance into the family of God, Christ's merit, His atonement and righteousness, is the only merit available, "all our righteousness being filthy rags." But, when entrance has been gained, and the sure standing of children obtained; when it is no longer, "How shall I appease the Just One?" but "How shall I please the Father and rise in His esteem?" then the problem is entirely different. In this latter case, there can, in the nature of things, be but one answer—viz., by obedience, and a growing likeness to God. The more of the Father's image, the more of the Father's love—this is the rule of the heavenly family. The purer we become, the more will He "rest in His love."

It would seem as though this innermost circle altogether coincided with that of relationship, seeing that no one can enjoy the relationship who does not possess something of the life and character of Christ. But though these circles do coincide, in a sense, there is a difference between them. The light of love in the upper one grows steadily brighter and warmer from the circumference to the centre; for as men advance in goodness, they advance also in the love of God.

All this is clearly set forth in the New Testament. It is evident from the Gospel history that in this matter of love some stood much nearer to the Saviour than others. Such passages as John xiv.—xvii. tell of His wonderful love to *all* His disciples. Yet there was room in His heart for circles within circles of those who were still more favoured. First came the Seventy. Then the College of the Apostles. Nearer still to His heart stood Peter, James, and John; and of these three "the disciple whom Jesus loved" stood first. Mary Magdalene, too, must have had a very special place in His affections; while the

words, "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus," are significant of a peculiarly intimate friendship.

Nor is this all. In John xiv. 21, 23, we are plainly told that the outgoing of this glad, rejoicing love depends on loving obedience. "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me: and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him." "If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Similarly in Mark iii. 34, 35:—"Behold My mother and My brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother, and My sister, and mother." If these words mean anything, they mean that the love of the Father and the Son of which they speak is drawn forth by the disciples' love, and is the reward of that love. They seem to conflict with those other words: "We love Him because He first loved us." But the conflict is in seeming only. Like most other Scripture paradoxes, they call us to notice a fuller harmony and a grander truth than we should otherwise have seen. On the one hand, we are humbled by a sight of the free and unmerited love of our glorious Saviour and Creator-God; on the other, we are stimulated to see the crown of a yet higher love set before us as the sure reward of our love to Him.

May not this crown of love, the crown of God's loving joy and satisfaction in His children, be the crown of Glory which fadeth not away, which God has promised to them that love Him?

JOHN PEARCE CLARK.

NERVES AS SCIENTISTS.

BY PROF. BORDON F. BOWNE.



AMONG the conceptions with which advanced science has enriched the world are those of thought without a thinker, religion without a God, automata with duties, impersonal immortality, etc. This new wine of science has very seriously strained some old mental bottles, but its generous warmth has put new life into such veins as could receive it. There is no need, however, to dwell upon these epoch-making conceptions,

as they are already familiar to most readers, and, indeed, furnish the mental and moral food of not a few. But there is one conception already in sight above the mental horizon, which seems worthy of especial consideration: in fact, it may prove to be that "all-inclusive generalisation" whose coming has been so often foretold. This is the conception of the nerves as scientific investigators. But this conception is so vast that we can take it in only by degrees or by a series of slow approaches.

It is now almost an axiom with advanced thinkers that all physical events go along by themselves without any interference from without. The pushing and pulling forces of matter determine all physical change, aggregation and movement. If I wish to know why an atom is where it is I must look to its physical surroundings and history for the explanation. This is as true for organisms as for the solar system. If I move my arm it is not due to my volition, but to the contraction of a muscle; and this, in turn, is due to the contractibility of muscular fibre under nervous influence. The nervous action, again, is due to an explosion in some ganglion or ganglia, whereby molecular energy is liberated, and this is due to other facts of the same kind. Nowhere do we find anything but physical consequents of physical antecedents. Hence, the physical series goes along by itself. As advanced thinkers, we are shut up to this view. The earlier notion that physical energy becomes thought or feeling has long been abandoned as involving complete ignorance of physical science. The notion still lingers in the writings of some rhetoricians, but has no credit with those who know. Professor Clifford dismisses it summarily as "nonsense." There is nothing to do then, but to declare that the physical series goes along by itself, and that thoughts and volitions, if they exist, simply attend the series as a shadow attends its substance. As such, they are absolutely dependent on their physical ground, yet as such they involve no expenditure of physical energy. This remains always on its own side of the house, and is expended in working the nerves. The vulgar materialist supposes that the brain produces thoughts which detach themselves from their physical cause and thereafter proceed on mental principles and with a measure of independence. From him the brain has the function of producing mind, and mind when produced has the same functions of guiding and controlling life as it has in the spiritual view; but the

scientific materialist knows that thoughts have no ground of existence or movement in themselves. They come and go or combine just as the nerves determine, while the nerves belong to the physical series and go along by themselves. This is the advanced view. When Professor Huxley wrote his lecture on "The Physical Basis of Life," he thought our volitions do count for something in the course of events; but at a later period, in his lecture on the "Hypothesis that Animals are Automata," he advanced to the declaration that he sees no reason for thinking that any state of consciousness can affect any physical state, and suggests that consciousness in general is only a collateral product of the nervous mechanism and stands outside of the dynamic circuit, dependent and powerless. There is no need to quote other authorities.

Here, if anywhere, in the presence of this grand conception, would be a fit place for the cosmic emotion of Professor Clifford, or for the cosmic worship of Strauss. The most stolid mind can hardly avoid a feeling of awe and wonder; while the sensitive neophytes of the new religion must surely prostrate themselves in rapturous adoration. But we postpone our worship to a more convenient season in order to return to our main thought of the nerves as scientists. A mathematician, say Newton or La Place, sits down to mathematical study of the solar system. To his crude thought, his volition seems to have something to do with it, and his thoughts seem to flow one from another. But nothing of the kind is the case. The thoughts come and go according to the principles of nerve-mechanics, and determine nothing in any case. The nerves, too, are not conscious of the problems, and of course get neither light nor guidance from the thoughts they produce. They have a double task to perform. First, they must produce the illusion of a conscious thinker who fancies that he is proposing and studying problems, and that his thoughts flow along in logical connection. Second, they must carry on the physical processes of preparing diagrams, writing equations, explanations, demonstrations, corollaries, scholia, etc., by a blind, pushing and pulling of the molecules concerned, and this they must do in such a way as to produce logical harmony and connection. Otherwise demonstrations and diagrams might get very much mixed. If we ask how this is possible, either we are referred to the "nature of things," or we are told that nervous systems have been evolved. Either suggestion is adequate, and both together make the facts

transparently luminous. The illusion referred to in no way aids the process, being, in fact, but so much extra work. Indeed, the nerves could write the book more easily without the thinker and his thoughts, as they only complicate the problem. It produces a feeling of the sublime to contemplate the nerves as they incite to the drawing of diagrams, of which they know nothing, and to the writing of equations of which they are ignorant. A simple pushing and pulling, which, on its effective side is purely unconscious, results in the production of a series of symbols whose mental significance is most profound, and whose logical connection is absolutely perfect. In the presence of this great mystery of the molecule, the throbbings or cosmic emotion are with difficulty repressed. In this way Newton's "Principia," and La Place's "Mécanique Céleste," were produced, and, greater wonder still, in this way even the works of our advanced thinkers were produced; that is, without any intervention or guidance of thought whatever. Remember, the writing of these works is purely a matter of physical movement, and the physical series goes along by itself. What, then, wrote the "Principia," the "Mécanique Céleste"? A couple of organisms which, for the sake of distinction, we call Newton and La Place. These were in marvellously complex relations of interaction with the environment, and there was also a very wonderful play of nervous discharges along lines of least resistance, together with divers differentiations of the homogeneous and manifold integrations of correspondences. The plexuses and ganglia, too, wrought bravely, and nascent motor excitations were produced in abundance. Finally, the stronger nascent motor excitations overcame the weaker, and precipitating themselves upon the muscles, wrote the two greatest scientific works the world has ever seen. Hence the propriety of our claim that the nerves, aided and abetted, of course, by the other factors of the organism, are the real scientific investigators.

In the civilized world to-day, a vast deal of work is done in the interests of science. Journeys are undertaken and expeditions are filled out for the observance of some rare phenomenon. In our laboratories countless experiments are made with the utmost ingenuity. Lectures are written, books are printed, heated controversies are carried on, all to determine or expound some point in science. Yet this intense activity is ruled by no purpose and has no aim. The real agents in it know nothing of it. The observers of

the recent eclipse found themselves at their posts, because of no purpose, but because their bodies went there on their own account. The experimenter in the laboratory, who fancies that he is adjusting his apparatus to an ideal conception, is quite mistaken. The nerves conduct the experiment and produce the illusion, being meanwhile unconscious of both. Unless we allow something more than nerves, we must admit that they are the sure and only scientists.

To the unenlightened this must appear to be an extreme supposition, and doubtless many will resent it as a caricature. No one, it will be said, could ever believe that nerves, left to themselves, would produce the "Principia" or the "Mécanique Céleste." This is probably true, but a good many have said things which lead by a short way to the conclusion. All the tendencies of pure intellect are said to be in this direction; and to deny it is to deny the "persistence of force." To suppose it otherwise is to assume something in connection with the nerves, which is not nerves, but which exercises a measure of control over them, and this is a dreadfully antiquated notion, indeed quite palæontological. Nor let any one think that by experiment he can determine whether his volitions count for anything in the course of physical events; for consciousness, the only witness in the case, is ruled out as incompetent. Nor would it avail to protest; for that would be set down at once as "theological rancour," and, besides, countless theologians have perished miserably in their gainsayings of science. As for the advanced thinker, none of these things move him. He is as indifferent to logic and absurdity as his nerves. He cares only to know that a view is "in harmony with the tendencies of advanced thought," and that is ample proof and defence. If said tendencies should change, he would change also; but it is vain to hope for change on other conditions. He cannot depart from the traditions of the elders. He cannot defile the graves of the prophets of his sect. Any absurdity rather than disloyalty and dishonour. An advanced thinker once, an advanced thinker for ever. Even the noun may be abandoned, if only the adjective be retained. It is greater glory to be advanced than it is to be a thinker; and if the two will not unite, by all means keep the adjective.

The age of faith is over, but as full compensation we have the age of credulity. Belief in miracles vanishes, to be replaced by belief in magic.—*New York Independent.*

PERSONAL MISSION.*



HE advancement of the Christian religion in the world, which is our business, is carried on either by the pulpit, the press, or by various kinds of personal influence.

The first two of these are in full activity, but the third, though universally approved, is very much neglected.

Around us spreads the vast lukewarm ocean of nominal Christianity, amidst which vital religion meanders in narrow silent currents. Believers are but rarely added to the Lord from our immediate social surroundings.

We all as disciples acknowledge the obligation resting on us, arising from the nature of the case, and the example and precepts of our Lord and His apostles, to "go out and teach," beginning at the home circle. That is to say to speak to others of Jesus Christ. We all know the special value of a word spoken, how it awakens the mind and challenges the attention, and by sympathy often opens the direct avenue to the heart. Some amongst us do fulfil this trying duty, and have their reward. They simply believe the word, "Try me now saith the Lord, and see if I will not pour you out a blessing." I wish to advocate the extension of this work, and suggest a practical method to promote its performance.

As a preliminary, it is hardly necessary to remind ourselves that the duty in question demands a close realisation of our discipleship to Christ, a constant habit of prayer for the Holy Spirit, and great personal watchfulness. But this is not all, for many individuals possessing these qualifications never use them in this direction. It requires, in addition, the exercise of that valour and perseverance for which Englishmen are said to be famous. It is against the neglect of this talent that I wish to suggest an incitement and a help, so that the latent energy of the church may be drawn out, and the patent indifference of the world may be more effectively disturbed. I propose a new departure in method in this respect, namely, the raising this irresponsible duty up into the class of those good works which

* An address to Christian workers at a conference held at Hampstead, November 12th, 1886.

we are bound to give account of, not only to Christ, but to the Church. We are placed, as Christians, under social spiritual laws. Christian society, with its emulation and its influence, is an ordinance of God. This applies equally to the Church, and to classes or gatherings of believers more or less organised for the maintenance of Christ's Kingdom, and the doing His will.

The duty referred to is a social one. I submit it should, therefore, be made a part of Church work. That is to say, that believers should confer upon it at their meetings, relate their experiences, and pray together for specific blessing and guidance in its exercise. It should be expected and arranged that at stated times, say half-an-hour at every Church meeting, or at periodical special meetings, accounts should be given by individual workers, and cases, without names, mentioned.

In this way the timid would be encouraged, the faithless ones stirred up, the idle led to reproach themselves and take up the cross, and the progress of the Gospel would be ascertained.

The experiences of the class-room, of Christian conferences, of the enquiry meeting, of the gospel temperance meetings, and even of the Salvation Army meetings, are all analogous cases to show that the methods I have suggested are at least quite practicable.

Blessed are those workers whose love and zeal have led them to the fulfilling of this law, without these aids, but observation convinces us that this Christian habit does not flourish as things are now.

The virtue of the majority of believers is too weak. It needs the support and stimulus which God has provided in the fellowship of the saints. We must admit it to be a terribly difficult thing to be faithful to our mission, to urge the claims of our blessed Master on scornful or unwilling listeners, to incur the charge of impertinence or misapprehension from our equals, or from those who may conventionally be called our "betters"—requires a kind of heroism which is without the gilding of worldly glory.

I venture to believe that this work would be much facilitated by the expression of mutual experiences in the hour of Christian fellowship and the way now proposed. In many cases, such as amongst members of the Established Church (where nominalism is legalised and obliged to be called religion) the formation of a separate society or class would be necessary, but this would not entail unusual trouble any more than any other meeting for prayer or work.

What I mean to recommend is the formal recognition by the Church of this individual duty as part of the daily service of every Christian, and the fruits of which should be laid before the Lord in the fellowship of believers, for mutual encouragement and growth.

May I say that at such meetings there must be no indulgence of vain regrets, or there will be nothing else heard of. We are always, in our unwilling service, prone to translate "difficult" into "impossible." If our Saviour commands we must obey, and He says "My grace is sufficient for thee."

The task is not, after all, so hard as it seems. Of course we have to avoid rudeness, plurality of hearers and devious unsuitableness of time and circumstance, when pearls might be cast before swine. In this country every person knows enough of the letter of the Scriptures to understand allusions to them, and has enough of reverence to respect a motive derived from them. In this age, too, evangelical religion is a recognised factor, and no longer needs an apology for its introduction. Besides all this, we often get unexpected and glad surprises in the immediate sympathy of Christians hitherto undiscovered by us.

In the great battle for the Lord we must learn to fight in single combat, man over against man. Every individual has a self which is quite different in some respect from every other self in the world. One by one, every one apart, we must try to win this self for Christ. We must practise the art, not of platoon firing, but of deerstalking. A general aim brings nothing down.

Do not consider me as finding fault with any man, or set of men. I cannot afford to throw stones, for my own dwelling is of the brittlest possible glass. I speak from experience when I submit that the most painful mortification of a Christian life is the agony of opportunities of this kind shamefully shunned, and which have gone never to return. We will say with Miss Havergal—

"Oh strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm as a rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To toilers in the troubled sea."

S. R. P.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE CHRISTIAN WORKER'S CONFIDENCE FOR THE FUTURE.

"Because I live ye shall live also."—Jesus.



NOTHER opening year I see,
 Still veiled in clouds and mystery ;
 And this I know that toil and tears
 Must ever mark the passing years ;
 Still cheerfully I forward go,
 To work for Christ and face each foe—
 Because I know He lives.

Through faith I know I am secure,
 And to the end I shall endure ;
 Whatever foes my faith assail,
 I know through Christ I shall prevail ;
 And all life's sorrows which may come
 Can only bear me to my home—
 Because I know He lives.

I know I must fight on my way
 To mansions of eternal day ;
 And here must use my shield and sword,
 And face the battles of my Lord ;
 And from this war there's no release,
 But this does not disturb my peace—
 Because I know He lives.

And in the distance, too, I see
 Sin's legions marching on with glee,
 To slay my comrades, weak and few ;
 But hope's bright face is still in view,
 For this I know they are secure,
 And through Christ's strength their triumph sure—
 Because I know He lives.

I look abroad the world around,
 And mourn that fruits of sin abound ;
 Still, out of death my faith can see
 Spring forth the Saviour's progeny ;
 These all shall live and reign supreme,
 And this I know is not a dream—
 Because I know He lives.

I see the world a floating grave,
 Where myriads sleep whom none could save ;
 But still my faith lifts up her head :
 There is a voice which wakes the dead,
 And God's elect shall rise and sing,
 A countless host to praise their King—
 Because I know He lives.

And here I see, not far away,
 A land of pure and cloudless day—
 A glorious city, bright and fair,
 Where Christ's redeemed His glory share ;
 And 'mid earth's discords still I hear
 Love's pealing anthem sweet and clear—
 Because I know He lives.

Then, workers all, yield not to fear ;
 But, knowing that your Lord is near,
 With cheerful faith still toil and wait ;
 Go forward still, with joy elate ;
 Hold fast Christ's words and still endure,
 For all is yours and victory sure—
 Because you know He lives.

Brighton.

W. POOLE BALFERN.

BRIEF NOTES.



WE have now entered on the year of grace 1887. May it prove a year of grace indeed—a year of Divine favour—to us all, writers in, and readers of, the BAPTIST MAGAZINE alike ! To all who form our constituency we take the opportunity of very heartily wishing “A Happy New Year.”

THIS year is the Jubilee year of the Queen's reign, and discussion is going on up and down the country as to the best way of celebrating it. Baptists have not been behind the rest of their fellow-countrymen in desiring to show their loyalty by inaugurating some commemorative good work. At a Conference summoned by the Council of the Baptist Union, and held on the 2nd ult., the following resolution was unanimously passed—“That this meeting approves the suggestion to raise a Denominational Queen's Jubilee Fund, to be used in extending and consolidating the British and Irish Home Mission of the Baptist Union, and commends it to the early consideration of the Council.” As, apparently, the promoters of this movement are not expecting more than £10,000, they will no doubt attain their object. We heartily wish them all success.

AN excellent idea seems likely to take shape at Loughton ere long. Here for

some time past the Rev. W. H. Vivian and Mrs. Vivian have had a flourishing ladies' school. It appears that since they established their school, known as Salcombe College, they have been repeatedly impressed, by facts that have come to their knowledge, with the need which exists in the Baptist denomination for a school for ministers' daughters similar to the Congregational "Milton Mount." They have conceived, therefore, the idea of establishing such a college, distinct from their own, at Loughton, where a first-class education, and a liberal table, could be supplied for £20 per annum. A piece of land close to Epping Forest has been secured, and, inasmuch as the scheme has already been endorsed by some of the most influential men in the body, we shall, it is to be hoped, soon see it take shape. It is not too much to say that such a college will meet a long-felt want, and that the project for supplying it is worthy of the support of the entire denomination, which surely, in addition to the £10,000 asked for by the Baptist Union, could, in this year of Jubilee, supply another £5,000 towards the erection of the "Memorial College," as it is proposed to call it.

SINCE we went to press with our last number the Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., late of Camden Road Chapel, has passed away. He has been gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe into the heavenly garner; and while he will be sorely missed on earth, he is already a welcome accession to heaven. We hope to present our readers next month with a portrait and memoir of Mr. Tucker.

ANOTHER veteran, in the person of the Rev. John Teall, has also lately joined the host beyond the flood. Mr. Teall had been ailing for several months past, and that, together with the fact that he had attained the threescore and ten years which, as long ago as the Psalmist's day, was regarded as "the days of the years" of men even at their best estate, had prepared his friends for the worst. We hope shortly to be able to publish a carefully prepared memoir of our departed brother from the pen of his friend, the Rev. Thomas Henson.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the following characteristic letter of the heroic and noble-minded General Gordon, the original of which is said to be in the possession of Mr. C. Aldrich, of Webster City, Iowa, U.S. :—

Jerusalem, 27—4—83.

"My dear Henry,—I went down to see about the site where Noah built the ark. I enclose notes on subject. When there, I visited some excavations made by French Priests, really wonderful, the church they have opened out is of time of Constantine, third century, stones enormous like those of Temple, eight to seven feet long, really splendid. They had only the day before discovered a Baptistery by the side of the main church, which will cause a deal of trouble, for it proves ancient church used to immerse. There is only one other known, that is at Ravenna. The place is called Latrun, and tradition says it is the place where the penitent thief lived. There has been much dispute where Emmaus is. Bible says sixty furlongs from Jerusalem. Jerome describes the place and says it was at meeting of three Roman roads, at or near Nicopolis. This description of

his agrees with Latrun, but it is far more than sixty stadia from Jerusalem. What critics say is that if Jerome's description is correct the figures in Scripture are wrong, if the figures in Scripture are right, then no place agrees with Jerome's description. Constantine could not have built such a huge church, unless over an important spot. You know that Jerome knew even the pillar our Lord was scourged on, and all the details of crucifixion, he thought nothing of them, he is buried within a few yards of place of nativity, which is marked by a star of silver, belonging to Latin Church, but often stolen by Greeks. There will be a regular row about it, for it upsets the Spanish monk's Emmaus, which is near Mispah. Latrun is fifteen miles from Jerusalem, or 120 stadia. It seems a long way for the two disciples to walk back to Jerusalem at night, and when there to find the Eleven assembled, is it not? If it is not the place, then why was the huge church built? Aunt Amy will be vexed about my not having been immersed, so comfort her. She and Uncle George are my sponsors. They found a crusader in armour in a tomb, out he came! I slept at Latrun; Hotel Keeper expected Louis of Battenberg, of Bulgaria and lots of Russians, so he asked me if they came to let me have the room. I went to sleep, at 11 p.m. they came and out I had to go to another room. I did not see them, but one left a pencil which I bagged. I have finished paper on Gibeon being the so-called Zion Hill.

Gibeon Joshua	}	all are on hill opposite the Figure.
" Levite		
" Saul		
" or Nob of Doeg		

Kindest love to you and Rose and all of you.

Your affect Broth

C. E. GORDON.

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

BENNETT, J. L., has accepted the pastorate of the church at East Dereham.

CALLOW, H., late of Stowmarket, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Fakenham.

CHINNEY, DAVID, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate of Union Chapel, Ampthill, Beds.

DAVIES, HUGH, has resigned pastorate of church at Lymm, Cheshire.

DAVIES, J. W., Pastor's College, has accepted call to Bromley Road Chapel, London.

DAVIS, C. A., Bradford, has accepted pastorate of King's Road Chapel, Reading.

DAVY, W., announces his intention of resigning the pastorate of the church at Wotton-under-Edge at the end of January.

EVERETT, E. K., has accepted the pastorate of Peel Street Church, Eccles, near Manchester.

GEORGE, I., late of Gilwern, has been recognised as pastor of the church at Ponthir.

FIELD, T. B., Appledore, has accepted call to the Cheddar District churches.

- HARDY, C. M., B.A., St. George's Park Church, Yarmouth, has accepted the pastorate of Dagnall Street Church, St. Albans.
- HOOD, CAREY, has resigned the pastorate of Gosford Street Church, Coventry.
- HUGHES, JAMES, BARTOW-IN-FURNESS, has accepted a call to Port Elizabeth, South Africa.
- JAMES, WM. INGLI, Haverfordwest College, has been invited to the pastorate of the church at Canton, Cardiff.
- KEMP, F. G., Bovingdon, has accepted pastorate of church, Scarisbrick Street, Wigan.
- LANCE, J. W., has accepted invitation to pastorate of church, Elm Road, Beckenham.
- LANDER, GEORGE, has accepted the pastorate of church at Alnwick.
- MCCALLUM, D., has received a cordial welcome as pastor of the churches at Kegworth and Dixworth.
- MCLEOD, NORMAN, Ford Forge, has accepted a call from the church at Bishop Auckland.
- PEACOCK, W. R., Regent's Park College, having accepted pastorate of church at Brighton, Northamptonshire, commenced his ministry 5th December.
- RICHARD, RICHARD, late of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, has accepted pastorate of Cotham Grove Chapel, Bristol.
- SOPER, W. T., of Hatherleigh, North Devon, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Stroud.
- THOMAS, JOHN, B.A., University College, Bangor, has accepted call from the church at Salendine, North Huddersfield.

REVIEWS.

- COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. By F. Godet. Translated from the French by Rev. A. Cusin, M.A. Vol. I.
- SYSTEM OF CHRISTIAN CERTAINTY. By Dr. F. H. R. Frank. Translated from the German by Rev. Maurice J. Evans, B.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1886.

PROF. GODET can always count on a welcome from English readers. His commentaries are so evangelical in doctrine and reverent in spirit, so sound in judgment and copious in illustration, that it is impossible to consult them in vain. His scholarship is varied and accurate, his insight clear, his mind vigorous and unbiassed, while his style has an almost unique grace and finish. Even non-professional readers, therefore, can peruse his writings with pleasure. This work on 1st Corinthians will be one of the most practical and useful of his commentaries, not less remarkable for its ethical discussions and its wise utterances on social life and ecclesiastical discipline than for the strength of its exegesis and the clearness and consistency of its doctrine. It is a valuable addition to the literature of the Pauline epistles. We hope to deal with the work more fully on appearance of the concluding volume.

Prof. Frank cannot claim Godet's lucidity and grace of style. But he is a robust and manly thinker, who, in the presence of rationalistic and other forms of negative criticism, has resolutely grappled with the great problems of spiritual life, and proved that the Christian Church, in its creed, its worship, and its work, is resting on a foundation of invincible strength. He has shown, by an elaborate process of reasoning, and by a dissection of the arguments of rationalism and pantheism, that Christian truth appeals to us with the authority of absolute certainty. The Gospel of Christ is the sure Word of God. It introduces us to a world of realities. The discussion is largely occupied with questions that are preliminary to faith. But they cannot be overlooked; and a student who takes this volume in hand with the determination to master it will be a fully-equipped workman in the service of truth. It displays all the comprehensiveness of grasp, the force of perception, and the subtlety and force of argument which render it a masterly work.

WILLIAM TYNDALE. A Biography. A Contribution to the Early History of the English Bible. By the Rev. R. Demaus, M.A. New Edition. Revised by Richard Lovett, M.A. With Portrait and Facsimiles. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1886.

EVEN in its earlier form Mr. Demaus' "William Tyndale" was the standard biography of the man to whom Englishmen and Protestants owe a larger debt of gratitude than to any other of the Reformers, and Mr. Lovett has added considerably to its value. Since it was first written various facts have come to light concerning Tyndall's early life, especially his connection with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, as also concerning the printing and publication of his first New Testament, and the limited extent of his obligations to Luther. The biography is now as complete as it is possible for it to be, and is, in every sense, a worthy memorial of the great and noble man whose work it so clearly and forcibly describes. The portrait, and the various facsimiles of Tyndale's writings, which are admirably executed, form an attractive feature of the volume. Although Mr. Demaus did not belong to the picturesque school of historians, he has given us a biography which, for depth of interest, power of fascination, and fulness of instruction, takes the first rank.

THE EXPOSITOR. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Third Series. Vol. IV. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

MR. NICOLL is determined to do his utmost to maintain the high character of the Magazine with the editorship of which he has been entrusted, and every impartial judge will allow that for the fulness and variety of its information, the solidity and strength of its criticism, and the force of its expository papers, it would be difficult to conceive a finer volume than this. The three papers by Bishop Alexander on "Some Gleanings from St. Peter's Harvest Field," the lectures on Zechariah by Dr. Marcus Dods, and on the Colossians by Dr. Maclaren, are the most notable expositions, and all stand in the very highest rank. The papers on the Revised Version of the Old Testament, by Professors A. B. Davidson and

A. F. Kirkpatrick, are scholarly contributions on a subject of growing importance, and we have been especially interested in Dr. S. M. Schiller-Szinessy's Essay on "St. Paul from a Jewish Point of View." It is fresh, candid, and peculiarly suggestive, and ought to be read by all Christian thinkers. Dr. Cheyne's sketch of the "Life and Works of Heinrich Ewald" will be acceptable to all Biblical students; and on the same ground we welcome Mr. Simcox's discriminating monograph on Bishop Lightfoot, of whom there is also a striking etching by H. Manesse. This is certainly a valuable volume.

THE HULSEAN LECTURES, 1885: S. AUSTIN, AND HIS PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT. By W. Cunningham, B.D. London: C. J. Clay & Sons, Cambridge University Press Warehouse. 1886.

THESE Lectures have for some time past been anticipated as an important contribution to the study of Christian doctrine, and we readily acknowledge that it is impossible to read them without either interest or profit. But they have not fulfilled our expectations, and do not in all points form "a suitable introduction to the study" of Augustine's works. Suitable, *so far as they go*, they, for the most part, are. But they are, as a rule, too sketchy to render, to young students at least, the service they require in a task of peculiar difficulty. The outline of the lectures is good. After an introductory chapter, in which various preliminary questions are briefly, but, on the whole, judiciously and ably discussed, Mr. Cunningham classifies the different branches of his subject under four heads, devoting a lecture to each—(1) Truth, and the Possibility of Attaining it; (2) The Origin of Evil and the Punishment of Sin; (3) Human Freedom and the Divine Will; (4) The Kingdom of God and the Means of Grace. Many of the comparisons and contrasts which are instituted between Augustine and other thinkers, both ancient and modern, are interesting and suggestive—*e.g.*, his relation to Plato, to the Neoplatonists and the Schoolmen. The account of Augustine's controversies with the Manichæans, the Pelagians, and the Donatists prove the breadth and carefulness of the author's reading, though they are not so full as we could have wished, nor are they untinged by the author's ecclesiasticism. He apologises for Augustine's view of the third chapter of Genesis as actual history rather than as allegory, and enters upon a needless account of the circumstances which *may* have induced him to prefer this interpretation. We venture to say that Augustine could not consistently, with his main positions, have adopted any other.

We cannot understand why Mr. Cunningham is so anxious to prove that Calvin's doctrine in regard to total depravity and personal responsibility do not agree with Augustine's. For ourselves, we can see neither contrariety nor difference between them. Augustine's doctrine of man has certainly not suffered by being presented in the form of Calvinism. It is Calvinism, and we could as easily prove that Augustine's position, that "sin is the defect of a good nature," is identical with the absurd "doctrines promulgated about the beginning of the century by a school of thinkers who argued that evil was not planted in every human heart," as that Calvin either exaggerated or misrepresented Augustine.

Philosophically, sin is, in Augustine's view, a negation ; but, morally and practically, he knew and declared it to be something very different. Did he mean more by it than that sin was neither necessary nor self-existent, nor due to the Divine intervention ? We commend to Mr. Cunningham's notice the remarks on this point in Dr. Hodge's "Systematic Theology," vol. ii., p. 157, *et seq.* ; and the chapter in Müller's "Doctrine of Sin," to which Dr. Hodge refers.

We are somewhat out of accord with Mr. Cunningham in his treatment of the Donatist controversy, and are surprised at his utter misconception of the Nonconformist doctrine as to the Church (p. 117). His deprecation of the charge of intolerance against "those who deny the name of Church to any of the Protestant sects" is as weak and absurd as anything we could imagine. Are these superior persons "perfectly willing to admit of the members of these bodies what they claim for themselves" ? Mr. Cunningham knows, or ought to know, that they are not, and his attempt to prove the contrary by misrepresenting what we claim, and confusing things that differ, is worthy neither of his intelligence nor of his candour. We do not think that it would be difficult to refute his assertion on p. 190—that, in regard to the civil proceedings taken against Nonconformists in the seventeenth century, the Church did not *initiate* the movement for penal legislation, and that the penalties inflicted did not "compare in severity with the treatment which Churchmen had already suffered at the hands of schismatics when they had the power of working their will." We are glad to possess in so convenient a form George Smith's "Epistolary Dissertation to the Clergy of Middlesex" on Augustine's doctrine concerning "The Christian Sacrifice." We do not agree with it ; but it is an interesting document. There are, we need not say, many valuable features of this volume which we cannot enumerate. It is the work of an able, vigorous, and cultured mind. We have dwelt on what seem to us its prominent defects. But, even in view of these, we willingly admit that Mr. Cunningham has written a treatise on which all theological students will set great store ; and, though it is not all that we had hoped for, it will prepare the way for a more adequate discussion, which no one is better qualified to undertake than the author himself.

THE PSALMS IN HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY. By the Rev. John Ker, D.D. Edinburgh : Andrew Elliot, 17, Princes Street. 1886.

OUR interest in this work is deepened by the fact that Dr. Ker had just given the finishing touches to it when he was suddenly called home. He had been "struck many years ago with the manner in which the Psalms have pervaded human life, and made themselves felt in the most critical moments of action and suffering, and began to note down instances as they occurred in the course of his reading." These instances

are limited to persons or events of a public character, but are drawn from a wide range, and are such as admirably illustrate and enforce the lesson of the Psalm or section of the Psalm quoted. The work displays that quick insight and refined sympathy, not less than that mature scholarship, which have shed so unique a charm over all that Dr. Ker has written. This little book will be received with profound gratitude, and take its place among the most valued possessions of the Church. The Introduction, dealing with the biographical interest of the Psalms, their

connection with Christ, and their influence on Christendom, is full of luminous thought and subtle penetration; and scarcely less valuable is the Appendix on the Metrical Versions of the Psalms. No devout Christian should be without a copy of this choice and invaluable book.

—
 LYRICAL AND OTHER POEMS. Selected from the Writings of Jean Ingelow. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1886.

IT is the fashion in certain literary circles to sneer at Miss Ingelow's "Poems," as lacking in originality, in music, and in force. None are so blind as they that will not see; and some of our superior critics are determined to see nothing, especially if it bears the impress of evangelical faith. There is in the works of this gifted writer no lack either of poetic genius or artistic skill. We would rather she had written *Winstanley*; *Scholar and Carpenter*; *Brothers and a Sermon* (this last especially), than a whole library full of the books which win the eulogy of some journals. This selection will be prized by all who can appreciate good poetry, and will send many of its readers to the author's complete works.

—
 STILL HOURS. By Richard Rothe. Translated by Jane T. Stoddart. With an Introductory Essay by the Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

THIS is the first instalment of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's "Foreign Biblical Library," to which we have already directed attention. A more favourable beginning could not have been made. The work has been known in Germany for some twelve or fourteen years, and is regarded as the most precious legacy of the profound theologian whose name it bears. Rothe was decidedly evangelical; in all essentials he was strongly orthodox; but it would be difficult to bring home to him a charge of narrowness or illiberality. His massive intellect, his well-marked originality, his

devoutness of spirit, and his practical generosity imparted a rare charm to his character, and gave him an influence akin to Neander's. Mr. Macpherson has given us, in less than forty pages, an outline of Rothe's life, of his intellectual and spiritual development, and of his methods of work, which is all that can be required as an introduction to this book. But the task has been so judiciously and effectively done that we should be glad of a complete biography from the same pen. Such a Life might well find a place in this series. "Still Hours" will prove a valued companion in our times of deepest thought and most reverent meditation. It is divided into twelve chapters, and ranges over the whole ground of theological, ecclesiastical, and social subjects; and on all of them its utterances are clear and incisive—the expression of a mind that deals with realities, and is free from all superficiality and pretence. The words frequently seem to come from out the very soul of light, and have more value than whole pages or even volumes of ordinary writing. We may add that the general get up of the volume is admirable.

—
 MY STUDY WINDOWS. By James Russell Lowell. With Introduction by Richard Garnett, LL.D.

GREAT ENGLISH PAINTERS. Selected Biographies from Allan Cunningham's "Lives of Eminent British Painters." Arranged and Edited, with Introduction, by William Sharp. London: Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. 1886.

THESE are the two latest issues of the series of "Camelot Classics," and are works of such acknowledged excellence that they need no commendation. Mr. Lowell's essays have long had an honoured place in our library; and to this day we know of no more subtle criticisms than those he has given us on Emerson, Carlyle, Swinburne, Chaucer, Dryden, and Pope, nor

more charming prose idylls than his "Garden Acquaintance" and "A Good Word for Winter." Dr. Garnett's Introduction is at once judicious and appreciative. Mr. Sharp also may be congratulated on his wise selection from Cunningham's Lives; the essay on Early English Art, &c.; and the lives of Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Blake. His own Preface, containing, *inter alia*, an exposition and defence of Pre-Raphaelitism, is clear, forcible, and to the point. The Camelot Classics bring our best literature within the reach of all.

THE DAWN OF MANHOOD. Twelve Sermons. By John Clifford, M.A., LL.B., B.Sc. (Lond.), D.D., &c., &c. London: *Christian Commonwealth* Publishing Co., 73, Ludgate Hill.

DR. CLIFFORD is, for young men especially, a wise and inspiring guide. He insists on a full development of our nature, on its intellectual, its emotional, and its practical side; in our social and business relations, as well as in our more specifically religious. He pleads for intellectual and æsthetic culture, but proves that faith in Christ is our chief glory.

The *style* of the book is, however, overstrained. Dr. Clifford speaks at constant high pressure, and might, with advantage allow a few "breathing spaces" even in this noble and exhilarating book.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT. By the Rev. Lewis Edwards, D.D., President of the Welsh Presbyterian College, Bala. Translated by the Rev. David Charles Edwards, of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

THIS book has already made its mark in Wales, and cannot fail to be acceptable in England. The theme is of first importance, and the course of recent speculation, which to a large extent has obscured the real

point at issue, makes it increasingly imperative that it should be discussed in a lucid and comprehensive form, with broad philosophical insight, logical acumen, and uncompromising faith in the Scriptures. Dr. Edwards bases the necessity of the atonement on the justice of God's *nature*, and not merely on the demands of His government; and in this, we think, he is unquestionably right. We are thankful to receive this work. Its appearance is timely. Strong in argument, reverent in spirit, simple in style, it will be read with pleasure by readers of all classes, and will confirm what we regard as sound Scriptural views on this important subject.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON: Preacher, Author, and Philanthropist. With Anecdotal Reminiscences. By G. Holden Pike. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE best and most complete Life of Mr. Spurgeon which has yet appeared. It sins neither by omission nor commission. It is written in a bright, racy style; and while it will enable its readers to understand the characteristics of Mr. Spurgeon's unique power, it will also stimulate them to Christian faith and service. What a marvellous career the great preacher has had! Long may he be spared to win even greater triumphs for Christ!

NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS! or, Sketches of a Girl's Life. By Frances E. Willard. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

A BOOK which is introduced by a commendatory note from the pen of the venerable Whittier is sure to make for itself many friends, and its merits are such that it amply deserves them. Miss Willard, the gifted authoress, is well known in America for her active philanthropy, and this graceful record of the life of her young and beautiful sister, written twenty

years ago, has already endeared her to many in England. Mary Willard had rare gifts and graces, and the book is, as Whittier says, "an attractive picture of the 'sweet reasonableness' of Christian development—a lovely human character, flowering into the beauty of holiness."

THE LAW RELATING TO PROTESTANT NONCONFORMISTS, and their Places of Worship. Being a Handbook for Non-conformists. By Reginald Winslow, M.A., LL.B., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, &c. London: Stevens & Sons, 119, Chancery Lane. 1886.

NONCONFORMISTS have often experienced a difficulty in ascertaining the exact provisions of the law with regard to their rights and privileges, their admission to educational and other foundations, the exemption of their places of worship from rates, the appointment of trustees, the enforcement of trusts, the requirements of the law in regard to marriages and burials, and various other points of importance. Mr. Winslow's Handbook meets a very wide need in an admirable and effective style. Its accurate and comprehensive information, its orderly arrangement, its numerous and apt "instances," will secure for it universal confidence. It is all that such a Handbook should be.

PERCIVAL'S PICTURE - GALLERY. By A. L. O. E. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings, E. C.

THERE are few writers who can be more sure of a welcome for their successive works than the devout and accomplished lady known as A. L. O. E. Henry Percival is a bright, gifted and true-hearted young man who was early called to rest. His picture-gallery consists of representations of Scripture incidents from the Old and New Testament, which are here delightfully narrated, and no less clearly expounded. For the young the volume will

prove deeply interesting and instructive, while it has also a special message for sufferers.

A HANDBOOK OF BIBLICAL DIFFICULTIES; or, Reasonable Solutions of Perplexing Things in Sacred Scripture. Edited by Rev. Robert Tuck, B.A. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

MR. TUCK has long been known as a valuable helper of our Sunday-school teachers. His elucidations of Scripture are deservedly held in reputation, and the present volume, in which he grapples with the difficulties which so frequently confront us in our study of the Bible, will be prized even more highly than his previous works. He discusses difficulties which relate to moral sentiments, to Eastern customs, and to the miraculous. His treatment is intelligent, candid, and scholarly. His own opinion is given clearly and tersely, while the volume is enriched by quotations from our foremost commentators, archaeologists, and travellers. Those who have not access to the original authorities will find substantially all they require in these pages.

FRIENDLY WORDS TO YOUNG WOMEN. By H. E. Stone, Pastor of Nottingham Tabernacle. With Introduction by Mrs. Menzies. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. STONE is a successful pastor in the Midlands, and his words to young men have resulted in many conversions. In this small volume he addresses himself especially to young women, with a true perception of their needs and dangers, as also of the grand possibilities of their position. He displays genuine Christian sympathy, and speaks under the influence of a lofty ideal. The sermons on a Mother's Trouble, on Woman's Mission, on Ruth and Lydia, are specially weighty. Under the blessing of God, the book will be widely useful.

HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS. By Ann and Jane Taylor. Selected, Revised, and Illustrated by Josiah Gilbert. With Twenty-seven Illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

COUNTLESS as are the hymns which have been written for children in recent years, there is no collection that at all equals this. It is now in its fiftieth edition, and deserves to be in its five hundredth. It was a favourite with Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and Archbishop Whately, and we have frequently heard it quoted with enthusiasm by more than one of our foremost preachers. The hymns throughout adapt the truths of Christianity to the needs and feelings of childhood, and are very often in their simplicity sublime. Mr. Gilbert's illustrations have caught in a very happy manner the spirit of the hymns. A more welcome book in Christian homes there could not be.

PERSIA. The Land of the Imams. A Narrative of Travel and Residence, 1871—1885. By James Bassett, Missionary of the Presbyterian Board. London: Blackie & Son, 49 and 50, Old Bailey.

THE demand for minute and accurate information with respect to foreign countries was never so loud and urgent as it is to-day, and in how many instances is this demand met by the records of missionary labour! Mr. Bassett, one of the devoted band of American Presbyterians, has in this work the advantage of a comparatively untrodden field. To the majority of us Persia is a *terra incognita*. Even since the Shah visited our shores our knowledge of the strange people whom he governed has not largely increased. With a book such as this at command ignorance will be inexcusable. The route from Constantinople across the Black Sea to Erzeroume, thence to Oromiah, Sakis, Hamadan, &c., to Tehran, is vividly described, as is Tehran itself, Mashad, and other places of importance. Full information is given as to

the missions to the Nestorians, to the Mohammedans, to the Fire-worshippers, &c. Mr. Bassett is a keen observer and has a pleasant style. His book abounds in vivid sketches of life and character, and is a complete manual of Persian government, religion, and customs.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE KINGS. With Illustrations and Notes. By the Rev. J. Lawson Lumby, D.D. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1886.

DR. LUMBY is well known to many of our readers by his contributions to *The Expositor* and his Notes on the Acts of the Apostles in "The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges," the series in which his work on "1st Kings" appears. He here proves himself to be thoroughly at home in the Old Testament history and its interpretation, and offers to young students such help in regard to the criticism and exegesis of the text, and to the geographical, historical, and archaeological allusions as they specially require. Conscientious as he is with recent philological and antiquarian researches, he makes them subservient to the elucidation of the Inspired Word. His notes on the structure of the Temple, on Solomon's reign generally, and on the history of Elijah are emphatically good. There is no work in this admirable series which deserves a more cordial welcome.

THE HERALD OF MERCY. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

"THE HERALD OF MERCY" has proved one of the most useful of all evangelistic agencies of our times, an invaluable ally to pastors, town and city missionaries, and Christian workers of all classes. The "Pearls of Wisdom from the Parables of Christ," by A. L. O. E., are alone worth many times the price of the volume.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? An Eight-fold Answer. By JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., LL.B., B.Sc. (Lond.), D.D., &c. Fifth Edition. With New Preface on the Ideal of Life and Agnosticism. London: E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey, E.C. 1886.

A VOLUME of sermons which has passed into its fifth edition, and for which the demand seems likely to be as brisk as ever, is surely worthy of note. They are emphatically present-day sermons, dealing with the thoughts, the difficulties, and struggles of men around us; and showing to them by the force of intense conviction and irresistible arguments that the Christian ideal of life, with its promise and potency of righteousness, strength, and peace, is valid in itself, and alone capable of meeting our needs. We admire the robustness, the culture, the enthusiasm, and the generous sympathy of these sermons, and are delighted with the high appreciation in which they are held.

THE BANNER OF THE KING. A Series of Progressive Meditations. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. 1886.

THIS little work is neither tame nor common-place. It is the work of a mind which thinks, and thinks strongly and to good purpose. It touches on matters of vital importance in relation to our spiritual life and our standing before God, and is full of subtle penetrating power. Its short pithy sentences carry light to the mind and warmth to the heart. Here and there we come across an opinion to which we cannot assent, and do not quite understand what the author believes as to the relations of the three Persons of the

Godhead. But the book is full of strong meat.

HELP ON THE WAY. By the Rev. John S. Shields, D.D., Vicar of Coolock, Ireland. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

SERMONS on the intellectual and spiritual difficulties of the Christian life such as any sympathetic and faithful pastor must have desired to preach to his congregation. How many of our young people who have not the remotest love of scepticism have been perplexed by difficulties concerning prayer, prophecy, atonement and forgiveness, punishment and chastisement, rewards in heaven, the second coming of Christ, &c. Dr. Shields knows well how to deal with such perplexities. Evangelical, earnest, and large-hearted, he is precisely the sort of guide whom young people need, and we sincerely commend his work to their notice.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB. By W. R. ROE, M.C.T.D.&D., Head Master Midland Deaf and Dumb Institution, Derby. Derby: Francis Carter, Tron Gate. 1886.

MR. ROE has collected a number of interesting and instructive anecdotes concerning the deaf and dumb, and produced a work with which all Christian philanthropists should be acquainted. It is surprising to find how much can be done to promote the happiness of the deaf and dumb, and to fit them for useful employments. This is a book which will increase the interest in a large class of our fellow creatures who appeal powerfully to our sympathy and demand our practical help.

LITERARY NOTES.



IN literary circles the most important work of the season is said to be Prof. Dowden's "Life of Shelley." In Nonconformist circles there is probably no work which will prove of such general interest and be so much discussed as "Hugh Stowell Brown : His Autobiography ; His Common Place Book and Extracts from his Sermons and Addresses ; A Memorial Volume, edited by his son-in-law, W. S. Caine, M.P." It is published by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, of Ludgate Hill. It is racy and vigorous in a quite unusual degree, full of wise and witty reflections, of memorable anecdotes, and of fearlessly expressed opinions on subjects of supreme interest. The book might probably have been made more attractive to the general public. But we are thankful for the means of knowing so intimately the noble and large-hearted man who has recently passed away from us. There are questions raised in the volume to which we may subsequently direct attention.

The Rev. T. Vincent Tymms has issued a second edition of his masterly work, "The Mystery of God," in which he discusses the principal intellectual hindrances to faith. He has made one or two slight emendations, and added four or five pages on the sufferings of animals. We again commend this valuable and timely work to the notice of our readers.

"Christ in the Heart, and Other Sermons" is the title of Dr. Maclaren's new volume, our full notice of which must be held over.

We hear that a cheap popular edition of Mr. Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" is shortly to be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The popularity of the book is, in many respects, unprecedented.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just issued Vol. XVIII. of *The Mother's Friend*, New Series. The magazine is true to its title, and worthy of very wide support.

We very heartily commend the publications of the National Temperance Depot, 337, Strand. *The National Temperance Mirror* is, in view of its purpose, a first-class magazine for the home circle, full of bright and attractive stories and wise counsel. It contains a capital sketch of the life of the late Rev. J. P. Chown. *The Temperance Reader* will be specially useful at Band of Hope and similar meetings. *The National Temperance League's Annual* contains a number of able papers on total abstinence written from the scientific, the social, and the religious standpoint, as well as a vast amount of useful information to those interested in this great work. Another volume gives a full report of "The British and Colonial Temperance Congress."

The Rev. W. Edwards, B.A., President of Pontypool College, has published a striking pamphlet on "Ritualism : its Rise, Causes, Tenets, Aims, Methods, and Antidote." It ought to be circulated far and wide.



J. F. TIMMS & SON, PHOTO, BRECKNOCK ROAD, LONDON.

*Yours very affectly,
Francis Tucker*

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

FRANCIS TUCKER.



HE havoc wrought by death amongst leading Baptist ministers, during recent months, has been the subject of general remark. Our front rank has been sadly thinned; and one after another, men whom we could ill spare, the inspiration of whose presence we had hoped to retain yet a while, have disappeared from the field. Of these grave losses few have called forth wider regret than the death of Francis Tucker, late pastor of Camden Road Chapel. Mr. Tucker's gifts were not of an aggressive order; polemics were distasteful to him, and gladiatorial exercises in the arena of controversy he studiously avoided. But as a preacher of marked individuality and greatest acceptance, he was known and esteemed throughout the country. The venerable and benignant aspect; the voice naturally musical, and modulated with consummate skill; the diction chaste, and refined, but never finished into frigidity, all lent appreciable charms to his declaration of the Gospel message. Though not more than seventy-three when he died, Mr. Tucker has been accounted an "old man eloquent" for nearly twenty years; and the tidings of his death would waken in multitudes of

hearts, far and near, echoes of gracious words and earnest pleadings, listened to with solemn pleasure, now, alas! to be heard no more.

Francis Tucker was born at Plymouth, January 23rd, 1813. His father, Mr. William Tucker, was engaged in business as a grocer, and was conspicuous for sturdy attachment to Nonconformist principles and devotion to Christian work. His son used to claim for him the honour of having introduced Sunday-schools into the counties of Devon and Cornwall. Both parents were members of the church at George Street; and so it happened that, in childhood, Francis listened to the ministrations of the Rev. Samuel Nicholson, then pastor of the church. Mr. Nicholson's style was very careful and finished; and critics acquainted with both men were wont to say, in later years, that in the utterances of the younger minister they detected traces of his former pastor's influence.

In 1827, Francis Tucker came to London, and was engaged as usher in a school kept by Mr. Dawson, father of the late George Dawson. This was not a happy time. Quite a lad, he was compelled to teach boys as big as himself; a position that usually involves elements of discomfort for the teacher. It was also a time of conflict with sore temptation.

And here it may be mentioned that the commencement of the Christian life with Francis Tucker was unaccompanied by any sudden or violent change. Conversion seems to have been the gradually evolved result of good influences operating upon him from earliest years.

Returning to Plymouth, after four years' stay in London, he opened a school upon his own account, and conducted it for some short time with good promise of success. Meanwhile, the young schoolmaster had become a village preacher, and performed his sacred duties with such marked ability that many friends urgently persuaded him to dedicate his life to the work of the ministry. As this suggestion harmonised with his own yearning for a life of Christian service, he abandoned school work and entered Stepney College. Here he met as fellow-student Joseph Angus, now President of Regent's Park College (the Stepney of later date and happier location). The two young men became friends; and to the permanence and fidelity of their friendship, Dr. Angus bore affecting testimony, at the recent funeral service in Camden Road Chapel. From Stepney, Mr. Tucker

went to Glasgow, where he pursued his studies at the University, and obtained the degree of B.A. with honours.

Finding himself now at length equipped for his life's work, his regards were turned to India, and he resolved, God willing, to serve Him there. The way opened. He was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society, and sailed for Calcutta in June, 1839. The pain of leaving home and kindred for a far land was, no doubt, mitigated by the fact that he took with him his bride. For, in the previous month, he had married Miss Caroline Eisdell Marten, thus securing a sweet companionship, destined to be his solace and abiding joy for forty-six years. Two incidents may be narrated in this connection, not wanting in human interest. Miss Marten's father was Secretary to the Vauxhall Bridge Company, and resided within the toll-gates. Somewhat previous to the event above-mentioned, the gate-keeper became the victim of perplexity, and avowed that "he could not make out what business brought that young parson so often to the house upon the bridge." The other is supplied by an extract from the diary of the late Rev. Robert Humphrey Marten, of Lee, which runs to this effect: "Heard an address from Mr. Tucker, a student of Glasgow University; he's going to be a particular friend of mine." A forecast which obtained singularly complete fulfilment; as the Glasgow student became Mr. Marten's brother-in-law and life-long friend.

Upon reaching Calcutta, Mr. Tucker was induced to accept the pastorate of Circular Road Chapel. Here he immediately attained the greatest popularity. We have it upon the authority of the late Dr. Wenger that he was "the preacher of the day; everybody went to hear him:" the doctor indeed considered the sensation made in Calcutta by Mr. Tucker's preaching, comparable to that made by Mr. Spurgeon when he came to London. It was soon determined to enlarge the chapel; but, to the intense sorrow of all concerned, the young minister, whose work had commenced so auspiciously, fell ill, and was ordered home. Only once and in great weakness did he stand in the pulpit of Circular Road Chapel, subsequent to the re-opening. The return journey was a terrible ordeal; it was thought he would have died before reaching England.

Striking evidence of the esteem and affection evoked during this brief pastorate is afforded by the fact that the church at Circular

Road insisted upon defraying the whole expenses involved in Mr. Tucker's voyages to and from India.

After recovery, at first despaired of, and tardily effected, he commenced work in England, and soon gained favour as a preacher. Almost simultaneously came invitations from Union Chapel, Manchester, and Cross Street, Islington. The call to Manchester was accepted, and a first pastorate of fifteen months was followed by a second of fifteen years. The church at Union Chapel was formed by Mr. Tucker, and to the nature and value of his work in Manchester, Dr. Maclaren paid generous and emphatic tribute, in a recent sermon, suggested by his predecessor's death. After lapse of years Mr. Tucker's health failed again; and when at last there seemed no prospect of its permanent amendment in Manchester, to the great regret of his friends in the north, he accepted an invitation—two years previously proffered and rejected—to become the minister of Camden Road Chapel, London.

Here again he began with the foundations. At Camden Road there was a chapel, and a debt, but no church; and the congregation was very liberally provided with sitting accommodation. It soon appeared that the right man had been secured. Mr. Tucker's style admirably suited the requirements of a new and important neighbourhood. A church was formed, the chapel filled, and an era of glad and prosperous service inaugurated, which lasted twenty-seven years. During this period the chapel premises were extended and improved, handsome schoolrooms erected, and a large amount of benevolent, educational, and evangelistic work accomplished. As in Manchester, so also in London, Mr. Tucker's personal enthusiasm in the cause of foreign missions quickened and sustained the sympathies of his congregation; a fact evidenced by the liberality of their contributions to the funds of our Society. Home mission work was not neglected. The flourishing church at Belle Isle, now under Mr. Joseph Benson's pastoral care, was formerly a Camden Road mission station; and only severed the connection because it had outgrown the need of parental supervision. When theatre-preaching came into vogue, Mr. Tucker was frequently seen upon the stage, and was quite a favourite with his unaccustomed audiences. He was also a steady friend to the London City Mission; while in the Ragged School movement he claimed to have won a "ragged reputation."

Generally, it may be said that he loved his work, and never reckoned it was done. We quote a sentence from the address of Dr. Angus, previously mentioned. "When away for holiday, it was Mr. Tucker's delight to sit by the sea, and get talking to people on the benches near; and his talk was always spiritual, tender, sympathetic. Over and over again I have heard of bereaved parents and sorrowing Christians getting consolation from his holiday work."

In 1871, by the kindness of his congregation, Mr. Tucker was enabled to visit Egypt and Palestine, accompanied by his eldest son. While travelling in the Holy Land he rode a white horse, which, in accordance with the humour of the party, was dubbed "Camden Road." This animal's tail had apparently been dyed, and by common consent was pronounced "auburn." Mr. Tucker rather gloried in his steed's unique appendage; and, borrowing the eulogium of another standard, claimed that it had—

"Swept the land from sea to sea,
And waded in gales of Galilee."

Unfortunately "Camden Road's" legs were hardly worthy of his tail. They occasionally played him false; and once, just outside Jerusalem, he fell, and the minister of Camden Road alighted too abruptly. The accident might have been serious. Happily it involved no graver mischief than inevitable loss of dignity and an ample acquisition of Zion's dust. Despite the perilous insecurity of "Camden Road's" foundations, his rider reached home safely; and, in lectures upon the Holy Land, which were listened to with eager interest, gave an honourable place to the horse that stumbled.

In theological opinion Mr. Tucker was strictly evangelical, with little friendship for modern modes of expression, not to say, modern doctrines. He sought to proclaim "Jesus Christ and Him crucified": "both sides of the cross; the Divine Love and the Divine Righteousness." The methods and objects of the Evangelical Alliance received his hearty approval and support; and he was often and familiarly associated with the late Earl Shaftesbury in spiritual work.

Towards the close of 1884, weighted with the burden of more than threescore years and ten, Mr. Tucker found his strength scarcely equal to the constant strain of pastoral duty, and intimated his intention of resigning. When the hour of parting came, friends from

all sides gathered round the venerable minister with expressions of affection, sympathy, and gratitude; and a testimonial, consisting of a cheque for £2,000, with an address, was presented to him; £500 of this sum being subscribed by friends in Manchester.

Mr. Tucker continued to serve the churches after his retirement, and was preaching at Reading with customary vigour and enjoyment a few brief days before his death. The end was swift and peaceful, fitting close to a life of glad and holy service. Seized with paralysis on Thursday, November 18th, he never rallied, but retaining just sufficient consciousness to intimate once and again his unimpaired trust in the Saviour, "he fell on sleep" near midnight of Saturday, November 27th. One daughter, Mrs. Whitaker, of Wanstead, with whom he resided, and six sons, survive to mourn a great loss and cherish a revered memory.

The funeral service at Camden Road afforded yet another evidence of the affection with which Francis Tucker was regarded, and will long be remembered.

It was winter, and the earth was frost-bound, when a throng of mourners gathered round his grave at Highgate; but while they tarried there, to sing and pray, the sun shone forth with bold and glowing radiance, that reached the hearts of stricken ones, conveying sweet suggestions of endless summer and eternal day.

Space restrictions forbid us to dilate upon the urbanity, the quick, tender sympathy, the thoughtful kindness that marked this man, and won for him, in part, his influence over human hearts. It matters not. In the peace, and strength, and beauty of lives solaced and inspired by his fellowship and teaching, "he being dead, yet speaketh."

GEORGE HAWKER.

ANOTHER DARK CONTINENT.

No. I.



IT is commonly supposed that the peoples of Arabia are adherents of the Muslim faith, and that their hostility towards Christians is attributable to this circumstance. The fact is, however—as was pointed out by Burckhardt in the early part of the present century—their hostility is directed, not towards Christians alone, but towards all foreigners whatsoever—especially English foreigners, whom they regard as interlopers who come with ulterior views.¹ That not Christians, *quâ* Christians, alone, are the objects of their aversion, is proved by the fact that, in our own times, a Jew was, on detection in Mekka, instantly seized and put to death.² A similar dislike of all interlopers marks the Afghans and the Naipâlis to this day, and marked in former times the kingdom of Burmah and the territory of the Chinese. But in Arabia the aversion to interlopers has, undoubtedly, the added element inherited by the people from the days of Ishmael; for that aversion was abundantly evinced long before the birth of Muhammad. The self-segregation and misanthropy of the Arabs are totally different in their genesis from the mere religious antipathy of the Muhammadan; and it is difficult to account for them excepting on the principle that the Arabs are the sons of their father, of whom it was said by One from whose fiat there is no appeal—“His hand shall be against every man, and every man’s hand against him.”

Nor is it a fact that the Arabs are adherents of the Muslim faith. This might be shown in a variety of ways, of which, for our present purpose, we will select only one—their attitude towards the institutes of Muhammad. Of these, one of the most distinctive was the ordinance by which the Prophet enjoined upon his followers for ever the observance of the lunar calendar. He did not (as is often erroneously supposed) give the months new names, but he forbade the

¹ Burckhardt, “Travels in Arabia,” i. 385 (edn. Lond. 1829.)

² This poor creature—in derision for his religion, and apparently in mockery of the greater crime of his ancestors—was put to death by crucifixion. The Christian is painfully reminded of the terrible invocation of the Jewish chiefs—“His blood be on us and on our children !”

practice of intercalation by which those who observed the solar calendar succeeded in so balancing one year with another that the same month always occurred at the same season of the year. This the Prophet denounced as an act of "infidelity," and a departure from God's original intention, "in the day when He created heaven and earth."¹ And it is to this arrangement of his that the curious phenomenon is attributable which all English people who have resided in the East have noted—that the months of the Muhammadans retrograde through all the seasons of the year, and in the course of a little more than three-and-thirty years, each month comes back to its original place in relation to the seasons. When Muhammad authorised this change in the calendar it was the month of December; it was the cool season and the days were at their shortest; it was not difficult to keep the monthly Fast of Ramazân.² He was an "unlettered man," as he tells us in the Qur'ân,³ and little thought what the effect would be that would overtake his followers. But fifteen years after the establishment of this institute, when he had long been dead and gone, the month of the fast fell in the hottest season of the year; so that then, and ever since then, the observance of this "holy month" has led to the death of numbers of his followers from the combined effects of heat and thirst.⁴ But the genuine Arabs—the descendants of Ishmael and of his remote ancestor Qahtân—never fell in with this new arrangement; and to this day they observe the customs of their ancestors of the times before Muhammad, and even refuse to relinquish the very *names* by which their ancestors designated the months several centuries before Muhammad was born.⁵

It has been asserted by no less an authority than the learned Dr. Prideaux, the celebrated Dean of Norwich, that under the influence of Muhammad the old names of the months became "totally abolished."⁶ This is a pure oversight, and is a fresh proof that even "Homer sometimes nods"; for the learned doctor himself

¹ "Al-Qur'ân," ix., 36, 37.

² Muir, "Life of Mahomet," iii. 48, 49 (edn. Lond. 1861).

³ "Al-Qur'ân," vii. 158, 159, and xxix. 47.

⁴ Mrs. Meer Hussan Ali, "The Mussulmanns of India," i. 178—205 (edn. Lond. 1832).

⁵ Burckhardt, "Notes on the Bedouins and Wahábys," ii. 361 (edn. Lond. 1831).

⁶ Prideaux, "Life of Mahomet," p. 2 (edn. 7th, Lond. 1718).

gives us on the same page of his imperishable work,¹ a historical account of the Arabian calendar directly subversive of such a statement. The truth is, that the names at present in vogue for the Muhammadan months were first applied to them by Kilâb ibn Murra, a scion of the great tribe of the Quraishites.² This man was father of the celebrated Qussai, and the fifth in descent from Fihir Quraish, and was (according to the calculations of Mons. de Percival) born in A.D. 358, just two centuries and twelve years before the birth of Muhammad.³ He was the great-grandfather of Hâshim, who was great-grandfather of Muhammad, and was thus the Prophet's sixth ancestor.⁴ There is reason to believe that this man Kilâb borrowed the solar or intercalary method which he established among the Arabs from the Jews; and he appears to have done so with the view of fixing the time of the annual pilgrimage to Mekka (a religious observance of the Arabs from unknown ages, before the time of Muhammad) to a convenient season of the year.⁵ Now before the time of this ancient Arab chief the months of the Arabs had other names than those they now bear; and the new ones, having been adopted by the tribe of the Quraish (whose influence in commercial and ecclesiastical affairs at Mekka was predominant), eventually superseded the others.⁶ It is a curious historical phenomenon that down to the time of Muhammad, Arabia had long produced a great

¹ We use this language advisedly; for a work that went through three editions in one year, in times when books were costly, and readers of such weighty and out-of-the-way matter as that dry compilation contains, were comparatively few—a work from which both friends and foes have never ceased to borrow, and over which, after the lapse of a couple of centuries, controversialists of all shades of opinion still think it worth their while to quarrel—such a work as that must be possessed of quite unusual vitality. The book is small, hard, and exceeding dry; and we are aware of no principle on which to account for its singular tenacity of existence than this—that, in holding a brief for the Almighty, the doctor pursued his purpose with unflinching fidelity, let the consequences be what they might.

² Lane, "Arabic Lexicon," p. 1254, col. 2.

³ De Percival, "Histoire des Arabes," i. 231 (edn. Paris, 1847); Muir, "Life of Mahomet," i. Introd. pp. cxcv., cxix., and p. 13 of the Biography there; Golius, "Notæ ad Alfraganum," p. 4.

⁴ Cf. the Genealogical Lists of the Arabs in Sale, de Percival, Sprenger, Muir, and other writers.

⁵ Muir, "Life of Mahomet," i. Introd. p. ccvi. (note).

⁶ Prideaux, "Life of Mahomet," p. 2.

man once in about two centuries, whose influence had centred in Mekka, and had extended more or less over the entire continent. The Amalekites, the Jurhumites, the Khuzâd'aïtes, had each in succession obtained ascendancy there at distances of times approximating to that figure. Fihir, Kilâb, Qussai, Hâshim, had severally had their day; and at length, in apparent obedience to this singular law (first pointed out by a great Oriental savant of our own time, Dr. Aloys Sprenger),¹ Muhammad's turn arrived. These men and dynasties, left each of them, in one way or another, their mark upon the national history of the Arabs; and the part reserved for Kilâb was the reform of the calendar and the giving of new names to the months. The principle which influenced him in the change he authorised was that he might apply to the months names expressive of customs and phenomena with which the Arabs in general were familiar, and, while doing so, to mark at the same time the Sacred Months and the season of the national pilgrimage.² This he did by giving to the "four Sacred Months," so-called (the first, the seventh, the eleventh, and the twelfth) names appropriate to the sentiments which the Arabs had come to cherish towards them, and by stamping upon the name of one of them (the twelfth) the designation of the yearly pilgrimage.³

Now, apart from the fact that the statement of Dr. Prideaux might very reasonably lead to the inference that, down to the time of Muhammad, the months of the Arabs bore different names to those they now bear—an inference the unsoundness of which has been shown in the facts just stated—this learned writer further tells us that the names given by Kilâb were adopted all over Arabia, "when Mahomet had brought all the rest of the tribes, besides the Korashites, under his power."⁴ But it has been repeatedly proved by different writers that the whole of the Arabs never were converted to Islâm;⁵ that of those who in Muhammad's life-time professed conversion to it, the greater number apostatised as soon as the news of his decease

¹ Sprenger, "Life of Mohammad," 83 (edn. Allahabad, 1851).

² Muir, "Life of Mahomet," i. Introd. pp. ccvi., ccvii.

³ Namely, *Zin'l-Hijja—lit.* "that to which the Hajj (the pilgrimage) appertains."

⁴ Prideaux, "Life of Mahomet," p. 2.

⁵ Burton, "Pilgrimage to Meccah," ii. 109 (edn. Lond. 1857).

reached them, and became the enemies of those who continued in the faith; ¹ and that to this day the Badawis (who, more than any others, may be said to be the children of the soil), are the chief foes of those engaged in the pilgrimage to Mekha. ²

The power of these men in the Arabian continent is paramount over every other power—even that of the Sultân himself, who is popularly supposed to be the supreme ruler of the land: and the power they wield without mercy is unique in its kind. With the single exception of the kingdom of Najd, the home of Wahnâbeeism, in the Highlands of Arabia, these wild descendants of the son of Hagar are, for all practical purposes, masters of the whole continent through the length of it and the breadth of it. They hold such complete supremacy there that they even exact from the representatives of the Sublime Porte itself an annual tax for the liberty of traversing the territory which their tribes severally hold in the Desert. The supremacy even of the Sultân himself, the political and ecclesiastical head of the faith, is but nominal there. Even the Sultân has to pay a tax for travelling through a continent supposed to be part of his own dominions. ³ On one occasion the Syrian caravan, which included (as it always and necessarily does) the representatives of his authority, declined to pay the tax; when the season of pilgrimage came round in the following year, a vast horde of Badawis (numbering forty thousand) lay in ambush among the hills of the Hijâz, and rushed without parley upon the pilgrim host, and slew the main portion of them; nor would they allow the caravan to pass until the annual tax for that and the preceding year had been

¹ In Muir's "Annals of the Early Caliphate," Osborn's "Islâm under the Arabs," Ockley's "History of the Saracens," and many other works treating of the times immediately following the Prophet's decease, the reader will find overwhelming corroboration of this statement.

² Palgrave, "Central and Eastern Arabia," i. 223 *seq.* (edn. 2nd, Lond. 1865).

³ Since the time of the supercession of the Fâtimide emperors at Cairo, by the 'Uthmânîs of Constantinople, no Sultân has ever made the pilgrimage to Mekha in person. The Mahmil, however, has for centuries past been the recognised symbol of royalty in the Syrian and Egyptian caravans, and this curious memorial is always surrounded along the whole route by certain high officers of state, who serve as the living representatives of the civil and religious authority and supremacy of the reigning Sultân. In other words, even though the Sultân himself were present in the pilgrim caravan, that would make no difference to the Badawis: he still would have to submit to the impost.

fully paid.¹ Now the men who are thus, for all practical purposes, the masters of Arabia, are the hereditary and time-worn enemies of the Faithful; and no dignitary of Islâm, from the Sultân downwards, can undertake the stupendous task of traversing the continent unless he make his account with them. Their demands, however exorbitant, have to be meekly conceded by all—without dispute, and with as little delay as possible; and their very subsistence, from century to century, is mainly derived from levies remorselessly exacted from those whose only business in their quarters is the fulfilment of the precepts of the Prophet. The pilgrims, rich or poor, have no greater enemies than these people of the soil—whom they describe, with a cynical sneer, as *Harâmî*, “highway robbers.”² It is on record that when the leaders of the ceremonies of 'Arafât are anxious to hurry the worshipping multitude away to the next station of Muzdalifa, no “cry” more effectually clears the ground than the cry of the near approach of a swarm of Badawîs!³ It is a curious comment upon the often-vaunted supremacy of the Islâmîc religion through the continent of Arabia, that a Christian or a Jew, quietly visiting the Shrine of the Faith, should, on detection, be instantly slain by the constituted authorities of Mekha, without the form of trial, while these hereditary foes of the Faithful should be at liberty to traverse the “Sacred Territory”⁴ everywhere and at all times, without fear of

¹ Burckhardt, “Bedouins and Wahábys,” i. 5—8, 28, 118, 194, and ii. 3, 7, 23, 24, 26, 31, 33, 34, 229, 273; Niebuhr, “Travels in Arabia,” ii. 25—28 (edn. Edin. 1792); Crichton, “History of Arabia,” i. 183 (edn. Edin. 1834); Burckhardt, “Arabia,” i. 413; Burton, “Pilgrimage,” i. 255.

² This name “*Harâmi*,” is an honourable title among the Arabs of the Hijâz. A man slain in a foray, is said to die *Ghandur*, “a brave,” while the man who dies in his bed is called “carrion” (*Fatis*). The mother of such a one will exclaim, “Oh, that my son had perished of a cut throat!” And her attendant crones will suggest, with deference, that such came of the will of God.—Burton, “Pilgrimage,” ii. 101.

³ Burton, “Pilgrimage,” ii. 324, 325.

⁴ The term is the recognised translation of the word “Haram,” the designation technically applied to the portion of the country stretching away from Mekha, as a centre, to various distances ranging severally from forty to about a hundred and forty-five miles in the different directions from the city. The designation was first applied to the locality by the confederation known as “the Haramite League,” an alliance of the local tribes which was formed there long before the time of the Muhammad’s ascendancy.

the reigning Power or any of its representatives at the "Holy Places of the Faith;"¹ and that any such thing as an appeal to the Sultán against the brutalities of these men in his own dominions—even in Mekha itself—could elicit from him nothing but a confession of utter helplessness. We submit that such an anomaly as this it would be impossible to match in the history of human Governments. If Christians are "Infidels," what are the Badawis? These men are not regarded by the pilgrims as converts to Muhammadanism; and so far from its being a fact, as stated by Dr. Prideaux, that the ancient names of the months were "totally abolished" under the influence of Muhammad's ascendancy, the names given them by Kiláb have not, even down to this late period, been accepted by all the Arabs. This statement is fully borne out by so high an authority as Burckhardt, who gives a list of the names which these impregnable sons of the soil still give to the months.²

J. D. BATE.

ON PULPIT QUAINTESSSES.

III.—STYLE.*



QUAINTESSSES in the *texts* and in the *heads* of sermons having been dealt with in the previous papers of this series, it remains to touch upon those whimsical oddities with which some preachers have sought to enliven the sermon itself. But a paragraph is claimed by the unconscious humour of the pulpit before we enter upon the wider theme. There is something amusing and yet pathetic about the sober earnest of many sermons. What laughable platitudes are sometimes delivered in solemn tones! In the preface to a volume on "Mediaeval

¹ We allude, of course, to Mekha and Madína, at both of which places there are certain constituted officials appointed by the Turkish Government. Strictly speaking, however, the term is applied only to certain localities within the limits of the territory defined in the foregoing footnote.

² Burckhardt, "Bedouins and Wahábys," ii. 361.

* The first two articles of this Series appeared in the October and November numbers, 1886.

Preaching," Dr. Neale relates that after preaching for a friend, the incumbent told him he did not preach plainly enough, and volunteered to show him *how to do it* in the afternoon. So he gravely opened his discourse: "To those who will consider the harmony which reigns in the various accounts dictated by inspiration of Christ's passion, confirmed as these accounts are by the antecedent testimonies of prophets on the one hand, and by the concurrent testimonies of the Epistles on the other, it will appear in the highest degree *probable* that our Blessed Lord was not an impostor, but was, in reality, what He gave Himself out to be, the Son of God." Could any opening be tamer than that? and could any hearer with a grain of humour, keep a grave face during such an exordium? But modern preachers are not the only offenders in this respect. Witness the learned monk who was preaching upon the servant of the High Priest warming himself, and began:—"My brethren, see how the evangelist relates, not merely as a historian would, *he warmed himself*, but as a philosopher, *because he was cold*." The same unconscious humour peeps out from the stilted and unnatural phraseology which so many preachers still use. "My brethren" always includes the "sisters" in the language of the pulpit. "We" is of the singular number, and means simply "I"; and short words and homely phrases being considered *infra dig.*, all sorts of circumlocutions are made use of rather than call a spade a spade. This is why Ellice Hopkins declares that "pulpit English is the most vicious English in existence." In support of this sweeping assertion she says, "I have myself heard a clergyman instinctively do into Latin the Saxon account of the demoniac in St. Mark—'There met Him a man coming out of the tombs,' which in the course of his remarks he rendered, 'They were immediately encountered by an individual proceeding from the tombs;' and I have heard another clergyman inform his congregation of village clodhoppers that 'Our Lord did not indulge in nugatory predictions,' by way of bringing home to them that He is faithful and true. During the famine, the shifts the clergy were reduced to, to avoid any indecorous mention of the potato in the pulpit were curious; though why a potato should be more profane than the hyssop on the wall I cannot conceive, since the same God made them both. Some called it 'the succulent esculent;' others alluded distinctly to it as 'that useful edible which forms so important a staple of food'; while only one Irish clergyman was found

who, in a kind of Celtic reaction, courageously informed his congregation that their contributions had provided thirty starving families with 'good Irish stoo.'

It is difficult to understand the why and wherefore of this artificial dialect. Carried to excess it becomes ridiculous. A most amusing extract has been preserved from a sermon upon the text, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself," preached at South Leith by Rev. John Hamilton, who was curate there in the 17th century. This is the way in which he opened up his subject: "I shall not quibble at niceties, nor ingeminate prolixities, but with the sword of brevity shall cut the Gordian knot of obscurity, and so proceed to give you the genuine purport of this mellifluous and aromatical subject, calculated allenarly (only) for the meridian of that microcosm, man!" A more modern instance is that of the worthy bishop who recently told an audience of working men, "The universe is a mighty palimpsest which the sciolist with all his molecular researches is utterly unable to decipher." Tall talk is very absurd anywhere, but surely it is *most absurd* in the pulpit, where the speaker is supposed to be desirous of persuading and directing his hearers. What can be the possible use of a language which is not understood by them? When issues of life and death depend upon plain speech, it is criminal to indulge in polysyllabic utterance. Miss Ellice Hopkins tells of "a medical man in the North who was noted for his Johnsonian English. Having on one occasion to prescribe for a dying labourer, he sent him a draught labelled 'to be taken in a recumbent posture.' As to what this might be the relatives of the dying man were entirely at fault. They sent over to the linen-drappers, to know if he had a 'recumbent posture.' No, he had never heard of such a thing. Perhaps it might be something in the bladder line. Did the butcher chance to have one? No, he had never heard of such a thing either. At last they wound their way round to an old woman who never admitted herself at fault in anything. So she said, yes, she had one, but most unfortunately she had just lent it!" A doctor who heard the story promptly rejoined that he could cap it by an incident in a clergyman's life. After preaching one afternoon for a friend, who had particularly requested him to be plain and simple, he ventured to ask if he had succeeded in his endeavour to comply with the request. 'Well, yes,' replied his friend, rather doubtfully, "but I was afraid you spoke too much about

jelicity." "But surely," returned the preacher, "every one knows what 'felicity' means." His friend being somewhat sceptical, they agreed to refer to an old farm labourer who was walking in front of them. So the rector accosted him, and hoped he had enjoyed the service and his friend's sermon. The old man "thowt it were excellent," but confessed he had been puzzled by one word in it. "And what was that, John?" "Well, sir, it were the word 'f'licity.' He said it a many times." "But you *must* know what 'felicity' is," exclaimed the preacher. "I *thinks* I do," replied the old man, "but I bean't sure about it." "Well, what do you think it means?" "Why, sir, ain't it got summat to do *wi' the inside of a pig?*" What idea could he have formed of the sermon? It would seem, then, that big words are not used for the sake of the hearers; their only *raison d'être* is to hide the poverty of the thought. Perhaps that is their real cause, the true motive prompting their use. Judging from the pointless, aimless commonplace of many sermons, there would seem to be no little truth in Sydney Smith's witty criticism—"They are written as if sin were to be taken out of man like Eve out of Adam—by putting him to sleep."

It is the reaction from this extreme which has given rise to most of those pulpit humours and eccentricities which have afforded amusement to so many generations. Acting upon the principle that dulness is a greater danger than whimsicalness, men have gone to great lengths in hope of arresting and securing the attention of their audience. How many amusing stories are told of the devices resorted to by way of arousing a sleepy congregation. When Dr. South observed his courtly audience to be sleeping soundly, he exclaimed, "Lord Lauderdale, I am sorry to interrupt your repose; but let me entreat you not to snore so loud, lest you awaken his Majesty!" A Scotch divine, Rev. James Bonner, of Auchtermuchty, was one day preaching at Kettle, in Fife. The day was warm, the kirk crowded, and the minister was deeply concerned to see a number of his hearers nodding and sleeping as he went on with his discourse. So he took occasion to introduce the word "hyperbolical" into his sermon, and then paused to explain, "My friends, some of you may not understand this word hyperbolical. I'll explain it. Suppose I were to say that this congregation were *all* asleep at the present time, I would be speaking hyperbolically; because (looking round) I don't believe that

much more than half of you are sleeping." The effect was instantaneous. Those who were nodding roused themselves to nudge their sleeping neighbours, and the preacher went on as if nothing had happened. Good old Mr. Pilkington, whose zeal wrought such a marvellous transformation in the neighbourhood of Rayleigh, Essex, was far more direct in his treatment of this evil. He believed in nipping it in the bud, and, as soon as he saw one of his hearers nodding, would pause and say, "My friend, you look sleepy; you had better stand up!" His outstretched finger pointed out the culprit, and his invitation was never disobeyed. Some of his hearers have told me that he would often have a dozen farm labourers standing up during the sermon. Another divine quietly told his drowsy congregation that his sermon had cost him a great deal of trouble, and had not received the attention it deserved, so he should just go over it again. He was as good as his word, and we can well believe that he cured his hearers of sleeping. A New York preacher adopted a less startling expedient. Observing the nodding on every side, he suddenly stopped and said, "Brethren, I have preached about half of my sermon, and I perceive that about twenty-five or thirty of my congregation are asleep. I shall postpone the delivery of the balance of it until they wake up." After dead silence had prevailed for about five minutes, he resumed his address, and had no further reason to complain. But perhaps the most sarcastic method was that of the divine who, perceiving the slumbering condition of his hearers, opened his Hebrew Bible and began to read. The unfamiliar tones made all the wakeful ones stare with amazement. They wondered if the minister could be in his senses. They nudged their neighbours until all were gazing open-mouthed at the preacher. Meanwhile he went on, rolling out the sonorous Hebrew, until he saw that everyone was alert. Then he turned upon them with scathing rebuke. When he spoke to them of great themes in a language which they could understand, they all slumbered and slept; but when he read to them in an unknown tongue, and awakened their doubts of his sanity, they were all on the *qui vive*! What wise men and women they must be! One is glad, on recalling the story, that he was not among the hearers upon that occasion. How terribly they must have winced under the preacher's words!

There is another excuse to be made for much of the quaintness of

old sermons, at any rate. Preachers are but mortal, and cannot altogether escape from the influence of the times in which they live. Now the divines who lived in the days of James I., Charles I., and the Commonwealth felt the influence of that fashionable rage for quaint conceits and verbal quips and cranks which left its mark even upon Shakespeare. As Paxton Hood has said, "The pulpit of those times has often been found in harmony with the taste which only employed the power of its genius

"To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
 Each panel in achievements clothing ;
 Rich windows that exclude the light,
 And passages that lead to nothing.'

And quaintness and queerness did assuredly inspire, not only many of the lines of the poets and designs of the architects, but the plans and conceptions of the preachers too." As we read them now, we wonder how men of genius could have stooped to such trifles of speech, such playing upon words, such juggling with metaphor. Take an illustration from Thomas Adams, many of whose writings are of priceless worth, but whose most impressive passages are marred by verbal conceits quite in the style of "Euphues":—"Our slavery to Epicurism is great in these days. . . . We sacrifice to our palates as to gods. The rich feast, the poor fast; the dogs dine, the poor pine." Or take one from Dr. Donne, whom Coleridge extolled so highly for his compactness of thought and abundance of imagery:—"Every man is but a sponge, a sponge full of tears." The same characteristics are found in Brookes, Andrewes, and Henry Smith. But the height of extravagance is reached by less famous men. Richard Taverner was a layman, who received a licence to preach from Edward VI., and was called upon to do so before the Court. In the time of Elizabeth he was high sheriff of Oxford, and preached before the University in St. Mary's Church. This is how he began his sermon:—"Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary's in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some loaves baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of Salvation." Even Mr. Taverner's quips and quiddities must pale, however, before the following string of puns from a scarce volume of

sermons published in the reign of James I. :— "This *dial* shows that we must *die all* ; yet, notwithstanding, *all houses* are turned into *ale houses* ; our *cares* are turned into *cates* ; our *paradise* into a *pair o' dice* ; *matrimony* into a *matter o' money* ; and *marriage* into *merry age*. Our *divines* have become *dry vines* ; it was not so in the days of *Noah*—*ah No!*"

G. HOWARD JAMES.

ON THE MEMOIRS OF MINISTERS IN THE
"BAPTIST HANDBOOK," 1887.



HIS is a grave and somewhat affecting subject, but one that may be made both interesting and instructive. It ought to influence every reader for some good end. May it be so.

The Apostle Paul has compared the history of the Church of Christ below to a vast panorama passing before the eyes of the angelic hosts, in which they are continually learning more and more of the goodness, loving-kindness, wisdom, and power of Him who is the Lord of saints and angels too. Such, at least, we conceive is suggested by his words: "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God."*

In like manner the Church of the "redeemed from among men" has been compared to a vast procession passing onwards, upwards, homewards from earth to heaven. The procession is unbroken and ceaseless, the vision is perpetual ; but, if we fix our eyes on any one or more appearing to our view, they are soon lost again to our sight. First, we descry them approaching ; then we see them passing ; then we behold them disappearing ; and, finally, we can only say they are gone. And thus it has been from of old ; and every generation is asking, "The fathers, where are they ? and the prophets, do they live for ever ?" †

Some who have passed from us during the year 1886 were

* Eph. iii. 10.

† Zech. i. 5.

“fathers,” “valiant men,” and “men of renown.” Their names will not soon die, and their work, which, like seed, is always reproductive, will never die, but go on perpetuating itself, and in many cases enlarging the circle of its influence from age to age. If “kind words can never die,” much more the labours of those who work the work of the Lord. This is true in every case, but especially in some. Long will live in the region of the New Forest the name of John Bartlett Burt. The name of Hugh Stowell Brown will never be forgotten in Liverpool, while throughout Great Britain, and in her colonies and in America, it will live as a “household word.” When will the name of Charles Stanford cease to be remembered? In connection with truth in its beauty, “power in weakness,” and all that is charming and lovely and pure in the Gospel and in the character and life of the saint on earth, he will live when men of far greater pretensions shall have been forgotten. Such like things might be said of the rest, especially of some of them.

In looking over the few well-filled pages which loving hands have stored with some of the leading facts of their history, we have been struck by the large variety traceable in the men, while, at the same time, there appears to have been in all essential things an admirable unity.

The duration of service and the ages of the men at their departure were various: from the veterans of eighty-three and eighty-four, to the recruit who had only just buckled on the harness; from the venerable Williams, of Langynog, who was pastor of one church fifty years, and the no less venerable and worthy J. B. Burt, of Beaulieu, who had presided over the same people fifty-six years, to the youthful Maynard, whose missionary ardour consumed him at the age of twenty-five.

But there is a healthy-looking proportion of old men and of lives well filled up with labour in the list. Of the forty whose memoirs are given, only four were under forty years of age, eight were between forty and sixty, and twenty-eight were of different ages from sixty-one to eighty-four—the average age of the forty being sixty-one and a quarter. This will compare very favourably with a like number of almost any other class of the community.

There is a variety as to nationality, fourteen out of the forty memoirs being those of Welshmen, the rest being English, with the

exception of Mr. Anderson, who was a Scotchman. Surely our Welsh friends cannot complain of not having their fair proportion this time. But yet they come short by the brevity of the sketches. Surely materials were not so scanty that a dozen lines were sufficient to record what was worth knowing of each departed brother. But Welsh brethren are great preachers—at least, some of them are—and one cannot be great in all things.

There was considerable variety, too, in their original occupations and early surroundings. There is not the slightest trace in any one of the forty of that professionalism which has been the bane of the Christian ministry. In all these men the ministry was a "calling," not a "profession." They were "called of God, as was Aaron," and as all true ministers must be, whatever they may have been trained to. Thus we find one was a printer, another a watchmaker, a third a stonecutter; while Hugh Stowell Brown, as everybody knows, was the son of a not very wealthy clergyman, and was himself trained to land surveying and engineering. Then, again, some were engaged in mercantile pursuits or as assistants in shops, as was Charles Stanford; while one worthy and earnest servant of God had been a farm labourer, and continued to work in that capacity or as a mechanic for years after he commenced his ministry. We refer to Mr. French, one of a class very nearly extinct. Mr. Kirtland was first an usher in a school, then a city missionary; while some were farmers or sons of farmers, and one of the Welsh brethren had been a collier. And it is remarkable that a great deal of light has shone in different parts of Wales by means of men who, from delving in the coal mine, have delved in the mine of truth, and have become efficient preachers and pastors. Some people, with superficial views, and especially those who have imbibed ecclesiastical notions, might think this derogatory; but such is not the case. God's call is higher than wealth or birth or profession or rank, or any such thing, inasmuch as the heavenly is higher than the earthly, the spiritual than the carnal. Besides, not a few of the young gentlemen who, as ecclesiastics, assume such airs of superiority, and boast so highly of their so-called apostolical succession, could, if they would, tell us something of the tailor's shop-board and the draper's counter, or even meaner employments. But what has a man's ancestry, or a man's social status, to do with his qualifications to be a minister of the Word? The two things are

wholly distinct. The inward fitness and the inward call are the first requirements, and, where these are, more or less of mental improvement and general advancement will follow, and the wise and faithful man will seek in the best way he can to stir up his gift, and by all means to become more and more a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. If the axe be blunt, the whetstone must be diligently used, or there will be so much the more of effort required to accomplish the same amount of work. Hence it is, perhaps, that men who have had no early advantages, and little or no college training, have often surpassed in capabilities and usefulness some who have had far greater advantages but have not diligently improved them. The smith's arm waxes strong by the use of the hammer.

Another feature of variety noticeable is the great difference in the kind and degree of ministerial gifts. The worthy brother who originated and built up the little church at Mark's Tey, in Essex, and the no less worthy brother, Elam Stenson, whose work was done in connection with the "General" section of the denomination, were in most respects very different in their respective gifts from our well-beloved brethren Joseph P. Chown, Hugh Stowell Brown, and Charles Stanford, while these last-mentioned all differed from each other. Many will remember the well-chosen, loving, and fitly-spoken words which the now departed brother, Francis Tucker—himself a master of eloquence—used concerning the late pastor at Camberwell and the late "bishop" of Liverpool, and his exquisite description of their several gifts—the one excelling in strength the other in beauty; likening them to the pillars in the Temple, of which it is said, "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary." But neither of these brethren could be safely recommended as a model, much less to be closely imitated. Mr. Brown's clothes would be too big for any man who might be willing to try them on, and no man could become a Dr. Stanford, or even see through his glasses. Rather let every man be himself, wear his own clothes, and see with his own eyes. But yet we may be imitators of our departed brethren in many things. We may cherish the same manly sentiments, the same fidelity to truth, to conscience, and to God as they did. In our grasp of Divine truth, in our efforts to unfold it in its native simplicity, in our affectionate earnestness; in our devotedness to God, to His cause and kingdom, and to the interests of His people and of the world, we may

well be followers of them who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises.

In the well-beloved and excellent brother, Joseph P. Chown, there was more to imitate, or more that can be imitated, with advantage than in most leading men. No one but a simpleton would think of imitating his manner, tones, and speech; but every minister of Christ who wishes to be approved of God may, and should, follow him in earnestness and painstaking industry, in thorough mastery of language, lucidity of exposition, and simplicity of style, in fitness and aptness of illustration, in pointedness of appeal, and thorough clearness and soundness of doctrinal statement, and, we may add, in accessibleness and graciousness of manner, gravity and cheerfulness of deportment, and in brotherly-kindness, affectionate esteem, and unselfish love.

There is in the list the name of one venerable brother with whose face the writer was familiar twenty years or so ago. This was William Hood, of Ford; a man of commanding presence, affectionate disposition, devoted character, humble spirit, and willing mind. He had a fine head, a beaming countenance, a good voice, an excellent pair of legs, and a frame of body well fitted for arduous labour. He was diligent in season and out of season; only, nothing ever seemed out of season with him. He always seemed ready to speak a word, and, what is sometimes a greater virtue, to remain silent when more prominent brethren were on the ground. A model—growing rarer every year—of a painstaking, plain-speaking, plodding country pastor, was William Hood, who now rests from his labours in the joy of his Lord.

But what more shall I say? The time, or, at least, the space, would fail me to give even the shortest description of many others; and next to nothing has been said of the Welsh brethren, fourteen of whom have passed away in the year, the most conspicuous of them being the Rev. Owen Griffiths, of Blaenconin, Pembrokeshire. Some of them the writer may have met, most likely has met, but none of them were personally known to him, a fact which tells us that many good and excellent and useful men are labouring in secluded spheres of service, who are unknown to the rank and file of their brethren. But their record is on high, and their work shall be rewarded, though their fame be not sounded forth with trumpet-voice to the ends of the

earth. Of many such faithful friends we might say, as has been said of Owen Griffiths, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

On another point of variety, we shall touch very lightly; namely, the difference of doctrinal sentiment. A large number of the forty men in our list were Calvinists of the moderate school; some more so, some less so; though none of them went with Calvin in all things, and no one would have been willing to pin his faith to any man's sleeve. A few were not Calvinists, or, if they were, they did not know it. Three or four belonged to a branch of the Denomination distinguished for the prominence given to some of Calvin's opinions, while some others are overlooked or ignored. But neither would these call any man master. The usefulness, and worth, and excellence of character which mark some of them, render them worthy of high esteem and love, as fellow-servants of our one Master and Lord. Of those we have marked for notice, of William Chamberlain and Thomas Chivers, it may be sufficient to say that their dying testimony and the theme of their ministry was "Christ, and Him crucified." The first text of the one was, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and almost the last words of the other were, "I know whom I have believed, and I know whom I have preached."

But with all this variety of gifts, talents, acquirements, labours, experience, and views of truth, we trace an admirable unity. The men were all diverse, but they were all one—one in Him who is the Head. Their faith centred there. Christ was their Foundation; Christ was their theme; Christ was their Hope; Christ was their All. They were all in some sense co-workers, builders together with Him who is the great Master Builder, even Christ Jesus, our common Lord. God called them, God employed them, God helped them, one and all, to do the work which their various talents fitted them for in the up-building of the Spiritual temple of His redeemed people, to be a habitation of God through the Spirit.

The house is large, and some of them were separated one from another; and some, intent on doing their own little piece of work, were, perhaps, too indifferent to the work and workers in other parts of the house. But all their true work for God was one for all that, and now they are one. One in Christ

before, they are now so, consciously, happily, eternally, one together in Him.

There are other names which the writer would take pleasure in mentioning—names of men who were good and true, and who worked nobly and well. First among these were Thomas Stevenson, of Leicester. Hardly second was Thomas Pottinger, who, in his public official stations, belonged to the last generation rather than to this; a man of worth and strength, and one who did valiantly for the Lord.

Among the younger brethren who have been called home, William Anderson, of Reading, deserves the foremost place. But of him and his earnest, consecrated life and work, these pages have spoken before, and space will not now permit of any extended notice. Then there was William Norris, taken away “in the midst of his years,” but not before good work had been done. Other brethren also did faithful service for their Lord. But now they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.

But whatever differences may have separated them in any degree here, where our vision is circumscribed, and where, almost of necessity, the glorious citadel of revealed truth is viewed from different stand-points and through different mediums, there is no divergence of thought and feeling now, where, in the cloudless light of God’s own presence they walk and serve and converse, seeing as they are seen, and knowing as they are known; and where the love for which some of them were here so eminent has reached its perfection, and the joy of all is full, seeing the King in His beauty, and drinking full draughts of bliss from the river of His pleasures.

God help us all, ministers and others, to gird up our loins, and keep our lights burning, to hasten patiently, that none of our work shall be left undone when we also shall receive the call to the higher service.

“‘A little while!’ look upwards, and press on!
Soon shall the troubled dreams of night be gone,
The shadows pass away
Before the abiding day;—
The Saviour comes, to claim and bless His own.’”

R. SHINDLER.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE CANON.

BY PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.



HE Canon of the Sacred Scriptures is—with the exception of the Apocrypha of the Old Testament—the same in the Greek, the Latin, and the various Protestant churches, and will continue to be the same to the end of time. It is not likely that modern criticism will result in the exclusion of any book either of the Old or the New Testament from our Bibles. No matter whether the Pentateuch in whole or in part is Mosaic or post-Mosaic, it is and will always remain canonical. The critical doubts about the Pauline authorship of the Pastoral Epistles, the Petrine authorship of the Second Epistle of Peter, and the Johannean origin of the Apocalypse cannot and will not affect the practice of any orthodox Church in regarding those books as integral parts of the authoritative rule of the Christian faith and duty.

But the grounds on which the traditional canon is accepted differ in the chief branches of Christendom. The Greek and Roman churches accept the canon in its present extent on the decision of the Church, and regard the question affecting its extent as closed. Protestantism claims the right and duty of re-investigation and freedom as regards the critical and theoretical aspects of the question.

The Bible has a human as well as a Divine side. It is the Word of the living God clothed in flesh and blood. It was written by holy men inspired by the Holy Ghost. It has a literary history, like any other book, only a thousandfold more interesting. Its origin, genuineness, integrity, aim, all its circumstances and surroundings, its preservation, propagation, and influence upon the ages and nations, are proper subjects of investigation. The collection of the several books into a canon separate and distinct from all other books is a work of the Jewish Synagogue and the Christian Church. The extent of the canon is not determined by the Bible itself or by inspiration, and was not fully agreed upon till the close of the fourth century, and even then only by provincial synods, not by any of the seven œcumenical councils. It is therefore justly open to re-investigation.

The Church of Rome, at the Council of Trent, settled the canon, including the Apocrypha, of the Old Testament, but without any critical inquiry or definite theological principle; it simply confirmed the traditional usage, and pronounced an anathema on every one who does not receive all the books contained in the Latin Vulgate. She also checked the freedom of investigation, by requiring conformity to a defective version and a unanimous consensus of the fathers, although such an exegetical consensus does not exist except in certain fundamental doctrines.

The Reformers re-opened the question of the extent of the canon, as they had a right to do, but without any idea of sweeping away the traditional belief or undermining the authority of the Word of God. On the contrary, from the fulness of their faith in the inspired Word, as contained in the Scriptures, they questioned the canonicity of a few books which seem to be lacking in sufficient evidence to entitle them to a place in the Bible. They simply revived, in a new shape and on doctrinal rather than historical grounds, the distinction made by the Hebrews and the ancient fathers between the canonical and apocryphal books of the Old Testament, and the Eusebian distinction between the *Homologoumena* and *Antilegomena* of the New Testament, and claimed in both respects the freedom of the ante-Nicene Church.

They added, moreover, to the external evidence the more important internal evidence, or the intrinsic excellency of the Scripture as the true ground on which its authority and claim to obedience rests; and they established a firm criterion of canonicity, namely, the purity and force of teaching of Christ and His Gospel of salvation. They did not reject the testimonies of the fathers; but they placed over them what Paul calls the "demonstration of the Spirit and of power" (1 Cor. ii. 4).

Luther was the pioneer of a higher criticism, which was indeed subjective and arbitrary; but, after all, a criticism inspired and controlled by faith. He made his central doctrine of justification by faith the criterion of canonicity. He thus placed the material or subjective principle of Protestantism above the formal or objective principle, the truth above the witness of the truth, the doctrine of the Gospel above the written Gospels, Christ above the Bible. Romanism, on the contrary, places the Church above the Bible. But we must

remember that Luther learnt Christ from the Bible, and especially from the Epistles of Paul, which furnished him the key for the understanding of the scheme of salvation.

He made a distinction, moreover, between the more important and the less important books of the New Testament, according to the extent of their evangelic purity and force, and put Hebrews, James, Jude, and Revelation at the end of the German Bible.

He states his reason in the preface to the Hebrews as follows: "Hitherto we have had the right and genuine books of the New Testament. The four that follow have been differently esteemed in olden times." He therefore appeals to the ante-Nicene tradition; but his chief objection was to the contents.

He disliked, most of all, the Epistle of James, because he could not harmonise it with Paul's teaching on justification by faith *without* works, and he called it an epistle of straw as compared with the genuine apostolic writings.

He objected to the Epistle to the Hebrews because it seemed to deny (chs. vi., x., and xii.) the possibility of repentance after baptism, contrary to the Gospels and to Paul, and betrays, in ch. ii. 3, a post-apostolic origin. He ascribed the authorship to Apollos by an ingenious guess, which, though not supported by ancient tradition, has found great favour with modern commentators and critics, chiefly because the authorship of any other possible writer (Paul, Barnabas, Luke, Clement) seems to offer insuperable difficulties, while the description of Apollos in Acts xviii. 24—28, compared with the allusions in 1 Cor. i. 12; iii. 6; iv. 6; xvi. 12, seems to fit exactly the author of the anonymous epistle.

He called the Epistle of Jude an "unnecessary epistle," a mere extract from Second Peter, and post-apostolic; filled with apocryphal matter, and hence rejected by the ancient fathers.

He could at first find no sense in the mysteries of the Apocalypse, and declared it to be "neither apostolic nor prophetic," because it deals only with 'images and visions; and yet, notwithstanding its obscurity, it adds threats and promises, "though nobody knows what it means"; but afterwards he modified his judgment when the Lutheran divines found in it welcome weapons against the Church of Rome.

The clearest utterance on this subject is found at the close of his

preface to the first edition of his German version of the New Testament (1522), but it was suppressed in later editions.

Luther's view of inspiration was both strong and free. With the profoundest conviction of the Divine contents of the Bible, he distinguished between the revealed truth itself and the human wording and reasoning of the writers. He says of one of the rabbinical arguments of his favourite Apostle: "My dear brother Paul, this argument will not stick."

Luther was, however, fully aware of the subjective and conjectural character of these opinions, and had no intention of obtruding them on the Church; hence he modified his prefaces in later editions. He judged the Scriptures from an exclusively dogmatic and one-sidedly Pauline standpoint, and did not consider their gradual historical growth.

A few Lutheran divines followed him in assigning a subordinate position to the seven *Antilegomena* of the New Testament; but the Lutheran Church, with a sound instinct, accepted for popular use the traditional Catholic canon (not even expressly excluding the Jewish Apocrypha), yet retained his arrangement of the books of the New Testament. The Rationalists, of course, revived, intensified, and carried to excess the bold opinions of Luther, but in a spirit against which he would himself raise the strongest protest.

The Reformed divines were, in accepting the canonical books, more conservative than Luther, but more decided in rejecting the Apocrypha of the Old Testament. The Reformed confessions usually enumerate the canonical books.

Zwingli objected only to the Apocalypse, and made no doctrinal use of it, because he did not deem it an inspired book, written by the same John who wrote the Fourth Gospel. In this view he has many followers, but the severest critical school of our days (that of Tübingen) assigns it to the Apostle John.

Wolfgang Museulus mentions the seven *Antilegomena*, but includes them in the general catalogue of the New Testament; and Ecolampadius speaks of six *Antilegomena* (omitting the Hebrews) as holding inferior rank, but nevertheless appeals to their testimony. Calvin had no fault to find with James and Jude, and often quotes Hebrews and Revelation as canonical books, though he wrote no commentary on Revelation, probably because he felt himself

incompetent for the task. He is silent about Second and Third John. He denies, decidedly, the Pauline authorship, but not the canonicity, of Hebrews. He is disposed to assign Second Peter to a pupil of Peter, who wrote under the auspices and by direction of the Apostle; but he guards in this case, also, against unfavourable inferences from the uncertainty of origin.

Calvin clearly saw the inconsistency of giving the Church the right of determining the canon after denying her right of making an article of faith. He therefore placed the canon on the authority of God, who bears testimony to it through the voice of the Spirit in the hearts of the believers. The eternal and inviolable truth of God, he says, is not founded on the pleasure and judgment of men, and can be as easily distinguished as light from darkness, and white from black. In the same line, Peter Vermilius denies that "the Scriptures take their authority from the Church. Their certitude is derived from God. The Word is older than the Church. The Spirit of God wrought in the hearts of the hearers and readers of the Word, so that they recognised it to be truly Divine."

This view is clearly set forth in several Calvinistic confessions, especially that of Westminster. In its exclusive form it is diametrically opposed to the maxim of Augustine, otherwise so highly esteemed by the Reformers: "I would not believe the Gospel without the authority of the Church." But the two kinds of evidence supplement each other. The human authority of tradition, though not the final ground of belief, is indispensable as an external or historical witness of the canonicity, and is of very great weight in conflict with Rationalism.

There is no essential antagonism between the Bible and the Church in the proper sense of the term. They are inseparable. The Church was founded by Christ and the Apostles, through the preaching of the living Word of God; and the founders of the Church are also the authors of the written Word, which continues to be the shining and guiding light of the Church; while the Church in turn is the guardian, preserver, translator, propagator, and expounder of the Bible.

The liberal views of the Reformers on inspiration and the canon were abandoned after the middle of the sixteenth century, and were succeeded by compact and consolidated systems of theology. The

evangelical scholasticism of the seventeenth century strongly resembles, both in its virtues and defects, the Catholic scholasticism of the Middle Ages, which systematised and contracted the patristic theology, except that the former was based on the Bible, the latter on Church tradition. In the conflict with Romanism, the Lutheran and Calvinistic scholastics elaborated a stiff, mechanical theory of inspiration in order to set an infallible book against an infallible pope. The Bible was identified with the Word of God, dictated to the sacred writers as the penmen of the Holy Ghost. Even the classical purity of style, and the integrity of the traditional text, including the Masoretic punctuation, were asserted in the face of stubborn facts which came to light as the study of the origin and history of the text advanced. The Divine side of the Scriptures was exclusively dwelt upon, and the human and literary side was ignored or virtually denied. Hence the exegetical poverty of the period of Protestant scholasticism. The Bible was used as a repository of proof texts for previously conceived dogmas, without regard to the context, the difference between the Old and New Testament, and the gradual development of the Divine revelation in accordance with the needs and capacities of men.

It was against this Protestant bibliolatry and symbolatry that Rationalism arose as a legitimate protest. It pulled down one dogma after another, and subjected the Bible and the canon to a searching criticism. It denies the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures, except in a wider sense which applies to all works of genius, and treats them simply as a gradual evolution of the religious spirit of Israel and the primitive Christian Church. It charges them with errors of fact and errors of doctrine, and resolves the miracles into legends and myths. It questions the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch, the genuineness of the Davidic Psalms, the Solomonic writings, the prophecies of Deutero-Isaiah and Daniel, and other books of the Old Testament. It assigns not only the Eusebian *Antilegomena*, but even the Gospels, Acts, and several Pauline Epistles, to the post-apostolic ages from A.D. 70 to 150.

In its later developments, however, Rationalism has been obliged to retreat and make several concessions to orthodoxy. The canonical Gospels and Acts have gained by further investigation and discovery; and the apostolic authorship of the four great Epistles of

Paul to the Romans, Corinthians and Galatians, and the Apocalypse of John is fully admitted by the severest school of criticism. A most important admission; for these five books imply or teach all the leading facts and truths of the Gospel, and overthrow the very foundations of Rationalism. With the Christ of the Gospels, and the Apostle Paul as he appears in his acknowledged Epistles, Christianity is safe.

Rationalism was a radical revolution which swept like a flood over the Continent of Europe. But it is not negative and destructive only. It has made, and is still making, valuable contributions to Biblical philology, textual criticism, and grammatico-historical exegesis. It enlarges the knowledge of the conditions and environments of the Bible, and of all that belongs to the human and temporal side of Christ and Christianity. It cultivates with special zeal and learning the sciences of Critical Introduction, Biblical Theology, the Life of Christ, the Apostolic and post-Apostolic Ages.

These acquisitions to exegetical and historical theology are a permanent gain, and are incorporated in the new evangelical theology, which arose in conflict with Rationalism, and in defence of the positive Christian faith in the Divine facts of revelation and the doctrines of salvation. The conflict is still going on with increasing strength, but with the sure prospect of the triumph of truth. Christianity is independent of all critical questions on the canon and on human theories of inspiration; else Christ would Himself have written the Gospels, or commanded the Apostles to do so. His "words are spirit and are life." "The flesh profiteth nothing." Criticism and speculation may for a while wander away from Christ, but will ultimately return to Him who furnishes the only key for the solution of the problems of history and human life. "No matter," says the world-poet Goethe, in one of his last utterances, "how much the human mind may progress in intellectual culture, in the science of nature, in ever-expanding breadth and depth, it will never be able to rise above the elevation and moral culture which shine in the Gospels."—*New York Independent.*

BRIEF STUDIES ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

INTRODUCTORY.



EARLY half-a-century ago, before the message from Lodiana had touched a chord in the heart of the Christian Church, and unions for prayer had scarcely been suggested, a few Christian friends on terms of intimacy agreed to pray for one another at ten o'clock every Sunday night. There were about twenty—relatives or family connections—some of them associated in literary studies, and, for the most part, between eighteen and thirty years of age. It was kept up for many years, until one after another passed away in succession into the spirit world, and two only remain here.

A card, with a text for each Sunday in the year, was annually presented to every member of the little circle. They were all ladies; but the husband of one suggested a succession of texts with a more definite and continuous object, and he selected fifty-two illustrative of our blessed Lord's example in daily and social life.

The writer was much interested in finding other texts illustrative of each trait of character, and at length formed the design of writing a brief article on each; but so dissatisfied was she with her attempts, and so deeply did she feel her inability to write worthily of that "altogether lovely" and sinless One, that the papers have been laid aside for years; and the many beautiful works which have appeared during the interval on our Lord's earthly history and finished work have made her more conscious of the inferiority of her poor attempts.

And yet, with the exception of Dr. Macduff's sweet little book, "The Mind of Jesus," she has not met with one that pursues quite the same lines; and it is possible that, as taken up from a woman's point of view, the simplicity and practical bearing of her remarks may adapt themselves to the daily life of some of her own sex, especially such as have just entered on a Christian course. As a painter does not dash off a portrait with one stroke of his brush, but carefully depicts each lineament, and touches and re-touches until the likeness is indubitable, so must each follower of the Lord Jesus seek to study

and imitate every feature, if he would in any measure reproduce the likeness in his own character.

NO. I.—CHRIST'S PITY FOR SINNERS.

We pity the wronged, the innocent, the deserving, the falsely accused, the oppressed. We have little pity to bestow on those who receive the due reward of their deeds—the unworthy, the unattractive, the revolting. But Jesus pitied sinners, pitied them as sinners, pitied them because they were sinners. Nor was His pity so much as limited to the penitent sinners; to such as she who “came behind Him weeping, and washed His feet with tears.” The friendless and neglected object at the Pool of Bethesda, rescued by His mercy from helpless and hopeless disappointment, was probably the victim of his own folly and sin; and there is nothing to lead us to suppose him penitent in the parting admonition of his Deliverer, “Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.” So probably with many lepers and other diseased persons on whom His touch of healing fell. Their utter unworthiness made no difference in the exercise of His pitying grace.

It might have been supposed that we in the kindred of guilt and misery should have had more sympathy with our fellow-sinners than He, the Holy One, to whose nature every taint of sin was so foreign and abhorrent. But it is not so. By so much the more as He could estimate the degradation and deadliness of sin was He able to comprehend and compassionate the utter wretchedness and ruin of the sinner. “Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?” “This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.” He did not deny the charge. He gloried in it. “The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick” (Matt. ix. 12). “I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” And they felt it. They yielded to the magic influence, for “then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him” (Luke xv.). Then it was that He gave utterance to that most touching parable, which more than all others exhibits the melting pity of His heart for the miserable, self-ruined sinner. His whole history is full of similar evidences, whether shadowed forth in the Old Testament or revealed in the New.

If he could pity the untroubled and rebellious sinner, how much

more the penitent! He knew the yearning of the contrite spirit. He felt each throb of the bruised and bleeding heart, and there was in His own pitying breast an answering pulsation. When the poor paralytic was brought to Him for healing, doubtless He saw what others could not see, a crushing weight of anguish far greater than that of physical suffering, and He hastened to remove it: "Son, be of good cheer! thy sins are forgiven thee!"

Are we learning to pity sinners? Have we in any measure drunk into the Spirit of our Lord? It was in Him no transient impulse. It was, one might almost say, His ruling passion, His prevailing emotion. It was in Him an exhaustless fountain, or rather an unfathomable ocean. The gentle rush of its waters is still heard in the innermost recesses of the penitent sinner's heart, reminding him of the unfailing communication thus kept up between him and heaven; and ever and anon from the farther shore is borne across it the softened echo of the invitation, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

How shall we speak of human pity in association with that which is Divine? Human pity is a cold and selfish thing—a passing and almost imperceptible shower, just tantalising the thirsty earth—an occasional spark dying out before it is even kindled to a flame. In vain may we hope to imitate or emulate that pitying love which, "while we were yet sinners, led Christ to die for us." We can but gaze in rapture at its unapproachable loveliness. But we may take to our hearts the lesson of His life, and strive to put away the pride or fastidiousness which keeps us aloof from those to whom He would have drawn near. Under the searching observation of Infinite purity, what are we better than they? And has He not pitied *us*? May we not say as good Dr. Watts has it?—

"Our everlasting love is due
To Him who ransomed sinners lost;
And pitied rebels when He knew
The vast expense His love would cost"—

while in tones of more than human tenderness the question is put to us, "Shouldest not thou have pity on thy fellow (sinner), even as I had pity on thee?"

J. L.

SACRED SONGS OF FOUR CONTINENTS.

No. V.—FROM THE SANSKRIT.*

RIG VEDA X. 121. ABOUT 1000 B.C.



IN the beginning rose the Golden Child,
 The Lord of all that is, who reigns alone.
 The earth he stablished, and the sky up-piled :
 Then to what God shall we our offering bring?

He who gives strength, the giver of all breath,
 Whose bidding all the glorious gods revere,
 Whose shadow is eternal life,—and death :
 Then to what God shall we our offering bring?

He who through all the awakening world doth reign
 By his great power, the one and only King,
 Whose rule doth all, both man and beast, restrain :
 Then to what God shall we our offering bring?

He whose almightiness the rolling sea
 And snow-clad mountains, rivers far away,
 Alike proclaim, whose arms these regions be :
 Then to what God shall we our offering bring?

He by whose word the shining sky is bright
 And earth stands firm, who built the highest heaven,
 Who in the air divided out the light :
 Then to what God shall we our offering bring?

He by whose will the heaven and earth stand sure,
 And, with an inward trembling, upward gaze,
 O'er whom the rising sun shines bright and pure :
 Then to what God shall we our offering bring?

Where'er the mighty water-clouds were rife,
 Where'er they sowed the seed and lit the fire,
 Rose he,—of glorious gods the only life :
 Then to what God shall we our offering bring?

He who above the water-clouds out-shone,
 The thunder-clouds that lit the sacrifice,
 He who is GOD ABOVE ALL GODS alone :
 Then to what God shall we our offering bring?

* The first four songs of this series will be found in the volume for 1886.

Us may he not destroy ! By whose decree
 The earth and heaven were made, the righteous one,
 Who also made the bright and mighty sea :
 Then to what God shall we our offering bring ?

From a prose version by Prof. Max Müller.

H. C. LEONARD, M.A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A MISSING LINK.

To the Editor of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.



DEAR SIR,—No doubt there are many “links” missing, both in the Church and in the world ; and it is not very long since a magazine was published, called “The Missing Link.” On inquiring for it, however, some months back, I found that it, too, was missing. But that is not the subject to which I would now refer ; it is the *link of fellowship*, which *binds together the people of God*. There is a *bond of union* between them, a *oneness of spirit* ; but this requires to be encouraged or stimulated, otherwise it grows faint and weak.

“Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep” (Rom. xii. 15). But how shall we rejoice with our brethren, and our sisters, if we be ignorant of their joys and their sorrows ? The Psalmist says : “The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad ;” and, “I will tell what the Lord hath done for *my soul*.” Is it not desirable then that the “people whom the Lord hath blessed” should have opportunity in our day, also, to tell what He hath done for their souls ? The Apostle Paul exhorts the Corinthians—not his fellow-labourers, but Christians generally—that they should seek to “excel to the edifying of the church.” They must have had opportunities, therefore, to open their mouths before their brethren, and to speak from the fulness of their hearts ; for we may be sure Paul did not mean that they should “excel” in worldly wisdom, but rather in the knowledge of Jesus Christ in their hearts.

The rule, however, now, at all our meetings is, if there be not a sermon, that there must be “speeches” and “addresses,” and these, generally, are something prepared for the occasion, and do not consist of what the speakers have *themselves* actually “tasted, and handled, and felt, of the Word of Life.” Or, if the speakers be zealous in the cause, they tell what

great things *they* have done for the Lord, not what the *Lord* hath done for them. But how seldom are their speeches expressive of the true work of grace which is really going on in their own souls! As to the poorer and humbler brethren who cannot make a "speech," there is no opportunity afforded them to relate their experience, or to tell in a plain, simple manner what God hath done for *their* souls.

Now, it would appear that the people of God under the *old* dispensation were favoured with liberty to do this—how much more then might we under the *new*?—for the Prophet Malachi says: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard." Well, surely they must have spoken well of His name and have told of His goodness to them; for I cannot think that the Lord would take pleasure in hearkening to the social chit-chat which is too often indulged in now, when Christians meet together. Again, we read in the Book of Revelation that they "overcame him (Satan) by the blood of the Lamb, and the *word of their testimony*." Thus we gather that the people of God are encouraged and strengthened against the wicked one, not merely by sermons and addresses, but by *personal testimony*. And if, as the Apostle says, respecting the past, "all these things happened unto them for examples," and "are written for our admonition," surely it is good that Christians should relate their experiences in the presence of each other in the present day, and not suffer all to sink into oblivion, as though there were nothing to be learned therefrom.

It is the custom, however, now, only to ask the *new converts* to testify before the church, when proposed for membership; but, having once joined, they must for ever after hold their peace in public; yea, though they may have twenty or thirty years' experience in the Divine life, yet, for ordinary lay members, there is no other opportunity afforded whereby they may humbly testify, to the glory of God, of His dealings with them. Now, does not this seem unreasonable? Surely there are many "times of sorrow and of joy"—times of conflict with the adversary, and of victory through the blood of the Lamb, which it would be well to record before our brethren and sisters, that they might escape the snares into which we may have fallen, or that they should derive some encouragement from our testimony of God's delivering grace in times of trial. For it is really wonderful how much more *real* and *blessed* our religion, or rather our Saviour JESUS, does appear to us at such seasons.

But there seems to be a secret fear in the hearts of our ministers that, if this liberty were permitted in the church, it would tend to create a desire to dispense with their services altogether ultimately. I do not think so, however. No, we love our pastors, and desire that they

should remain with us. We would not have them excluded from such meetings either; but that they should conduct them themselves. Then they would not have to complain of the difficulty in selecting a text to preach from on the Sunday, as is so often the case now. They would be better prepared to admonish or to instruct, and to speak a "word to them that are weary"; for they would *know more about their people and their needs*, and a stronger bond of union would spring up between both. But, as it is there is a certain lack of sympathy between them; they are, too much, strangers to each other; for, as there is not opportunity for visiting all, they only meet together, as a rule, in the house of God, and then there can be merely an occasional shake of the hand, and "How do you do?" Hence, the feelings of the *inmost soul* and matters of *vital godliness* are but seldom entered into individually.

Of course, if we could all sit under such pastors as the pastor they have at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, there would be no need for such meetings as are here described, because he has such a deep mine of spiritual experience of his own, that he can ever bring forth things "new and old," suited to the wants of all. But it is no good to overlook the fact that the sermons of many ministers are, too often, very lacking in spiritual wealth. Their production is not the result of *close communion with God* and *fervent prayer for the light of the Holy Spirit*; but, rather, the result of merely reading the works of others. And hence it is that we have to mourn the sad lack of *power* in their delivery.

A few months ago, hearing a pastor lament over the *very few* who attended his week-night services, I suggested to him that, instead of the accustomed address or sermon, he should hold a meeting for Bible-reading and testimony. He thought it would be very nice, but could not quite see his way clear to get out of the old rut; so he elected to continue to preach to only ten or a dozen persons. And is not this the case at many chapels? How few there are who care to attend an ordinary service of a week evening, who, nevertheless, would doubtless be present if the meetings were more social and mutually edifying. The Salvation Army have found this out; they have no difficulty in getting the people together any night in the week. Not that we approve of meetings being made *too* "free and easy"; and, therefore, is it the more important that our pastors should conduct them.

But the fact is, we Baptists are too conservative, and seem more anxious to adhere to our rites and customs than to ascertain if there be any "more excellent way." And, the consequence is, many of our friends are drafting off to the "Brethren," or to the Salvation Army, or to holiness meetings, where, without distinction of sex or class, they may open their mouths in

prayer to God, or tell from a full heart of His dealings with them, and thus edify one another.

I am, yours truly,

THE AUTHOR OF "ROMISH INQUISITIONS."

[We give insertion to the above believing that the sentiments it contains are not those of the writer exclusively, and believing, moreover, that the subject is one which will admit of being discussed. With some things in our correspondent's letter we agree; but there is another side to the question thus raised, and we invite such of our readers as perceive this to write to us, exhibiting it as it presents itself to their minds.—
EDITOR.]

BRIEF NOTES.



IN this, the Jubilee year of the "great and good Queen," Victoria, a reading circle, called the "Victoria Reading Circle," has been inatugurated, with its head-quarters at 56, Old Bailey. "It is designed to unite in a great concerted movement for self-culture all intelligent young people whose day-school education is ended; in securing, *at home*, some of the advantages of a college, so far as reading and study are concerned, without interference with other duties. The wants of the younger members of Christian families and congregations, and the senior scholars in Sunday-schools, will be especially kept in view. Older persons, whose opportunities of culture have been limited, or who desire to revive their earlier studies, will also be admitted." The full course of study is intended to extend over four years, at the end of which each student who has faithfully followed it will be entitled to receive a Diploma and to become an Associate of the Circle. The movement is likely to do something towards systematising the reading—which it is to be feared is oftentimes very desultory—of our young people, and we cordially commend it to the attention of the young people of the households into which the BAPTIST MAGAZINE enters. The first annual course commenced on the 17th ult.

MANY readers will, doubtless, remember a remarkable book which appeared some years ago and created no small interest, entitled "The Female Jesuit; or, The Spy in the Family." We have said that it created no small "interest"; if we had used instead the word "sensation," we should probably have described more accurately the effect it produced on the mind of the religious public. No book ever published, perhaps, more forcibly illustrated the fact that "truth is stranger than fiction." The writer was Mrs. Jemima Luke, the wife of the Rev. Samuel Luke, Congregational minister, some time since deceased. Mrs. Luke has since written "The Broad and Narrow Way," "The Life of Thomas Thompson," &c. ;

but that production of her pen which will probably live longest, and be most useful, is the beautiful hymn for children, beginning "I think when I read that sweet story of old." We have the pleasure of publishing, in this number, the first of a series of short papers by this accomplished lady on the characteristics of the Saviour. These papers, as they appear, cannot fail, we think, to be perused with both interest and profit.

WITH sincere sorrow we record the death of our beloved brother, the Rev. David Jones, B.A., an article from whose pen appeared in our last number. Mr. Jones died on Monday, January 17th, after but a few days illness, and was buried the following Friday in Norwood Cemetery. He was an able minister of Christ, and a most estimable man. We hope in a future number to publish a short memoir, and, if possible, also a portrait, of him.

THE *Liberator* is of opinion that, in the present position of public affairs, it is impossible to forecast the ecclesiastical work of the coming Parliamentary session, but says: "We expect that, however much may be attempted in the matter of Church Reform, not much will be effected. The Primate will, no doubt, bring in his Church Patronage Bill, and carry it through the House of Lords; and, if the Government then in office favours its passing, it may pass the other House also. But we shall be surprised, rather than otherwise, if even this ripest of Church Reform measures finds a place in the Statute Book at the close of 1887. The promised measure dealing with glebe lands may, possibly, make progress in connection with land law reform; but who will say that the great Tithe question is going to be settled, in any way, good or bad, this session? It will involve questions of reduction and of redemption which will lead to a controversy covering much more ground than most of the disputants will at the outset dream of occupying."

WE have received a long and learned article from our esteemed contributor, the Rev. J. D. Bate, of Allahabad, and have published a part of it in the present issue. The entire article would extend to about twenty pages, and, consequently, we could not find space for it in one number. A second part will appear in the March number, and the third and concluding part in April. The article is designed to be, and is, a powerful plea for mission work among the aboriginal tribes of Arabia.

THE portrait of the late Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., which we publish in this number, is from a photograph which has never before been published. It was taken one day when the photographer—who it seems was provided with, or could readily obtain, the necessary apparatus—was making a friendly call. There was no attempt at pose or arrangement, and as the result Mr. Tucker is presented in his own study as he was, doubtless, seen by many of his friends. This fact will probably, in the estimation of many, increase the interest attaching to the portrait, and enhance its value.

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

- BENTLEY, J., Ely Place, Wisbeach, intimates his intention to resign.
- BIGGS, M., has announced his intention to resign the charge of the church at Welford.
- BROWNE, JOHN, co-pastor with E. T. Scammell of church at Teignmouth, has resigned through ill-health.
- CLATWORTHY, W., of Helston, has intimated his intention to resign.
- COOK, E. W., of Bristol College, has become co-pastor with E. T. Scammell of church at Teignmouth.
- DAVIES, HUGH, has resigned the charge of the church at Lymm, Cheshire.
- DAVIES, W. COLLINS, of Carmarthen, has accepted invitation to the pastorate of Zion Church, Ploughfold, Lancashire.
- DUNMEE, J. W., removes from Hoxne to Bungay.
- GILLINGHAM, G. T., has resigned the pastorate at Queen's Road, Barking.
- GRIFFITHS, DAVID, of Moriah Chapel, Dowlais, has accepted invitation to pastorate of Ebenezer Chapel, Aberavon.
- HALL, HENRY, of Hope Church, Hebden Bridge, tendered his resignation, but has since withdrawn it.
- HAMILTON, W., Irish Mission, has, in consequence of age, retired from his work at Carrickfergus.
- HOOD, CAREY, of Coventry, has accepted call to the pastorate at Hugglescote.
- HUGHES, HUGH, of Wem, Shropshire, has accepted invitation to the pastorate of mission churches at Sowerby Bridge and Norland, Yorkshire.
- HUGHES, M., has accepted the joint pastorate of the churches at Sowerby Bridge and Norland.
- JAMES, IVOR HALL, of Haverfordwest College, has been invited to Nantgwyn and Beulah, Radnor.
- JONES, S. J., of Dinapore, has accepted the pastorate of Havelock Church, Agra.
- LAMB, ABRAHAM, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Melton Mowbray.
- LAUDERDALE, E., of Grimsby, has resigned pastorate.
- LORIMER, W., of Cairndaisy, has retired through age and ill-health.
- McKENZIE, A. P., of Old Meeting, Biggleswade, has resigned pastorate.
- MASON, ERNEST G., of Rawdon College, has accepted the pastorate at Westoe Lane Church, South Shields.
- MORGAN, T. R., of Haverfordwest College, has been invited to the pastorate at Pontrhydfendigaid and Swyddffynon, Cardiff.
- MURSELL, ARTHUR, has accepted invitation to return to his former pastorate at Stockwell Chapel, London.
- MUSWORTHY, D., of Mount Sion, Swansea, has received call to church at Lumb.
- MYLES, W. G., of Morecambe, has stated his intention of seeking another pastorate.
- SHEPARD, J. E., Ventnor, has removed to church, John Street, Bedford Row.
- SMITH, FRANK M., has relinquished the pastorate at Hornsey Rise, and accepted call to Norfolk Street, Peckham.

SPEAR, J. W., has been recognised as the pastor of the church at York Town, Surrey.

STEVENSON, W. R., M.A., of New Basford, Chelsea Street, Nottingham, acting under medical advice, has resigned his pastorate.

THOMAS, WILLIAM, of Pontypool College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Blackwood, Mon.

THOMPSON, FRANK, of Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Waterbeach, Cambs.

REVIEWS.

TEMPERANCE AS TAUGHT IN THE REVISED BIBLE. By Rev. J. Compston. London : National Temperance Publication Company, 337, Strand. 1887.

THIS work, the author informs us, first appeared in the form of a series of papers in the *Temperance Worker*, soon after the issue of the complete Revised Bible in 1885, and now appears in book form, in deference to suggestions and requests received from some of the readers of that publication. It consists of "Notes, Critical and Expository, on all Bible Texts bearing on Wine and Strong Drink, or on the Principle of Abstinence ; with Special Reference to the Changes in the Revised Version." The work is carefully done ; and while, perhaps, it will scarcely convince any not previously convinced of the soundness of the writer's fundamental position, it offers a useful repertory of material for temperance advocates. The price is such (one shilling) as to place it within the reach of even the humblest temperance worker.

RITUALISM : Its Rise, Causes, Tenets, Aim, Methods, and Antidotes. By the Rev. W. Edwards, B.A., President of Pontypool College. Pontypool : Hughes & Son, Commercial Street. 1886.

PRESIDENT EDWARDS'S paper was read before the Monmouthshire Association, and is published at its request. It is a masterly and brilliant survey of the ritualistic controversy, discussing the subject historically, doctrinally, and practically, and proving that ritualism, alike in its origin, its operation, and its results, is inimical to Scripture, that it saps the foundations of spiritual and evangelical truth, and is, moreover, the worst foe of social and domestic morality. We have rarely seen a pamphlet which gives so much information in so small a compass, and defends its position in so logical, so trenchant, and so absolutely conclusive a style. We agree with Mr. Edwards in his contention that the Prayer Book is emphatically favourable to ritualism, and that the germ of ritualism is found in the connection of Church and State. Thorough-going Liberationism is the only axe which can strike at the root of this gigantic evil.

PREACHING AND HEARING, and other Sermons. By the Rev. A. W. Momerie, M.A., D.Sc., &c. Edinburgh and London : W. Blackwood & Son.

DR. MOMERIE, who is an unquestionably able man, is not so much a preacher as

an essayist. His themes, and his treatment of them, have little in common with the ordinary discourses of evangelical teachers, and certainly err by defect. We believe with him that the range of Christian preaching ought to be much wider than it generally is, as well as more vigorous and lively. The Gospel touches human life at every point, and has its message to deliver to men in every state and condition. Nothing that concerns man is alien to it, and there is no reason why our pulpit methods should be stereotyped and inflexible. The freedom, for which Dr. Momerie pleads, we should to a large extent concede, although we should insist more strongly than he does on the fact that the Christian preacher is by his very position a witness, the bearer of a message, the proclaimer of good news. The doctrinal elements of Christianity must be clearly exhibited. We cannot surrender or make subordinate any part of evangelical teaching; but there is no reason why, along with it, there should not be a more minute attention to the common duties of life, a fearless and manly protest against such sins as are in these pages so bravely and effectively exposed: "Selfishness," "Cant," "Hypocrisy towards Men," "Hypocritical Church-going," and "Hypocrisy towards God;" "Bigotry," &c. A freer discussion and a more direct application of the ethical principles of Christianity would prove of incalculable service in all our churches, and, on this ground, we welcome a book which is at once fresh and unconventional in substance, philosophical in tone, and popular in style; the work of a clear, strong thinker, one who, notwithstanding his doctrinal defects, is a man of broad and generous heart.

IRELAND AND THE CELTIC CHURCH. A History of Ireland from St. Patrick to the English Conquest in 1172. By George T. Stokes, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THE subject of these lectures has long had an attraction for us. Their story is intensely fascinating, not only as it is told (in part) in Mr. Aubrey De Vere's "Legends of St. Patrick," Professor Blackie's "Lays of the Highlands and Islands," and by other modern poets, but as it is narrated in prose by Montalembert in his "Monks of the West" and by Dr. Maclear in his "The Celts and the Conversion of the West." Some years ago the story of St. Patrick was told in this MAGAZINE, and later reference was made to St. Columba and his mission. We hope before long to return to the subject, more especially as Professor Stokes has brought to light many facts of the first moment which have previously been known to experts only. We regard this as the most valuable popular contribution to the study of the religious history of Ireland which has been made for many years; and, though we shall have to take exception to some of its positions (as, no doubt, our Presbyterian friends will), we are thankful to find so much which confirms our suspicions as to the hollowness of the historic claims of the Papacy. The pictures of monastic life, of the learning of the monks and of their missionary labours, are very graphic, and much interest will be awakened by what is said of the round towers of Ireland and early Christian architecture. The lectures—delivered in the University of Dublin—are thoroughly popular in style. No man of average intelligence could fail to be interested in them.

They carry us on from page to page with increasing pleasure, and, on this ground, might serve as a model to those who, if they are "to have an audience, must attract one." As an instance of the simplicity of their style and of the author's freedom from the restraints of academic dignity take the following in the lecture on Columba in Iona:—"If you wish to visit Iona, the best way is, first, go to Glasgow, then take a ticket to Oban upon one of those magnificent Clyde steamboats which have made sailing on that river synonymous with comfort. At Oban you will arrive late in the afternoon, and next day a sail of three or four hours will bring you to Iona." Imagine this in a grave university lecture! Some professors would consider it decidedly *infra dig.*, but the words would doubtless catch the ear of those students who had been to the Highlands; and certainly the tribute to Mr. McBrayne's splendid steamers is well deserved. His name is curiously linked with that of the greatest of the saints of the West, and the best means of understanding the work of Columba is to follow Professor Stokes's advice.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S HOLIDAY, and Other Poems. By William Alexander, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1, Paternoster Square.

WHEN we read Bishop Alexander's sermons we wish he would devote his whole time to preaching. When we read his poems we wish he were wholly devoted to the Muses. There is no doubt a sense in which, as he says, that "he who would write anything in verse likely to live must surrender himself to verse passionately and almost undividedly, for poetry is as exacting as she is beautiful." This volume is, in this view, but an indication of what might have been, and yet, in many respects, it would be difficult to conceive it better than it is. It will win the attention of all who can appreciate good poetry by its brilliance of imagination, its delicacy of insight, its gracefulness of touch, and its strains of rich and varied music—now soft and plaintive, and anon thrilling with passionate ecstasy; at one moment sweet and wistful as a lover's flute, at another bursting upon us with the majestic roll of an organ. In addition to all this, there is a Miltonic purity and fervour, a decided Christian ethicalism, and the grace which can only result from what Mrs. Browning so earnestly desired for all poets—"the touch of Christ's hand." Very beautifully does Dr. Alexander depict the memorable scene in the life of the great African father from which the volume takes its name. Rarely have we seen a finer illustration of the functions of the Psalter, or a more beautiful insistence on the power of penitence, than is given in the stanzas on pages 16 and 17. Very noble, too, are the lessons drawn from the contrast between St. Bernard's Sermons on the Canticles and Renan's "Le Cantique." "The New Atlantis," a poem on the Oxford of forty years ago and the Oxford of to-day, is the choice and noble utterance of a man who knows that of which he affirms when he predicts that—

"That in us which thinks with that which feels
Shall everlastingly be reconciled,
And that which questioneth with that which kneels."

The translations also are good, especially those from Victor Hugo, which, we are

told in a note, were executed jointly by the Bishop and his wife, Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, herself an esteemed poetess of the Christian Church. We have enjoyed this volume deeply and intensely. It is a mine of refined Christian thought, clothed in choice poetic diction.

LECTURES, CHIEFLY EXPOSITORY, ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE PHILIPPIANS. With Notes and Illustrations. By John Hutchinson, D.D. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1887.

DR. HUTCHINSON has been encouraged by the favourable reception given to his two former volumes of expositions to issue a third of a similar nature. We have already several good expository works on the Philippians, but there was room for another, and this is on every ground welcome. Dr. Hutchinson is both a scholar and a thinker, a student who resolutely pierces his way to the heart of his text, and a teacher who, by forcible statement and apt illustration, can unveil it ; nor does he ever overlook the higher and more momentous issues with which a Christian minister has to deal. The brief quotations with which his pages are occasionally enriched are always acceptable, and have almost invariably the merit of freshness. This work will certainly add to its author's reputation as a sound evangelical expositor.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. John Brown, B.A., of Bedford. London : Hodder & Stoughton.

A BEAUTIFUL and convenient edition of the greatest work of "the immortal dreamer," the result of a careful collation of the ten editions published during Bunyan's lifetime, and embodying, therefore, his latest touches, but rejecting all subsequent additions and so-called emendations. The notes, placed at the end of the volume, are clear, terse, and pointed. For general use we could neither desire nor conceive a better edition.

THE REVISED ENGLISH VERSION OF THE OLD-COVENANT SCRIPTURES, COMPARED WITH INSPIRED RENDERINGS IN THE NEW-COVENANT SCRIPTURES, AND WITH THE ANCIENT GREEK AND SYRIAC VERSIONS. By William Norton, of Cutland, Chulmleigh. London : W. K. Bloom, 15, Cursitor Street, E.C.

THIS is a work which displays not a little learning, and evidently has been prepared with much labour and care. In the Introduction—which, by the way, occupies nearly half the book—Lord Arthur Hervey, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the Revisers, is very severely handled for statements made in a paper read at the Church Congress in 1885, as to the principles on which the Revisers proceeded in doing their work. But, laboured and learned as Mr. Norton's arguments are, they can have no force with one who does not agree with him as to his fundamental position. Lord A. Hervey expressed the belief that it was not God's purpose to give "absolute certainty to the text of Holy Scripture." To this our author takes strong exception, and his work proceeds entirely on the

principle of the direct opposite. It is difficult to understand how he does not see that, if his contention be correct, then God's purpose has failed. As a scholar, he knows that no two of the ancient MSS. of the New Testament Scriptures agree in every particular; and as we have not the identical documents written by the Apostles, we cannot be sure which, or that either, is a true transcript. We know that we have substantially what the sacred writers penned, and that is enough. "Whether the Revised Version is, on the whole, better than the Unrevised Version or not" will, no doubt, admit of debate; but few will share the regret which our author seems to have that the Revised Version has been made. It has contributed, we are convinced, not a little already to the better understanding of the Word of God. The work before us will repay perusal, both to those who agree and those who disagree with the author, who, we may add, has not been very happy in entitling his work; for his chief attention is devoted, not to the Old Testament Scriptures, but the New.

"STRAIGHT PATHS FOR YOUR FEET."

By the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, B.A.
Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

A REALLY useful and suggestive *brochure*, containing notes of lectures on some of the most important words in the Bible, such as Sin, Death, Life, Grace, Redemption, Faith, Regeneration, &c. The author has resolutely endeavoured to bring out their full Biblical significance, and to remove the vague, unintelligent, and erroneous notions which are often entertained concerning them even in quarters where we should expect better things. The work is not intended for scholars; but its worth would have been increased if some of the results for which we are indebted to Cremer's New Testament Lexicon had been embodied in it.

RAYS OF MESSIAH'S GLORY; or, Christ in the Old Testament. By David Baron. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1886.

MR. BARON'S present volume is written mainly as a means of confirming Christians in their faith. It unfolds to them the wealth and variety of the Old

Testament teaching concerning Christ. His priesthood and kingship, His functions and work as the Branch (Isaiah iv. 2; Jeremiah xxiii. 5, 6; Zech. iii. 8, and vi. 12, 13); it elucidates the analogy and contrast between Moses and Christ; the Messianic import of Isaiah liii., &c. It is a treat to read the words of a devout and learned Hebrew, a man who has looked at the great questions he discusses all round, who knows all that can be said on the side to which he is now opposed, and against the side on which he stands. The expositions are rich unfoldings of truth; and, it must be the reader's own fault if he does not indeed here catch what the title describes as "Rays of Messiah's Glory."

INGLESIDE; or, Without Christ and With Him. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

ONE of those pleasantly written and richly instructive stories in the production of which our American cousins conspicuously excel. Mrs. Leslie assures us that the scenes so graphically depicted are drawn from real life. The characters are painted in vivid

colours. We can see them moving before us, and for the most part they are characters we admire and love. From all of them we may learn much. Marion Howard, Harold Angus, and Mr. Regy, are splendidly drawn,

while the bitter experiences of Mrs. Douglass and Mrs. Cheriton cannot be read without tears. Need we be ashamed to confess that after we opened the book we could not lay it aside till we had finished it?

LITERARY NOTES.



THE Committee of the Baptist Tract Society announce that they have decided to issue an "Occasional Paper" to their subscribers, in order to keep the work of the Society before the minds of its friends, and, by giving examples of what is being done, to stimulate the sympathy and help of others. The Society is doing a good work, and we wish it increasing success. A packet of some of its recently published tracts is just to hand. The tracts are well written and thoroughly evangelical. We are glad to notice among them copies of two booklets designed for the young.

OUR weekly contemporaries, the *Freeman* and *Baptist*, have begun the year well. Both appear to be doing their best to be increasingly worthy the denomination they serve. The *Freeman* has smartened its appearance, and the *Baptist* announces itself to be in the hands of a new editor.

THE new volume of sermons by Dr. John Ker, published by Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, has had a rapid sale, and a second edition will be issued immediately.

MR. BROWNING'S new volume will be issued shortly after we go to press. It is said to be the most vigorous work we have received from the great philosophical poet for several years past.

AMONG the announcements we note with special pleasure is one to the effect that Canon Westcott is to begin a series of papers on the Revised Version of the New Testament in the February number of the *Expositor*. They are understood to be a reply to the more prominent criticisms on the Version.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. Edwin Hodder, the author of the "Life of Lord Shaftesbury," is to write a life of the late Mr. Samuel Morley. Mr. Morley's is a life with which all classes ought to be acquainted. The publishers, we understand, will be Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. R. LACEY EVERETT (late M.P.) has published, through Messrs. James Clarke & Co., a pamphlet on "Tithes: their History, Use, and Future," which we should like to see in the hands of every British citizen. It is an admirable present-day discussion.

UNDER the title "The Pilgrimage of the Preacher," Rev. J. Hunt Cooke will shortly publish a work on the Book of Ecclesiastes, through Mr. Elliot Stock.



RUSSELL & SONS. Photo: Wimbledon.

James Henry Smith
D. Long

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1887.

THE LATE REV. DAVID JONES, B.A.



OUR photo-sketch this month is that of one widely known and much beloved by all acquainted with him, but who has gone over to the ranks of the redeemed who are "without fault before the throne." Our space admits of only a bold outline of the life-story of our sainted friend, Rev. David Jones, B.A., a man of no ordinary ability and more than average culture, who was summoned to a higher sphere on the 17th ultimo, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was the youngest son of the Rev. John Jones, of Newtown, one of the ablest and most eloquent pastors in Wales, whose reputation for saintliness and pulpit power still lingers, and is cherished, in the Principality; full particulars of whose life are given in the BAPTIST MAGAZINE, November, 1831. He was left an orphan at twelve years old—one of seven. We can understand the struggles of the widowed mother, who, with very moderate means, seems to have succeeded in bringing up her family in a manner that commanded the admiration of all observers, and secured for her children positions of confidence and success in life. The subject of our sketch was her "Benjamin," natively tender-hearted and warmly sympathetic; and it was amongst the richest joys of his riper years to minister to the support and comfort of her that bare him, and struggled for him, and acted as the guide of his youth. His early education was

all that could be obtained in his native town, and a life of devotion to business appeared to be his destiny. To prosecute it he, like thousands more, found his way to London in the days of his youthful manhood, having previously made a "league and covenant" with God, and openly avowed his discipleship by being baptized in the Severn, within sight of his home. But commerce was not his calling. His tastes were literary, and he "gave himself unto reading." The voice of the Spirit within him challenged him to enter the ministry, and he obeyed the "call"—spending the first year of his student-life at Abingdon, under the able guidance of Mr. E. S. Pryce, and afterwards entering Stepney College in 1843. In evidence of his assiduity and ability in preparing for the ministry, we note that he ranks with the *Alumni* of London University who obtained the B.A. degree in 1848. In 1849 he settled as pastor at Folkestone, took to himself "the wife of his youth," whose genial influence brightened his home and helped him greatly in his work, and whose sorrow is shared by all that are acquainted with her great loss. After fifteen years of successful toil at Folkestone, during which he was repeatedly invited to fill important vacancies elsewhere—such as Serampore, Sydney, Devonshire Square, &c.—he removed to Brixton, Park Road Chapel, where he was pastor of an affluent and cultured people for twenty years, when failing health necessitated his retiring from his position—a retirement of only two years, during which other churches, in various parts, have enjoyed the benefits of his ministry and warmly welcomed him to their fellowship. It is not our object to fully sketch the career and characteristics of our loved friend—an ampler outline than our space admits is merited alike by the man, as well as his abilities and attainments—but we may not close this necessarily brief "notice" without a word or two as to the scope and style of his pulpit efforts. His sermons which have found their way into print are samples of true Biblical research, expressed in language alike elegant and easily understood, evidencing a thorough mastery of the subject in hand, as well as a wealth of outside knowledge which he could readily levy on for illustration; and we cannot refrain from recording the hope that some competent hand may be found to cull from his mass of MSS. a fitting sample of his sermons that might be published and rendered a lasting memorial of one whom we have fondly "loved and lost awhile."

J. W. T.

A FUNERAL ADDRESS

Delivered in New Park Road Chapel, Bristol, January 21, 1887, on the occasion of the interment of the late REV. D. JONES, B.A.

BY REV. J. W. TODD, D.D.



T seems to be only a few weeks since many of us met here amid circumstances widely different from those which surround us and assemble us to-day.* We then gathered, with the church and congregation worshipping in this place, to give befitting expression to the high esteem and ardent affection cherished for their pastor at the close of his protracted labours amongst them, and to interblend our fervent prayers that the comparative seclusion into which he then retired might be of lengthened duration, and his occasional services largely blessed. But to-day we surround his remains, and, with more than ordinary sympathy, we "weep with them that weep." Thus "sorrow treads swiftly on the heels of joy." Nor does our grief—deeply shared and undefiled—rank as a thing discountenanced or rebuked by Him whose Hand we recognise in the removal of "lover and friend." "Devout men" who "carried Stephen to his burial" are not reproached because they "made great lamentation" over their loss; and even the Saviour Himself, when He stood by the grave of His friend, intermingled His tears with those of the women who wept for their dead. The faith which He inculcates and grandly embodies, as well as the spirit and life which He quickens in all who confide in Him, is foreign to that which is Stoical or Spartan, and fosters all the finer and tenderer sympathies and affections of the renewed heart. Hence, none have intenser griefs, as none have loftier and purer joys, than those who are "made partakers together with Christ." But when bitterness is interblended with "the portion of their cup," and pre-eminently when called to taste "the bitterness of death," they do not "sorrow as those who have no hope." Others may invert their torch and cast it into the tomb with their dead, thus symbolising that the

* On January 8th, 1884, a valedictory meeting was held in the above chapel, under the presidency of Dr. Green, when a beautifully illuminated address and a cheque for £320 were presented to the Rev. D. Jones, B.A.

light of their life is quenched, and that they henceforth "walk on in darkness"; but we who, with loving trustfulness, accept this "sure word of revealed truth," and centre our faith and hope in the Risen Christ, who is "the First Fruits" of "them that sleep," are solaced and sustained by His assurance that "the dead who die in the Lord rest from their labours," and "all live before Him." "Absent from the body" they are "present with the Lord." "Wherefore, we comfort one another with these words."

The removal of those whom we fondly love, and whose life has been one of faith in the Son of God and a copy of His likeness, constitutes a terrible wrench to our nature, and leaves a painful blank in the homes that they brightened, in the social circles which they pervaded, and in the spheres of Christian toil in which they took their part; and as we are ever and anon reminded that they are no longer with us to share our solitudes and sorrows, and to enhance our new-born joys, our hearts bleed within us, and we bemoan their loss, and bedew their memory with our tears. But the wound thus inflicted by the stroke of mortality is "closed and bound up and mollified as with ointment" when we remember and realise the fact—God-given and grandly assured to us—that they have only "departed to be with Christ, which is far better." (1) For He has taught us to think of them as "having clean escaped the corruptions that are in the world"; set free from "all the ills that flesh is heir to"; removed beyond the reach of temptation or the touch of "whatsoever defileth or worketh abomination"; robed in purity and made "like unto the angels of God." (2) Yea, moreover, and we are encouraged to believe in their measureless enlargement of knowledge and capacity for higher service. *Here*, in this sphere and state of existence, mist hangs, in mantling folds, around every object to which the mind can turn, and the keenest eye can see only "as through a glass dimly," whilst "clouds and darkness" envelop the movements of the Most High, and compel us oft to exclaim: "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not now known." In such conditions we can simply accept our Heavenly Father's arrangements as being, like Himself, "just and true and righteous altogether." But to those who are "with Christ," and beyond the limitations that hem us in here, all the mysteries that pain us are made plain. The enigmas that exercised them are solved. Amid the unclouded light that floods them they

look back on all their past, understand why they were ever and anon defeated—driven back even to the verge of despair. The entire plan of the Divine procedure is laid open before them, and *they now see* that “all the ways of the Lord are *mercy and truth*” to such as “commit the keeping of their souls unto Him.” (3) In their association with “the unfallen sons of God,” as well as with kindred spirits made perfect in fellowship with “Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant,” and in the fulness of their self-surrender and enhanced service unto the Lord their Saviour, they cannot but find the very fulness of their joy. For who that has “tasted the heavenly gift and felt the power of the world to come” does not “long to dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of his life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His temple”? “A day in His courts is better than a thousand.” “If such the sweetness of the streams, what must the Fountain be?” If, when we join the limited assemblies of those who imperfectly worship and render only a defective service, we catch the spirit of devotion as it spreads, and are borne upon its wings to the very confines of a better world, what must it be to cross the mysterious line, enter the untainted sphere, unite with the uncounted throng redeemed from the earth, and with them render exalted service and adoration “unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, even His Father”? This must be “joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

Thoughts like these are not poets' dreams—the mere creations of a fervid imagination—but Divine revelations, shedding their own hallowed radiance on the darkness which gathers round the grave, bringing life and immortality to light, and inspiring us with “the full assurance of faith”—that such as have left “this earthly house of their tabernacle,” have a building of God—a house not made with hands—eternal in the heavens.”

Nor did we ever assemble amid conditions more suggestive of these God-given revelations of an unseen state and sphere. For like the Saviour and His disciples, when they gathered at the grave of Lazarus, four days after his death, we are here convened around the precious remains of one of the truest of friends, and most tender-hearted of Christian men; one whose genial fellowship in the social circle, and in all the departments of private

life, was ever like sunshine and dew from heaven; and whose entrance into a higher world vastly enriches it to our hopes. We all feel that we fain would be with him, where he is to perpetuate our intercourse with him there, "without fault before the throne of God." For there was a wonderfully witching charm about the entire man. The lovingkindness of his spirit, and the gentleness of his manner, drew to him all hearts. Childhood and youth welcomed him in their homes; and the most cultured and intelligent found in him a companion and a friend worthy of their fellowship. The secret of his fascinating power may be found in his pre-eminent naturalness and goodness, which found outcome in genial gentleness and Christlikeness of spirit and demeanour. "In his soul he loathed all affectation," and instinctively appreciated "whatsoever things are just and true, lovely and of good report." (1) As a child of Wales, the son of one of her most renowned preachers, he had, by inheritance, a keenly susceptible nature, a warm heart, a strongly emotional soul. Hence his ardent love of poetry, and his passion for music. These elements of character were native endowments—qualities interwoven with the fibre of his being—and they found the means of their culture in the scenery and surroundings of his childhood and youth. But when he, under the fostering care of his pious and widowed mother, embraced the faith of his honoured father, and early avowed himself a disciple of the Lord, all the inborn elements of his richly endowed nature came under still higher nurture, and he "increased in wisdom" as in years, "and in favour with God and man." This act of self-consecration to the Saviour, in the days of his youth, saved him from the ensnaring seductions under which many strong men fall, embittering their memories and filling them with that moral sourness which springs from self-reproach. (2) But it was not enough, in the esteem of our loved and sainted friend, that he should centre the ardent and loftiest affections of his soul in the Lord of life—drawing vitality and vigour from His fulness, and ever striving to grow up into His likeness. All this he did with marked diligence and devoutness of soul. Hence his power to draw men unto Him. But he felt that more than his own spiritual nurture was demanded of him. The same spirit that had quickened him into living sympathy with Christ constrained him to consecrate himself to "the work of the ministry." Destined for a business life, and with fair prospects of

success, he determined to quit it, as one called to higher service for the Lord; and the manner in which he sought to equip himself for his sacred office, as well as the success which crowned his efforts, is stamped by the academic degree which adorns his name—a degree won from a University whose standard of scholarship ranks second to that of none in the world.

For wellnigh forty years, at Folkestone and in this pulpit, did our departed friend fully and faithfully and with great power proclaim “the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.” (3) Of the style and effect of his ministry, it is superfluous that I should speak in this place, where he exercised it for twenty years. “The cardinal verities of the Christian system” commanded the warmest sympathies of his soul; and the results of his reading, which was wide and varied, as well as the fruits of his earnest and devout study of the Scriptures, were given in the pulpit with great effect, and without the semblance of pretence or any such thing. Those long accustomed to listen to him, and most competent to pronounce an opinion, as well as his published discourses, are our witness that he was eminently faithful to his charge, kept back nothing that might be profitable to his people, but, with all fervour, “preached Christ,” “warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom, that he might present every man perfect in the Lord.” (4) Had he been what is ordinarily styled “a man of push”—self-assertive, elbowing his way to the front, and ambitious to pose amongst the foremost—his name would have been oftener seen in print. But he had a nobler nature, and was inspired by a more Christ-like spirit. His soul recoiled from everything savouring of “vain glory,” and his delight was to do quietly that which fell to him, “doing it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto man.” Nor has he failed of his reward. (a) No mean measure of it came to him here, in the answer of “a good conscience which, in the sight of God, is of great price,” in the ingathering of souls unto the Lord, in the warm sympathy and growing spirituality of those who enjoyed his ministry and fellowship, and in the joy of seeing men “walking in the truth.” (b) The richer fruits of his toil are now fully realised by him in that sphere which he has entered, and where he is associated with “the spirits of the just made perfect, with Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and with God the Judge of all.” (c) But we may not think of his ministry, or the effects of his life and work, as

having ended. They still abide with us, gathering round us like the elements of an atmosphere, and nurturing whatever "good thing obtains in us toward the Lord God of Israel," influencing and inspiring us to higher thought and action, and animating us to a more earnest imitation of all "them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." If we respond lovingly to the appeal thus made by his memory, and become "followers of him even as he was of Christ," living in our homes and in the circles which we pervade, and in the spheres of common toil, not unto ourselves, but unto the Lord, the day is not distant when we shall rejoin him, as well as others "whom we have loved long since, and lost awhile." For "we are not ignorant concerning them that are asleep, that sleep in Jesus." Even now, on the frontier of the other world which is revealed to our faith and hope, they wait to welcome us into everlasting habitations"—"God having provided for us some better thing that they without us should not be made perfect."

ANOTHER DARK CONTINENT.

No. II.



ALMOST the only trace of the ascendancy of the Prophet among the Badawis is to be found in the fact that his name is occasionally used as a proper name of male persons; but, for the most part, even the names they give to their children are distinctly names embodying allusion to the gods and goddesses of the pre-Islâmite times.¹

The names given by Kilâb to the months, having been (as they were) left unaltered by Muhammad, came into use, of course, wherever his pretensions were fully admitted and his institutes adopted. But it is difficult to break up and revolutionise the immemorial customs of a swarm of segregated and hostile races devoted to wild and wandering habits; and such difficulty must ever be enhanced by the gross ignorance of the Arabs. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that Muhammad has failed, even down to the present moment, to revolutionise such a thing as the nomenclature of the calendar in the lingo of these

¹ Burton, "Pilgrimage," ii. 109.

wild and untutored Desert men. So feeble, indeed, is the hold which his religion and his authority have among the tribes, that a faithful eye-witness records that one of the tribes do not even regard the four Sacred Months¹—a pre-Islâmite usage confirmed by Muhammad.² Notwithstanding the fact that the Prophet reaffirmed the “sacredness” of these months—during which, in pre-Islâmite times, peace became a religious duty recognised by all Arabs—the people of this tribe have allowed the observance to fall into disuse, if, indeed, they ever recognised it all. This same authority asserts that the members of this tribe attack their enemies even in the “holy month” of Ramazân³—a month whose immunity is distinctly owing to the teachings of the author of the Qur’ân.⁴ To call such persons “Muhammadans”—to assert that they are converts to the Faith of the Prophet—is but to ensure contradiction and awaken sentiments of disgust in the mind of any intelligent Musalmân. There is evidence in overwhelming abundance in the pages of dispassionate travellers to show that the chief perils of pilgrims to the Shrine of the Faith during those months which the Prophet held to be “sacred” arise from the denizens of the country themselves alone; and the evidence shows that the Arab tribes, disregarding entirely the religion of the pilgrims and the self-denying and most costly errand on which they travel, consider the pilgrimage-season their great opportunity for plunder.⁵ One of these travellers says: “Mohammed and his followers conquered only the more civilised Bedouins; and there is even to this day little

¹ Burckhardt, “Bedouins and Wahâbys,” i. 147; *cnf.* ii. 172.

² “Al-Qur’ân,” v. 3, 9, and ix. 1, 2, 5.

³ Burckhardt, “Bedouins and Wahâbys,” i. 148 (note). He adds, “There are, however, in every lunar month, three days during which the Aenezes never fight; the sixth, the sixteenth, and the night of the twenty-first.” Again, “The Aenezes likewise abstain from fighting on a Wednesday, superstitiously believing that they should lose the battle.” Such abstention, however, is clearly a very different thing from yielding obedience to the command of the Prophet as to the four months’ immunity.

⁴ *Cnf.* “Al-Qur’ân,” ii. 185, *seq.*

⁵ Palgrave, “Central and Eastern Arabia,” i. 223; Burckhardt, “Arabia,” i. 129, and ii. 109, 129, 408; Keith, “Evidence of Prophecy,” 517; Burton, “Pilgrimage,” iii. 358 (edn. 1st, Lond. 1854); Burckhardt, “Bedouins and Wahâbys,” i. 71, 77, 118, 157, and ii. 9, 35, 39; Mills, “History of Mohammedanism,” 452 (edn. 2nd, Lond. 1818). These are but a few samples of the evidence to which we refer.

or no religion amongst the wild people, except those on the coast or in the vicinity of cities. The faith of the Bedouin comes from El Islam, whose hold is weak. But his customs and institutions, the growth of his climate, his nature and his wants, are still those of his ancestors, cherished ere Meccah had sent forth a Prophet, and likely to survive the day when every vestige of the Kaabah shall have disappeared. Of this nature are the Hejazi's pagan oaths,¹ their heathenish names,² their ordeal of licking red-hot iron, their salkh (or scarification—proof of manliness), their blood revenge, their eating carrion (*i.e.* the body of an animal killed without the usual formula),³ and their lending their wives to strangers.⁴ All these I hold to be remnants of some old creed; nor should I despair of finding among the Bedouins bordering upon the Great Desert some lingering system of idolatry."⁵ This is strong language from one possessed of no leanings towards Christian views of things, and who rather vaunts himself in his sympathy with the religion of the Prophet. This dispassionate eye-witness elsewhere records⁶ that there are, among even the Badawis of the Hijâz itself, young men who, as an introduction to life, risk everything in order to plunder a pilgrim. They care but little for the value of the things stolen; the glory of the exploit consists in robbing a pilgrim!⁷ It

¹ That is to say, the maledictions and invocations in which are embodied the names of deities supposed to have been demolished by Muhammad.

² Such as 'Abd Shams ("servant of the sun"), 'Abd Manât, 'Abd al-'Uzza, and many others common still among the Arabs, though they embody (as do these two) the names of fetishes.

³ On slaying an animal for the food of Muhammadans, the butcher must recite the formula—B'ismi'l-lâh Allâhn Akbar, "In the Name of Allâh, Allâh is Supreme!" To partake wittingly of meat slain without the recital of this formula is considered tantamount to apostasy from the faith.

⁴ Burckhardt, "Arabia," ii. 378; Peschel, "Races of Man," 220.

⁵ Burton, "Pilgrimage," ii. 109.

⁶ *Ibidem*, 353.

⁷ It is told of the Lahabah, a sept of the Awf tribe, near Râbigh, that a girl will refuse even her cousin, unless (in the absence of other opportunities) he has plundered some article from the pilgrim caravan in the very front of the Pasha's links. Detected fifty years ago the delinquent would have been impaled; now he escapes with a mere rib-roasting. Fear of the blood-feud, and the certainty of a shut road to future travellers, prevent the Turks from attempting to exact reprisals; and they conceal their weakness by pretending that the Sultân hesitates to wage a war of extermination with the thieves who occupy the

surely will not be pretended by any sensible man that such persons are to be counted among the trophies of Muhammad? He was wont to say: "A fast of but one day in a Sacred Month is better than a fast of thirty days in another month; and a fast of but one day in Ramazân is more meritorious than a fast of thirty days in a Sacred Month."¹ The great importance of the whole matter of these months, in the judgment of the founder of the Faith, could scarcely have been more forcibly taught; and placed in juxtaposition with the total contempt shown for them, and for the religious observances the performance of which they were intended to secure, by the innumerable tribes which form the permanent population of the land, the tradition brings to a point the view we have sought to establish—that the genuine sons of the soil, the men who are the real masters of Arabia, and even of the Sacred Territory itself, are not Muhammadans at all.

What is being done by the Christian Church with a view to the salvation of these men? Absolutely nothing. It is a strange anomaly that Arabia, the very cradle of revealed religion, should have been so completely overlooked as a sphere of evangelisation. It has ports in abundance the whole length of the Red Sea and along the immense border washed by the Persian Ocean and the Persian Gulf; yet the seaports along the whole of those thousands of miles of coast might be searched in vain for a single individual whose business it is to make known to the people the only Way by which their souls may be saved.² These seaports are used in abundance by mercantile agencies from other lands, whose business is the transaction of trade; yet Christian enterprise and Christian heroism has never found the man who might make his home in one of those ports for the purpose of lifting the thoughts of the benighted Arabs to the heavenly home and how to reach it. There are some lands (such as Naipál) from which the Word of God is excluded "by authority"; yet by means of

Sacred Territory of the Faith! The futility of such a pretence is manifest enough when we remember that no army, however well equipped—not even the armies of the Greeks and Romans in their best days—was ever able to conquer the Badawis in their own Deserts.—Burton, "Pilgrimage," ii. 101.

¹ Sale, "Prel. Disc.," sect. iv. (p. 81). *Cnf.* Morgan, "Mahometism Explained," ii. 211—216 (edn. Lond. 1723).

² John xiv. 6.

the intercourse of the people with the people of more favoured lands, the Gospel has found an entrance. But Arabia has not even such a poor chance as this; for all the foreigners who enter the country are Muhammadans, and these would certainly not imperil their lives by conveying with them into the interior the news of salvation by Christ. Nor would the genuine Arab do so, supposing him to have become possessed of that treasure in the course of his rare visits to other lands. It may fairly be said that there is no country in the world so completely cut off from all hope as this. It is a "seat of desolation, void of light."¹

How has it happened that, with all the agencies for the spread of the Gospel that have sprung into existence in modern times, this vast continent has been overlooked? No man who believes the Bible could reply that such an enterprise as that of the evangelisation of Arabia would be chimerical or Quixotic. "They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him," and "the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts," is language which every Christian understands to have reference to the conversion of the Arabians to the acknowledgment of the Divine supremacy of "David's greater Son."² All evangelising organisations hold the Divine origin of this language as an Article of Faith. There are Christians who escape the performance of difficult duties such as this of the evangelisation of the Arabs by shifting the responsibility on to God. Such men forget that, be the secrets of the Divine sovereignty what they may regarding non-Christian peoples, it is none the less the duty of those who call Jesus "Lord" to "do the things which He has said," and to "preach the Gospel to every creature."³ It may even be that some holy men of God are kept back from this particular work by fear of Muhammadan fury and fanaticism. And, apart from the fact that the Badawis are not Muhammadans, there are good grounds for such fear. But it is unjustifiable, for "God is with us."⁴ It is no new thing for missionaries of the Cross to penetrate amongst populations among whom

¹ Milton, "Paradise Lost," line 181.

² Psalm lxxii. 9, 10. *Conf.* Isaiah xi. 1—12; Matt. i. 1; xxii. 42—45; Mark xii. 35—37; Luke xx. 41—44; John vii. 42; Rom. i. 3; 2 Tim. ii. 8; Rev. v. 5, and xxii. 16.

³ Matt. xxviii. 19; Mark xvi. 15; Luke vi. 46.

⁴ Psalm xlvi. 7, 11, with Matt. xxviii. 20.

they have gone "with their lives in their hands."¹ But there never yet has been an instance in which the persistent efforts of Christian kindness have not, sooner or later, triumphed over heathen cruelty, and led captive the population in the chains of love. This is the very mission of the Gospel; it is for this purpose that the Gospel was made. No military guard is essential, nor is there any need to contemplate political complications as a necessary result of seeking to bring these despised scions of the Abrahamic race to a knowledge of the God of Abraham. Madagascar, Fiji, and the South Sea Islands were brought to an understanding with the messenger of Christ without the support of the political power of what we are pleased to call "civilised nations." At the mercy of beings who were "more like beasts than men,"² with no weapon for self-protection but confidence in the living God, those men achieved the conquest. It is true that many a valuable life was lost in the process. Yet even from this point of view, the conquest of the Prince of Peace will bear favourable comparison with conquests won on merely political grounds. No life is really lost that is laid down for Christ. Subsequent history in such cases has proved that the blood of these martyrs has been the seed from which, in God's own way, has sprung the blessing we now see. The time was when men who ventured forth to win these bloodless conquests were denounced as "madmen," or derided as "fools." But "Wisdom is justified of her children."³ They prove themselves well able to survive the contumely of men who are incapable of understanding them. Some more of the same sort are needed for Arabia.

Of course, we have in view not merely the mixed races that swarm the coast from the Gulf of 'Agaba to the mouths of the Euphrates, but also the Badawîs of the interior, for Christ died for them. That the genuine Badawî would prove irresponsible to the message of his Creator is a point on which speculation would be wasted, for the poor Badawî has never had a chance. To deny that the Gospel would have a voice for him would be to deny that he is a man. If we but admit that this weird creature is "a man of like passions with ourselves," then to affirm that the Gospel of redeeming love would prove abortive in his case would be to declare God Himself to be a failure.

¹ Job xiii. 14.

² Burton, "Pilgrimage," ii. 89.

³ Matt. xi. 19.

It cannot be said that this field has been "worked out"; for since the destruction of Jewish synagogues and Christian churches in Hazramâwat by sheer force of numbers overwhelming the peaceful population there in the early centuries of Islâm, the propagators of Christianity have never sought to regain their lost foothold in those southern territories, and since those woful times the spirit of evangelising has taken possession of Christian churches in England. Our remarks, however, apply not to the case of the once Christian tribes among the Noachic races of the south, so much as to the case of the Badawis, the posterity in a direct line of the twelve sons of the son of Hagar. As there is no record of the evangelisation of these half-forgotten savages having even been tried, there is no information extant which helps us to exclude them from participation in the redeeming love of our common Father. That the shrewd, intellectual, and high-souled Eadawî is capable of great things was never doubted by any man who has really tried to understand the "Seven Golden Poems." These celebrated products of wild Arabian genius reveal a type of manliness and social virtue for which we seek in vain among Oriental nations of the present age, and of which there are not many specimens even among ourselves. Those effusions of the pre-Muhammadan ancestors of our contemporaries in the Deserts of Arabia were not the productions of halls of learning; the authors of them were men who could neither read nor write; and yet the metres are faultless, and the style has proved to be inimitable. Their speech falls naturally into a kind of cadence, and it is almost impossible for them to speak without rhyming. It was among these men, far away in the Desert, that the author of the Qur'ân passed the years of a happy childhood; it is in their dialect that the book is written; and though the author was unable to read or write, the volume—for purity of diction and beauty of style—is eclipsed by no other in the Arabic language, excepting the "Golden Poems" of the brave Desert men.¹

J. D. BATE.

¹ Parts of these poems have lately been translated by Mr. C. J. Lyell, of the Indian Civil Service, and published by the Messrs. Trübner & Co., of Ludgate Hill. That the beauties of Arabic poetry can be adequately represented in another tongue has never yet been admitted. The reader of Mr. Lyell's translation must therefore be left to judge for himself what the original must be, and what manner of men the original authors must have been.

THE POEMS OF ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.*



URING his lifetime, Mr. Hawker, although in every sense an extraordinary man, was comparatively unknown. Such fame as he enjoyed was either entirely local, or restricted to a select circle of ecclesiastical and literary friends, who were fortunate enough to have made his acquaintance, and have appreciated his singular merits. His name was brought into general prominence by an act which occurred on the eve of his death, when, according to the testimony of one at least of his biographers, he was not in full possession of his faculties—his reception into the Roman Catholic Church. That act provoked at the time a long and angry controversy, into the merits of which we need not here enter. Many of Mr. Hawker's most intimate friends were not in the least surprised by the act, and it certainly appears to be a natural outcome of the principles he had professed for years. Those principles were logically undistinguishable from the tenets of Roman Catholicism, and the Papal Communion is the only organisation in which they can be consistently maintained. At the same time, Mr. Baring Gould has ground for his assertion that "the man was an anomaly; a combination of contradictory elements, conflicting characteristics, and mutually destructive opinions. I believe he was perfectly sincere in what he said and did, but he said and did at one time exactly the reverse of what he said and did at another. The master-power—the balance-wheel of a well-ordered judgment—was out of his composition." He was undoubtedly a strange medley, and we are not sure that the nineteenth century presents another phenomenon so entirely unique.

With the facts of his life we are not here concerned. Suffice it to say that he was the son of Jacob Stephen Hawker, of Stratton, and grandson of the celebrated Dr. Hawker, author of the well-known "Morning and Evening Portions." He was born in 1803, entered Pembroke College, Oxford, 1822; married in 1823 a lady twice his own age and one year older than his mother; removed after this from Pembroke College to Magdalen Hall; gained the Newdigate Prize for

* This article was written in 1879.

his poem on "Pompeii" in 1827; took his B.A. degree in 1828; was ordained deacon in 1829, and became Curate of North Tamerton, in Devonshire; received priest's orders in 1831, and at the beginning of 1835 entered upon his duties as Vicar of Morwenstow, where he remained to the close of his life. He worked with commendable diligence, was a strong and conscientious Churchman, with a perfect intolerance of Dissent, "the pitfalls and errors" of which he was incessantly pointing out, was generous towards the poor, and in his own singular fashion he doubtless did a good work—a work characterised by many rare and conspicuous excellencies and marred by equally glaring defects. The spirit of his life was truly expressed in the lines which he had inscribed over the porch of his vicarage:—

A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray.
Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O, minister, for evermore.

Whatever may be our judgment of Hawker as a theologian and a Churchman, there can be no doubt that he was a true poet. His first volume was published anonymously when he was in his eighteenth year, under the title of "Tendrils," by Reuben. It is happily reproduced in the collected edition of his works, and will be prized by all who can appreciate tender, imaginative beauty, delicate sensibility, and lyrical sweetness and grace. The descriptions of natural scenery betray a keenness of observation and an eye to "the remoter charms" remarkable in one so young; and though there is throughout them a reflective vein, there is no prosy moralising. The ring of the verse reminds us strongly of Moore and Byron, whose influence was, we imagine, at the time a powerful element in Hawker's poetical thought. The wild and rugged grandeur of the Cornish coast was exactly suited to his peculiar temperament. His imagination was allowed ample scope, and "the storied ground" over which he regularly trod furnished him with rich treasures of "folk lore." He was not only imaginative, but visionary and superstitious in an exceptional degree, believed in witchcraft, the power of the evil eye, and of the fairy ring. Traces of this singular combination are found in many of his poems. A number of them can be best described as semi-ecclesiastical, others are based on the traditions and legends for which the region is famous, and which have exercised so strong a

charm over Tennyson and other of the Victorian poets. After the "Tendrils," published in 1821, he published in 1832 the first series of "Records of the Western Shore," followed in 1836 by a second series. In 1840 he issued "Ecclesia, a Volume of Poems," in 1843 and 1844 "Reeds shaken with the Wind," in 1846 "Echoes from Old Cornwall," in 1863 "The Quest of the Sangraal," and in 1869 "Cornish Ballads, and Other Poems," in addition to which he contributed a number of pieces to *All the Year Round*, *Household Words*, and other periodicals. The whole of these poems are included in Mr. Godwin's edition, and form a moderately-sized octavo volume. The collection is not so large as we should have expected, but this arises from the fact that the "Cornish Ballads, and Other Poems" was to a considerable extent a republication containing many of the pieces which had been previously issued under other titles. Our copy is unfortunately not at hand, but we distinctly remember that it includes "Pompeii," "The Quest of the Sangraal," and, if we are not mistaken, "Echoes from Old Cornwall." With the exception of the "Tendrils," which are placed at the end of the volume, Mr. Godwin has adopted the chronological arrangement, which is, on the whole, the best.

Mr. Hawker's Ballads are among the finest with which we are acquainted. "The Song of the Western Men" has had quite a history. It was composed by Mr. Hawker in 1825, when he was therefore in his twenty-second year. He sent it anonymously to a Plymouth paper. It attracted the notice of Mr. Davies Gilbert, who reprinted it at his private press at Eastbourne, under the impression that it was the original ballad in which the well-known choral lines, "And shall Trelawny die," &c., occur. "It had," says Mr. Hawker, "the good fortune to win the eulogy of Sir Walter Scott, who also deemed it to be the ancient song. It was praised under the same persuasion by Lord Macaulay and by Mr. Dickens, who inserted it at first as of genuine antiquity in his *Household Words*, but who afterwards acknowledged its actual paternity in the same publication. The ballad refers to the imprisonment of the Seven Bishops, of whom Sir Jonathan Trelawny was one :—

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true ;
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ?
 And shall Trelawny die ?
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
 A merry wight was he :
 " If London tower were Michael's hold,
 We'll set Trelawny free !

" We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
 The Severn is no stay ;
 With one and all, and hand in hand—
 And who shall bid us nay ?

" And when we come to London Wall,
 A pleasant sight to view ;
 Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
 Here's men as good as you !

" Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
 Trelawny he may die ;
 But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will know the reason why !"

The " Election Song," written in 1832, in which the same refrain is embodied, though not of equal merit, has a good deal of the same fire, and would excite great enthusiasm in a contest. There is a weird power in "The Silent Tower of Bottreau," "The Sisters of Glen Nectan," "Annot of Benally," and several other of the ballads such as Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Nathaniel Hawthorne have exercised in different forms, but which is largely tinged by the traditionary lore of the Cornish coast. Had Hawker not lived among the wild scenes he describes, and imbibed the very atmosphere of the old legends, he could never have written as he did. He was a living embodiment of the spirit of the place.

Some of his finest poems were the utterance of the intense and overmastering feeling excited in him by the wrecks which so frequently occur on that perilous shore. No truer friend to our sailors has existed, and the readiness with which he lent his help and took the lead in efforts for their safety is beyond all praise. We may quote as a specimen of this class of his poems, "The Figure-Head of the Caledonia at her Captain's Grave" :—

We laid them in their lowly rest,
The strangers of a distant shore ;
We smoothed the green turf on their breast,
'Mid baffled ocean's angry roar ;
And there, the relique of the storm,
We fixed fair Scotland's figured form.

She watches by her bold, her brave,
Her shield towards the fatal sea ;
Their cherished lady of the wave
Is guardian of their memory.
Stern is her look, but calm, for there
No gale can rend, or billow bear.

Stand, silent image ! stately stand
Where sighs shall breathe, and tears be shed,
And many a heart of Cornish land
Will soften for the stranger dead.
They came, in paths of storm they found
This quiet home in Christian ground.

In a far loftier strain are the magnificent verses on "The Lost Ship," the *President*, which sailed from New York for England on March 11, 1841, and was never heard of more. We cannot quote the whole, but our readers would be sorry to miss the following stanzas, which form the sequel to various unanswered questions enforced by such a catastrophe :—

Thou answerest not, thou stern and haughty sea ;
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air.
Roll on, ye tears ! Oh, what shall solace be
To hearts that pant for hope but breathe despair ?

Nay, mourner ! there is sunlight o'er the deep—
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud ;
A voice more mighty than the storms shall sweep
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud.

What though they woke the whirlwinds of the West ?
Or roused the tempest from some Eastern lair ?
Or clave the cloud, with thunder in its breast ?
Lord of the awful waters ! Thou wert there.

All Merciful ! the day, the doom were Thine ;
Thou didst surround them on the seething sea ;
Thy love too deep, Thy mercy too divine,
To quench them in an hour unmeet for Thee.

If winds were mighty, Thou wert in the gale ;
 If their feet failed them, in Thy midst they trod ;
 Storms could not urge their bark, or force the sail,
 Or rend the quivering helm—away from God.

Mr. Hawker's ecclesiastical idiosyncrasies give the tone to a majority of the pieces in this volume, and we are, therefore, often out of sympathy with him. The broad, large-hearted charity so manifest in some of the quotations we have made is not more conspicuous than are the traces of narrowness and rigidity in others. The intuitions of a finely imaginative mind and the instincts of a naturally generous heart are warped by the vagaries of a superstitious fancy and the mechanical dogmas of an unscriptural sacerdotalism. But in spite of the author's sacramentarianism and semi-Papalism, there is genuine Christian feeling as well as true poetic power in the bulk of the ecclesiastical poems. We may reject the writer's dogmas, but we cannot ignore the keen spiritual insight, the manly Christian reverence, the deep human sympathy, and the exquisite pathos displayed in such pieces as "The Poor Man and his Parish Church," "Morwenna Statio," "The Resurrection and the Life," "The Exile's Tent," "The Signals of Levi," "Ephpheta," &c.

Hawker's most elaborate piece is the "Sangraal," and the subject was well suited to his powers. The Arthurian Legends had a strong fascination for him, and it is to be regretted that he did not write on them at greater length. In one of his biographies (we forget which) it is said that he claimed to have introduced these legends to the attention of the Poet Laureate, and suggested to him that he should make them the foundation of an epic. This, we believe, to have been a mistake, for long before Mr. Tennyson made Hawker's acquaintance he had published the "Morte d'Arthur," which he had, moreover, had in MS. for some years. The whole series of the "Idylls of the King" was the outcome of an early project of the Laureate's. Tennyson was one day wandering about Morwenstow and met Hawker, who, by some means or other, recognised him, and gave Tennyson to understand that he recognised him, by quoting some lines from the "In Memoriam," and there can be little doubt that these legends would form the subject of an animated conversation, and that the Cornish priest would be able to give Tennyson knowledge which could be acquired from no other source. When the "Idylls of the King"

appeared in 1859, Hawker addressed a graceful complimentary poem to Tennyson, in which there is not a trace of the self-assertion which has been attributed to him. After alluding to the old belief that Arthur would not die, he rejects a literal interpretation of it, and adds :—

I read the Rune with deeper ken,
And thus the myth I trace :—
A bard should rise, 'mid future men,
The mightiest of his race.

He !—would great Arthur's deeds rehearse,
On grey Dundagel's shore ;—
And so the king in laurelled verse
Shall live and die no more.

Hawker's "Sangraal" is but a fragment, and is on that score almost as tantalising as Coleridge's "Christabel." It is pitched to a lofty key, parts of it are aglow with passion, and other parts rise to an unwonted brilliance. But when the reader's interest has been thoroughly aroused, and he has given himself up to the strong current which sweeps along in stately magnificence, he is brought to a sudden close, and subjected to a feeling of disappointment. Hawker makes Arthur a party to the quest—in this differing from Tennyson, as he does also on various minor points. The poem is unquestionably worthy of preservation, and there are in it lines which those who have once apprehended will not willingly let die.

Here is a description of Arthur, as he steps forward helmed with Pendragon and belted with the sheathed Excalibur :—

Stern was that look : high natures seldom smile ;
And in those pulses beat a thousand kings.
A glance ! and they were hushed ; a lifted hand—
And his eye ruled them like a throne of light !
Then, with a voice that rang along the moor,
Like the Archangel's trumpet for the dead,
He spake—while Tamar sounded to the sea.

Joseph of Arimathea is said to have

Dwelt in Orient Syria : God's own land :
The ladder foot of heaven—where shadowy shapes
In white apparel glided up and down.

The "Sangraal," which had been brought to England, vanishes, and then come evil days:—

The land is lonely now : Anathema :
 The link that bound it to the silent grasp
 Of thrilling worlds is gathered up and gone ;
 The glory is departed, and the disk
 So full of radiance from the touch of God !
 The orb is darkened to the distant watch
 Of Saturn and his reapers, when they pause,
 Amid their sheaves, to count the nightly stars.

But no part of the poem is grander than Arthur's most kingly appeal to his knights to undertake the quest:—

And now, fair sirs, your voices : who will gird
 His belt for travel in the perilous ways !
 This thing must be fulfilled : in vain our land
 Of noble name, high deed, and famous men ;
 Vain the proud homage of our thrall, the sea,
 If we be shorn of God :—Ah ! loathsome shame !
 To hurl in battle for the pride of arms ;
 To ride in native tourney, foreign war ;
 To count the stars ; to ponder pictured runes,
 And grasp great knowledge, as the demons do,
 If we be shorn of God : we must assay
 The myth and meaning of this marvellous bowl :
 It shall be sought and found.

We might, without difficulty, extend these quotations indefinitely, but we have given more than sufficient to enable our readers to test the quality of the book. If they can read with discrimination and be wisely tolerant, they will come across veins of precious gold—surrounded, perhaps here and there, with clay, but easily extracted. Amid the mediæval rubbish, which would have been well destroyed, there are sparkling gems of truth, rich and costly diamonds which the proudest would be glad to acquire.

JAMES STUART.

ON PULPIT QUAINNESSES.

IV.—STYLE—(*Continued*).

ASSING from such illustrations, we must not fail to note the many who seemed to have aimed at broadly comic effects in their preaching. The Abbé Courtalot was famous for his artful devices. With glittering eye and impassioned gesture, he thundered out in loud unctuous tones, "Which of you, my brethren, would not gladly devote half of his goods to gain a friend? But if that friend were a sure guide in all the affairs of life, a consoler in all affliction, a saviour in danger—who would not devote his whole fortune to such a protector? Ah, well, my brethren, this guide, this consoler, this saviour, this protector—you can have him for five sous! Here he is!" and the orator drew from his pocket beneath his surplice a little book which was being sold for the profit of the mission preachers, and announced that he might be seen at the gate. Eloquence of the same shopkeeping or auctioneering order was displayed by an English preacher who laid down the unimpeachable proposition that "Christ is a treasury of all wares and commodities," and then cried aloud, "Good people, what do you lack? What will you buy? Will you buy any balm of Gilead, and eye salve? Any myrrh, aloes, or cassia? Shall I fit you with a robe of righteousness, or with a white raiment? Say, then, what do you want? Here is a choice armoury: shall I show you a helmet of salvation, a shield, or a breastplate of faith? Will you please walk in and see some precious stones? A jasper, a sapphire, a chalcedony? Speak, what do you buy? What do you buy?" Or, again, there was Hugh Peters, the notorious preacher of the Commonwealth, whose sermons abounded in broad jests:—"My Beloved [he exclaimed], observe that there are three fools in the Gospel, for being bidden to the wedding everyone had his excuse. The first had hired a farm, and must go and see it. Had he not been a fool he would have seen it before he bought it. The second had purchased a yoke of oxen, and he must go to try them. Had he not been a fool he would have tried them before he bought them. The third had just

been married, and without any compliment said plainly he could not come. He was a fool, too, for by this he showed that he was drawn away more by one woman than was the farmer by a yoke of oxen." At a later period lived Daniel Burgess, whose vagaries are well known. Preaching upon the "white robes" of the saints, he told his congregation that "if they wanted a suit for a year, they might go to Mr. Doyley; if they wanted a suit for life, they must go into Chancery; but if they wanted one to last for ever, they must go to the Lord Jesus Christ, and get the robe of His righteousness to clothe them." It was he who said, in the reign of William III., that "the reason why the people of God who descended from Jacob were called Israelites was because God did not choose that His people should be called Jacobites." Other eccentric preachers, like Rowland Hill, are too familiar to need more than a simple mention.

But the two who out-top all others are Père André, and Orator Henley. The latter was the son of a clergyman, and was educated at Cambridge University. After a brief career as a schoolmaster—during which he found time to publish grammars of ten languages—he was admitted into Holy Orders. Coming to London, he became popular as a preacher of charity sermons, but did not succeed in obtaining preferment. Being ambitious of notoriety and wealth he soon tired of waiting for advancement, and struck out a novel career as lecturer and preacher in an assembly room in Newport Market. His meetings were held on Sundays and Wednesdays. His topics were of the most varied character, ranging from the origin of evil to the making of a shoe. Everyone is familiar with the story of his attracting a great audience of cobblers by promising to teach them the quickest way of making a pair of shoes, and then telling them to take a pair of boots and cut off the tops. Nothing came amiss to him. His sledge-hammer oratory soon made him popular. He removed to a larger hall in Clare Market. A journalist of the day describes him jumping into his pulpit like a harlequin, and beating his notions into his audience "with hands, arms, legs, and head, as if the people's understanding were to be courted and knocked down with blows." One of his advertisements runs as follows:—

"On Wednesday the oration will be on the the skits of the fashion, or a live gallery of family pictures of all ages: ruffs, muffs, puffs,

manifold ; shoes, wedding shoes, two shoes, slip shoes ; heels, clocks, pantogles, buskins, pantaloons, garters, shoulder knots, periwigs, modesties, tuckers, fardingales, corkins, minikins, slammakins, ruffles, round robins, tollets, fans, patches ; dames, forsooth, madam, my lady, the wit and beauty of my grannum ; Winifred, Joan, Bridget, compared with our Winny, Jenny, and Bidy ; fine ladies and pretty gentlewomen ; being a general view of the *beari monde* from before Noah's flood to the year '29."

The charge for admission to these lectures was one shilling, and for a long time Orator Henley was a great success. But sensationalism is sure to pall at length ; his performances sank lower and lower ; his thriftless habits brought him into great penury ; and he died in 1756, despised and held in contempt. He still lives, however, in Pope's biting satire :—

“ Imbrownd with native bronze, lo Henley stands,
Tuning his voice and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung !

* * * * * *

“ Oh ! great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once and zany of thy age.
Oh ! worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest when monkeys were the gods !”

“Le petit Père André” appears to have been a far worthier character than “Orator Henley.” The latter was a mere buffoon, who sought his own private ends in all his extravagances. The former appears to have been a man of real earnestness and undoubted courage, who only “stooped to conquer,” and sought to accommodate himself to the capacities of his hearers. His popularity was unbounded. Crowds hung upon his utterances. His name was a household word throughout France. Upon one occasion he made use of a very ludicrous comparison. He likened the poor man to a peasant's fowl that lives on what it can pick up, and the rich man to a luxurious poodle dog. “The rich man (he exclaimed) is treated whilst alive like ladies' lap dogs, whose mistresses share all their tit-bits with them, feed them only on the choicest delicacies, and cover them with ribbons from head to tail. But the dog dies, and then

what becomes of him? Why, they throw the poodle on the dunghill. Now, on the other hand, the fowl is a poor creature while it lives, scratching and pecking for the commonest of food; but after its death it is served up with honour at the table of its master. In the same manner the rich man is happy while he lives, but after his death he goes—you know where; whereas the poor man is placed in Absalom's bosom." The comparison can scarcely be said to hold water, but no doubt it served the purpose of raising a smile and awakening bucolic slumberers. At other times the comical devices of *Le petit Père* took the form of action. Preaching against the sins of gallantry and intrigue, he threatened to name a lady in his audience who was guilty of them. But on second thoughts he said he would refrain from exposing her by name, he would throw his skull cap in the direction of her seat. As he took the cap in his hand the chronicler saith that every woman present bobbed down her head, lest it should be thrown at her. Another of his quaint object lessons must be familiar to many of my readers. He was preaching in a country church when suddenly a pack of cards flew out of his sleeve, and fell among the audience amid roars of laughter. Quite calmly, however, Père André called upon the larger children to collect the cards and hand them to him in the pulpit. As they did so he inquired the name of each card. The answers came promptly enough. Then he put some questions out of the catechism, but the only reply was an eloquent silence. Then addressing the fathers and mothers, he said:—"Is it thus that you neglect the education of your children? You introduce them to the vanities of life, but you care not if they lose their immortal souls." The device was almost justified by the powerful impression produced. Père André certainly deserves a tribute of praise for the unsparing boldness with which he rebuked the vices of his time without "respect of persons." He was utterly impartial in his sarcasm. Indeed, the rich and titled sometimes fared very badly at his hands. When Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., entered the church, after the sermon had begun, he turned towards her with the drollest rebuke: "Madam, you are welcome, but we shall not put an extra pot on the fire on your account." Although a monk himself, the little father could say very sharp things about the order. A thunderbolt had fallen on the convent of the Carmelites. "God has been very merciful to these good fathers," said he, "in only

sacrificing their library where there was not a single monk. If the lightning had fallen upon the kitchen they must all have been in danger of their lives." It was he who, having to announce a collection for a young novice, prefaced his sermon by the words, "My brethren, I have to commend to your generosity a young maiden who has not enough fortune to make the vows of poverty!" But the climax of drollery was reached in his farewell address in a town where no one had asked him to dinner during his stay. He concluded with the remark, "I have preached against all vices—except gluttony, for I don't know how people eat in this part of the country." Many another quaint and curious story is upon record concerning this famous comedian of the pulpit, but I must refrain. He is treated somewhat contemptuously by Emile Souvestre, who refers to him as "that shaven balladmonger, who put the verses of the gospels into couplets, and found a way to turn the commandments into epigrams"; but he seems to have had better qualities than his drollery.

When Solomon was building the Temple, among the gifts received were "apes and peacocks." To what use they were put it were hard to say. In the erection of the Christian temple of the universal Church, it would appear that human apes and peacocks have volunteered their aid. The apes, or monkeys, have been particularly numerous. Let us hope that even for them some sphere of service may have been found appropriate. But it cannot be denied that their employment in so sacred a task jars upon our sensibilities and provokes our wondering disapproval. Drollery in a sermon! eccentricity in a preacher! comicality in the pulpit! Why, they are utterly incongruous. We may forgive them sometimes for the sake of the nobler qualities which they accompany, but they are not commendable in themselves. They divert attention from the preacher's message to the preacher himself, and so they are undesirable, and to be condemned.

G. HOWARD JAMES.

A NOTED AMERICAN PREACHER— REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

BY REV. EDWARD O. FLAGG, D.D.



PECIAL emergencies require special individuals. Such are often vouchsafed commensurate with the needs of their period. Greek juncture begets a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Alexander. Rome's crisis elicits an Augustus, a Scipio, or a Cato. St. Augustine, with his uncompromising voice, and St. Chrysostom of golden mouth appear according to the demand of era. So came Garibaldi, the Iron Chancellor, Wycliffe, Luther, Washington, Lincoln. The genius for the occasion has been granted to Church and State, and thus will God ever protect His own unto the end.

Boston has been called the centre of the Unitarian State and the Unitarian city. Not unlike was her theological system to her easterly winds—ungenial and often fatal. The penetrating doctrine of a crucified Redeemer made but imperfect headway amid the diversified “oppositions of science falsely so called,” largely resulting from human conceit. Now what shall meet the emergency? What shall overcome the all-pervasive opposition to Christian orthodoxy?

A champion appears of the right description to counteract deep-rooted speculation or indifference. He was born on Boston soil, of Unitarian associations commanding the respect of highest intelligence. He possessed infinite tact combined with fearlessness. His views were very comprehensive, so that he never closed the open door to conviction. He never “broke the bruised reed” nor “quenched the smoking flax” of conscientious inquiry. He allured to a certain reconciliation and acceptance, leaving the Gospel-seasoned liturgy of the Church of England to complete the conversion. No man has given a higher impulse to Christian and Scriptural thought in the heart of New England intellectual and theological life than Phillips Brooks.

This widely known and widely admired divine was born in Boston, December 13th, 1835. Under the practical eye of a mercantile father, and under the Christian nurture of a true and devoted mother, he grew to manhood. He enjoyed the pastorate of the distinguished

Alexander H. Vinton, whose keen interest in behalf of young men fastened upon the gifted youth and encouraged him towards the adoption of that profession in which he has attained so eminent a position. Having first graduated at the Latin school, he took his baccalaureate at Harvard in 1855, at the age of twenty. He subsequently pursued his theological studies at the Alexandria Seminary, and was ordained to the ministry in 1859. In the year of his ordination he accepted a call to the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia. In 1862 he was advanced to the Church of the Holy Trinity. Here he fulfilled every requirement of his office until 1870. After a tide of popularity almost unprecedented, he accepted his present charge, Trinity Church, Boston. The old edifice having been burned, he officiated in the Institute of Technology until the completion of the new Trinity in 1876.

The modern is a large, elaborate, imposing structure. Its architecture is quaint and antique, having an order composite yet all its own. As in the case of its rector, there is diversity in unity. Its cost was 800,000 dols., and it is free from debt. Unhampered by mendicancy the preacher's "religious hours are left alone." No apprehension of foreclosure dims a glowing imagination. This grand temple has sittings for 1,500 people. The galleries, which will contain 500, are perpetually free. There are apartments for every variety of Church work, superintended by Rev. Frederick B. Allen.

Dr. Brooks, for reasons of his own and to the disappointment of the diocese as well as of many beside, has refused the Bishopric of Pennsylvania. How many more bishoprics he may decline remains to be seen. Whatever his decision, Boston seems to possess prior claims to the prominent preacher.

If personal appearance may be deemed of importance he has greatly the advantage of others. He is very tall and of colossal proportions. He has a fine, genial countenance, with an eye searching, though most benevolent. There is no mock dignity in his manly bearing, being pleasant to all, yet repelling vulgar obtrusiveness. With an independent front that disdains toadyism, no menial or child is kept at a distance.

In the spirit of his early pastorate, like Dr. Vinton, he exhibits the warmest interest in young men. His feeling for them is akin to that of an elder brother. Many students from his loved *alma mater*,

Harvard, attend his ministrations. He is president of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity of all the colleges. It was the writer's privilege to be associated with him at an anniversary of the brotherhood celebrated at Wesleyan University a little over two years since. The eagerness with which the young men hung upon his eloquent counsel, and crowded about him for his autograph, exhibiting every token of affectionate esteem, showed the influence which he wields among that class to which we are to look for our national welfare in the coming years.

Phillips Brooks stands unassailable as regards purity of character. This unquestionably gives additional weight to his ministrations, inspiring a universal confidence. Moral, physical, and intellectual strength combine in commanding respect in this representative of the Church and the age.

He walks alone in the world, with no one to share or impair his honours.

Being narrow in nothing, he is a *broad* Churchman. Not weakly yielding, he seeks to win rather than to conquer. Fundamentally right, in non-essentials he seems indifferent. He draws immense congregations, who are soon induced to accept what if he were illiberal they might scorn and reject. It is naturally impossible for him to be the champion of cliques and sects. His very presence indicates a magnanimity that could affiliate only with mankind in its entirety. Concerned in promoting the claims of citizenship and humanity in every guise, he is popularly approved. He believes in progress in its true sense consistent with the greatest good of the greatest number. He shows a righteous contempt in mien and speech for the collar of sworn fealty to a narrow ecclesiasticism. Once speaking to him of the excessive sacramentarianism sometimes preached amid what is called a Protestant body, he said, "Why will people revive the threadbare theories of the past and not confine themselves to the living issues of an advancing age?" Essentially loyal to his Church, substantially serving its interests, he cherishes a warm and not patronising regard for those outside her pale. Despising the good in no creed, he acts on the principle that "they who are not against us are for us."

Phillips Brooks's greatest success is as a preacher. We are not to consider him so much as one that serves tables, but as one Pauline-given to the exposition of the Word. He is peerless in the pulpit.

He is to be estimated as Chalmers, MacNeile, Melville, Robertson, or Hawkes.

With regard to his delivery, in appearance the physical ideal is completely satisfied. Thus was it in the case of Daniel Webster with his *gloria frontis*, or of the handsome Kirk, or the stately Stockton. We are arrested by herculean proportions fit to grasp the sword of the Spirit or strike with the sledge-hammer of truth. Hazlitt said that he always supposed an artist of exaggerated dimensions must be a miniature painter. Here we find force is in every way commensurate with the fact of presence. The Boanerges in size is a Boanerges in electric effects, placing on the theological canvas—not petite prettiness, but life-sized pictures of Divine love and Divine requirement. His manner seems entirely unstudied, but born of an earnestness that fires the heart. His words roll forth with a pyrotechnic brilliancy and consecutiveness. Extreme attention is necessary to follow him. This is owing probably to natural causes, which cannot be obviated without impairing his most effective identity. His rapid utterance has proved rather a dangerous-precedent in the case of the young imitator, who only with regard to this, so questionable a point of example, might be termed a Phillips Brooks. Like the racer on the course or the rushing train is he impetuously unchanging from exordium to peroration.

As to the matter of his discourse it is strong and direct, whether speaking with or without a manuscript, being happy in either case. He is methodical without prolixity. He possesses the exhaustive powers of the earlier clergy of England, without their tediousness. A refinement and spirituality belong to his sermons which would seem to render them appropriate only to the cultivated classes—yet his earnestness and sympathy, his unstudied delivery and magnetism, render them acceptable to all. *Jesus* is his effective theme—not as an abstraction or formality, but as a part of a moving age. He loses sight of no feature in his human affections amid an unapproachable Godhead. *Jesus*, the Everlasting Son, the advocate with the Father, the essentially one with the Father, is the same to-day as well as yesterday and forever.

Thus Christianity is not a piece of sentimentality with Dr. Brooks. It is not a thing of high-wrought ritual, sensuous ideas, superstition, or mere fervid, declamatory language, but it is the stirring of the soul depths under the incitements of the Spirit to the exclusion of low

unworthy aims. He would make men, through the Divine power and suffused with the Divine life, fearless in embracing and carrying out the truth. He would make them mindful of the fact that they are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in them, which should prevent them walking as others, after the vanity of their own minds and with their foolish hearts darkened. We admire the mountain stream as it rushes down its shaggy sides, tumbling and roaring in the cataract, and we pensively muse upon it as seen in the rippling, singing rills stealing through the emerald embankment, gliding and glittering like molten silver. Yet, if not so striking or pleasing, how grand, how stately, the wide and flowing river, nay, how far more gratifying with its snowy signals of useful navigation laden with the many and varied products of the soil, and freighted with a human tide of a busy world borne upon its bosom.

Not unlike are our conceptions of God's sacred affluences which pass before us. We may be attracted by the beauty of holiness as exhibited in the pomp and mystery of religion. What, however, is truly to be dwelt upon beyond Christmas-tide or Easter-tide are the emanations of pure and holy practical lives which float upon the streams of salvation that pour down from the oozings of Divine strength, comfort, and hopefulness which came from where the well of Bethlehem took its rise.

We shall introduce a passage from one of his sermons quite indicative of his style. The text, taken from Revelation reads: "The length, and the breadth and the height of it are equal." He makes this description of the holy city the measure of a man filled with the Spirit of God. Length he refers to his personal relationship; breadth, to his mutual, and height to his upward or Divine relationship. There must be an exactitude in all these particulars in order to attain a symmetrical life. He says, "There are the three dimensions then of a full human life, its length, its breadth, its height. The life which has only length, only intensity of ambition, is narrow. The life that has length and breadth, intense ambition and broad humanity, is thin. It is like a great flat plain of which one wearies, and which sooner or later wearies of itself. The life which to its length and breadth adds height, which to its personal ambition and sympathy with man adds the love and obedience of God, completes itself into the cube of the eternal city and is the life complete."

A fine sentiment have we from the text, "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." "You shut your book in which you have been holding communion with one of the great souls of all time; and while you are standing in the light which He has shed about Him, your child beside you says some simple childlike thing, and a new thread of shining wisdom runs through the sweet and subtle thoughts that the great thinker gave you, as the light of a little taper sends its special needle of brightness through the pervasive splendour of a sunlit world. There is no life so humble that, if it be true and genuinely human and obedient to God, it may not hope to shed some of His light. There is no life so meagre that the greatest and wisest of us can afford to despise it. We cannot know at all at what sudden moment it may flash forth with the life of God."

Phillips Brooks fills his niche. He is the defender of a normal progress, developing as the world is able to bear it and consonant with good sense. He does not believe that the butterfly should slumber in the chrysalis; but at the proper time should carry out God's designs in adding another hue amid earth's gloom. Long may this Christian teacher live for his selected work, and may many another like him be born to break down all mean and narrow assumptions, to entice by loving words to the better way, and to exalt in the Church at large a sense of true liberty as founded in a republic—not always appreciated, but ever to be cherished as God's choicest heritage!—*The (American) Pulpit Treasury.*

BRIEF STUDIES ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

SOCIAL PIETY.

"I have given you an example."—John xiii. 15.



HE constant exhibition of this feature may perhaps be considered the greatest test of sincerity. It would not answer the purpose of hypocrites to show piety at home, nor could they always elude the detection of a home circle if they would. Many, even if true Christians, are so conscious of imperfections and inconsistencies, that they shrink from

assuming the position of Christians at home lest their sincerity should be doubted. Not so our blessed Lord. There were no frailties of temper, no weaknesses, no littlenesses in Him. There are some who, through sinful fear and shame, will not introduce religious conversation, lest it should not be acceptable to all; but the presence of a Judas did not deter our Lord from seeking to benefit the rest. Many content themselves with public and extraneous efforts, and neglect the members of the family circle. The latter are always with them, and what can be done at any moment is often left undone through a whole life. Or the circle seems small and insignificant, and does not satisfy the proud ambition of the natural heart.

Again, we say, it was not so in regard to our Lord. With His own chosen companions His ministry commenced, and with them it ended. He encouraged their inquiries. He drew them out as well as taught them. When they came to ask Him a question, how full and explicit was His reply! There was no repulse, no abruptness: nothing forced, austere, or melancholy. How simply and naturally the stream of conversation flowed! However wearied with teaching in public, He was ever ready to instruct them, with a fulness and freshness such as if He had had no other work in hand. How patient, how painstaking, how earnest with those few poor fishermen!

It is not necessary to quote those lengthened conversations and instructions of which the evangelists give so many examples. After every occasion of public teaching, it is said in Mark iv. 34: "When they were alone, He expounded all things unto His disciples." (See also Matt. xiii. 36—51.) All His private instructions had some practical and useful object. That He was in the constant habit of praying with as well as for them, we learn from many direct and indirect testimonies. "As He was praying in a certain place, when He ceased, one of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples" (Luke xi. 1). It was after His last prayer with them that He led them over the brook Cedron to the garden of Gethsemane, "and Judas which betrayed Him knew the place, for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with His disciples." The prayers and counsels were hallowed and enforced by His holy and beautiful example. Very sweet must have been the promise, "He shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Sweeter still its fulfilment; for with the remem-

brance of the precious words would come in strong association the gentle tone, the loving look, the thoughtful kindness, the patient, forbearing spirit, which endeared and impressed every lesson.

That which He himself practised, He inculcated on others. "Go home to thy friends," He said on one occasion, "and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

Have we learned to "show piety at home"? Whatever public and benevolent enterprises we have in hand, do we never lose sight of our own special and immediate duties in our family circle? Do we "first find" our "own brothers" and sisters, and "bring them to Jesus"? (John i. 41—45.) Do we teach these things diligently to our children and servants? and are all our efforts furthered and enforced by the blameless consistency, the loving, patient, forbearing spirit of our Lord?

COMMUNICATIVENESS.

"All things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."—
John xv. 15.

Many otherwise excellent people are reserved and taciturn. Whether from pride, timidity, or indifference, they appear to be absorbed in an inner life of their own.

It would have been no cause for surprise if Jesus had thus held back; if, engrossed in the contemplation of His mighty enterprise, or wearied with harassing and incessant public efforts, or repelled by the inability of His disciples to understand and appreciate His self-sacrificing purposes, He had in private relapsed into silence and meditation. But in no one instance can we gather that such was the case. The events of the day, the circumstances of the time and place, the arrangements of the future, continually furnished Him with subjects for interesting conversation or practical remark. He had no unnecessary mysteries and reserves. He explained the past, and prepared them for the future. Again and again we read, "He expounded all things unto His disciples;" "He began to teach them many things;" "He took the twelve disciples apart in the way, and said unto them," &c. (Matt. xx. 17). He forewarned them in full detail of the destruction of Jerusalem, of His approaching end, of His resurrection and ascension, of the descent of the Holy Spirit, and the

subsequent results. He had a word of instruction, admonition, or consolation ever ready for them, just as they needed it.

It may be that we are apt to talk of national and aristocratic "reserve" as something to be excused and even admired; but is there not danger to us as Christians from this cause? Whilst avoiding frivolity and talkativeness and indiscretion, do we not sometimes fall into the other extreme, and find an excuse for indolence or pride? Do we not lose much influence for good, much opportunity of imparting happiness, much hold on the hearts of others, by maintaining a cold and selfish silence? A lively narrative of an ordinary walk may cheer and amuse an aged relative; a graphic and playful account of the domestic events of the day may enliven and refresh a wearied father or brother or husband; a story related in gentle tones and animated style may come as a sunbeam to a little sick child; the outlines of a sermon repeated with point and clearness may impress an ungodly relative, or comfort a sorrowing neighbour; the communication of some proposed plan may, by its harmless confidence, gratify a friend, and induce reciprocal cordiality and united effort. We may be frank and transparent without betraying the confidence of others. Let us study the example of Jesus in this respect also, and make His rule our own.

J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A MISSING LINK.

To the Editor of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have read the letter with the above heading which appears in the February number of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE with interest, and not without sympathy. That brethren in our churches capable of speaking to edification do not take that part in the meetings of the church which is desirable, I am quite persuaded. But the writer of the letter referred to is, I think, a little too hard on ministers. I quite agree with him when he says, "We Baptists are too conservative." But the conservatism is not, as he seems to suppose, so much on the part of the ministry as—to use a very convenient word—the laity. He refers to a pastor to whom he suggested not long since that, instead of holding the week-night service in the usual way, he should hold a meeting for Bible-

reading and testimony, and says, "He thought it would be very nice, but could not quite see his way clear to get out of the old rut; so he elected to continue to preach to only ten or a dozen persons." Now, it is highly probable that, inasmuch as the said minister approved of the suggestion, the reason why he could not see his way clear to adopt it did not lie with himself. He might have been very well aware that his deacons would oppose it, or that some of those restless spirits to be found in almost every church, who are always on the look-out for a peg on which to hang a complaint at the next church meeting, would take advantage of it. At all events, of this your correspondent may be assured—that ministers are often hindered in their work by such considerations, and have, as a rule, to move very cautiously lest they should offend the conservative instincts of some of the members of their flocks, who are mortally afraid of anything which looks at all like "getting out of the old rut." He would have shown more knowledge of the difficulties which beset pastors, as well as exhibited more Christian charity, if he had ascribed the reluctance of ministers to propose such a practice as he recommends to some such reason, rather than to the selfish fear that it would "tend to create a desire to dispense with their services altogether ultimately."

Then, again, it is not every member of a church who is fitted to take a public part in even a week-night service, and very often the most unfit are the most forward. Pastors have to consider this. Your correspondent seems to think that, if only meeting for "Bible-reading and testimony" could take the place of the "ordinary service of a week evening," many would attend who do not now. Yes, and for the very same reason, many who now attend would stay away. I speak from experience, and know whereof I affirm.

Allow me to suggest that one way of meeting the wishes of brethren in the churches restive for an opportunity of "prophesying," and also, where such brethren really are qualified to edify the church, of advancing its spiritual interests, would be to hold an occasional conference on a given subject, which should be known beforehand, and introduced by the pastor or some other suitable person. After the subject had been introduced the meeting should be declared open, and anyone allowed to speak for five minutes, dealing with it either didactically or experimentally. I believe that such a meeting, properly managed, would be fraught with good, both negatively and positively.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

TIMOTHY.

ELSIE.



THINK I see her now,
 With fall of flaxen hair ;
 With radiant eye, and arched brow
 And face exceeding fair.

That voice I seem to hear,
 Sweet as from woodland wild,
 Which fell like music on the ear—
 The prattle of a child.

I think I hear her feet,
 Make for the parlour door,
 And scarce believe that I shall greet
 That pretty face no more.

That peaceful sunny face
 Relieved the heart of care :
 Like the calm of heavenly grace
 Which cometh after prayer.

But now is closed the eye ;
 The bounding heart is still ;
 So early is she called to die,
 And do her Saviour's will.

But God, who reigns above,
 And knows what ills will be,
 Has said to death, in tones of love,
 "Go, bring the child to me."

W. B.

BRIEF NOTES.



IN the next number of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE will appear a portrait of Rev. A. Maclaren, D.D., of Manchester. Orders for extra numbers should be made in good time, and readers would do well to apply direct to our publishers.

WE fear that our readers have not always received their BAPTIST MAGAZINE from their booksellers with their other monthlies. This has occasioned us much regret ; but we are glad to say that an arrangement has now been made which will enable our printers to go to press earlier in the month, and hence to supply copies of the MAGAZINE to the publishing agents in good time. If any readers

experience difficulty in obtaining their copies, as some residing in remote country districts may do, will they kindly communicate with the Editor?

AT the time of writing, the war-cloud which has for weeks been hanging over Europe has, after for a while seeming to lift, descended more darkly and threateningly than ever. Notwithstanding protestations on the part of statesmen of pacific desires and intentions, Europe rings with the sounds of preparation for conflict, and the Bourses of the different capitals tell a tale not to be misunderstood as to the confidence, or lack of confidence, in the maintenance of peace.

THE German people generally do not want war, and although the *revanche* spirit, no doubt, is largely diffused among the French people, there must be a considerable minority whose earnest desires are for peace. Under such circumstances French and German anger with England for idly looking on while two nations are preparing for a sanguinary duel is pardonable. As the *Spectator* remarks, "It is not soothing when you are preparing for a duel to the death, to see a distinguished acquaintance take out his opera glass and prepare to be exceedingly interested in the effect of every thrust."

BUT is this attitude on the part of England worthy of her? Let us by all manner of means keep out of European imbroglios, if we can; but the doctrine of non-intervention may be carried to a sinful extreme. Everyone knows how good is oftentimes the intervention and mediation of a mutual friend in the case of a quarrel between individuals. Could not England play the mediator between France and Germany, and by her friendly intervention enable both nations to retire from a position which there is increasing reason to fear neither, under a sense of what its own honour demands, will feel itself able to give up on its own initiative, and without its way being smoothed for it?

WE endorse the words of Mr. Hodgson Pratt, honourably known for his exertions in the cause of international arbitration and peace, and commend his proposal. He says, "Upon England, it seems to me, rests a very special duty, because she has a unique position, as being outside the Continental whirlpool, except in so far as she has incurred the great responsibility of the Egyptian occupation. Yet still, by her history, her character, and her position, she should be the peacemaker. Let the Queen crown her reign by an effort which, if successful, would win for England the gratitude of the world. Let her Majesty appeal to the Sovereigns and Princes of Europe to meet at a Peace Congress in a spirit of mutual concession and devotion to the general good, making one supreme effort to arrive at a compromise which shall save the cause of progress, of liberty, and of humanity." A Peace Congress! When will the world see it? We hope and pray sooner than the fact that there are so many hundreds of thousands among the nations whose business and interest is war would lead us to suppose. And what a glory it would be to England if such a Congress resulting in a general disarmament should, through her influence, be brought about!

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

ENSOLL, R., has been recognised as pastor of Mount Pleasant Ch., Burnley.

DURBIN, F., is leaving Cheam for Colombo, Ceylon.

FAWCETT, J. R., has resigned his pastorate at Farsley.

MACKAY, G. P., removes from Lincoln to Great Yarmouth.

NICHOLS, W. B., of Pastors' College, settles at Scarborough.

GOWER, H. F., of Tring, has been called to the pastorate of James Grove Ch., Peckham.

GILLINGHAM, G. T., has commenced new ministry in Temperance Hall, Barking.

DAVIES, D. B., Bwlchsarnau and Cefnpoole, Radnorshire, has been ordained pastor of English Ch.

BARRETT, E. P., has resigned Cornwall Road Ch., Brixton.

ADEY, W. T., Commercial Street, Whitechapel, has intimated his intention of resigning.

DAVIES, GEORGE, has been recognised as pastor of Romney Street Ch., Westminster.

STANBURY, W. H., has accepted pastorate at Waunarlwyydd, Swansea.

JOHN, T. P., has settled at Pennar, Pembroke Dock.

PILLING, W., of Great Broughton, Cumberland, removes to Ulverstone.

WAIT, J. H., Whitcott, has resigned.

WOOD, E. CAREY, has accepted pastorate at Hugglescote.

EVANS, R., has received a public welcome as pastor of church at Crouch Hill.

WARD, ISAAC, has resigned pastorate at Smethwick.

THOMPSON, J. L., has resigned pastorate at Esher.

FIELDS, T., of Raunds Church, has deceased at the age of seventy-six.

BARKER, A. W. LEIGHTON, Emsworth, has resigned on account of declining health.

REVIEWS.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

By the Rev. Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. ROBERTSON NICOLL, the editor of *The Expositor* and of *The Theological Educator* (to which series this volume belongs), could not have secured a more competent writer on "Textual Criticism" than Professor Warfield. The subject has acquired greater prominence since the issue of the Revised New Testament in 1881, and all intelligent Christians should have an acquaintance with it. Professor Warfield is a scholar of acknowledged weight, who has devoted many years' study to the subject, and has the rare art of popularising his researches. It would be idle to say that this book is as interesting as a novel. No one would expect it to be. But it is clearly and tersely written, and goes over the whole ground in a masterly and effective style. No better introduction to the study could be desired.

LIGHT ON THE WAY. Brief Discourses. By James Baldwin Brown, B.A
London : James Clarke & Co., 13 and 14, Fleet Street.

MRS. BROWN has done well to issue in a permanent form the brief and suggestive articles contributed by her lamented husband to *The Christian World*. Long before we knew the secret of their authorship (they were written over the signature "B. B.") we were interested in them, and delighted in their broad and genial humanity, their insight into the things of God, their subtle penetrative wisdom, and their power of practical help. The sections on "The Lamb in the Midst of the Throne," "Thou art a God that hidest Thyself," "The Home and the Church," and "The Godly walking in Darkness" are particularly striking. But it is difficult to select where all are excellent.

THE PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOUR. Expounded and Illustrated. By William M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

DR. TAYLOR'S "personal equation" is sufficiently strong to give a marked individuality to this volume, notwithstanding the large number of works already existing on the parables. Trench, Bruce, Goebel, Arnot, and Dods are all indispensable ; and, for vigorous and practical homiletical treatment, this latest work is not less so. Dr. Taylor is a prince among expositors. In the good old sense of the word, he is a painful preacher, a laborious and conscientious student, with clear insight and sound judgment, with true evangelical fervour, and a shrewd, practical knowledge of the world. He brings the Gospel to bear with irresistible power on the every-day duties and trials of life, and has invested the teaching of the parables with a new charm. We do not agree with his interpretation of the Tares and the Drag-Net, but in his views of the Vineyard Labourers, the Elder Brother in the Prodigal Son and the Unjust Steward, he has our full concurrence. We again ask, Cannot we in all our pulpits have more such preaching as this ?

BIBLE WARNINGS. Addresses to Children. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.
THE KING'S MESSAGE, and Other Addresses. A Book for the Young. By J. H. Wilson, D.D., Barclay Church, Edinburgh. London : James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street. 1887.

WORKS of this nature have happily become a prominent feature of our pulpit literature, and show that greatly increased attention is being given to the children in the ordinary worship of the church. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, and Dr. J. H. Wilson, of Edinburgh, are veterans in this special service, distinguished by their work in it long before it had become popular. Their latest books have freshness, point, and power. Dr. Newton's "Warnings" deal mainly with the "Thou shalt Nots" of the Bible ; but there is not a superfluous page in the volume, and the precepts enforced are illustrated by interesting and apposite instances. Dr. Wilson's addresses are equally earnest, and touch more directly on the attractive elements of Christian life. They are thorough in their treatment, and have a fine literary finish, and are, from the first page to the last, deeply interesting and instructive. We should like to know of a copy of both volumes

being in the hands, not only of all the members of our churches, but of our ministers and our students for the ministry. They are models that could not fail to be studied with advantage.

W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D., LL.D. : *His Life and Work. With Illustrations of His Teaching.* London : James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

DR. LINDSAY ALEXANDER was, after the death of Dr. Wardlaw, the most prominent Congregational minister in Scotland, and for more than forty years he preached to one of the most influential congregations of Edinburgh—influential from its wealth, but mainly from its intellectual and spiritual power. His position was a decided refutation of the idea that evangelical preaching on strictly Calvinistic lines cannot be popular among the educated and cultured classes. Dr. Alexander's power was recognised, not only by the city magnates, but by University professors and students, judges and advocates, and men distinguished in every department of science and literature. His sermons were for the most part expository, and we should be glad if his biographer's account of his methods of work could be carefully weighed by all our own ministers. He was not great at pastoral visitation, nor was he in the least adapted for it. But in other ways he got a strong hold on his people, and was more useful than he could have been by spending much time in visiting. He resisted many invitations to churches and colleges in England. He was a member of the Old Testament Revision Company, the author of the Congregational Lectures on "The Connexion between the Old and New Testaments," the editor of the enlarged edition of "Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia," and the writer of many important articles in it, as also in the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He was also Principal and Professor of Theology in the Congregational Theological Hall. Mr. Ross has written this Biography well. It is good and invigorating reading, while the specimens of Dr. Alexander's sermons add greatly to its worth. Let no minister remain ignorant of so valuable a life.

CATECHISMS OF THE SECOND REFORMATION. With Historical Introductions and Biographical Notices. By Alexander Mitchell, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of St. Andrew's. London : James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

A REALLY valuable contribution to theological study, the result of wide and painstaking research, and a means of at once defending and promulgating the principles of the Puritan theology with which we heartily sympathise. Part I. contains the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly and its Puritan predecessors. Part II., Rutherford's and other Scottish Catechisms of the same epoch. Among the former are Gouge's Brief Method of Catechising, Roger's Chief Grounds of Christian Religion, Ball's Short Catechism, Palmer's Endeavour, Usher's Principles of Christian Religion, and Austin's Rules and Directions. These, together with Rutherford's, Wyllie's, Blair's, &c., are a valuable exposition of the fundamental truths of the Gospel, and their publication in one volume will prove of immense service. It has hitherto been difficult to get copies of them.

The biographical notices of the men concerned in their production are also opportune. The study of Christian "Symbolism" ought to be more generally prosecuted than it is. It will aid a sounder and more robust theology. Dr. Mitchell has certainly earned the gratitude of all evangelical churches for his laborious researches, and for the succinct and scholarly embodiment he has here given of them.

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE. Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Vol. V. Joshua—Judges v. London: Hazell, Watson, & Viney, 52, Long Acre.

EACH succeeding volume of "The People's Bible" deepens our admiration of its author's genius and our gratitude that he has taken so noble a work in hand. A short time ago the idea of a series of discourses on the successive books of Scripture would have been treated as chimerical, and we should have been told that no congregation could stand them. Here, however, we have a preacher who on these lines is exciting in a large audience an interest which every week increases in strength, while the publication of the sermons is awaited by a wide circle of readers with eager curiosity, and welcomed with keen delight. The late Dean Stanley gained great praise for the charm he threw around the old and familiar stories. In another way, as appealing to a larger circle, and as enforcing more purely spiritual and more momentous lessons, Dr. Parker deserves higher praise. Professional students will of course require other aids than this. But with this no wise man will dispense. As a devotional and practical Commentary for the nineteenth century we have nothing equal to it.

OUR HOMELY COMEDY AND TRAGEDY. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1887.

THIS is at least the twenty-fourth volume for which we are indebted to the graceful pen of A. K. H. B. It contains five "Prose Idyls of the Seasons," which really deserves their title; a dozen familiar talks on St. Andrew's and its life; eight "Outings of a Stay-at-Home Soul"; four delightful papers entitled "Looking Back"; two on "Churchmen who never got their Due"; and four on "Good Men who have helped." The reminiscences of Principal Tulloch, of Mr. Walker, of Ochiltree, and Mr. Robertson, of Firtreviot, are tender and discriminating, glowing with generous affection, and full of fine pathos. So, too, "Ayrshire's Sundays Long Ago," and "The Charm of the Old Communion," are essays that we would not have missed on any account. We do not share Dr. Boyd's fears as to the results of Disestablishment, and are surprised to see how strangely he misunderstands the question. But as we cannot discuss the question with him at length, we will assure him that our strong divergence from him on this point has not prevented our finding in his latest book a treat such as we have too rarely enjoyed.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER AND THE YOUNG CONVERT. By J. M. Henson. S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

A LITTLE book which aims—and we can quite believe with success—at guiding the anxious to the Saviour, and the fresh convert to his immediate duty. The great truths it treats of are set forth in an earnest loving spirit. We commend the book to Baptists. Other Christians are not likely to circulate it, as it makes too clear what the Scriptural mode of baptism is, and unflinchingly insists upon the believer's duty in regard to it, as taught by the New Testament.

LIFE OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. By Eric S. Robertson. LIFE OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. By Hall Caine. London: Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. 1887.

MR. SCOTT'S enterprise in providing a cheap series of monographs on our "Great Writers" is worthy of the warmest sympathy. British, American, and Continental authors are to be included in the series. The editor, Mr. Eric Robertson, has written the first volume, which is on LONGFELLOW. It is a lucid and compact summary of his life, and a critical history of his works, both in poetry and prose. Mr. Hall Caine's "Coleridge" is written in a lively and spirited style, and with decided literary skill. Both works are all that such books should be. Their popularity is certain. The bibliography supplied by Mr. Anderson, of the British Museum, and to be supplied to all the volumes, is a specially valuable feature, which will be appreciated both by students and general readers.

THE CANTERBURY POETS. BEN JONSON and POEMS BY ALLAN RAMSAY. SONNETS OF EUROPE. London: Walter Scott.

THE admirable selection from Ben Jonson's dramas and lyrics is prefaced by a scholarly Introduction from the

pen of Mr. John Addington Symonds. The Sonnets of Europe, translated by various writers, have been selected by Mr. Samuel Waddington (one of the best authorities on the sonnet), who also supplies a series of notes, biographical and critical. The volume of Allan Ramsay's Poems contains all of his work that is worthy of preservation. Allan is known in England mainly as the author of "The Gentle Shepherd," but in the Scottish Lowlands his popularity is second only to that of Burns. Mr. Logie Robertson's biographical sketch of Ramsay and critical estimate of his work will at once take precedence over all other similar essays. Never has our best literature been so accessible to all classes as it is in our own day.

THE PULPIT COMMENTARY. Edited by the Rev. H. D. M. Spence, M.A., and the Rev. Joseph Exell, M.A. ISAIAH. Exposition and Homiletics. By Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

WE have looked carefully into this latest instalment of the greatest and most comprehensive commentary of our age, and believe that it will be welcomed with more than satisfaction. Canon Rawlinson is a Hebraist of the highest note. His exegesis is lucid, strong, and weighty. His historical

allusions are apt and cogent, and his homiletics suggestive. We are thankful for his able and conclusive defence of the unity of the book. The homilies by other authors are worthy of their high companionship, and are free from the sentimentalism and common-place which often disfigure such productions. Some little repetition is inevitable; but, in view of the completeness and thoroughness of the work, it is of little moment. The homilies on Chapter VI. seem to go into the very heart of their theme. Equally good are those on the Messianic predictions of Chapters VIII. and IX., and again on the closing chapter of this volume (XXXV.), which is so full of evangelical truth and comfort. We know of no previous work in which the marvellous teaching of Isaiah has been so fully unfolded.

—
A COMTIST LOVER, and other Studies.
 By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 26, Paternoster Square. 1886.

In the department of popular philosophical criticism, dealing with the questions which lie on the borderland between science and faith, "A Comtist Lover" is undoubtedly one of the best books of the season. The first and most important study is a dialogue on Positivism between two lovers — the man a Positivist, the woman a Christian. The dialogue is at once thorough and impartial; nothing is shirked, nothing is misrepresented; difficulties are fairly stated and honestly met. Miss Chapman has indisputably proved that an impersonal immortality can never be the creed and the hope of the race. Christianity includes all the good points of Comtism, and is itself the highest humanity. The other essays are on "The Extension of

the Law of Kindness" (to animals); "The Delphine of Madame de Stael," an essay full of fine discrimination; "The Novels of William Black," a charming study; and, as relating to the main theme of the book, "Some Immortality Thoughts." Last, but by no means least, there is a lengthy analysis of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The arguments of that grand Song of Immortality are presented in a clear, terse form; the purport of successive stanzas is distinctly shown, and some things hard to be understood are made plain. This will be a real help to many students of the poem.

—
HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. By George G. Perry, M.A., Canon of Lincoln, &c.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN OTHER LANDS; or, the Spiritual Expansion of England. By Rev. H. W. Tucker, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1886.

THESE small volumes belong to the series of "Epochs of Church History," to which we have already directed attention. Canon Perry's is a clear, succinct, and forcible statement of the changes through which the English Church passed in the sixteenth century; its gradual emancipation from the yoke of Rome, the formation and growth of its formularies, the conflicts of its different parties, leading to compromises and to the contrarieties between the liturgy and the articles so powerfully insisted on by the late Dean Stanley. Canon Perry states his facts fairly, though we cannot invariably endorse the inferences he draws from them. Mr. Tucker's history of modern missions depicts "the Church" in the

colonies and in heathen lands—mainly, of course, the Episcopal Church. The missionary work of the Nonconformist bodies is heartily recognised, although the account of it is incomplete; and we do not know why our own denomination should be described as the Baptist sect, any more than the Episcopal Church should be described as the Episcopal sect. It is well that English Churchmen should see what can be done, even by themselves, without State aid. The narrative is well written, interesting, and instructive.

HENRY WARD BEECHER IN ENGLAND,
1886. London: James Clarke & Co.,
13 and 14, Fleet Street, E.C.

WHATEVER may be our verdict on Mr. Beecher's theological teaching—and we have made no secret of our own inability to endorse it—we cannot be blind either to the fertility and splendour of his genius, the charm of his oratory, or to the spirituality and devoutness of his nature. His methods of expression, as well as his beliefs, are open to serious objection. But we believe that during his recent visit to England he won the respect of multitudes who, on many points of moment, differ from him, and inspired a degree of affection such as few other men can excite. This memorial volume will be welcome to hundreds of readers who had no opportunity of hearing Mr. Beecher, as well as to those who had that privilege. It contains a brief biographical sketch and a capital photographic portrait, eight addresses (including that to students at the City Temple, and the wise and weighty words to the Caterham Congregational School), four lectures, and seventeen sermons, together with a

number of prayers. There are few preachers in any section of the Church, and whatever their doctrinal standpoint, who may not learn much from this volume as to the best and most effective manner of presenting their teaching to others.

POEMS. By the late Archibald Stirling Irving. In Two Vols. Edited by the Rev. W. Murray, M.A. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 17, Princes Street.

AMID the crowd of books which every week issue from the press, two small volumes of poetry by an unknown author, published many years after his death, may be easily overlooked. Yet there is in them much good and solid work. Though not a poet of either the first or second rank, Mr. Irving had a sincere love of the Muses, and the powers he dedicated to their service were of no mean order. He drank deeply into the spirit of the ancient classics; he had quite a Wordsworthian love of nature, and had felt with Scott the charm of old romance. His description of the four seasons in one series of poems is graphic and accurate, and many objects and scenes of nature are portrayed with grace and fidelity, such as "The Sunset," "The Thunderstorm," &c. The lyrics are often full of a passionate longing, expressed in exquisite music. The tragedy of "The Vadouis" does not strike us as being of special excellence. But the tales of "The Voyage of Mahoud" and "Temple" have a deeper interest, and are admirably told. The two volumes will form a pleasant companion for a quiet hour, and will be prized for their purity of feeling, their healthy Christian spirit, and their exquisite simplicity of style.

Mr. Irving's friends have done well to publish his poems.

CHRIST IN THE HEART, and Other Sermons. By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. London: *Christian Commonwealth Publishing Company*, 75, Ludgate Hill. 1886.

It needs little more than the bare announcement of this volume to ensure for it the cordial welcome of all our readers. Dr. Maclaren's sermons will take their place among "the classics" of pulpit literature; and of the various series he has published, this will certainly not be the least highly esteemed. It has all the intellectual force, the

imaginative fire, and the illustrative wealth of his earlier volumes, with a greater directness of personal appeal, and a more powerful and persuasive earnestness. There is a closer contact with the realities of the Christian faith, and a determination to make every hearer or reader see them as the preacher himself sees them. We have here a robustness and vivacity of thought, a lucidity of exposition, and a tenderness of sympathy which are very rarely combined. The five sermons on Ephesians iii. 16-19, from which the volume takes its title, admirably indicate the spirit of the whole. Dr. Maclaren has given us a treasure which the Christian Church of all sections will prize.

LITERARY NOTES.



THE third volume of the *New Princeton Review*, published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, opens with an able and attractive number. Religion and politics, sociology and literature, are effectively represented. Mr. J. S. Fiske has an article on Victor Hugo, which avoids the excessive adulation of certain of his English admirers. Professor Calderwood's review of the Present Position of Philosophy in Britain is assuring. He considers that we are on the eve of a new advance. A melancholy interest attaches to the article on Religion in Public Schools. It is the last production of the pen of Dr. Archibald A. Hodge. Mr. Bryce discusses the Past and Future of the Irish Question. Mr. Julius H. Ward has an appreciative article on Edwin P. Whipple as Critic, and Geo. Parsons Lathrop contributes an instructive story—"Vita Strange." Mr. C. Dudley Warner's discussion on the Extirpation of Criminals is another important paper. We know of no review, English or American, which more fully answers our ideal than this.

ANOTHER American periodical whose advent is always welcome is the *Century*, published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The most important contribution is doubtless "Abraham Lincoln: a History," by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, the President's private secretaries. It will take precedence over all other biographies, and do more than has yet been done to elucidate the real meaning and motive powers of the most memorable crisis of American life. Among notable papers in the February number we may name "Part of an Old Story," by J. L. Allen; "The

Oldest Church in London (St. Bartholomew the Great)," "Recent Discoveries of Works of Art in Rome." There are three which should be of special interest to our readers—viz., "Father Taylor and Oratory," by Dr. Bartol and Walt Whitman, and a good sketch of the Rev. Dr. McCosh, Principal of Princeton College, of whom there is also a striking likeness. The engravings are all excellent.

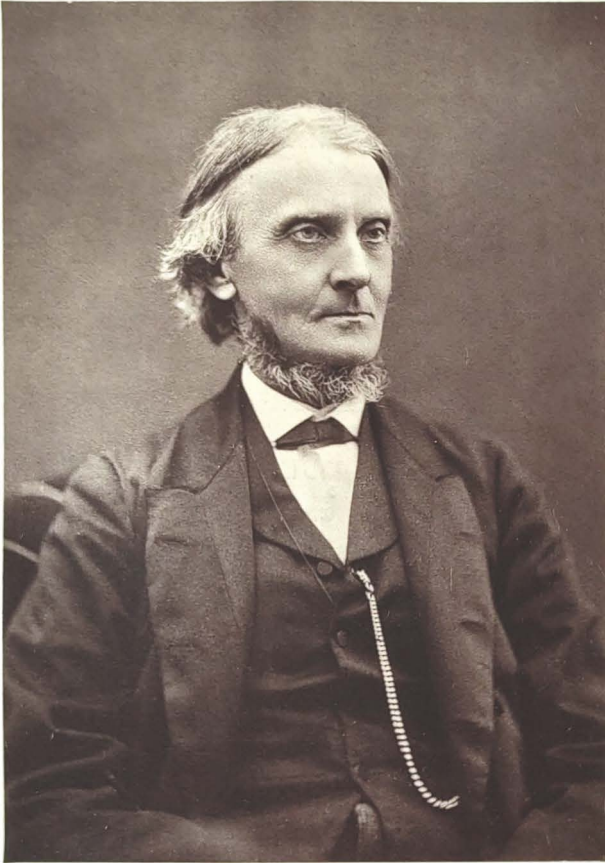
THE new volume of the Camelot Classics is "Essays by Leigh Hunt," edited, with introduction and notes, by Arthur Symons. The next issue will consist of some of the principal prose works of H. W. Longfellow. Such works are a great boon to students of slender means, and the enterprise is worthy of very wide support.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & Co. have published a new edition of the Rev. J. Jackson Wray's "Light from the Old Lamp"—a series of homespun homilies, plain, practical, and forceful. Mr. Wray's magazine, *Good Company*, is full of good and varied reading, and cannot fail to find a welcome in all Christian homes.

IF the sixth volume of "Great Thoughts from Master Minds" (A. W. Hall, 132, Fleet Street) be a fair specimen of the publication, we do not wonder at its large and increasing sale. The work is absolutely true to its title. Great is, moreover, here synonymous with good. The sketches of the lives of Browning and Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Guthrie, Handel, Kingsley, Newman, and many others are alone worth far more than the cost of the entire volume. The publication has our best wishes.

"THE PULPIT TREASURY" (E. B. Treat, 771, Broadway, New York) for February contains a capital sermon by our brother, Dr. Adoniram Judson Gordon, of Boston, with a striking likeness, an engraving of his "church" in Boston, and a brief sketch of his life. This magazine for preachers is full of sound, practical, and inspiring matter. Its popularity is well deserved.

AMONG recent Baptist publications we notice "A Memoir of Robert Carr, of Allahabad," by Mr. J. E. Howard, a noble and heroic Christian life gracefully told. Our publishers (Messrs. Alexander & Shephard) have got up the work in an admirable style. Letterpress, engraving, and binding are of the highest class. Mr. Spurgeon's "According to Promise; or, The Lord's Method of dealing with His Chosen People," is intended as a companion volume to "All of Grace." It will also be the companion of thousands of God's people in their most devout and earnest hours. It is a mine of precious truth, clearly expounded and skillfully applied. The Rev. Charles Merrick, of Blagdon, Bristol, has published "A Catechism for Use in Baptist Sunday-schools." It is an admirable summary, in a lucid and compact form, of the distinctive doctrines of our faith.



M. GUTTENBERG...PHOTO: Manchester:

Yours very truly

Alex: M. Laren

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1887.

DR. MACLAREN.



It affords us more than average pleasure to present our readers this month with a photograph of the Rev. Alex. Maclaren, D.D.; but it requires more than ordinary courage to sketch him. A perfect "literary portrait" of one so widely known and universally esteemed is more than we attempt. It were no mean task for some master mind. But we venture to furnish a rough outline of his career, with which a somewhat intimate friendship, extending over forty years, has made us familiar.

Like many others who have made their mark in their several spheres, both at home and abroad, Dr. Maclaren hails from Scotland, that land of cool heads and warm hearts, and belongs to a family of the upper middle class of society. His father and mother we well remember, and fondly admired as ensamples of cultured force and eminent Christian consistency. He was their youngest child, born in Glasgow in 1826, educated in the High School, and afterwards at the University there. As a youth he was wont to worship with a section of the Scotch Baptists in that city, amongst whom his father held office as an Elder, and exerted his influence to preserve them in peace, as well as to expand their notions and elevate their tone; but our friend seems to have elected other and very different religious

associations, and was baptized by Dr. Paterson in 1837, before he had entered his "teens"—a fact which testifies to the advanced wisdom of those who welcomed him to their fellowship at so tender an age.

In 1841 his parents removed with their family to London, and associated themselves with the Scotch Baptist church in Hoxton, but "Alexander" failed to find space to "live and move" within the lines of that "faith and order." The ministry of John Howard Hinton, or that of Thomas Binney, was more to his mind; and to one or other of these he was wont to repair for his edification. The effect of their instruction, and the able Biblical exposition of his honoured father in his home, abide with him to-day, and unconsciously influence his tone of thought, as well as tinge his presentation of truth.

In 1842 he entered Stepney College (now Regent's Park), a stripling of sixteen, but amply prepared, by antecedent training, to take full advantage of all the opportunities afforded in that Institution for Ministerial Education. From the outset he appears to have won the affections of all hearts; and we have heard his fellow-students—than whom none are more competent to give an opinion, because none have finer opportunities of forming a judgment—speak of him as "the foremost amongst them and a very choice spirit." The manner in which he prosecuted his studies is certified by the fact that in 1845 he won his degree (B.A.) at the London University, a University second to none in its standard of scholarship. In 1846 he entered upon his public life as pastor of Portland Chapel, Southampton, some months before he had attained his majority. We can run over the intervening forty years, and recall his singularly youthful appearance at that date, his extremely small audience at the outset of his ministry, and the conflicting opinions which obtained concerning him, the faint-hearted giving free expression to their fears as to his "soundness in the faith," and the more discerning uttering their strong convictions that he was "all right," "rooted and grounded in the truth," and that the future would find him in the front ranks as "a man of light and leading." It did not need his twelve years' residence in Southampton to settle this subject of free discussion. Long before he had left that sphere his chapel was filled to its fullest capacity, his peculiar power was acknowledged by all parties, and the officers of "vacant churches" in different and distant parts, having heard of his fame, pressed him

to supply their pulpits "with a view." To all such appeals he turned a deaf ear, and his own people fondly imagined that he was theirs for aye. This feeling, giving birth to earnest hope, was strengthened in them when he brought home amongst them his charming bride, the daughter of James McLaren, Esq., Edinburgh, one with whose life his own had been intertwined from their earliest childhood, of kindred spirit with his own, bright and genial as heaven's own sunshine, and as full of poetry as of practical wisdom, emphatically "a help-mee for him," to whom he could turn in the hour of anxiety or of special joy, whose instinctive judgment he could trust with an unwavering confidence, and whose memory hovers like fragrant odour around the hearts of all that were privileged to know her.

But it was not in the nature of things, or in the order of Providence, that a man of Dr. McLaren's ability and attainments, linked thus in life with one fitted to adorn and inspire any circle, should spend the best of his days in a comparatively sequestered sphere. Frequently did his wisest friends urge him to quit it, and occupy one of wider influence and greater scope. Hence, when the special needs of Manchester were placed before him, and pressed on his attention, he obeyed the "call," and entered upon his present pastorate in 1858. The result has justified the step then taken. "Union Church" has been revived, and more than doubled. An edifice twice the size of that which he found has been erected and crowded with a cultured and vigorous people. The demands of the sphere have disclosed and more fully developed the native forces of the man that occupies it. From the date of his entering upon it his "path has been as the light that shineth more and more." Men of all grades of faith and schools of thought throng to hear him, and are touched by his electric power. We have heard him quoted in the four quarters of the world, and acknowledged as one who wields the widest sway over the minds of the most cultured classes of this and other English-speaking lands. Hence, the University of Edinburgh simply recognised his position when, a few years since, she enrolled him amongst those who worthily wear the highest honour she has power to confer.

With all the heavy claims of a large congregation, and the demands made by denominational as well as other societies, his pen has been prolific. Eleven volumes have issued from the press,

and another is nearing completion. Nor can these productions be read, or their author be heard in pulpit or on platform, and his power not be felt. It amounts to a potent, magnetic force, and has been described as "logic on fire." Its spiritual subtilty eludes analysis, commanding the homage of the keenest intellects, and yet always within touch of the least endowed. Apart from all that may be regarded as combined in the make-up of his native genius—which is itself of the highest order—we would rank, as amongst "the secrets of his power," his intuitive knowledge of the human heart, and strong sympathy with the yearnings and struggles of "the Spirit in man"; his intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures as a living book, and his personal experience of the "fulness of Him that filleth all," together with his marvellous skill in "the art of putting things." For that large and lustrous eye, which gleams on all, and seems "to be in every place," is only the index of the inner faculty that penetrates the core of men's actions, and reads off human character at a glance. In the revelations of that "Living Book," which he has known from childhood, and whose "deep things" have become growingly disclosed to his own heart as he has dived into them, or had them brought home to his aid in seasons of sadness or sorrow, he finds that which is fitted to meet the soul's deepest needs, and satisfy her utmost cravings. Hence, when he presents it to others, freshened by the rare originality of his illustrations, and enforced by all the ardour of his intense manner, it comes home to them as no mere theme, a thing of airy speculation, but as that which commends itself to their consciences in the sight of God. In the style of his speech, which is eminently individual, there is nothing constrained or laboured, or done for effect, no trace of "elaborated periods," or "tricks of oratory"; but the whole wells up from a living fountain, flows oftentimes along rugged channels, or surges like some Scotch loch when lashed by tempest and storm. With all his widespread fame, and the homage that has been paid him, and which would have intoxicated many a weaker man, he retains his native simplicity—the simplicity of true greatness—and is the same amongst his obscurer brethren, and to them, that he was in the far back years of "auld lang syne." They, with one accord, join us in the fervent prayer that "his bow may abide in strength"; that "the days of the years of his life" may be many; and that it may be "light with him at eventide." J. W. T.

THE GIFFORD REMAINS.

No. I.



HE name of Gifford used to be a well-known name among British Baptists. It is still familiar to such Baptists in Bristol as are no more even than moderately acquainted with the history of their denomination in that city, and especially to the students of the college in Stoke's Croft, both those now in the institution and those who have in the past enjoyed its advantages, and are now occupying positions of usefulness in the ministry. Indeed, all intelligent Baptists know, or ought to know, that the Giffords were eminent ministers and pillars of the denomination in their day. The churches they served and the works of usefulness which, in other ways, they performed, are they not written in the books of chronicles compiled by Crosby, Ivimey, and Cramp? It is not, therefore, our intention to trace the history of these worthy ministers, and occupy our pages with what may be found in the pages of the historians just named. Our object is rather to present to our readers something new about them, drawn from a source than which none could be more reliable. In the library of Bristol College, among the treasures made over to it by the youngest Gifford, are manuscript volumes, entitled by those who had them bound "Gifford Remains." By the kindness of Dr. Culross and the committee, we have lately had an opportunity of looking through these volumes; and as the manuscripts they contain are, some of them, very interesting and instructive, not only acquainting us more fully with the Giffords, but throwing curious light upon the Baptists of their and a preceding day, we proceed to lay some account of them, and some extracts from them, before the readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

The first document demanding notice is "An Abstract of a Sermon," which is thus endorsed: "Preached by my honoured and reverend father, Mr. Andrew Gifford, upon John iv. 24, and given unto (as desired by) my very good wife.—E. G." This endorsement, as the initials shew, was made by the Rev. Emmanuel Gifford, for many years pastor of a Baptist church in Bristol, and father of the

more famous Dr. Andrew Gifford, the benefactor of Bristol College, who ranks second only to the worthy founder, Mr. Edward Terrill, in the munificence of his benefactions. It shows that Dr. Gifford's grandfather, after whom he was named, was a minister of the Gospel, as well as his father and himself.

Further and conclusive evidence of the last-mentioned fact is afforded by a document superscribed with Charles the Second's autograph, and giving to the said Andrew Gifford licence to preach. It is as follows:—

“CHARLES R.

“Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all Mayors, bayliffs, constables, and other our officers and ministers, civil and military, whom it may concern, Greeting—

“In pursuance of our Declaration of the 15th of March, 167 $\frac{1}{2}$, We do hereby permit and licence Andrew Gifford, of our city of Bristol, of the persuasion commonly called Presbyterian [the word ‘Presbyterian’ is then scored through and supplied by ‘Baptist’], to be a teacher and to teach in any place licenced and allowed by Us, according to our said Declaration. Given at our Court at Whitehall, the 5th day of September, in the twenty-fourth year of our reign, 1672.

“By His Majesty's command,

“ARLINGTON.”

Happily, the day is long since past in this country when an ambassador of the King of heaven must needs furnish himself with such an authorisation before he could, without fear of bonds and imprisonment, deliver his Master's message. May we who live in these days of liberty, having won our rights—at least, the right to worship God and speak freely of His love—see to it that we set a due value upon them, and count it our highest joy to exercise them.

It is related of old Mr. Gifford that—probably before he obtained his licence to preach—he was obliged, like Bunyan and other preachers who set the unjust and tyrannical laws of the Restoration at defiance, oftentimes to disguise himself that he might not be recognised by the informers. Sometimes he appeared as an officer; sometimes as a fine gentleman—and fine gentlemen in those days were very fine; sometimes, also, in the very humblest guise. “Did you meet

me last night," said he one day to a friend, "going through Lawford's Gate? Why did you not speak to me?" "I did not see you, sir." "Did you not meet a tinker?" "Yes, sir." "That was I," said Mr. Gifford.

Now we come upon a manuscript setting forth "some propositions about praying to God by forms composed and imposed by men," the tenor of the essay being decidedly antagonistic to the use of such forms. Again, we have "some things propounded to such as formerly separated from forms of prayer and worship prescribed and imposed by men, and since have joined with the same." "If it were good," argues the writer, "why did you separate from it? If it be evil, why did you join with it?" Then the query is raised—"Whether it be lawful to hear ministers of a National Church, in which is prescribed and imposed many human inventions." As a matter of worship, the author condemns such hearing; but allows it as a spectacle.

Presently we come upon a letter from Nehemiah Coxe, dated "London, 8 March, 167 $\frac{2}{3}$," and addressed thus: "For his honoured friend, Mr. Andrew Gifford, at his house in Redcliff Street, over against the Chequer, Bristol." The object of the letter is to urge the duty of singing hymns of praise. It concludes: "I could heartily commend to your perusal Mr. Cotton on this subject; he hath handled the subject with much judgment and moderation." He tenders his Christian respects to Mr. Hardcastle, and conveys a similar message from "Brother Ludlow" to Mr. Gifford and to "Brother Harvest."

Here is a document the preamble of which is as follows:—"Whereas the church of Westbury sent some scruples to the Assembly at Bristol, as reasons why they did not contribute to the fund that is for the helping of poor ministers, and educating brethren in the languages wherein the Scriptures were written; to which they desire a particular answer: These are, therefore, to satisfy them in their desire." Then follows a page of argument. On the back of the same sheet are "Meditations on the Church."

Bearing date "The Castle in Bristol, 21 May, 1676," is a letter of ten pages, containing animadversions on Mr. Gifford's baptismal views, by Richard Blinman. On the fly-sheet is the following, written in a more modern hand:—"Three preliminary articles agreed on between a Baptist and a Church parson in Oxfordshire before they dispute about baptism. 1. That nothing shall be asserted, but what

is to be proved by express words of Scripture. 2. That they should not interrupt each other. 3. He that is first in a passion should lose his cause." Now, it is extremely trying to be plied with arguments which you cannot answer against a cause in which you are a partisan, and in favour of a thing of the truth and Scripturalness of which you are not willing to be convinced; this is especially so before an audience capable of appreciating the argument, and ready, in the case of many of the persons composing it, to enjoy your discomfiture. We are not, therefore, surprised to find the following note subscribed to the foregoing articles of agreement:—"Memorandum.—The clergyman lost it by his passion before they had done." Poor man! He had foolishly placed himself in a position in which, confronted by a moderately well-furnished opponent, defeat was inevitable.

Written on the backs of some old letters we have an essay, entitled "Meditations on God's Covenanting with Abraham," dated April 13, 1703. Some of the letters are worth noticing. The first is from Susan Rudge, of Bradford, in Wiltshire, dated November 7, 1701. It prays Mr. Gifford still to be the recipient of the writer's "dear sister's wonted charity towards" her. The next is a letter, with no date, from "the Church of Christ at Haycomb," addressed to the Association of which the said church was a member. It laments the strong tendency which the females of the church showed towards singing, "though in such a dark and dismal day"; and the overwhelming respect which some of the brethren manifested towards "human learning." The letter was signed on behalf of the church by Nathaniel Britton, John Bletchley, John Salmon, Edward Plummer Richard Gay, and William Lypeat.

The following letter is interesting on one or two accounts, which the reader will observe as he peruses it:—

"Boston, 2 June, 1701.

"HONOURED SIR,—These lines serve for the conveyance of enclosed letter unto Mr. James, as also to acquaint you that we have writ another letter to yourself, not knowing then that the opportunity of sending would have continued to the writing of this to Mr. James. But the divine providence continuing the vessel, we have made use of the opportunity of sending this enclosed to Mr. James, according to your direction, in hopes he will be prevailed with to come over.

Our condition is very deplorable, unless our God is pleased to send some person to be instrumental for the carrying on his work, which we trust will now be obtained, so that his name may be glorified, his truth advanced, and his work revived; with which our souls shall be rejoiced, and we hope your endeavours graciously rewarded; which, with unfeigned love and respects, is all.

“From your unworthy brother in Gospel bonds,

“ELLIS CALLENDER.”

“P.S.—If you see cause, Sir, please to seal it.”

Evidently Mr. Ellis Callender was the deacon of a Baptist church in Boston, which was in very low water. Evidently, too, the church was without a pastor, and could not readily obtain one in America. Hence, application had been made to Mr. Gifford to recommend and send one out from England, and he had mentioned Mr. James as a suitable man, to whom, it would appear, a letter of invitation was sent accompanying the foregoing. What a contrast is here suggested! Boston now and a hundred and eighty-six years ago! The American believes that his admired, cultured, refined, and splendid Boston is “the hub of the universe.” In this, as every Englishman knows, he is mistaken; but the belief is pardonable. Boston has no need to send to England for a minister to-day; and when we remember what America was less than two centuries ago, and consider what it is now, as revealed to us in Mr. Carnegie’s “Triumphant Democracy,” we are ready to exclaim: “What hath God wrought!” The progress of America religiously is as wonderful as its progress politically and socially.

The brethren of the Baptist church at Coleford will be interested in seeing the following letter—or, more strictly speaking, part of a letter—especially if a copy has not been preserved among the records of the church:—

“To the Church of Christ in Bristol, under the care and charge of our beloved brother Gifford.

“Dearly beloved in our Lord Jesus Christ; Grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ be multiplied.—We whose hands are hereunto subscribed and set, being members of a baptized congregation meeting at Coleford, in the county of Gloster, take occasion to lay before you the condition of our beloved brother

Grant, our minister; a person whom we highly esteem and honour for his work's sake, and we heartily desire that we may never know the worth of his ministry by the want of it. Since the providence of God brought our brother amongst us, it was his lot to preach in a house not qualified, for the which he was arrested, and carried before a Justice of the peace, where he was bound over to the Assizes, and from that to the next, where he was fined considerably; which fine and charge of law doth amount to more than our brother can pay, or we supply him with, though we can truly say that we are jointly willing to do to the utmost for a person that hath suffered so much for the Gospel of Christ, and hath borne it with that Christian courage and patience as became a person under his circumstances, choosing rather to suffer imprisonment than to turn his back upon the Gospel of Christ.

"Our humble request is that you will take the condition of our brother into your consideration, which indeed is very deplorable, having a wife and three small children; low in the world and but little from us; and that you would make some collection for him; or else our brother is like to suffer very much; and to that end we have sent two of our members to receive your charity, who" . . .
 [The remainder is wanting.]

The foregoing reminds us of the shameful disabilities imposed by the law of the land, under which Baptist ministers laboured in a past not so very far distant, and throws an interesting sidelight on the relations of churches to each other in those days of ultra-independency. The friends at Coleford do not seem to have entertained the least doubt of their petition being generously responded to; so considerable a pecuniary response, indeed, did they expect as to consider it worth while to incur the expense of sending "two of their members" to bring it away. Bristol churches then, as now, were, no doubt, among the wealthiest and most liberal of Baptist churches. Certainly their character, these two or three centuries past, is sufficiently well known to justify the belief that an appeal addressed to them on behalf of one in the circumstances of "brother Grant," the Coleford pastor, would not be in vain.

EDITOR.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

No. I.



WHEN we consider the high position which Mr. Binney attained among the Nonconformist preachers of his day, the striking force of his character and teaching, his manly and ardent piety, the remarkable influence he exerted on the minds of young men especially, a few illustrative incidents cannot fail to be interesting to your readers. They will, perhaps, help those who knew him to recall his person and bearing, and those who did not, but are who familiar with his writings, to a more clear apprehension of him.

I first saw and heard Mr. Binney at Newport, when on a visit to the Isle of Wight some time in 1834-5, where he was pastor of the oldest Independent Church, prior to his removal to the Weigh House. But when I came to reside in London in 1840, our intercourse was renewed, and though we met only occasionally, that intercourse was most cordial, and subsequently ripened into an intimate friendship.

Shortly after the above-mentioned time, I was elected on the Committee of the Mill Hill School, during the secretariat of the late Rev. Algernon Wells, a born secretary, as well as a preacher of the highest class. He threw his whole soul into his work, and there was so much hearty geniality in his manners, so much grace in his speech, and so much wisdom in his counsels, that a sort of halo was cast over the school during the whole of his connection with it. I never had the privilege of hearing him preach, but I can easily understand how great a loss his death was to our Independent brethren, and to the Church of Christ at large.

It was while serving on the Committee of Mill Hill School that I was brought into frequent intercourse with Mr. Binney. We were appointed visitors to go down twice a year, to examine the boys in the Biblical exercises. The Rev. T. S. England was chaplain, and Mr. Priestley, head master. The former was a gentle cultivated gentleman, of considerable ability, and eminently assiduous in the discharge of his duties, exercising a most salutary influence over the minds and habits of the boys. The latter was a man of vigorous intellect, of

varied attainments, a thorough scholar, a strict disciplinarian, albeit of a somewhat passionate temper, and was both feared and loved in the school. He enjoyed the perfect confidence of the Committee, and of the parents of his pupils. It was a sight worth seeing to go to the Old Bell, Holborn, on reopening days, where a large number of fine-spirited lads and their friends were assembled waiting for the coaches to take them down. Mr. Priestley was always present, and had a kindly greeting for all. He deeply sympathised with the anxious feelings of fathers and mothers in regard to their sons, heard all they had to say with exemplary patience, though sometimes that virtue was sorely tried. Of course tears were shed at the parting, but the lads soon recovered their composure, and set off in high glee, and with loud ringing cheers.

When we had to visit the school, I hired a carriage at Norwood, and called for Mr. Binney on the way. After we had finished the examination we came back as we went. It was through these most pleasant excursions that I got to know him so intimately. Our intercourse was frank, unrestrained, and cordial. We talked about books, preachers, public men, and affairs in general. We did not always quite agree, for, of course, his views were far more matured than mine. I felt, however, when we did differ, and the difference gave zest to our talk, that he did me good, restraining the impulse of an ardent temperament, and sobering those sanguine notions which I loved to cherish. During these free and open talks I never remember an instance of his assuming airs of superiority, or of his expecting one to accept his opinions because they were his. I have heard some people complain of Mr. Binney's brusqueness, and that, by his manner, he occasionally repelled rather than attracted. I have no such complaint to make. He always treated me with the utmost courtesy, and with the kindness of a friend.

I remember, very distinctly, one occasion when we talked about preaching, he asked,

"Do you write out your sermons fully?"

"Nearly always, except for week-night services, when I make merely a sketch."

"Do you read them, or commit them to memory?"

"I do neither. I couldn't if I tried."

"How, then, do you manage?"

“Well I try to soak the subject in my mind, and trust to the inspiration of the moment for the words, and for their spirit, to a higher power, keeping the MSS. before me in case my memory should fail.”

“Do you always preach as well as you can?”

“Certainly I do, and ought I not to?”

“Then you are very foolish. Just think, if you are always careering over the high table-land, your people will be up there too. So if you at any time fail, and the ablest and best men do sometimes, just think what a tumble, for both you and they, it is! How they will begin to talk!”

“Whatever, then, am I to do?”

“Do? why do the same as I do. I purposely preach inferior sermons. It is a great relief to me and my flock. I can preach as poor a sermon as any man in Europe. But when a subject lays hold of me, and I am roused to a needed effort, I *can* do it then, and all comes right. Such a discourse is like charity, it covers a multitude of sins!”

“Well I *have* been told you do now and again preach poor sermons sometimes, and actually, it has been said, little better than twaddle. But I have never heard anything like that from your lips; for in preaching when I have been present, both at Newport, on your occasional visits, and now here in London, you have been at the top of your bent.”

“Then all I can say is you *have* been very lucky. Do you ever have a friendly talk with your people, especially those in humble life, who are pious and intelligent?”

“Yes, very often, and always, I find, to my advantage.”

“So do I, and have frequently got real help from them. Among my flock there is a shrewd, clever Scotch body. When I am puzzled about a passage I sometimes call on her, talk to her about it, and get her to give me her opinion. I am sure to get from her some side-light, at least. On one occasion, in a moment of unusual frankness, she said to me, ‘Aye, Mr. Binney, when ye cam hither furst, and I saw ye tak oot the papers and pit them on the Buik, I said to mysel’, Whatever is the chiel aboot, that he canna preach the everlasting Gospel without the papers? But noo, Mr. Binney, I am aye gleg to see the papers, for when ye tak them oot, and lay them on the Buik, I say to mysel’, *We’ll ha’e a deal mair sense the day.*’” I burst

into an ecstasy of laughter, for the whole thing was so odd, and perhaps so true, and told with such real gusto by Mr. Binney, who evidently enjoyed the fun quite as much as I did.

I remember, on another occasion, his telling me a very odd story. Some country minister had resolved to spend his holiday in London that he might obtain the privilege of worshipping at the Weigh House. On his return home his people were struck with the singular change in his manner. He made long pauses between his sentences, and sometimes they were afraid he would stop altogether. So at last, the deacons, finding there was much dissatisfaction spreading among the people, waited upon him. After they had told their tale, and referred particularly to these long pauses, he replied—

“I do it on purpose, for don't you know that Mr. Binney owes his popularity to his long pauses?”

I could scarcely believe my ears, and thinking that, perhaps, this might be some splendid joke, I asked:

“Is this an anecdote, or a fact?”

“Positive fact,” was the reply.

“Whoever was that foolish man?”

“Do you think I am going to tell *you*, you who are running up and down the face of the earth? Why, in a short time, it will be known ‘from Dan to Beersheba.’ I have more consideration for the poor fellow than to tell you.”

“But how about the long pauses? I have heard you when we had a few of them. There you stood, plainly struggling with some great thought, holding out your long arms, moving your fingers up and down, in a sort of minatory fashion, wiping your forehead, and using two or three pocket-handkerchiefs in the operation, and we all waiting in a state of excited expectancy—when out it came in all its eloquence and power! Depend upon it, the long preceding pause had something to do with the effect produced.”

“That is your opinion, is it? If you go on like that, I won't tell you any more stories.”

He certainly did not keep to this threat, though I *did* go on, for I had a good many more afterwards.

Not very long after this I met him on the platform of the Cornish Railway at Truro. He had been paying a visit to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Garland, who subsequently told me all about it, at

their beautiful residence near Redruth. Mr. Garland was a leading Wesleyan, a gentleman of leisure and means, of great ability, culture, and refinement. He was a writer of brilliant leaders in the *West Briton*, the liberal paper of the county. Mr. Binney very cheerfully complied with his request to preach in their chapel, and a very large congregation assembled. For the Cornish, like their Welsh congeners, love to hear superior preaching. Mr. Binney was happy in the service, and the people were soon wrought up to a pitch of intense excitement. As is their custom they gave audible expression to their feelings far beyond his notions of propriety, though I have heard him say, that some gentle expression of interest and pleasure by an audience would be a vast help to the preacher. On this occasion he stopped short, and rebuked them with some asperity, when one of the most ardent cried out, "Now we baint a-going to häve the Sperit stuffled like that!" After the service he withdrew, but Mrs. Garland prevailed on Mrs. Binney to stop to a prayer-meeting. She was astonished. The fervour, animation, intelligence, and the near approach, of the brethren who led the devotions, to the Eternal King, deeply impressed her mind. She felt that she *was* in the House of God, and very near to "the Gates of Heaven!"

The next morning Mr. Binney said to Mr. Garland, "I am sorry I spoke so sharply to the people last night. I should like to tell them so. Do you think they would come to hear me again?" "That they will, and I will take care that they are duly informed." They flocked to the chapel, and were more delighted than ever, and Mr. Binney was made happy.

It was on his return from this most interesting visit that I met him. He broke out in strains of high commendation of my fellow-Cornishmen, and told me how surprised he was at their intelligence, their fervent interest in spiritual things, their cordiality and hospitality.

"My dear friend, they are noble fellows, extraordinary people. I have enjoyed my visit immensely. It has been a new experience to me." And laying his hand gently on my shoulder, a genial smile lighting up his manly face, remarked, in a tone of playful affectionate tenderness, "And you, my dear fellow, are not a bad specimen of the whole lot." I need scarcely add how deep was my gratification with his eulogy of my fellow-Cornishmen, and how his personal expression of regard strengthened my attachment to him.

On one of our visits to Mill Hill, we left somewhat earlier than usual, in order to be in time to hear Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, who was engaged to preach at the Poultry Chapel on behalf of the Home Missionary Society. I had been a careful student of his works, which I read occasionally even now, and always with advantage; but I had never heard or seen him. I was struck as he ascended the pulpit with his venerable aspect, and with his vivacity and energy, considering his very advanced age, for he had then, I think, attained his eightieth year. The sermon was full of profound thought, expressed in a style, rich, varied, and forcible. Many times during its delivery Mr. Binney and I looked at each other, equally gratified and astonished. As we were leaving he said to me, 'Well now, Trestrail, do you think we shall ever be able to preach like that if we live to be eighty? We have seen a marvel, and listened to one of the ripest scholars, and one of the best theologians of the age. May we be duly thankful!'

FREDK. TRESTRAIL

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER DARK CONTINENT.

No. III.



view of such facts as these, there clearly may be more reasons than one for the cynicism which they openly display towards their fellow-men of other lands, and for the contemptuous exclusiveness with which they segregate themselves from them. We hesitate to believe that the only reason for the indifference which the Christian Church has shown towards these men is fear of Muslim fanaticism; for it has never yet been known that a case like this, when fairly made out, has failed to touch the right sentiment in the breasts of Christian people. The neglect, we prefer to believe, is attributable to sheer want of information. If the facts regarding Arabia were but properly studied and fully understood, and its claims, withal, to some share, at least, of Christian sympathy adequately placed before the friends of Jesus, it would be found, we make bold to believe, that the

heroism which has already achieved so much in other "dark places of the earth"¹ would prove equal to the present task.

But this wild, untutored man is not the only source of apprehension—perhaps not even the chief source; the real danger arises from persons of far greater pretensions. Undoubtedly, the surest place in Arabia for a Christian to meet with death would be the City of the Ka'ba. But the evangelist need not begin his work at the wrong end. It is not necessary to tempt destiny by rushing at once either among the tribes of the Desert or to the gates of the Ka'ba. There are multitudes of perishing men all along the coast whose condition should awaken the solicitude of the Christian believer, and from the coast the light would find its way into the interior. Let the labourer be selected for pre-eminence in shrewdness, capability, and tact—no less than for pre-eminence in self-devotement and goodness of heart—and he would be safe enough at Jidda. Niebuhr, Dolff, Arnold, Burton, and other eye-witnesses, all give evidence which proves this.² The first of these, who wrote from personal knowledge of the place, testifies that "European merchants could hardly be hindered to settle at Jidda"; and he adds, "One Englishman has lived several years here."³ The advantages of this place have been well set forth by a traveller of unusual intelligence and observancy, whose veracity has never been called in question on any point. The learned and "accurate Burckhardt"—writing, to be sure, with a different view from that which we are now considering—says: "The arrival of strangers from all parts of the Muhammadan world—from Tomboctou to Samarkand, and from Georgia to Borneo—would render Djidda a most desirable place of residence for an inquisitive European traveller, who, by affording assistance to poor hadjys, and spending a small sum in provisions for them, would attract large numbers to his house, and might collect thus much information respecting the most distant and unknown parts of Africa and Asia."⁴ The idea thus suggested by the great traveller opens up about as grand a prospect of usefulness as a

¹ Psalm lxxiv. 20.

² Burton, "Pilgrimage," ii. 57.

³ Niebuhr 'Travels in Arabia,' i. 226—239. *Cnf.* Arnold, "Islâm and Christianity," 113 (edn. 3rd, Lond. 1874).

⁴ Burckhardt, "Arabia," ii. 28.

man with a missionary's heart need desire. He might keep there his caravansery, his hospital, his school-house, his vernacular book-room, which he might allow to be the continual resort of all comers, and these would include persons of nearly every African and Asiatic nation. Jidda—the nearest seaport to the City of the Ka'ba, from which it is distant less than fifty miles—is the resort of hundreds of thousands of people from distant lands every year, who converge there for purposes of commerce and of religion. And as the zeal and industry of the Christian Church have already secured the production of the sacred Scriptures, and other publications which the missionary would need, in the language of nearly every nation that is represented by those who voyage thither, the machinery for operation is already at hand. Bibles, hymn-books, tracts, school-books (secular and religious), are available in nearly all the languages of those who frequent that coast. To be sure, there is no call for hubbub or ostentation in the matter. A man who is fond of posing before the public would make "a mess" of the whole business, and would be as much out of his proper place there as he is *anywhere* in the vineyard of Christ. Number-one-ism and great-man-ishness would render failure a foregone conclusion there. By associating with the people—not with the airs of a patron, but with the sympathies begotten in a man in whom the Holy Spirit dwells—and in a variety of ways interesting himself in their spiritual and bodily welfare, and placing in their possession the literature which God is wont to use for the enlightenment and salvation of men, a man would, for all practical purposes, be a preacher of Christ in parts of the world to which no messenger of the Cross has ever yet gone. It is in a way precisely similar to this that the Gospel has become known in the kingdom of Naipál, into which the messengers of the Lord are forbidden by law to enter. And thus, too, would the light begin to dawn in the interior of this dark continent.

But we cannot help thinking that the main reason why the Church has so long forgotten the poor Badawí is the comparative uselessness and poverty of the land in which he lives. There is almost nothing there—visibly, at all events—to awaken the cupidity of the speculator and to tempt his enterprise. To be sure, the land has a glorious history. The home of some of the greatest kingdoms of antiquity, the sole highway by which the treasures of the further East were con-

veyed by different well-known routes to Mesopotamia and Palestine and the lands which successively ruled the kingdoms of the West—such a land has a glorious history, commercial, political, literary, religious. But time and progress have placed their heel on all that, and the diversion of the great caravan trade by the brave Romans from the land to the Red Sea route, followed as it was by the fatal blight of Muhammadan ascendancy, have rendered the land practically useless for the purposes of modern enterprise. Did it but possess, like India and China, the materials from which wealth might be rapidly accumulated, the interest of civilised Christian nations in it would surely have been awakened long before now.

“ All that's fair is valued here,
Except the human soul.”

The people still remain. There is still enough in Arabia to awaken the sympathy of redeemed men and to fire their loftiest ambition.

But there are men who will laugh at the thought of such creatures as they have seen on the coasts of Arabia being identified with Christ's empire of love; they will laugh, even to scorn, the idea of a more stupendous phenomenon still—the salvation of the Badawis. But then there are men boarding and lodging at the Almighty's bounty in this beautiful world of His who can think of no more suitable greeting for *all* Christian enterprise than a laugh. Yet, when in due season the fruit appears, as in the India of to-day, they are compelled to admit its existence, and they sometimes even acknowledge its beneficence. The acknowledgment may be late, forced, ungracious, but it is inevitable. Those who would greet our proposal thus are, therefore, not wise.

It is not from those that the “ cold water ” can be effectually thrown upon the holy crusade which we are contemplating. Our apprehensions arise rather from the want of self-forgetful and self-consuming zeal, which not unfrequently mark the procedure of the leaders of Christian thought. “ There are lions in the way,” cries Little-Faith, and he shrugs his shoulders and shakes his sagacious head as he contemplates the total failure of the attempt as a foregone conclusion. He dreams of big deficits, forgetting that “ the silver and the gold belong to God.”¹ He conjures up visions of grave

¹ Hag. ii. 8.

political complications, forgetting that "the Lord reigneth," that "the Kingdom" is His.¹ The kingship of men is His "by native right"; the kingdoms of this world are all to become "the kingdoms of our God and His Christ";² and no international collisions have ever yet arisen from wise and well-conducted missionary agencies.

From good men we are entitled to expect better things. "Where is your faith?"³ said the Master. They seek to incite their fellow-Christians to deeds of self-forgetfulness. Where is their enthusiasm? In allowing the command of the Master to remain in abeyance, through sheer anticipation of failure, till the more "convenient season," that never comes, they are in effect condemning a thing that has not been tried, and which the Almighty has declared shall be done and shall succeed. To human ken, indeed, with its carnality and secret unbelief, the thing is "impossible." But God is ever working impossibilities, and He seems to take pleasure in doing so through the most unlikely agencies and in the face of the most stupendous odds.

The duty we have been seeking to enforce is not the duty of one denomination alone; like the duty of witnessing for the Saviour to all the world, it is the common duty of "all who profess and call themselves Christians." We hear a great deal concerning "union in essentials" and "sinking minor differences." Why should not Arabia be the field on which we might for once reduce to practice these oft-repeated assurances of our sense of common brotherhood? Let there be an "Arabian Missionary Society," the single function of which shall be to "storm the fort" of this dark continent and win it for our King. The expense? A portion only of even the crumbs which fall from our tables would meet it all. The Christian Church will not have cleared her obligations to man, or proved her loyalty to her Lord, till she has brought the opportunity of salvation to the heart of "every creature." And these wandering and ferocious sons of Ishmael are among those for whom He bled. Shall we not give them a chance? Of the "nations" amongst whom "the witness" has to be borne,⁴ Arabia is one. Nor will the witness be borne in vain—"I have sworn by Myself; the word is gone forth out of My mouth in righteousness, and shall not return—That unto Me every

¹ Psalm xcvii. 1, with Rev. xix. 6.

² Rev. xi. 15.

³ Luke viii. 25.

⁴ Matt. xxiv. 14.

knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear!"¹ Arabia is yet to have a Christian history.² Its evangelisation is part of God's declared purpose, and is consequently within the range—not of possibility, but of absolute certainty. So the thing will be done, though the spiritual conquest of these wild scions of Abrahamic race be the last effort of redeeming mercy. There is a regeneration needed there which civilisation is incapable of achieving. J. D. BATE.

P.S.—I am not unaware that the Church Missionary Society, with that zeal for the work of evangelisation which so commendably characterises its attitude towards the Saviour's commission in foreign parts, has acceded to the urgent request of one of its missionaries in India to be permitted to labour at Baghdád. But the arrangement is quite recent, dating not more than some three years back. The noble volunteer is a comparatively young man, and he would need to attain to a speaking knowledge of at least two languages (the Persian and the Arabic) before he could be of much practical use there. In this he was eminently likely (I speak from personal knowledge of him) to succeed. But I learn from men who have visited the place and made acquaintance with the work there that, owing to Turkish ascendancy, it is carried on under conditions at least as difficult as those which hamper evangelical operations in Rome itself. The work at Jidda would be nearly two thousand miles distant from Baghdád, and would obtain touch of an immensely larger number of Muhammadans from another set of countries entirely. I have in view, moreover, itinerant work, which might be carried on during a considerable portion of the year along the entire coast, from the Gulf of Sinai to the mouths of the Euphrates.

But my day is past, and life in the East has left its mark upon me, and rendered impossible the carrying out of enterprises requiring much physical exertion in new fields. But had I, with my present information, my time to begin again, I should urge upon the friends of mankind the importance of Arabia as a field of Christian missions, and I would gladly ask permission to be stationed at Jidda. In some of its features the field I have briefly indicated is one of great peculiarity, and is assuredly not surpassed in importance and interest by any now occupied by missionary organisations. Thousands of Chris-

¹ Isaiah xlv. 23, with Phil. ii. 10.

² Acts xxvi. 18.

tian people pass and repass every year the length of the Red Sea in their voyages between the East and the West, yet none seem to cast the eye of tender sympathy upon this "lost sheep," nor to reflect that, beyond the bleak-looking hills of the Tihâma, there lies, unsought and apparently uncared for, a portion of our Redeemer's rightful inheritance.—J. D. B.

IMPRESSIONS OF THINGS ECCLESIASTICAL IN AMERICA.

No. I.—THE FEMININE FACTOR IN THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

BY R. KERR ECCLES, M.D., U.S.A.



PURPOSE to give in a few brief papers some of my impressions of things ecclesiastical in this dear land of my present residence, America. And first, I take the people who go to church. The American who goes to church is principally the female. Of the two millions six hundred thousand enrolled members of our denomination in this country, and of its one hundred and twenty-five thousand annual additions, it would be interesting to know what proportion is women. I am sure they would largely outnumber the men. Nor do I think this fact demonstrates the weakness of our denomination. The atmosphere of liberty and equality, if not always of fraternity, which is as perceptible to one newly arrived in this country as the rarefied air of an Alpine top to a successful climber, has been helpful to women. An American woman is in many cases the superior of her husband in self-denial, spiritual appreciativeness, resolution, activity, and perseverance. And religion is not a pursuit in which coarse physical strength is needed. If it were, we might mourn that men are not in the majority in its societies. If the church were like an army in requiring weary marches, bayonet charges, and sword thrusts, then the fact that women were the preponderating sex in it might, unless they were Amazons, cause well-founded alarm. If like the sciences religion required endurance of observation and minute continuous calculation, we might well mourn that those who as a rule are not capable of such sustained

attention are its most numerous adherents. But since the "Kingdom of Heaven is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit," then women may with fullest congruity have a large and even a predominant place in it, for they are at least as capable of these graces as men. Our American sisters have shown abundant proof of this. There is not a movement here, from the Anti-Slavery agitation down to the recent White Cross Legion, that has not largely owed its initiation and its continuance to woman's effort. I know churches here that have had the continuity of their history maintained by the persistent efforts of two or three women. The largest share of our church activities is transacted by women. In this land the general sentiment of society is in favour of women doing many things for the cause of Christ which they could not judiciously attempt in the "Old Country." A woman may take a prominent part in useful public measures here without being supposed to unsex herself or being suspected of "courting publicity." She can do these things with a natural grace arising from a complete unconsciousness that she is engaged in anything *outré*, an unconsciousness that is fully shared in by the public. The church in America in getting the woman gets the most educated element in society. I would venture to affirm from my observation that the women of this country attain a higher average in general education than their masculine coevals. Education is diffused more largely among them than among men. Girls here get exactly the same education as the boys. They are gathered by the same "tap of bell," study the same books, and recite in the same rooms. Up to about fourteen the diligence of both sexes is similar, the boys being, perhaps, somewhat ahead. After this age the boy becomes restless, affected with dislike of restraint and a desire to do something for himself. He begins to do "chores" for money, likely learns to smoke, to "take drinks," and to "loaf" at street corners. In any case the power of application is lost. The girl, however, keeps on, perhaps with "a shallower brain," but closer attention, and—if one likes, though the writer does not believe it is the explanation—on the principle of the race-winning tortoise, comes out ahead. At the "commencements" held annually in this State more girls than boys place the "cope-stone" of a High School diploma on their public education. Boys, and sometimes boys' fathers, are impatient for business. The girl completes her curriculum. Young men frequently

forget in the coarse companionships of their fellows, and in the inordinate use of tobacco, the little that their intermittent application permitted them to acquire during the last year or two of their course at the public schools. The girl, on the other hand, pursuing the even tenor of a quieter and purer life, retains much of what she has learned, and finds a pleasure in adding to it from periodical and other literature. You will generally find her, either through perusal or review, acquainted with the most recent popular book. A large proportion of American young men are lost to much future usefulness either just before or at the time of leaving school. A vicious feature in American home-life is the amount of independence arrogated by children and yielded to them by their parents. The young man of fifteen does not like to go to Sunday-school or church, therefore he is allowed to stay at home or to go wandering aimlessly about at his own sweet will. Becoming a little older he must have his "society." He spends in his club-room many valuable hours of the week evenings and a large part of Sunday. His principal educational helps are the theatre and the newspapers, generally those that abound in salacious news. He soon gets world-hardened and materialised. Nothing is worthy of his serious thought that does not directly minister to his pleasure, or that cannot be reckoned in the currency of the country. Everything is valuable in its ratio to nickel, dime, or dollar. The larger part of these young men settle down into money-grubbing business men. The "store" or the counting-house is the scene of their most earnest endeavours. Their daily occupations only allow them time to eat their hurried meals, newspaper in hand. Others of these young men fall apparently lower. They become gamblers, drunkards, vagabonds, "dead-beats," "bummers" or "black-legs." Of course there are many noble exceptions to this course of events—youths whose filial piety develops into piety towards God. But, alas! with a multitude of young men it is not so. The American maiden, on the other hand, retains her "spirituality." It comes out in her love of music, painting, the dainty devices that beautify her home, that happy vivacity which can only be the accompaniment of a pure mind, an airy tastiness of dress, a brightness of external appearance which superficial observers have denominated "Frenchness." Withal she is self-reliant, courageous, out-spoken, sincere. None of the soul-petrifying sins of her former boy-comrades at school steel her conscience against the finer suscep-

tibilities. She awakens to the claims of the World's Saviour. With all her uncorrupted womanly nature she responds to them. She "puts on Christ" in baptism, and brings all this bright, brave life of hers into the church. Such a sincere, consecrated woman is worth a dozen of some slow, tobacco-stupefied members that we have known who belonged to the stronger department of the human family. There are among the masculine membership of our American churches thousands of good, noble, and active men; but I venture to say that as women once stood in nearest, most appreciative sympathy to the living and the dying Christ, so to-day in America those nearest, to and most appreciatively sympathetic with, the secret of His heart are women. Is money to be raised for the Christian cause, are the poor and sorrowful to be visited, are "socials" or "entertainments" to be given? Women almost exclusively attend to these things. If some loving attention is to be paid to the pastor, or the pastor's wife, it originates with women. They form the largest part of the attendance at the prayer meetings; their hymns and prayers and "testimonies" are often the chiefest part of what is said at these meetings. How fresh and practical their remarks and prayers compared with the humdrum observations that form the staple of the usual oral contribution of the senior brethren! Are protracted meetings on hand? They are the bulk of the audience who support the pastor night after night. They sing, they pray, they testify to God's goodness, they talk to the anxious, and forthwith, with a sweet naturalness, go back to brush and cooking-stove. If you find men attending Sunday or week-day evening meetings, you may be sure that it is in most cases through the inducement of their wives. Many husbands of church-going wives will not go out to church at all. They lounge round the livelong Sunday in their clean shirt sleeves at least up to dinner time, smoking and reading the inevitable newspaper. Perhaps they go down to the "store" to "post the books" or to do a little sneaking Sunday-trading with casual customers. But they seldom interfere with the freedom of the rest of the family. So the wife generally goes to church and takes her daughters with her, and her sons at least till about fifteen. Up to that age the mother can usually cajole her boys to go to Sunday-school and to accompany her to church. After that time it is quite usual for them to take on father's airs, and pathetically to decline the stupidity of public

worship. They begin the Sunday lounge, and soon afterwards join the category of young men we described above. The daughters in some cases become indifferent, but as a rule, they preserve connection with public worship, and receive the shielding and softening benefits accruing from such a practice, even where deeper spiritual effects are not produced. The careless husbands of religious wives generally call themselves by the name of the denomination which their wives affect. If they die, or if there is a death or marriage in the family, the minister of that denomination finds his services required. Many of them are glad that their wives are religious, and will occasionally crawl into Sunday broadcloth and go to church with them just to give them public encouragement. They are glad when their daughters join the church, and will accord to the young ladies the use of their houses when they may want it for some ladies' society, church supper, or entertainment. These husbands, too, will occasionally give money either through or on account of their wives to the denominations which these ladies have attached themselves to. This generosity is, however, not without exception. Then the wife can only circumvent the nearness of her husband by baking some confectionery and presenting it to the church supper, thus securing a little money for the object intended. The position which women are universally accorded by Americans permits the religious wife much freedom where the husband is indifferent or even opposed to religion. But, of course, though no external restraints may be put on her freedom, yet she may have to encounter a good deal that is painful in persistent loyalty to her conscience.

The grand factor in the American Christianity of to-day is feminine. Men may be professors, preachers, and deacons, but the activities of the membership of the church at large are sustained by women. And, I repeat, there is no reason for despondency in this. Virile force is not indispensable to the maintenance of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Every mental and spiritual endowment that is requisite to the existence of "the faith that worketh by love" is found in the bosoms of our American sisters. In education, in responsiveness, in perseverance, in tact, in resourcefulness, in energy, they are superior to the average of the male membership. Christ was dependent upon women for the few comforts of His pilgrim life. From them came that clinging reverence and affection which was last to tear itself away

from the cross and first to find itself at the tomb. And since I have become an American pastor, I have learned to look, not merely with equanimity, upon the fact that there are many more women than men in the world, but to regard it as a happy feature in the distribution of population. I also see new teaching in that last chapter of the Epistle to the Romans in which Paul, presenting a list of his "fellow-helpers in Christ," mentions the names of almost as many sisters as brethren. I further endorse the implication in the answer which was given to an infidel who was sneering at the large number of women in the church. "Ah!" replied the gentleman attacked, "I have recently been at a place, a public institution, where there were ten men to one woman." "Where was that?" said the infidel. "In our State Prison, sir."

JOHN HALL, VILLAGE PASTOR AND SCHOOLMASTER.



HERE has recently been published a small volume containing "An Account of the Life and Labours of John Hall, Village Pastor and Schoolmaster."*

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

I want to make John Hall known to the readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE, as in every sense of the word he was a remarkable man and well worth knowing. If the Baptist denomination could place men of John Hall's mental and moral force as pastors of village churches, there would be no danger, as far as human instrumentality goes, of the churches in isolated country districts declining in numbers or power. We shall see presently what vast good John Hall was the means of effecting. In order, however, rightly to estimate the man and his work, we must know something of the geographical features of the place where he lived and laboured for fifty years; and especially must we see what was the social and moral condition of the people when

* "Life and Labours of John Hall," by John C. Shambrook. Also "A Brief History of Goff's Charity," by Rev. G. W. Humphreys, B.A.

he went amongst them in January, 1831. Gorsley, the scene of his labours is, or, rather was, called "Gorstley Common," which name—if the reader will use his mental powers in trying to realise its significance, will plainly indicate one at least of the unattractive features of the place. It was a gorse common simply and entirely, a large extent of high bleak tableland on the borders of the counties of Gloucester and Hereford. About the year 1831 it was uninclosed, was almost entirely uncultivated, and must have looked about as uninviting a locality as could be found within the bounds of the United Kingdom. The common was crossed in all directions by footpaths and cart tracks, which were left untouched in all their rough condition when inclosures took place. At the time when John Hall went there the highway boards, or whatever local authority had charge of such matters, were utterly indifferent to the need of keeping Gorsley roads in repair; the roads and paths had been made irrespective of law, and so they were left outside the care of those who had legal obligations. In these circumstances "getting from house to house" in winter must have been dreadful work. The soil—red clay—held the water like a cup; this soil was trodden up and lined in all directions with ruts twenty or more inches deep, with here and there a mud-hole, in which people might sink bodily. Only the strongest and most venturesome could do much locomotion in the winter months. It needed a very brave, devoted Christian heart, as well as an iron physical frame, to induce and enable a man to settle down in its midst. In addition to the ugly, utterly comfortless character of the place, there were other surroundings more repellent still. While the land was uninclosed and covered with gorse "it had been a rendezvous for gipsies and loose characters of all descriptions." These vagrants and outcasts had made the place socially and morally pretty well as bad as it could be. A few sentences from Mr. Shambrook's interesting sketch will indicate what the place must have been socially. He says the common "was enclosed in the fashion usually pursued when waste land is taken by people of the labouring class. A man would set his mind on occupying a piece, and would prepare material for fencing and putting up some sort of rough shanty to serve as his residence. He would then set to work to inclose and build in the speediest manner possible. The houses thus erected—and in 1831 they were mostly of this character—consisted

of a chimney stack of stone or brick, and wooden-framed walls filled in with wattled work, and then daubed with clay, mud, or plaster, according to the resources of the settler or squatter. Having got thus far, the title was good against all comers, except the lord of the manor, and his claim, if made within the legal period, was satisfied by the acceptance on the part of the occupier of a lease."

The reader can now easily form a correct idea of the moral condition of the people of Gorsley in 1831. Still there are a few facts which need to be stated and borne in mind in order to have the actual state of things clearly before the mind. For one thing, the clergy of the Established Church in 1831 were indifferent as to the morals of the people in and around Gorsley; moreover, Gorsley consisted of the outlying parts of three parishes, and was, ecclesiastically, a sort of "No Man's Land." The inhabitants generally, without knowledge, without church, without chapel or school, or any refining, civilising, or Christianising influences whatever, were steeped in ignorance and depravity to a fearful degree. Their Sundays were spent in drunkenness, cockfighting, and fights between men. An old inhabitant says that scarcely a Sunday passed without five or six fights taking place. Men and women lived together unmarried; horse stealing, sheep stealing, and pig stealing, and similar crimes, were of frequent occurrence; and during the first ten years of John Hall's residence, from six to ten persons of the place were every year sentenced to transportation. The place was a sort of republic, where law and order were set at defiance. It was commonly denominated in the neighbouring towns and villages "Heathen's Heath."

Such was the place, and such were the people when John Hall came in 1831 as a young man of twenty-six years of age to take charge of Goff's Charity School, and to act as evangelist. He had an awfully difficult, discouraging work to do, but he was the man for it. He had a sturdy, immensely powerful body; he had a no less strong, determined will; he possessed quickly and keenly perceptive mental powers; he had as kindly and unselfish a heart as ever beat; he was remarkable, too, for manly frankness and transparency; and, above all, he was a man full of the Holy Ghost. There were a few Christians in Gorsley when Mr. Hall arrived there. They were very few and poor. In 1819 the church at Ryeford, which had a preaching station in Gorsley, induced the trustees of Goff's School Charity to

open a day-school there. Between 1819 and 1831 the trustees met with but little encouragement in the work which their agents had been doing in Gorsley. Mr. Hall's arrival in January, 1831, opened a new and blessed future for Gorsley and the whole locality. He commenced his ministry in the Goff schoolroom, taking as the text for his first sermon, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." The subject admirably suited the circumstances and needs of the people of Gorsley, and the effects of the sermon were such that some of the old inhabitants speak of it now with joy and gratitude. After about nine days' residence in the place, Mr. Hall opened the day-school, and he had at once a goodly number of scholars, some of them being young men and maidens of from sixteen to twenty years of age. They came in many cases several miles to attend the school, for at that time there was no elementary school in any of the surrounding parishes or villages. The school was open five days in the week, and the hours were from 9.30 to 12 and from 1 to 3 o'clock. This school work he carried on for thirty-four years, in addition to preaching three times every week and visiting most assiduously the scattered population of that bleak district. Mr. Shambrook says: "I have often wondered how it was that Mr. Hall's labours were never opposed or interrupted by the wild, lawless, wicked people. Expressing my wonder to an old inhabitant the other day, he told me that the inhabitants 'took to' Mr. Hall from the first. His transparent honesty, his kindly face, his evident desire to do them good, and his fearless disposition, all united to disarm opposition. 'We knew from our fighting habits,' said he, 'something of fair play, and there was not a man in the place who, single-handed, would have had the courage to stand against him—he was such a fine, bold, strong man.'" Mr. Shambrook further says: "There was much indeed of the impulsiveness of the Apostle Peter in him. Remonstrating with a man one day about spending so much of his time in a public-house, the man said in an offensive manner, 'Do you know that I am in the habit of kicking people who interfere with my business?' 'Oh, you are, are you?' said Mr. Hall, with flashing eyes; 'then kick me.' The kick was not given. This, I believe, was the only instance of his being threatened with violence during his residence of more than fifty years."

He was ordained at Gorsley, November, 1831, the Revs. E. A. Claypole, of Ross, W. Williams, of Ryeford, and Fry, of Coleford, taking part. Immediately following the entry in the church book of Mr. Hall's settlement is the following beautiful and appropriate Scriptural prayer: "Now, O Lord, make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord be upon us; and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it. Amen."

Mr. Hall was supported in his ministerial labours by a number of earnest, simple-minded Christians, who had discernment enough to see that in their pastor they had a born leader of men. They entered heartily into his plans for building up the Church and carrying the Gospel to the neighbouring villages. There were few members in the church at Gorsley who were not engaged in direct aggressive work. Mr. Hall was not only a hard, self-denying worker himself, he must have all around him doing something as witnesses for Christ. It was scarcely possible for even a strong man to resist the force of Mr. Hall's influence—he was so guileless, so self-forgetful, so direct in his aims, so intense, that he carried all the church with him. The results were that the whole locality was blest with the plain, earnest preaching of the Gospel; many were converted, and the church at Gorsley grew in numbers and usefulness. Mr. Hall naturally exerted great authority amongst his people. He was made to rule. But everyone knew that he was full of love, and that he only exercised his decisive will for the good of each and all. His government of the church was truly paternal—most loving, but unmistakably firm, almost invariably just. He was able to act thus firmly and independently, not only by his natural power, but by the aid of favouring circumstances; for one thing, he was about the only one in the whole place who had anything like knowledge and ability enough to advise the people in their personal and family difficulties. So he was to them doctor, lawyer, magistrate; then, too, he was schoolmaster. He had taught them nearly all they knew—they were as his children; but he chiefly gained his power as he was not placed or supported at Gorsley by the people, but by the trustees of Goff's Charity: from that charity he derived the principal part of his support. In a

pecuniary point of view he was almost entirely independent of the people. He never abused that free, masterful independence, but it gave him—especially in beginning his work among such a people—a liberty of action and a measure of influence which were of incalculable value. I have sometimes thought that his people loved him so deeply and trusted him so implicitly because of his wisely maintained power. At all events, there was real and strong affection cherished toward him to the last; and for very many years to come the name of John Hall will command the profoundest respect in and around Gorsley. My friend, Mr. Stratford, of Gloucester, when pastor of the Independent church at Newent, saw much of Mr. Hall and his people, and gives some amusing facts as illustrating the character both of the pastor and people of Gorsley. Mr. Stratford says: "It was for some years the custom of pastor and deacons to spend a day together in the Christmas week at the cottage of Richard Lewis. After dinner, at which pumpkin pie formed a prominent feature, a brief business conference took place, the annual accounts being audited and church finances discussed. Pleasant social intercourse and tea followed; then a simple service, to which the neighbours were invited, and at which Mr. Hall preached; and lastly, supper and separation." That pumpkin pie, and those earnest, but bright cheerful Christian men, with their pure, simple pleasures, rallying one another, and stimulating each other in church work, and then closing their homely, joyous meeting by commending each other to their Heavenly Father's care and blessing—can anything be much more lovely and desirable than that? I must not attempt to describe the vast and varied Christian work done in the early years by Mr. Hall and the church. In 1849 the decision was arrived at to build a chapel: hitherto the congregation met in Goff's schoolroom. Between 1831 and 1849 a marvellous change had been wrought in Gorsley; so much so, that a judge at assize in Gloucester asked publicly in court what had become of Gorsley, remarking that there used to be several cases from that place, and that lately there had been none. A legal gentleman present in court, who knew the circumstances, told the judge of the work Mr. Hall had done and was doing there, and the judge said he wished there were more such men. Another tribute of a like kind was paid to Mr. Hall and his successful work by a solicitor at Newent. When Mr. Hall was collecting funds toward the building of the chapel,

he called on this gentleman to ask for a donation. The lawyer said: "You ought not to come to me for assistance, seeing you have been mainly instrumental in taking away our prosecution fees; for before you came to Gorsley we mostly had half-a-dozen cases in the year, but now we do not get one in that number of years." Yet, in spite of loss of fees, the lawyer gave Mr. Hall a contribution. In 1878 he intimated his intention to resign the pastorate, but the church would not hear of it; his preaching power was not in any sense lessened, and his ripe experience and deepened spiritual life made his services more than ever valuable, so he was induced to continue until the jubilee of his settlement. In 1880 it was decided that at his jubilee a practical recognition should be made of his many and most important services. The sum of £300 was raised, contributed by poor as well as rich, and by men of all parties. The jubilee was celebrated May 24th, 1881. I had the honour, as co-trustee of Goff's Charity, with Mr. Hall and Mr. Edwards, of Torquay, to be invited. Never can I forget the day, so bright—the orchards of the place full of apple blossom—the vast assembly gathered from long distances all around, the joy expressed on every face, the meeting with many veteran servants in the cause of Christ, and then the simple, childlike delight of Mr. Hall himself. The public meeting, too, over which T. Blake, Esq., M.P., presided, was such as one has not often the privilege of attending. It was stated that Mr. Hall had preached about 10,000 sermons, and had received 621 members into church fellowship; there were then in the Sunday-school 258 scholars and 28 teachers, and he had built several chapels in the district. The one deepest feeling cherished by all was that of gratitude to God for having raised up and qualified such a faithful, able servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, and for having enabled him to do so much to glorify his Divine Master.

The few remaining years of Mr. Hall's life were spent in usefully helping Mr. Ashton, his worthy successor in the pastorate. He preached as often as his strength would allow him to do so, and his preaching was as acceptable as ever; it had become deeper and richer by the lengthened experience of a devout as well as of an active life. To his friends it was evident that the "outward man" had no longer its former vigour. The spirit, indeed, was willing in the Master's service, but the flesh was weak; his manner had generally its vivacity, his mind was clear, and he was able to fulfil his preaching engage-

ments. There did not appear to be any indication that the end was near at hand. But on May 7th, 1885, he had a second attack of paralysis, from which he never quite rallied. He recovered sufficiently to arrange some private business matters, and with his accustomed scrupulous exactness he put his accounts all square. On May 11th, 1885, the thirty-third anniversary of the opening of Gorsley Chapel, he peacefully entered into the eternal glory. On May 15th, in the presence of an enormous assembly gathered from far as well as near, his body was laid in the grave—his old and valued friend, Rev. E. Edwards, of Torquay, delivering an address at the service. Those who had the privilege of knowing John Hall, of Gorsley, will never forget the noble man of God who, by Divine grace, effected the most wonderful and blessed changes in the moral and social condition of a large population that I have ever known of. I question if the religious history of our country can show any local change more remarkable or blessed. Gorsley, in its healthy, vigorous, religious life, supplies an instance of what may be accomplished by the grace of God for the lowest and worst of our fellow-men. There, too, may be seen a thriving village church, which has grown to be a mighty instrument for good in the whole neighbourhood, and that without any of the aid which, some suppose, the presence of wealthy people give. For my own part, I shall always feel thankful to God for giving me to know John Hall and the marvellous work he did for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "The memory of the just is blessed." It is confirmatory of one's faith in the Gospel to see such great things done. It enhances one's sense of the value and grandeur of human nature; it gives hope as to even the most ignorant and degraded, and it should act as a mighty stimulus in Christian service. "To God only wise be glory, through Jesus Christ for ever."

Wellington, Somerset.

G. W. HUMPHREYS.

BRIEF STUDIES ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

ATTRACTIVENESS.

“Behold the world is gone after Him!”—John xii. 19.



IF I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.” This promise doubtless had reference to the attractive power of the Cross in its infinitude of love, and as such is incapable of imitation by us; but there was an attractiveness perceptible in our Lord’s earthly course to which we may at far distance humbly aspire. It was but partially realised in His blessed life. Scribes and Sadducees, Pharisees and hypocrites, were not drawn to Him. Their passions and prejudices, their opposite interests and aims and characters, kept them far beyond the circle of His magic influence. They set themselves in deliberate antagonism to His person and His work. Of them, indeed, “He was despised and rejected.” But where such adverse influences did not operate, how many felt His attractive power! “The common people heard Him gladly,” and “followed Him into all the cities whither He Himself would come.” Doubtless there was as much in the manner as in the words when “the eyes of all that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him,” and “all bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth”; and when, on another occasion, “as He said these words, many believed on Him.”

Strange that it should ever be otherwise! We are attracted by the beautiful, and in Him all beauty centred, whether physical, moral, intellectual, or spiritual. The beauty of holiness was on His brow, its dazzling lustre softened by a veil of human loveliness, and all the qualities which could endear it to human hearts—benevolence, gentleness, tenderness, and sympathy.

Some admirable characters seem, by their very attainments in excellence, to be placed at an unapproachable distance, or there is a coldness which checks all emotion but that of admiration; to use a household word, they are not “lovable.” Not so our blessed Lord. Though the perfect embodiment of all excellence, and each one in infinite degree, there was everything to invite the tenderest confidence

and unreserve. Mary sat at His feet, and the penitent bathed them with her tears. John leaned on His breast, and the Marys watched by His loved form in the tomb; and it was all in keeping with the dear intercourse of former days that He said to Thomas: "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing."

A blessed thing it is to be permitted to love such a Saviour, and to have our hearts occupied and satisfied with such loveliness! Does it mould and mellow our characters? Is its beautiful light reflected in chastened softness on us? Do we adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour? Do we constrain the world to love us, or rather our religion and our Saviour through us? It is sometimes said that religious people are cold and gloomy, harsh and censorious, unsocial and cynical, disagreeable and repulsive; and it is to be feared that it is not always said without occasion. While we seek to maintain that spirituality of mind, that deadness to the world, that uncompromising spirit which distinguished our Lord and Master, let us be equally anxious to cultivate those winning graces which drew so many hearts to Him.

J. L.

SACRED SONGS OF FOUR CONTINENTS.

No. VI.—FROM THE ANCIENT MEXICAN.

WRITTEN ABOUT A.D. 1450 (SEVENTY YEARS BEFORE THE SPANISH CONQUEST, AND FORTY-EIGHT YEARS BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA), BY NEZAHUALCOYOTL, KING OF MEXICO.

(Literally rendered from a prose version by M. Michel Chevalier.)



LIKE to the willow trees green, are the transient
 pomps of our life-time:
 They, if they live to be old, meet their end in the
 flame that devours them,
 Else are they hewn by the axe, or upturned by the
 blast of the tempest.
 Saddened are we, and bowed down, by age and
 corruption approaching:
 All things on earth pass away, pre-destined to
 fade and to perish,
 So, in the height of enjoyment, there cometh
 unpitying weakness,
 Suddenly seizing upon them, until in the
 dust they are fallen.

All the round earth is a tomb, and of all that doth
live on its surface,
Nought is there born or upreared but what to the
dust is returning !
Glories of monarchs and victors all vanish to
nothing together.
E'en as the threatening smcke from the crater of
Popocatepell.
Earliest and latest of men all alike in earth's
bosom are mingled !
Yet let us stand, O friends, sustained by a
confident courage !
Let us aspire unto heaven, where all is
unchanged and eternal :
Everything there liveth on, and defieth
approach of corruption.
Even the tomb, with its woe, is only the sun's
lowly cradle,
And sorrowful shadows of death are but stars for the
sky in its glory !

(The following precepts and prayers are of the same place and date.)

Live thou in peace, then, with all, and injuries
suffer with meekness !
Leave thine avenging to God, unto Him who doth
look upon all things !
The needy do thou feed and clothe, whatever thy
cares and privations :
Verily their flesh is thine, for men are they
even as thou art !

God, in whose life is our life, O Thou who art
everywhere present,
Thou to whom all things are known, Dispenser of
all that is perfect,
Thou whom no eye can behold, Thou boundless
perfection of goodness,
Under Thy wings is repose, and infinite
shelter for ever !

H. C. LEONARD, M.A.

BRIEF NOTES.



THE next portrait to be placed in our "gallery" will be, we hope, that of the Rev. James Culross, D.D., President of Bristol College, and Chairman for the ensuing year of the Baptist Union. For months past we have been endeavouring to overcome the reluctance of the Doctor, who has a repugnance to the photographer's camera equal to that which most people have to the dentist's forceps. At last we have, we believe, succeeded, and if nothing unforeseen occurs—such, for example, as the breakdown of the London Stereoscopic Company's hydraulic press, which last month greatly embarrassed our publishers—the readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE will in our next issue have presented to them the result.

It gives us pleasure to publish this month an article from the facile and vivacious pen of Dr. Eccles, formerly of Dublin. Our readers will, we are confident, be pleased to know that this will not be Dr. Eccles's last contribution to our pages, but that other articles on American church life are to follow.

MR. W. D. WILLIAMS, of Whitland, South Wales, writes:—"Will you kindly allow me to correct one important mistake in Mr. Shindler's excellent article on the 'Memoirs of Ministers' in the 'Baptist Handbook for 1887.' It is said that my grandfather, Williams, Llangynog, presided over the same church for fifty years. This is wrong; my grandfather was pastor of the same church for fifty-nine years."

WE have received a letter from Mr. Joseph Russell, of Port Glasgow, in reference to Mr. Bate's article, the third part of which appears in our present issue. In it he says: "I think Mr. Bate, whose interesting article on 'Another Dark Continent' I have just read, will be glad to see from the *Free Church Monthly*, which I send herewith, that an attempt is being made to begin Christian work in Arabia. I understand that the Hon. Keith Falconer goes out entirely at his own expense. Excuse my liberty in writing, but Baptists are always glad to recognise the work of other Evangelical churches, and reference to such work is always useful and encouraging to all concerned."

WE beg to thank Mr. Russell for his obliging communication, and are glad to find that Mr. Bate's suggestions have been anticipated by the Free Church of Scotland; if indeed they were, for from the time the article referred to has been in our possession, we are able to say that it must have been written nearly or quite a year ago. Doubtless Mr. Bate will rejoice to know that the Hon. Keith Falconer, son of the late Earl of Kintore, and Dr. Stewart Cowen, who have devoted themselves to this new Arabian mission, established themselves at a place called Shaikh Othman at the beginning of the present year, and commenced operations. We earnestly desire for the missionaries and the Church they represent the realisation of their best hopes.

It is interesting to note that this important movement was the result of an appeal similar to that which Mr. Bate's article contains. Mr. Keith Falconer says : " He was quietly pursuing his studies in Arabic at Cambridge when he had placed in his hand an extract from an appeal to British Christians to do something in the way of sending the Gospel to Arabia. That extract arrested his attention and awakened his interest. It led him to go out to Arabia to see what could be done. His visit deepened his interest in that neglected part of the world, and instead of pleading with others to go, he had resolved to go himself."

WE cannot refrain from expressing our deep regret at the decease from apoplexy of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his 74th year, and paying a tribute of respect to the great preacher's memory. Whatever may have been Mr. Beecher's faults—and even his most enthusiastic friends would not contend that he was faultless—he was a great man, an orator of the first order, possessed of a brilliant imagination, ready wit, and of strong faith in, and ardent devotion to, Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of men. As to the " plan of salvation," as well as on some other points of theology, he differed from the majority of his brethren, but in enthusiastic devotion to the person of Christ he was, we believe, excelled by few of them. As to his way of putting things, and some of the views he entertained, we expressed ourselves in our last number in reviewing the work, memorial of his visit to England last, recently published by Messrs. James Clarke & Co. ; but whatever may have been his errors—and to err was a liability he possessed in common with those who violently abused him—his faithfulness to conviction, and fearless proclamation of unpopular views, command admiration from all who are capable of appreciating courage. How large a place he has filled in the Republic of the United States for nearly half a century past, and how large and useful has on the whole been his influence, is alone realised by his compatriots, who have been mourning his decease, and paying such respects to his memory as in this country would be called forth by the decease of no minister of religion, however eminent. Let the voice of angry judgment cease ; he is gone to Him who is the Judge of all.

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

BARLEY, A. G., Gosport, has been recognised as pastor.

BENTLEY, J., of Wisbech, has been requested to reconsider his intention of resigning.

BETTS, H. J., Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne, notifies his intention of resigning at the end of May.

CHAMBERS, A. C., has removed from Loose to West Malling.

CHINNERY, DAVID, recognised, Feb. 16th, as pastor of Ampthill Ch., Beds.

DAVIDSON, A. K., formerly of Earl Sobam, has gone to Old Buckenham.

DEWDNEY, ARTHUR, is leaving New Rd. Ch., Rotherhithe, for a pastorate at Christ Church, New Zealand.

DICKENS, W., late of Rayleigh, has settled at Herne Bay.

DOLLEY, O. S., of Slaithwaite, has accepted the pastorate of Surrey Tabernacle, London.

DOWEN, Z. T., late of Macclesfield, has accepted invitation to Wynne Road Ch., Brixton.

EDWARDS, VIRGIL, of Haverfordwest College, has been ordained pastor of Boundary Road Ch., Middlesborough.

EVANS, L. T., of Haverfordwest College, has accepted invitation from the English Church at Cadoxton, Juxta Barry.

GOWER, H. F., has declined invitation to James Grove Ch., Peckham.

GREY, H., leaves Stirling Street Ch., Galashiels, in May.

HARPER, J., of Sutterton, removes to Chesham Ch., Bury, Lancashire.

HILEY, D. J., has been publicly recognised pastor of High Street Ch., Merthyr Tydvil.

HOLLINSHEAD, J., has been recognised pastor of St. George's Street Ch., Macclesfield.

JENKINS, J., Cold Inn, Tenby, will resign in a few months.

LITTLEHALES, R., has, in consequence of ill-health, resigned Yorkshire Street Ch., Burnley.

LOGAN, MOFFAT J., Egremont, has been induced to withdraw his resignation.

MCLEWEE, G. M., becomes the colleague of Dr. Cox, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

MCLEAN, J., of Dumbarton, has been invited to Orangefield Ch., Greenock.

MACLEOD, NORMAN, has been recognised pastor of the church at Bishop Auckland.

PAYNE, CHARLES, of Louth, has settled at Enon Chapel, Burnley.

RUTHVEN, W., Reading, has resigned Wycliffe Ch. on account of ill-health.

SCHOFIELD, W., Zion Ch., Trowbridge, terminates his pastorate six months hence on account of ill-health.

SKELLY, JOHN G., removes from Woodstock to Eye, Suffolk.

STEPHENS, J. M., B.A., Newcastle-on-Tyne, has resigned Westgate Road Ch.

THOMPSON, F., of the Pastors' College, has been recognised as pastor of the church at Waterbeach, Cambridge.

TRAVERS, J. CASSIDY, has left Harrow, Wealdstone, for Holbeach, Lincolnshire.

WARD, —, has been elected pastor of Lynton Road Ch., Bermondsey.

WHEELER, T. A., has resigned Unthanks Road Ch., Norwich.

WILLIAMS, J., B.A., Hereford, has resigned Commercial Road Ch., and seceded to the Congregationalists.

GREEN, W., of Melbourne, Derbyshire, has deceased in his 68th year.

INGLIS, J., of Grove Road Ch., Victoria Park, London, deceased February 19th.

THOMAS, TIMOTHY, one of the oldest ordained Baptist ministers in Wales, recently expired at Newport, aged 76.

REVIEWS.

JAMES FRASER, Second Bishop of Manchester. A Memoir, 1818-1885. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. London : Macmillan & Co. 1887.

ON the Sunday after Dr. Fraser's death, Dr. Maclaren gave expression to thoughts which were shared not only by his own congregation, but by the Nonconformists of Lancashire and to a very large extent by the Nonconformists of England—"All parties in religion and politics are one to-day. We all admired him. We all mourn him. Some of us differed profoundly from him on matters which both he and we felt to be important, but all the more do we reverence the goodness and great qualities of the man. We all feel that the public life of this great city is sadly impoverished by the removal of an unique personality, which was the centre of union for many a good cause." Few bishops in recent times have displayed finer administrative powers or taken higher rank as ecclesiastical statesmen. Bishop Fraser had not the persuasive eloquence of the late Bishop Wilberforce, nor was he as a preacher the equal of Dr. Magee. But his sterling qualities of head and heart, his geniality, his masculine common sense, his ready and pleasant utterance, rendered him an attractive speaker, and probably no other prelate so continuously commanded such large audiences as he. James Fraser, it was once said by one who knew him well, was every inch a man ; and such is the verdict of Lancashire and England to-day.

Many of the biographies which have been published during the last half-dozen years have added little of real worth to our literature. The Memoir of Dr. Fraser is an addition which all will welcome, and all the churches are the richer for it. Mr. Hughes has here found a subject worthy of his best powers, and those powers have been called into free play. The book, alike by its subject and its style, stands in the first rank of our biographical literature. Fraser was born in 1818. His school and college life at Bridgenorth, Shrewsbury, Lincoln College, Oxford, and afterwards as Fellow at Oriel extends to 1847. He then became Rector of Cholderton in Wiltshire and of Ufton Newet in Berkshire in 1860. In 1858 he was appointed Assistant Commissioner to inquire into the elementary education of agricultural districts, and his report is characterised by Mr. Hughes as "a superb, I had almost said an unique, piece of work, a model of masterly analysis and careful, well-supported, and well-reasoned suggestion." In 1865 he went as a Commissioner to inquire into the condition of education in the United States, and to report on their school system. Again he proved his mastery of the subject, and rendered invaluable aid to our Legislature. He was not a bigot on the subject of education ; and, had he been brought into closer contact with Nonconformists, he would gradually have approached their standpoint in regard to it. He would have given up the first part of the Catechism, with its time-honoured institution of god-fathers and godmothers. He would not have enforced the mysterious doctrine of the sacrament. But he thought that Nonconformists "would not object to have their children taught what was the vow by which they were bound at their baptism." The marvel is that the Bishop (as he was when he uttered these words) did not seem to know that Baptists—to whom he especially alludes—do not practise

infant baptism. His report on American education marked him out for promotion, which was not long delayed. He had indeed in his two parishes proved himself a model rector, and at Upton was, as one of his parishioners said, "rather more than a parson, he was a little king among us." But the grounds of his elevation to the Episcopacy are seen in the following letter from Mr. Gladstone:—

"Hawarden Castle, January 3rd, 1870.

"Dear Mr. Fraser,—I write to place the See of Manchester at your disposal. I will not enumerate the long list of qualifications over and above entire devotedness to the sacred calling for which I earnestly seek in the selection of any name to submit to her Majesty with reference to any vacant bishopric. But I must say with perfect truth that it is with reference to qualifications only that I make the present overture. As respects the particular See, it is your interest in and mastery of the question of public education which has led me to believe you might perform at Manchester, with reference to that question, a most important work for the Church and for the country. Manchester is the centre of the modern life of the country. I cannot exaggerate the importance of the See, or the weight and force of the demands it will make on the energies of a bishop, and on his spirit of self-sacrifice. You will, I hope, not recoil from them, and I trust that strength to meet them all will be given you in abundance.—Believe me, faithfully yours,

"W. E. G."

He had considerable hesitation as to his course, but his friends unanimously and earnestly urged his acceptance of the offer; and in his reply he says:—"It will be my desire, if called upon to administer this great diocese, to do so in a firm and independent, but at the same time generous and sympathising, spirit. . . . As little of a dogmatist as it is possible to be, I yet see the use, and indeed the necessity, of dogma; but I have always wished to narrow, rather than to extend its field, because the less pre-emptory articles of faith are imposed or defined, the more hope there is of eliciting agreements rather than differences. Especially have I been anxious to see the Church adapt herself more genially and trustfully to the intellectual aspirations of the age, not standing aloof in a timorous and hostile attitude from the spirit of scientific inquiry, but rather endeavouring (as is her function) to temper its ardour with the spirit of reverence and godly fear. And finally, my great desire will be, without disguising my own opinions or wishing one set of minds to understand me in one sense and another in another, to throw myself 'on the heart of the whole diocese, of the laity as well as of the clergy, of those who differ from the Church as well as those who conform to her.'" We cannot follow the Bishop's course. Suffice it to say that it was a simple working out of his purpose as stated in his letter to Mr. Gladstone. He was always—what probably no one else was—doubtful as to his qualifications for his position. He often longed for the quietude of his country parish, but yet laboured unweariedly—speaking, preaching, holding conferences, visiting every part of his large diocese, holding the balance between contending parties impartially, and administering even-handed justice. Even in the notorious Miles Platting case, when Mr. Green, the Ritualist, was imprisoned, Dr. Fraser's action

was honest, brave, and generous, and will be approved by every intelligent and impartial judge. We must refer our readers to Mr. Hughes's delightful volume for illustrations of the Bishop's character and work. They will, unless we are strangely mistaken, be both charmed and profited by the study of so unique and memorable a life. We may append the following records, as showing the true quality and power of the man :—

“Striding along one morning on his way to his chancellery he became aware of excitement and shouting behind him, and, turning round, saw a tradesman's cart coming rattling down the road without a driver. The boy had got out to deliver a parcel, and the horse had seized the opportunity of making off at a canter for his stable. The Bishop, being a man of order, and thoroughly familiar with horses, resented this proceeding, which might prove dangerous farther on in a crowded thoroughfare. So he stepped into the street, made the horse swerve, ran by his side for a few paces, caught the rein, brought horse and cart to a halt, and handed them over to the boy who came up panting.

“In the present somewhat unwieldy chapter, room must still be found for some short notice of how this strange phenomenon of a bishop—striding about his diocese on foot, carrying his own blue bag containing his robes, stopping runaway carts, and talking familiarly with everyone he met, gentle or simple, with a cheerful and healthy curiosity as to all they were thinking about or interested in—struck the Lancashire folk. The factory hands, and working people generally, were taken as it were by storm, and installed him long before the end of the year in a place in their hearts which he never lost. The following, which could be multiplied to any extent, may be taken as fair instances of their attitude. A sturdy Dissenting operative waited for him at the bottom of the stairs after one of his earliest meetings, and seized him by the hand with the remark, ‘Ah, Bishop, thou'd'st mak' a foine Methody preacher.’ Another, waiting for him outside church after a charity sermon, forced a sovereign into his hand with ‘Bishop, here's a pound for thee.’ Bishop : ‘Thanks, my friend ; for the charity.’ Operative : ‘Nay, nay, for thyself.’”

THE JEWISH AND THE CHRISTIAN MESSIAH : A Study in the Earliest History of Christianity. By Vincent Henry Stanton, M.A., Fellow, Tutor, and Divinity Lecturer, Trinity College, Cambridge. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street.

THIS elaborate and learned volume has grown out of the author's Hulsean Lectures of 1879, and is based on the conviction that forced itself upon him after reading some of the chief works “which set forth mythical or rationalistic theories of the rise of the Christian faith that the best foundation for a carefully constructed system of the historical evidences of Christianity lay in the claim of Jesus to be the Messiah.” This claim is almost universally conceded even by the most hostile critics, and all that is really left is to examine into its significance and validity. After a comprehensive survey of the Jewish conceptions of the Messianic office, as gathered from Rabbinical literature, compared with the teaching of the Old

Testament, Mr. Stanton shows how impossible it is that the life of our Lord should have been in any sense the mere product of His age and surroundings. If it was not through the Christian belief that "the Messianic legend" was developed, as little can it be proved that the evangelic narratives were shaped so as to suit that "legend." There is absolute proof that they were not. By various arguments, any one of which is sufficient for his purpose, Mr. Stanton establishes the Christian hypothesis against all the contentions of Baur and Strauss and other of the mythical theorists. Not less happy is he in exposing the hollowness of the anti-miraculous school, and showing how grossly inadequate are their explanations of the phenomena of the Gospels.

"How hard it is to explain the faith of the first generation of Christians in Jesus as a supernatural Christ on any other than the Christian view is shown by the wavering theories of successive naturalistic writers. One, in order to save, as he thinks, the character of Jesus for honesty and sobriety, denies the genuineness of, or explains away, every word of His in the Gospels which could be taken to imply the possession of powers or a destiny surpassing those of ordinary human nature. Another, feeling the difficulty which must then rise of accounting for the faith of Christians, makes bold to attribute to Jesus utterances which directly caused the mistaken beliefs of His followers. The whole history of the naturalistic hypothesis on this subject may be described as an endeavour on the part of their authors to avoid, on the one hand, the Scylla of doing discredit to the truth and self-knowledge of Jesus, and the Charybdis of being left without an adequate explanation of the growth of the Christian Church and its faith. To us it appears that if any escape the one danger, they fall into the other; and the most part in their uncertain course suffer from both. Those who strive to allow as little as they think possible of the claims alleged to have been made by Jesus, yet allow what is irreconcilable with the simplicity and truthfulness of His character, if He was merely man; while even those who allow most do not allow enough to account for the faith of His disciples."

Mr. Stanton is more "churchy" than to our thinking the New Testament warrants, and his views on this point are more antiquated than we should have suspected. They lead to conclusions against which the whole course of free and Evangelical Christianity is a protest. On other points Mr. Stanton is the reverse of dogmatical. We are not sure whether he accepts the theory which is popularly known as Life in Christ or not. Many of his assertions point in that direction. Others are more in harmony with the position vaguely known as "Eternal Hope."

"I might urge also that there are other passages of the New Testament which imply the complete triumph of redeeming love and true subjugation of all things in the whole universe of being to God. And in order to reconcile with such language as this that other language which we have been reviewing I might suggest that the time for making generally known that glorious hope had not come in the days of our Lord's public preaching in Galilee and Judea. But it may suffice if the curtain of our human ignorance is allowed to fall over the mysterious future."

Discussions of this nature lead to side issues which cannot be adequatel

investigated, and to us it seems that our Lord's language is much more definite than many modern writers suppose.

VITAL ORTHODOXY. By the Rev. Joseph Cook. London : R. D. Dickinson, 89, Farringdon Street.

MR. COOK'S Boston Monday Lectures are too well known to require either description, criticism, or eulogy. The latest series is in no sense inferior to the best of its predecessors, and English readers are under great obligations to Mr. Dickinson for issuing it in so cheap and compact a form. He it was who introduced Mr. Cook to English students, and we are glad to see his name on the title-page of "Vital Orthodoxy."

THE AUTHORITATIVE INSPIRATION OF HOLY SCRIPTURE, as distinct from the Inspiration of its Human Authors. By the Rev. C. H. Waller, M.A. With an Introduction by the Lord Bishop of Liverpool, Right Rev. C. J. Ryle, D.D. London : Blackie & Son 49, Old Bailey, E.C.

THIS is a strong book, strong no doubt in its assertions, but not less strong in its arguments. It maintains substantially the same position as that which is so ably defended by Professor Watts, of Belfast, in the brilliant and incisive lectures we reviewed some months ago. Mr. Waller's book is a reprint of the article on Inspiration in the "Imperial Bible Dictionary," now in progress of publication, and is well worthy of reproduction. It is a fearless and reverent endeavour to ascertain what the Bible says about itself, and to claim for it throughout an absolute Divine authority, even while allowing to the fullest extent that it was given to us through the instrumentality of *men*. The inspiration of the book is, as Mr. Waller contends, distinct from the inspiration of its writers, and this fact carries with it the most momentous consequences. In the presence of so much lax and dangerous thought, a

work like this is as bracing as it is timely, and ought to be studied reverently and prayerfully by all who are interested in its great theme. It is a work which proves indisputably that the Rationalists have by no means a monopoly of reason, and that the Evangelical faith is the most valid and irrefragible.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY of Expositions and Illustrations. Vol. VII. Isaiah to Lamentation of Jeremiah. New Edition, revised and re-arranged.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS' HANDBOOK ; or, the Principles and Practice of Teaching, with Special Reference to the Sabbath School. By Thomas Morrison, M.A., LL.D., Principal, Free Church Training College, Glasgow. London : Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey, E.C.

THE Biblical Treasury, which is intended as a help to Sunday-school teachers and Bible students of limited means, is compiled from the most diversified sources — commentaries, histories, books of travel, records of missionary labour, sermons, and newspapers ; but the extracts are all of real value, and may be absolutely relied on.

They have been judiciously selected, and are thoroughly "up to date." Some of the woodcuts are of an inferior type, and should either be improved or improved away. This is the only ground of complaint that can be fairly urged in regard to this useful treasury.

Dr. Morrison's handbook is at once luminous, comprehensive, and compact. It goes over the whole range of a somewhat complicated subject in an orderly and effective style. It discusses teaching both as a science and an art, in its theoretical principles and practical methods. It reveals a sympathetic knowledge of child nature, and shows a thorough acquaintance with the best avenues to a child's heart. It is based on a lofty ideal of the teacher's office and work, and shows, not only that careless, slipshod work is inexcusable, but that it may be avoided by all whose heart is in their work. This book should certainly be read and read again, until it is thoroughly mastered, by all Sunday-school teachers.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICES FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP. Prepared by the Rev. John Hunter, Minister of Trinity Church, Glasgow. London: James Clarke & Co., 13, Fleet Street.

THE conduct of Nonconformist worship has of recent years risen to the importance of a primary question, and is still being discussed with keen and eager interest. Many of the staunchest opponents of a State Church believe that the partial use of a liturgy is by no means unscriptural or inexpedient, and that it may be introduced into all our services with manifest advantage. It is idle to contend that nothing can be said in favour of their position, and the matter is one in which liberty may be

fairly claimed. Those who advocate such an innovation will approve of Mr. Hunter's devout and beautiful "Services." They are written in a reverent, earnest spirit, with a true idea of the meaning of prayer, with an insight into the most varied human needs, and with a practical force which we most heartily commend. Although our personal feelings and habits would not allow us to adopt such aids to devotion, we can learn much from them, and free prayer might become more direct and appropriate by the study of a work like this. Of course, we entirely disagree with the baptismal service.

SOME OF THE GREAT PREACHERS OF WALES. By Owen Jones, M.A., Newtown. Second Thousand. London: Passmore & Alabaster, 4 Paternoster Buildings.

THE character of Welsh preaching has of recent years been brought fully before us, and the present work is in no sense superfluous. The "Echoes from the Welsh Hills," by our brother, the Rev. David Davies, have awakened an interest in the subject far and wide, and his promised addition to the "Echoes" is eagerly awaited. Mr. Owen's work is more distinctly biographical. It is a treat of no common order to come in contact with the men whose lives he has graphically depicted, and of whose sermons he gives so many admirable specimens. The knowledge of such preachers is in itself an inspiration, an antidote to feebleness, dullness, and langour. Every Englishman ought to know more of Daniel Rowlands, Christmas Evans, Robert Roberts, John Elias, William Williams, and their compeers. In his introductory essay, Mr. Owen scarcely allows sufficient weight to

national characteristics — imaginative, poetical, &c.—as determining the peculiar power of Welsh preaching. He depreciates a very important factor; otherwise, why is not all preaching like the Welsh?

BIBLICAL COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS.

By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. From the Latest Edition, specially revised by the Author. Vol. I. Translated by the Rev. David Eaton, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

DELITZSCH has long been regarded, at least in Evangelical circles, as the foremost German commentator, as Perowne is the foremost English commentator on the Psalms. The translation published some sixteen years ago in Messrs. Clark's Foreign Theological Library has, happily, introduced him to a large circle of English readers, with whom his popularity is sure continually to increase. The present issue is in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's Foreign Biblical Library—an enterprise which deserves the heartiest support of all theological students. The translator has doubtless had an easier task, because of the work which, on the whole, was so admirably done by his predecessor; and he has given us a distinctly better translation, one which, while equally faithful, is decidedly more flowing and graceful. He has the still greater advantage of having translated from the latest German edition, which contains many additions and emendations, both philological and hermeneutical. Dr. Delitzsch tells us in his preface that he has for his purpose mastered all the literature which has appeared on the Psalms since his third edition was published in 1873, and that almost every page will give traces of improvement.

This is, therefore, pre-eminently the edition to possess. It is specially convenient in size and form, and is substantially and tastefully bound.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS: Its Doctrine and Ethics. By R. W. Dale, M.A., LL.D., Birmingham. Third Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

It must be a source of profound gratification to Dr. Dale that a series of expository lectures of this order should, in so comparatively short a time, have passed into their third edition. We expressed, on their first appearance, our appreciation of their solid merits, their masterly and comprehensive grasp of the course of the Apostle's thought, and of the details, as well as the general drift of his successive arguments; their keen logic, their robust thought, their moral fervour, their apt and forcible illustrations, and their frequent rhetorical splendour. Dr. Dale ignores neither the doctrines nor the ethics of this great Epistle, and though we do not invariably agree with his positions, we know not where to look for a work which, taking it all in all, gives us so clear and adequate a conception of the Apostle's meaning, or so thoroughly arouses in us a kindred spirit.

HISTORY OF THE IRISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. By Rev. Thomas Hamilton, M.A., Belfast.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE. Chapters I.—XII. By Thomas M. Lindsay, D.D., Professor of Divinity. Free Church College, Glasgow, Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street.

BOTH these works are published in

Messrs. Clark's well-known series of "Handbooks for Bible-classes and Private Students." Mr. Hamilton's "History of the Irish Presbyterian Church" is primarily intended, as he states in his preface, for the members of his own connexion, and the record is so honourable and so rich in instruction, that we agree with his assertion, that it is a shame and a loss to be ignorant of it. He writes clearly and succinctly, seizes with a firm hand the salient points of his story, and presents them in a bold and distinct outline. His tone is candid and generous. On the social effects of Presbyterianism as opposed to Roman Catholicism, he ad-

resses many striking facts and statistics, which ought to redouble the energy of all Evangelical Protestants in their determination to evangelise Ireland, and so to cure her worst ills.

Professor Lindsay's manual contains a brief but compact and pointed introduction to the Third Gospel, and notes on the successive chapters, which compress into a few words the best thoughts and the most valid interpretations which patient, reverent, and scholarly research can yield. The author has the rare art of condensation, and his manual is a distinct advance on all its predecessors on this Gospel.

LITERARY NOTES.



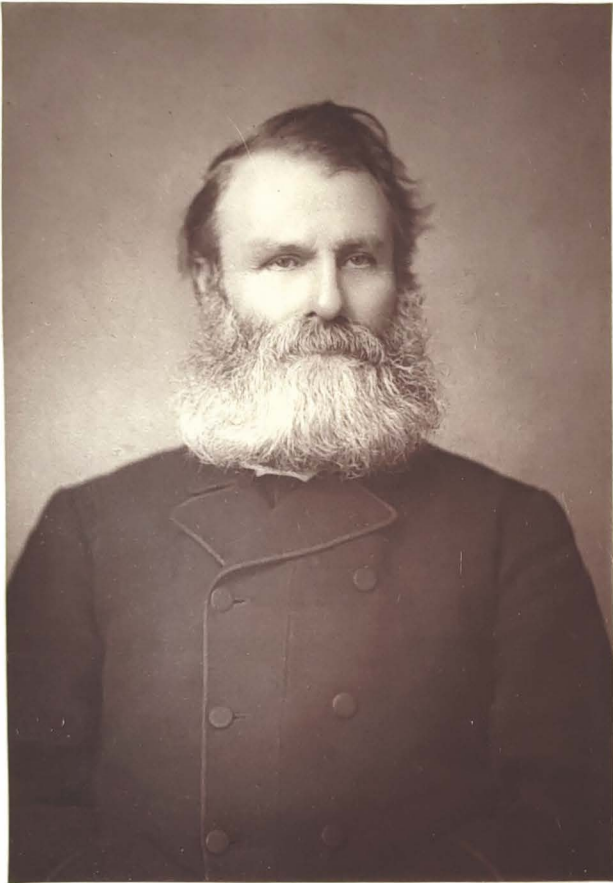
T was announced some weeks ago that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had engaged to complete his "Life of Christ" in two volumes, and also to prepare his Autobiography. Since then Mr. Beecher's hand has been stayed by death, and neither of the above works can be completed. We trust, however, that such portions of them as are ready will be given to the press. They will have a profound interest.

MR. ANDREW ELLIOT, of Edinburgh, is to publish a volume of collected essays under the title of "Scottish Nationality, and Other Papers," by the late Rev. John Ker, D.D.

MR. MACLEHOSE, of Glasgow, promises a Biography of the late Rev. W. B. Robertson, D.D., late of Irvine. This will be one of the most fascinating volumes of the season. The same publisher is also to issue a volume of Sermons by the Rev. T. Whitelaw, D.D., of Kilmarnock.

MESSRS. RIVINGTONS are to publish a Life of the late Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Bickersteth), by his son, Rev. Cyril Bickersteth. It will contain interesting reminiscences of Rev. C. Simeon, Canon Melville, Dean Alford, and other celebrities with whom the Bishop was intimately acquainted.

PRESIDENT MCCOSH, of Princeton, has just completed his work on "Realistic Philosophy." The first part of the work deals with the elements of the science; the second discusses it from a historical and critical point of view.



ROBT Cox. Photo Clifton

Faithfully yours
James Tubroff

—

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1887.

DR. CULROSS.



THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of the land, the elevation of Dr. Culross to the Presidential chair of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland has been hailed with unqualified approval. He has long been known and loved in his native Scotland, and now it is evident that he has secured for himself a similar position among the Baptists of England. In view of the prominent place which he is called upon this year to occupy, a brief sketch of the man whom his brethren thus delight to honour may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

His Career.—The village of Blairgowrie, in Perthshire, is one of the most finely-situated in Scotland. It stands on the river Ericht, within a short distance of the boundary-line between the counties of Perth and Forfar. To the north and west are the bold Highland hills, intersected by numerous winding glens of rare beauty. At the foot of the slope on which the village reclines, stretches out the wide expanse of Strathmore, bounded on the south and east by the Sidlaw hills. Near

this semi-highland village, Dr. Culross was born, in the year 1824. While still a youth, he matriculated at the ancient University of St. Andrews, where, in 1846, he succeeded in taking the degree of M.A. Having embraced Baptist views, he removed to Edinburgh, where he prosecuted theological studies till 1849. In 1850 he became pastor of the Baptist church in Stirling, and there, with ever-increasing acceptance, he continued to labour for twenty years. In 1867, his *Alma Mater* conferred upon him the well-earned distinction of D.D. In 1870 he occupied the Presidential Chair of the Baptist Union of Scotland, and in the following year he was called to the pastorate of the newly-formed church in Highbury Hill, London. There he remained till 1878, when he removed to Adelaide Place, Glasgow. Both before and after his translation to London, he rendered much-prized service to the denomination in Scotland, in connection with the work of ministerial education. It was, indeed, the fondly-cherished hope of his numerous friends, that the time might soon come when it would be found possible to secure his entire services as theological tutor. This hope was not, however, to be realised. In 1883, to the great loss of the Baptist cause in Scotland, he saw it his duty to accept the post, which he now so ably fills, of President of the Baptist College, Bristol.

The Man.—Perhaps the first thing that strikes a stranger, upon being introduced to Dr. Culross, is, that he is in the presence of a man of marked individuality—a man whom it might be well worth knowing. The high forehead, surmounted by a shock of hair, not over-nicely adjusted, seems to betoken a degree of intellectual power decidedly above the average. The deep-set, intelligent eyes, with their kindly twinkle, reveal a soul that has clearly had a history; probably not without its conflicts and sorrows. Over the whole countenance is spread “the pale cast of thought.” One grasp of his hand demonstrates his cordiality. But it is especially when he speaks that his individuality arrests attention. The voice is confidential in its tone, and, though weak, devoid of all harshness. Every word is uttered with as much deliberation and distinctness as if the speaker were on his oath. He hesitates every now and then, and shuts his eyes for a moment, as if he were searching for the only word or phrase that ought to be used on that particular occasion. Manifestly, this is a man who has made the wedding of words to thoughts a special study,

a man who is nervously anxious to say exactly what he means ; neither more nor less. In a word, it is impossible to be even for a short time in his society without perceiving that he is, for one thing, an out-and-out genuine man. It is only, however, when one has known him long and intimately, that this outstanding feature of his character is adequately appreciated. His love of truth amounts to a passion. Though one of the meekest of men, let serpentine natures but cross his path, and it is soon seen that he is capable of burning indignation. Hypocrisy, in its every form, he loathes with a Christ-like detestation.

Not less marked is his modesty. He is one of those who, if bidden to a feast, would instinctively take the lowest room. Like John Foster—whom he resembles in more points than one—he is constitutionally shy. Indeed, we believe that at one time he was even morbidly so. His exquisitely sensitive nature shrank from contact with people who could not understand him. In recent years, however, his varied intercourse with men has caused this, in a large measure, to disappear ; but his modesty is as patent as ever. It must not be inferred from this that he is incapable of asserting himself. Few men, in fact, are firmer than he. When he takes up his position his yea is yea, and his nay is nay. Were the old forms of martyrdom still in vogue, we believe that he would heroically stand the test of Smithfield.

Then, there is his brotherly sympathy. Those who are privileged to number him among their friends, are always found to mention his name with the accent of love. The reason for this is not far to seek. They have recognised in him one who can make another's case his own, as few men can. He has learned the true altruism, not in the school of Comte, but in that of Christ. Nay, more : he has acquired that subtle power of discerning the nature of the case in hand—of making a correct spiritual diagnosis—which enables him, very often in a few words, “ with some sweet antidote ” to “ minister to a mind diseased,” to soothe the aching heart, or, it may be, to fan the dying embers of hope into a flame. Need we wonder if men take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus ?

Above all, we think of Dr. Culross as a man to whom the grand New Testament word, saint, applies in a very eminent degree. Not that he is what the Germans call a “ pietist ”—a man, that is, who

makes a long face, and indulges in unctuous phraseology. Very far from it. If he ever fasts, he takes good care to wash his face so that men may know nothing about it. The experiences which are realised in the fellowship of the eternal Love are to him far too sacred to be glibly talked about. When, however, he touches upon them—as, on fit occasions he loves to do—it is always in tones which might well strike dumb the blatant dealers in religious slang. He speaks as one who knows Christ, and who is more and more absorbed in the contemplation of His glory. On these high occasions, “the light that never was on sea or land,” the light which is caught in the conscious presence of the Son of God, seems to radiate from his countenance. Talk of Christian evidences! A few hours of rapt converse with such a man, convinces one of the reality of the things which are unseen and eternal, more effectually by far than formal logic can ever do.

The Preacher.—To a certain class of hearers, our friend is disappointing in the pulpit. We refer to those superior persons who can derive no benefit from the proclamation of the Gospel, unless it is presented to them in the tones and with the gesticulations which are dear to the heart of the elocutionist. Such exquisites will pronounce the doctor's manner stiff. They will, withal, be shocked to find that his accent is unmistakably Scotch; little imagining that true Scotchmen are as proud of their accent as they are of their native thistle. Moreover, they will be very much grieved when they discover that the preacher usually brings his sermon to a close minus a peroration. How could refined persons be edified by a ministry to which such enormous drawbacks as these attach? Poor, supercilious creatures! They cannot appreciate truth unless it is set before them with the garish rhetoric of the stage. They are like men who could not enjoy their dinner because, forsooth, the waiter's buttons were not to their fancy.

Far otherwise is it with those whose hearts “cry out for God; for the living God.” They soon discover that the man who addresses them is charged with a message from the King. Nor do they fail to detect manifold charms in his peculiar mode of speech. The crisp, sententious style, replete with felicitous illustrations; the fresh, unexpected forms in which familiar truths are set forth; the suggestive hints that act upon the contemplative mind like whispers from the

unseen; the quiet home-thrusts, which remind one of Nathan's "Thou art the man"; the nervous intensity of the delivery, which gives his hearers the irresistible impression that the preacher is doing all that in him lies to speak forth that which he knows, and to testify that which he has seen—all these elements conspire not only to secure rapt attention, but, withal, to render his ministrations profitable, and, to use a Scotch expression, "memorable," in no ordinary measure.

It is as an expositor that the doctor pre-eminently excels. Let him only set himself to open up a chapter of Scripture, and it soon becomes sufficiently manifest that he is indeed "a master in Israel." His deep and varied Christian experience, his keen analytical faculty, his accurate scholarship, and his habits of independent investigation, fit him for performing the function of the exegete with a success which is rarely equalled.

The Theologian.—It goes without saying, that a man who has been appointed by his brethren, both in Scotland and in England, to the post of theological tutor is himself a theologian. And it is equally obvious that he would not be thus elected were it not well known that his views are decidedly evangelical—for, thank God, the great cardinal doctrines of the Gospel are as dear to us to-day as they were of old to our stalwart fathers. Were there nothing else, his work as an author leaves no room for suspicion regarding his "soundness." Since the year 1858, when his *Lazarus Revived* first appeared, he has given to the world a succession of volumes which, we doubt not, will be read and prized by generations yet unborn. *Divine Compassion; Emmanuel; John Whom Jesus Loved; Behold, I Stand at the Door and Knock*, not to mention the other productions of his facile pen, are simply gems.

While this is our unqualified estimate of his writings, we own to a regret, shared in by others, that Dr. Culross has not given us a deeper insight into the speculative side of his theological position. Were he to expand, say, his exquisite little volume, entitled *Emmanuel*, setting forth with some degree of fulness, his understanding of several problems which are there little more than glanced at, he would, we are persuaded, be able to render such service to the science of theology as few amongst us can. He is not only intimately acquainted with the history of Christian doctrine, but is also conversant with the peculiar problems of the present day. May we not hope that he will not keep per-

manently to himself the large store of ripe thought on these great questions, of which, we doubt not, he is in possession ?

That he may long be spared to serve the cause of truth, and that his year of office, as President of the Union, may be one of much enjoyment to himself, and, through him, of large blessing to the Church of Christ, is the fervent desire of all who know him.

J. McLELLAN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

No. II.



OFTEN had occasion to notice Mr. Binney's tenderness of feeling when he came into contact with those who were in distress. I never passed through any domestic trial, and some have been very severe, without receiving from him an expression of sympathy and condolence. His notes were couched in exquisite language. While writing these lines I have re-read them, and do not wonder at the comfort they were when received. At a time when I was passing through a domestic trial of more than ordinary severity, I met him at the opening of Notting Hill Chapel, built by Sir Morton Peto. He accosted me in his usual frank and hearty manner, and made some inquiries which I could not answer except by pointing to the signs of mourning about me. He took me tenderly by the hand and said, "Trestrail, I did not know, I am indeed sorry, forgive me." The next day I heard from him, and an extract from the letter will furnish the best idea of the character of these—to me—most precious communications. "I was affected by seeing in the paper the death of an infant child of yours; but much more so when, mentioning the circumstance to a friend, and expressing my concern, it was mentioned to me that that was only the little branch falling into the grave that had just received the maternal tree! I could hardly believe it, and do not know that I accept it now. I hope I shall not pain you by this, perhaps, opening afresh the wound of the heart. . . . Had I known of your affliction I should have written long since, and I trust you do not need an assurance that I do most sincerely sympathise with

you under whatever sorrow it may have pleased God to bring upon you. Accept this confused and broken expression of my concern as it is meant, in all fraternal sincerity." Such spontaneous effusions of affectionate sympathy would naturally excite, on my part, the strongest emotions of reciprocal esteem and gratitude.

The last sermon I heard from Mr. Binney was at the Poultry, where he was preaching for the Continental Society, in which he took a very deep interest. His text was "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom. But we preach Christ crucified." It was a sermon of great power, and delivered with great energy; and he was pointed and felicitous in showing how, through all the ages, these classes of people had lived, and were living now. But to give up such vain and useless requirements and seekings was clearly our duty, and to receive the testimony of Scripture, and to believe and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, our highest interest.

Mr. Hinton sat beside me, and listened with an evident interest to the discourse, and we often exchanged glances at the delivery of its more striking passages. On leaving I asked him what he thought of the sermon. His reply was brief, but emphatic—"Admirable! admirable!"

During my late residence in Newport, an Episcopal resident asked me if I was on terms of sufficient intimacy with Mr. Binney to obtain permission to insert his grand hymn, "Eternal Light," in a collection he was about to issue, hoping thereby to check, what he considered, the injurious influence of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." Accordingly I wrote, and this is a part of his reply. The "natural history," so to speak, of this remarkable production cannot fail to interest the reader. "The hymn 'Eternal Light' was written at Newport, when I lodged in the corner house as you go down from your chapel to St. James's Street on the left. I looked out of the window one night, and saw a most splendid manifestation of the starry heavens, and wrote the hymn before I got into bed. There was a Miss Anley, the authoress of a mission and an Irish tale, then living in the house opposite, in the family of a Mr. Wise. She set it to music, and it was published by Power in the Strand, for the benefit of some Newport effort then being made for the poor. It realised some few pounds. . . . But this is an old world story. . . . I am very busy, and have only time to say, I wish I *could* see the Island again! But years come and go, and I don't. With all good wishes." He speaks in this letter of

another hymn on the Sabbath, which, he says, had found its way into a Baptist collection, how, he did not know. I have looked in vain for it, nor do I remember ever to have seen it.

I was once present at a large gathering in connection with the Stockwell Orphanage, which had not then reached its present vast dimensions. The day was beautifully fine, and the number of persons present belonging to all ranks in social life, the hilarity of the boys, and the warm expressions of interest in the Institution which came from every lip, together with the success which had so far attended the self-denying generous effort to establish it, combined to produce a spectacle of no ordinary interest. Mr. Binney was vastly pleased. His few words to the lads, full of frolic and wisdom, and his warm congratulations to Mr. Spurgeon, gave peculiar and special charm to the proceedings. How grandly he moved in and out among us, head and shoulders taller than any there. He appeared to be what he really was, "A king among men."

I saw my revered and honoured friend for the last time, while on a short visit to the Misses Viney, of Wood Lawn, near his own residence. A volume of sermons lay on the table which I took up, and found, to my great delight, it was one just then fresh from the Press. I read three, quite enough for one morning coming from *his* pen. I then went over to call upon him. I found Mrs. Binney busily occupied in writing. I was cordially welcomed, but she remarked, "See the results of procrastination. The Australian mail goes out to-morrow, and these letters should have been posted." Not wishing to disturb her when thus engaged, I rose at once to take leave. "Pray don't go, I will tell Mr. Binney you are here, for he would be vexed not to see you." So I sat down and waited.

He came in after a few moments had elapsed, and I could see that "clouds rested on the brow of Jove."

"Well, Trestrail, what do you want?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Binney."

"Then what are you come for?"

"Just to pay my respects to you as a brother honoured and beloved, and to thank you for some three hours of exquisite pleasure which you have been the means of giving me this morning."

"How can that be since I have only this moment seen you?"

"I have been reading some of your sermons in the volume you

have just published. One greatly interested me, for it was on a text on which I heard Mr. Hall preach."

"Ah! indeed," and his own interest was at once excited. "Anything like his?" he eagerly asked.

"Not in style certainly, but very much like it in the current of thought and illustration. In these respects the resemblance was striking."

"Well, Trestrail, that is pleasant to hear anyhow. But now tell me what is all this the prelude to. I have had a good deal to do with you Secretaries, and know some of the dodges you are up to. You want to get me to preach for one of your Societies."

"I am not come for any such purpose. But if you *will* do us this kindness, I will take the responsibility of making the arrangement at once, and the Committee will thankfully confirm it with grateful applause."

"Well, then, if I could I would. But I really cannot, for I have more engagements on my hands just now than I can properly do justice to. But I tell you what I will do, I will give to every Baptist minister from John o' Groat's House to the Land's End a cordial welcome if he come on such an errand as that which has brought you here to-day. I thank you sincerely. It is most kind of you. And now good-bye, Trestrail, may God bless you evermore!"

"But won't you give me, as a souvenir of our meeting to-day, a copy of your recently published sermons?"

"With great pleasure; only I am sorry I have not a copy of the 8vo edition. It was suggested that a less costly one should be printed so as to be within the reach of our brethren who cannot buy expensive books. If you will accept one of them, I will give it to you with very great pleasure."

"Accept my hearty thanks; only add to the value of the gift by writing in it that it *is your gift.*"

"Most assuredly I will do that if it will afford you any pleasure."

And taking the book he wrote these words: "To the Rev. F. Trestrail, with fraternal regards from the author, September 8th, 1869." We took each other by the hand, and gave expression to an affectionate farewell. I little thought then that I should meet him no more!

Ere long tidings reached me of his failing health. Then, some time afterwards, I heard he was ill. The next news announced that

his condition was causing grave anxiety to his family and friends. How I watched after that the announcements in the papers as to the state of his health. Then we heard that he was sinking, and the final announcement soon followed, that he was gone to his rest.

Thus ended the life and labours of one of the most remarkable men of the age. A voluminous writer on topics of the profoundest interest, a teacher of unusual influence and power, and a Nonconformist and a Liberal, most pronounced and consistent, throughout his life. He never shirked the expression of his opinions when the occasion called for their expression. He had the courage of his convictions. He was nevertheless candid and courteous to his opponents. He was often grossly misrepresented and roundly abused. But he maintained the spirit and bearing of a Christian gentleman.

The blank occasioned by his death has not yet been filled up, and the sanctuary where he preached for so many years, with an ever growing reputation, and an unflinching adherence to the great vital truths of "the Gospel of the grace of God," is also vanished away. I cannot close these recollections of my honoured friend—alas, that they should now be only recollections—in more fitting words than those of the closing sentence of Mr. Foster's observations on Mr. Hall, "While ready to give due honour to all valuable preachers, and knowing that the lights of religious instruction will still shine with useful lustre, and new ones continually rise, we involuntarily and pensively turn to look at the last fading colours in the distance where the greater luminary has set."

FREDK. TRESTRAIL.

THE DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION.

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.



T was the plan of Christ that His personal ministry should be directly succeeded by that of "the apostles whom He had chosen," and who, with the exception of Paul, were, during that ministry, related to Him as disciples, followed Him from place to place, heard His words, saw His miracles, and were on terms of special intimacy with Him, and to whom, at different times for forty days after His resurrection and prior to His

ascension, He showed Himself alive "by many infallible proofs," giving them "commandments" as to their future work, and "speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." What, if anything, did Christ say to these apostles, either before His death or after His resurrection, in respect to the question of their inspiration, as the means of qualifying them for the great work assigned to them? There is no difficulty in finding an answer to this question, and, in that answer, the doctrine of inspiration as stated by Christ Himself, and subsequently repeated by His apostles.

The Gospel of Luke records the following promise made by Christ to these apostles: "And when they bring you unto the synagogues, and unto magistrates and powers, take ye no thought how or what thing ye shall answer, or what ye shall say; for the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say." This supposes that they would be called to answer before ecclesiastical and civil authorities for their preaching of the Gospel. The direction of Christ is that, in such emergencies, they should take no thought beforehand as to the answer to be made. The promise is, that the Holy Ghost would, at the time and on each occasion, come to their help as a teacher, and supply them with ideas and words. He would teach them what they "ought to say"; and in this sense they would be inspired.

A more comprehensive promise is recorded in the Gospel of John, made just prior to the death of Christ, and in the following words: "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth." "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, He shall testify of Me; and ye shall also bear witness, because ye have been with Me from the beginning." "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth; for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear that shall He speak; and He will show you things to come."

This language, beyond all question, refers to the extraordinary endowment of inspiration with which, as Christ expressly declares,

His apostles would be invested when they went forth as the preachers of His Gospel. The source of the inspiration would be the Holy Ghost, spoken of as "the Comforter," and also as "the Spirit of Truth." The inspiration itself is presented in the following terms of description: (1) It would "teach" the apostles "all things." (2) It would "guide" them "into all truth." (3) It would "bring all things" to their "remembrance" that Christ had previously said to them. (4) It would "testify" to them of Christ, and enable them to "bear witness" concerning Him. (5) It would show them "things to come," and thus invest them with the prophetic power. The inspiration, thus described in the words of the promise, though not superseding or suspending the use of their faculties, would nevertheless so direct, guide, and control the action of these faculties, alike in respect to ideas and the selection of words for their expression, as fully to qualify them to teach and preach the Gospel of Christ, to recall and repeat the sayings of Jesus without error, and to predict events in the future history of the world. Such is the kind and such the degree of the inspiration promised to the apostles by the Saviour just prior to His death. It was to be *plenary* inspiration in the most complete sense.

Christ after His resurrection, and before His ascension into heaven, as we learn from the Book of Acts, spake still further on this subject, and substantially renewed the promise previously made. The record says: "And being assembled together with them [He] commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith He, ye have heard of Me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." Here we have a distinct reference to the promise of the Holy Ghost already made, accompanied with the direction that the apostles should wait in Jerusalem for its fulfilment, and also with the statement that this fulfilment, in the form of a baptism of the Holy Ghost, would become a fact "not many days hence."

The apostles asked the risen Saviour whether He would "at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel"; and having told them that it was not for them "to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power," He proceeded at once to say: "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon

you ; and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." This is clearly another reference to the promised inspiration of the Holy Ghost, here spoken of as being a "power" which the apostles would receive when the Holy Ghost came upon them, and in the possession of which "power" they would become witnesses for Christ, even "unto the uttermost part of the earth."

We thus have the apostolic inspiration in the form of promise, and in that promise defined as to its source, its nature, and extent. Was this promise fulfilled ? This is the next question to be considered.

The apostles, immediately after the ascension of Christ into heaven, went back to Jerusalem, as they were directed to do, and there remained, meeting in "an upper room," and continuing "with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with the brethren"—in all numbering "about one hundred and twenty" persons. The day of Pentecost was near at hand, and soon it came ; and what occurred in this "upper room" is thus described in the Book of Acts : " And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." These persons were Jews, and were naturally able to speak only in the two languages of their own country ; but now they are suddenly invested with the power to speak in "other tongues," and they did so, "as the Spirit gave them utterance." The baptism of the Holy Ghost, according to the promise, has come upon them, and the promised "power" has come with it.

This Pentecostal marvel, especially the miracle of tongues, was speedily "noised abroad" throughout Jerusalem ; and when "the multitude came together, and were confounded because that every man heard them speak in his own language," and when "they were all amazed and marvelled" at what they heard, Peter, now "filled with the Holy Ghost," and speaking "as the Spirit gave" him "utterance," preached his first sermon, and explained to the Jews the events of that memorable day. He told them that these events were

not the effects of drinking "new wine," as some mockers had alleged, and that they were the fulfilment of a prediction made by the Prophet Joel, which he quoted and explained. He called their attention to Jesus of Nazareth, as a man approved of God by miracles and wonders and signs which God had by Him done in the midst of them, as they themselves also knew, but whom they had with wicked hands crucified and slain. Referring to a prophecy made by David in respect to the resurrection of Christ, he then said: "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear."

Peter's explanation of the Pentecostal marvel makes it the fulfilment of Christ's promise in respect to the Holy Ghost, who, according to the promise, would come and endow His apostles in the manner and to the extent set forth in the promise, and who, according to the record in the second chapter of Acts, did come on the day of Pentecost. The apostles, on that day, were "filled with the Holy Ghost," and spake, "as the Spirit gave them utterance." Peter's sermon was originated in his mind, and flowed from his lips, under the teaching and guidance of the Holy Ghost. He was not expressing his views as a man, or as an ordinary thinker, but was speaking as an apostle of Jesus Christ, and directed by the Holy Ghost as to what he should say and did say. "The Spirit of Truth" spake through him, and what he said told with saving effect upon a multitude of hearts. The promise of Christ beforehand and the events of the day of Pentecost explain each other, and give us the doctrine of inspiration as bestowed upon the apostles. We do not really need to look elsewhere to find either the source or the nature of this inspiration.

Christ, in making the promise, told the apostles that "the Comforter" or "the Spirit of Truth," would "abide" with them "for ever," meaning that the inspiration thus granted would not be temporary and transient, but would be a *permanent* endowment or attendant upon their ministry. The inspiration, beginning on the day of Pentecost, was thereafter continued to them, teaching them "all things," guiding them "into all truth," bringing the ministry of Christ to their "remembrance," and showing them "things to come." They were in this way qualified to do the work of apostles, to tell the story of Christ, to repeat His words, and speak to men by the authority of

God. They assumed to be thus endowed, and preached the Gospel as "ambassadors for Christ," and as if stating, not simply their own opinions, but opinions to which the seal of God Himself was affixed. The consciousness of such inspiration lies upon the very face of their ministry.

Paul told the Galatians that the Gospel which he preached was "not after man," and not by him received from man, and not taught to him by man, and that it came to him "by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Though not a disciple when Christ was on the earth, he became an apostle by a supernatural call from heaven, and as such he received the Gospel "by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Referring to himself and his apostolic associates as preachers of this Gospel, and for this work specially endowed, he said in his First Epistle to the Corinthians: "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might *know* the things that are freely given to us of God; which thing also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." This language, while in exact accordance with the promise made by Christ, involves the teaching, the direction and guidance of the apostle by the Holy Ghost, alike in respect to ideas and language. They were not furnished simply with ideas and then left to express them without any inspiration as to words. Paul expressly declares that they spake in the words "which the Holy Ghost teacheth." This cannot mean less than that their inspiration extended to the *words* they used as well as to the ideas contained in them. They, hence, spake "as the Spirit gave them utterance." This was the fact on the day of Pentecost, and what the apostle says implies that it continued to be a fact.

So, also, in regard to the "great salvation" by Jesus Christ, the same apostle, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, uses these words: "Which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him: God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to His own will." Christ first preached His own Gospel; and then the apostles who heard Him also preached it by His authority, and under the promise that the Holy Ghost would be their helper, teacher, and guide. Paul says that God, in the ways specified, bore witness to their preaching.

“Divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost” attended their ministry. The Holy Ghost dwelt with them, wrought in them and through them; and thus the promise, made by Christ before and after His death, was fulfilled in their experience.

This, promise, moreover, as to the source and extent of inspiration, had its substantial parallel in the endowments of prophets who lived and died before Christ personally appeared in our world. On this point we have the words of Peter to the following effect: “For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.” Here is the same Holy Ghost moving prophets that, at a later period, moved apostles. On the same point we have the words of Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews: “God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.” “Holy men of God” spake “in old time”; but they spake “as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.” God “spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets.” He did the speaking in the sense that the prophets were divinely inspired to speak. Their words were His words. “Thus saith the Lord” was stamped on what they said. Their language was the Word of God through a human medium, just as the language of the apostles is the Word of God through such a medium.

These sundry speakings of God in time past, and by “holy men of God,” speaking “as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,” existed in the form of a written record, among the Jews, in the time of Christ and in that of His apostles, and in the New Testament are often referred to as “the Scripture,” “the Scriptures,” “the Holy Scriptures,” “the Word of God,” and sometimes as “the Oracles of God.” These “Scriptures” constitute what Christians designate as the Old Testament. Christ and His apostles had frequent occasions to speak of this record and to quote from it; and the view which they took of it, as indicated by express affirmation or by obvious implication, is well stated by Paul in his Second Epistle to Timothy. Reminding Timothy that from childhood he had “known the Holy Scriptures,” and declaring them able to make him “wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus,” the apostle then proceeds to say: “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the

man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

By the phrase "All Scripture," here used in the comprehensive and universal sense, Paul evidently meant "the Holy Scriptures" to which he had just referred, and which, as he says, Timothy had known from his childhood. He meant what Christ meant when he said to the Jews: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." What he says of "all Scripture" is that it "is given by inspiration of God." The words "given by inspiration of God" are used to translate the word *theopneustos* in the original Greek, which literally means *God breathed*. "All Scripture" is *theopneustic*, or divinely breathed. The breath of the Almighty penetrates it and is its source. Though in the language of men, and written by human hands, the breath of God is in it as the reason for its authority. It is all that it would be if miraculously written by God Himself without the agency of men. He guided the men who wrote it, and hence what they wrote was inspired by Him. God speaks in and by these Scriptures, and for this reason they are referred to in the New Testament as being "the oracles of God," and were always treated by Christ and His apostles as being of Divine authority. This is what Paul means to say and does say, when he declares "all Scripture" to be *theopneustic*, or "given by inspiration of God."

So the question of Bible inspiration stands as we find it in the promise of Christ, in the subsequent fulfilment of that promise, and in the teaching of the apostles. It was to be, and it was in its source, the inspiration of "the Holy Ghost," "the Comforter," "the Spirit of Truth." It was to be, and it was, in its nature and extent, an inspiration teaching the apostles "all things," guiding them "into all truth," showing them "things to come," refreshing their memories as to what Christ had said to them, enabling them to bear witness unto Him, and continuing as a permanent endowment during their earthly ministry. This inspiration had its substantial parallel in that of the prophets, who, like the apostles, spake "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and through whom God spake unto the fathers. To the reality of the apostolic inspiration God bore "witness both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to His own will." The sacred writings, existing among the

Jews in the days of Christ and His apostles, and known as "the Scripture," "the Scriptures," "the Holy Scriptures," "the Word of God," and "the Oracles of God," and now existing and known among Christians as the Old Testament, were "given by inspiration of God"; and the same is true of the sacred writings composing the New Testament.

If, then, one wishes to know what is the true doctrine of inspiration his proper course is not to speculate on the subject, not to assume any *a priori* knowledge in regard to it, and not to attempt any improvements upon what the Bible says, but to read and study the words of Christ in the promise of inspiration, and also the words of His apostles in their statement of the doctrine. The Bible itself is far the best treatise on inspiration ever written, and the only one that is absolutely conclusive. It asserts and explains its own inspiration. The Christian, whether the occupant of the pulpit as a preacher of the Gospel, or of the pew as a hearer, can, on this subject, as on every other relating to religion, do no better than to rest his faith on what it says. He can in no other way do as well. Let him never forget that, independently of the teaching of the Bible, he knows nothing on the subject. What he knows in regard to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, like what he knows in regard to the method of his salvation, is what the Bible teaches him. Reading it, and believing what it says, he will then have the wisdom which God has seen fit to give.—*New York Independent.*

THE GIFFORD REMAINS.

No. II.



URNING over these documents, yellow with age, once instinct with life, now dead and fossilised, yet still interesting and instructive, we presently come upon what was probably the first real invitation of young Emmanuel Gifford to a sole pastorate, or rather a letter to the church under his father's care, sent simultaneously with the invitation. In those days, when a church invited to the pastorate the minister of another church, it was customary, not only to ask the minister to

come, but also to ask the church he served to permit him to come. Young Emmanuel, it would appear, was not only a member of the church of which his father was pastor, but assisted his father in the work of the ministry. Hence the following letter:—

“The Church of Christ at Loughtwood to the Church of Christ in Bristol, to which our honoured and beloved brother, Andrew Gifford, is pastor, sendeth greeting.

“Honoured and beloved in our Lord Jesus Christ: We having been for a long time as sheep without a shepherd and in a languishing condition, having endeavoured several ways for a settlement, but all to no purpose, are still very desirous to attain it; and having heard that our honoured and beloved brother, Emmanuel Gifford, your minister, is not as yet fixed, we therefore have sent him our call to assist in the work of the ministry amongst us. And that our way might be the more clear therein, and to maintain the communion of churches, we have sent these few lines, beseeching and entreating you, if he stand any way inclined, not to hinder, but to further him to us. Hoping it may be for the glory of God and the advancement of His honour and interest in this place, we beg you will impartially consider our condition, and comply with us herein. So wishing you an abundant increase in numbers, gifts, and graces, we commit you to the blessing, guidance, and protection of Israel’s Keeper, and remain, signed in the name and by the appointment of the church,

“JAMES HILL,

“DANIEL HARVEY.”

The following letter will show that at least some of our Baptist “forebears” were alive, as we are not, to the importance and usefulness of catechetical teaching:—

July 5, 1698.

“BROTHER GIFFORD,—I received your lines, and have since received £6 15s. from Mr. Goddard, which you have got for the friends in Warwickshire; and I have left with Mr. Goddard 300 Catechisms and have put in a dozen more, which I present you with; and for the 300 I took but twenty-four shillings, allowing one shilling towards the carriage. And when you have occasion for more you may send to me, for there are some thousands remaining of the last impression. I do heartily wish the work of catechising were carried on here with

a zeal equivalent to that which appears in your parts. You in the West are much to be commended on many accounts. The Lord bless and prosper all your designs for His glory and the good of souls. I hope the Lord is amongst us here in London more than formerly, although there have been great divisions and differences amongst Christians in these parts: but I hope the Lord will turn all to advantage in the end; His ways are in the dark, His paths in deep waters, and His footsteps are not known. But in the winding up of every providence we may expect the manifestation of God's wisdom, grace, and faithfulness towards His people. There is great need of a loud cry to God on behalf of the poor Protestants in France; that such who are recovered may have the Spirit of God and glory rest upon them, in the clearness of its illumination, and efficacy of its consolation; and that such as are not recovered may be made to stand on their feet again. My dear love to yourself and hopeful son, and to good brother Fownes. The dews of heaven always rest upon your branches, which is the earnest prayer of

“Your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer in the Gospel,

“WILLIAM COLLINS.”

As showing the estimation in which the writer of the letter was held by his contemporaries we may quote what is added in the hand of the “hopeful son” referred to—“Who was an eminent Baptist minister in London.”

Not unworthy of notice, as bearing on the controversy revived in recent times as to the independence of the Parliament of the Law Courts, and the superiority of its authority over theirs, is “The Lord Chief Justice Holt’s Speech and Opinion in the Court of Queen’s Bench, Westminster, in the case of the five Aylesbury men, prisoners committed by order of the House of Commons, anno 170 $\frac{1}{2}$.” The learned judge argued that unless prosecuting a legal action in a legal method can justify a commitment, then the House had no power to arrest the prisoners; and, in his opinion, they ought forthwith to be discharged. “While he was speaking, divers members of the House of Commons, as also Lord Dysert and Mr. Bromley came into Court, whereupon he added as follows, viz, ‘I hope never to be overawed from doing justice, and I think we sit here to administer equal justice to all her Majesty’s subjects; and therefore it is my judgment that these prisoners ought to be discharged.’”

It is frequently urged by the opponents of immersion in the administration of baptism that baptism so administered is dangerous to health and may be fatal, and that therefore Christ could never have intended it to be observed by all persons professing His name in all climes. Baptists challenge them to adduce examples of the health of Christian people being injured in attending to what they believe to be the will of the Saviour, and triumphantly point to the practice of the Greek Church, which universally administers baptism by immersion, even in the icy regions of Kamtschatka and Siberia. To show that immersion may be followed by distinct and striking benefit to health is not necessary on the part of the Baptist apologist; but, if it were necessary, even this could be done. The writer could himself give an example which has come within his own experience of a young woman, who seemed to be in a decline, with not many weeks of life before her, receiving baptism—in accordance with her wish so to follow her Saviour before she was called hence—and commencing forthwith to improve in health, which, contrary to all expectation, she fully regained. But more striking still is the following instance related by the well-known Rev. Abraham Cheare, of Plymouth, whose account is preserved among the papers we are now referring to. It is described as “a brief narrative of some occurrences relating to that memorable transaction of the Lord’s providence, in owning of His despised ways and people, in a marvellous preservation, and wonderful restoration of the sick body of our brother, Captain Langdon, upon his obedience unto the Lord in submitting unto that ordinance of baptism, although, as to outward appearance, all hope of his surviving it was lost.”

The narrative states that Captain Langdon, of Cornwall, sinking in the last stages of consumption, being persuaded of the doctrine of baptism by Mr. Steere, and feeling, as the writer expresses it, “how the clergy and their adherents had shamefully vilified that ordinance,” not only determined to put it into immediate practice, but expressed a confident hope that the healing power of Jesus of Nazareth would at the same time be displayed towards his suffering body. He unhesitatingly sent for Mr. Cheare, who, in company with Colonel Bennett, and the Colonel’s wife and daughter, and brethren Muckle and Frenchick, and others, was shortly in attendance. Many had doubts lest the Captain should be deceiving himself. Mr. Cheare

was sorely exercised, and spent the greater part of three nights in prayer, revolving the force of such arguments as that a man must certainly give all that he hath to Christ, *but not what he hath not*, principally the text "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The time approaches; the weather is frosty; the wind, easterly; the time of the year, January; the scene of action, a mill-pond, about half a mile distant from the house. There are hundreds of spectators, some muttering that, in case of death, the minister's life would be questioned. Two women have first to be baptized. "Captain Langdon tells me," continues the writer, "he shall be ready as soon as they; that as soon as they come out of the water, he will come in unto me, and request me to do my duty; and in case I would come out and leave him there so it should be. He is brought to the water-side on his horse, his man riding behind him, keeping him in his arms; and requests me to do my duty. I told him I had not faith. He then requires brother Muckle (standing by) that if he had faith to do his duty, he should perform it. Brother Muckle goeth down with him into the water, led by two or three men, and he baptizeth him. Immediately as soon as he is out of the water, he requireth that no person hold him; but strongly, swiftly, as one that runneth, he goeth up alone against the hill, which was very steep, fifty or sixty feet, and then was led and helped home."

From that time the Captain improved in health, and he was continuing to mend when Mr. Cheare drew up his account. The final history of the case is not given; but Mr. A. Gifford, junior, evidently supposes that the cure was complete, for many years afterwards he appends the following note:—"Such another appearance of Providence is the case of Mrs. Deschamps, who was carried down into the water at Horseley-down, 25 June, 1748, and baptized there by A. Gifford, but went up out of it rejoicing, and saying the Lord gave her faith that she should be healed; and so she was. See the church-book of Eagle Street, pages 114, 115, where this case is particularly related."

The story of Captain Langdon's baptism, as may be supposed, was bruited abroad in the West, and one result was that others in Cornwall forthwith followed his example; among them "an antient woman" named Simans, 80 years of age, deaf, and leaning upon a staff, but of "a very choice experience."

EDITOR.

REMINISCENCES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

No. I.



O many and varied are the villages of our land, so diverse also the character of their inhabitants, that probably no two ministers could be found who have had anything like the same experiences. The long and straggling village differs from one compact and picturesque; the village on the hillside from that in the hollow; the village exposed and bleak to that nestling among trees. Contrasts in circumstances, education, disposition, friendliness, there will also always be among the populations inhabiting these. But probably there are none but have their own charms, and in regard to which Goldsmith's words might perpetually be found true—

“How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part that laws or Kings can cause or cure.”

Every place is to a great extent what we are to it, and if we find discomfort and uncongenialness, the ghost that causes them has very likely been “packed among the beds,” and got loose after our arrival. The writer had at least nothing to complain of in the pleasant sphere where he passed some ten years of a happy life. The village of Rushside was delightful, its neighbourhood attractive, its scenery extensive and beautiful, its friends cultured and engaging; and if, as John Foster once said of a spot very similar, it was “the one place in the world where nothing ever happened of the least interest to a person six miles away,” there was at least purity of air for vigorous health, quietness for study, and sweet simplicity in the pursuits and enjoyments that mingled their attractions through the year. We well remember how the clear, fresh atmosphere struck us when fulfilling the brief term of probation required. It had not been a particularly smoky neighbourhood to which we had been accustomed, but the brightness of the undimmed air, the “breezy call of incense-breathing morn,” the vivid impression of nature being in a good temper, could not fail to strike, and prepared a welcome which was as cordially accepted as it seemed cordially given.

The recalling of some of the incidents and experiences that had interest at the time has been the frequent occupation of stray leisure

hours since; nor may the recollection be void of some points of attraction at least to a few who may read these pages.

In the intervals of study and more serious work, nothing was more inviting than the garden. It lay "burrow," to use a phrase of the locality; that means sheltered and warm. It was open to the west and south, and was screened by the house itself from the north and east. As to position, the garden had certainly the best of it, for, owing to the unconscious jealousy of a neighbouring house, the amount of sunshine that during the course of the year found its way into our windows it would not have taken long for those who are skilful in such computations to estimate. But it is always well to make the best of the unavoidable, and as we could not help this, the next desirable thing was to make the garden answer to its privileges. This accordingly we attempted to do. A fine strawberry-bed yielded abundant proof that the aspect suited that wholesome fruit; a warm wall, furnished by the backs of adjoining cottages, presented admirable space for apricot, peach, nectarine, and plum trees, and the minor kinds of ordinary fruit, sufficiently revealed appreciation of their position by a yield so abundant that in the season it was requisite that friends should be sought to relieve of superfluity. One year the supply of nectarines was wonderful, and the peaches that did set and ripen were some of the most delicious that could be eaten. But to fruit vegetables needed to be added, for if you did not grow you could seldom buy. The plots were not large enough for people to "spare" their table accessories, and there was no general market in the place. This quickened the gardener's wits, and kept him, in the summer seasons, up to the mark in sowing, planting, and tending. But when is seakale so white and pleasant as when you rear and blanch it yourself? When are marrows so large and numerous as when they have personal attention? When do cucumbers taste more crisp than when fresh cut from the bed?—or what melons have greater fragrance than the "golden perfection" when, in its matured excellence, it has just parted from the stem? These things, like many better ones, must be experienced to be known, but when known they are seldom forgotten. There is a pleasant rivalry, too, in being among the first with your new potatoes, and in your celery being admired for its size and flavour; to say nothing of giant asparagus lifting up the earth that it may look out upon the world, and

magnificent peas, appropriately called "ne plus ultra." Let who will deny, a country garden has many pleasures which a townsman can only envy at a distance, and though flowers with us were few, yet they were enough to scent the air and yield a perfume that could be wafted in at open doors. A magnificent vine—alas now ruthlessly destroyed!—spread also its ample growth over two walls that formed an angle, and surely the aroma in blossoming season was a fine interpretation of some Scripture passages. A neighbouring jessamine about some trellis work, too, when its turn came, fulfilled its duty of shedding fragrance round. Of apple trees we had only four, but one time-honoured patriarch bore plentifully every year, and seemed to be a witness and representative of worthy predecessors who had previously walked those paths and enjoyed its fruit.

Another local attraction was the famous trout stream, filled with its dappled populace; but the writer was more frequently a companion of others, watching their skill, than anxious to take a rod himself. Not that opportunity, if there had been desire, was not ample, as one of the streams wound its course within some fields that appertained as an inheritance to the church; but there seemed more freedom in watching the sport from a camp stool, and indulging in fragments of poetry than in flogging the water oneself. But where could more delicate and delicious trout be taken, especially such as the generous Squire, who was *facile princeps* in his skill, was kind enough to send from his ample baskets; and where could there be more beautiful ducks than those which, with their varied plumage, helped, amid the forget-me-nots and lilies, to make a stroll by the bankside charming? An additional phase of sport was cray fishing, which used at appropriate times of the year to be carried on in the evenings. A small hoop of iron, in diameter about a foot, was covered with a close-meshed net. This had three strings attached to it, and after bait had been fixed on, of some flesh or other, was let down by a long pole that stretched out a cord, to which the strings were fastened, to the bottom of the brook. Some twenty or more would thus be placed. Going afterwards and taking up these traps one by one, the little black creatures—miniature lobsters—would be found surprised at their feast. They would, of course, make haste and back out of it—like many another out of a bad job—if they could, but there was little chance under an experienced eye and a

quick hand. Scores would sometimes be taken, and when boiled—on which they turned red—and served up cold, they presented a very smart appearance, though they gave no little trouble in the effort of disengaging them from their shells.

But the prettiest sight I ever saw on the banks of the stream was every year about the last week in May, or first in June. Then the May flies would rise from the bottom of the brook, spread their gauzy wings, and live their short hour of beauty. It was a striking sight. The bit of straw or bark in which the egg of last season had found its domicile, and had been expanded by the caddis becoming a chrysalis, would rise to the top of the water, and then, without a moment's notice, the fairy creature would unfold its wings, leave its empty casing behind, and either hover over the water or wing its way to the bank. There are few summer sylphs more finished and graceful than this May-fly. Its elegant form, and its whole contour, as it sails along, make it an object of admiration. What a type, too, we used to think it, as the many rose from beneath the waters, of that resurrection triumph, when the word of assurance shall be fulfilled, and the "sea shall give up its dead."

One useful country occupation, very contributive by-the-by to health, was wood chopping for family use. Cartloads of ash and oak were at certain times often abundant and cheap; and if in winter the snow was too deep for a walk, or the rain too persistent for visiting, an hour of work in the convenient outhouse, with beetle and wedges, would well circulate the blood and give appetite for meals. The scent of a wood fire always carries one back to those vigorous times. Many a sturdy branch had to give way under the determined effort that split it with the axe or divided it with the saw. As Lyman Beecher found, so did we, that one of the best receipts to get rid of "the blues," which, more or less, perhaps, attack every man at times—next to a cold sponge bath in the morning, is this goodly exercise of preparing fuel that will "twice warm" you. The Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, it is well known, employed his before-breakfast leisure thus. Once a policeman, hearing splitting going on in the lower regions of the house, stopped and asked through the grating who was at work there. "The master of the house," was the reply.

But let us pass from these reminiscences to some attempts, not without success, to improve the social and intellectual condition of

the village. Penny readings had not long come into fashion, but it was thought they offered scope for experiment that might profitably be tried. Accordingly, after associating in the effort the best voices, and proficiency in music for interludes, and getting promises from the best literary attainment and taste available, making a point also of interesting and gaining the presence in the chair of the rector, the first meeting was launched. The crier that afternoon was sent through the village, who did his best to rouse popular excitement by announcing—"Readings and Music at National Schoolroom, seven o'clock! Charge one penny!" and an eagerly expectant gathering was found assembled in the place appointed for the *debüt*. Success was excellent; and a series of these meetings, once a week, went on for about three years, under the management of a committee. As all good things will, these found imitation among the younger people, who, emulous to show their talent, started some of their own. A concert, of course, each season, gave finish to the proceedings; and both local and neighbouring help, including some specially fine voices of relatives and village friends, were warmly welcomed and appreciated. Though it cannot be said that all the miscellaneous readings or songs were equally well selected, yet, as regards the sum total, there was little to complain of, and certainly hearty and healthy enjoyment during the dreary months of winter was supplied. Besides this a reading-room was started, and continued to flourish some years, well furnished with the daily papers, a cup of coffee being also obtainable for labouring men who might wish such refreshment. Of course there were profits out of the penny readings, and after careful deliberation we determined on a useful employment of them. The village was lighted throughout with a number of paraffin lamps, that, on the whole, answered very well, and thus a new aspect of things was presented at night to old inhabitants, who, having gone about from time immemorial with their hand lanthorns, never expected their darkness to be illumined in this way. The scheme was serviceable, and had its day; till, in years later on, fresh enterprise introduced gas, to which, however, the earlier effort might be regarded as the morning star. It was pleasant to be the means of thus enlivening and benefiting one's neighbours, and their hearty appreciation was a much relished reward.

BRITISH HEBREW (OR SEMITIC) INSTITUTE.



N the *Athenæum* for March 19th I advocate at some length the establishment in this country of an association for the furtherance of Hebrew and generally of Semitic studies. I shall be glad to offer a few lines upon the same subject to the readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

We Britons are a nation of societies, so that there is hardly an idea in the air but has its organized propagandism. This makes it surprising that we have no society existing for the special purpose of helping forward the knowledge of the Hebrew language and literature, and of the allied languages and literatures. Indeed, our whole attitude in reference to these matters has been one of supreme indifference. The decipherment of the cuneiform and hieroglyphic methods of writing, the discovery of monuments and stone books which our recently acquired knowledge of Assyrian, Egyptian, &c., enable us to read, the close connection of these with the history, and in the case of the Assyrian at all events with the language, of the Old Testament—these have had much to do in awakening a new interest in the Semitic languages in general, and in Hebrew in particular. I believe the time has fully come, and more than come, when Semitic scholars, especially those who work with their eyes fixed upon the Old Testament, should be bound together by something closer than merely common studies, and when some organized effort should be made to help forward the department of knowledge in which they themselves are specially interested.

That something should be done appears clear enough. Since writing to the *Athenæum*, I have received letters from leading authorities in this country, and without exception they endorse my proposal. And the correspondence in the *Athenæum* which my article has called forth all points in the same direction, though it counsels an extension of the scheme. Professor Cheyne, the well-known Oxford Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, writes: "I have often thought over the subject introduced by you so interestingly in the *Athenæum* of to-day. . . . I think that a not too ambitious Institute of Hebrew might take root and grow."

Professor Cheyne is of opinion that the lead should be taken by the staffs of non-Anglican colleges, as they are freer to act. He has no doubt that the professors of Oxford and Cambridge would join in the movement and help by lectures and otherwise.

Professor A. H. Sayce, of Oxford, the eminent Assyriologist says, in a letter to me: "Such an Institute would, I think, be very desirable; but so little interest is taken in England, either in the Semitic languages or in Old Testament theology, that I am doubtful whether it would find sufficient support." (But the establishment of such an Institute would deepen the interest in the Semitic languages and in Old Testament theology. Professor Cheyne, in the letter already alluded to, ascribes the absence of a Hebrew Institute in this country to the want of that *go* and *energy* which the Americans have. "Many, if not most, of us are very cautious." This is entirely true and to the point, for it seems to me that we could maintain a Hebrew Institute at least as well as our Transatlantic cousins, only let those specially concerned with Hebrew and its cognates work energetically and unitedly.)

The Rev. Naphtali Levi, one of the most learned Jewish Rabbis in this country, sends an interesting and characteristic Hebrew letter, in which he says, to translate quite literally:—"For this"—what I have written in the *Athenæum*—"I hasten to commend and to bless you for your discernment, for it is good and comely; and, as a sign of this feeling of regard, take from my hand my book —שְׁנֵי הַפְּסוּקֹת (two commentaries, &c.), &c." (The book he sends me is an exposition written in unpointed Hebrew of the "Laws bearing upon our Duty towards Parents.") Professor J. T. Marshall, M.A., Manchester; Rev. J. Taylor, Borrowdale Vicarage, Keswick, and others have written, all in the same vein.

What should be the character of the suggested society? It should arrange to have Hebrew and its cognates taught by lectures, by tuition, and by correspondence. Periodical meetings would of course be held, and in these it would be important to have papers by competent men, followed by discussions. Something might be done in suggesting and in encouraging the publication of useful works. There is in this country a deep need for a high-class magazine, dealing with the languages and literatures specially related to the Old Testament, and keeping English students supplied with regular

information as to what is going on in their own sphere. *Hebraica*, published by the American Institute of Hebrew, is very good; and as such periodicals are hard to keep up, perhaps it would be the best thing for the British Hebrew Institute to join hands with the Transatlantic Institute in making *Hebraica* as good as it could be made. The *Babylonian and Oriental Record*, lately started by Mr. Nutt, will certainly help in the same direction; but I am afraid its range is rather wide—an objection that does not at all obtain against the magazine as such, since it aims at being what it is, and there is ample room for it in this country.

Now a word about the scope of the proposed Institute. Syriac, Arabic, and Assyrian would of course come within its purview, and other Semitic languages that stand in special connection with Hebrew. All Hebrew scholars of any excellence at this time of day acknowledge that not to know its cognates is practically not to know Hebrew itself. But these other languages should be looked at in their bearings upon the Old Testament writings, so that the name "Hebrew Institute," thus interpreted, would be hardly misleading. This is the kind of Institute which I have for some years thought is wanted, and for the establishment of which I ventured some weeks ago to make my first public plea. If the late eminent Dr. Benjamin Davies—who was born just upon the borders of this county—were still alive; if Dr. Gotch were thirty years younger than he is, I believe both would be enthusiastic in such a matter as this. But we have younger Hebrew teachers and students equally ardent, and is it too much to hope—at least in proportion to experience—equally capable? Let them—of every denomination—take this project up, and carry it out to a successful issue. As my object in writing is largely to know what others think, I shall be glad to have the opinions of others communicated to me privately or otherwise.

Before closing, may I say that I wish our Baptist Colleges were better manned, so that those of us who teach Hebrew and no end of other subjects might be allowed to give our whole attention to mastering one or two things? We might then hope to teach them successfully. There is one English college in which the same gentleman is professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis (which alone Professor Cheyne teaches), of Greek Testament and New Testament Exegesis, of Theology in all its branches (Systematic, &c.),

of Church History, of Homiletics, &c. We have the same kind of thing at most of the English and Welsh colleges—at all, I believe, except Regent's Park. Would it not be possible for Baptists (say Rawdon and Bristol) to have a college at Cambridge on lines similar to the very promising Mansfield College at Oxford?

T. WITTON DAVIES.

Haverfordwest Baptist College, South Wales,

April 8, 1887.

MUSIC, ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE— A SKETCH.



OW early in the history of the human race the art and practice of music and song originated it would be difficult, in fact, impossible, to say; though it may be safely affirmed that it was very early, both from the sacred records and from the nature of the case. Harmony is an attribute and distinguishing feature of the physical universe; and hence music may be said to have been coeval with creation itself. In Job we are told, in fine poetic figure and phrase, that when God manifested His creative might in bringing the universe into being, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." It can be well understood that when the various creations of Almighty Power took, at the Divine bidding, their appointed places in the universe, and God, well pleased, saw that all was good, there must have arisen an all-melodious song to the Great Creator in thanksgiving and adoration, for such a manifestation of beneficent power. It is true that that terrible discord, sin, has entered the world and marred its once all-perfect music, but there still remain many unspent echoes of primeval song.

There cannot be much doubt that the human voice was the first musical instrument employed. Its musical tones must have been recognised even in the ordinary exercise of speech; and from the winged songsters of the air, which, we may believe, possessed from the first all that power for the expression and modulation of their songs which they possess now, man must quickly have learned—even if singing did not come to him as naturally as to them—to use his

own voice in such a way as to produce all that modulation of sound which is so pleasing to the ear. But gradually, in that slow way in which discoveries and inventions ever proceed, man conceived the grand idea of making mechanical instruments his servants in the production of musical sounds.

In the fourth chapter of Genesis we are told that Jubal, the sixth descendant from Cain, "was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ" ("pipe," Revised Version says). But though Jubal is mentioned thus early in the Pentateuch, he could not have lived much before the Deluge; consequently the world must have been peopled some centuries before Jubal's inventions were made. After this we read little or nothing of the practice of music till more than 600 years after the Deluge. In the thirty-first chapter of Genesis, however, we find both vocal and instrumental music spoken of in such a way as to lead to the belief that both were in something like general use. Laban is represented as expostulating with Jacob on account of his flight, and saying, "What hast thou done that thou hast stolen away unawares to me, and carried away my daughters, as captives taken with the sword? Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me; and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth, and with songs, with tabret and with harp?" Coming farther down in Bible history, we find Moses and the children of Israel singing a song of triumph after the passage of the Red Sea. On this occasion Miriam, the sister of Moses, took "a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went after her with timbrels and dances." The reigns of David and Solomon may be said to mark the Augustan age of Hebrew poetry and music. David himself was a highly skilled musician. A Hebrew writer specifies thirty-six musical instruments which were kept in the Tabernacle, all of which he says David could play. But it is possible that, in making this statement, he overshot the mark a little; unless the instruments were of a very simple kind. Dr. Johnson thought the only musical instrument he had any capability for playing was the drum; and most of the thirty-six instruments our voracious (or the contrary) Hebrew authority refers to might have been constructed on principles of an equally elementary kind. At the dedication of the Temple a prodigious number of priests attended blowing trumpets—Josephus says the number was 200,000, but that can scarcely be credited, especially

as the Scripture account in no way confirms the statement. After Solomon, in consequence of the multiplied evils that fell upon the Jews, the cultivation of music among them began to decline. A touching allusion to this is made in Psalm cxxxvii.: "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps on the willows in the midst thereof. For they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

But to Egypt the world seems to be most indebted for the early cultivation, to any considerable extent, of the art of music. This is no more than might have been concluded, from the fact that there are evidences existent to-day showing that Egypt was far advanced in civilisation and the cultivation of the fine arts at a time when other nations near were in a state of semi-barbarism. At Thebes, of whose hundred gates Homer sings in his *Iliad*, have been found sculptures of musical instruments of greater antiquity than any yet discovered. A fresco painting of a harp, found by the traveller Bruce in a tomb at Thebes, affords indisputable proof of the progress made by ancient Egypt in the musical art. Mr. Bruce brought a copy of this fresco to London, and such was the beauty and finish of the instrument represented, that many doubted the accuracy of the drawing; its accuracy, however, other travellers fully confirmed. The fresco shows an instrument of ten strings, with much ornamentation about it.

The Greeks were familiar with the art, but it would be bootless to detail the legends and myths with which its early history among them is intermixed. The story of Orpheus, impelling the *Argo* across the sea by means of the sounds of his harp, may be very picturesque, but it is clearly more so than truthful; and the same must be said in reference to other stories which relate to music among the old Greeks. It is worth observing that music was cultivated among the Greeks in the time of Homer; for in the ninth Book of the *Iliad* we read that when Phœnix, Ajax, and Ulysses were sent to Achilles to propitiate him and secure his help, they found him "delighting his soul with his clear-toned harp, beautiful and curiously wrought." Pythagoras, who is said to have learned music from the Egyptian priests, occupied himself with the mathematical relations of sounds,

and invented an instrument to determine them. A certain Damon is mentioned as a very distinguished teacher of music in the time of Pericles, and it was said of his music that it could not have been changed without changing the very constitution of the State itself. So highly was the art esteemed that it was cultivated by all the higher and educated classes of Grecian society. Homer, Socrates, Plato, and indeed all the great poets, philosophers, and historians, were students of it.

The Romans obtained a scientific acquaintance with the art through the Greeks. There is, however, evidence to show that they possessed musical instruments of a very rude description from the very earliest periods of their history. Perhaps the best known now among Roman musicians is the Emperor Nero, who flourished about half a century after Christ. There is scarcely anyone who has not heard how he "fiddled while Rome was burning." This monarch, whose name is hateful as that of a bitter persecutor of the followers of Christ, paid great attention to the cultivation of music; and, by dint of assiduous practice, became such a proficient instrumentalist that he is reported to have gained several prizes, in competition with the Roman professors of the art. It is more than possible, however, that the judges were courtiers, and incapable of assigning the Imperial performances a secondary place.

During the first three or four years of the Christian era the science and art of music made but little progress. About the end of the fourth century Ambrose appears as a master; and the Ambrosian chant, a service which he composed for the Church at Milan, is not unfamiliar—at least the name of it—to most people of moderate information now. In the sixth century Dunstan, an English monk, is believed to have introduced music into the services of the Church in England, and subsequently to have much improved it. Musically, a new era began in the fifteenth century; and since that time the knowledge and practice of music have gradually progressed, until they have reached the almost perfect state in which we find them to-day.

QUARTUS.

AN UNCTION FROM THE HOLY ONE.



NOT long since, I heard a well-known and highly esteemed Christian layman declare, before an audience he was addressing, that he was acquainted with a City missionary who never spoke in the name of his Master, and of his Master's redeeming love, without conversions resulting; the hearers were not able to resist the power with which he spoke. That some men have a special qualification for performing the aggressive work of the Church in winning men from the world and sin to Christ is indisputable. Wherein does it consist? May we not say that whatever may be said about natural gifts, and the persuasive power which some men possess and others are destitute of, the explanation is indicated by the words of the Apostle, "We have an unction from the Holy One"?

Among the bishops who took part in the great Council of Nicea, which was summoned by Constantine immediately after his conversion to Christianity, was an old shepherd from Cyprus, Spyridion by name, a shepherd both before and after his elevation to the episcopate. The age was that of the *Homöousion* and *Homoiousion* dispute, and theological discussion ran high, the very heathen taking part in it. It is related that one of these, a philosopher, described as a perfect master of argument, who, when apparently caught by an opponent, would slip through his hands like an eel or a snake, was assailing a group of Christians. Spyridion, who was within hearing, unable any longer to bear the taunts of the heathen philosopher, came forth to refute him. He had for Christ's sake undergone various mutilations in the persecutions with which, during preceding reigns, Christians had been only too familiar; and his uncouth appearance provoked a roar of laughter from his opponents, while his friends were not a little uneasy at seeing their cause in the hands of so unskilled a champion. But conscious of being strong in the cause of truth and God, the shepherd-bishop called out, "In the name of Jesus Christ, hear me, philosopher. There is one God, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible; who made all things by the power of His Word, and by the holiness of His Holy Spirit.

This Word, by which name *we* call the Son of God, took compassion on men for their wandering astray, and for their savage condition, and chose to be born of a woman, and to converse with men, and to die for them, and He shall come again to judge every one for the things done in life. These things we believe without curious inquiry. Cease, therefore, the vain labour of seeking proofs for or against what is established by faith, and the manner in which these things may be, or may not be ; but, if thou believest, answer at once to me as I put my questions to you."

This was a new mode of argument to the philosopher, and in his confusion he could only reply that he assented. "Then," answered the old man, "if thou believest this, rise and follow me to the Lord's house, and receive the sign of this faith." Turning round to his friends, the philosopher exclaimed, "Hear, my learned friends : so long as it was a matter of word, I opposed words to words, and whatever was spoken I overthrew by my skill in speaking ; but when, in the place of words, power came out of the speaker's lips, words could no longer resist power, man could no longer resist. If any of you feel as I have felt, let him believe in Christ, and let him follow this old man in whom God has spoken."

Would that in every preacher God spoke, and on every occasion ; for man finds it difficult to withstand God, words cannot resist His power.

S. A. S.

ALL FOR CHRIST.

BY THE LATE MRS. L. M. ROUSE.



IN the altar lay the offerings,
 Costly gold and silver piled ;
 Various hands the gifts presented,
 Hoary age and little child.

Some from out their bounteous storehouse
 Brought the rare and costly gem ;
 By the Master's hand entrusted,
 Lovingly restored by them.

Nobler gifts had others offered,
Childhood's vows and manhood's choice ;
Strength for labour and for service,
Busy pen or living voice.

Some to whom no earthly riches
By the Master had been given,
Laid themselves upon the altar,
Tasting here the joys of heaven.

Small the gifts by some presented,
Large compared with what remained ;
In the sanctuary's perfect balance,
Prouder offerings oft they shamed.

By the altar sat the Master,
Seeing all, yet saying nought ;
All were welcome, all accepted,
That from love to Him were brought.

Help us, Master, all who love Thee,
May we seek Thy praise alone ;
Saying, as we bring our offerings,
"We have brought Thee but Thine own."

BRIEF NOTES.



OUR June number will contain a portrait of the popular pastor of the East London Tabernacle, the Rev. Archibald G. Brown. The literary sketch is being prepared by one who has known Mr. Brown intimately from the beginning of his public career, and is specially qualified to describe the man and his work.

While the sheets of our present number are passing through the press, the Spring anniversary meetings of our various Baptist societies will be "in full blast." We trust that this will be so in the truest sense of the words, that the breath of God will be breathed into them all, and that that Divine light and heat may be the result which can alone produce the effects desired, both in the Church and on the world. From the programme of proceedings which the secretaries have been able to put forth, meetings of great interest and usefulness may be anticipated.

Professor Huxley's opinion is that "whatever else it may claim to be, in its relations with the State, the Established Church is a branch of the Civil Service ;

and for those who repudiate the ecclesiastical authority of the clergy they are merely civil servants, as much responsible to the English people for the proper performance of their duties as any others." The clergy of the Establishment will not thank the Professor for his opinion, any more than they will thank him for several other plain and true things which he tells them in an article he contributed to the April number of the *Nineteenth Century*, written to justify himself against the Duke of Argyll, who called him to book for having presumed to set Canon Liddon right upon some matters of science he had introduced into a sermon which he had preached at St. Paul's, and which had found its way into print.

Among other things, Dr. Liddon had ascribed to men of science the doctrine that "miracles are incredible, because violations of the laws of nature." The Professor impugned the justice of this ascription; in fact, denied the truth of the statement. It is undeniable that the belief very largely prevails that scientists do teach what the eloquent Canon credited them with teaching, and it cannot be too widely known that the great high priest of science in this country, speaking in the name of science, declares that the objection that miracles are incredible, on the ground that they are violations of natural law, has "now been generally abandoned."

Canon Liddon is not a bishop, though he has been offered two or three bishoprics. If he had been, the Professor, very possibly, would have left him alone; for we have some reason for believing that he has a very pronounced opinion as to the hopelessness of putting bishops right.

Some time ago Dr. Huxley was lecturing before his class, at South Kensington, on the structure and function of the heart, and made a *naïve* and amusing confession which is worth recording. He said that for a long time after he commenced his biological studies he was perplexed as to the mitral valve of the heart, and could not remember with perfect certainty on which side it was. At length a happy thought accrued to him. "Mitral" was an adjective formed from "mitre," the capital adornment of a bishop. Hence the *mitral* valve of the heart became associated in his mind with the occupant of an episcopal see. "And, remembering," said he, "that *the bishops are always on the wrong side*, I have from that day to this had no difficulty in remembering that the mitral valve of the heart is on the *left* side of that organ." We can vouch for the truth of the story, having received it from the lips of one of the students who was present on the occasion referred to.

In the same number of the periodical referred to is an article by the Hon. R. Brett, an ardent disciple of the ex-Premier. From this article we cull the following:—"On the whole, both in Parliament and the constituencies, the men who disapproved Mr. Gladstone's Bills, and who let their disapproval be known, were marked by a peculiarly high standard of public virtue, as well as of political intelligence." Again, Mr. Brett allows that, "although those Bills (the

Home Rule and Land Purchase Bills) contained a principle salutary both for England and Ireland, their details were so hastily and so ill conceived that the demonstration of their shortcomings has finally convinced even their authors." He confesses that "the solid claim" which the Liberal Unionists have upon "the regard and gratitude" of their fellow-countrymen "is that they destroyed the Bills of last year." We make no comment on these statements of a prominent advocate of Home Rule, and would only further say: What a comment upon what Mr. Courtney recently said about the decay of public virtue in our public men is Mr. Brett's frank avowal "that many of those who supported Mr. Gladstone's Bills, though they spoke up for them in their constituencies, denounced them in the lobbies of the House of Commons." God help the country, when the popular representatives are ready to speak and act contrary to their convictions for that which they *think* will please the democracy and secure them place and power!

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

- BROWN, J. C., late of Brixton, has accepted the pastorate at Gunnersbury.
- CLARK, C., of Ealing, has resigned, but has been requested to withdraw his resignation.
- EVANS, W., has resigned the church at Harborne, Birmingham.
- FAWCETT, J. R., has accepted pastorate of New Church, Middlesborough.
- FIELD, F. B., has settled at Cheddar.
- HUDGELL, G., of Clifton, has settled at Calne.
- JAMES, FRANK, of Pastors' College, has become pastor of Kingsgate Street Church, Holborn.
- JAMES, F., of St. Mary Cray, has resigned.
- JOHN, D. B., of Pontyford, has accepted invitation from Morlais English Baptist Church, Merthyr Tydfil.
- JONES, W., has resigned Old Swan in order to devote whole energies to church at The Brook.
- JONES, J. H., of Bristol College, settles at Appledore.
- MARTIN, W. A., of Pastors' College, has accepted call from church at Bovingdon.
- MILLS, J., late of Bradford, has been recognised pastor of Union Church, West Gorton.
- McKITTRICK, W. J., has been recognised pastor of church at Lechlade.
- MORSE, E., has been invited to Ognore Vale English Baptist Church, Glamorganshire.
- NORWOOD, F., removes from Epworth to Eastgate Church, Louth.
- OAKLEY, H., has been recognised pastor at Sarratt.
- POOKE, W., has been welcomed as pastor of Zion Church, Clerkenwell Road, London.
- PROUT, A. T., on leaving Longmore Street Church, Birmingham, has been presented with an address and a purse of gold.
- PURCHASE, W. H., has been welcomed back to Leominster.

RICE, WILLOTT, of Wolvey, removes to Bramley.

RUSSELL, J. R., Barrow-in-Furness, has resigned.

STOCK, A., removes from Weston-by-Weedon to Honiton.

WATTS, H., resigns Hyde, Manchester.

WYARD, J. S., late of Harlington, has been invited to take charge of a newly formed church at Groveland, Reading.

WILLIAMSON, R. J., Studley, has received public recognition.

WILLIAMS, J., leaves Penuel, Roch, for Ebenezer, Llandyssol.

WESTLAKE, F. T. B., of Pastors' College, has been elected to pastorate of Parnell Road Church, Old Ford, London.

VAUGHAN, W., of Darfield Street Church, Bradford has deceased in his 76th year.

WILLIS, JOSEPH, of Croydon, died March 20th, in his 59th year.

REVIEWS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE CATHOLIC EPISTLES. By Paton J. Gloag, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street.

INTRODUCTIONS to the books of Scripture, as distinct from Commentaries on them, are by no means too numerous. Dr. Gloag has himself written the best popular "Introduction to the Pauline Epistles" with which we are acquainted, and he has now performed a similar service for the Catholic Epistles—the Epistles, *i.e.*, of James, Peter, John, and Jude. The only other work of the same class which we have recently received is Prof. Salmon's "Introduction to the New Testament," a work which is at once able, scholarly, and candid, and considering the wide range of its subject, probably unique. But it is certainly not exhaustive; and there was not only room but a demand for Dr. Gloag's new volume, which, if less extensive, is more intensive.

The questions discussed are, of course, those which relate to the authenticity, the authorship, the date, the purpose, and the readers of the various Epistles. Dr. Gloag brings to the discussion a fulness of knowledge, a strength and candour of judgment, and a lucidity of style which render his dissertations reliable, instructive, and attractive. He is thoroughly conversant with the writings of every school of critics, and is ignorant of no opinion of moment, or of the grounds on which it is based. He is frank, open to conviction, and unflinching in his devotion to truth and fact. This is one of the most conspicuous features of his work; and though his conclusions will be generally regarded as orthodox, the most pronounced rationalists will read his words with respect. We are specially thankful for his sober and timely arguments in relation to the authenticity of the 2 Peter. He does not dogmatise or treat the doubters of its Petrine authorship with harshness, but he shows on indisputable grounds that the balance of evidence is in its favour. In all cases Dr. Gloag's summaries of the design and contents of

the Epistles are full and comprehensive, and furnish valuable aid to their interpretation ; while the dissertations on the Pauline and Jacobean views of Justification, the Anointing of the Sick, Petrine Theology, and Gnosticism are marked by a depth of scholarship, a clearness of critical insight, and a soundness of theological judgment which give to them a permanent worth. They are among the ablest Biblical studies of our day. What a boon it would be if our congregations had an opportunity of listening to lectures on lines such as these !

AENIGMA VITAE ; or, Christianity and Modern Thought. By John Wilson, M.A., late of Abernyte, Scotland. London : Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS is unquestionably a strong book, and timely as it is strong. Its author has rendered effective and brilliant service to Christianity, and proved by a chain of clear and forcible reasoning its absolute superiority to "Modern Thought." One of the most marked tendencies of our day is that which was described by Amiel of Geneva as the wish to remove Christianity from the sphere of history to that of psychology. The tendency ought to be resisted. It is unphilosophical and unscientific. It is the result of *a priori* assumptions which are often but another name for prejudice, and it ignores what from any standpoint must be regarded as vital elements in the problem. But Mr. Wilson has no difficulty in showing that these anti-Christian thinkers do not mean all that their words imply. Their psychology is partial. Their appeal to consciousness is to consciousness in a restricted and non-normal sense. Meet them on their own ground, and insist on their carrying out their principles in a fair and honourable manner and to their logical conclusion, and it will be found that even psychology leads to Christ. Mr. Wilson is a robust thinker, a trained metaphysician, a man who has honestly grappled with the problems started by agnostics and materialists, and tested the utter inadequacy of the answers they give to them. He deals in successive sections of his work with "Self-knowledge (as) the Key to Truth," "The First Steps of the Ego's Pilgrimage" (in knowledge, love, &c.), "The Pathway to Godly Knowledge," and "The Goal of the Finite Ego" (which is and must be union to God in Christ). Not only is his essay vigorous and logical, it is rich in historical illustration and beautiful alike in thought and expression.

SCOTTISH NATIONALITY, and Other Papers. By the late Rev. John Ker, D.D. Edinburgh : Andrew Elliot, 17, Princes Street. 1887.

THE contents of this volume are for the most part reprints ; but they will be new to the majority of our readers, and cannot fail to secure a cordial welcome. Dr. Ker never threw off hasty or superficial work. All that he published addressed itself to the eye as well as to the ear, and invited frequent perusal. In the first of these papers he shows that the thoroughgoing Protestantism of Scotland has been the most powerful factor in Scottish character and history ; and in subsequent papers he indirectly illustrates this position by sketching the lives of some of the most distinguished Scotchmen of different ages—*e.g.*, John Knox, Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, Dr. Guthrie, and Dr. W. B. Robertson, of Irvine. There is, in

addition, a charming lecture on "The Early History of Glasgow," and a letter on "A Day in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale," which abounds in treasures from "the storied past." A series of "Canadian Letters," addressed during a tour in Canada to the young men of his congregation, in 1863, reveal not only rare powers of observation, but an equally rare depth of political wisdom. Broad historical research, vivid portraiture, exquisite description, subtle philosophic reflection, the delicate play of imagination, refined and generous sympathy, and fervid evangelical piety, give to this series of papers a quite unique charm.

THE STORY OF OUR LORD. By Frances Younghusband. London : Longmans, Green, & Co.

A NARRATIVE, in simple and graceful English, of the Life of Our Lord, told in a continuous and connected form, and for the special benefit of the young. Illustrations, taken from Messrs. Longman's edition of the New Testament, are a very valuable feature of the work. Many of them are extremely beautiful. We are sorry to find a copy of Andrea del Sarto's painting of the Baptism of Christ, in which John is represented as pouring water over the head of Christ. This is false to fact, and therefore to art. Where does the author get his authority for saying that John poured the water on the head of Jesus ? and where are we told that the Baptist clothed the baptized with pure white garments ?

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GOETHE AND CARLYLE. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. London : Macmillan & Co. 1887.

AMONG the voluminous Carlyle literature, the correspondence now published possesses pre-eminent interest. Goethe's influence on the character and pursuits of Carlyle was for years before his death an open secret, and it is pleasant to be able to trace the beginnings and the growth of that influence. We here see Carlyle in his happiest mood. He has only enthusiastic admiration for the genius and geniality of his literary hero. He values the friendship and appreciation of his master as his highest reward, and finds in them a stimulus to heroic exertion. There can be no doubt that Goethe brought into play all that was best in Carlyle's nature, and it was in this more than in any other way that he really helped him. At least, we cannot see what new truth Goethe proclaimed, or what new principles of action he discovered. Nor beyond this point are we told anything definite. "If I have been delivered from darkness into any measure of light," wrote Carlyle, "if I know aught of myself and my duties and destination, it is to the study of your writings more than to any other circumstance that I owe this : it is you more than any other man that I should always thank and reverence with the feeling of a disciple to his master, nay, of a son to his spiritual father. This is no idle compliment, but a heartfelt truth ; and, humble as it is, I feel that the knowledge of such truths must be more pleasing to you than all other glory." This extract is really the key-note of the correspondence. Goethe, on his side, was delighted with the appreciation of so unique and intelligent a

disciple ; a man, who as he saw, was cast in an entirely original mould, whom he might stimulate but could not slavishly control.

The correspondence began in 1824, when Carlyle was in his twenty-ninth year and Goethe in his seventy-fifth. It continued until near the death of the latter in 1832. It is in some respects the best aid to the study of Carlyle, his intellectual and moral development, that we have yet received. There was on his part a thorough unveiling of his heart. He speaks with the utmost freedom of his doubts and difficulties and aspirations, of his domestic life and happiness, his modes of work, and his surroundings. Very pleasant, too, are the glimpses we get of Mrs. Carlyle, and for *her* sake it is well that the correspondence has been published. Not less gratifying is it to see something of Goethe's household, to hear his opinions on the great questions which agitate the thinking world, and to listen to him "in undress." Altogether this volume is one of the most delightful of its kind that we have read for a long time. Even those whose religious standpoint is as diametrically opposed as is our own to that of the distinguished correspondents will yet be anxious to understand their position, and to see them in the freedom of their friendly intercourse. Many of these letters have more weight than the majority of large books, and are full of brilliant and powerful suggestions on questions of literature, morals, and art.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Matthew Henry. Vol. VII. Acts xx.—xxviii., Romans. London : Thomas C. Jack, 45, Ludgate Hill.

WE need do little more than repeat our commendation of Mr. Jack's edition of Matthew Henry's Commentary on the New Testament as the cheapest and most convenient which has been published. In regard to its size, its paper, printing, and binding it is all that can be desired. The readings of the Revised Version are inserted in the text in brackets. We rejoice in this admirable reprint.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS, HOW NEEL FOUND THE GOLDEN CITY, and other Stories. London : Baptist Tract Society, 15, Cursitor Street.

OUR neighbours—in whose work we are deeply interested and for which we should like to bespeak the sympathy of our readers—have issued a series of book-tracts, most of which are in the form of narratives, and all of which are admirable illustrations of the power and value of the Gospel and of Christian faith. The series has our hearty commendation.

A CRY FROM THE LAND OF CALVIN AND VOLTAIRE : Records of the McAll Mission. With Introduction by the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. London : Hodder & Stoughton.

No books are more instructive or inspiring than well-written records of Christian work. This is admirably written. It is full of powerful incidents from work among all classes

THE PREACHER'S PILGRIMAGE: A Study of the Book of Ecclesiastes. By Rev. J. Hunt Cooke. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A WORK which, as the author modestly tells us, presents the results of research rather than its processes, is not likely on that account to be regarded with disfavour. It is at least evident that all requisite processes have been carefully and conscientiously gone through. The Hebrew text has been diligently studied, conflicting interpretations have been weighed, and light has been welcomed from all quarters. Mr. Cooke has weighed every part of his subject patiently and thoroughly, and writes on it with ease and grace, as well as with a rare facility of illustration. He believes that Solomon was the author of "The Ecclesiastes," and that the book describes not so much the quest after the chief good, which was known to be God, as the endeavour to find out the real worth of worldly pleasures and pursuits. How much could these do for a man under the most favourable possible conditions? The outline of the book is ingenious, and the bearing of its truths on our modern life is forcibly pointed out.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY, Nos. LI.—LXVI.

WE cannot too highly commend Messrs. Cassell's enterprise or applaud their perseverance in thus bringing the best literature—the great English classics—within the reach of every cottager in the land. We are sincerely thankful that in this library alone we are supplied with so many of what in any list must be regarded as among "the best hundred books." We have now before us Dr. Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," Keble's "Christian Year," Waterton's "Wanderings in South America," "The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury," several of Plutarch's "Lives," Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and his essay on "The Earl of Chatham;" Isaac Barrow's famous "Sermons on Evil Speaking;" Thomas Love Peacock's "Crotchet Castle"; Lodge's "Rosalind"; and Steele and Addison's "Isaac Bickerstaffe." A choicer variety it would be difficult to imagine. It has been a real delight to renew our acquaintance with good old Dr. Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides," and to read his graphic descriptions of the finest holiday-ground of the North. How few of us would have the courage to travel amid the difficulties that confronted him! Happily, in this age of railways, stage coaches, and magnificent steamboats—a sort of floating palaces—the difficulties have practically vanished. All these books are, in their own line, excellent; and none of them have hitherto been obtainable at so trivial a cost. Imagine our being able to get the "Christian Year," Macaulay's "Lays," and Waterton's "Travels" for threepence! We should be glad if there could be included in this series a few more of Bunyan's shorter writings, a selection of Cowper's Poems and Letters, Francis Quarles's Divine Emblems, Henry Vaughan's Poems, Ralph Cudworth's celebrated Sermon before the House of Commons on Knowing God and Keeping His Commandments, a few of Robert Hall's and John Foster's best pieces, and, if the law of copyright did not prevent it, one or two of Henry Rogers's Essays from the *Edinburgh Review*. We cordially wish Messrs. Cassell's National Library the utmost possible success.

ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE. The Annual Address to the Students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, delivered at the Mansion House, February 26th, 1887. By John Morley. London: Macmillan & Co.

It may, as Mr. Morley asserts, be difficult to say anything new on the subject of this address. But the address itself is the best proof we could desire of the ease with which some men can surmount difficulties. We have ourselves read somewhat extensively on the study of literature. But *nowhere* have we come across thought more fresh and vigorous, insight more clear and many-sided, judgments more sober, or counsels more wise and practical. The moral tone of the address is healthy and inspiring; its ideals are manly, and its literary form has an undefinable charm which can only result from a perfect combination of good sense and culture. The outspoken but temperate condemnation of the prevalent taste for novel-reading ought to carry great weight. This address ought to be in the hands of every young man and young woman in the United Kingdom.

SELF WILL AND GOD'S WILL; or, How to discern what is God's Will in the Perplexing Questions of Life. By Otto Funcke, Pastor of the Friedenskirche in Bremen. Translated from the Ninth Edition by Elizabeth Stirling. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

PASTOR FUNCKE, the popular Evangelical preacher of Bremen, has sometimes been described as the Spurgeon of Germany; and if we may judge from what we know of him through his writings (especially this little devotional book and his sermons on Jonah), we

should say the comparison is eminently just. He has masculine commonsense, ready wit, genial humour, a rare facility of illustration, unhesitating faith in the old Gospel, and a devoutness of mind which puts the bulk of men to shame. This little book traces the root of all evil to self-will, and shows the absolute necessity, as well as the wisdom and the joy, of submitting to God's will. Its counsels as to the way in which each man may discover the will of God are wise, valid, and sufficient. A book which has reached its ninth German edition, and is introduced to English readers in a commendatory note from Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, is sure to secure a large circulation, and it assuredly deserves it.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS, German, French and Italian. By Geo. T. Ferris. With Introduction by Mrs. W. Sharp.

LIFE OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. By Joseph Knight.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE (Selected). With Introductory Sketch by John Hogben. London: Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

ALL lovers of music will welcome the Camelot Classics edition of Ferris's "Great Composers," a work originally published at a high price in America. It contains sketches of the lives and works of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Verdi, Gounod, and many others. The editor supplies an interesting Introduction, and brings the work up to date, as in her notes to the essays on Gounod, Verdi, &c.

Mr. Knight's monograph on "Rossetti" in the series of "Great Writers" is a

valuable introduction to the writings of this brilliant realistic poet. We are not among his enthusiastic admirers. Much of his poetry is weak and repulsive. But Mr. Knight has on the whole done his work judiciously, and his little manual will be widely appreciated.

The selection from "Pope" has been admirably made. It includes all Pope's best work, in the most convenient form, and at a trifling cost, while Mr. Hogben's essay contains the cream of recent criticism and research.

MOSES: His Life and Times. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, &c. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

MR. EXELL, the editor of "The Men of the Bible," acted wisely in securing the services of Canon Rawlinson for the handbook on Moses. This accomplished Oriental scholar has already laid Biblical students under great obligations, not only by his great work on "The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient World," but by his Commentary on Exodus (in Bishop Ellicott's *Commentary for English Readers*), and his Manuals in "The Ancient Monuments," &c. The work now before us is at once comprehensive and complete, full of recondite information as to the conditions of the age of Moses and his surroundings, and throwing light on the Scripture narratives from the most unexpected quarters. It is, moreover, delightfully written.

SIXTH GEOGRAPHICAL READER. Standard VII. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD'S educational series, edited by Prof. Meiklejohn,

stands in the very first rank, and conveys, in volume after volume, a marvellous amount of information. This volume describes the ocean, the tides, and the planetary system in selections from standard authors in prose and poetry. It contains some delightful reading, such as would ensure many a pleasant evening in the family circle.

LESSONS ON THE NAMES AND TITLES OF OUR LORD, and the Prophecies concerning Him. By Flavel S. Cook, M.A., D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

THE root idea of this book is well worthy of commendation, and it is worked out with a fulness of knowledge, a depth of spiritual experience, and a deftness of literary skill which will ensure the work wide acceptance among Sunday-school teachers and others. The statements are necessarily condensed, but they may easily be expanded into useful and attractive lessons or addresses.

NEIL WILLOX: A Story of Edinburgh in the Days of Queen Mary. By Jessie M'Laren.

GLENARLIE; or, The Last of the Græmes. By Robina F. Hardy. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1886.

THE two volumes here named are published in Messrs. Oliphant's "Half-Crown Series," and are admirable sketches of Scottish life and character in widely different periods. *Neil Willox* portrays the character of Mary Stuart and of John Knox in a singularly vivid style, and gives as clear and true an idea of the struggles of the Reformation period as we have ever met with.

Glenarlie is a Highland story, abounding in racy and frequently brilliant studies of character. The social and ecclesiastical life of the Highlands is sympathetically depicted. We can see the parish kirk and its rustic worshippers, and go through every detail of the service. Dr. Cargill is a fine old character. There is a "breeziness" about the book which is very refreshing. It is as bracing as the Northern air.

CRUDEN'S COMPLETE CONCORDANCE to the Old and New Testaments. Popular Edition. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

OF the worth of "Cruden's Concordance" it is, of course, absolutely superfluous to speak. Messrs. Morgan & Scott's edition is not only the cheapest in existence, but the best. It contains a valuable appendix, in which we have, first, a list of all the proper names of the Bible in alphabetical order, with their meanings in the original; and, second,

mention of the various places in which they are found. This appendix has been supplied by Rev. Alfred Jones, M.A., and is scholarly and trustworthy. It will greatly increase the usefulness of this valuable work.

HOW TO WIN. A Book for Girls. By Frances E. Willard. With an Introduction by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. London: Funk & Wagnalls, 44, Fleet Street. 1886.

MISS WILLARD knows girl nature both on its weak side and its strong. She knows, too, how much girls may make of themselves, and what fine possibilities of usefulness and honour are within their reach. She has strong practical sense, a kindly heart, a cheery Christian faith, a high ideal of womanhood, and a pen which is at once facile and graceful. This is a book which will make girls think, and help them to attain a place in "the perfect flower of womanhood."

LITERARY NOTES.



OUR publishers make what should prove a very attractive offer in regard to Dr. Underhill's "Life of James Mursell Phillippo." The work, which was originally published at 6s. 6d., may now be obtained for half-a-crown. A more useful and charming volume we have rarely read. Friends desiring a copy should procure it without delay.

THE best papers in the April *Century* (T. Fisher Unwin) are those on "Canterbury Cathedral," "Church and Meeting House before the Revolution," and Mark Twain's amusing article on "English as she is taught." The second of these gives an account, not only of the New England ecclesiastical buildings, but of the services as well. How we have advanced since those days! At least we flatter ourselves with the idea that it is an advance we have made. The illustrations

are throughout excellent, and the literary matter of the highest class. We have no more welcome periodical than this.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his article on "A Friend of God" in the *Nineteenth Century*, refers to Miss Winkworth's translation of John Tauler's Sermons, with a Preface by Charles Kingsley, published (we believe) about thirty years ago. He also refers to the *Theologia Germanica*, a favourite book of Luther's. This also was translated into English by Miss Winkworth, and published in Messrs. Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series." Both these works are now out of print. It is a marvel that no new editions of them should be issued. The *Theologia*, at any rate, should be re-issued. Unless we are mistaken, it would have a larger sale now than at any previous time.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN has issued a third series of "Expositions" by Dr. Samuel Cox, of Nottingham. Mr. Elliot Stock is, we understand, to publish a selection from the sermons of the late Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A. Both volumes will be cordially welcomed. Dr. Alexander Maclaren has commenced, in the last number of the *Expositor*, a series of expository lectures on the Epistle to Philemon. We hope his lectures on the Colossians will be issued in a separate volume. We cannot afford to lose any of his work.

THE articles contributed at intervals during the last seven years by Dr. Jessopp to the *Nineteenth Century* have been collected into a volume entitled, "Arcadia: For Better, For Worse" (T. Fisher Unwin). The book gives the reverse of a cheerful picture of the condition of the agricultural districts in East Anglia. In the Doctor's estimation, change is by no means equivalent to improvement. In some respects he laments "the good old days." Advocates of Home Mission work could not do better than read this book. There is evidently ample scope in England, not less than in India and "the Dark Continent," for the evangelist.

THE last number of the *New Princeton Review* (Hodder & Stoughton) contains three articles of special note: "Napoleon Bonaparte," by Henri Taine; "The Essentials of Eloquence," by Dr. W. M. Taylor, an article which all students, for the ministry especially, should read; and "George Meredith," by F. L. Shaw. Mr. Brander Matthews's "Idle Notes of an Uneventful Voyage" is thoroughly characteristic. Among the critiques, two are of very high value, those, viz., on Mr. Henry George's "Theory of the Land," and on Lord Tennyson's "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After."

THE *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* (James Nisbet & Son) has reached us too late for criticism. Mr. Exell has put new life into it, and its contents are as vigorous and interesting as they are varied.



London Stereoscopic & Photographic Co Ltd (Permanent Print)

*Yours fraternally
Archibald Brown*

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1887.

THE REV. ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.



THE career of the Rev. Archibald Geikie Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, has been of an unusually interesting character, and his earnest, faithful ministry has been crowned with the most varied and abundant success. To our readers who are at all acquainted with his work, it will be evident that in the limited space at our disposal in the present issue of this MAGAZINE, it will be impossible to do more than give a brief and incomplete outline of the facts connected with his life and service. We cherish the hope, that some day our brother's biography may be written in full, and we venture to predict that if the work be properly and faithfully performed, it will be worthy to take its place amongst the most popular and instructive biographies of modern times.

Mr. Brown was born at Brixton Hill, London, on July 18, 1844. We are not aware that he attaches any great importance to mere pedigree, but there can be no doubt that he comes of a good family, some of the members of which have risen to positions of eminence

and usefulness in their own line of things; amongst whom we might mention Archibald Geikie, the geologist; John Geikie, the well-known Scotch etcher; and Dr. Cunningham Geikie, author of the "Life and Words of Christ," the latter being Mr. Brown's cousin. He had the good fortune to be brought up in a Christian home; and of the gentle influence of a beloved mother during those early years he is never tired of speaking. At the age of fourteen he was sent to a boarding school at Brighton, and it would seem that the very lively and energetic temperament which he now possesses had even then begun to manifest itself. He is credited with having said that his school days were "distinguished more for larking than learning." Whether this was so or not, it is a fact that he ran away from school some time before his term had expired. It was his father's intention that he should remain at Brighton as long as was necessary to complete his education, and then go direct into business. The interval, however, which he spent at home between leaving school and entering upon commercial pursuits proved to be the turning point in his history. God in His infinite wisdom overruled his youthful recklessness for His own glory, and out of what looked like an act of rebellion against teachers, and disobedience to parents, He brought surrender to His own claims, and consecration to His own service. During these unemployed days at home he was induced by a friend—afterwards his devoted wife—to attend a drawing-room meeting at Streatham, conducted by Stephenson A. Blackwood, Esq., C.B. It was here that, at the age of about sixteen, the grace of God laid hold upon him, and the great change was wrought, which was to influence not only himself personally, but, through the goodness of the Lord, the character and destiny of multitudes besides. On June 20, 1861, he was baptized at the Metropolitan Tabernacle (of which his father was a deacon) by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. He did not, however, become a member of the church at the Tabernacle, but united with the Congregational Church at Union Chapel, Brixton Hill. About this time he entered business at a tea broker's in the City, spending his evenings in giving addresses in the various school rooms and mission halls in the neighbourhood of his home. Finding that he was unable to continue both, and being told by his doctor that he must give up one or the other, he decided to relinquish business and devote himself entirely to the ministry. In 1862, he

applied to Mr. Spurgeon for admission into the Pastors' College, and was at once kindly received.

In the early days of the College the students were encouraged to avail themselves of every opportunity for preaching the Gospel. When Mr. Brown had been in the Institution about five or six weeks he was requested to preach at Bromley, Kent. The congregation consisted of about twenty persons who met in the White Hart Assembly Room. From the beginning the Lord greatly blessed the work, and during his four years' ministry there he succeeded in gathering a good congregation, forming a church, and building a substantial and commodious chapel. His popular and energetic style of preaching made him quite a favourite wherever he was known. Mr. Spurgeon was glad to secure his services at the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and preaching there one Thursday night he was heard by several deacons of Stepney Green Tabernacle, then in want of a minister. The result was an introduction to the church and a unanimous invitation to the pastorate. In the East of London, Mr. Brown appears to have found his proper sphere, and the opportunity for the fullest exercise of the many extraordinary gifts with which Providence has endowed him. There could be no misgiving on the part of those who induced him to come amongst them as to the wisdom and rightness of the step they had taken. In a few weeks the Tabernacle on the Green was crowded to excess, and admission by ticket became necessary. Sinners were converted in great numbers, and on the church leaving for the new sanctuary its membership was numerically the same as "the sittings" in the old building.

In February, 1872, the "East London Tabernacle" was opened. It is capable of accommodating nearly three thousand persons, and was built at a cost of about £12,000; generous and munificent gifts towards this amount being made by the pastor's father. This building during all these years has been crowded at nearly all the services, and the church is now the second largest in the United Kingdom, numbering more than two thousand members. In connection with the place there are all kinds of agencies for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, and the full extent of the good effected thereby will probably never be known. When it is remembered that during the twenty years of our brother's ministry in this part of London more than 4,000 persons have been received into church fellowship, we feel that we must magnify the

grace of God in His servant, and earnestly pray that he may be preserved in health and strength to labour in the Saviour's Kingdom for many years to come.

Notwithstanding the heavy demands made upon his time by his own congregation, Mr. Brown has always been most willing to render any assistance in his power to other churches. For many years he devoted two or three days a week to preaching on anniversary and other special occasions in various parts of the country; his services being almost without an exception perfectly gratuitous. In this way he has gained the respect, the confidence, and the love of a large number of his ministerial brethren. His generous and unselfish spirit has always been one of the most conspicuous traits in his character. If this were the place to refer to it at length, we might give an almost unlimited number of instances in which it has been displayed. Want of space forbids us to say more on this point; a sense of duty would not allow us to say less.

In 1877 he was elected President of the London Baptist Association; and though the youngest man who ever occupied its chair, being only thirty-two years of age, it was universally felt that the position was one for which he was eminently qualified, and to which he was fully entitled. During his term of office the handsome chapel at Leytonstone was erected at a cost of £5,000, the memorial stone of which was laid by Mr. Brown on November 1 of that year.

Of his characteristics as a preacher we have no space to speak in detail. His theological views would be regarded by many as antiquated, and utterly unsuited to the requirements of modern times. Mr. Brown, however, holds them with an intelligent earnestness; and while the critics are quibbling about his lack of what they term enlightenment and culture, he is making full proof of his ministry by preaching the old Gospel, and his words are being blessed to the conversion of multitudes of souls. He believes in the terrible reality of human guilt, and he recognises in the atoning sacrifice of Christ the one only remedy by which it is to be removed. His preaching is intensely evangelical in its character, and his sermons are delivered with a whole-hearted enthusiasm which makes it manifest that to him the pastoral office is no mere profession, but a sacred and divine calling which demands the completest consecration of all the powers by which he has been endowed. He is a man of wonderful force of

character, he has struck out in a path peculiarly his own, he has copied no one, and has remained true to his individuality.

No one will be surprised to hear that he has received the most tempting invitations to other spheres of service. We know that, as a matter of fact, these have come from the United States, and other places; while it was only the other week that he was urgently requested to accept the pastorate of an influential church in Tasmania. Hitherto these "calls" have been declined; and while we are aware that God might do even greater things by him in some new region, we can but earnestly cherish the hope that, for the sake of the teeming and toiling masses of the East of London, he may be led to see that it is his duty to remain where he is. We commend him to the guidance of the Lord, and are confident that in this, as in all other things, "the Judge of all the earth" will "do right." That there is no lack of appreciation of his services on the part of his own congregation is evident from the fact that in January last, on the completion of twenty years of his ministry amongst them, they presented him with a beautifully illuminated address, together with a cheque for £250. The money was contributed for the purpose of covering the expense of a tour which they wished him to take in company with Mrs. Brown to the Holy Land. Freedom was granted him to employ it in any other manner if he could not see his way to comply with their request. With a generosity and self-forgetfulness which harmonise with his entire character, he determined to put the amount in trust, and devote the interest, about £1 a month, to some poor widow to be selected annually by the church.

We are afraid of incurring the displeasure of the respected Editor by making this article too long, but our sketch would be inexcusably incomplete if we did not refer to the wonderful way in which the work connected with the East London Tabernacle has developed during the past few years. During the severe winter of 1879-80, Mr. Brown was led to commence a work in which relief for temporal needs should be combined with evangelistic effort. The matter was mentioned to his own people and to one or two personal friends, with the result that during two months £400 was received for the purpose. It was subsequently decided to give a permanent character to the work, and three missionaries were employed in carrying the Gospel to the poor in the neighbourhood, sifting out genuine cases of want,

and, as far as possible, lending a helping hand. In addition to the outside assistance rendered to the poor, an Orphan Home for boys was established; and almost as soon as it was opened thirteen of the class for whom it was intended found protection and provision beneath its friendly roof. So largely was this mission and philanthropic service blessed of God, that during the first ten months of its operation considerably over £1,000 was generously contributed towards its support. From that time till the present the work has been carried on with ever increasing usefulness and an augmented measure of success. In 1884 a Sea-side Home was opened at Herne Bay, to which the poor weary toilers of East London might be sent for rest and change; in some cases the whole expense being borne for them. This mission work is an enterprise so vast to be undertaken by a single individual, that to many it is simply marvellous how it is so efficiently sustained. At the present time we believe there are nine missionaries devoting the whole of their time to this truly Christlike service, and during last year no fewer than 24,923 visits were made. Relief, generally in the way of food, was given in 10,000 cases. Sick cases to the number of 3,326 were specially cared for, while in the clothing department more than 5,400 articles were distributed. Emigration occupied a large share of attention, nearly £300 having been spent in that work, and two hundred poor persons were greatly benefited by a time of rest at the Sea-side Home. The amount sent to Mr. Brown from all parts of the country for carrying on this great work, reached a total last year of more than £3,000.

This in itself is a record of noble toil of which a man might well be proud, and for which every Christian heart should devoutly thank God. We bless His name for having raised up so devoted and successful a servant, and we are sure that Mr. Brown will be most heartily with us when we say "to God be all the glory." We have already made reference to his theology; but however diversified may be our opinions respecting this, we shall all agree that in his practical methods of trying to solve the deep problems of the social life of the great East End of London, he has been working in harmony with the example of the Saviour, and along the lines of the soundest common sense and the truest philosophy. While others have been speculating as to how the masses are to be reached, and have worse than wasted their time in whining over their miseries, Mr. Brown, with a heart

full of sympathy, a spirit buoyant with hope, and an invincible confidence in God, has taken the Gospel to their very doors, and has been richly rewarded by the most unmistakable evidences that his efforts have not been put forth in vain. Long may he live to labour, and more largely may he be blessed as the years roll by!

JOHN HILLMAN.

PROGRESS OF RELIGION DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN.



HE twentieth day of the present month is, as every Englishman knows, the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of Queen Victoria to the British throne. A favourite topic of late has been the progress which the nation has made during her Majesty's reign. This progress, however, has been regarded chiefly from a political or material point of view; it may be welcome to our readers, as those who are interested in the reign, and the extension of the sovereignty, of a greater than Victoria, if we lay before them a few facts and figures relating to the progress of the Kingdom of Christ in this realm during the last fifty years.

Figures, according to Dr. Johnson's dictum, can be made to prove anything, and they are, we are fully aware, but very poor and inadequate representations of spiritual facts. Nevertheless they are the most convenient, and sometimes almost the only, means of making comparisons of the kind now proposed. Our statement, therefore, will be one chiefly consisting of figures, which in some cases can only be approximate, and must be taken for no more than they are worth.

We begin then with our own denomination. Anything like strictly accurate figures relating to the condition of the British Baptists, until we come down to a very recent period, are quite unobtainable. Referring to the defectiveness of our records, Dr. Angus, in a paper read before the Baptist Union in 1884, says, "The earlier list of churches are simply names of churches and pastors, with no details of membership. The earlier reports of the Union give the number of members where it happened to be known; but they deal mainly with

associated churches, and non-associated churches (which are sometimes half the entire number) are not taken into account. Many districts had no association—of which London itself was for years an example. Many churches, even in association, used to make no returns, so that the returns are all imperfect." In 1833 there were 1,042 churches, 500 of them reporting a membership of 45,000, "and if," says the Doctor, "we add a third of that number for the membership of the other half—the smaller churches generally—we shall have 60,000 for the entire membership of that year." It is possible that the membership of the 542, which for the most part furnished no returns, was really greater than a third of the other 500, and that Dr. Angus's total is too low. At all events a Congregational manual—we believe it was called the *Congregational Directory*—a few years later than the period referred to, put the number of Baptist members at 125,000, and hearers at 356,000. Last year there was a Baptist membership, in England, of 216,460; in Wales, 73,156; in Scotland, 11,050; in Ireland, 1,660; and in the Channel Islands, 289; making a grand total of 302,615. Dr. Angus computes that for every member we have two hearers more or less regular; it follows, therefore, that, exclusive of members, we have 605,230 hearers, and, inclusive of members, 907,845 attendants at our chapels. We have, besides, 456,694 Sunday scholars; so that altogether it may be said that nearly 1,400,000 of the population of these islands are under direct Baptist influence.

In organisation, and the marshalling of the effective forces of the denomination for united and common action, a striking advance has been made. In 1837 the Baptist Union could only muster at its annual session between fifty and sixty ministers and delegates; now, sometimes as many as a thousand will assemble in session.

In the metropolis Baptist progress has been very marked during the last fifty years. In 1837 there were some fifty churches, with a membership, say, of between 5,000 and 6,000. There are now 241 churches, with 377 chapels, and a membership of about 50,000. The Rev. A. Mearns, of the London Congregational Union, who has gone very thoroughly into the religious statistics of London, computes that the Baptists of the metropolis increased in fourteen years, from 1851 to 1865, at the rate of 63 per cent., while the Roman Catholics came next at 54 per cent., Methodists at 53 per cent., Presbyterians at 26

per cent., Church of England at 25 per cent., and Congregationalists at 23 per cent.

The income of the Baptist Missionary Society was, in 1837, only about a sixth of what it is now. Last year it amounted to the noble sum, in round figures, of £70,000. The report for 1837 shows that the Society had then thirty-nine missionaries, twenty of whom were at work in Jamaica. Now there are 124 missionaries, exclusive of four who have been accepted but not yet stationed, while the Jamaica churches are self-supporting, with a missionary society of their own, which in due time will bear the entire cost of evangelising the West Indian Islands. The fields now occupied by the Society are India, Ceylon, China, Palestine, Japan, Africa, the West Indian Islands, Norway, Brittany, and Italy. On the staff of the Indian Mission alone are sixty-two men, while there are twenty-two on the China staff, and the same number on the Congo staff.

Those who are nearest to us in ecclesiastical polity, our friends the Congregationalists, have also a good record. In 1836 the Congregational churches in Great Britain and Ireland are computed to have had about 170,000 members and about 500,000 hearers. There are now about 360,000 members and about 720,000 hearers. The London Missionary Society which, though professedly undenominational, may be regarded as the Missionary Society of the Congregational body, has an income of more than £100,000 a year.

The Presbyterians had in England, in 1837, only eighty-nine congregations; in 1885 they had 294. In Scotland, in 1836, when the population was two millions and a half, there were 900,000 who were adherents of the Established Presbyterian Kirk, while there were about as many Dissenters of various names. At the present time the population is nearly four millions, and it is considered that of these 1,063,000 belong to the Established Kirk; 1,079,000 to the Free Kirk (the Disruption took place in 1843); 474,000 to the United Presbyterians, while the rest are variously allocated and designated. In 1837 Baptists in Scotland were very "few and far between"; now there are ninety-seven churches with a membership of over 11,000.

With regard to the various Methodist churches, we are not in a position to make a comparison of any value. It may, however, be stated that of the Wesleyans there are in Great Britain some 1,600

ministers, and about 413,000 members. There is said to be a gross increase of 50,000, but a net increase of only about 3,000, a year.

The Church of England has during the last fifty years greatly increased the number of its communicants relative to the population. Writing on the general progress of the Established Church during the period referred to, the Rev. Canon Dalton says:—"When the Queen came to the throne, the Ecclesiastical Commission were just beginning their work. The Cathedral Commission Act was passed in 1840, and since then upwards of 5,000 poorer benefices have been augmented in value out of the overplus of Episcopal and Capitular revenues. The total value of the annual grants now made is £692,000, which represents a capital of over 20 millions sterling thus dealt with. These grants are always made to meet voluntary efforts. Such benefactions now amount to £138,000 per annum; that is to say, a capital sum of over four millions has been subscribed during the last forty years for the augmentation of poor benefices. Church extension has been supplemented by further local efforts in the various dioceses. In that of Winchester alone two millions sterling have been thus spent since 1838. Similarly the Bishop of London's Fund, since its institution in 1863, has expended £627,836. Other church building societies in each of the twenty-six English and Welsh dioceses are now collecting and expending annually from £200 to £2,000 each. According to the Parliamentary return moved for by Lord Hampton, no less a sum than £25,548,703 was subscribed between 1840 and 1874 for church building and restoration alone.

"The increasing activity of the Church of England is further exemplified when we consider that the following, amongst other institutions, have all sprung into life during the last half century:—Church Congress and diocesan conferences, theological colleges and retreats, middle-class Church schools, lay-readers, guilds for special and parochial objects, sisterhoods for parochial and hospital work (of these there are now 21 large houses with 100 branch establishments), deaconesses' and nursing institutions, and cottage hospitals. When the Queen began to reign not one of these things existed. On foreign missions the Church of England now spends £1,216,000 annually; of the two great missionary societies, that for the Propagation of the Gospel collects £100,000 per annum, and the Church Missionary

Society £200,000—more than three times the amount subscribed in 1837.

“Though the Episcopate has grown in England (where 8 new dioceses have been founded), yet it has still more grown in the Colonies. In the West Indies there were 2 bishoprics; there are now 9. In British North America there were 2; there are now 19. In Africa there were none; there are now 13. In Asia there were 3; there are now 11. In Australasia there was 1; there are now 20—each of which is a centre of spiritual activity and influence.”

Reliable statistics relating to the Roman Catholic Church are not readily obtainable. It is stated, however, by Canon Dalton that in 1837 there were in Great Britain about 143,000 Roman Catholics, and that the number is now computed at 2,000,000. In Ireland, in 1837, there were about 6,000,000, and at the present time about 3,500,000. The decrease in the latter country is, of course, chiefly if not entirely owing to the decrease of population.

The foregoing figures and statements of facts, fragmentary and imperfect as in some respects they are, will assist the imagination a little in the effort to realise the difference between “then and now.” Of the various independent and undenominational religious societies which exist, the majority of which have, perhaps, been called into being during the present reign, we can say nothing adequate to the requirements of the subject for want of space. Their name is legion, and they have most, if not all of them, more or less effectively and successfully, contributed to the religious advance of the nation. The changed condition of things theologically cannot for the same reason be particularised. Moreover, we should here be treading upon debatable ground. While, no doubt, many would regard the change which has in this respect come over the religious world as “progress,” not a few would regard it in a contrary light, and consider that the Church has declined from the truth. This is just an aspect of the question which cannot be reasoned about in figures. Figures speak for themselves; but they are no test of the orthodoxy or measure of the faith, and fidelity to Christ and the truth, of the churches.

On this last point, however, the testimony borne at the recent annual meeting of the London Missionary Society by the Rev. Jonathan Lees is worthy of notice. No doubt, missionaries who only visit England

at long intervals are better able to mark the spiritual advance or spiritual declension of the country better than we who are always on the spot. They are in a better position for making comparisons and instituting contrasts. At the commencement of his address Mr. Lees said: "As a missionary, first of all, I wish upon this platform, with joyful gratitude, to bear testimony to this all-important fact—I mean all-important in its relation to our great work—that the Christian life of England is deepening and becoming more intense, and, as the inevitable consequence, the missionary spirit is rising in the land. We who were wont to look with loving, eager gaze upon your social and religious progress from afar, and to return, after long years, with exceptional opportunities of visiting your homes and churches, are, perhaps, specially fitted to form an opinion upon this subject. Believe me, it is high time that we ceased to talk apologetically before the world and despondently before each other. It is time we mingled more Hosannas with our Misereres. We wrong ourselves and we dishonour God by failing thankfully to recognise that which, by His grace, we have already attained. I know there is enough on every hand to make us humble, earnest, and prayerful. Possibly, too, as Christian workers, whether at home or abroad, there may lie before us keener strife or costlier toil than either we or our fathers have known; but do not let us go forward with hearts paralysed by doubt and fear. However it may be with individual men or churches, it is untrue that there is any decay in the religious life of England. The progress made during the last twenty-five years is to me a constant marvel. The material and social advance made by our people is not more marked than the moral and spiritual. In sobriety, morality, and the love of righteousness this generation occupies a higher platform than the last."

No doubt a careful and prayerful review of the facts by the Christian who believes in the continued presence of Christ with His Church, and the promise contained in the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," should excite joy and thankfulness; but, in view even of the present state of society, and the work to which the opening future invites, it should also excite a holy discontent, and impel to greater devotion and more earnest prayer.

EDITOR.

REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.



R. PALMER'S one visit to these shores was paid so very long ago (1847) that few, very few, in this country will have any remembrance of the event and of his person. But his name has been long familiar to us all, hardly any name more so within the realm of hymnology. As the author of "My faith looks up to Thee," he is known the world over, and will ever be had in remembrance. He has written other hymns, and made several good translations of old Latin hymns, besides producing several short poems; but no production of his has been so well and generally received as the famous hymn on "The Lamb of Calvary."

Dr. Palmer sprang from an old Puritan stock. He was the eighth in descent from William Palmer, one of the pilgrim band who left these shores more than two centuries and a half ago. The said William Palmer, a pilgrim not in name only, landed at Plymouth, New England, from the good ship *Fortune*, in 1621. The family seems to have clung to the Eastern States, for the Hon. Thomas Palmer, of the Court of Error and Appeals, resided at Little Compton, Rhode Island, where the future poet was born, November 12th, 1808. Why he was named "Ray" we can only guess. In reality it was prognostic of his own genial brightness, and of the light he would be the means of imparting to many a dark and sorrowful soul.

At thirteen young Palmer went to Boston, where he was indentured for two years to a mercantile firm. While here, the great decisive step of his life was taken. He heard the call, "Seek ye My face!" and grace enabled him to respond, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek." He yielded himself to God, and became at once a true and earnest disciple of Christ. He heard also another call, "Whom shall we send? and who will go for us?" And to this he responded with a full soul and with all his heart, "Here am I; send me." He was then in his fifteenth year. Few people thought of him as destined to ray the heavenly light over both hemispheres, and set the penitent and trusting the round world over singing of and to Him who is the "Lamb of God," the "Saviour Divine." But in that bright and unobtrusive lad there were hid treasures which, by God's blessing, should enrich

many, and gifts which should make room for him in the heart and affections of hundreds of thousands of all ages and climes.

His apprenticeship ended, he went forth from the church at Park Street, Boston, to study, with a view to the ministry, at Phillips' Academy, Andover. At the age of twenty-two he became a graduate of Yale College. He then went to fulfil an engagement he had previously made at New York city, to teach, two or three hours a day, in a private school for young ladies, patronised by the best class of families. He resided in the family of the lady who was the principal of the school, and it was in her house, situate in Fulton Street, that the hymn so well known was written. The region has changed since then, and the part that was then bestudded with genteel residences is now covered with large stores, and resounds every day with the din of business.

The winter of 1830-31 was a memorable one in New York. A great and blessed revival of religion took place; numbers were truly converted, and among the many were not a few of the ladies connected, as teachers or scholars, with the high-class school in Fulton Street. Particulars of some of them could be given.

The hymn, to which we once more refer, bearing date 1830, some persons have come to the conclusion, for which there seemed great probability, that it was the outcome of the revival. But it was not. The revival came after the hymn was written, but it had no other existence than in the "small morocco-covered book" which young Palmer carried in his pocket, and in the writer's own heart. These are his own words, written in 1875:—

"It had no external occasion whatever. Having been accustomed almost from childhood, through an inherited propensity, perhaps, to the occasional expression of what his heart felt in the form of verse, it was in accordance with this habit, and in an hour when Christ, in the riches of His grace and love, was so vividly apprehended as to fill the soul with deep emotion, that the piece was composed. There was not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship. Away from outward excitement, in the quiet of his chamber, and with a deep consciousness of his own needs, the writer transferred as faithfully as he could to paper what at the time was passing within him." He adds a little further on in his notes in reference to the occasion:—"It is well

remembered that when writing the last line, 'A ransomed soul,' the thought that the whole work of redemption and salvation was involved in those words, and suggested the theme of eternal praises, moved the writer to a degree of emotion that brought abundant tears."

The first publication of the hymn was by methods as providential, and means as simple, as its composition. It was a year or two after the hymn was written, and when no one had as yet seen it, that Mr. Palmer met Dr. Lowell Mason one day in one of the streets of Boston. Palmer's poetic talents must have been known and appreciated, for Dr. Mason asked him to furnish some hymns for a book of hymns and tunes which he, in conjunction with Dr. Hastings, of New York, was about to bring out. Palmer produced his little book and the hymn. "Give me a copy," said Dr. Mason. So they went into a store, and one was written. Dr. Mason put it into his pocket without stopping to remark upon it. On sitting down at home, however, and looking over it more carefully, he discerned its worth, and what a treasure he had secured. The hymn laid hold of him, filling his soul with deep emotion, which found expression in the tune "Olivet," to which it has almost always and everywhere been sung. This tune, "Olivet," is No. 159 in the "Treasury," the companion tune-book to Psalms and Hymns for School and Home, and is also contained in the "Treasury," lately issued under the same able editorship of Joseph B. Mead, Esq., as a companion to Psalms and Hymns for Congregational and General Use. The tune "Harlan," in the Bristol Tune Book, No. 131, is the same tune, in part compressed.

When Dr. Mason and Mr. Palmer met again, two or three days after, the former was so full of enthusiasm that he could hardly stay to offer the ordinary greeting to his friend, but burst out, "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years, and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of 'My faith looks up to Thee.'" In a short time hymn and tune came into common use in America, and, in 1840, Dr. Andrew Reed brought them over to this country and published the hymn in his Selection. Since then it has flown on the wings of the wind—east, west, north, and south. Many have been the instances of usefulness communicated to the author, and some of these he has given us, but space will not allow of our quoting them here. One, however, which perhaps he may not have been

acquainted with, may be quoted. It is in the postscript to a letter from the women, and the teacher, of the English Industrial School at Beyrout to the ladies of London:—

“The little ones in our school are very interesting and most hopeful. The day before yesterday I went to see a poor dying child. The mother was in deep affliction, the father sitting in a corner earnestly reading the New Testament. I at once recognised him as the man who had borrowed a Testament from me last December for one month, and renewed his request a second and a third month. He told me that at that time he only knew his letters, but having abundance of leisure he had made that book his study from sunrise to sunset, and that now, when his heart was ready to break on seeing his child sink into the grave, he felt comfort and support in God’s Word, which dried up his tears. ‘O lady,’ said he, ‘you don’t know what you have done for me by giving me this book. Our neighbour’s little girl comes in and repeats her pretty hymns with my children.’ Just then the child repeated in a clear voice—

‘My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine.’

Looking round on the afflicted family, filled with deep emotion as they listened to the words of the hymn, the writer says, “I could but say to myself, ‘out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise.’” The hymn has been translated into twelve languages, including Chinese.

In 1831 Mr. Palmer returned to New Haven, and was associated with the eminent Latin scholar, Dr. Andrews, in a young ladies’ institute, pursuing his own studies at the same time. In 1832 he was licensed to preach, and the same year he married Miss Ward, of New York. They celebrated their golden wedding four or five years since, Mrs. Palmer dying only a year ago. In 1835, Mr. Palmer settled at Bath, Maine, where he laboured fifteen years, the next fifteen years being spent at Albany, on the Hudson, New York State. Here he became a power. His pen was very prolific in sermons, letters, newspaper and magazine articles, hymns, poems, and other productions, which were all well received. Even recently he continued his contributions to the *New York Observer*. After retiring

from the pastorate at Albany, the state of the country, subsequent to the War of the Rebellion, found him a vast field of work as Secretary of the American Congregational Union. He was successful in rearing more than 600 church edifices, and strengthening the hands of earnest workers in all directions.

In theology Dr. Palmer was by no means dubious. His trumpet gave no uncertain sound. In his address before the Congregational Library Association, in the Tremont Temple, Boston, in 1857, he utters sentiments concerning the Congregational ministry of the future which may be very seasonably repeated now:—

“That noble system of Christian doctrine, delivered to us from the Pilgrims—and yet not of the Pilgrims, but of the Word of God—which embraces, as all our churches hold, the most essential Christian truths, it must be capable of setting forth, elucidating, and defending by fresh and original discussion. If it does not delight in the study of theology; if it shall fail to grasp strongly, and heartily to love, the distinctive doctrines of the faith once delivered to the saints; if it shall be drawn towards the absurd opinion, which, childish as it is, is not without grave advocates, that these doctrines have little either of inherent or relative importance, then it will be at once unworthy of its illustrious antecedents, and unfaithful to its Divine commission, and will, of course, be a feeble and puny thing.” Dr. Palmer's stern Puritanism was, however, no mere skeleton. It was instinct with life and love, and wore a cheerful, sunny face. Among his hymns, as in David's psalms, you will find cries “out of the depth,” but far more frequently songs of joy and gladness. Christ was his predominant theme, in both writing and preaching. He filled the vision of his soul as slowly life ebbed away, until, March 29th, he left his house and home at Newark, N.Y., for his Father's home above.

“O then, Blessed Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from Thy side,
I shall see Thy full glory, Thy face shall behold,
And praise Thee for ever with raptures untold!”

R. SHINDLER.

MUSIC, ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE— A SKETCH.

(Continued from page 226).



MUSIC is sometimes spoken of as if it were a purely sensuous thing, at least in its influence and effects. It is true that music influences us through the sense of hearing; but so does speech; and oftentimes music speaks to the soul in language richer in meaning than any words.

Will it be contended that thoughts and feelings which cannot be expressed in words are necessarily of a lower, less refining, and less beautiful character than those which can be so expressed? Nothing can be merely sensuous which makes a lasting spiritual impression; and he who denies to music the power to produce such an impression, has not heard its sublimest strains, or has no power to appreciate them. The composer of music has as true an inspiration as the poet. Perhaps we might go further, and assert that the inspiration of Handel and Mendelssohn was of as high an order as that of Shakespeare or Milton. Those with musical souls, even if they have no technical knowledge of music, who have heard the "Messiah" or the "Elijah" worthily rendered will confess this. At such a time, in the noble words of the last-named poet—

"We are all ear,
And take in strains which might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."

To discuss adequately the great question of the moral influence of music, and what part it has played in the civilisation and general progress of mankind, is impossible in a magazine article. This certainly may be said that among the men who have been useful in contributing to the civilisation and refinement of mankind, and for whose lives, talents, and influence the world should be grateful, are the great masters of music. "Music," says Addison, "is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral and religious feelings." Perhaps it may be said that not only may this gratification be indulged in to excess by mankind without injury to their moral and religious feelings, but to

the positive advantage of them. Music soothes the spirit, excites thought, elevates the mind, and chastens and refines the feelings.

“Of all the arts beneath the heaven,
That man has found or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away
As music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.”

Of course it does not accomplish this in every case any more than religion accomplishes its beneficent work in every case, even among those who profess it, but such it may safely be contended is its tendency.

The service of song in the sanctuary is a most important part of public worship, and, it must be believed, a part, when true devotion is united with it, most acceptable to God. Its usefulness, indeed, in helping and expressing devotional feeling is now very generally confessed. But while it is a becoming thing to enter the courts of the Lord's house with thanksgiving and to come into His presence with a song, and while, therefore, music in our religious services should be cultivated, it should never be allowed to usurp a place not its own. This it is to be feared has been done in churches which have an elaborate liturgy musically rendered by the highest cultivated and paid talent. How far, religiously considered, the feelings and effects described in the following extract from Hobart Seymour's "Pilgrimage to Rome" were real or spurious is open to discussion. It refers to a "Miserere" performed in the Sistine Chapel at Rome on the anniversary of the day of the Saviour's death:—

“The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient Church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing Christ, was put out. As they, one by one, disappeared in the deepening gloom a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock

too great to admit of speech. He who had been pouring out his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest woe. Stunned and stupefied, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed, every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, 'Christ is gone, we are orphans, all orphans.' The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail, so desolate and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away, as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying note of a lute, it sank away, as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended; when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonising throb. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament, and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could only come from a broken heart. How unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem that swept through the same chapel on the morning that symbolised the resurrection."

How strikingly the foregoing description illustrates the almost omnipotent power of music in arousing emotional feeling! Such a monopoly of music in religious services as that allowed by the Church of Rome is neither necessary, desirable, nor lawful. "We want such a music as Christianity ought to have, music simple yet grand, varied but not conspicuous, gladsome with holy joy, not with irreverent levity, not sentimental yet tender, solemn yet not depressing, not intolerant of the beauties of art, nor scornful of popular feeling." We do not want organists and choirs treating us to mere recitals of music

the members of our congregations having nothing to do but listen. We want emphatically congregational singing, the full, hearty, grateful outpouring of all the people to the God of all goodness.

The famous American preacher, the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, once said to his congregation:—"A great many persons think that singing is a luxury which they may deny themselves if they please. There are very few persons who have thought that singing was a duty. There are very few who have had it borne in upon them that they should teach themselves, or that they should teach their households, as a part of Christian fidelity, the art of sacred song. We feel that it would be very wicked, as Christian parents, to bring up our children and never teach them to pray; but the command to pray is not any more explicit than the command to sing. I think that more people could bring themselves into a spiritual state by sacred song, which includes prayer, than they could by prayer, which does not include song necessarily. You will bear witness that one of the greatest difficulties of men in Christian experience is the difficulty of what I may call the liquefaction of their beliefs or opinions into emotions. Men say oftentimes, 'I believe that I am sinful, but I do not feel it. I believe that Christ died for me, but I have no realising sense of it. I believe that Christ is my atoning Saviour and my Friend, but I cannot bring it home to myself.' Singing is that natural method by which thoughts are reduced to feeling more easily, more surely, and more universally than by any other. You are conscious when you go to a warm meeting—a revival meeting, for instance—that while hymns are being sung, and you listen to them, your heart is as it were loosened, and there comes out of those hymns to you a realisation of the truth such as you never had before. There is a pleading element, there is a sense of humiliation of heart, there is a poignant realisation of sin and its guiltiness, there is a yearning for a brighter life in a hymn which you do not find in your closet. And under the singing of a hymn you come into sympathy with the truth, as you never do under the preaching of a discourse." There is much of truth in this. Many a reader of these words could testify to the solving and salving influence of holy song. President Edwards did not hesitate to pronounce the neglect of singing a positive sin. "As," said he, "it is commanded of God that all should sing, so all should make conscience of learning to sing, as it is a thing which cannot be

done decently without learning. Those, therefore, who neglect to learn to sing live in sin, as they neglect what is necessary to their attending to one of the ordinances of God's worship."

In connection with the hallowing influence of sacred song, we are reminded that the Word of God describes the redeemed and glorified in heaven as "singing a new song," and represents the service of heaven as a service of praise. In the fulness and triumphant gladness of its strains the music of heaven has been described to us as being like "the sound of many waters," and, in their melody and sweetness, as being like "the voice of harpers, harping on their harps." Surely if music were not the handmaid of devotion and the sister of praise, if it did not claim to have a place, and to be carefully cultivated, in our worship and service on earth, God would never have sought to teach us under the emblem of music how holy, how happy, and how glorious a place is His heaven, the home of His redeemed.

QUARTUS.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. JOHN TEALL.



HE subject of this memoir describes Lyneham as "an obscure hamlet in Oxfordshire," where on October 22nd, 1816, he entered upon the race of life. His parents, for whom he cherished the highest regard, were members of the Baptist denomination. He traced the formation of his character very much to the influence of his mother, whom to the day of his death he remembered with deep veneration. Mr. Teall's connection with our denomination might be called a "family connection," for his ancestors, even up to a period prior to the Commonwealth, were Baptists. One of these ancestors, also a John Teall, represented the church at Morton-in-Marsh at the Association meetings held at Warwick in 1656.

A few weeks after the birth of their firstborn son, Mr. and Mrs. Teall removed to Chipping Norton, thinking a town more promising for business than the little hamlet they at first settled in; and there young John Teall grew up and made his first essay in life, both commercially and religiously.

Both at home and in the Sabbath-school the youth was carefully and early instructed in the things of God. In some autobiographical jottings he has left he makes special mention of his earnest, devoted, and loving teacher, Mr. Arkell, to whose faithful instruction he owed much. This teacher had a class of seven lads for whose spiritual life he must have travailed, prayed, and toiled, for all of them were given to him in the Gospel before leaving the school, several of them in after years becoming zealous missionaries and ministers in the denomination.

In 1834, Mr. Teall was baptized by Rev. W. Catt, his pastor, at Chipping Norton. Soon afterwards he was laid low and his commercial pursuits arrested for a considerable period by ill-health, which caused great anxiety to his friends. On recovering some degree of strength, he returned to business. To his employer, an ironmonger, he must have given great satisfaction, for on giving notice of his intention to leave and study for the ministry, the former, not a Christian man, strongly objected, saying, "Will money stop your going, John?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Then I wish I could find a flaw in your character, for that should." Previous to that event, the pastor at Chipping Norton fell ill, and the aid of neighbouring ministers was largely drawn upon for his pulpit. The church, thinking their young brother, John Teall, had gifts and a call to the work of preaching, employed him constantly in supplying for those helpful brethren. So it was his wont during many months to travel long distances, varying from twelve to twenty miles, and conduct two or three services on the Sabbath, returning to Chipping Norton the same night, to be ready for business the next morning.

In 1841, Mr. Teall entered the Baptist Academy at Taunton, then under the presidency of Rev. John Jackson, who exercised a strong influence over him in moulding his ministerial character, and of whom, to the last, he spoke with admiration.

In 1842, the Committee of the Bristol Auxiliary of the Home Mission resolved to attempt something for God at South Molton, a pleasant little borough of North Devon on the border of Exmoor, about twenty miles from Tiverton. An influential Baptist church had flourished there during Cromwell's days, but it had become totally extinct. Among the other denominations, however, a few friends were

scattered here and there, holding Baptist principles, and under the auspices of the committee just mentioned these were gathered into a church.

Mr. Teall, having been mentioned as one likely to prove suitable to take the oversight of the infant church, a request was sent to Mr. Jackson to allow his young student to visit South Molton. The good tutor acquiesced, and in February, 1843, John Teall made his first visit to the place. The journey was performed through blinding snow for nearly fifty miles, the last twenty in an open gig over the hills of North Devon. The writer has frequently heard Mr. Teall speak of it. No railway then extended farther than Taunton, from which place he set out in a kind of van, called by courtesy an omnibus, for Tiverton. The snow had drifted here and there so deep that some people feared the gig, which had been sent to meet him, would never accomplish the terrible remaining portion of the journey. So dreadful a storm was it that, for the only time in its history, the old North Devon mail missed the train at Taunton. This was on a Saturday night, and the next morning, the weary traveller repaired to the sanctuary. It was an "upper room" certainly, but it was over a slaughter-house—a fact which will at once indicate many points as to its locality and condition. There Mr. Teall commenced his ministry with twenty-two fellow-worshippers. After spending several Sabbaths with them, he received an invitation to the pastorate, and settled down to his work in 1843. The "upper room" soon became too strait, and the Assembly Room was secured for a time as the place of worship. A mind like the young pastor's, ever active, could not long rest content, however, with such a temporary home, and, a site being obtained, pastor and people both felt they must "arise and build."

In that same year the foundation-stone of a new chapel was laid, and on May 8th, 1844, Mr. Teall had the satisfaction of taking possession of the beautiful building which his energy had so quickly produced. His ordination took place at the opening services, Revs. T. Winter, of Bristol, and J. Bigwood, of Exeter, with his tutor, Rev. J. Jackson, taking part therein. The chapel cost £800, to collect which he says, "I travelled just about ten thousand miles, and most of this on foot." It was at South Molton he met with and married the partner of his life, who, as the sequel showed, was indeed "a gift

from the Lord." Speaking of the old saying, "A man had better have a fortune in his wife, than with her," he says, "Truly and indeed I had both." The lady of his choice was Miss Mills, the only child of a gentleman of good position in South Molton, but not connected with the Baptist body, and in her he had, indeed, a most indefatigable and painstaking helpmeet.

In 1849, Mr. Teall left South Molton, and settled at Naunton, a village on the Cotswold Hills. Here again he became a chapel builder. The meeting-house was old, small, and dilapidated, and became so crowded that the candles would melt and go out with the heat. On one occasion the melted tallow ran down upon the old deacon's "go-to-meeting coat," a new one, and so marked it that the good man would never wear it again, but kept it as a memento of the closing services in "our old chapel." In 1850, our friend succeeded in erecting a new sanctuary three times the size of the old one, at a cost of £800, which was opened by the now venerable Rev. John Aldis, and Rev. N. Haycroft, since deceased. Mr. Teall's residence and work at Naunton were comfortable and successful, and for a time he fancied that the bounds of his habitation were fixed. Providence, however, determined otherwise. The work was difficult; out-stations necessitated much walking; and three sermons every Sabbath, with week evenings besides, proved too much for him. Gleams of sunshine occasionally cheered him. One Sabbath evening he noticed two gentlemen, sitting in a pew, who appeared much interested in the service; and at the close they made their way into the vestry, expressing great gratification at what they had seen and heard, and asking if any fund of the cause needed help. On the chapel building debt being mentioned, one gave £10 and the other £5 towards its liquidation. These two visitors were rich landowners, who were inspecting their estates in the neighbourhood, and their generous conduct and faithful adherence to their "own people" in a remote village present a worthy example to many in these days, and show to wealthy tourists a way of spending the Lord's-day profitably, and of gladdening the heart of rural pastors.

When his brain began to show symptoms of failure consequent on his manifold labours, our friend sought to reduce the strain by giving up some of the preaching. This, however, the people would not hear of; for "if the out-stations did not have their share of preaching, they

would be lost to the cause." During his stay at Naunton, Mr. Teall was appointed to preach before the Association at Lydney in 1850, and to write the Circular Letter for the churches at their meeting at Woodside in 1852; and in 1853 the Association, meeting at Ross, appointed him as delegate to the Liberation Conference to be held in London in November of that year.

As there was no prospect of any reduction of labour at Naunton, he was compelled to resign, and seek another sphere. This he soon found at Hatch Beauchamp, Somerset, through the advice and influence of his former tutor, Mr. Jackson.

Hatch Beauchamp may be regarded as a pastor's paradise at that time. "Beautiful for situation," sheltered from storm and blast, serene and quiet in all its aspects, it was just the place where a wearied and jaded brain might work and rest. Here Mr. Teall settled in August, 1853; and as the demands upon his intellectual energies were not so severe, he soon regained his wonted health. The church was gathered from surrounding districts, the chapel having been built during the operation of the "Five Mile Act," and endowed with freehold estates to provide the pastor's income and a complete homestead for his occupation. Mr. Adams, farmer, and pastor of the church in 1742, bequeathed by his will, copied into the church-book, all of which he died possessed, for the use of the pastor at Hatch for ever, to wit, his "land at Clayhanger and Hatch," his library, consisting of "Gill's Exposition (*sic*) of the Prophets," and other kindred works; "his easy chair, his long ladder, and his cyder press;" the pastor to live in the village, to be a man of good character and holding the doctrines of grace, and not "owing a shilling for any purpose whatsoever." "The long ladder, the easy chair, and the cyder press" have gone the way of most mundane things, but the books remain. Hatch, at the time of Mr. Teall's settlement there, was under High Church influence, which may account for the fact that from the village itself only three families attended the chapel.

Endowments are sometimes condemned, but in this case, thanks to Farmer Adams, the minister at Hatch was able to hold his own with comfort and respectability to the spiritual and social benefit of the surrounding districts. The old manse was a novelty in its way, having grown under the improving hands of successive pastors, and so grown that it might, perhaps, have been difficult to determine

which part was the exact original. At the time Mr. Teall went to it, it was practically untenantable, and once more he had to face the difficulty of building; but there were no available funds with which to rebuild. However, the old house was demolished; and so ample were the old materials, and so generous were the farmers in lending horses, carts, &c., that the cost of re-erection was much reduced, one shilling and eightpence being all that was paid for "carting." Mr. Teall was his own architect, clerk of the works, and day labourer. One of the old walls had been built six feet thick, and he cleaned the bricks of it for the new edifice with his own hands. While so engaged, the stage coach from Taunton to Lyme Regis passed through the village one afternoon as usual. A gentleman alighted, and seeing a man at work cleaning bricks, accosted him, saying, "Well, my man, I want to see Mr. Teall." The workman raised his head, replying, "Well, sir, here he is."

The foundation stone of the new house was laid on March 1st, 1854, by Mrs. Teall; and, there being no place in the village where the family could live, she and her only little one, then eight years of age, went to South Molton to her father, leaving the pastor, architect, clerk of works, and day labourer to the care of a dear old deacon, living in a cottage in part of the manse garden. This arrangement lasted three months, during which the walls of the new house were reared; and, summer having come, the re-united family set up house-keeping in the unfinished kitchen, and the schoolroom over the vestry. Much of the timber required for building the house was cut on the premises, eight fine trees being felled for the purpose, and much of the work was done in the evenings, free of cost, by the labouring men after their daily toil was over; and thus a large, commodious, and comfortable home was erected at a cost of less than £400. That sum, however, had to be gathered by great effort on the part of the pastor.

A tea-meeting was held, to which peasants from the neighbourhood flocked, and the problem for solution was, how to raise the money. The hard nut was cracked by a tanner's labourer saying, "Please, Mr. Teall, there ain't no five pun' notes nor sovereigns among we; but I'll give ye sixpence a week for myself, and a penny each for my two daughters, till the money's paid, if you'll fetch it." The minister seized on the suggestion, and organised amongst the poor but

willing people a penny-a-week subscription, to the collection of which he devoted Monday and Tuesday afternoons and evenings for five years, from 1854 to 1859. He remarks in his notes, "A country pastor is *not pastor only*, he is *that*, and scribe, lawyer, settler of all disputes, and general adviser besides." While paying these weekly visits, he would find in many a cottage home a mother, waiting eagerly for his arrival, with a cherished letter from "my son" or "my daughter," which, until *he* came, might as well have been written in Sanscrit. When read and talked over, this letter would need answering. *This*, also, the pastor must do, and so it would be no uncommon thing for him to reach home at night with a hatful of letters for the mail, thus adding to his other various occupations that of foot-postman.

This penny subscription, assisted by friends in the Western Association, cleared off the debt by the summer of 1859. In 1856, the church and congregation, with friends in the neighbourhood, presented Mr. Teall with a valuable timepiece, in grateful recognition of his untiring labours in connection with the new manse.

In this peaceful village eight years passed happily away; and, although I find no records of the spiritual results of his work, they must have been years of usefulness.

M. B. HENSON.

(To be concluded in July number.)

HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.



"HANK you so much for your helpful words, sir. They have made me as bright as the morning."

Such was the greeting I received from one of my people as I joined her on leaving our little chapel, one clear, sunshiny Sabbath two or three summers ago. Recent events have recalled this encouraging remark, as they have

also brought to my remembrance many pleasant and profitable pastoral visits paid to this friend's home.

Poor Mrs. J——! How much she needed love and sympathy very few of us knew. But from an intimate acquaintance with her, I can say with assurance that she ever rested upon Him who hath said, "I will never, never leave thee! I will never, never, never forsake thee!"

Mrs. J—— was one of the many who have felt the bitterness of being bound to a man held in the thralldom of the drink-demon. Her husband, once a merchant of London, lost position, business, and health through his love for intoxicating liquor. When he died his widow was left nearly penniless and quite friendless, to which condition was coupled the heavy responsibility of caring for and maintaining three young children—two girls and one boy.

From London Mrs. J——, with her constitution completely shattered by the continual deprivations she had latterly suffered, came to the little village in which the writer was then labouring. Its quiet restfulness harmonised with her own peacefulness, which seemed ever to crown her as with a holy halo. All the trouble through which it had been Mrs. J——'s hard lot to pass appeared to have had but one result, that of teaching her submission to the will of her God; and the process had brought a peace of which the world could not rob her. She, indeed, was a bright and happy Christian in spite of all the stormy past; and to see her cheerful countenance and to hear her glad words were always as heavenly inspirations to me.

But with Mrs. J——'s advent into our midst, her trouble had by no means ended. She had brought it with her in the shape of her only son. This lad at the age of fifteen was a perfect tyrant and remorseless task-master. His every action and word were ruled by a dominant self-will. When thwarted in his purpose, or reproved for his waywardness, he would turn on his mother with an anger which foreboded him no good and allowed her no happiness. Still, in a fashion peculiar to one of his temperament, this boy loved his mother, but it was with a love that changed with his moods. He was not possessed with any spark of reverence or respect for her, so that the animation of all his doings and sayings was the question, "How can she serve me?" instead of which his one thought should have

been, "How can I please her?" And so when I first became acquainted with James J—, he had become a very despot in the little homestead, ordering here and there, without any chivalric regard, both his mother and his sisters.

Her unruly son was, of course, the cause of great sorrow to Mrs. J—. Often she has questioned in my presence how it was that her son was possessed with such a passionate will—a will which at times became brutally oppressive. And the mother's anxious question always puzzled me, for the lad's sisters were as gentle as their mother, while their obedience and docility were in startling contrast with the evil traits which prominently marked his own character.

In the home-life which surrounded him, James J— found every inducement and example which, had he but noticed and followed, would have saved him from much anguish and pain. In Mrs. J—'s little cottage there reigned the spirit of devotion. Morning and night the mother conducted family worship; and in her earnest supplications she brought each of her children personally before the throne of grace. And when the pious mother absented herself from the family circle for a few minutes after the noon and evening meals, the children knew that they were moments spent in closet-communion with God. The fact could be seen recorded in her face. Always wearing a peaceful look, when Mrs. J— returned from speaking with her Father, her countenance was radiant with an almost ethereal glory. Mrs. J— not only in her home exhibited the spirit of her Lord: it seemed to pervade her whole life. In all her conversations and dealings with others she showed that with her "to live was Christ." And surrounded by the influences which such a holy life must have, James J— spent the first seventeen years of his life—years which brought him afterwards the greatest sorrow that evil courses can ever reap.

Mrs. J— and her family had not been much longer than a year in our midst before the beginning of this harvest came to her son. The mother came to my house early one Tuesday morning—I shall never forget the day!—to tell me her boy had left his home—had "run away." With choking voice she told me that on the Saturday previous he had left home to visit a relative in a neighbouring seaport town. He was to return on the Monday; but instead of her boy, Mrs. J— had a letter from him, stating that he was tired of "being tied to his

mother's apron-strings," and had therefore left England for America, where he should have "more freedom and less religion." No other news save this. No word of love! In my little study we knelt down and laid the tidings before our God. The mother, her heart breaking under this heavy burden, pleaded "with strong crying and tears" that her Heavenly Father would take charge of her wandering child. "If he is wayward and wilful, let Thy patience be great. He is the son of Thy handmaid, and very dear to her; let him be dear to Thee. There is none to care for him but Thee. I throw him on Thy Fatherhood; be a Father to him, for Christ's sake."

Within three months from this time Mrs. J—— was dead. She never recovered from the shock which her son's departure gave the nervous system. During the time she was actually confined to her bed—only about a week—I visited her every day. Her one thought seemed to be "her boy"; and her constant prayer was that he might return before she passed away. This, however, was not to be. She died; and we laid her body in the burial-ground attached to the little chapel she loved so much. But she "being dead, yet speaketh"; for the holy and consistent life she lived in our midst has left an impress upon many; and the influence for good she exercised while living still continues with her memory.

Her daughters remained with us. One had been for sometime a teacher in our Board School; and the younger, soon after her mother's death, accepted a situation as a daily nursery governess.

Just a little over seven months after the death of his mother, we received the first tidings since his departure of James J——. A letter addressed to his mother told of his speedy return home. "I have something to tell you, mother dear, which will gladden your heart. Your thousand prayers for your headstrong boy are answered. The Lord has sought and found that which was lost. This news will open your heart and your arms to receive back again the wanderer."

It can be readily understood in what way these tidings affected those most deeply concerned. Gladness was mingled with sadness, joy was tinged with sorrow. It was the sisters' fervent hope that their brother would in some way intimate the day of his arrival, in order that he might be spared a too sudden disclosure of his mother's death. But no further message came. James J—— came back to the place he looked upon as home—had he not left his mother there?—

before he learned he had no home. He drove up to the cottage where he expected a happy welcome, only to find it occupied by strangers, and to hear from their lips the story of his parent's death for the first time.

* * * * *

Quite impossible would it be for me to make any fitting conclusion to this simple and pathetic story of real life. I should fail utterly in telling of the bitter sorrow which seized upon the heart of James J——. The thought that his mother had been killed—killed by his own wilfulness—crushed his young spirit; and before he was twenty-one he had passed into an old man in all things save appearance.

For a month or two he remained with us, and then he left our shores again for America, taking with him his younger sister. A letter just lately received from him by the sister who remains contains this clause:

“I have sown the wind, and now I reap the whirlwind. You tell me, my dear sister, to strive to ‘forget.’ Forget! I will not; and I could not, if I would. This trial shall, nor can, never be forgotten. I pray God that out of this furnace, seven times heated, I may come forth more His than ever. Purified, even as Christ is pure, I would be; progress towards His likeness I would make. May God help me.”

A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER.

BRIEF STUDIES ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

REVERENCE FOR THE WORD OF GOD.

“The Scripture cannot be broken.”—John x. 35.



VERY reader of the Bible will instantly think of our Lord's injunction to “Search the Scriptures.” But leaving ground so often occupied, it may be well to recur to the numerous other proofs of the reverence with which our Blessed Saviour regarded the Inspired Word.

“Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition”—“making the word of God of none effect through your tradition” (Mark vii. 9, 13), was the indignant reproach

He uttered against the Pharisees. "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" (Matt. xv.), was His rendering of Isaiah's denunciation.

He was constantly quoting from the Old Testament, "He found the place where it was *written*," &c. (Luke iv. 17); "Is it not *written*, my house shall be called," &c. (Matt. xi. 7); "The Son of man goeth, as it is *written* of Him" (Mark xiv. 21); "All ye shall be offended, for it is *written*," &c. (verse 27).

He was frequently appealing to it as the highest reference, and to its decisions as final. "It is written" was His thrice-repeated answer to the arch-tempter (Luke iv.). "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" was His retort to the inquiring lawyer (Luke x. 26). "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures," was His stricture on the sceptical and querulous Sadducees. "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me," was His comment on the unbelief of the Pharisees (John v. 46). And the inexcusableness which He attached to their resistance of such evidence was summed up in His decisive words, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead" (Luke xvi. 31). The Apostles carried out the practice of their Master, and "It is written" continued to be with them the password for every doctrine and for every statement. Paul "reasoned out of the Scriptures" (Acts xvii. 2), and Apollos convinced by the Scriptures (Acts xviii. 28).

Our Lord manifested the greatest anxiety (if it be allowable to use a word so associated with human infirmity) that the revelation of His Father's will should be preserved intact. When He might have avoided His approaching sufferings, the obstacle foremost to His view was not "How then shall lost man be saved?" dear as was that purpose to His great and loving heart, but more insurmountable still, "How then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled?" "All things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished" (Luke xviii. 31). "This that is written must yet be accomplished in me" (xxii. 37), was the thought which pressed on Him with renewed force as the time drew near.

His discourses were but so many expositions and applications of the then existing Scriptures. "I came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil," was His own announcement of the principle on which He acted. Except the "New Commandment" in all its freshness and ful-

ness, there was nothing new in His doctrine. It was the spiritual rendering of the mere letter of the law in its permanent principles. His last lessons to His disciples after His resurrection were drawn from the Book. "Beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself" (Luke xxiv. 27). And when the parting hour came, He reiterated, "These are the words that I spake unto you while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me"; "Then opened He their understandings, that they might understand the Scriptures" (Luke xxiv. 44, 45).

In these days, not a few who desire to be teachers of the law, think that they can find something newer and better. They talk contemptuously of "old truths," and hint at "certain old Jews' stars which have since gone out."* They seem to think themselves wiser than "the Great Teacher." The inimitable parables of our Lord and Master, or the glorious arguments of Paul, are too "stale" and common-place for them, and "in the words which man's wisdom teacheth," rather than "in those which the Holy Ghost teacheth," even some men who are considered evangelical will deliver orations so destitute of Scriptural truth that they might, without incongruity, have been uttered in the Forum or the Areopagus. While one party makes the Word of God of none effect, through their tradition, others, from various points of antagonism, alike seem to regard it as optional what they shall receive or what they shall reject of God's whole revealed Word. Alas for England! when "the Bible, and the Bible only," shall cease to be what it has been for ages—her watchword and her glory!

It seems to us, by the way, that it is not correct to call truth "old," in the sense of wearing out like things of men's creation. Truth, above all, Scriptural truth, is immortal, imperishable, as its Fountain Head. Our heartlessness and formality, our errors and dim-sightedness, may have obscured its brilliancy. The crust of human imperfection may have concealed its value and its brightness. But re-set it, re-polish it, present it in new lights, and bring it into varied and manifold combinations with its sister truths, and you will find that it

* See "Life of Sterling," by Thomas Carlyle.

is still there—the precious, priceless gem—which will sparkle on with more and more dazzling lustre, as ages advance, when the base counterfeits and artificial combinations of men are resolved into their native nothingness.

But to recur in homely phrase to our position and practice as private Christians. Do we resemble our great Head and Exemplar in the reverence with which we regard the sacred record? Do we read it with interest? Do we read it often? Do we search it as did the Bereans? Do we talk of it as of other books which we admire? Do we give it the most honourable place in our houses? Do we refrain from ever quoting it in jest, however pointedly or appropriately? Do we appeal to it to settle every religious question? Do we apply to it in every sorrow or perplexity? Do we love its precepts and reverence its decisions as thousands of martyr spirits have done, and as not a few converted heathen do?

The reverence of which we speak is not the cold reverence of the schools. It has in it a strong infusion of love. He who was the great forerunner and anti-type of Jesus passionately exclaimed, "O, how I love Thy law!" and not less fervent was the reverential affection of David's Son and Lord. And the mingling of love, admiration, and reverence, with which every true believer studies the inspired records, takes its character from that relationship into which he is brought with their glorious Author, shadowed forth by a comparison which no human pen would have ventured to employ, had not our Blessed Lord deigned to employ it and to call His redeemed Church His "Bride."

The heir of a royal house, it may be, has betrothed to himself the daughter of a distant land. She has not seen him, but she has learned to love him well. She has received his portrait, drawn by a master hand, and she has heard much of his grace and dignity, of his constancy and tenderness, of his wisdom and his might. But precious above all other witnesses are the letters which she has received from him, in which he tells her that, though she has not seen him he has seen and loved and chosen her, that he is preparing her future home, and that when all is ready for her, and when she is educated and ready for him, he will come and fetch her. And as in her most sacred retirement she bends over the treasured epistles, one moment the tear of conscious unworthiness drops on the page; another moment and

her cheek flushes with emotion, and her eye glances upwards with rejoicing confidence. Is she ever troubled with the cold speculations of the critic, or the impatience of the overtaken learner? Is she ever weary of reading those letters, or of imagining to herself the glory and loveliness of him who traced them for her? To her every word is full of interest, and every time she reads she finds a fresh depth of tenderness, an added fulness of meaning, in those precious communications. And so it is with the purchased Church of Jesus, to which, in matchless condescension, He gives the title of His Bride. Other eyes may glance with cold indifference over the records of His love, but to each member of His Church they will be unutterably dear. "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you to Myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Can they ever forget such promises, or cease to picture the joy of such a meeting, or grow weary of hearing of such a home? The mingled love and reverence they bear to the Writer will be extended to the records of His love; and to no human composition will they return with interest so unwearied, with emotion so intense, and with reverence so profound.

J. L.

A VISIT TO THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

(TOLD BY THE LATE J. B. GOUGH.)



HE day was beautifully fine,
The streets were full of London noise;
The pastor drove me in a cab,
To see his Orphanage for Boys.

I asked why he on Saturdays
His horses driveth not, but cab-eth.
"They're under law, not grace," he says,
"And keep the seventh day as Sabbath."

The Orphanage, he said, commenced
With merely twenty thousand pound;
And this, a noble lady's gift,
Is still invested safe and sound.

The houses all were built by gifts,
Some rather large, some rather less.
Their inmates are of every creed,
All destitute and fatherless.

So chatting on we reached our aim,
And entering heard a boy call out
Their benefactor's well-known name—
His chums set up a joyous shout.

But soon the boys toned down their noise,
And showed us their gymnastic skill.
Like one big boy with lesser boys,
The pastor put them through their drill.

He asked the crowd of twelve score lads ;
How many pennies in the pound ;
And then he pulled a sovereign out
Which made a "copper" all around.

A bit of gold sure ne'er produced
A livelier shout of glad "hooray."
The giver showed enjoyment keen,
And towards the Infirmary moved away.

"I'm glad to hear their healthy lungs,
I'm glad to see them strong and clean,
For some poor creatures we take in
We have to put in quarantine.

"And some are soon in hospital ;
On one boy there we'll just look in,
His disappointment would be great
If he should hear that I had been,

"And laughed and talked with other boys,
And had not seen my little friend.
Consumption's marked him for his own,
And soon the little life will end."

We enter now the cool, sweet room
In which our little fellow lies ;
He sees his pastor at the door,
And welcomes him with eager eyes.

The preacher sitting by his cot,
Takes his feverish hand, and says :
"You have around the room a lot
Of very precious promises.

A Visit to the Stockwell Orphanage.

"Nurse says last night you coughed a deal,
It does seem strange, poor little mite,
In bed to pass the livelong day,
In coughing spend the livelong night.

"You hear the shout of boys without,
And hard it seems to lie within ;
But Jesus soon will take you home,
And then explain this discipline."

With that the pastor laid his hand
Upon the little fellow's head,
And all the room was hushed as he,
Without the form of kneeling, said—

"Oh, Jesus, Master, this dear child,
Is reaching out thin hands to grasp
Thy hands of healing ; Saviour mild,
Now warm him with Thy loving clasp.

"As on his bed he patient lies,
Oh teach us by his meek behaviour,
And may he know Thee more and more
As his own gracious, loving Saviour.

"Yea, comfort still and cherish him,
For Thou we know dost children love ;
And when his pain on earth is o'er,
Oh take him to Thy home above.

"And when he hears our last good-bye,
And when he draws his parting breath,
Uplift him, that his childish feet
Be chilled not by the stream of death."

The pastor paused, then kindly said—
"And now what would you like, my dear ?
A cage with a canary bird,
To sing to you while lying here ?

"Yes, nurse shall see you have the bird,
To-morrow you shall hear its song.
Good-bye, dear boy, perhaps you'll see
The gracious Lord ere very long."

Oh ! preacher of the glowing tongue,
Whose sway the listening thousands own,
I've felt the magic of thy voice,
Thy moral greatness long have known.

But greatest thou didst seem to me,
 Most eloquent thine accents mild,
 When soothing in his lowly cot
 That dying, rescued, orphan child.

W. E. BOTTRILL,
Barrister-at-Law.

BRIEF NOTES.



OUR next number will contain the portrait of the Rev. F. W. Gotch, M.A., LL.D., late President, and now Honorary President, of Bristol College. Old Bristol students, as well as Dr. Gotch's many other friends, will be glad to receive this announcement. Will readers kindly make it known? We are in a position to promise an excellent likeness.

WE are glad to be informed by our publishers of the large number of applicants, during the last few months, for the bound volume of last year's BAPTIST MAGAZINE; but sorry that so many have been disappointed. It may save future fruitless applications if we announce that no further copies of the volume for 1886 are now to be had, unless the applicants can furnish the July number, which contains the portrait of the late Rev. J. P. Chown. It is not surprising that such was the demand for that particular number that hundreds of copies were applied for after all but the limited number kept for binding had been sold out. Those who are fortunate enough to possess a copy, if they honour the memory of that eminent minister and most amiable of men—as, having knowledge of him, they cannot fail to do—should treasure it, for the likeness is perfect, and was taken specially for the MAGAZINE only a few weeks before our deceased friend's departure.

IF readers should happen to hear any of their friends say that they do not subscribe for the monthly numbers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE, preferring to purchase the bound volume at the end of the year, they will oblige us by informing them that it is by no means certain that they will obtain the volume at the end of the year. If they really wish to possess it, they should take the monthly numbers. All the numbers for this year can, at present, be had by applying to the publishers.

THE Baptist "May" meetings were decidedly successful, notwithstanding unfavourable weather. The address of the President of the Union was of that high character, both intellectually and spiritually, which everyone expected, and gave the keynote to the meetings which followed. The protest, made against the election of Dr. Clifford to the vice-presidency, was not the violent proceeding which it seemed to be from some reports of it, but was kindly in spirit and expression, and in courage admirable. The Doctor himself will esteem Mr. Douglas all the more for it, for he cannot help being magnanimous, and is too

good a Christian—unsound in the faith, as he may be—not to honour and love a brother who takes a course contrary to what his feelings would dictate, in order to be, as he believes, loyal to his Master. We congratulate Dr. Clifford on his prospective elevation to the chair of the Union.

THE Session on the Thursday gained decidedly in spiritual tone and usefulness by the exclusion from it of politics. The introduction, as we believe some desired, of the Irish question, upon which there is such strongly marked difference of opinion, would have spoiled everything. We know, from letters received from them, that some of the most prominent men in the denomination, both ministerial and lay, are strongly opposed to the measures which probably the majority of the members of the Union support. Hitherto they have kept silent, but it is likely that any attempt to commit the Union, as such, to those measures, would call forth their protest. To hold, as was done, an unofficially called meeting to discuss the question was the wisest course that could be taken, and might, with advantage, form a precedent for years to come.

WE remember how regularly, as long as he lived, the late Mr. Potter, of Peckham, uttered his protest as often as political resolutions were brought forward in the Union. It was not, as he explained, that he was not a politician, or that he did not endorse most of the resolutions which were submitted, but he protested against the introduction of politics into our religious assemblies. Although the good man was invariably received with derisive cheers, we are not at all sure that he was not right. We find it expedient to keep politics out of our church meetings, where they would have a very disturbing and dividing effect, and one would suppose that for similar reasons it would be deemed advisable to exclude them from the larger religious assemblies in which our churches are represented. To our journals, which are *not* church institutions, and to "extra" meetings, like that called by Mr. Glover at the Mission House, the discussion of political questions may very properly be left, and one danger of division avoided.

MESSRS. BAYNES & MYERS, and the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, are to be congratulated on the excellent and most encouraging report they were able to present. That the work of God in connection with the Society has prospered so much, and that the income of the past year has proved to be the largest ever received by the Society, is highly satisfactory. Doubtless, so long as the Society prosecutes the work of Christ so faithfully and successfully, the necessary pecuniary support will be given by the churches.

THE death of the much esteemed treasurer, Joseph Tritton, Esq., which took place since the meetings were held—namely, on Sunday, May 1st—and which we record with great regret, inflicts a heavy loss on the Society, as well as on the Church of Christ at large. Mr. Tritton was "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost," and will be sorely missed. He deceased at the age of sixty-seven. Some time ago we applied to him for permission to publish his portrait in the

MAGAZINE. He sent a very kind and courteous reply, in which he informed us that his portrait would appear in the next number of the *Missionary Herald*, which would render it superfluous for us also to publish a portrait simultaneously, or nearly so. The portrait referred to has been reproduced two or three times since it first appeared; but if a wish were generally expressed to have a photograph of Mr. Tritton—which, of course, would be so greatly superior to any mere wood-cut presentment—we should be pleased, if possible, to gratify that wish.

JOURNALISTIC “acknowledgments” might be made more frequently than, as a rule, is the case. The BAPTIST MAGAZINE consists, for the most part, of original matter, specially contributed for its pages; but when anything is taken from another publication due acknowledgment is invariably made. Similar courtesy is not always extended to the BAPTIST MAGAZINE. One journal, bearing in its title in large letters the designation *Christian*, has more than once reproduced our portraits, and pirated, with scarcely the alteration of a word, the biographical sketches, and this without any acknowledgment. Private remonstrance, moreover, has been treated with anything but respect, until measures were contemplated to obtain redress. Surely the Christian press should exemplify the apostolic precept, “Be courteous,” whatever the secular press may do.

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

- BELLMAN, R. A., has accepted pastorate at Bouverie Road Church, Stoke Newington.
- BRIMLEY, T., has settled at Braunston.
- CHADWICK, J., of North Finchley, has accepted invitation to become minister of the new chapel at South Norwood.
- DAVIDSON, A. K., Old Buckenham, has commenced his duties as pastor.
- EVANS, W., has closed his ministry at Harborne.
- FIELD, T. B., has received recognition as pastor at Winscombe.
- GILLINGHAM, G. T., has commenced his ministry in the new iron chapel erected for him at Barking.
- GILLISON, J. B., has been recognised pastor of new church at Kirkintilloch, near Glasgow.
- GOODMAN, W. E., has been recognised pastor of church at Naunton, Gloucestershire.
- GREENING, A. H., has undertaken pastorate of Longmore Street Church, Birmingham.
- HARRALD, J. W., has assumed charge of a new mission chapel built by Mr. Spurgeon at Thornton Heath.
- HOBBS, H. V., removes from Tenbury to Helston.
- HUDSON, W. M., has settled, as pastor, at Grange Road, Jarrow-on-Tyne.
- MACKAY, G. P., has been recognised minister of Park Chapel, Yarmouth.
- MCPHERSON, D. P., of Glasgow, has been unanimously invited to Myrtle Street Church, Liverpool.

MALINS, G. H., late of Bouverie Road Chapel, Stoke Newington, leaves shortly to take charge of a church at Kingston, Ontario.

MORLEY, —, has been recognised minister of Succoth Chapel, Rushden.

OWEN, G. T., has assumed the united pastorate of Salcombe and Marlborough.

PRICE, W., of Garway and Orcop, removes to Beckington, Somersetshire.

ROBERTS, J. C., of Pontypool College, settles at Nantyglo.

THOMAS, W., has been ordained to the ministry at Blackwood.

TOWNSEND, J. W., of Oldway, Fownhope, Herefordshire, has resigned.

WEBSTER, —, of Birmingham, has been invited to pastorate at Emsworth, Hants.

BIRD, F. J., of Hitchin, has deceased at the early age of thirty-five.

REVIEWS.

THE SELF REVELATION OF GOD. By Samuel Harris, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1887.

THIS is a massive volume, of more than 500 pages, on a subject which necessarily taxes our powers of thought and demands their utmost concentration. But those who have the strength to attack it will find themselves amply repaid. Dr. Harris is a robust and concise thinker, with a fully equipped and finely balanced mind, keen-sighted, rigidly logical in his methods, and with a vein of poetry in his nature which lights up his most abstruse arguments, and gives a charm to his book not unlike that of Mr. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." It is a comparatively new thing to see a work on natural theology entitled "The Self Revelation of God." But recent discussions have familiarised us with the idea, and made its acceptance inevitable. We have most of us advanced beyond the old deistical view, that, while God might be the Creator, He is in no real sense the sustainer and ruler of the world, but on the completion of His creative act left things to take their own course. God is, while distinct from the world, everywhere present in it, everywhere working in it, and so revealing Himself in His living personal power. Pantheism does but grossly exaggerate an undoubted Christian truth, of which writers on natural theology have too frequently lost sight, and to which the course of recent speculation has at least constrained attention. It is the supreme merit of Dr. Harris's book that he fully recognises this fact and uses it as the basis of his argument, and that in developing the argument he employs in the most rigid fashion the acknowledged methods of science. He first shows that God is revealed in *experience* or *consciousness* as the object of religious faith and service; then that He is revealed in the *universe* as the absolute Being; thirdly, that He is revealed as Personal Spirit *through the constitution and course of nature and the constitution and history of man*; while, finally, He is revealed IN CHRIST as the Redeemer from sin. The argument from consciousness was first placed in its true position by Schleiermacher, and has been ably developed by Dorner, although we know of no finer use of it, either in its comprehensiveness or under its necessary limitations, than we find here. We have enjoyed no part of the work more thoroughly than that in which Dr. Harris

discusses Spencerian agnosticism. He not only expounds with great force the ontological argument for the being of God, but proves that agnosticism stops short of its logical conclusion ; that as at present advocated it is halting and inconsistent, and that it cannot be advocated in any form which will save it from absurdity. The tables are completely turned on Mr. Spencer, who, on his own showing, ought to be, if he is not, a theist. The teleological argument, again, is presented with remarkable freshness. The evidence in its favour corresponds to the four ideas of reason : the True, the Right, the Perfect, and the Good. Thus Nature is symbolic ; it expresses thought ; it is orderly, uniform, and continuous under law ; it is progressive, towards the realisation of ideals ; it is telic, being subordinate to the spiritual or personal system and subservient to its ends. It is, finally, in harmony and unity with the spiritual system under the true law of continuity. After reaching this point it is easy to advance to the specifically Christian position, and claim for Christianity a place in the great system which comprehends in one view the natural and the spiritual, and in another the natural and the supernatural. We admire this work alike for its solid learning, its broad philosophical insight, its firm grasp of details, its luminous style, and its apt illustrations gathered from all branches of our literature. No student, who wishes to be fully abreast of the times, should be without it.

EXPOSITIONS. By the Rev. Samuel Cox, D.D. Third Series. London : T. Fisher Unwin, 26, Paternoster Square. 1887.

To large numbers of the most intelligent students of Scripture it would be a sore disappointment if they did not receive at least one volume every year from the pen of this distinguished expositor. Dr. Cox has certainly a genius for exposition. He is a man of one book—not in the sense that he knows no other than the one, but in the better sense that this one book is the great object of his study, and that all his other knowledge is made subservient to his mastery of *it*. Mr. Matthew Arnold is probably correct in saying that we cannot know the Bible thoroughly unless we know other books as well. But the devout student of Scripture will certainly subordinate his reading and research to the great end of understanding the mind and will of God as revealed in His Word. Dr. Cox has rendered a great service to this generation by illustrating in the most striking forms the freshness, the fruitfulness, and the force of Scripture, not as a mere text-book or as a theological manual, but as a source of moral inspiration ; a guide for practical life in all its aspects, not less than as the source of our highest knowledge of God and the spiritual world. No student of God's Word is infallible or free from prepossessions. Dr. Cox's theology is not in every respect ours. He is somewhat inclined to parade his own belief, and deems all interpretations from that standpoint final and authoritative. But he doubtless expects his readers to accompany him with open eyes, and to bring their own judgment into play. If they do so, they will find, even in the discourses from which they most dissent, a rare power of suggestiveness, teaching which is at once luminous and strong, and a spirit which ennobles and enriches the life within. Dr. Cox has a love for subjects out of the beaten track, but he is never guilty of ingenious trifling, and every

discourse is the vehicle of pure and healthy instruction. His four sermons on "The Charter of Individualism," his discourses on "Heman's Elegy," "Ethan's Psalm," "Asaph's Theology," and "The Menace of Zephaniab," are instances in point. There are eight sermons of special appropriateness to the needs of our own times on "The Faithful Sayings of the Primitive Church," although the assertions with regard to the awe with which the primitive Christians regarded baptism require to be seriously qualified. Dr. Cox attributes to the Apostolic Church feelings of which we have no distinct and undisputed trace in the New Testament, and which were not developed until a later age. There are in all thirty-one discourses, and together they constitute a volume as vigorous, as graceful, and in every view as welcome as its predecessors.

THIRTY THOUSAND THOUGHTS : Being Extracts covering a Comprehensive Circle of Religious and Allied Topics. Edited by the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, M.A., Rev. Joseph Exell, M.A., Rev. Charles Neil, M.A. Christian Dogmatics (concluded). London : James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street, W.

THE present section of this valuable encyclopædia (for such it really is) contains extracts on the work and office of God the Son in redemption, on the operation of the Holy Ghost and on the means of grace. Then follows a long section on Christian graces and Christian privileges, and, finally, a division relating to the four last things, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. We have been anew impressed with the amazing amount of industry, tact, and practical knowledge embodied in these extracts. Few who have not gone through them could have any idea of the innumerable paragraphs and sentences which are quoted on every conceivable point of Christian doctrine, all of which are apposite, and offer to the student the precise kind and degree of "light and leading" which he is most likely to require. No source of information has been neglected. Ancient writers and modern, sacred and secular, homilists and essayists, poets, philosophers, and historians, have been pressed into the service of the sanctuary, and bear witness to the truth as it is in Jesus. The book is, of course, edited by Episcopal clergymen ; but we regret that on the question of baptism their extracts should be so markedly one-sided, especially when on all the points raised against our own views we could quote page after page from Pædobaptist authorities to refute the position taken here. This is the only fault we have to find with this remarkable book, which is one of the best aids to a comprehensive study of theology which the present age has produced. We were not aware, until we saw the extract on page 49, that our brother, Mr. Arthur Mursell, had been weighted with a D.D.

THE TREASURY : A Companion Tune Book to "Psalms and Hymns." Compiled and edited by Joseph B. Mead. London : Published by The Trustees, 25, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

OUR first feeling after going carefully through what deserves to be known as Mr. Mead's "Treasury," was a feeling of regret that it was not published years ago, so that all our congregations might have adopted it before similar works had been introduced. The regret has, however, given way to gladness that at length a

tune-book, in every way suitable for our congregational psalmody and worthy of universal acceptance, has appeared; one which we cannot doubt will be sooner or later adopted by all congregations which use "Psalms and Hymns." There are in all 658 tunes, most of them old and familiar (why, by the way, was "Calcutta," which for several years past has gone with such splendid swing at our Exeter Hall Missionary Meeting, excluded?), others new, to ourselves at any rate, and requiring only to be known to be appreciated. Every tune has printed with it the first verse of the hymn for which it is adjudged most suitable, and the numbers and first line of one or two other hymns are named below it. By the alphabetical index of hymns we are enabled to turn at once to the suggested tune or tunes. The arrangement and the indices are worthy of the skill, the research, and the perfect good taste which Mr. Mead has bestowed on his task. Our denomination owes to him and to the Trustees a debt of profound gratitude.

OLIVER CROMWELL, and other Poems.

By Dawson Burns, D.D. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

IN days when it is fashionable to depreciate the work of all but two or three of our foremost poets, it requires some courage to issue the story of Cromwell in heroic couplets. Dr. Burns has, however, made the attempt, and has achieved decided success. His view of the Protector's character and policy is, of course, identical with Carlyle's, and the grand story of his life is grandly told. Other pieces in the volume are of equal worth—*e.g.*, the memorial verses on Longfellow and Gordon, and the verses on Spring. There is true humour in "Perhaps" and more than a germ of truth in "Government by Party." We trust that the sale of this book will be proportioned to its merits.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Illustrated by nearly three hundred engravings. London: E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

THESE are, we believe, the earliest illustrations of the work of the immortal dreamer—quaint, and, perhaps, to some minds, occasionally grotesque,

but vivid, and embodying in an impressive force the great lessons of the allegory. The reproduction of the work at so trivial a cost is a great boon.

THE CHURCH OF THE EARLY FATHERS.

External History. By Alfred Plummer, M.A., D.D., Master of University College, Durham. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1887.

DR. PLUMMER has accomplished a difficult task well. He has sketched the history of the second and third centuries of the Christian era with admirable conciseness. The ground is extensive, and it is impossible to take more than a general survey of it. This, however, is effectively done. The salient points of the history are well brought out alike as regards the missionary activity of the Church, the development of its doctrine, the opposition it had to encounter both from the schools of philosophy and from the State. The chapters on the School of Alexandria and the most illustrious of its teachers—Origen—and on the Church in North Africa, especially the part which relates to Cyprian, are, to our thinking, the best. But the whole work is excellent.

THE EVOLUTION HYPOTHESIS : A Criticism of the New Cosmic Philosophy. By W. Todd Martin, M.A., D.L.A., Minister of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. Edinburgh : James Gemmell, George IV. Bridge. 1887.

DR. TODD MARTIN'S is a name with which we have previously been unacquainted ; but, unless we are greatly mistaken, we shall, after the publication of this masterly, and, in some points, brilliant essay, hear of it frequently. It is the product of a strong and acute thinker, who has thoroughly grasped the problems he discusses, and discusses them with a directness, an incisiveness, and a practical force which, if reason alone decided the issues, would be absolutely conclusive. His work is a reply to Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy, the whole ground of which it carefully traverses, and whose main positions it effectually rebuts. So far as the evolutionary hypothesis is anti-theistic (and it is in any case no more than an hypothesis), it is here proved to be utterly and absolutely baseless. We shall hope for other apologetic works from Dr. Martin's pen.

—

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND : Glasgow to the Highlands. Glasgow : David MacBrayne, 119, Hope-street. 1887.

WE have received from Mr. MacBrayne a copy of his Official Guide for 1887. It describes the well-known "Royal Route" by the Crinan and Caledonian Canals. The Royal Mail steamers *Columba* and *Iona* leave Glasgow daily for Ardrishaig, thus passing through the renowned Kyles of Bute. The *Linnet* conveys passengers from Ardrishaig to Crinan ; and the *Chevalier* takes them through some of the finest scenery

in the kingdom to Oban. Thence they proceed up Loch Linnhe to Banavie, and there enter the Caledonian Canal, on which the *Gondolier* or the *Glen-garry* ply their way to Inverness. From Oban, too, the *Grenadier* sails daily to Staffa and Iona ; the *Glencoe* goes thrice every week to Skye and to Gareloch ; while the *Clydesdale*, the *Clansman*, and the *Claymore* sail to Ullapool, Stornoway, and Thurso. What visions of varied and magnificent scenery these names call up ; what memories of mountain gloom and mountain glory ; what echoes of the voices of the sea ! We trust that many of our friends will be able to visit these places for themselves. To our hard-worked ministers no rest could be more invigorating or delightful than that which they could enjoy on one or other of Mr. MacBrayne's tours ; while one of the best Jubilee schemes we can imagine would be a determination on the part of our churches that their pastors should this year, at any rate, enjoy such a holiday as Mr. MacBrayne's enterprise provides for them. The cost of carrying out such a suggestion would be well expended, and would result in such increased mental elasticity and strength as would prove of the highest value when work was resumed.

—

GOD WITHIN US, and other Sermons.

By the Rev. J. Coats Shanks. London : Alexander & Shephard. 1887. MR. SHANKS'S sermons possess what, we are afraid, is the rare merit of being short. In his case this is a merit, for the brevity has not led to obscurity. He is a brisk and lively thinker who looks at his subject all round, considers all its aspects and bearings, and expresses his thoughts in terse and pointed


language. He possesses in an unusual degree the art of condensation. We infer from the preface that Mr. Shanks is one of our younger ministers. His volume, at any rate, is full of the promise and potency of life. Its texts are such as most ministers are accustomed to preach from, but there is a marked individuality in their treatment. Evangelical doctrine is presented under forms which only a scholarly mind could devise. The tone is at once firm and liberal, cultured and devout. We should like to add that the volume is well printed and

strongly bound, with red edges. We wish all the volumes that reach us were as satisfactory as this.

PRAYING AND WORKING. By the late W. Fleming Stevenson, D.D. New Edition, with Introductory Sketch. Dublin: Charles Eason & Son.

A RE-ISSUE of this already popular series of sketches, in a less expensive form, cannot fail to be appreciated. It is a noble and inspiring book, a record of mighty deeds of Christian faith and heroism in modern times.

LITERARY NOTES.

E are glad to observe that the opinion expressed in these pages as to the value of the contribution made by our brother, the Rev. T. Vincent Tynms, to our apologetic literature has been fully confirmed by the public. A third edition of his masterly book on "The Mystery of God" has just been issued by Mr. Elliot Stock. The *New York Independent*—one of the ablest religious journals of America—is impressed with the strength of Mr. Tynms's work, and adds:—"For the kind of scepticism which prevails among people of the intelligent class we do not know a better book to recommend. It starts with no violent assumptions, and holds a gentle tone and leads on by short steps. The opening discussion of modern materialism is much to the point. The author has a mind of unusual power, and has worked himself out of doubt into faith on a path which he has reconstructed in this volume for the benefit of other doubters."

STUDENTS of English literature will be gratified to know that Mr. Murray has published, in a handsome volume, a translation by Lady Eastlake of Professor Brand's "Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the English Romantic School." It is, we believe, the most important contribution yet made to the "Life" of this great poet and philosopher, Lord Coleridge and other members of the family having placed at the Professor's disposal materials not hitherto made public. Our review of the volume must for the present be deferred.

MR. WALTER SCOTT'S three series for May contains works that are sure to be popular. The Camelot Classics volume is a revised edition of Jeremy Collier's

famous translation of "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," with introduction and notes by Miss Zimmern. The Canterbury Poets volume is a translation (from various hands, all competent) of the Songs of Heinrich Heine, edited by Miss Kroeker, whose own versions are decidedly good, though Heine is not a favourite of ours. In the Great Writers series Lieut.-Col. Grant contributes an admirable "Life of Samuel Johnson," which, with Mr. Anderson's excellent Bibliography, will prove a great boon to students of his works.

MR. DOUGLAS, of Edinburgh, has just published in his shilling series of American Authors "Indian Summer," by Mr. W. D. Howells, in two volumes. It is one of the most delightful of this brilliant series of stories. We trust that Mr. Douglas may be encouraged to include in the series Mr. Howells's Poems, as also Mr. T. B. Aldrich's, for which there ought to be, if there is not, a great demand. Another work, issued by the same publisher, is "Verses of a Prose Writer," by James Ashcroft Noble. We have long known Mr. Noble as one of the most graceful and accomplished critics of our day, but we have not hitherto met with him as a poet. We may in a subsequent number direct attention to his verse. The hasty glance we have had of it assures us that it will be cordially welcomed by all lovers of true poetry. Mr. Noble is, we believe, a Baptist, and was originally connected with the church under the pastoral care of the late C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool.

THE mention of the revered name of the Rev. C. M. Birrell reminds us that his son, Mr. Augustine Birrell, is about to issue through Mr. Elliot Stock a second series of "Obiter Dicta." The success of the first series has been quite exceptional, and we are anticipating a rare treat from the second. By the way, is it too late to urge Mr. Birrell to include in it the verses published in the first edition of the first series and omitted in all subsequent editions?

IN the May number of the new *Princeton Review* (Hodder & Stoughton) it is stated that M. Taine's name is Hippolyte Adolphe, and not Henri. In writing for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* he used the signature H. Taine, but the editor, M. Buloz, was dissatisfied with this, and wanted a larger signature for appearance sake. He, therefore, deliberately "re-baptized M. Taine by the name of Henri." He is so well-known by this appellation that it is often supposed there are two Taines, Hippolyte Adolphe and Henri. The concluding part of the article on Napoleon Bonaparte, by this "incorruptible priest of historic truth," appears in this new issue of the *Princeton*. It is one of his most powerful and brilliant productions, severe but just, an effective exposure of the selfishness of Bonaparte's policy, which is rightly characterised as "egoism served by genius." We would direct special attention also to the masterly discussion of "Physiological Ethics," by Dr. Noah Porter. It is a noble exposure of the weakness and inconsistency of the ethical theories of the evolutionists, as stated by Mr. Leslie Stephen. The whole number is admirable.



W. H. MIDWINTER Photo. BRISTOL.

Yours sincerely
F. W. Gotch

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1887.

REV. DR. GOTCH.



At the close of 1831, I was invited to attend the ordination of Mr. Capern, of Long Buckby. Mr. Robinson, of Kettering, was also there. Both these brethren were fellow-students, and very dear and honoured friends through all their subsequent lives. Accompanying Mr. Robinson to Kettering, I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Gotch and their highly intelligent family. After my settlement at Clipstone, this intercourse, so pleasantly begun, ripened into a close intimacy.

Mr. Gotch, assisted by his sons, carried on a very large business as manufacturer and banker. Universally respected in the town, and ready, at all times, to assist everyone who sought his advice or help, he took a very leading part in the political affairs of the county, and was thoroughly trusted by all the leaders of the Liberal party. No important step was taken without previously consulting him. And it was precisely the same in regard to the Baptist church of which he was a deacon up to the close of his honourable life, as well as in the conduct of the business of our Association. While the elder brethren looked up to him for counsel and advice, we younger and more impetuous

spirits were kept within bounds by his commanding wisdom. Never overbearing, but always the courteous Christian gentleman, and never more so than when differing from others in judgment, his influence was as extensive as it was extraordinary. His death was a great loss to the town and neighbourhood, and, as far as I know, no one has risen to fill his place. Such were the happy conditions, both domestic and public, under which the youngest son began life, and their salutary influence has accompanied that life throughout, now that it has reached a ripe and green old age.

Dr. Gotch was born at Kettering, August 31st, 1807. He entered Bristol College in 1832. In January, 1836, he became pastor of the church at Boxmoor, which office he held for nine years. His labours were greatly blessed both to the church and the congregation. Having graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, he took the B.A. degree in 1838, which was followed in due course by the M.A. He succeeded to the higher degree of LL.D. after his removal to Bristol. His literary distinctions are not therefore honorary, but have been honourably won.

From Boxmoor Dr. Gotch removed as tutor to Stepney College, where he remained until 1845, when he was invited to undertake the office of classical and mathematical tutor in Bristol. The students soon began to feel that they had a master of unquestioned ability. They enjoyed his kindest sympathy, and he had, in return, their warmest regard. Happily he knew how to manage young men—a knowledge which all tutors do not possess. They felt therefore no hesitancy in stating to him the difficulties which all ardent inquiring minds are sure to encounter in regard to some of the essential doctrines of Christianity. He spared no effort to show them how these difficulties might be overcome. I have never met with any of the students who have enjoyed the advantage of his instruction but who have spoken of him in terms glowing with all the ardour of an enthusiastic affection.

In 1846, Dr. Gotch was appointed one of the examiners in Scripture by the Senate of the London University. On the retirement from residence in the College of Mr. Crisp, with whom he maintained the most affectionate relations up to the close of his life, he became resident tutor, in 1861, when he had the entire charge of the Institution. On the death of Mr. Crisp, in 1868, Dr. Gotch became president, which office he continued to fill, with distinguished honour

and usefulness, until his election, in 1882, as honorary president. This office he still holds, though feeble health prevents his taking any very active part in its affairs.

Another honour was conferred on our friend when he was invited to join the Old Testament Revision Company, on which he was associated with my fellow-student and life-long friend, Dr. Benjamin Davis—a scholar whose reputation has passed from England to an honourable recognition among the most learned men on the Continent of Europe. As Dr. Angus was offered a seat on the New Testament Company, I think, using the words in a sense which no intelligent reader will misunderstand, that we Baptists may be proud of giving three of our brethren to these bodies of eminent critics and scholars.

Whatever difficulty might be felt as to Dr. Gotch's attendance at the meetings of the Revision Company, which occasionally required a somewhat prolonged absence from Bristol, arrangements were made which allowed of his attendance without causing any serious interruption to the work of the College. He, however, attached so much importance to the position and its duties, that he frankly told me he would rather resign his presidency than give up the other.

Like most men of superior ability, Dr. Gotch is not wanting in the pleasing quality of humour. This would not be suspected by a casual observer, for he is ordinarily quiet and grave. But it used to come out, much to our enjoyment, at the annual dinner to the old students of Bristol, to which he invited them during our anniversaries in London in the month of May. These re-unions were truly delightful, and I question if anyone enjoyed them more than did Dr. Gotch himself.

While health permitted, Dr. Gotch was a regular and most efficient member of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, at whose deliberations he often presided when the Treasurer was absent, to the great advantage of the conduct of its business.

In the formation of the church at Cotham Grove Dr. Gotch took an active and prominent part, and was elected deacon, in which office he continues. Nor was he less active previously in promoting the erection of their "beautiful house," one of the most elegant and commodious to be found in Bristol.

As a preacher Dr. Gotch would, to occasional hearers, appear somewhat hesitating. This did not arise from the want of something to say

worth anyone's while to listen to, but from a want of satisfaction with his own choice of words, which he would often recall to replace them by others which he thought better. But there was no hesitancy when he had committed his thoughts to paper. Then it was alike most pleasant and profitable for anyone to hearken and attend who could appreciate profound thinking, lucidity and force of expression. It has been my privilege occasionally to hear him give "the charge" to one of his students, on settling over a church, and I never heard one of these addresses without feeling great admiration for his ability and faithfulness to the truth. It is not too much to say that his address from the chair of the Baptist Union, which he filled some years ago, on "Christ the Centre," has never been excelled by anyone who has since occupied that honourable position.

Regret has often been expressed that Dr. Gotch has never published any theological treatise. Some years ago, he read to me the syllabus of his lectures on the Atonement. I was deeply interested, and earnestly entreated him to give these lectures a permanent form. Had he made the effort, our libraries would have been enriched by a valuable testimony to the truths which are most surely believed among us. In his article in the edition now publishing of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on the Baptists, our practice and the reasons for it are set forth with remarkable clearness and force.

Dr. Gotch has, however, written a good deal the authorship of which the Christian public have no knowledge. He was a large contributor to Kitto's "Journal of Sacred Literature," and the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature." His articles on Ezekiel and Jeremiah bear ample testimony to his accurate scholarship and research. He edited the Revised English Bible to the end of the Pentateuch, published in 1877, and was also editor of the Old Testament of the beautiful edition of the Bible published by the Tract Society. For these contributions to theological literature we cannot but be thankful; but they awaken a feeling of deep regret that he has not given us more. Such of our readers as may possess these valuable works will be gratified when they use them by knowing of how much instruction and pleasure they owe to the pen of Dr. Gotch. And now that his life, drawn out beyond the limit usually assigned to man, is drawing to its close, one cannot think of it, spent as it has been in continuous efforts to promote interests of the highest moment, without feeling the beauty and

appropriateness of the words of the sacred writer : "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age ; they shall be fat and flourish ; to shew that the Lord is upright, . . . and there is no unrighteousness in Him." F. T.

Bristol

THE ATONEMENT : ITS CENTRAL PRINCIPLE.

I.



F it is necessary to start with a definition, I may say, that by the word "atonement" I understand, not reconciliation, but the ground on which reconciliation is effected.

The translators of the authorised version of the New Testament have rendered the Greek word *καταλλαγήν* in Rom. v. 11 by the English word atonement, and I have known this fact taken advantage of to maintain that the Scripture notion of atonement is fully expressed by the word reconciliation, as if such words as *ἰλαστήριον* and *ἰλασμός*, propitiatory and propitiation, had no place in the New Testament.

Others, again, admit that these terms can have no other meaning than as referring to propitiatory sacrifice ; but suggest that truths, though uttered by inspired apostles, may yet be coloured by the human medium through which they reach us. It may be so, but I apprehend it is ordinarily safer to accept the inspiration with the colouring than colouring without inspiration.

Again, it is asserted that "such words as propitiation and expiation, in their true meaning, are part of the drift which has come down to us from dark times, gathered first from heathendom into Judaism, and then into Christian phraseology," and that, "notwithstanding the word atonement occurs frequently in the earlier part of the Old Testament, its absence from the later revelation is conspicuous and instructive." Now the truth is, that it is by no means absent from the later revelation, and its conspicuous re-appearance in the latest revelation of all is "instructive," as showing how inadmissible is the supposition of the doctrine it implies hailing from heathendom.

As, then, such words as imply a proper propitiation are sanctioned alike by the Old Testament and the New as a means of reconciliation between God and man, let us endeavour to ascertain what is the main element in the doctrine which their employment in Scripture involves ; in other words, what it is in the Christian sacrifice that primarily constitutes the propitiation.

And here, I am aware, that I am treading on very delicate ground, and have the most formidable authorities arrayed against me, as Farrar, Mozley, Maurice, and others. Canon Farrar says that "neither in the Jewish system, nor in the Epistle to the Hebrews, is there any answer to the question of Episcopius about the atonement '*an circa Deum aliquid effecerit?*' Of the blessed effects of the atonement in relation to *men*, we know, or may know all—of the mysterious acts, of the operative cause, we know, and can know nothing. . . . We accept what the Scriptures have plainly said, and what has been stamped with the approval of the Universal Church." Well, but if anything is to be learnt from the general drift and scope of the inspired writings, I for one must beg to be excused from waiting for the approval of the Universal Church, and I venture to think that Canon Farrar would do the same ; for he rightly rejects the theory of Irenaeus, though, as he says, "it lasted almost unquestioned for nearly a thousand years," and he boldly points out an unscriptural phrase in the confession of Augsburg, and in the second of the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Moreover, he maintains that we know nothing of the effects of the atonement "*circa Deum*."—a sentiment which is certainly not stamped with the approval of the Universal Church.

In the few remarks, therefore, which I have to make, I may be allowed to be guided solely by the general bearing of Scripture on this question, as the highest and last court of appeal.

That bloody sacrifice was from the first employed as a symbol of expiation scarcely admits of a doubt. We have no trace of it before the fall. The first recorded instance of it is attributed to the *faith* of the sacrificer—the object of that faith doubtless being the original promise of deliverance from the effects of the fall. It is true, as Outram remarks, that "Moses gives us no distinct account of the origin of sacrifice"; but it is difficult to suppose that expiatory sacrifice would be so early resorted to without some Divine intimation

of its being acceptable, whilst, on the other hand (as Dean Mansell observes), the positive institution of expiation must from the first have been adapted to some corresponding instinct in human nature, without which it would be scarcely possible to account for its continuance and universal diffusion, as well as for its various corruptions." The prime origin, the *fons et origo* of bloody sacrifice, we may safely attribute to some Divine intimation; for it seems unreasonable to suppose that an institution running through the whole Adamic, Patriarchal, and Jewish dispensations, closely connected with the first intimation of mercy, admirably adapted to remind the worshipper both of the original sentence and the original promise, at first sight revolting to human feeling, yet well calculated to deepen a sense of guilt, accompanied by faith in a scheme of mercy, of which only the first incipient hints had as yet been thrown out, responded to on the part of the Divine Being by many visible proofs of its acceptance, Divinely regulated among the chosen people, occupying a large and important field of revelation, unvarying in its rites during the whole period of its existence, and ending in the fulfilment of the promise from which it would seem to have sprung; it is (I say) unreasonable to attribute such an institution to a mere human origin. An institution so Divinely recognised, guided, and utilized, needs no Solomon to discover its parentage.

And yet it would be hard to say whether bloody sacrifice was at the first the outcome of a Heaven-inspired intuition, or the subject of a more external revelation; but whichever way we view it, it must be regarded in the light of the circumstances under which it first appeared. For it was co-eval with the threatening of death on the one hand, and the promise of deliverance on the other. It was the connecting link between the two. It contained an inkling of how the promise was to be fulfilled. It was a shadow of expiation.

This word expiation is sometimes used—especially in newspaper literature—as synonymous with punishment. But, in reality, it is a word of much wider significance. No amount or severity of punishment can of *itself* have any expiatory value, for the chief element in expiation is wanting. When the murderer is executed, his suffering is not a complete expiation of his crime, for expiation *completed* would entitle him to rehabilitation, the impossibility of which is of the essence of his punishment.

But the difference may be set in a yet clearer light. We know that God frequently accepted the offering of bloody sacrifice. Under the Old Covenant He is said to have "smelt a sweet savour," and we know Him of whom the New Testament bears witness that He offered Himself as an offering to God "for a sweet-smelling savour." Now, what was it in these sacrifices with which God was well pleased? Not *punishment*, for we have His own solemn assurance that He has no *pleasure* in punishing. That which affords Him *satisfaction* in expiation is something else than punishment—at any rate, it is something more and something higher, if not something else. In no case was sacrifice acceptable unless it was the expression of submission and obedience.

It has become somewhat fashionable of late to set the Law and the Prophets at variance with each other, because of the manner in which the later teachers of Israel denounced the offering of sacrifice. But, in the first place, these denunciations extended to practices which were right enough in themselves, if rightly attended to—such as prayer, temple worship, &c. It was not the practice, therefore, which was the object of prophetic reproof, but the abuse of it. What was intended as merely *symbolical* was elevated to the dignity of the *real*, and as such became a vain oblation, just as the brazen serpent, when from acting as a reminder of God's mercy, it became an object of idolatrous worship, was rightly stigmatized as Nehushtan—a piece of brass.

Secondly, the teaching of the later Prophets was in no way contrary to the uniform teaching of Scripture from the beginning. In the very first record of sacrifice we are as good as told that Abel's offering was instinct with the spirit of obedience, and *therefore* accepted, whilst Cain's was not so characterised, and therefore not accepted. Speaking by one of the later Prophets, God declared that when He led Israel out of Egypt, His one great command to them was, "Obey My voice;" and in accordance with this we find there is not a syllable in the Decalogue (the fundamental law imposed on Israel at the Exodus) that contains the faintest hint about animal sacrifice. Again, when Saul was sent to destroy the Amalekites and all that they had, and when yet he spared the best of the cattle for sacrifice, Samuel expostulated with him on this wise: "Hath the Lord as great delight in sacrifice as in obedience; behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams;" indicating with emphasis that no

sacrifice could be accepted that was not made in the spirit of obedience. And with this agrees the whole tenour of Scripture throughout. The one acceptable sacrifice is the sacrifice of the human will (with whatever is a genuine expression thereof) to the will of God. Very striking is the language of the 40th Psalm in indicating the Great Sacrifice, apart from which all others are valueless. "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not; then, said I, lo! I come to do Thy will, O God." Whether we regard these words as applicable to the Messiah, or to the man in whom the Spirit of Christ is, or to both, each in his measure, we cannot fail to see that they represent the sacrifice of self to be the one acceptable sacrifice; they show, as it were, the Divine complacency passing away from the *temporary symbol* in order to rest in the *permanent reality* of sacrifice—the merging (that is) of the human will in the Divine.

But here a question arises. If the merging of the human will in the Divine is the one sacrifice God requires, why, in the doing of His will, was it necessary for the Son of Man to endure the bitter pangs of a cruel death? It is not a sufficient answer to this question to say—though we may say with truth—that the self-sacrifice of the created to the Creator will is the fundamental law of the moral universe; for the question returns, Why should *such* sacrifice of will take the form of agonising sorrow in this particular case? Perhaps it may be some answer to say, that just as it was necessary that atoning obedience should be rendered in *human nature*, in like manner it was necessary, and for the same reason, that it should be rendered in the form most appropriate to the condition which humanity had reduced itself to. Disobedience entails suffering; what wonder that the obedience which God required to expiate it should be a suffering obedience? In the cross we see, in a hearty acceptance of suffering *because it was the Father's will*, the completest embodiment of obedience.

As the cross was the culmination of the Saviour's undertaking, the word became a symbol for His whole redemptive work; but the descent is easy to its being considered as a symbol of His sufferings apart from the spirit that impelled to and sustained them. We are in danger of weighing His suffering and our sins in opposite scales, and attributing so much suffering to so much sin. But just as what God was pleased with in Abraham's sacrifice, was *not his suffering*,

but the unlimited obedience of which his suffering was the expression, so when Christ laid His whole Person on God's altar for doing and suffering all the Father's will, what must have afforded infinite satisfaction to the Father was the loving and filial obedience of the Son, maintained to the utmost, unswerving under the heaviest strain, and standing the severest test—"Obedience unto death, even the death of the cross."

Thus it appears that expiatory suffering derives all its value from the perfection of obedience, which embraces it, sustains it, and pervades it as its life and spirit. The cross, with its foregoing and attendant sufferings, was the measure and manifestation of that obedience which constitutes the propitiation. And, as it seems a fitting thing that obedience should be rendered in human nature by the Word becoming flesh, so also it was fitting that that obedience should be rendered in a manner appropriate to the sinful condition of humanity; or, to put it in the strong language of the Apostle, that He should be "made sin for us."

But God is a lawgiver, and pledged to the righteous administration of law.

Yes, but there is this difference between laws human and Divine, that whereas human law is vindicated by the infliction of suffering as such, without regard to the spirit in which it is borne, the Heavenly Lawgiver is not satisfied unless that punishment is borne in hearty submission to His will, and regard seems to be had by Him, first to the possession of the spirit of perfect obedience, and then to the manner in which circumstances require its manifestation. With human governments punishment is the *only* satisfaction for crime; with the Divine Government punishment is not only not the *sole*, but it is not even the *chief* satisfaction. Of old, God promised to His people that, if, when His anger fell upon them for their sins, they should "accept the punishment of their iniquity"; then He on His part would "remember His covenant with their ancestors." It would even seem as if punishment *accepted* were by His mercy and grace transmuted into acceptable service. This, at least, was eminently so in the case of the Saviour. God testified His acceptance by raising Him from the dead and giving Him glory. Fitly, then, is it said of Him, in view of His speedy deliverance from the grasp of the grave, that He "*tasted* death for every man."

Not that His sufferings were at all light. On the contrary, His agonies were such as are not common to men. To say nothing of His bodily sufferings, the mingled blood and water that flowed from His pierced side testified to the bursting of the heart from extreme mental anguish. It was enough. It *was* enough. Obedience could no further go. Its perfection, as thus demonstrated, perfected the sacrifice. Shall we say that *justice* was satisfied? Well, so we speak. But may not this way of putting the case be somewhat misleading? Sacrifice, being an act of worship, is never in Scripture represented as offered to the abstract quality of righteousness, but only to righteousness as embodied in an All-righteous Personality. As an eminent writer observes: "Righteousness must be recognised as such independently of any mere decree, even a Divine decree. But loyalty to a law of righteousness is strengthened, exalted, and purified when it is no longer loyalty to a mere impersonal law, but to a Righteous Will whereof the law is the expression." It is not enough to say that *justice* was satisfied. God, with all the boundlessness of His loving nature, was satisfied with the supreme submission and limitless obedience of the Humanity assumed by His Son." "Therefore, doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life, that I might take it again." Had it been simply a question of legal justice issuing in punishment, we should not have the Gospel of the Resurrection to preach. It is true that the greatest stress is laid in Scripture on the *death* of Christ as the means of our redemption. But, as the late Bishop of Ripon puts it, in one of his published sermons: "It would be incorrect to affirm that it was merely by His death that Christ wrought out redemption for us; it is more in accordance with truth to regard every act of the Redeemer on earth as an act of redemption—His incarnation, His uniform submission to the law, His conflict with Satan in the wilderness, His willing endurance of the contradiction of sinners against Himself—all these were parts of His redeeming work. At the same time, they are to be viewed as converging towards, and culminating, so to speak, in, the crowning act of redemption, the sacrifice which the Redeemer offered of Himself, once for all, upon the cross. It was the propitiatory death which He underwent, by which, emphatically, the world was redeemed." I think it is a pity that the much-respected Bishop, after enumerating these several redemptive acts, and their culmination in one crowning

act, did not go on to expound the central principle from which all these acts radiated, and which each one of them involved—that central principle which was clearly in the mind of the Apostle Paul when he spoke of the Redeemer as being “obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.” This obedience we may take to be the essence of His redemptive work—that which pervaded all, animated all, and united all into one consistent whole—the one thread of which His righteousness was wrought, and which may be well symbolised by His own garment, which was “of one piece, woven from the top throughout.”

The sufferings of Christ were instinct with the spirit of obedience, and were the means through which that obedience was carried to its utmost limits—“Obedience unto death.” This Divine touch from apostolic pen throws light on the philosophy of the atonement, gives prominence to our Redeemer’s death as the consummation of His obedience, and stamps the cross as the symbol of a work mightier than creation.

R. CAMERON, LL.D.

THE GIFFORD REMAINS.

No. III.



E now come upon four letters from abroad descriptive of the progresses of the “Prophet Nathan” in “Poland, Turkey, and the East.” We transcribe the first—

“22 July, 1666, Amsterdam.

“MY LADY,—Though since my last I heard nothing from you, if you received them, yea or no, yet I could not but inform you further of what we got since, concerning the hope of Israel; its re-collecting in our days:—for four letters came from Sale, dated the 6th of May last past, reviving the tidings which we had last year, concerning a great multitude of Jews marching through the deserts of Africa; saying that from Mechenes and Tremisen they had information that about four days’ journey from Tremisen there appeared a great number of Jews, fair of countenance and richly clothed; that wherever they

find resistance they still prevail ; yea, that coming before a great and strong town that would oppose them, they sounded a trumpet, at which the town fell, and was utterly defeated. The King of Tremisen sent thither a Jew and a Moor to take notice of the number of this people, what course they take, and what is their desire. Those of Sale, above mentioned, write that since January last they heard of these minions, but could not believe it till now that many letters of great credit do verify it. Besides we got also divers letters from the Holy Land, and especially one from R. Scholomo (an Amsterdam Rabbi gone thither) out of Gaza itself, signifying that now he had seen and spoken with the Prophet, and found in his very countenance such grace and wisdom shining forth, that now he is out of all doubt that he is truly a prophet. Whoever cometh to him, he knows presently to tell him all his sins from his youth, and withal orders what he must do to reconcile himself to God. This makes such a multitude to flock thither that the city cannot hold them, but must make some shift to lodge in tents out of the town. And from Constantinople we got this week letters dated the 1st of June, written of the chiefest Rabbis there, in answer to the Synagogue of Venice, who desired to know what was of the matter on foot ; wherein they declare that surely their deliverance was at hand, and they had no doubt at all but it would go on. I, myself, have seen the copies of some Hebrew letters to that purpose, and besides it was there asserted as from the mouth of the King or Prophet, or both, that in the year of the Creation 5427, according to the Jewish computation, which year begins next September October (*sic*) 1666, the re-collection of the people of the Jews in their land will have its effect. This doth mightily encourage other Jews everywhere still to continue in fasting and penitence. And as for their King, he is still at Galope in a great palace with open doors, so that he who will may come to him, there being about him some 400 Jews and above, joining with him in prayers, and so expecting the Lord's good time and pleasure ; while we are fighting one with another and fulfilling the measure of our iniquity. These days came from France one Monsieur Labady, a minister of singular parts and of a convincing spirit, exhorting us to repent, seeing the Kingdom of Christ (which he is to have on earth) is now approaching, all the forthcoming signs being past, and therefore we are to look to ourselves lest we perish with Babylon and

be cast out with the unfaithful servant, whilst the faithful shall be made heirs of the world and . . . of the Kingdom. He sticks not to say that we that profess ourselves to be reformed, need yet a true reformation, even the reformation according to the true pattern Christ Jesus: and that though there be many preachers and speakers to the people, he finds no true pastors and shepherds. A true pastor knows his sheep and they know him, and so have communion one with another. Thus he preached at Utrecht, and stirred up many drowsy hearts, even among the teachers also. And from hence I went with him to Harlaem where I was with him four days in Henry Beet's garden, and was as much edified by his conversation as by his preaching. There he preached also with great freedom amongst all sorts of persons, and thence to Midleburgh where he is called. This I thought good to impart also unto your Ladyship, and to all longing and waiting souls about you. I hope you will have amongst you, too, (those) that lift up their heads and stir up one another also to do the like, for the time that remains is short and will be sharp. Oh, that now at least we may be wise and mind the things that belong to our eternal peace. Let us pray one for another, and join hearts and hands to Him that is able to help us all, and to give us part in the inheritance of the saints. And so I rest,

“Your affectionate servant in the Lord,

“P. SERARIOUS.”

“The friends here, as Mr. Casper, Croatirse, Nicen, Volhort, Verde, Veldre, &c., salute you kindly. Salute also your husband from me, and Mr. Labadie, a great friend to divers of his acquaintance in France.”

Who “My Lady” was does not appear, nor is there anything to show who “P. Serarius” was. It may safely be inferred that they belonged to the English Puritan party, and that the latter had sought—as so many did—an asylum in Holland and that religious liberty which was denied him and his co-religionists in their own country after the restoration of Charles II. The letter is another of the accumulated evidences of the fascination which the “re-collection” of the Jews in the Holy Land, and cognate subjects connected with the Second Advent, have for some minds, and of the credulity and

mistakes which have invariably characterised those who have given themselves up to it. The "Prophet Nathan," and the "King" who reigned "at Galope in a great palace with open doors," have had their day and sunk into oblivion, as well as many other pretenders who have followed them. Still, learning nothing from the errors of their predecessors, and undeterred by the admonition of the Saviour, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power," there are to be found presumptuous men who persist in striving to be wise above that which is written.

It appears that about the beginning of the eighteenth century, Edinburgh University adopted certain new rules, and introduced such reforms into its management as greatly enhanced its value in the eyes of English Dissenters. Some of their leading men, therefore, drew up and signed the following declaration, which is preserved among these Gifford papers:—

"We, whose names are under written, having read and considered the proposals above, for the improvement of the education of youth in the University of Edinburgh; and being moreover assured that the students in that University shall be free of all oaths, tests, and other impositions, by which one Protestant may be distinguished from another; are of opinion that this scheme is well adapted to the purpose of a virtuous and liberal education, and therefore recommend it to the parents, guardians, and others, as a design very worthy of their encouragement.

" Sic Subscribitur."

Then follow the signatures, which number thirty-nine. Among them are those of Daniel Williams, Edm. Calamy, Richard Stratton, Senr., Daniel Burgess, Jos. Stennet, Benjamin Hintou, Thomas Bradbury, and Isaac Watts.

We have just celebrated the Jubilee of the Queen's reign. The columns of the daily and weekly press have been crowded with reports of the demonstrations which have been made by municipal, religious, and other bodies, all over the British Empire. That the British are, generally speaking, attached to the throne and grateful for the blessings they enjoy under a monarch who bears so high a character, and has performed the duties of her high station with so scrupulous a regard to the constitution, as Queen

Victoria, admits of no doubt. With the exception of a few revolutionary Social Democrats and the Irish Separatists, who, in the words of the ex-Premier, have been "marching through rapine to the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire," the people are loyal. Very different was the state and feeling of the country a hundred and seventy years ago, four years after the reigning house acceded to the throne, as is incidentally witnessed to by a document bound up with these papers. It is a deposition made March 31st, 1718, before John Day, Mayor of Bristol, by John Drawgirdle, tide surveyor in the port of Bristol, to the effect that he had heard Edward Biss, rector of St. George's Church, Somerset, preach a sermon in which he reflected in a most scurrilous manner on the late Prince of Orange, and on the reigning house of Brunswick. Such sermons—not uncommon then, or at least the disposition to preach them—are never heard from Church of England pulpits now. Such sermons, never heard from Nonconformist pulpits now, were never heard then; for Nonconformists have ever been the staunchest supporters of the new order of things introduced by the Revolution of 1688; indeed, but for the firm support given by them to the house of Brunswick during the critical period of the reign of the first two Georges, it is possible that that house would not be the royal house of England to-day.

The Rev. Timothy Thomas was a well-known Baptist minister, a contemporary of the Giffords and of Bernard Foskett, of Bristol College renown. Among these remains is a letter, bearing his signature, to his "dear friend Mr. Gifford, at the Great House in Tewkesbury." It was written in 1719, and is as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—You may be surprised, having seen me so lately, at the suddenness of my resolution which this informs you of. Next Thursday I design setting out for Bristol, to stay about a fortnight, drink the waters, and see my friends. This comes to invite your company, if you think it proper and are inclined to go. I shall march on slowly (two days) according to the rate of an infirm traveller. Yourself I believe may bear the pace. The weather is warm and the way's good. Your friends advise your coming, and really you seem to want good attendance. Think of it. Your company upon the road, and your company there will be pleasing to

"Your friend and servant,

"TIM. THOMAS."

“P.S.—I shall ride all the way, lie at Gloucester the first night, and call upon you at dinner-time (this if I hold my resolution and am well). You may hire a horse at Tewkesbury, if you ride. The expense, I believe, is equal. If you come upon your friends unawares, the surprise will be agreeable. Please to send an answer by the bearer.”

Mr. Thomas evidently knew how to put a thing, and his gentle hint about dinner is admirable.

The following letter from Dr. Gifford to his father, congratulating him on recent recovery from a threatening attack of sickness, is dated London, April 4, 1723:—

“HON: SIR,—I had writ last post but was in hopes to have rece^d one from you yesterday in which I was not disappointed; tho’ it has given me an unspeakable uneasiness to hear of your Disorder, which in all probability had proved of most pernicious Consequences to us, tho’ so beneficial to y^r Dear Self, had not kind providence prevented both.

“Oh, y^t my heart was sufficiently alarmed by such an awakening providence! w^t! to have y^e best of fathers att y^e point of death! Tis a Melancholy and afflicting stroke indeed! Though y^e Dissolution could have procured y^t inconceivable and I doubt not Long’d for happiness to you, yet to us it could not but have brought immensurate Sorrow. My heart ene bleed’s when I think how My Dear Mother could have born so terrible a sight to humane nature Oh! how shocking is Death to Nature; tho’ the christian can sometimes receive it with triumph. You Sir, I question not was ready to receive it with pleasure, because twoud have been no more yⁿ an exchange of this transitory, unsatisfactory and Tedious Life for one more Glorious, but we must have sunk under y^e insupportable Load.—But, why do I dwell on a Theme to us so unpleasant?—God, our kind and propitious Benefactor has spared you, returnd you back as an Answer (I hope) of His peoples prayers to do more Service. May heaven go on to Bless y^e means for y^r Recovery, and may all that are any way Concerned have hearts so influenced with Gratitude, as to return y^e praise. May it make us admire its wonderful Power, as well as adore its obligeing kindness. Yea may Such alarming dispensations drive us to y^t Saviour who is able to secure us from y^e Punishment of eternal Death as well as remove

y^e sting of y^e Natural one. Oh y^t it might make me in particular, more despise this world, and all its enjoyments, prise heaven y^e best of reversions, Seek after Communion with a reconciled God y^e best of Company, and, as a Consequence y^off live in more constant Distrust of my self, dependance on him Righteously before him, y^t at Last I might have y^e Comfortable assurance imparted by his Spirit, of a Constant uninterrupted and Eternal Enjoyment. forgive dear Sir this unbecomeing freedom in me, as y^e effect of affection excited by Concern ; promoted by alternate Grief and Rejoicing. I leave all other matter for next (which won't be Long first) except acquainting you with my good state of health, and joy to hear of y^t of my relations, to all of whom my respects as tho' distinctly named, especially my duty to both my Dear Parents concludes me at present y^r anxious, Sorrowful, Rejoicing Son,

“ A. GIFFORD.

“ I beg I migh havean Another Letter p next post.”

The letter is endorsed in Dr. Gifford's handwriting: “ Last letter to Father, 1723, April, Rev. Mr. Em^a Gifford. Mem^d.—he was called home to receive his hire, 4 Oct^r following.”

EDITOR.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.*

I.



IN the title page of his recently published memoir of James Hannington, Mr. Dawson has set as the motto of his work a sentence from Epictetus: “ Show me some one person formed according to the principles he professes. Show me one who is sick and happy ; in danger and happy ; dying and happy ; exiled and happy.” No reader of his book will deny that in showing us Bishop Hannington, he has shown us such a man. Mr. Dawson has found in Hannington a good subject for his pen. The Bishop's life, though short, was full of variety and stirring incident ; the circumstances both of his earlier and later days, combined with his bold and roving disposition and love of adventure, led

* James Hannington, D.D., First Bishop of East Equatorial Africa : A History of his Life and Work. By Rev. E. C. Dawson, M.A.

him into ever new and strange scenes, in which he took the keenest interest and showed, even to the last, a "boyish" delight. He had a quick eye to observe both physical and human nature, and his keen perception of the ludicrous gives his biographer the opportunity of telling many an amusing story. Mr. Dawson has eminent qualifications for his task. Closely associated with Hannington in student days, in the free and easy life of Oxford, he learned to know well his many-sided character; and afterwards the means in God's hands of his friend's conversion—so we judge, though modestly he does not mention his own name—he knew the secrets of his heart, which were hidden from the common gaze. He writes with a piquancy and evident appreciation of even the most boisterous moods of his friend, which cannot fail to gain our interest for the tale that he tells. In his preface he says: "The materials of which Bishop Hannington was formed were not run into the mould in which ordinary men are shaped. In few things was he just like the majority. Almost everything he said or did was stamped with the impress of his own distinct individuality. . . . His ways were his own, and his words were his own, and nothing would be easier than that a stranger, by separating his words and his ways from *himself*, should be perfectly accurate in every statement, and yet represent him to the world in a manner which would not only be unsatisfactory, but even misleading and unfair to his memory." And though the reader may be inclined to demur at such a statement, he will probably, before he lays down the book, acknowledge it to be both just and necessary.

James Hannington was born at St. George's House, Hurstpierpoint, near Brighton, on September 3rd, 1847. His father was a successful man of business in Brighton, and, until shortly before the birth of James, his eighth child, had resided in the immediate vicinity of his business premises, whence he removed to Hurstpierpoint, a pretty village about eight miles away, situated among the Sussex downs, and not far from the sea. Here James spent a happy childhood. His father's house was surrounded by extensive grounds, with every corner of which the little lad soon formed an intimate acquaintance. He early developed an intense interest in all natural objects, and his passion for "specimens" was so fierce that he says of himself, "No portfolio or cabinet was safe from my nasty little fingers." His love of natural science grew with his years, and continued unabated till

the end of his life, affording him recreation in the midst of work and giving interest to many a brief holiday ramble. The words Charles Kingsley wrote about himself to one who was to be his travelling companion may be well applied to Hannington: "Remember that I can amuse myself in any hedge with plants and insects, and that you may leave me anywhere, any long, certain that I shall be busy and happy." When out in Africa, after a long and tedious march, Hannington would sometimes forget his worries and fatigue in a ramble in search of specimens. More than once he had to suffer for his zeal. Several times he was severely bitten by black ants which he had disturbed. On one occasion he encountered a beautiful but most malignant bean, the pod of which is densely covered with short red hairs, which enter the skin and cause the acutest agony. He says: "When I first seized the tempting bait I was nearly driven mad with pain, and was a long time discovering the source of the mischief; for unlike the nettle, which stings at once, this venomous pod does not develop its evil effects until some time afterward."

But to return. His early training was in many respects deficient. He seems to have been allowed more liberty than was good for him; of which he, with a nature that knew no fear of danger, took full advantage. At the same time, any fault brought home to him was punished with a severity which he himself thought afterwards to have been detrimental to his moral courage. He attended a private school in Brighton, and poor teaching, frequent visits home, and protracted holidays combined to make him a poor scholar. "I only remained at school until I was fifteen and a half," he says, "and then left for business—with as bad an education as possible." He entered his father's business, but never took to it, and only remained in it because it would have displeased his father if he had left it. His was not the nature for quiet, plodding work in an office: he loved the open air and quick movement and adventure. Nor was he ever properly broken in. His parents were very fond of yachting, and already, during his schooldays, he had been on a tour with them round the south coast of England, besides going to Wales with his tutor. Immediately he left school he paid a visit to Paris, again with his tutor, which greatly interested him, and of which he preserved a copious record in a note-book. The diary shows that he had eyes to see and a mind to understand. While he was in Paris the Archbishop

was very ill. In one of his letters to his mother he makes the remark, "I am rather glad that the Archbishop is dead : we are going to see him lying in state." The six years of his business life were very much broken into by successive yachting tours with his parents. On one occasion he went as far as the Mediterranean, and on another up the Baltic to St. Petersburg, whence Moscow was visited. In returning from the latter cruise an incident occurred which showed the stern stuff of which he was made. His brother being called home, James, though only nineteen, had to take charge. Finding the men disorderly, he threatened that any man breaking his leave should be discharged forthwith. The first to do so was the captain. Hannington, however, kept his word, and, much to the astonishment of the crew, packed him off immediately. So much play and so little work during the first twenty-one years of his life did not seem likely to fit him for a life of usefulness. But in all this God was unconsciously leading him. The experience of the world, and of human nature in various lands and classes of society, the courage, the judgment, and fertility of resource that he acquired, stood him in good stead ; indeed it was his manifest possession of these qualities which largely contributed to his being appointed to the position that he occupied in Africa, and enabled him to do such valiant service at home and abroad. God knew well what He was about in the control which he exercised over the circumstances of Hannington's early life.

When Hannington was twenty an event occurred which probably changed the course of his life. His father had hitherto been a Nonconformist, and had built a neat little Gothic chapel in his grounds, paying a minister to preach in it. But, in 1867, he joined the Church of England, and the minister being pensioned, St. George's Chapel became a chapel of ease to the parish church, which lay some distance off. In consequence young Hannington got to know many clergy and Church people. He says, "I yearned for ordination ;" but adds later, "As for real motives I had none, or next to none. I was, I fear, a mere formalist, and nothing more." But though he says this, his diary bears evidence that beneath his outwardly careless demeanour there were strivings of the Spirit within. We find him resorting to prayer and to self-examination. On April 23rd, 1868, he writes to his mother : "I have decided in favour of the

Church. I believe that God is with me in this matter." In the following October he became a Commoner of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford.

Interesting as it is, I do not propose to enter with much fullness into the record of his undergraduate life at the University. Mr. Dawson saw him on the first day he entered college, and was introduced to him on the day following. Let us hear how he describes him: "A tall, well-proportioned young fellow, with somewhat loosely and pliantly set figure, that gave promise of both activity and power. Careless in his dress—rather affecting a soft white hat, broad-soled boots, and a general *abandon* of costume. His face was the very index of his character. A mouth, the pouting lips of which seemed half humorously to protest against life in general. A pair of clear grey eyes, which twinkle with latent fun, though deepset beneath projecting brows which suggested unusual powers of observation and penetration. Altogether, quite a noticeable face and figure, not by any means to be ignored. The outer clothing of a nature capable of great things, if seized and moulded by the Divine Spirit. What otherwise—who might venture to prophesy?" It seemed for long that this fair nature would run to waste; but at last it was subjugated by the all-conquering Spirit.

Hannington's genial good fellowship made him an immediate favourite in the college, while his large experience of men prevented him being imposed upon; and very soon he established an ascendancy over his fellow-students, which he maintained till the end of his course. He was quick to learn and of boundless energies. But, alas! his energies were employed in directions other than his studies. "He seemed to be given over to the spirit of fun, to deliberately yield himself to the perpetration of nonsense. He loved to startle and to shock the sensibilities of the staid followers of established precedent. When the mood was upon him, he could be as troublesome as a schoolboy, and his spirits were as untamable." He was a favourite with everyone. The old Mother Bunch of a bed-maker, who with wheezing voice would perpetually "beg parding," and, with slowly creaking shoes, would ascend the groaning stairs, "did like Mr. Hannington, but he were a curious young gentleman; yes, that he were." "Even the Dons extended to him an unwritten licence." He became president of the Red Club, and captain of the St. Mary Hall boat—the two highest social honours his fellows

could confer on him. His vacations were spent in yachting excursions.

His progress in his studies was so slow that the Principal recommended that he should read with some clergyman in a country parish. Accordingly, he spent the first few months of 1870 with Rev. C. Scriven, Rector of Martinhoe, returning there in the autumn of the same year, and again for several lengthened periods during the next two years. But even here he found attractions to wean him away from his studies. Martinhoe and Trentishoe are two sister parishes, of which the villages occupy two charming dells amid the rolling hills of Exmoor. The present writer well remembers the feeling of delight and rest with which, after toiling over the bare moor brown with a hot summer sun, he descended into a charming wooded vale, with a trickling stream running through it, and little church and farmhouses nestling among the trees, and, in answer to his inquiry what place it was, being told "Trentishoe"; and how, after rest and refreshment, he wended his way along the valley, which gradually became deeper, and barer, and wilder, till the sea in all its glory, bounded by steep hills and rugged cliffs, burst on his view. This was a very paradise to Hannington. Of searching for specimens, and clambering over the cliffs, and talking with the people, whose old-world ways and curious superstitions greatly interested him, he was never tired. One source of great delight was a number of large caves, which he discovered at the foot of the cliffs, to which he, by a wonderful feat of "engineering," constructed a path. Very soon he became much attached to the rector and his family, and to the parishioners generally, and his feelings were very warmly reciprocated. In 1871, he proposed to the rector that he should come to him at once as his curate, and read for his degree afterwards. This the Bishop of Exeter very properly refused to allow. He therefore returned to Oxford; and applying himself with more diligence to his studies, passed his several examinations, and on June 12, 1873, he took his B.A. degree.

W. R. BOWMAN, B.A.

CATECHISMS IN BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS.



WOULD not the instruction given in our Sunday-schools be made more effective by their use ?

Many ministers, deacons, and teachers are advocates for their use. Associations have discussed the question.

At the Wilts and East Somerset Association, the Rev. J. Hanson read an able paper upon it ; while letters, generally favourable, have appeared from time to time in the *Baptist*. In pursuing the inquiry one is struck by the number of people he meets who are in entire sympathy with the proposal.

Pastors and teachers are sometimes pained by seeing some who have grown up under their instruction, perhaps made a profession of attachment to the Lord and been received into Christian fellowship, drift off to another denomination. One, may be, holding views as different to our own as darkness is to light. The first brush of so-called active Christian effort has swept them elsewhere.

This is said to be the natural outcome of the partial and disconnected style of teaching largely prevalent in our Sunday-schools. Our young people are not able to give a *clear reason* for the hope that is in them, much less gainsay an opposer of the doctrines of the Church to which they belong. They are influenced more by other Christians' active efforts than first principles in themselves ; an influence seldom lasting longer than the "active effort," and easily eclipsed by active effort in another quarter. This causes a feeble church life. Instead of pillars of the church we have birds of passage flitting from place to place with every changing season, and excusing their apparent inconsistency by saying : "It does not matter where you go as long as you go somewhere." This "no matter" phrase is thought to be chiefly the result of "absence of *matter*," and would seldom be uttered if our children were grounded in some simple connected view of our doctrines.

But are these statements founded on fact ? With a varying force of application we venture to think they are.

This "varying force of application" is, perhaps, chiefly accountable for the difficulty lying in the way of the general adoption of any

system of catechetical instruction. In one place where a gifted superintendent is surrounded by an efficient staff of teachers, they will have made their own system—one adapted to their field of labour. A teacher with genius for the work will give neither partial nor disconnected instruction. To such the statements made apply with small force. Personally and locally the work is effectively done. They recognise no need, would resent interference, or being “fettered” by an outsider’s system. On the other hand, systematic instruction is the weak point in many a teaching staff, and to such the statements made apply with force. All our teachers have not genius. They make no claim that way. They labour heroically. Having stepped into a gap, they do their very best to fill it. But to take the Bible—the most wonderful of books—giving an epitome of its contents in such a form that the scholar may have a connected view of its teaching and comprehend the foundations upon which our doctrines and practices as a denomination rest, in the limited time at a teacher’s disposal, and without help, does require teaching ability of a higher order than we have a right to expect in the majority of those who are able to devote themselves to this branch of Christian work.

A short examination from the desk reveals how much depends upon the ability of individual teachers. If questions are asked outside of Bible history or narrative, the answers will mostly come from one or two classes, not always the senior; the others are “out of it.” Let the superintendent or pastor ask a dozen questions embracing so much of doctrine and principle as he thinks a child leaving a Baptist Sunday-school should know. He will possibly find food for reflection.

The best pulpit instruction does not entirely meet the evil. An instance has lately come to the writer’s knowledge of a young lady, trained in one of our Sabbath-schools, who was baptized and received into fellowship, and for years received pulpit instruction from one of the ablest ministers in the denomination, actually being confirmed at a Ritualistic church. Another, of a young man, a member of a church having for its pastor one of our most popular preachers, doing the same thing.

But why is it supposed that catechetical instruction will alter this state of things? Simply because it is less likely to be partial or disconnected than the method at present in vogue.

With the selection of subjects entirely left to the discretion of the

teacher, it is naturally much influenced by the teacher's "pet subjects." The scholar is built up, perhaps overburdened, in a few special subjects, while many things he should know are not touched upon. The knowledge imparted is limited to certain subjects. How seldom is Believers' Baptism made the subject of an afternoon lesson in our schools. It is not uncommon to hear a member of a Baptist church speak of our distinctive practice as *adult* baptism. When away from home some time ago, the writer was asked by a member of a Baptist church, an earnest and devoted Sabbath-school teacher, whether it would be wrong for her to stand sponsor to a neighbour's child! She also stated that she "hardly thought it could be right, but *didn't know what reason she could give* for refusing." Now, the use of a properly prepared catechism would ensure the all-round study of doctrines and principles, and instances such as those mentioned would be less likely to be met with.

By using a properly prepared catechism the teaching will not only be less partial, but less disconnected. It is important to bring our scholars to a connected view of truth. The Bible is a whole, all linked together; but the majority of our scholars leave our schools with a fragmentary knowledge of the Scriptures. That most important factor in successful teaching—viz., "the law of the association of ideas"—has been practically neglected. Much time and energy has been spent by the teacher, but the result of the work is therefore minimised. The scholar has a lesson one week upon "Faith," next week the subject is "Joseph and his Brethren," treated with little regard as to what has preceded it, and the second lesson tends to dissipate rather than drive home. The tendency is towards confusion of ideas rather than clearness. On the other hand, a properly prepared catechism enables the law of association of ideas to be utilised in the most perfect way; each lesson is a preparation for the next; the subjects follow one another in a natural sequence, and the scholar gets a connected view of Christian truths that can in no other way be so simply brought out.

Then catechetical instruction is a powerful preparation for hearing the preached word. Storing the memory, or "head knowledge," is not conversion. It would seem that those who decry catechisms think their advocates believe this. The question is not whether the stove is the fuel or fire, but which stove will consume the least fuel with the

greatest result in heat. But the faculty of storing the mind, with its power to call into life the thoughts of other days, may be most profitably utilised, and all agree that youth is the time for the work of storing. The young man and maiden who have been carefully catechised will have their memory stored; will more readily understand Scriptural terms in relation to each other; and will be able to hear more profitably. While no system or theoretical knowledge can convert his soul, win his heart from the love of the world to the service of his Saviour, yet should the Holy Spirit dart the arrow of conviction into his soul, how much simpler becomes the work of his Christian counsellor. The convert has a storehouse at hand, classified and arranged for use, most potent to assist him in following out a train of reflection. Mere words and sentences will suggest to him the outlines of the lessons of his school-days, and those lessons he will naturally proceed to apply to himself under the new spiritual light by which he is blest. A theoretical knowledge of the road always assists when one enters upon it experimentally.

The convert would be armed for conflict. Is it wise to ignore this? He will certainly be attacked. Sheep-stealers will be about the fold. The proselytiser will probably be at him. Active Christian effort (often falsely so called) will be attracting him. Without first principles implanted he will be in danger of becoming a weathercock Christian. While a conviction that Christ is his Saviour may be sufficient ground for his hope, is it sufficient to make him altogether a good soldier of Christ Jesus? A soldier may fight, and fight with effect, simply because he has faith in his general; but will he be better or worse for some theoretical knowledge of the art of war? Does not the Gospel provide us with a chart as well as a beacon light and compass? We have Scriptural authority for teaching; but is it not implied that it should be such as to enable the taught to "convince gainsayers"? If there are some in our churches who cannot give a reason for the hope that is in them, neither combat with error, it is not always their own fault. They have only a "broken" view of truth, and so are unable to meet logically prepared attacks with effect.

The catechumens of the early Church show us how early the advantages of catechetical instruction were recognised. It has been used throughout the Church's history with tremendous effect. Dr. Alexander F. Mitchell does not hesitate to record his conviction that the

training of the young in the Shorter Catechism "has done more on both sides of the Atlantic to keep alive reverence for the old theology than all other human instrumentalities whatever."

It must, however, be acknowledged that those who oppose the use of catechisms unhesitatingly concede that there are advantages to be gained by using them, but they believe that the disadvantages turn the scale against catechisms. In the writer's humble opinion the objections are all bound up in the form of book and mode of its use, and he believes that it would be possible to compile one that should meet the objections while retaining the advantages.

We will briefly examine some of these objections.

It is said "catechisms are apt to become more authoritative to those that learn them than the Scriptures." This, if true, would be bad indeed; but a catechism fit to be used by Baptists would guide to the Scriptures, not supplant them.

"They have propagated error." True. But if error taught in this way has been so potent for harm, will not the method of instruction be more potent for good when its subject is truth?

"They are too mechanical." Yes, if the machine works the teacher, but not if the teacher works the machine. Teaching is sometimes mechanical where no catechism is used. There is no need to destroy the teacher's individuality, for the book could provide a well-defined road for the teacher who requires much help, and yet a road without fences to cramp a teacher of a different mould. Not a crutch for the lame, but a mountain climbing-staff to help them to climb to higher results. Uniformity of subject need not mean uniformity of treatment, or stereotyped series of lessons.

"They may be learned by rote without an intelligent apprehension of their meaning." If an objection, this applies to all memorising, even to the learning chapters of the Scriptures.

"They encourage indolence on the part of the teachers." The writer's impression is that the majority of *lazy* teachers would find it easier to "go through a chapter" than prepare for a special subject.

"They tend to make children controversialists rather than Christians." Not so! We hope they will be Christians able to controvert error. Let us try and provide them weapons should they be called to conflict.

"They tend to make the young narrow-minded and sectarian." On

the contrary, the man who has a strong conviction without possessing a *reason why* is generally the bitter sectarian. But the argument is one against our very existence as a denomination. While sectarianism is an evil, there is a latitudinarianism far worse. We teach "those things which are most surely believed among us." Let it then be done most effectively. Our young people will be taught to speak the truth in love, even when holding fast to that which is good.

It has been stated that most of the objections are bound up in the form of book and mode of its use. It is suggested that the book should be clear and concise in its statements, and, in the words of Rev. John Douglas, "an arsenal in which the truths of Scripture are systematically stored up for future use"—a summary of doctrine as much as possible intelligible to children, and leading the scholar along the path of inquiring, rather than dictating, that to be believed. As to the method of using it:—Some classes set apart under specially qualified teachers would, perhaps, answer all purposes best—each scholar passing through the classes during his school life—and meet the objections of those who favoured freer methods of teaching for themselves.

In conclusion, we believe that many share with us the opinion that our Sunday-school instruction should be made, not only more definite, but more denominational. While the great end of Sunday-school teaching is happily held to be the leading of the scholars to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, we desire that the need may also be recognised of building them up in all the truth; that our "children walk in the truth"; that they may "continue in the things which they have learned and have been assured of," and, as they grow in years, be those "who shall be able to teach others also"; "workmen that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth;" "apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves;" until that time is reached when "all shall know the Lord from the least unto the greatest."

CHARLES MERRICK.

CHILWELL COLLEGE FOR MINISTERS' DAUGHTERS.



OUR miles south-west of Nottingham, within a mile of the beautiful River Trent, and about the same distance from the Beeston Station of the Midland Railway Company, is the picturesque village of Chilwell. A little way from the road-side, and approached by a pretty avenue, stands the College in which, for twenty years, the General Baptist students received training for the ministry. Not a few of the most successful Baptist ministers and missionaries cherish the pleasantest recollections of their residence here, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Underwood, or of his successor, the Rev. Thomas Goadby, B.A. Four years ago, however, it was decided to remove the students to Nottingham, that they might—in classics and in general subjects—have the advantage of attendance at the University, then recently opened by Prince Leopold. The Chilwell property was, therefore, sold; new premises were bought, altered, added to, and furnished. After about a year we obtained possession of the vacated College premises, on a short lease, and are making use of them as a home and school for the daughters of Baptist ministers.

For sixteen years the Congregationalists have provided, at Milton Mount College, Gravesend, superior training for the daughters of their ministers; and at Lewisham and Caterham the same kind of advantage for their sons. The cost is covered by small fees, paid by the parents, and the generous subscriptions and donations of the Congregational denomination. The poorer clergy of the National Church find a similar boon in the "Clergy Daughters' School"; and in the various Methodist bodies aid is given to ministers whose parental responsibilities exceed their means. We felt that it would be a good thing, therefore, if we could utilise the suitable College premises at Chilwell for a similar purpose. We knew that many pastors of Baptist churches, especially in rural districts, have great difficulty in securing a suitable education for their children; and that such a training as would qualify a daughter to pass the University local examinations, or the higher examinations of the College of Preceptors, and thus prepare her for some of the spheres of employment open to

educated women, would, if it could be provided nearly gratuitously, lift an oppressive burden off many an anxious pastor's heart. The premises, so healthily and pleasantly situated, seemed in every way suited to this purpose. It appeared, as one of the ministers who had been trained at Chilwell said, "the very thing to do with the place so dear to many." To divert the premises to any other than educational uses seemed little less than sacrilege. Correspondence with several leading ministers led to the kindest expressions of sympathy. A circular was printed and sent to the pastors of a large number of Baptist churches in December, 1885. Amongst the rules adopted were the following:—(1) No pupil will be received under the age of twelve. (2) Every pupil will take some small part in domestic duties. (3) No pupil will be received for less than one year, or, except in special cases, for more than three years. As to fees, we decided that every pastor sending a daughter should pay £5 per annum, and either collect or give £5, so that for £10 thus raised a minister's daughter can receive thorough tuition, with Christian training and home comfort, for one year. The actual cost is not less than £25 per annum, therefore, £15 have to be found by the friends of the institution for every pupil in residence. But an average subscription of ten shillings from every Baptist church in Great Britain would enable us to receive 100 pupils. This estimate includes the cost of re-purchase of the premises by arrangement with a London Building Society.

In the selection of candidates, of course, no distinction is made between the members of the "Particular" and "General" sections of the denomination. Of the ten daughters of ministers who have been received, two belonged to the "General" section and eight to the "Particular." It seems necessary to state this, because some friends have thought that, being conducted in the former General Baptist College, the institution belonged to the "Generals." Since the commencement of the present year the number and the amount of the subscriptions have been largely increased. A fairly representative committee has been formed, consisting of some of the leading ministers and laymen. This committee, meeting twice a year, will receive an account of all moneys received and expended, and will also assist in the selection of pupils from the candidates for admission. We are very anxious to

secure the premises at once. They cost over £4,000 to build, and if we can purchase at once they may be had for £1,500. Surely the friends of our struggling pastors will aid us. B. B. Venn, Esq., of the Manor House, Beeston, Notts, will gladly and gratefully receive and acknowledge any subscriptions or donations, or they may be sent to the writer, at Chilwell College. Beautifully situated, spacious, and in every way convenient and suitable, the premises have further this advantage, that they are so placed as to be near the centre of England, and are, therefore, accessible from all parts.

Some objections have been made to our effort, and it will only be fair to refer briefly to them. It has been said that the denomination already has an "Education Fund." Yes; but the amount raised for both boys and girls is altogether inadequate (about £300), and the aid ceases when a girl reaches fourteen. *Elementary* education is generally attainable; and the work we are doing is the providing for those who have exceeded fourteen years of age a higher education to enable them to obtain credentials that will facilitate their way in life. Our work is, therefore, in no sense a rival to that of the "Education Fund." Then it is said that the ministers should pay more than the £5 given and the £5 collected; but those friends who have urged this objection are very imperfectly acquainted with the present condition of our poorer ministers in the agricultural districts. With a seriously diminished income, through the depression, it is wonderful that men with several children to educate and care for are able to find £5 for the fee, together with the cost of a little extra outfit, the railway fare, &c., Some friends have urged that, instead of having a separate institution, it would be better to help in the payment of fees, so that pastors could send their daughters to ordinary boarding schools. We fear, however, that the eleemosynary-aided pupils would be exposed to petty annoyances arising out of such an arrangement; and that it would be less satisfactory to subscribers and donors because of the greater difficulty of ascertaining the tangible results. We believe that our effort will commend itself to all Baptist churches and ministers, as meeting a want long felt. In an article which appeared in the *Times* on a College for Women, there was the following sentence, which we quote in conclusion:—"A wealthy man could not make a gift from his wealth, or a poor man contribute a mite from his poverty, which would fall on ground where it is more likely

to spring up and yield a hundredfold in return, not of money to himself, but of good to his time and country, than by contributing towards placing this Institution in full working order without a debt on its back."

FREDERIC TODD.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. JOHN TEALL.

(Concluded from page 268.)



HE people at Hatch had become so deeply attached to Mr. Teall that when in 1861 he left them for Woolwich they volunteered to keep the pulpit open for six months, in the hope that failing health would again necessitate quietness, and compel him to return. At a farewell meeting they presented him with another token of their loving esteem, in the form of a gold watch.

Mr. Teall's health having so improved in the rustic activities of Hatch, he felt himself able for more work, and longed for a harder field.

In the spring of 1861 Providence led him to take part in the mission services in the metropolis, and directed his steps to Queen Street Chapel, Woolwich, which at that time, unknown to him, was without a pastor. His preaching produced so favourable an impression that many of the members desired that he should be invited to supply again, and the deacons requested him, if possible, to remain for the following Sabbath. That he could not do, but it was arranged that he should preach for them on the second and third Sundays in June. After doing so, he received a cordial invitation to the pastorate, which, after considerable questioning with himself, he accepted, and entered on his labours there on August 11th of the same year. The church at Queen Street was an offshoot of the old cause at Enon Chapel, High Street. The chapel was built mainly by the shipwrights' and other *employés*' of the Royal Dockyard working after hours, and the first pastor, Rev. Adam Freeman, was one chosen from their own community. This good man "ministered in holy things" until his death, at an advanced age, when the well-known and greatly beloved John

Cox succeeded him, making between the two of them a pastoral oversight of nearly seventy years. After Mr. Cox resigned, and before Mr. Teall's settlement, the church passed through a troubled interregnum, during which it and the congregation were both greatly reduced.

On November 10th, 1861, the recognition services were held, Rev. John Cox presiding. In the same month Mr. Teall had the happiness of baptizing sixteen candidates, and in the January following eight more were added to the number, the youngest of whom was his own beloved daughter.

From this time Mr. Teall was blest with a long season of spiritual prosperity. In 1864, a terrible scourge, in the form of fever, visited the town, and swept off many young people, the church in Queen Street being one of the heaviest sufferers. The pastor was indefatigable in comforting and sustaining mourning survivors; while the dark shadow fell upon his own hearthstone, as his only child lay hovering between life and death. After the night cometh the morning, the terror passed away, and a gracious revival of the Lord's work followed, especially in the Sunday-school, where so many seats had been left vacant. Many young disciples, professing themselves on the "Lord's side," were "baptized for the dead."

Those who knew Woolwich at that time will remember its Royal Dockyard, in which many thousands of highly respectable men were employed; but only those living in the town could realise the shock which struck religious and social life and happiness when it was officially announced in April, 1869, that the drafting off of men, 200 per week, would then commence, and that in October the "Dockyard bell" would be silenced. This meant factories being left empty, docks becoming useless, and grass growing between the stones of the pavement, where for over 300 years busy shipwrights had walked blithely to their daily toil. About two thousand men with their families were removed to other dockyards, these being "established hands"; but emigration in free Government vessels to Canada and other colonies had to be the means of providing for thousands more with their wives and little ones.

Round Queen Street Chapel alone 1,700 houses were returned as empty to the Poor Board, their owners, of course, suffering loss, and in some instances poverty. The trade of the town for the time was almost suspended, as, in addition to "closing the yard," the Govern-

ment disbanded the Woolwich division of Marines, and removed the clothing stores to Pimlico. In all this trouble our friend bore his share. On the first Sunday in November, 1869, Mr. Teall faced from his pulpit three large galleries totally empty, save one seat. Queen Street, always the Dockyard Chapel by reason of its situation and old associations, had been, to a large extent, filled with shipwrights and factory engineers, now scattered to the four corners of the earth, their children gone from the Sabbath-school, which on that same day numbered in round figures three hundred, instead of six hundred.

A contract had just been arranged for re-pewing and entirely renovating the chapel, supplying heating apparatus, &c. ; and in fear and trembling the work was carried out, the source the needful £400 were to come from puzzling all minds. However, by once more falling back on weekly subscriptions, and the kind aid of the Baptist Building Fund—the committee of which, under the distressing state of the local finances, by special vote lent Mr. Teall £100 *immediately*—the crisis was tided over. Some idea of the effect of this “closing the yard” may be gathered from the fact that every Dissenting minister not endowed, except Mr. Teall, had to leave the town. With the renovated chapel, and as the result of adopting entirely the system of weekly offerings, he, however, held on his way from this time until 1877, when he resigned the pastorate.

During the sixteen years of his official life in Woolwich he made many friends in all denominations and among his fellow-townsmen, who, on his retiring from the pulpit at Queen Street, presented him with a valuable silver tea and coffee service, and an illuminated address. In 1884, Mr. Teall experienced the saddest trial of his life, in the almost sudden death of his wife. No minister’s helpmeet was ever more helpful than Mrs. Teall. Instant in season and out of season, her untiring and unobtrusive assistance in his labours gave him much liberty for public engagements.

Mr. Teall served the denomination on the committees of the Tract Society, the Union, and the Home and Irish Missions, and as secretary of the Baptist Board, through which he also was elected secretary of the Three Denominations. In various parts of the country he was known as a deputation for the missions. When the Education Act came into operation, he was elected on the first Board of Managers for the Greenwich Division.

In Liberal politics he held a leading position in the borough, and rendered active service as a member of the Greenwich "Liberal Five-Hundred." In 1883 he was chosen by his fellow-parishioners to serve on the Board of Guardians. Mr. Teall's last illness was both long and painful, during which it might be said of him, as of Andrew Fuller, that while there was no ecstasy of joy, there was perfect rest in reliance on the finished work of Christ.

In theology he was staunch to the old faiths. "I thank God," he said on his death-bed, "that I have been kept from religious whims." Rev. J. Wilson called on him but a few days before his death, and said to him, "Does your faith still keep her hold, brother?" "Never let go yet," he promptly replied. So he entered into rest on the 3rd December, 1886.

M. B. HENSON.

BRIEF STUDIES ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

JOYFULNESS.

"Rejoice with me."—Luke xv. 16.



WE find such a trait as this in the "Man of Sorrows"? We can. His was indeed joy unlike ours. It had no alloy of selfishness. It was different in kind, and infinitely higher in degree.

Let us see what were the sources of the Saviour's joy. One of these was the spiritual enlightenment of the ignorant and simple, of those who were debarred from the gratifications and distinctions of human knowledge, taste, and intellect. At that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit and said: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes" (Luke x. 21).

Then specially the salvation of perishing men. This was emphatically "the joy that was set before Him," for which "He endured the cross, despising the shame" (Heb. xii. 2). The joy in which He calls upon His people to sympathise: "Rejoice with Me, for I have found My sheep which was lost."

Also the spiritual welfare and progress of His own disciples: "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full" (John xv. 11).

And the prospective prevalence of His kingdom of love and peace and holiness: "Well done, good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We, too, are enjoined to "rejoice alway," to "let the joy of the Lord be our strength." If Jesus could rejoice with intervening agony and shame in prospect, how much more should we, now that the glorious work is done? We have the joy He purchased for us of pardoned sin, of reconciliation with the Father, of a lost Eden recovered—joy in which He, the sinless One, the well beloved and only begotten Son, could not in His own nature participate. But do we rejoice as *He* did? Do we already, in anticipation, enter into His joy? It is a higher, nobler kind of joy than that which has to do with our own safety and enjoyment. It is not unstable and fluctuating like that which depends on our own wavering faith and uncertain feelings.

Does the measure of our joy bear any proportion to the value of its object? Does it ratify our belief? Does it glorify our Saviour? When we hear of the triumphs of His love over heathen and savage hearts, do ours swell with a purer and more rapturous joy than they did when we heard of some great national victory? When some dear relative is brought to the feet of Jesus, do we feel a deeper satisfaction than if he had been raised to the highest earthly dignity? When not ourselves prosperous in circumstances or joyous in mind, can we rejoice in the regeneration and salvation of sinners, and does the joy of heaven retain its hold on our hearts when the joys of earth are fading from our sight?

Have we "no greater joy than to see our children walk in truth"? (3 John 4). If God has honoured us to be the means of saving a soul, do we feel a more intense delight than if we had won an empire? Do we rejoice more over a soul saved from perdition than we should over the gift of a world?

Ages since, one of the world's great battles was fought on the plains of Marathon. As Athens waited in hushed and breathless suspense for news which was to decide her fate, there rushed into her Senate House one of her soldier-citizens. He had come from the hea

of the battle, a distance of forty miles without food or rest, covered with dust and blood, with weary bleeding feet, panting, famishing, self and mortal agony forgotten in the deep spiritual joy of that hour, and uttering but two brief and burning words, "Rejoice! we conquer!" he dropped lifeless on the threshold.

And who shall picture that rapture unutterable which filled the heart of the Captain of our salvation when victor in death He bowed His head and said, "It is finished"? Then as a multitude of redeemed souls, with the poor thief among them, greeted His entrance into the invisible world, He realised in its fulness "the joy that was set before Him," a joy to be for ever increasing in measure and intensity as each sinner is seen repenting, and as each ransomed spirit is brought home.

Do we know anything of this spirit?—of a joy worthy of the Lord whom we serve, of the faith that we hold, of the kingdom which we anticipate?—a joy unspeakable and full of glory!

J. L.

SACRED SONGS OF FOUR CONTINENTS.

No. VII.—FROM THE AMAKOSA (SOUTH CAFFRARIAN).

WRITTEN ABOUT 1820, BY SICANA, A CHRISTIAN CHIEF.

(Translated by T. Pringle.)



HE who is our mantle of comfort,
The giver of life, ancient, on high,
He is the creator of the heavens
And of the ever-burning stars.

God is mighty in the heavens,
And whirls the stars around the sky.
We call on Him in his dwelling-place
That He may be our mighty leader;
For He maketh the blind to see.
We adore Him as the only good,
For He alone is a sure defence,
He alone is a trusty shield,
He alone is our bush of refuge,
Even He, the giver of life on high,
And the creator of the heavens.

H. C. LEONARD, M.A.

BRIEF NOTES.



HE portrait of Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D., the much-esteemed President of Regent's Park College, will form the frontispiece of the August number of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE. Dr. Angus, yielding to our importunity, has been good enough to oblige our photographers with a special sitting, and his many friends will, we are sure, be glad to possess themselves of a copy of the first-class photograph which has been secured.

OUR esteemed contributor, Rev. Charles Merrick, has a zeal for catechisms—a zeal according to knowledge. Not long since he published an excellent “Catechism for Use in Baptist Sunday-schools,” and to our present number he contributes an article in which he forcibly shows the desirability of catechetical teaching if we would successfully impress the mind of youth with the doctrines of the Gospel. We are heartily glad that increased attention is being given to this subject, as evidenced by this and similar efforts, especially the “Systematic Bible Teaching Mission” recently founded by Mr. John Green, who has liberally devoted both thought and money to the matter. The Sunday-school is a noble institution, and it is an occasion for much satisfaction that the majority of the children of our country should Sunday by Sunday come under instruction in the truths of the Gospel. But are the results all that could be desired? As one who has had an opportunity of judging, both as a minister and as an examiner on two separate occasions in the Sunday-school Union Scripture examinations—first in the middle division and then in the senior—we must, we fear, say that they are not, nor all which might be expected. No blame attaches either to superintendents or teachers, who do the best they can in the circumstances; but the system under which they work needs being improved, and made more worthy the name of system. Whatever may be the case with adults, the plan which succeeds with children is that of “line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.” Mr. Green and Mr. Merrick are, we feel sure, on the right lines, and we wish them success.

WE have pleasure in calling the special attention of our readers to the article in our present number in which the Rev. Stephen Todd explains what he and others are doing at Chilwell in seeking to establish a college for Baptist ministers' daughters. From inquiries we have made and testimonials we have seen, we are satisfied that the effort is worthy of sympathy and support. It is designed to benefit a class who could not avail themselves of the advantages of the scheme of Mr. Vivian at Loughton, even were that scheme in a concrete form, which at present it is not; for the simple reason that they could not possibly subscribe the sum proposed. There is ample room both for Mr. Vivian's proposed college and for Mr. Todd's; at all events, here is a college at Chilwell *in existence and already doing a good work*. It is recommended by Revs. Dr. Clifford, G. W. McCree, J. T. Briscoe, J. Fletcher, W. Brock, W. R. Stevenson, M.A., and others. Will

not some of the readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE help to raise the £300 necessary to secure the premises? We shall be pleased to forward any donations which may be sent to us.

THE General Body of Dissenting Ministers of the Three Denominations in and about the Cities of London and Westminster have exercised their prescriptive right to approach and address the Throne on important occasions. In so doing they have, we venture to think, done wisely; for apart from what is becoming on the part of loyal citizens towards the head of the commonwealth, it is an important thing to keep up the assertion of this right, for none can say how useful it, some day, may prove. The day is gone by when Baptist ministers were personally known to the Sovereign, and admitted to his friendship; for their support is no longer so necessary to the maintenance of the reigning house on the throne. This makes it all the more important that the right referred to should not be suffered to lapse.

It seems, however, as though it were commencing to do so, or at least some of the privileges connected with it. For example, the deputation was not a very imposing one, which on May 16th went to Windsor Castle to congratulate the Queen on being able to celebrate the Jubilee year of her reign. It consisted of but ten members, three of whom were Baptists, it being thus limited by the Home Secretary; whereas when fifty years ago the same body congratulated the Queen on her accession, the deputation consisted of more than one hundred members. Manifestly such a deputation must have been much more impressive than the recent deputation of ten. Then the latter deputation was, we believe, in the royal presence about a minute and a half, just long enough for its members to bow themselves in, place a written address in the hands of her Majesty, receive a written reply, and bow themselves out; whereas the deputation of fifty years ago *read* their address, "to which her Majesty returned a gracious reply." After this, we are told "every member of the deputation had the honour, according to the privilege enjoyed in former reigns, to kiss her Majesty's hand." This latter part of the business, certainly—a number of "grave and reverend seigniors," for the space of about half an hour, mumbling the young Queen's hand—must have been absurd enough. Our deputation of ten rather improved on that, for it appears that only two of their number "enjoyed" the honour of "kissing hands."

It is interesting to read this record of half a century ago:—"The dignity, self-possession, and grace with which the Queen deported herself on this and similar occasions, her clear and harmonious voice, singularly correct enunciation, and her whole aspect and manner, are the theme of universal admiration." Many of these characteristics are still very noticeable in her Majesty, although increasing age may have modified others. We had the pleasure of hearing her read her address on the occasion of the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and were much struck with her clear and musical voice, excellent enunciation, and correct and telling emphasis. Certainly the "Queen's

English," as it falls from the lips of the Queen herself, is admirable, and even exquisite, from an elocutionary point of view.

FIFTY years ago, the late Rev. Charles Stovel, in a sermon preached in Little Prescott Street Chapel, and afterwards published, said, in reference to the young princess, who had just then ascended the throne:—"In her station, how difficult it is for this (virtue) to be preserved in purity, is shown by all experience. To see a throne filled by a monarch with unblemished moral character is an event so extraordinary in the history of mankind, that the expectation is, by some, regarded as a proof of weakness; and, to record the fact, involves a danger of being charged with flattering partiality. And really, without especial and Almighty help, it seems impossible that any youthful queen should successfully resist the blended follies of a nation too depraved. If her untarnished praise should spread the bright phenomenon of her perfect purity before the wondering nations, how will the spirits of the deep rage at the loss of their pernicious rule? What will be the force of opposition she must daily, hourly withstand! Unsullied virtue will be dearly bought by her; although, if purchased, it will bring a great reward." The purchase has been made, and the Sovereign of the British Empire is reaping a great reward to-day in the love of her people, and the respect of the civilised world. Both in her private and public life the Queen has presented a bright example, compelling even the foes of monarchy to confess that, if we must have a monarch, we could not have a better than the august lady who has just celebrated the Jubilee of her most prosperous reign.

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

BAYLEY, H., has resigned the pastorate of the church at New Barnet.

BETTS, H. J., is leaving the Rye Hill Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BURROWS, R. A., removes from Farnworth, near Bolton, to Inskip, Poulton-le-Fylde.

CALDWELL, S., of Manchester College, will commence his ministry at Clayton-le-Moors at the end of the present month.

COTTAM, J., has accepted a call from the church at Cropper's Hill, St. Helen's.

DAVIES, DAVID, of Regent's Park Chapel, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the new chapel at Brighton, now in course of erection by Mr. G. T. Congreve.

DICKINS, W., has received public recognition of the church at Herne Bay.

FARQUHAR, J., has been ordained minister of George Street Church, Paisley.

FELLOWES, J. O., of John Street, Edgware Road, has intimated his intention of resigning.

GLANVILLE, W. E., has resigned the pastorate of the church at Coate, Oxon.

GOWER, H. F., of Tring, has settled at Manvers Street, Bath.

GRACEY, D., resigns his pastorate at New Southgate.

HAILSTONE, W. G., removes from Falmouth to Wycliffe Church, Reading.

HARPER, J., late of Sutterton, has settled at Chesham, Bury, and received public recognition as pastor.

HARRISON, A., has resigned his charge at Golcar.

HOGGIN, F. A., of the Pastors' College, becomes pastor of the church at Southend-on-Sea.

JOHNSON, A., of Swansea, has accepted pastorate at Westbury Leigh, Wilts.

JONES-MILLER, N. P., has settled over the church at East Dereham.

JOSEPH, C., of Small Heath, Birmingham, has been invited to the pastorate of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool.

KITCHENER, J., of York Road, Leeds, has undertaken the pastorate at Mirfield.

MASON, E., has resigned his pastorate at Lowestoft.

MORGAN, T. R., of Haverfordwest College, has undertaken the oversight of the churches at Swyddfynnon and Pontrhydfendigaid, Cardiganshire.

PROUT, A. F., has become pastor of the General Baptist Church, Gosport Street, Coventry.

ROBERTS, E., has accepted the pastorate of the South London Tabernacle.

ROBINSON, W. T., has resigned the charge of Union Church, Stretford.

SATCHWELL, W., removes from Harpole to Attleborough, Nuneaton.

SKELLY, J. G., has been publicly recognised pastor of the church at Eye.

STEVENSON, W., of Irvine, has accepted a call to Whyte's Causeway Church, Kirkcaldy.

WALKER, F. W., of Thraxted, has resigned and left for New Zealand.

BUGBY, FITZHERBERT, of Stretford, has deceased in his sixty-fourth year.

OVERBURY, F., formerly of Warwick, has deceased in his seventy-eighth year.

REVIEWS.

THE PULPIT COMMENTARY: ISAIAH. Exposition and Homiletics. By Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A. Homilies by Various Authors. Vol. II. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1, Paternoster Square. 1887.

THE editors of this noble undertaking could not have placed the exegetical and expository part of the Commentary on Isaiah in abler or more judicious hands than those of Canon Rawlinson. To us it is a matter of profound satisfaction that he maintains the unity of the book, and does not sanction the foolish and utterly unproved idea of "the two Isaiahs," or Isaiah and a "great Unnamed." His philological learning, and his acquaintance with all the sources of Oriental history, are too well known to admit of dispute; and he has brought the full force of his mind to the elucidation of the text, to the interpretation of the predictions concerning Cyrus and the Babylonian Captivity and its issues, as well as to the more momentous and interesting predictions which are purely and absolutely Messianic. The homilies, which are by Prof. E. Johnson, Revs. W. Clarkson, W. M. Statham, and R. Tuck, are for the most part worthy of their association with Canon Rawlinson's admirable exposition, and abound in fresh

and suggestive matter, especially in full and concise divisions and in apt illustrations.

LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, first Earl of Iddesleigh, G.C.B., D.C.L., &c. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

THE great and good statesman, who has so recently passed away from us, and whose death was lamented by all parties, was, happily for himself and his neighbours in Devonshire, a resolute and unwearied student of literature, and did not allow even the cares of State to divert him from his favourite pursuits. Most of the lectures in this volume were delivered to the Exeter Literary Society and kindred institutions, and are on such subjects as Taste, Accuracy, Schools and School Life, Names and Nicknames, Distant Correspondents, Molière, &c. They are the simple, earnest, and unconstrained talk of an unusually well-informed and richly cultured mind, whose geniality and candour are not less conspicuous than his shrewd insight, his finely balanced judgment, and his frequent humour—a characteristic, by the way, which comes out frequently and in the most delightful forms. Lord Iddesleigh practically answers in the affirmative the question of his opening essay, *Do States, like individuals, inevitably tend, after a period of maturity, to decay?* Athens, Sparta, and Rome, whose history is succinctly sketched, apparently suggest this conclusion, but the writer of this essay manfully avows his hope that Christianity will preserve Great Britain from decay. In fact, throughout, Lord Iddesleigh appears as a devout Christian, and this fact greatly enhances the charm of this most graceful and instructive volume. Two lectures included in it have already acquired fame, that on “Nothing,” which is brimful of playful humour, and yet wise and weighty too; and the Edinburgh Rectorial Address on “Desultory Reading,” which only a genial and accomplished scholar could have written. After reading it, we can fully understand the enthusiasm of the students for their Lord Rector. All students should read the whole of this volume. They will certainly be delighted and profited by it.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

EACH successive volume from the pen of Canon Westcott deepens our sense of obligation to him for the wise, discriminative, and sympathetic guidance he offers to us in regard to the critical, the doctrinal, and the social problems of our age. He has never, though a scholar and a theologian, lived apart from men. His view is in no way restricted. His whole bearing shows how thoroughly he is at home in the main stream of intellectual life, and how the conflicts and difficulties of thinking men have appealed to him. His best works, for popular service, at any rate, are his sermons, and he has here collected upwards of a dozen which were preached in Westminster Abbey on the foundation and principal elements of social life—in the family, the nation, the church, and the race. Christianity has a distinct message in regard to these institutions, and furnishes us with a Divine ideal. Attempts have been made to realise the kingdom of

God, *e.g.*, by the Franciscans in the middle ages, and by the Quakers in more recent times, from whom we in our day have much to learn. The perils which confront us because of our tyrannical individualism, our unlimited competitions, and our material standards of prosperity and progress are very real, and can be averted by a development of personal responsibility in proportion to our endowments, by showing to the world the reality of spiritual forces, and by the exhibition of a great ideal of righteousness and love. Dr. Westcott pleads for a fellowship which shall be at once natural, English, comprehensive, social, open, rational, and spiritual, that is to say, a truly Christian fellowship based on full obedience to Christ, and with him we believe that it is only on such lines as these that the true progress of men can be ensured. The sermons are not only beautiful in thought and feeling, but are stimulating and suggestive in the highest degree. Out of a book like this a dozen books might easily grow, while the Appendix on Types of Apostolic Service, containing sermons on Saintship, Authority, Suffering, Doubting, and Waiting, is a treatise of itself, and is full of that quiet, meditative, thought-compelling power which no one possesses in a greater degree than Dr. Westcott.

APOLOGETICS ; or, The Scientific Vindication of Christianity. By J. H. A. Ebrard, D.D. Translated by Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. Vol. II.

COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. By F. Godet, D.D., &c. Translated from the French by Rev. A. Cusin, M.A. Vol. II. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1887.

DR. EBRARD opens the present volume with a severe and trenchant attack on the Darwinian theory of Descent. Evolution he regards as a pure and unwarrantable hypothesis, and contends that both in physiology and geology there are facts with which the hypothesis does not harmonise. We do not remember to have seen anywhere so powerful a refutation of Darwinianism. The most valuable part of the work, however, is that in which Dr. Ebrard sketches the great religions of antiquity, the Aryan, the Iranian, the Greek, the Egyptian, the Canaanitish, &c. Considered simply in an historical sense, these sketches are remarkable ; but they are more than history. They prove that the farther we go back, the purer these religions are, and that there is in their earlier stages a higher conception of God and a more distinct expectation of a coming Redeemer. A powerful testimony to the reality of the Fall is found in the fact that these primitive faiths degenerated—the races of the ancient world became more corrupt ; and, had not Christianity stopped the degeneration, the result would have been utter destruction. Dr. Ebrard is a vigorous thinker, a keen logician, and the master of a transparent and effective style. Such an Apology cannot fail to secure a wide and hearty welcome.

Dr. Godet's second volume on the Corinthians is especially strong in exposition and in its illustration of the doctrinal and social problems in which the Epistle abounds. Its criticism and exegesis are generally sound, although Godet is not without prejudice against Westcott and Hort and their system of textual criticism ; but the main features of the Commentary are its luminous and

frequently glowing discussions of doctrine, its vivid portraiture of the social life of the Corinthian Church, and its subtle discrimination in regard to the cases of casuistry which so constantly arose. Dr. Godet is a thoroughly evangelical Dean Stanley, having a fine historical imagination, the delicate instincts of a literary artist, and a style which is at once graceful and effective. He has along with this a power of philosophical reflection and a spiritual fervour which Stanley certainly lacked. In opposition to many recent critics, Godet holds that in 1 Cor. xv. 29, the word "baptized" refers, not to a baptism of water at all, but to a baptism of blood, by martyrdom.

THE EXPOSITOR. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Third Series. Vol. V. With Etching of Canon Westcott by H. Manesse. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

THERE are several important series of papers in the new volume of the *Expositor* which will be sure to gain for it wide attention. Foremost among these we place the discussions on "The Origin of the Christian Ministry," in which Dr. Sanday, Prof. Harnack, Prof. J. Rendle Harris, Revs. J. Macpherson and C. Gore take part. Every side of this difficult and controverted question is admirably presented, and the essays form a practically complete treatise of the highest worth. Canon Westcott's articles on "Some Lessons of the Revised Version of the New Testament," though they do not as yet touch the question of the *text*, are full of that refined and helpful criticism in which Dr. Westcott is *facile princeps*. Dr. Alexander Maclaren, having completed his expository lectures on the Colossians, has commenced a similar series, of which three are here given, on the Epistle to Philemon. Of their character we certainly need not speak. The monographs by Prof. A. B. Davidson on the Prophetess Deborah and the Prophet Amos, and by Dr. Marcus Dods on Haggai and Esther, are likewise fresh, erudite, and scholarly dissertations, in which all Biblical students will delight. Mr. Nicoll has provided a treasury of the very best things in Biblical science and scholarly exposition.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By C. J. Abbey, Rector of Checkendon, and John H. Overton, Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Epworth. A New Edition, revised and abridged. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1887.

ALTHOUGH this work is not a regular history of the period with which it deals, it gives us, in its original form, our most concise, systematic, and comprehensive survey of the religious life of "The English Church in the Eighteenth Century." It is one of the few works which *at once* gained for itself the approval both of scholars and of general readers, and established its place as a standard. Its authors write as English Churchmen and (mainly) concerning the English Church, but their tone throughout is candid, and they are free from everything approaching to narrowness. We own ourselves greatly indebted to them for their presentation of the doctrines and character of the Nonjurors, for their analysis of the works of the Deists, for

their account of Archbishop Tillotson and the schemes of Church Comprehension, and finally for their history of the Evangelical Revival. The book is one to be read again and again, as we doubt not it will be read, especially in this popular form. We miss the admirable chapters on the Essayists, the Church Cries, and Sacred Poetry, which of course are only remotely connected with the Church history of the period. Would it not be worth while to publish them in a separate volume? We feel convinced that they would command a wide circulation.

—

THE HOLY WAR. By John Bunyan. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. John Brown, B.A., of Bedford. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

Mr. BROWN has done well to issue "The Holy War" in a form corresponding to his edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress." In regard to its size, its printing, and its general appearance, it is by a long way the best edition we possess, and is likely to hold the field against all competitors. Mr. Brown is, moreover, the foremost living authority on all that relates to Bunyan, of whose life and works he has for many years made a special study. He furnishes a comprehensive "Introduction," in which he discusses the general drift of the allegory, its relation to similar works of other authors (which are proved to in no way affect its originality and independence), and at the end of the book Mr. Brown supplies a series of valuable "Notes," literary, theological, and historical. Bunyan's marginalia are also retained (as they should have been in all editions), and prove of great value.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE. With Introduction, Notes, and Maps. Chaps. XIII.—XXIV. By Thomas M. Lindsay, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Church History, Free Church College, Glasgow. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1887.

DR. LINDSAY'S work is always scholarly, careful, and suggestive. He is at once learned and devout, liberal and evangelical, and has the power of expressing in a few lines the results of wide research and prolonged thought. His Commentary on Luke appears in two forms—one in Messrs. Clark's admirable series of handbooks; the other in a smaller and abridged form in Messrs. Blackie's series. Both are good, but Messrs. Clark's is by a long way the best.

—

LIFE OF CHARLES DARWIN. By G. T. Bettany.

SPECIMEN DAYS IN AMERICA. By Walt Whitman. Newly Revised by the Author.

THE PLAYS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER (Selected). With Introduction by J. S. Fletcher. London: Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. 1887.

THERE are few readers who do not wish to know something about the life of the great naturalist, who, more than any other recent authority, has, whether for good or evil, influenced the course of scientific thought. Mr. Bettany has written a pleasant, compact, and useful *résumé* of Mr. Darwin's life and works. The Bibliography of Mr. Anderson, of the British Museum, has special value. We are not ourselves Darwinians, but are glad to possess in so handy a form facts with which every intelligent man

ought to be acquainted. The spirit of the book is fair and honourable.

We like Walt Whitman's prose better than his so-called poetry, and these letters, descriptive of almost all phases of American life, in nature and humanity, in peace and war, in letters, politics, and religion, are both amusing and instructive, full of shrewd observation, brilliant description, clever and genial reflection, and of all the elements that constitute a good readable book. The author's individuality gives a peculiar raciness to some parts of it.

Beaumont and Fletcher are authors whom, notwithstanding their undoubted genius, we generally advise people to let alone. None of their plays should be read as they left them. They are gross and corrupt. The editor of this selection has expurgated freely, and says that there is in it "no single word which savours of impurity or hints at anything questionable." There are several short passages, especially lyrics, which are equal to anything in Shakespeare.

ISRAEL: A PRINCE WITH GOD. The Story of Jacob re-told. By Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

THE biographies of Scripture furnish themes of varied and perpetual interest to all Christian preachers, and never fail, when wisely handled, to instruct and stimulate our congregations. We quite agree with Mr. Meyer in his estimate of this biographical preaching, and can further affirm that his book is a capital specimen of such preaching in its best and most effective form. He has seen into the heart of the old narratives, and interpreted them in the light of that Gospel to which they all pointed, and for the sake of which they are recorded. Here and there we come across expressions which, while suitable for spoken addresses, are not perhaps equally appropriate in print. But this is a noble book, calculated to be of the highest usefulness, and we are thankful of the opportunity of commending it.

LITERARY NOTES.



DR. CLIFFORD has issued through the *Christian Commonwealth* Publishing Company a second edition of his sermons to young men on "The Dawn of Manhood." In a new preface he pleads earnestly for the distinction between truth and opinion, religion and theology, faith in Jesus Christ, and dogmas concerning Him. Few ministers are so well acquainted with the needs and difficulties of young men as is the Vice-President of the Baptist Union, and to ignore those needs and difficulties as many do, or to meet them with bitter denunciation is simply suicidal. We do not assent to all Dr. Clifford's positions with regard to dogma, of which he has an exaggerated dread. We need to remember that there are two opposite poles in "the falsehood of extremes."

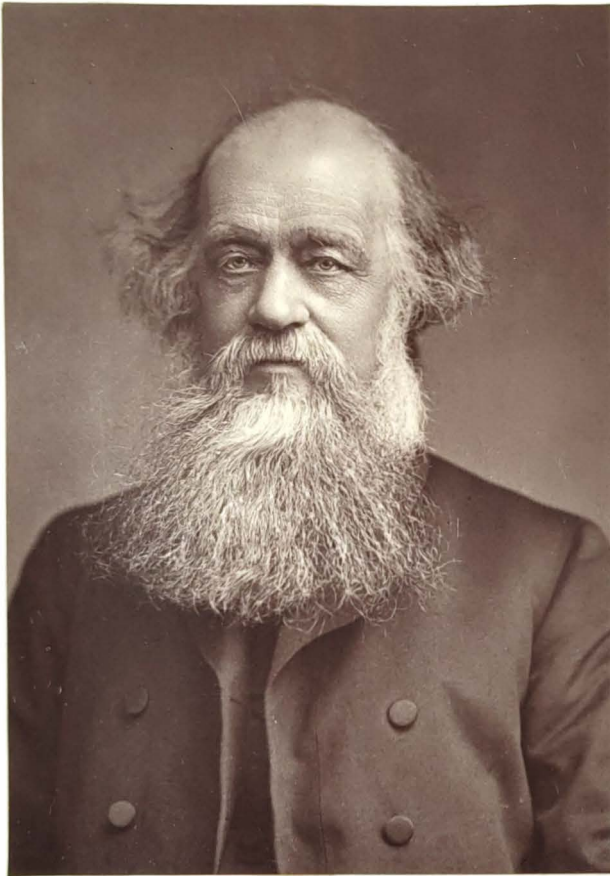
THE *Century Illustrated Magazine* continues its articles on English Cathedrals, dealing in its June number with Peterborough, of which it gives many beautiful

illustrations. The history of Abraham Lincoln becomes of deeper and more absorbing interest. Perhaps the articles descriptive of scenes and incidents of the great civil war are somewhat too numerous. The two papers which have appeared on "How Food nourishes the Body" are worthy of note. So also is the Rev. T. T. Munger's "Education and Social Progress," though we are surprised that Mr. Munger gives his motto "There is nothing great in this world but man, and nothing great in man but mind," as Sir W. Hamilton's. Sir William was very fond of the words, and had them painted in his class-room at Edinburgh, but he quoted them as from an ancient philosopher Phavorinus, and gave them in this form :

"On earth there is nothing great but man,
In man there is nothing great but mind."

PROF. T. SPENCER BAYNES, of St. Andrews, who died in London on May 30th, was the son of the late Rev. Joseph Baynes, of Wellington, Somersetshire, and the brother, therefore, of Mr. A. H. Baynes, the esteemed Secretary of our Foreign Missionary Society. Prof. Baynes was, like his father, a student in the Baptist College at Bristol, and originally intended to enter our ministry. After a successful career at Edinburgh University he became assistant to Sir W. Hamilton, whose lectures he read to the class. He translated the celebrated "Port Royal Logic," published an exposition of Sir W. Hamilton's views on the qualification of the predicate in "An Essay on the New Analytic of Logical Forms," and wrote extensively as a journalist both in the Edinburgh and London papers. For many years past he had filled the chair of Logic and Rhetoric at St. Andrews. He was editor of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," making all the preliminary arrangements and supervising the work, until a year or two ago he was aided by Prof. Robertson Smith. His recent article on Shakespeare is considered one of the most masterly studies of the great poet which has been published. While in Edinburgh Mr. Baynes was connected with the church in Charlotte-street Chapel, under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Christopher Anderson. But at St. Andrews he did not identify himself with our denomination. He attended the Town Church, of which Dr. Boyd (A.K.H.B.) is minister.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRREL has written the monograph on "Charlotte Bronte, which is to form one of the series of "Great Writers." Dr. Richard Garnett is to write in the same series on "Carlyle," and Mr. W. M. Rossetti on "Keats." Mr. Sydney Colvin's long expected "Keats" has at length appeared in "The English Men of Letters," and is the most important study of this poet we have yet received. Messrs. Macmillan publish "Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle," edited by Prof. C. E. Norton, as a protest against the unfair and injurious edition of Mr. Froude. Messrs. T. & T. Clark announce the eleventh series of the Cunningham Lectures on "The Doctrine of the Church" by the Rev. D. D. Bannerman, and a supplementary volume to the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia, devoted to "Living Divines and Christian Workers of all Denominations." Prof. Veitch's work on "The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry" is already out.



London Stereoscopic & Photographic Co L^{td} (Permanent Photo)

Yours very sincerely
Joseph Angus

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1887.

REV. JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D.,
PRESIDENT OF REGENT'S PARK COLLEGE.



THE small village of Bolam, Northumberland, some nine miles west of Morpeth, and near to the Wansbeck Railway, has the honour of being the birthplace of the Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D. Here he was born on the 16th of January, 1816. The family to which he belongs came out of Scotland about the year 1580, and settled in Tyneside. For generations many of its members have been Nonconformists and Baptists, not without suffering in various ways the persecutions and social penalties incident to their attachment to the cause of evangelical piety and religious freedom. Not a few have become leaders and deacons to the churches of that region, and have done honour to the denomination they have served and loved.

Among many notable members of the clan may be named Robert Hall, of Arnsby, and his illustrious son of Cambridge and Bristol; Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich; and, in later years, John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, and John Trotter Brockett, the antiquarian. Of the more direct descendants of the same ancestors may be mentioned W. H. Angus, the records of whose useful life were collected by

Dr. Cox, and whose visits to Holland in the early years of the century made known to us the more recent history of the Mennonite churches; and also George Fife Angus, one of the founders of the Colony of South Australia, and by whose generosity Regent's Park College has often benefited.

Early in life Joseph Angus became a scholar in the Ancient Royal Free Grammar School of Newcastle, the school of Lord Eldon and Lord Collingwood, at that time in the charge of Dr. Mortimer. The connection with Dr. Mortimer became a life-long friendship, and on the removal of Dr. Mortimer to London, in 1833, Joseph Angus came with him, and for a year attended classes at King's College. His attainments speedily marked him out for a scholarship at Cambridge; but his baptism by the Rev. R. Pengilly, of Newcastle, and his conscientious objections to subscribe the articles of the Church of England, became an insuperable obstacle to its enjoyment. He went in the following year to the University of Edinburgh.

It was at Newcastle, while yet a mere youth, that Joseph Angus preached his first sermon, in the small, quaint old Baptist chapel on Tuthill Stairs. There, forty years before, John Foster had for a short time fulfilled his ministry; but at this time it was occupied by a congregation under the pastoral care of the Rev. R. Pengilly, whose little work on the Ordinance of Baptism still continues to be the best manual on the subject. This sermon—on “The love of Christ constraineth us”—may be said, in the providence of God, to have determined the future career of Joseph Angus. It happened that the late Mr. W. B. Gurney was an auditor on the occasion, and it was on his suggestion that Mr. Angus was led, in 1835, after being a year at Edinburgh, to enter Stepney College as a student for the Baptist ministry. While a boy he was a hard reader, and at the age of fourteen had studied Hebrew under Mr. Harbottle, of Accrington, a man of ripe scholarship, but whose history and worth are little known by the present generation.

Being placed on Ward's Trust, Mr. Angus, at the close of the year 1835, returned to Edinburgh, and in 1837 he graduated as M.A. Already well prepared by his previous studies, Mr. Angus pursued a brilliant career at the modern Athens. He took the first prize in Senior Mathematics, in Greek, in Logic, in Rhetoric, and the Gold Medal in Moral Philosophy, under Prof. Wilson. He closed his

University course with the Students' Prize of fifty guineas for the best essay on the "Influence of Bacon's Philosophy"—a prize open to the entire University. The study of divinity was not neglected amid this multiplicity of work, but was pursued under the auspices of the eminent and eloquent Chalmers.

Animated by a spirit of devout consecration, and with a heart stirred by a desire to lead men to Christ, Joseph Angus now laid all his gifts and attainments at the feet of his Saviour. At the close of the year he preached both at Oxford and New Park Street, Southwark, and received invitations to the pastorate from both these churches. He accepted the latter, becoming the successor of the venerable Dr. Rippon, and laboured there for two years with encouraging success.

The enlarged operations of the Baptist Missionary Society, towards the close of 1839, rendered it necessary to strengthen the hands of the secretary, the Rev. John Dyer. The stirring and devout appeals of the Rev. W. H. Pearce, and of William Knibb and others, had quickened anew the missionary spirit among the Baptist churches, and, as the result, it was resolved materially to enlarge the number of missionaries labouring in India. The increase of expenditure demanded, both in the East and the West, required greater and more systematic exertions to provide the necessary funds. It was, therefore, determined to seek the aid of an additional secretary, on whose shoulders more especially the home proceedings should devolve. The Committee found in Mr. Angus just the man they desired. His great ability, his admirable gifts as a speaker and preacher, his business tact, and his genial spirit, marked him out for the post, and in 1840 he became joint-secretary in the conduct of the Society's affairs. On the decease of Mr. Dyer, in July, 1841, the sole responsibility devolved on Mr. Angus; and, until his resignation in the summer of 1849, he continued with the greatest efficiency to discharge the duties of his honourable office.

Space cannot be given us to record the services rendered to the Mission by Mr. Angus during the ten years that he laboured in this cause. Two, however, must be mentioned. In conjunction with the Rev. Joshua Russell, he carried through successfully the arduous labours involved in the celebration of the Society's Jubilee in 1842, when a Jubilee Fund of £32,000 was raised. By the means of this Fund

the Mission House in Moorgate Street was built, the African Mission established, the Calabar College in Jamaica founded, and the Society's debts were extinguished.

Again, in the cold season of 1846-7, in conjunction with his college friend, the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, Mr. Angus visited the churches of Jamaica, to settle the various important questions incident to the declaration of the pecuniary independence the churches had assumed, and to secure on a legal basis the properties and chapels the Society had acquired. They were also entrusted with the distribution of £2,000, the munificent gift of Sir Morton Peto, by the aid of which debts were extinguished to the amount of nearly £10,000.

In 1849, the Presidency of Stepney College becoming vacant, Mr. Angus was invited to undertake the charge. If in many ways an admirably qualified secretary, still more truly may it be said that Mr. Angus was well fitted to enter upon the honourable career now opened before him. After seven years of earnest and successful labour, the Institution was removed, in 1856, to Regent's Park, where in a very remarkable way the palatial residence of the late Mr. Holford was placed within the reach of the Committee. With very slight alterations, the building was found to be well adapted for a college, and by the plans adopted the lease was purchased at a price, and the college property at Stepney so dealt with, as to provide on the termination of the lease for the continuance of the college there or elsewhere. And it is a further interesting, if not a surprising fact, that during the term of Dr. Angus's tenancy of the office of president, he has been able, by the generosity of friends, to make large provision for extending the usefulness of the College. Chiefly through his exertions, a sum of about £40,000 has been raised and invested, for the double purpose of securing more efficient Biblical and theological teaching and a larger number of students. Great pains have been taken to avoid the abuses to which such funds are sometimes subject. With faithfulness on the part of the managers, and the hearty co-operation of the churches, we may, under God's blessing, look forward to a future of greatly enlarged efficiency and usefulness in the College over which Dr. Angus has so long and so honourably presided.

Further space cannot be allowed to speak in detail of the varied and expanding work which has been carried on during the thirty-eight years of Dr. Angus's presidency. We can only say that of the

225 ministerial students trained under Dr. Angus's care, 63 have graduated at the University of London, and about fifty have gone to foreign fields as missionaries. Forty lay students out of 111 have taken degrees in medicine, literature, and law. A few years ago a graceful tribute was rendered by his old students, by the subscription of £2,000 to institute a perpetual lectureship bearing his name, to give lectures at certain intervals on subjects connected with pastoral work, Church history, and Biblical science.

While eminent as a tutor and college professor, Dr. Angus has rendered no less excellent service in the realm of literature. The lectures of Dr. Chalmers, delivered in London in 1838, were first given to his classes in Edinburgh, which Dr. Angus then attended. The Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty offered a prize for the best essay in reply. This prize was awarded to Dr. Angus for his "Essay on the Voluntary System," which was published in 1839, and was the first of a large number of volumes that have fallen from the same pen. We mention a few:—"Christ our Life," published in 1855; "The Bible in Many Tongues," "Christian Churches" (1862); "Lectures on Classical Education," delivered at the City School in 1846; "Letters on Future Punishment" (1870); all of which, with many others, have enjoyed a considerable circulation. "The Bible Handbook" has been extensively used in many colleges and schools, both in England and America. It has been translated into French, Italian, Welsh, Armenian, and Magyar. "The Handbook of the English Tongue and of English Literature" is also widely known and valued wherever English literature is a subject of study.

But neither teaching nor authorship has exhausted or limited the public services rendered by Dr. Angus to the Christian Church and to the cause of education. In 1865 he was elected President of the Baptist Union of England and Wales. In 1865 the India Civil Service was opened to competition, under the scheme proposed by Lord Macaulay. Dr. Angus was appointed, with Sir George Dasent (now one of the Civil Service Commissioners), one of the first Examiners in the English Language and Literature. In 1859 he was selected from a large number of candidates to hold a similar post in the University of London, and held that office for the full term of ten years. He has also for many years fulfilled the like duty in the College of Preceptors.

In 1870 he was chosen one of the first members of the London School Board, and took an active part in the work of the first ten years. The resolutions on Bible reading in Board schools were framed by him, and have been adopted by most of the Board schools in England. In 1870 he also became one of the first co-opted members of the New Testament Revision Company, and was entrusted with the organisation of the American Companies who co-operated with their English brethren in the work of Bible Revision.

One cannot but be struck with the vast range of knowledge and scholarship over which the labours of our honoured friend have extended. In the few lines that remain we dare not attempt to characterise as they deserve the distinguished services Dr. Angus has rendered in his day and generation; but we rejoice that he still remains in our midst worthily to receive the affection and admiration which his character and labours have rightly won for him with men of many classes, both among the churches, who cherish his name as a household word, as also among the erudite and eminent of other communions, by whom his piety, his learning, and his great gifts are justly recognised. May he long live to enjoy the friendship and the high esteem with which his advancing years are crowned!

E. B. U.

LORD TENNYSON'S "THE PALACE OF ART."

ITS ETHICAL AND SPIRITUAL TEACHING: AN ANALYTICAL STUDY, WITH NOTES.

BY REV. JAMES STUART.



"THE Palace of Art" is one of the most brilliant of Tennyson's poems, and I question whether in his subsequent work we can find a more magnificent creation. As the work of a young man of twenty-four, it seems to me unrivalled.* It exhibits all the great qualities of his genius—his keen and piercing observation, his vivid portraiture, his artistic finish, his rich and harmonious style, his sympathy with the

* See Note at the end.

life of his own day, and his high-toned—we need not scruple to say his Christian—morality.

The poem is, in fact, a powerful picture of the intellectual and æsthetic life of the nineteenth century, and deals with tendencies which are everywhere working around us with fatal results. It is the record of a soul's failure to find satisfaction in the mere pursuit of pleasure, even though that soul be richly endowed, highly cultured, and surrounded with every object that can minister to its gratification. The worship of the Beautiful for its own sake, and apart from truth, goodness, and love, can never give completeness to our nature. Selfishness, however elevated and refined, is an utter and absolute curse.

The poet is here a teacher: the interest of the poem is mainly ethical. There is throughout one ruling idea, to which poetic expression is given, and which is developed with a wealth of imagination and a luxuriance of fancy which, in our day at least, have rarely been equalled. The luminous splendour of Tennyson's diction, the brilliance of his protraiture, the majestic roll of his music, are all subordinate to the one aim of showing that

"He who shuts Love out, in turn shall be shut out by Love,
And on her threshold lie, howling in outer darkness."

The poet is not a preacher, yet we have here a noble and impassioned sermon on the impotence of the finest culture and the purest art as ends of life. Forces which, when controlled by moral fervour, may be of untold good, will, apart from such control, become desolating and destructive. There is here no coarseness and sensuality as in "The Vision of Sin," no surrender to the baser passions. The life depicted is one of exquisite refinement. It is dignified and, in a sense, great. The worst that can be said of it is that it is self-centred. "My soul would live alone unto herself." It is the life of one who, we might almost say, "feared not God, neither regarded man."

"The Palace of Art" is—as has been pointed out—an echo of Ecclesiastes ii. 1—11, which should be read in connection with it.

In the later editions the poem consists of seventy-four stanzas, in which the progress of the writer's thoughts and the process of the soul's destruction can be distinctly traced. It will be convenient for us to number them.

Stanzas 1—5 contain the soul's soliloquy as to its purpose, and a general description of the palace.

Mark the perfect isolation of the palace—its ramparts suddenly scale the light; there is in the rock on which it stands neither ledge nor shelf nor winding stair. Alone, alone, away from the common herd of men is the soul determined to live.

"Saturn whirls"—revolves in an orbit of about 872 millions of miles from the sun; takes nearly thirty of our years to complete the revolution, although it *rotates on its axis* in about ten and a half hours. This is certainly "whirling," as the equatorial regions of Saturn are carried round at the rate of 21,000 miles an hour. Tennyson's verse is in exact harmony with Mr. Lockyer's purely scientific description.

The luminous rings—three in number (of which the diameter of the outer is 166,000 miles, and its breadth 138 miles)—are supposed to consist of a vast assemblage of small satellites or moons, which revolve round the planet, whose steadfast shade, notwithstanding the rapidity which the planet whirls round on its axis, *sleeps* on the luminous rings, just as the shadow of a spinning-top remains at rest upon the ground. The movement of the shadow is so slow that Tennyson's description may be taken as literally correct.

"Trust me"—the soul has the utmost confidence as to its prospects. Failure is not dreamt of.

Stanzas 6—13 contain a description of the courts, the lawns, the fountains, and cloisters, with the soft murmurous music of waters, and the fragrance of incense; the roofs, with their gilded gallery and the fine view of distant lands. The soul is delighted with its abode, and is *vain* as well as *proud*, asking, "Who shall gaze upon my palace with unblinded eyes?" If we care for the good opinion of others, and are flattered by their praise, we cannot long live apart from them, nor can we rightly detach our interests from theirs.

Stanzas 14—23.—*Artistic Representations of Nature in Landscape.*

The palace is full of corridors. The rooms to which they lead are of various sizes, the pictures in them are of different kinds. All that art can represent of Nature is there, so that there is no monotony. Each room is perfect, so that if gratification cannot be obtained from one source, it can from another. The soul is active in its enjoyment. There is no indolent musing, but through the live-long day the soul moves delightedly from room to room.

The series of pictures which follow are a triumph of poetic art. In a few words, with one or two light touches, Tennyson brings before us an ideal landscape. Each picture, complete as it is, is contained in four lines. What breadth of conception, what clearness of vision, what minuteness of finish, is here! and how richly adorned and how full of æsthetic teaching and moral suggestions these rooms must have been!

Stanzas 24—32 present us with a series of figure subjects, historical characters, representing the great universal religions, the Christian, the Mohammedan, and the Hindu, together with the mythological heroes of the leading races, the Roman, the Greek, and the Saxon.

Thus we have the Virgin Mother by a crucifix, as represented in the churches and cathedrals of the Continent—in figures by the roadside and in the fields—Mary, "the hope of the desponding and the refuge of the destitute."

"*St. Cecily*," or Cecilia, the patroness of music, the inventor of the organ, martyred in A.D. 230; her festival celebrated November 22.

"The *Houris*" are the dark-eyed nymphs or virgins of Paradise who figure so largely in the Mohammedan theology.

"The dying Islamite," as he is depicted in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," chap. li. (vol. vi., p. 41, Bohn's edition). "In a recent action under the walls of Emesa, an Arabian youth, the cousin of Caled, was heard aloud to exclaim, 'Methinks I see the black-eyed girls looking upon me, one of whom, should she appear in this world, all mankind would die for love of her. And I see in the hand of one of them a handkerchief of green silk and a cap of precious stones, and she beckons me and calls out, 'Come hither quickly, for I love thee.'" With these words he made havoc wherever he went, till, observed at length by the Governor of Hems, he was struck through with a javelin." This vision is, of course, based on the teachings of Mohammed (See Sale's Koran, chapters lv. and lvi.).

"Mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son" is the fabulous British king—whom Tennyson has made so familiar to us in his "Idylls"—supposed to have flourished about A.D. 600, and to have ordinarily resided at Caerleon on Usk, where he was surrounded by hundreds of knights and ladies, who were patterns of valour, breeding, and grace. Twelve of these knights, the best and bravest of them, sat with the king at a round table—whence their name, "Knights of the Round

Table." Tennyson has so beautifully expressed the purpose of this knightly institution, in words which he puts into the mouth of Arthur, that it would be well to refer to them here. (See "Idylls of the King," "Guinevere.")

He has also described more fully, in the "Morte d'Arthur," the scene depicted here :—

“ Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them : and descending they were ware
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold ; and from them rose
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
 And as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
 All night in a waste land where no one comes
 Or hath come since the making of the world.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island valley of Avilion,
 Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly : but it lies
 Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

“ The Ausonian King ” is Numa, the successor of Romulus, Ausonia being the poetic name for Italy during the mythological period. Numa was renowned for his wisdom and piety, and under the instruction of the sacred Camena, the nymph *Egeria*, who visited him in a wood near Rome, and honoured him with her love, he devoted himself to the establishment of religion among his subjects, and was popularly regarded as the founder of the religious institutions of Rome and of its laws. His reign, of somewhere about forty years, was a golden age of peace and happiness.

“ Indian Cama,” is the god of love.

“ Sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasped ”—Europa being the daughter of Phœnix, or, as later traditions say, of the Phœnician King, Agenor. Her wonderful beauty fascinated Zeus, who assumed the form of a bull, and mingled with the herd as Europa and her

maidens were sporting on the shore. The bull was exceedingly tame and playful, and Europa ventured to mount his back, whereupon Zeus rushed into the sea with her and swam to Crete, and there dwelt with her.

"Ganymede," the most beautiful of mortals, was carried off by the gods that he might fill the cup of Zeus. Tennyson adopts the tradition that he was carried off by means of the sacred eagle. The stanza was possibly suggested by Titian's picture of Ganymede in the National Gallery (No. 32).

"Caucasian," the Aryan or Indo-Germanic races.

Stanzas 33—43.—*Poetry, History, Philosophy, and Music, minister to the soul's delight.*

Here we have names suggestive of power and supremacy, with which the soul claims kinship: men of dominant intellect, of creative thought, of melodious song.

"Milton," the great Puritan poet (1608—1674), dwelling "on the hill-top of sanctity," and telling us (in his own words) that "the great achievements of poetry must rest on devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases."

"Shakespeare," the profoundest, most genial, and most universal of poets; the man of whom, more than of any other, it can be said that he is not for an age, but for all time. (1564—1616.)

"Dante" (1265—1321), the illustrious Florentine poet, the Milton, and in some respects the more than Milton, of the Middle Ages. He "grimly smiled" because, as his contemporaries said of him, in reference to his Purgatory and Hell, he was the man who (through his *vivid imagination*) had been in hell.

"The Ionian father of the rest" is Homer; and how expressively Tennyson describes him!—"A million wrinkles *carved* his skin"; and where shall we find a finer picture of a beard: "A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast, from cheek and throat and chin"?

"Below was all mosaic," &c. HISTORY. Notice the different aspects in which the people are described, and how proudly the soul treads over these symbols of struggle as he advances towards her throne.

"A beast of burden slow," &c., as the Israelites in Egypt, the negro races (in the West Indies and America), the serfs in Russia.

"Here play'd a tiger"—driven to bay; fierce, rising in wrath, and dethroning their oppressors, as at the French Revolution.

"Here rose an athlete"—as at the English Revolution, in calm, orderly strength.

"Here once more like some sick man"—despair of improvement, as after French Revolution. Seizing on pills that cure earthquakes, or giving heed to quacks, "men who pour out drugs of which they know little into a body of which they know less."

PLATO, the most distinguished of the disciples of Socrates, and in many respects the greatest, not only of Grecian, but of all heathen philosophers (B.C. 429—347). He taught the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the authority of truth and righteousness, and the certainty of rewards and punishments. His doctrine of ideas is associated with his belief in the *pre*-existence of the soul. According to him all our knowledge is innate, having been acquired by the soul before birth, when the soul contemplated *real* existences, of which our knowledge in this world is but a reminiscence. We saw the true and eternal patterns of things in the heavens. Our ideas here are reminiscences of them, and we are constantly trying to recover them in their purity and fulness.

"Large brow'd Verulam"—Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and Viscount St. Albans, who may fairly claim to be the founder of modern philosophy, and who, more than any other, has shown the paramount importance of the inductive method.

"The first of those who know"—or, as other editions read, "the kings of those who know" and "masters of those who know."

"Memnon" is the colossal statue in the neighbourhood of Thebes, which is said to have uttered a sound like the snapping asunder of a chord when it was struck by the first rays of the rising sun.

P.S.—The first edition of the poem contained eighty-three stanzas. Thirty-three of these have been omitted, and twenty-two new ones substituted. The verbal alterations are very numerous. Few poems have been subjected to such thorough and rigid revision. But the general drift remains unaltered. Several of the original and subsequently rejected stanzas are given in the GOLDEN TREASURY edition of Lord Tennyson's lyrics.

(To be continued.)

THE GIFFORD REMAINS.

No. IV.



NOT the least interesting portion of these "remains" consists of a number of letters dated from Bristol, 1719, and addressed by Emmanuel Gifford to his son Andrew, "at Mr. Samuel Jones's, in Tewkesbury." Mr. Jones was a minister, and the principal of an academy at Tewkesbury, which at that time was in high repute among Dissenters, and deservedly so. Dr. Chandler, one of the most learned men of his time, was educated there; so also were Bishop Butler, the author of the famous "Analogy," and Dr. Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury. Not unworthy of mention with these is the name of Andrew Gifford, Doctor in Divinity, Baptist Minister, and Assistant Librarian of the British Museum. As a pastor of the Baptist denomination, Dr. Gifford presided over the church in Eagle Street, London, for a period of nearly fifty years. This church was subsequently presided over by the Baptist historian, Joseph Ivimey, who nobly maintained its best traditions. It still exists, though, alas! in a state of decadence, and under another name—that of Kingsgate Street Baptist Church, Holborn. Dr. Gifford received his appointment in the British Museum in 1757, and retained it till the end of his life. A story is told of the Doctor which is worthy of being reproduced here, revealing as it does, at one and the same time, the man of God and the gentleman. Some gentlemen, it is said, were inspecting the Museum under the Doctor's guidance, and among them was a profane youth, who hardly ever spoke without violating the fourth commandment. Presently this youth inquired of the Doctor if they had not a very ancient manuscript of the Bible there. On coming to it, the Doctor courteously showed it to him, and inquired if he could read it. On a reply in the affirmative being given, a sentence was indicated for the young man to read. It was this: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." "The irreverent youth read and blushed," says Dr. Rippon. "The countenance of his companions seemed to acknowledge the justness of the reproof, and the polite and Christian manner in which it was administered."

These letters from Emmanuel Gifford to his son Andrew relate to various things, chiefly family and domestic. In one of them Andrew is informed that his brother, Captain Lilly, is bound and fitting out for Newfoundland with a lading of oil. Matters in Broadmead were wearing a gloomy aspect, as Mr. Jope seemed determined not to go. Subsequently it is announced that Mr. Jope's departure was determined upon; but still the church would be unsettled, as many were uneasy with Mr. Kitterell, and were resolved that he should remove also. It was doubtful who would succeed, for the people were very much set against one another.

The Mr. Kitterell referred to was the Rev. Peter Kitterell, pastor of Broadmead; Mr. Jope was the Rev. Caleb Jope, co-pastor. The former, according to an account of him which has come down to us, was a good man, but of slender abilities, under whom the church declined. Mr. Jope was the first to be appointed tutor of Bristol College under the trust created by Mr. Edward Terrill, who founded and endowed the Institution. The name of Mr. Jope is first of all met with in Baptist history in connection with the session, in 1707, of the Western Association at Taunton, when "the Rev. Mr. Gifford, pastor of the Pithay Church (Bristol), made inquiries respecting Mr. Jope, who had been invited to Plymouth, as to his fitness for being trained for the tutorship of the academy, for which Mr. Terrill had provided funds." The following question was put to the assembled brethren: "Whether it be the duty of Brother Caleb Jope to comply with the desire of the church at Plymouth, or with the design of some brethren, on behalf of another church, for his further education." The answer was: "That we conclude it his duty to comply with the call of the church at Plymouth, and that those brethren who desired his education be desired to relinquish any obligation they may put upon him, and that Brother Davison do acquaint him with the sense of the assembly, and that a letter be written to Brother Boddenham, to be delivered by Brother Gifford."

The advice of the association was not adopted by Mr. Jope and his friends, and soon afterwards the former was placed in the academy of Mr. Jones at Tewkesbury to finish his education, with a view to undertaking the responsible post of tutor in the new academy at Bristol. He entered on his tutorial duties probably in 1710 or 1711, becoming, at the same time, assistant minister at Broadmead.

The appointment was not a happy one either for the church or the college. Hence the following passage in one of the Gifford letters :—
“Matters in Broadmead are worse and worse every day. Mr. Jope, I am afraid, will not remove if possibly he can avoid it, and I am sure that their church state is in jeopardy, which is a very sorrowful circumstance. It would be well if they should consider the hand of God in this melancholy providence, and I wish it may be an effectual warning to all that none think too highly of themselves. God will maintain His controversy with a people who walk contrary to Him. If any be left to themselves, we shall see what wickedness is in the heart of man. May it be your care to keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life! May you frequently study yourself; for if we see ourselves as indeed we are, we shall soon be filled with shame, and be led to admire free, sovereign, rich, and distinguishing grace in our salvation by Jesus Christ, which I recommend to your careful meditation!”

Mr. Jope soon afterwards left Bristol, and before he finished his career became, as Ivimey says, “so completely a ‘castaway’ as to the public ministry that while ministers in London hoped he might be a fellow-Christian, yet they could neither ask him to preach nor recommend him to any destitute congregation.”*

It appears that Andrew was a disciple of the gentle Izaak Walton, for in one letter we read, “As to your fishing-rod, its not worth laying out mony on it, or sending it up to you, as the Turner saith.” Evidently he had applied to his father to have his “tackle” sent to him. This letter informs him of the death of a cousin in these words: “Last night your unckle Eyres buried his youngest child; was cut off with a vomiting and Looseness wch. sweep away many both young and aged persons in citty and country.” An epidemic, very much like cholera is evidently here described.

From the following, dated 3rd Aug., 1719, we should judge Andrew had fallen ill: “Dear Son,—By this bearer your poor mother intended to have come up to Tewkesbury, but he being obliged to ride all night that he might get home by six of the clock tomorrow morning, it was not advisable for her so to fatigue herself. We rec^d your box,

* For further particulars, see “Faithful Men; or, Memorials of Bristol Baptist College.” By Stephen Albert Swaine. London: Alexander & Shephard.

&c., this morning, and a letter from Mr. Tho., and another from your Self yesterday by post, which hath created in us great uneasiness, upon wch. I consulted yo^r Grandf. and Grandm., with yo^r other near relations, and we are come to this resolution that you embrace the first opportunity of getting a horse, or any other way, and return home for a Season. Its probable Mattocks, the Carryer, can furnish you with a good horse, or some other person of yo^r Town; we shall not be satisfied till we see you. . . . Thro' Mercy I am well and all your relations Indifferent, tho' we are all concern'd about you, wherefore hasten home. . . . With all our hearty loves to you, and many thanks to Mr. and Madam Jones for their care of you. With services to them, &c., I subscribe myself,

Yo^r loving ffather,

EMA^t. GIFFORD.

“You must come home, and we expect you Tuesday or Wednesday next. I understand one, Emry, a Malster, wch. used to carry Mr. Dodenham, will leave for Bristol y^e beginning of y^e ensuing week, and it may be he can supply you with a horse, and take it back again.”

Andrew did not return home as desired. Probably he got better, or was not so ill as his anxious parents supposed. On the 15th of October, Mr. Gifford alludes to the death of Andrew's tutor, Mr. Jones, and expresses the opinion that his son must come home unless Mr. Godwin undertake the tutorship. Probably at this juncture Andrew did return home, and, shortly afterwards, became assistant to his father.

The remaining documents in the first volume comprise a letter (July 1, 1719) from R. Pearsall, of Kidder, to Andrew Gifford, making inquiries about his old associates in the Academy; a speech in the House of Lords against the Sacramental Test Act, author's name not given; an account of the proceedings at a meeting of about a hundred ministers and gentlemen in Bristol, on September 11, 1718, to express their loyalty to the Crown, and propose measures for the removal of Dissenters' disabilities; a short paper on the growth of Arianism, by A. G.; a short paper severely reprimanding the “scandalous” practice of communion with the Church of England on any other ground than as a member thereof, &c.

The second volume does not contain so many documents of interest as the first. There is a weary catalogue of propositions entitled, "Mr. Thomas Rowe's *Notiones Logicae*," to which is added "Mr. Thomas Rowe concerning the Soul." The next is, on several accounts, the most interesting of all those comprised in this second collection. It is an account of the "Travels of Four Gentlemen from Geneva to Venice, in 1672," and consists of twenty-one folio pages. There is nothing to show who the four gentlemen were. Among the other papers are, "A Copy of a Book about a Question whether a true Church of Christ may not mistake in the administration of Church Censures. Feb., 1669," and a complete printed list of the various editions of the Bible, and parts thereof, in English, from 1526 to 1776. In the compilation of this list Dr. Gifford had the assistance of the celebrated antiquary, Joseph Ames. Copies belonging to not a few of these editions of the Scriptures were at the time in the possession of Dr. Gifford, who was an assiduous collector, and enjoyed rare facilities for collecting as a high official of the British Museum. They were given by Dr. Gifford, towards the close of his life, to Bristol College, where they are preserved among the choicest of the treasures of the Library and Museum. Among them is the precious relic of a copy of Tyndale's New Testament, printed at Worms in 1525, the only perfect copy known to be in existence.*

Dr. Gifford, who wrote many of these papers, and collected the rest, and whose noble benefactions to our oldest Baptist College will for ever preserve his name in honour among Baptists in Britain, died on the 19th of July, 1784, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in Bunhill Fields, at an early hour in the morning, in compliance with his own wish, "to testify," says Dr. Rippon in his funeral sermon, "his faith in the resurrection of Christ, who rose early on the first day of the week, and likewise his hope of the resurrection morning at the last day."

EDITOR.

* For a complete account of this unique volume, and of rare copies of other editions of the Scriptures, see "Faithful Men," &c., Chap. I. and Appendix.

THE ATONEMENT: ITS CENTRAL PRINCIPLE.

II.



HERE is no need then to inquire whether our Lord's suffering were an exact equivalent for all men's sins, or any definite number of them, seeing that it is not mere suffering which stands out as the central principle of the atonement. If we view the atonement as consisting of mere suffering, we may well ask with Episcopius whether "*circa Deum aliquid effecerit.*" Nay, further, we might ask whether anything of permanent value would thereby be effected *circa homines*. For it is not when we terminate our view on Christ's sufferings, or the symbols of them, that we become rightly affected towards Him, it is when we see through these sufferings into His heart. It was this that captivated Paul: "He loved me and gave Himself for me." It seems to me that the view here given of the atonement is in harmony with all Scripture teaching upon the subject. It is in harmony with the view that Christ is a propitiation for the sin of the world, that "He bore our sins," "was delivered for our offences," and "made peace through the blood of His cross." Nothing can be more true than that the sufferings and death of Christ are means of our redemption; not indeed that the Father could take any pleasure in His Son's sufferings *taken by themselves*, but infinite pleasure in that which they educed, tested, and emphasised. His sufferings were instinct with the spirit of obedience, and were the means by which that obedience was carried to its utmost limit, "obedience unto death." This Divine touch from Apostolic pen throws light on the philosophy of the atonement, gives prominence to our Redeemer's death as the consummation of His obedience, and stamps the Cross as the symbol of a work mightier than creation.

Again, it is in harmony with the view that the great object of Christ's sacrifice was "to save His people from their sins." Sympathy with mere suffering may be good so far as it goes, but hardly sufficient to induce us to "break off our sins by righteousness"; but sympathy with a pure, loving, suffering *obedience* is a stronger motive. And

here I must dissent from Mr. Joseph Cook's definition of the atonement, that it is "the substitution of Christ's voluntary chastisement for man's punishment." *Substitution for man's punishment!* Surely no! for, notwithstanding this sacrifice, the wrath of God is still "revealed against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men," and will be as long as ungodliness and unrighteousness exist. I cannot therefore say I know that because Jesus endured the punishment of my sins, I shall be sure to escape punishment. I can only say I shall be freed from liability to punishment when the great object of Christ's work is fully accomplished in me; and, being freed from the last stain of sin, I become perfect in submission and obedience. This is the supreme end to which judgment and mercy alike contribute.

Again, it is in harmony with the view that forgiveness is graciously free to every transgressor who comes into personal spiritual contact with the Righteous One.

We are told that forgiveness can only be dispensed on the ground of satisfaction being made for sin. Be it so, and be it that the satisfaction is made by a suffering obedience. But surely it will be admitted that of the two, obedience and suffering, the former is the primary consideration, especially when it is perceived that the whole series of sufferings deepening to the close of life were, as it were, so many stepping-stones (I speak of these sufferings only in reference to *propitiation*) to a still higher manifestation of obedience. The obedience afforded satisfaction *directly*, the sufferings *indirectly*, as the means of perfecting obedience. So the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "He learned obedience by the things which He suffered."

This death-defying obedience suggests an infinite merit, an unrestricted redemption, applicable to all alike, from the "highly-favoured" Virgin to the man of "uncovenanted mercies," if such a man can be found.

One hindrance to forgiveness, and one only remains. "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven." The readiness of the Divine Father to forgive is everywhere testified to in Scripture, notably in the parable of the prodigal son; and the readiness of the Divine Son appears throughout His earthly history, and notably at the close. The "ruling passion was strong in death." Under stinging reproach, under the smart of the stripes, the thorns, the crucifixion, and well knowing the heart-hatred from which all proceeded, there rises pre-

dominant over His bodily pains the soul-anguish caused by the sin of His murderers lying heavily upon Him, and there is extorted from Him that intercessory appeal, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Himself forgiving, He would have His disciples forgiving also; "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

Lastly, this view of the atonement disposes of all those objections which have been urged against it on the ground of its representing the spiritual universe as being governed on mechanical or commercial principles. Various figures (necessarily taken from a lower level) are employed in illustration of the highest truths, but the fact that they *are* various is proof sufficient that no one of them by itself furnishes an exact similitude. When an argument founded on a figure is pressed so far as to bring down the truth illustrated to the level of the illustration, it is time to question its validity.

Let me allude, in conclusion, to one more objection. It is the old one, that it is contrary to Divine justice that the innocent should suffer for the guilty.

Now, if the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice meant only the substitution of the suffering of one for the suffering of another, apart from motives and results, this objection might be difficult to parry. But the Christian idea of sacrifice for sin shoots infinitely beyond this. It is (if I rightly apprehend it) the *sinless but suffering obedience of one representative man stamped with the infinite dignity of indwelling Deity as at once a root of loving obedience and ground of acceptance for all men.*

There might, perhaps, be some weight in the objection had the victim been an unwilling one, or had the Great Judge of all the earth *exact*ed this service from Him as a simple act of justice, and accorded Him no reward for all His pains. How far each of these suppositions is from the truth every reader of the Bible knows. So far from unwillingness, we hear Him saying, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God;" and so far from going unrewarded, behold Him risen and seated "at the right hand of the Father in glory everlasting." If the objection means that strict justice would preclude all suffering assistance to the guilty on the part of purity and innocence, it is one that leaves benevolence and common sense alike out of the account; and this would seem to be what Hume meant by his saying, "'Tis not contrary to reason to prefer the destruction of the whole world to the

scratching of my finger." But this reduces the objection to an absurdity.

As there is no shadow without a penumbra, so there is no such sharp-cut individualism in nature as this objection implies. There is throughout nature a "oneness of unity," as well as the oneness of the unit. Every particle of matter existing is affected more or less by every other. Gravitation binds them all into a "Universe." Cohesion assembles them in smaller groups, giving oneness to an aggregation of separate units, whilst chemical affinity shows in how firm a grasp certain elements can hold each other; the constituents in a raindrop, for instance, as Faraday tells us, requiring more electricity to separate them than would charge a thundercloud. And not only in the world of matter, but in the world of mind also we find this tendency. There is such a thing as human solidarity. "I am a man" (says one of Terence's *Dramatis Personæ*), "and nothing that is human fails to interest me." Or, to quote a higher than Terence, "No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." And within this there is a closer solidarity still, the solidarity of those who "believe and know the truth," who are gathered together into one by union to Him who is the impersonation of the truth, and are built up in Him "an habitation for God," which, when thoroughly purified and refined, shall constitute the most perfect "visible reflection of the invisible highest Unity."

There are, however, some who admit that the innocent often suffer for the guilty, and that this is permitted in order to the production of a higher virtue, who yet protest against the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice as the ground of acceptance with God; as Mr. Murphy in his admirable book on "The Scientific Basis of Faith," in which he says: "It contradicts the fundamental axioms of righteousness to suppose the possibility of eternal righteousness accepting the sufferings of the innocent as an expiation of the sin of the guilty." Yes, if suffering is the sole element of the atonement. But I have been endeavouring to show that, so far from being the *sole*, it is not even the *chief* element, and I fail to see that Mr. Murphy's objection applies to an atonement for disobedience which may be described as a series of heart-surrenders to the Divine Will under circumstances of accumulating sorrow and distress, and ending as we know they did, provision being made for those on whose behalf all was undertaken for making this obedience their own by drinking into its spirit.

It has been my object in this short paper to show that the central principle of the atonement was the perfect loving obedience of the Son of God to His Heavenly Father's will. In doing this, it has been no part of my object to undervalue the very important part which His agony and bloody death share in the accomplishment of this work. What I say is *not* that the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows formed no part of the atonement, but that they did not constitute the central principle thereof. Yet were they essential to the *manifestation* of that central principle in its highest relief. The Cross was the most conspicuous as it was the most trying expression of Christ's obedience—that one principle which actuated Him from the manger to the sepulchre, which ran like a golden thread through His whole life, weaving into unity all His doings and sufferings; at the Temple, when engrossed with His Father's business; at His baptism, when He undertook to fulfil all righteousness; at His temptation, when He preferred His Father's honour to all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; at the last scene of all, when, accepting the bitter cup the Father had given Him, He prays, "Not My will, but Thine be done."

Here is the completest merging of the human will in the Divine; and so having finished His work, though under the pressure of unutterable sorrows, He breathes His bruised but still loving soul into the bosom of His loving Father, "an offering and a sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savour."

Thus was the Cross not only the culmination of His sufferings, but also, through His sufferings, the crowning manifestation of that "one obedience," by which "the many are made righteous"; and those who cleave to Him for righteousness in the consciousness of their own spiritual destitution, and, imbibing from Him the spirit of unqualified obedience, remain faithful therein to the end, may well be said, when their earthly course is run, to have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

R. CAMERON, LL.D.

REMINISCENCES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

No. II.



N the country there are not so many opportunities of meeting one's brethren as in town, but when the meeting does take place, it has elements of heartiness and life that make up for infrequency. Missionary occasions, association assemblings, and fraternal gatherings were the three trysting times that drew together and lent their stimulus and inspiration to ordinary work. It was pleasant to receive brethren now and then round the table to dinner. It was reviving to join them, in turn, in their homes, or to meet at the hospitable board of farmer friends, willing and forward to entertain. How many a jocund time did we have with theological discussions, sermonic criticism, anecdotal interludes; and at evening, fragrant with the Indian weed, short, cordial friendships were formed, and warm sympathies cherished and interchanged. Once a year there was missionary deputation work, and as the writer was secretary of the district, every meeting, the country round, was expected to be attended. Nothing, when weather was propitious, was more delightful than to go under the auspices of friends who knew the way and would accompany the party on their route. One venerable and worthy supporter, whose name we shall ever hold in honour, and who, as to arrangements, said "he could do anything," was a strong source of help. I never expect to attend such missionary meetings again. They may be larger, but they will never have the same charm. Autumn tints, invigorating air, wayside incidents, a hearty appetite, cordial greetings, and generous treatment wove a mystic interest about these seasons that made them supremely engaging. Sometimes we would go to every house in the hamlet and give a printed invitation to come and hear. We had nearly always good meetings. Our missionary representatives used to be at their best, and we had opportunity of hearing some of the valued workers in distant fields, the stir and stimulus of whose addresses memory still retains. Those times in the auxiliary have never been surpassed, nor we think are they likely to be, either for contributions or attraction. One house in the yearly circuit can never be forgotten. The cordial

owner, and his cultured and excellent lady, entered into our business, and prepared their hospitalities with such zest as gave our visit peculiar gratification. How nobly they treated us, and what a delight it was to wander about the grounds, or sit in the gun room, and spend, before retiring to rest, the too short evenings after the meetings. These were the times for intelligent interchange of thought, free and unfettered conversation, and unrestrained merriment at anything laughable.

The prime of the year at Rushside was, of course, the summer, with its splendid skies, its ample verdure, and its screaming swifts. But let no one imagine that Christmas had not its charms. The kindly friendship whose warm welcome was enjoyed on every anniversary of the day, and the additional festivities to which there was invariable invitation to kindred homes in the season, were "red letter" occasions. Not a year passed but a handsome turkey found its way to us from the squire's house, and never did kindness elsewhere fail to illustrate itself, in one form or other, on the part of those who felt how pleasant it was for the pastor to live in their esteem. Half a pig or a smaller whole one would win its own acceptance, and many merry brown hares, with their feathered friends, by a little stretch of fancy one might almost imagine would say they did well to be cooked. Bright and happy social circles in the quiet scenes gave relief, and helped to pass along the sombre months. The sunshine then was within doors, and the cheerful faces, the good taste, the pleasant music, the unfeigned desire to gratify, gave sparkle and unflagging animation. How much lies in the power to give enjoyment to others when there are the means, will, and readiness to do so.

Of course such a neighbourhood was not without hounds, and a famous pack was kept at kennels about twelve miles off, which used to meet at fixed appointments in a well-known field close by the village. It was a pretty sight to see the assembled company, and note the eagerness of both men and dogs for the fray. It was excitement also to see them in full career, and hear the horn of the huntsman, and the full cry of the dogs. Once there happened an incident that probably had never been known before, nor might occur again for another century. The hunted fox, perhaps driven into a district strange to it, pursued its wandering and weary way, till at last it arrived at the

Rushside rectory, and there, overtaken by the hounds, and spent, it was seized on the door steps. The huntsmen, horses, dogs, and all, then came into the centre of the village, and on the green, the brush, head, and pads were cut off, the first given to a lady who was in at the death, whilst the body was thrown to the hounds, who after their long run made short work of it. Not often did Reynard show himself amongst us, but we occasionally heard of his depredations. One of my village preachers also told me how he had watched the wily rascal pretending to sport with young rabbits, aiming to lure them a little further from their holes, to whose neighbourhood, too suspiciously, and too inconveniently for his purpose, they kept. Once I was visiting a small town a few miles off, and as at mid-day I entered the gate of the friend's house where I was staying, who should come over the ivy-covered wall at the higher end of the garden but Reynard, who was sorely pressed, and evidently had been driven to last resources. He passed in front of me into an arbour on the right hand, imagining probably he might find shelter there. A look round, however undeceived him; there was no covert there, and the dogs and men could be heard hard upon his track. He sprang upon the wall by my side, but, alas, there was nothing but the street beyond. Eventually he crept into an open drain, from which he was taken. On my returns in the evenings from preaching work I used sometimes to hear their nocturnal bark, and once in the twilight, going to chapel, I confronted a fine fellow, who seemed to be reconnoitring a poultry yard. For some seconds we stood still, looking at one another, I regretting that it was not lighter, that I might more fully view and admire his graceful form. After a little he seemed to think the interview had better end, and so darted away over a stubble field.

Among other sights that one only gets in the country, I once saw what is exactly pictured by Bloomfield in his "Farmer's Boy." A rook had been shot, and its companion was wheeling round in the air above where it had fallen, cawing with all the signs of anger and distress. Sometimes it would descend nearer, then rise aloft, as the murderous gunner was still lurking about the field.

"In the mid air, while circling round and round,
He called his lifeless comrade from the ground,
With quickening wing, and note of loud alarm,
Warned the whole flock to shun the impending harm."


Pastoral remembrances are not without many pleasing incidents, though not of a remarkable kind. Yet surely have I seen faith and patience triumphing over pain, and prolonged maladies, that must have tried the heart to the utmost, met only in the spirit of submission and resignation. I have witnessed the power of Divine grace to overrule adversity, to lead on to maturity the Christian life, and to save the estranged and wandering. I have seen diligent industry fighting bravely against the difficulties of life, and overcoming them; and I have seen that contentment which with godliness is great gain. The revered memory of two earlier pastorates haunted the neighbourhood as a genius for good, and none seemed able to forget that there was a kind of mutual pledge existing to live as under the teachings and examples that had been handed down, and had been a blessing to two or three generations previously. What a cause of thanksgiving it is that the light of holy consistency and worth can throw its brightness forward for years into the future, and leave a lingering radiance, though the luminary itself has passed away. Not that there was nothing of a contrary kind in the social atmosphere. It has been quaintly observed that "there is a good deal of human nature in man still," and so everywhere there will be some proofs of it. In the precincts also of nearly every village we fear there may be found some bad example and source of moral pollution. Rushside offered no exception to this remark, but better influences happily predominated, and exerted a salutary check on what otherwise might have been a serious blight and bane. How delightful at last will be the better land, where social sunshine shall be without shadow, for all shall be "without fault before the throne of God." There are various things we might further note but cannot do so now, but from what we have said let none shrink from a village pastorate, if it is anything like Rushside. Let the best use be made of time and quiet for study, and efficiency will increase, and books be read whose mental enrichment time cannot steal away. Many changes have taken place since the writer climbed those hills, and walked those fields, and his children plucked the spring violets from the banks, and the abundant cowslips in the meadows. Time has swept away some, and age has sprinkled its snows upon others. The young people have grown up, and, in numerous cases, have gone to seek their fortunes in less restful scenes.

Some of those whose birth we hailed are now tall striplings bordering upon manhood. Marriages have altered names, and families have shifted abodes. But may the spirit of that olden time not change except for the better, as everything earthly may be improved! With a more congenial place of worship and the continuance of many warm-hearted and active friends, may the kingdom of Christ still advance, and prosper! May sons be worthy of their fathers, and daughters of their honoured mothers, and thus, as the old deed says, "so long as water runs" may there be witness and succession of the godliness of the past, whose recollection will be ever cherished, and whose "record is on high."

G. QUILL, B.A.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

II.

BOUT this time," namely, the time of his taking his degree at Oxford in 1873, Hannington writes, "a different tone began to steal over me. I prayed more." It was about this time that the correspondence commenced which issued in his conversion. A fellow-student, who had not long before undertaken a curacy in Sussex, had lately found peace with God through Jesus Christ; and longing that others should share his joy, wrote to Hannington to tell him of his blessed experience. It is not difficult to see that this "friend" was Mr. Dawson himself. He tells the story of Hannington's conversion with a frankness which is commendable, for it is a story which redounds to the praise of God's grace, and is full of encouragement, both to those who are seeking after God for themselves, and to those who are striving to lead others to Him. It is especially valuable as a clear testimony upon a matter on which so many belonging to the same denomination as Hannington and his friend speak with so uncertain a sound.

Knowing Hannington's contempt for all professions of superior piety, it was not without trepidation that his friend wrote to him. For long this fear seemed justified, for thirteen months passed away without any answer being returned. During this time Hannington was engaged in preparing for ordination. In September, 1873, he

went to Exeter for his examination, but always being extremely nervous when sitting at an examination table, and having made himself ill by too much study during the previous week, greatly to his mortification he failed to pass. At first he was very angry, but seemed to hear the words, "If you can give way like this, are you fit to offer yourself as a minister of Christ?" By this he was sobered, and resolved to take the disappointment humbly, and to try again. At the beginning of 1874 he went up again, and this time he succeeded; and the day after the examination closed he was ordained. To the solemn question whether he was inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him this office, he, with the other candidates, replied, "I trust so." Of this Mr. Dawson says: "There can be little doubt that Hannington made this answer with all sincerity, according to the light he then possessed. That ordination was to him very awful and full of solemnity. Behind bishop and officiating clergy, he saw one to whose awful majesty he had consecrated the service of his life." But we cannot but feel that it should have been so awful that he ought to have refused to pass through it. If pressed, there is little doubt Hannington would have acknowledged the need of conversion, and also that he had not experienced it. His early Nonconformist training prevented him resting in the sufficiency of sacraments and the performance of religious duties, as many of his fellows were doing. How can we gauge the eternal harm that is wrought by men, who know not the "spiritual life," being set apart for life to the ministry of the Word? In Hannington's case, no harm ensued; for only a few months passed away and he was rejoicing in the experience of the blessed change. But what if the change had never come—as in many thousands of instances it never does? What if his conspicuous abilities and large influence over men had been exercised without the renewing grace of God?

But at this very time the work was going on within his heart. He returned to Trentishoe as its curate, and received a warm welcome. But he was not happy. His heart was not at rest. The letter that his friend had written a year before was read and re-read, and at last he wrote, telling his friend he was in great distress of soul, and asking him to come and see him. To this request his friend was unable to accede, but sent him a letter of counsel, accompanied by Dr. Mackay's "Grace and Truth." Clear and earnest as this book is, it is not

written in a style which suited Hannington's taste, and several times he commenced it but threw it away in disgust. But he seemed under a divine compulsion to read it. Ashamed to tell his friend he had not read it, he put it into his portmanteau when going home on a visit, and, taking it out while he was in bed, read on till he came to the third chapter, "Do you feel your sins forgiven?" "By means of this," he says, writing years after, "my eyes were opened. I sprang out of bed and leaped about the room, rejoicing and praising God that Jesus had died for me. From that day to this I have lived under the shadow of His wings in the assurance of faith that I am His and He is mine." Not that he was without his doubts and fears and severe conflicts; but he had found the secret of the new life, and he never lost faith in Jesus his Saviour.

Before returning to Trentishoe he paid his friend a visit, which proved delightful and helpful to them both; for "the one had realised the meaning of that statement of Carlyle, 'It is certain my belief gains quite infinitely the moment I can convince another mind thereof;'" the other left encouraged to go back to his charge among the Devonshire moors, and tell all men boldly what great things the Lord had done for him."

Hannington was yet but a child in grace; but he rapidly developed in Christian strength and wisdom, and worked hard in his small but laborious parish for the next year, winning, not only the love of the people for himself, but leading them to the Saviour. 'He was not naturally a ready speaker, but he soon began to accustom himself to preach extempore, and gradually became an effective preacher. What he lacked in elegance he gained in power. He spoke with all the earnestness of a deep conviction, and at the same time with a clearness and force which wrought upon his hearers, of whom he never had any lack.

His conversion did not rob him of his love of fun and adventure. His jokes and droll sayings were still an unfailing source of amusement to all in whose company he found himself, and he still loved adventurous scrambling over the cliffs in search of sea birds' eggs. But all his gifts were now consecrated to his Master's service, and with exemplary zeal he rode from cottage to cottage in his scattered parish administering medicine both for soul and body.

After a year spent in this happy work he was asked by his father

to take charge of the St. George's Chapel at Hurstpierpoint. He was sorely troubled as to whether he ought to go. His biographer found on a sheet of paper, with several arguments on both sides of the question, this prayer: "Dear Lord, mercifully reveal Thy will in this matter. Be Thou ever my Guardian and Guide." One by one the difficulties in the way were removed, and he decided to go.

Before undertaking what was virtually a sole charge, he went to spend several weeks in a large parish in Derbyshire, that he might gain experience in various branches of Christian work. On November 7, 1875, he preached his first sermon as minister of St. George's Chapel. He remained there seven years, labouring with zeal and success. He soon filled the chapel, and it remained full during all the time of his ministry.

He was a very unconventional parson, going about the village in an old boating jacket, with "goodies" in his pockets for the children who answered his questions correctly. He was on very free and easy terms with all the people—he could afford to be so, for his ascendancy over men was such that no one dared to take a liberty with him. The lads and young men were his warm supporters, and he was ever ready to encourage any taste he found in them, with good-natured raillery breaking down any tendency to conceit. He espoused the Temperance cause, and though, as almost the only total abstainer in the village, he met with a good deal of opposition, he founded a temperance society which, after much perseverance, attained some success. He inaugurated an industrial exhibition to encourage the people in useful occupations, and assisted the doctor in any surgical operation in which he needed help. He converted his stable into a mission hall, which proved of great use to him and the people generally.

Soon after he began his work at Hurstpierpoint his preaching was the means of the awakening of his brother, who afterwards became his right hand man in all his work. In 1876 he seemed a confirmed bachelor, but the advent to the neighbourhood of a young lady, called Miss Hankin-Turvin, soon changed his views, and, after a short engagement, they were married. She proved a most devoted and unselfish wife and a great help to him in his work. During the subsequent five years of his residence at Hurstpierpoint three children

were born to him, who, with his widow, still live to mourn his loss. During these years we find Hannington, in addition to his multitudinous labours at home, conducting missions in various parts of the country. This work he greatly loved, and in it he was very successful. He was often assisted by his brother, and the two God used to the salvation of many souls. In 1878 he had a severe attack of rheumatism. To recover from the effects of it he tried the baths of Aix-les-Bains. In the following year he visited Devonshire, and then spent several weeks on the Isle of Lundy, and, in 1881, spent a short time in Switzerland with Mr. Dawson and another friend. But these were only short seasons of relaxation between periods of incessant labour which would long before have worn out a weaker man. It was soon after he returned from his tour in Switzerland that he began to feel the claims of the Mission in Africa upon him.

James Hannington set sail for Africa as an agent of the Church Missionary Society in the ss. *Quetta* on May 17th, 1882. For several years his interest in foreign mission work had been gradually deepening, and for some months he had earnestly longed to give himself to the work. His home ties were many and close, but at last he felt called so far to sever them as to offer himself to the Society for a limited period of service—five years—to labour in the Central African Mission. In his humility he doubted whether the committee would accept him. “I am not worthy of the honour,” he writes in his journal, a remark which draws from his biographer the comment, “Unworthy of the honour of serving Christ thou mightest indeed have deemed thyself; but there has been no society of men who would not have been honoured in possessing such an agent and servant as thou.” He offered himself to the Society without stipend, on condition that the Society would supply his place at Hurstpierpoint, he himself contributing £100 a year toward his travelling expenses. While offering himself freely he felt the claims upon him at home to be so great that he urged the committee not to accept his services unless they really stood in need of them. The committee gladly accepted his offer on his own terms, and appointed him leader of the little party sent out to reinforce the weary and scattered agents in Central Africa. His companions were the Rev. R. P. Ashe, B.A., who during the past spring has been so prominent a speaker at the missionary gatherings in London and elsewhere; Messrs. Blackburn,

Cyril Gordon, and Edmonds, students of the Missionary College at Islington, and Mr. Wise, an artisan.

The Church Missionary Society's Mission in Uganda, the great kingdom on the northern shores of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, had been commenced in 1877. The great king Mtésa, who had been so many years on the throne, was then alive and promised a warm welcome to the missionaries. But on their arrival, with the fickleness which characterises all African monarchs, he threw many difficulties in their way. His mind had been poisoned by the Arab merchants, who had persuaded him to declare himself a Mohammedan, and who never wearied of intriguing against the missionaries, for they knew that the influence of the latter would prove hostile to their slave-trading propensities. The missionaries were just beginning to see success rewarding their efforts when, in 1879, further difficulties were thrown in their way by the arrival of a company of Jesuit priests, who, with all Africa before them, must needs come to Uganda to found an opposition Mission. Despite these hindrances, and the death of some of the workers and the return home of others, the Mission continued to make progress. Books were translated into the language of the people, who eagerly purchased them, and under the teaching of the missionaries learnt to read them. At the very time Hannington set out the first converts were baptized; and so rapidly did the work spread that, despite persecution in 1884, two years later, the native church in Uganda consisted of eighty-eight members.

In addition to the work in Uganda, the Church Missionary Society had several stations along the route from Zanzibar to the Lake, and also some at Mombosa and other places further north.

The voyage of the missionary party was without much incident as far as Aden. But then they changed into a small, dirty, crowded vessel, and, meeting with rough weather, endured discomfort enough to amount to real hardship. All were very thankful to arrive in safety at Zanzibar on June 19th. Here they received much kindness from the members of the Universities Mission. Immediately began the harassing preparations for a long journey inland. A little army of porters had to be hired, all stores made up into loads suitable for them to carry, and "a miscellaneous assortment of articles, more or less bulky, with which to purchase food, pay tribute, hire extra assistance, &c., &c., to be procured." All who have read books of

African travel are acquainted with the extreme difficulties, harassing annoyances, and wearisome delays that attend a long journey into the interior. To get porters, and when they have been obtained, to keep them, and while you have them, to find food for them and water; to persuade them to do their duty, without such delays as throw the whole expedition into disorder; to keep them from panic in the face of danger; to effect a passage through the territory occupied by various tribes, without paying a ruinous sum in tribute; to meet unexpected dangers without fear, and unforeseen difficulties without flinching—all this requires a patience and perseverance and unfailing good temper that is almost beyond conception. And meanwhile the traveller himself often has to endure hardships of which he has had no previous experience, to be hungry and thirsty, to walk through deep mud, to lie on wet beds, to drink filthy water; and not unfrequently he has to direct his expedition, while he is too ill with fever or ague to stand upon his feet, and lies almost unconscious on a hammock, carried on men's shoulders. Hannington started with his party on June 27. On July 8, they arrived at the River Buzini, and Hannington almost got the fever through being let fall into the cold water by his bearers, who had under-estimated the force of the stream. The next day they encountered a fire in the long grass through which they were journeying, and when they had extinguished it, found that it had been rekindled, and only with the greatest exertions they prevented their camp being burnt up. It was indeed refreshing both to spirit and body to have three days' rest at Mamboia, one of the stations of the Church Missionary Society, and to hold conversation with the missionary and his wife resident there. Four days later, after a wearisome journey, during which Hannington had been nearly killed, by falling into a pit dug as a trap for wild animals, they arrived at Mpwapwa. From Khambe, a day's march further on, Hannington writes to the Church Missionary Society's Committee, "I am very happy. Fever is very trying, but it does not take away the joy of the Lord, and keeps one low in the right place."

W. R. BOWMAN, B.A.

BRIEF STUDIES ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

CONSTANCY.

“If we are faithless, He abideth faithful.”—2 Tim. ii. 13.



NICH of us has not suffered by the caprice or inconstancy of some earthly friend? Which of us must not confess to a change in our own feelings in regard to some one or other of our former friends? Some offence taken, some failing discovered, some altered estimate in our views of excellence, is pleaded in excuse. Our blessed Lord was faithful to the disciples of His choice through all, and in spite of all their numerous failings. The impetuosity of James and John, the desertion of Peter, the unbelief of Thomas, the jealousy and petulance of some, the imperfection of motive and slowness of apprehension of others, the unworthy cowardice of all, wrought no diminution in His faithful love. “Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.”

How selfish, how capricious, how unstable a thing is human friendship compared with His! How small an offence, how short an absence, how slight a counter-attraction, will often turn the current of earthly affection, and those who a short time since loved so warmly will become dissatisfied and estranged!

Friendships should not be hastily formed. Once formed, they should not be lightly severed. Those acquaintanceships (for they deserve not the name of friendships) which lead us into folly and sin, and which peril our eternal safety, must indeed be relinquished. Such should never have been formed. Jesus chose not such for His associates. But no pretence of occasional infirmity, of fancied slight, of lengthened absence, or of altered position, can be sufficient ground for breaking the tie of friendship. The longer its continuance, the more binding its claim. “Thine own friend, and thy father’s friend, forsake not” (Prov. xxvii. 10). We may have risen in the scale of society and intelligence, we may have formed new and endearing

connections, but let not the old be discarded or forgotten. If they can no longer be of service to us, let us retain them, as our Master did, that we may be of service to them. It is no small or common virtue to be constant and true-hearted—like our Lord!

As He was when on earth, so is He now. Faithful to His then disciples, He is not less faithful to us. Are we faithful to Him? If we find excuses for our inconstancy towards our fellow-creatures, we can find none for our desertion of Him. Yet are we not too often less constant to this faultless and unchangeable Friend than we are to the frail partakers of our own erring nature?

We have read of a little bird which, weak of wing, could not take flight with its brothers and sisters, and fell to the ground beneath the eaves. There it was found, chilled and exhausted, and all but dead. It was warmed and fed and saved, and soon began to know the hand that tended it. And day by day as the little martin grew in strength and liveliness, it grew not less in love to its mistress. It would follow her from place to place, happy only if it could perch on her shoulder, or nestle in her bosom. It pined if she were absent but an hour, and she was obliged to take it with her on her visits and journeys. It would brave the thundering railway or the stifling omnibus if it might but keep with her. September came, and it was placed upon the ledge of the window where its parent nest had been. It glanced up into the sunlight, and beheld its joyous mates "careering in the bright expanse." It answered to their cries and called them to come. Liberty is sweet and life is dear, and native instincts are strong; so it plumed its wing, and swept once or twice round the room, as though preferring to join its company in their airy circlets; then made its choice, and quietly returned to its loved resting-place on its mistress's shoulder.

And legions of swift-winged swallows marshalled themselves in the sky, and took their flight for a more genial clime. But the little free-born prisoner remained behind in its self-elected solitude and captivity; and, as the cold season advanced, it drooped and died—a martyr to its constant and self-sacrificing affection.

So it is or ought to be with the heart which has found rest in a Saviour's love. The instincts of the unrenewed nature have lost their power, the companions of other days their influence, and the liberty which the world offers its attractions. Twice redeemed, and

bound by a thousand ties, without His presence and favour existence would be valueless. Solitude, captivity, and death with Jesus are preferred to all earthly joy without Him. Here the illustration fails, since death itself is but the introduction to His nearer presence, and to unending life with Him. And the temptation to doubt, or the invitation to desert Him, calls forth but one reply: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? . . . Neither death, nor life, . . . nor things present, nor things to come, . . . nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 35, 39).

A blessed thing it is amidst all the uncertainties and insufficiencies of earthly friendships to have His enduring, changeless love to fall back upon. It was the last written entry of the sainted Henry Martyn during the loneliness of his dying hours, "In Thee, O my Saviour, is no disappointment. I shall never have to regret that I have loved Thee too well." J. L.

FIVE ENGLISH POETS.

A SET OF ACROSTICS.

I.

MILTON.

M aster of Poesy ! whose noble soul,
 I n shades of darkness pent, could yet descry
 L ight from that Source that bade the planets roll,
 T ill thou hadst learnt to look with eagle eye
 O n the Ineffable, whose full-orb'd blaze
 N e'er beam'd more gloriously on mortal's gaze.

II.

BYRON.

B rilliant, yet sombre, was thy brief career,
 Y oung scion of a lordly house, whose fame
 R ang through the applauding nation far and near.
 O h that thy Muse had learnt the All-Worthy Name,
 N or burnt at Earth's unhallow'd shrines her Heaven-enkindled flame !

III.

COWPER.

C hristian and Poet thou, songster and sage !
 O h that our modern lays were liker thine,
 W hose words of wisdom stirred a godless age,
 P roud in its weak contempt of things Divine ;
 E xalting high " Heaven's unencumbered plan "—
 R edemption, freedom, peace, through Christ, the Son of Man.

IV.

SHELLEY.

S ad, sad to see so richly-dower'd a mind,
 H eld in the meshes of a Christless creed,
 E ngaged in ceaseless quest some clue to find,
 L eaving unsought *the* Balm for all his need ;
 L ifelong the victim of a subtle woe,
 E ver at war with God above and men below—
 Y et knowing not himself as his own bitterest foe !

V.

WORDSWORTH.

W oodland and mountainside lament for thee,
 O Wordsworth, poet of sweet Nature's moods !
 R ich were the charms thy clear-eyed soul could see,
 D own where on Rydal's lake the twilight broods.
 S oft at thy grave's foot sings the babbling stream,
 W here old Helvellyn's grand mist-girdled height
 O 'er peaceful Grasmere lifts its head supreme.
 R est in still slumber, till the Morning bright
 T hat summons to the only true renown—
 H is guerdon blest, Who bore the Cross to win the Crown !

Oxford.

E. C. ALDEN.

BRIEF NOTES.



THE September number of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE will contain the portrait of the energetic and much respected President of the London Baptist Association, the Rev. J. T. Wigner.

LORD BLANTYRE sends us a copy of a letter received from a Mr. Gooderham, of

Toronto, who writes about the condition and prospects of the 400 boys who have at various times been sent to Canada from the Southwark Boys' Home, and are chiefly located in Ontario. Mr. Gooderham speaks of the boys as being "in healthy, pleasant, and happy homes," each one having "within his reach a good farm of his own." He says: "When you look at these 400 boys, a great many of them going as little missionaries to their various homes, with their Bibles and hymn-books and their religious habits which have been formed, and then look back at the homes from which they came, you cannot fail to say what a blessed work this is. This whole work is under the superintendence of Mr. Brace. He keeps a record of every boy, and visits them in their different homes twice a year, and if anything goes wrong with either master or boy, there is a Home for him to come to in Toronto, where he can be put right and get a fresh start. The boys are not merely dropped down in this country and then neglected. Under the supervision of Mr. Brace they have, to my personal knowledge, the best possible care and attention; and I am quite sure, if you could see the whole work here, you would feel satisfied that your sympathies and prayers and money could not be better expended. It is a grand thing to take a middle-aged or old man and get him converted, and help him along in this world; but how much better to take a young life, and train and educate, and start it out on right lines, teaching him that he is a citizen of heaven!"

TESTIMONY of this sort, spontaneously given by a competent witness, is welcome; for the responsibility of the conductors of the various institutions which are every year sending large numbers of young people to Canada does not cease when the boys and girls leave these shores. Mr. Gooderham says:—"I was constantly impressed when in England with the thought that there were twice too many people there, and it seems to me that God in His providence has given to England the enormous colonies of Australia and this Dominion purposely to enable them to unload their surplus population. We have room in this country for every spare man and woman who is willing to work; and there are thousands of acres which, if they could speak, would say, 'Send somebody to till us.'"

THERE can be no doubt that—though he may have overstated the fact in saying that we have twice too many people here—Lord Blantyre's correspondent is right when he considers that our colonies have been given us by Divine Providence for the purpose he names. With a *thousand new faces looking up to the sun every day in these isles*, the population question is becoming serious. With rich farms in the Colonies, to be had as a gift by such as will settle upon them and till them, those who here find the struggle for existence cruelly severe would do well to look farther afield. Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia are not foreign countries, and, we trust, are never likely to be. They are but the "expansion of England," and are, practically, no farther away, owing to the facility of communication, than parts of Britain were from some other parts a century or two

ago. This question of colonisation is rapidly becoming, not simply a question for philanthropists, but a question for statesmen gravely to consider and deal with.

THE July number of the *Century* (published in this country by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin) contains an able and interesting article on "Christian Union from the Baptist Point of View," by our brother, the Rev. R. S. Macarthur, D.D., of Calvary Baptist Church, New York. Dr. Macarthur contends that Christian union, both essential and organic, is greatly retarded because many Christians refuse to accept the plain teaching of God's Word and the conclusions of the highest scholarship regarding the subjects and the act of baptism. He pleads for adherence to the will of Christ as the only lawgiver of the Church, and concludes his article thus: "All are agreed on immersion as baptism; all cannot agree on anything else. All can be baptized without doing violence either to conviction or to conscience. High Roman, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist, and other authorities, can be cited, and their exact words given to prove all these statements regarding the teaching of the highest scholarship, and the plain teaching of the Bible to the unlearned is in harmony with the conclusions of the highest scholarship. Baptists have no option but to be separate so long as others refuse to follow Christ in baptism. If a pastor in any of the churches, not Baptist, were to teach and practise our views, he would be driven out. What, then, could he do but be separate from his former brethren? If others than Baptists will not do what conviction and conscience permit them to do, it is certain that they do not much desire union. Surely in such a case the charge of bigotry and schism does not lie at the door of Baptists. We shall continue to pray 'that they all may be one as Thou, Father, art in me . . . that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me!'" There are other good and timely articles in the *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, but to us Dr. Macarthur's is specially significant. When will our English secular magazines admit articles on such subjects as this?

Apropos of this subject we may mention the fact that, some nine or ten years ago, a friend of ours wrote several articles in the *Freeman*, in reply to the late Dean Stanley's essay on "Baptism" in the *Nineteenth Century*. In these articles the late Rev. C. M. Birrell was greatly interested, and wrote to the then editor of the *Freeman*, urging that their author should be requested to send an article to the *Nineteenth Century*, that the people at large, and not merely our section, which is safe enough on that subject, may know what can be said. "It seems a pity," added Mr. Birrell, "that a writer of so much acuteness, fairness, and power of expression should not carry his argument to a higher field. The *Century* professes to be on both sides when represented by equal literary ability." Dean Stanley also expressed to the editor of the *Freeman* his appreciation of the articles; but when the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* was asked to admit a reply into his pages, he simply "declined with thanks." They do things better in America.

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

- ALLDERIDGE, S. C., of Nottingham College, settles at Ripley, Derbyshire.
- ANTILL, T., has resigned Hill End Church, Droitwich.
- BASSETT, S. C., has been invited to pastorate of English Baptist Church, Hafod Pontypridd.
- BATEMAN, F. R., of St. Helena, has resigned.
- BLAIKE, P. H., Newcastle, Staffordshire, has resigned. He has received an invitation to Union Street, Crewe, but has declined it.
- BROWN, J., late of Teignmouth, has commenced his ministry at Wincanton.
- BROWN, J. JENKYN, retires from his pastorate at Wycliffe Chapel, Birmingham, at the end of September.
- DAVIS, J., has accepted a call to Millwall Baptist Church.
- ENNALS, G. T., has accepted charge of Cann Hall Church, Leytonstone.
- EVANS, L. ION, of Haverfordwest College, has been set apart to the ministry at Cadoxton, Barry Dock.
- FLEMING, R. S., M.A., of Blairgowrie, has accepted call to Pitlochrie.
- FOWLER, C. J., Sandown, I.W., has resigned.
- GILLARD, W., will resign his charge at Bideford at the end of September.
- GREEN, R., of Sheffield, has been called to Commercial Street Tabernacle, Morley.
- GREER, A., of Teddington, has accepted pastorate at Great Broughton, Cumberland.
- HOWE, J., Waterbarn, Lancashire, after a pastorate of thirty-six years, resigns at end of September. He will be glad, after retirement, to supply destitute churches occasionally.
- HUGHES, F. C., of Bristol College has accepted call to Great Torrington, North Devon.
- JAMES, INGLI, of Haverfordwest College, has been ordained pastor of the churches at Nantgwyn and Beulah, Radnorshire.
- LAMBOURNE, W. T., having resigned his charge at Poplar and Bromley Baptist Tabernacle, goes to America.
- LEWIS, H., of Pontypool College, has been ordained pastor of Mount Zion Church, Swansea.
- MACDONALD, G., late of Kirkby Stephen, Westmoreland, enters a new sphere of work at Waterhouses.
- MORGAN, J. T., has been recognised pastor at Hafod, Pontypridd.
- NEW, H., of Lymington, has commenced his labours as pastor at Beaulieu Rails.
- NICKALLS, A. M., of Bristol College, has accepted call to Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.
- PARKIN, R., late of Honiton, has settled at Hayle, Cornwall.
- PRICE, W., has entered on his pastoral duties at Beckington.
- ROBERTS, J. C., of Pontypool College, has been ordained to the ministry at Bethel Chapel, Nantyglo.
- ROOTHAM, J. N., has been recognised pastor at Ventnor.

SMITH, W., Arthur Street, King's Cross, resigns.

SPEED, R., has been publicly recognised pastor of Bishop Burton Baptist Church.

WARD, J., has become minister of Lynton Road Chapel, Bermondsey.

WHITFORD, J., of Nottingham College, settles at Market Harborough.

BALFERN, W. POOLÉ, of Brighton, well known as a sweet singer in Israel, has made a peaceful departure in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

COZENS, S., of Zoar Chapel, Ipswich, has deceased of apoplexy.

JAY, WILLIAM, formerly minister of Burton Latimer, has passed away at Kettering, at the advanced age of seventy-six years.

REVIEWS.

VERSES OF A PROSE WRITER. By James Ashcroft Noble. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1887.

IN a literary note referring to these "Verses" we stated that their author was a Baptist, and that he was formerly connected with the church of which our late revered friend, the Rev. C. M. Birrell, was pastor in Liverpool. Mr. Noble did, in early life, attend Mr. Birrell's ministry, and formed—as who that knew him did not?—a strong attachment to him. But he did not join his church, and he is, we understand, a Congregationalist rather than a Baptist. So keen is our appreciation of the volume that the discovery of our mistake has in no perceptible degree diminished our pleasure in it. Mr. Noble is best known as a critic, but he possesses in no mean degree the creative power of a poet. He is a close and patient observer. He has the glow of a cultured imagination, the power of rich and harmonious expression, and allied with keen sensibility he has sincere devoutness of feeling. His utterances have been throughout tinged by deep spiritual experiences. He has himself suffered greatly, and has dwelt long in the very shadow of death. But he has the clear strong faith of a Christian, and has become a nobler man through suffering. His "Verses" illustrate the well-known saying of Shelley: "Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." A sincere love of nature, and the power of terse and lucid description, a fervent but rational æstheticism, a lofty moral tone inspired by a robust faith, a subtle knowledge of the innermost workings of the heart, and the constant looking forward towards the realisation of the Divine ideal of human life, these are qualities which give to Mr. Noble's "Verses" a singular charm.

THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH: Historically and Exegetically Considered. By the Rev. D. Douglas Bannerman, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 58, George Street.

MR. BANNERMAN has selected for his "Cunningham Lectures" a subject which, if it has been well and, we might have supposed, conclusively discussed, is,

nevertheless, of perennial interest. He has made a vigorous, independent, and honest attempt to ascertain the teaching of Scripture—the Old Testament as well as the New—with respect to the composition, the organisation, the government, the ordinances, and the worship of the Church. He has executed his task with commendable impartiality and thoroughness. His learning is ample, his materials have been carefully sifted and clearly arranged, his reasoning is apt, lucid, and forcible, while he has none of the bitterness which so frequently mars controversial works of this class. As against Romanist and Anglican sacerdotalism, his lectures are absolutely conclusive, and if he had had the courage to carry out his principle as to the supremacy of Scripture in its application to the baptismal controversy, he would have been both more effective and more consistent. His plea for infant baptism, based on family baptisms, is logically vicious. He can prove his point only by a glaring *petitio principii*, and he must know that almost every Pædobaptist scholar of note has abandoned an argument so weak and irrelevant. Neander, Meyer, Olshausen, De Wette, Plumptre, Gloag, and numerous others dissent from the view which Mr. Bannerman here advocates. His contention, based on the holiness of children (1 Cor. vii. 14), is refuted by Professor Edwards, Mr. Beet, and Bishop Ellicott (to name three of the latest commentators on 1st Corinthians); and if he will read Dr. S. G. Green's excursus in the Bunyan Library edition of "Hackett on the Acts of the Apostles" on the "Law of Baptism," we think he will not again rely on the argument from circumcision. He altogether ignores the distinction between natural and spiritual birth. It is unfortunate that so strong and valuable a book should be marred by defects of this nature. Evangelical Christians, to be consistent with their own fundamental principles, and to wage a thoroughly effective warfare with sacerdotalism, will have to abandon their unscriptural adherence to infant baptism. We wish they would all weigh the remarkable utterances on this subject of the man in whose honour the "Cunningham Lectures" were founded.

REMINISCENCES. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

CARLYLE never made a greater mistake than when he committed the MS. of his "Reminiscences" to the care of Mr. Froude. His unbounded trust in his friend's judgment was misplaced. Mr. Froude did not make "the requisite omissions" on which Carlyle insisted, nor did he issue the "Reminiscences" with "*fit editing*." It was, in our view, unpardonable in Mr. Froude to omit the following passage at the end of the section on Jane Welsh Carlyle:—"I still mainly mean to *burn* this book before my own departure"—but he grudged to do it, and thought that it might be read with worthy curiosity by friends only. "In which event," he adds, "I solemnly forbid them each and all to *publish* this Bit of Writing as it stands here, and warn them that, *without fit editing*, no part of it shall be printed (nor, so far as I can order, *shall ever be*); and that 'the *fit editing*' of, perhaps, nine-tenths of it will, after I am gone, be *impossible*." Had Professor Norton been entrusted with the work at first, Carlyle's reputation would not have received

so severe a shock ; from which, however, it is happily recovering. The present edition of the "Reminiscences" is, on every ground, to be preferred. It not only complies with Carlyle's wishes, but is in other respects more careful and accurate. Mr. Froude in his haste made sad havoc of Carlyle's punctuation, use of capitals and italics, and marks of quotation. In the first five pages Professor Norton had to make 130 corrections. He has also supplied two admirable maps, a series of useful footnotes, and a capital index. Of the unique and permanent interest of the substance of the volumes it would be superfluous to speak.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE AND THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC SCHOOL. By Alois Brandl, Professor of English Language and Literature, German University of Prague. English Edition, by Lady Eastlake. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

It is a singular thing that we should have to look to a professor in a foreign University for an adequate Life of Coleridge. Such, however, would seem to be the fact. Admirable as are the monographs of Mr. H. D. Trail, and (except in point of literary finish) of Mr. Hall Caine, they are by no means a complete presentation of their fascinating and many-sided subject. Mr. Ashe, in his Aldine Edition of Coleridge's Poems, has with commendable diligence collected materials from previously neglected sources, but has not supplied us with a biography. Prof. Brandl has been assisted in the task by the representatives of Coleridge's family, and has had access to important documents not hitherto made public, although he has not made such good use of them as he might have done. Many of his quotations, too, are incorrectly given. His criticism is admirable; but he has been careless on some minor points, *e.g.*, dates, names of places, and of poems, which yet are of importance. He has a full knowledge of the romantic—or, as Mr. Courthope, we suppose, would call it, the liberal—movement which inspired all our best poetic and much of our prose literature from the close of the eighteenth century and downwards. Beyond all his predecessors he has depicted the spiritual life of Coleridge, and traced his influence on the thought of his contemporaries and successors. His admiration is sometimes too unqualified. Both De Quincey and Carlyle would probably have taken objection to it on this score; but the defects of the work are easily remedied, and it has merits of the first order which no other book possesses. It is in many respects an advance on all its predecessors, but the "Life" of Coleridge has yet to be written.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

WE have received several works from the Committee of the Sunday School Union which deserve notice. First of all there is an octavo edition of "The Voice of Praise for Sunday School and Home," with fine clear type, good margins, and well bound in cloth. It is a beautiful collection of children's hymns. "Bible Studies for Normal Students and Sunday School Teachers," by Rev. A. E. Dunning, of Boston, U.S.A., will be found of special value to all who wish to promote a comprehensive and systematic study of the Bible. It exhibits the specific

meaning of each book, and shows how all the evangelical doctrines are taught therein. "The Modern Sunday School," by various writers, is a series of essays on the history, the advantages, the constitution, organisation, and management of the Sunday-school. All the essays are pointed and practical, and their hints, if acted on, will lead to greater efficiency in our ordinary teaching, and will especially enable us to retain a hold upon our elder scholars. We should like especially to direct attention to Mr. Clark's three essays, and to the Rev. C. H. Kelly's on "The Relation of Adults to the Sunday School." "What Shall I Read," by Lily Watson, bears as its subsidiary title, "Helps to the Study of Literature." It has been suggested by recent discussions on the best hundred books, and displays an acquaintance with literature, ancient and modern, which those whose whole time is devoted to its study might envy. The majority of men have not time to read a tithe of the books here recommended, and some of the authors will never become popular. But given the intelligence, and the sympathetic appreciation, there is not a book mentioned in these pages which it would not be well for all of us to read, many of them again and again. Mrs. Watson gives wise and helpful counsel, and her delightful volume ought to be in the hands of all intelligent young men and young women. Other publications of the Sunday School Union are "Pictures of the Past," for little people, a pleasantly illustrated book, with anecdotes of the fifty years of her Majesty's reign; "Sunday School Commemoration Card," and "Clouds and Sunshine; or, The Pillar of Fire, a Cantata for Sunday Schools." Equally important with any of the above is "The American Sunday School," by Dr. J. H. Vincent. It is a volume of over 300 pages, and fully describes what is known as the American idea of Sunday-school work. The system which Dr. Vincent so ably and eloquently advocates is greatly in advance of our own. Superintendents and teachers ought to read this book and have a series of conferences on the points it suggests.

SUNDAYS AT BALMORAL. Sermons preached before Her Majesty the Queen in Scotland. By the late Very Rev. John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D., Senior Principal in the University of St. Andrew's, &c. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street. 1887.

It must be a matter of rejoicing to all devout Christians that the Queen delights in preaching so robust, so cultured, and in the best sense so intensely spiritual as this. Rarely have we come across sermons which exhibit more forcibly the practical side of religion, or show more clearly and unmistakably the sources of its inspiration in the

specific truths and principles of the Gospel. In the title of one of the sermons Christ is everywhere regarded as "the only source of the higher life." This truth is worked out with rare beauty, and presented in the most impressive forms and with marked felicity of illustration. These sermons should make weak men strong, and strong men stronger. The portrait of the lamented author is admirable.

SIX CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHIES. By Peter Bayne, M.A., LL.D. London: Duguid, Bayne & Co., 173, Strand. 1887.

It is perhaps ungracious to make any

reserve in welcoming so valuable a series of biographies as these, but we are sorry that Dr. Bayne has not republished the whole of the work of which they originally formed part. It is more than thirty years since he became known as the author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual," which we have always regarded as one of the wisest and most inspiring books of our age. The earlier essays, discussing the fundamental principles of the Christian life, are in some respects more valuable than the sketches in which those principles were exemplified—viz., the biographies (reproduced here) of John Howard, William Wilberforce, Thomas Chalmers, Thomas Arnold, Samuel Budgett, and John Foster. These, however, are real gems, abounding in vivid and artistic portraiture, literary grace, the glow of a poetic imagination, and a true enthusiasm of humanity.

THE MEDITATIONS AND MAXIMS OF KOHELETH: A Practical Exposition of the Book of Ecclesiastes. By T. Campbell Findlayson. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 26, Paternoster Square. 1887.

WE cannot assent to Mr. Findlayson's surrender to modern criticism in regard to the authorship of Ecclesiastes. The canonicity of the book is not dependent on its Solomonic authorship, but we are certainly of opinion that a good many recent scholars have allowed their imagination "to play somewhat too freely around very slender materials." Otherwise, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Findlayson's thoughtful and practical lectures. He has not only analysed the successive arguments of

the Preacher (or debate), and sympathetically placed himself on his standpoint, but with "calm, clear eyes," and with singular delicacy and skill, he has applied to the intellectual and moral problems of our own day the great principles in which alone their solution can be found. The twenty-one sections of which the book consists are the work of a devout and cultured mind, whose words, especially with young men, should carry great weight.

SOLOMON: His Life and Times. By Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street, W.

DR FARRAR has written in this unpretentious handbook a picture of "The Glory of Solomon" as vivid and powerful as that which he has previously given us of the life of Christ and the labours of Paul. Apart from the admirable, though scarcely adequate, portraiture of Solomon and his reign in Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the Jewish Church," we have few books in English worthy of this fascinating theme. Dr. Farrar's manual supplies a long-felt want. It has all his brilliance of style, his competence of learning, his wealth of illustration, and his fine moral fervour. The work appears as one of Mr. Exell's series of "Men of the Bible," and will soon be recognised as a classic authority. The opinion advanced by Dr. Farrar as to the date and authorship of the Book of Ecclesiastes are open to serious question. Is there any valid reason for abandoning the traditional view on this matter?

PROVERBS FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

Selected from the Writings and Sayings of Henry Ward Beecher. By William Drysdale. With Introductory Note by the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. London: Charles Burnett & Co., 9, Buckingham Street, Strand. 1887.

IN these "Proverbs" we see Mr. Beecher at his best. They consist, like previous volumes of selections from his sermons, of "Life Thoughts" and "Royal Truths." In almost every sentence we have a nugget of solid gold, which a skilful workman can easily elaborate into vessels of use and beauty. The fertility of Mr. Beecher's genius, and the prodigality of his illustrations, are simply amazing. On this ground he is absolutely unique. No wise preacher will remain without the stimulus and help of such a volume as this. Although one or two proverbs have appeared in similar selections from Mr. Beecher's works, the bulk of them are new.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S LAST SERMONS.

Preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, since Mr. Beecher's return from England, October, 1886. "Religion and Duty." Sunday Readings from H. W. Beecher, selected and arranged by Rev. J. Reeves Brown. London: James Clarke & Co., 13 and 14, Fleet Street.

WE have so recently expressed our estimate of the merits and defects of Mr. Beecher's preaching, that we need not here repeat it. A volume which contains authorised reports of his last sermons cannot fail to be acceptable to his numerous friends and admirers in England; and we doubt not that

preachers of all denominations will read it carefully for its noble and impassioned oratory, and its exemplification of one, at any rate, of the most effective methods of gaining the popular ear. There is much in this, as in other of Mr. Beecher's volumes, to which we are compelled to take serious exception. His views on the "Central Truths" of Christianity are not ours, nor could we invariably approve of the manner, even where we agreed with the matter, of his speech. But, with all these drawbacks, we have found much in this volume to inspire and strengthen. There are truths in it grandly and impressively stated which must bring men nearer, and make them more like, God. Even more admirable in some respects are Mr. Brown's "Selections" from Mr. Beecher's sermons. They reveal the great preacher at his best.

FRAGMENTARY RECORDS OF JESUS OF NAZARETH. From the Letters of a Contemporary. By Frederick R. Wynne, A.M., Canon of Christchurch, and Incumbent of St. Matthias, Dublin. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. WYNNE has here put into a popular and effective form one of the most conclusive arguments in favour of the authenticity of the Gospel records. He assumes the attitude of a simple inquirer without convictions and prepossessions, and starting from the information supplied by the four undisputed Epistles of Paul, shows that the alleged facts to which these Epistles bear witness—the death and resurrection of Jesus—*must be historical*. Paul was satisfied as to the truth of the Gospel history; hundreds of others, competent and high-minded men, were equally satisfied; while letters written within

twenty-five years of the Crucifixion prove that this faith was no new thing. It must date from the time of the events themselves. There are several ancillary arguments, based on the moral character of the witnesses and the unique grandeur of their doctrines and faith, all corroborating the main position of the book. Mr. Wynne writes in a lucid and attractive style, with full knowledge of his subject, and in a spirit which should command the respect of his sternest opponent.

MARY PRYOR : A Life Story of a Hundred Years Ago. By the Author of "Consecrated Women," &c. With illustrations. London : Hodder & Stoughton.

MANY, besides the descendants of this saintly woman, will be glad to possess the story of her life. She was an active member of the Society of Friends ; and, in the prosecution of a mission to the United States, endured hardships and overcame difficulties which would have made even stout-hearted men quail. The gifted authoress of this volume wields a practised pen, but in no case has she used it to better purpose than here.

SHORT STORIES FOR COMPOSITION, with Remarks on Teaching Letter Writing, Specimens of Letters and List of Subjects for Letters and Essays. Edinburgh : William Blackwood & Sons.

A CAPITAL collection of short and simple stories of fifteen or sixteen lines. It should prove a valuable aid to teachers and parents.

A GARLAND FROM THE PARABLES. By William Edenson Littlewood, M.A., late Vicar of St. James's, Bath. Second Edition, with Corrections and Additional Poems. London : William Mack, 28, Paternoster Row, E.C.

MR. LITTLEWOOD was a true poet, with clear insight, delicate fancy, a fervid heart, and a musical ear. This reprint of his poems on the parables of our Lord cannot fail to gain wide acceptance. They gather up into a few lines the leading thought of each parable, and express it in sweet and melodious verse. The volume includes among the lamented author's earlier poems one on Gustavus Adolphus, which obtained the Chancellor's gold medal at the Cambridge Commencement in 1851, and a series of Scripture enigmas.

LITERARY NOTES.



IN his recently published "Commentary on the First Epistle to the Corinthians," Bishop Ellicott has adopted a text based on a careful comparison of the decisions of Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Westcott, and Hort, thus embodying the *results* of the best textual criticism and specifying the decisions of individual editors. He adds in a note, "It is right to say that the plan here adopted was commenced several years ago, and long prior to the appearance of the singularly useful and carefully prepared 'Resultant Greek

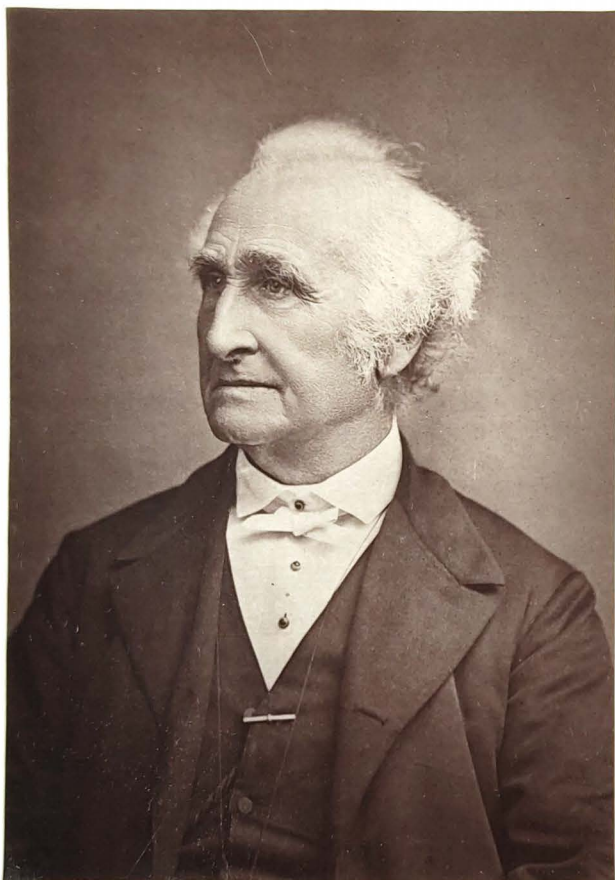
Testament' of Dr. F. R. Weymouth, which was published last year. So far as I have used it I have found it very accurate." We are glad to notice so cordial and just a recognition of the merits of Dr. Weymouth's valuable work, which, we trust, many of our own readers are in the habit of using.

MESSRS. MORGAN & SCOTT have published "D. L. Moody at Home," in which a full description is given (1) of the educational institutions he has established at Northfield and Mount Hermon, and (2) of the Christian conferences he has held. All who are interested in Church prosperity and progress should "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the contents of this really interesting volume. Not less heartily can we commend "Days of Blessing in Inland China: an Account of Meetings held in the Province of Shansi." Mr. Hudson Taylor and his co-workers are doing a noble work in "the flowery kingdom," and will be gratefully remembered in after generations as pioneers of Christian progress.

DR. CLEMANT CLEMANCE has published, through John Snow & Co., two tractates to which it is a pleasure to direct attention. The first, entitled "Freedom from Sin," is a series of notes on Rom. vii. and viii., and is of special value in showing what this freedom is not. Many false ideas are thus exploded. The second is "Marriage: an Exposition and Exhortation." It abounds in sober and practical statements of truth, in wise counsels and timely warnings. Dr. Clemance has also issued the sixth edition of his "Christadelphianism Exposed," an effective piece of healthful, destructive criticism.

THE *Expositor* for July—the first number of vol. 6 in the third series—has as its frontispiece an etched portrait of Dr. Maclaren, by Manesse. We prefer, by a long way, the excellent photograph which appeared in our own pages. There is also a keenly discriminative article on Dr. Maclaren by the editor, the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll. The subject of "The Christian Ministry" is being well threshed out by authors of every shade of opinion. The sermon which appears as Dean Church's first contribution to the *Expositor*, on "The Idolatry of Civilised Men," is one of the very noblest and most timely we have ever read.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S "Victoria Shakespeare" will be a great boon both to general readers and students. It is in three volumes, containing respectively the "Comedies," the "Histories," and the "Tragedies"; in style, binding, and general get-up similar to the same publishers' admirable one-volume edition of Lord Tennyson's works. The text is that of the "Globe Edition," which, from long use, we are disposed to regard as the best extant. There are no notes, but Mr. Aldis Wright has supplied a very full and accurate glossary (of about 80 pages), which is amply sufficient for verbal criticism. As an ordinary "Reader's Shakespeare" we could desire nothing better than this. The volumes sell separately, but no one who possesses one will be content without having the others also.



London Stereoscopic & Photographic Co Ltd (Permanent Photo)

Yours very sincerely
John Thomas Wigner

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

REV. J. T. WIGNER,
PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.



WE have pleasure in presenting our readers this month with the portrait of the Rev. Jno. Thos. Wigner, the well-known and beloved minister of the Baptist Chapel, Brockley Road, London.

Mr. Wigner was born at Harwich, somewhere in the second decade of the present century. He lost his mother when very young, and afterwards went with his father to reside in Burnham, Essex, in which little town he served his apprenticeship. He joined the church there at seventeen; and some years afterwards entered Stepney College, under the presidency of Dr. Murch. Even then he was noted for evangelic fervour, and was one of the few men who put a little life into that moribund place, the College Chapel. He began his ministry at Lynn, December, 1839, where he remained twenty-six years. Here he was greatly blessed. The church and congregation rapidly increased. A new chapel, with schoolroom and vestries, was built, such as is seldom seen in a provincial town the size of Lynn, and was soon out of debt. Another was built and paid for at West Lynn. Though subject to the fluctuations which naturally

occur in a pastorate so long as Mr. Wigner's, and in a town of such fitful prosperity as Lynn, our brother retained his hold to the end. It was here, at little more than midway in his career, we became acquainted with him; and then, for universal kindness, for cordiality, for magnetic power over the young, for zeal in helping village churches, for fraternal sympathy, and his brethren's responsive regard for him, there were few men more prominent in the East of England. In Association work he was always to the front. He was the principal means of building the new chapel at Dereham; was deeply interested in all kinds of evangelistic work, in which he was often found side by side with Cornelius Elven and John Raven.

Mr. Wigner has been twice married, and in both instances to women of singular charm and great Christian devotedness. By his first wife he had two sons; by the second, a son and a daughter. To have "loved and lost" involves trial as well as blessing; and when for a second time our brother was called to tread the widower's sad and lonely path, his health broke down, and change of sphere was necessary. In 1866 he came to London, where already his two elder sons were living, and where, cherished by as devoted a family affection as ever a man was blessed with, he soon recovered tone, and began to think again of settled work. At Brockley there was a small nucleus of Christian people meeting together in a schoolroom; and here Mr. Wigner, guided by his quick perception of the need of the locality, and its almost certain development, was encouraged to begin his second pastorate. His faith has been amply justified, and his patient continuance in preaching the glorious Gospel of the blessed God has been crowned with striking and manifold results. In the London suburbs there is hardly a more flourishing Baptist church than that at Brockley Road. Including class-rooms, lecture-hall, mission-hall, and chapel, there has been spent more than £11,000 on buildings alone during the twenty years. There has been collected a steady congregation, numbering from about seven to eight hundred people of the well-to-do middle class. The membership approaches five hundred, and the annual income £2,000.

The proof of our brother's acceptance also is "in labours more abundant." Twice Mr. Wigner has been President of the London Baptist Association: the first year there was built the handsome

chapel at Lower Norwood, where the Rev. Wm. Fuller Gooch is pastor; the present year the chapel at Cann Hall Road, Stratford, where the Rev. Geo. T. Ennals is pastor. In addition to this, a very eligible site for a new chapel at Highgate has been obtained, and memorial stones for a school have been already laid, with encouraging contributions for a fresh venture. The tact, business energy, and faith which Mr. Wigner shows in this department of Christian work are rarely surpassed. Two of the Stockwell Orphan Houses were also built through his beneficent zeal.

Our brother has been for many years honorary secretary and editor of "Psalms and Hymns"—a service which was recently and most gratefully acknowledged by a presentation and a handsome illuminated address.

We have sketched a busy and very devoted life. Mr. Wigner may not have been a bookworm; he may not have aspired to the glittering repute of the orator, or of the versatile and laborious author. He has aspired to be, and has succeeded in becoming, a very useful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom many in the day of account will hail as the man who brought them to Jesus. Few in this respect can show a better record than he. He also has been "a succourer of many." Not ignorant of trial, he has been "able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God." Sorrow has twice wrung his heart in the death of dear and promising sons. Thus disciplined, of a wonderful recuperative power and unflagging energy, with a shrewd judgment and an apt use of opportunity, a tender heart, and a strong grip of the truths among us "most surely believed," he has been a faithful pastor, as well as an excellent preacher. No wonder that he has succeeded. The wonder is that so long his natural strength has remained unabated. "By the help of God he continues to this day" to preach the Gospel to a numerous and attached people, who hold him in the highest esteem for his works' sake. "By the grace of God he is what he is," and for him most sincerely we give God thanks.

Geo. Short, B.A.

IMPRESSIONS OF THINGS ECCLESIASTICAL IN AMERICA.

NO. II.—THE CHURCH EDIFICE.

BY R. KERR ECCLES, M.D., U.S.A.



AS to these Impressions in general, it may be well to emphasise that they are *first* impressions, and likely, therefore, to be crude and inaccurate. The writer may see things differently some years after this. They are also very *local* in their sphere. They have been gathered principally in a territory about twice as large as England. What is such a fragment to a whole some two hundred thousand square miles larger than the Continent of Europe? There is this, however, to be said. In social, political, and religious respects, America is wonderfully homogeneous. There are, of course, subordinate differences. We are told of the culture and *retenué* of the East, the dash and vigour of the West, the perseverance and logic of the North, and the fervour and eloquence of the South. But, on the whole, things are so like all over the States, that the Bostonian finds himself quite at home by the Falls of Minnehaha, and ministers from the South are acceptable in pulpits haunted by memories of Pilgrim Fathers and Roger Williams. Yet I do not pretend to say that my impressions, gathered within a space so limited as things are measured over here, will be found correct for any parallel and degree of this extended land. I make these observations by way of warning to the English reader, that he may know how much confidence to place in these Impressions as correctly corresponding with American church-life at large. I make them, further, by way of deprecating the annoyance on the part of any American reader (for the BAPTIST MAGAZINE has readers this side the Atlantic) who may discover misapprehensions of customs prevalent over here. A longer and a larger experience may modify many things.

The "church" is a prominent feature in the American landscape. By "church" I mean "church building." The term "church" in America covers both the "church" of the Protestant Episcopalians and the "chapel" (in this sense not known here) of the Dissenter.

All who attend public service on Sundays "go to church," whether they carry prayer-books or not. I have only heard the phrase "to go to meeting" among the coloured people. I am told it still lingers on the Puritan sea-board. And I find some of our leading ministers using the term "meeting-house." Of course, "meeting" and "meeting-house" are usual among the Friends. After this explanation, I may, perhaps, be permitted by ecclesiastical purists to conform my habits a little to those of the country of my residence, and to call "church edifice" "church" without the apologetic use of inverted commas. Indeed, we sometimes cannot arrest that synecdochical process by which the important thing contained gives its name to the less important thing containing, as when we say "Word of God" for the Bible which contains it.

Just as the cow usually tends to develop horns, so American church edifices, especially in the country, tend to develop spires. There are hornless cattle, so there are some spireless churches. The church which has no spire fails in the public estimation to lift up its horn over its enemies round about. I overheard three laundry-hands in a hotel discussing where they went on Sundays. Said one, "I go to the Episcopal Church." The other two, in a chorus of astonishment, exclaimed, "What! You go to a little church that cannot afford to put up a spire?" I heard no response, so, I suppose, the argument was unanswerable. This conversation, further, incidentally shows that the Episcopal Church does not hold the position in this country that it does in England. An American, at least in country districts, never worships with a proper feeling of denominational assertion unless he worships under a spire of some sort. In proportion as the population increases in this country, in that proportion spires bristle over the land. The buildings which attract attention on approaching even small hamlets are its spires and the belfry of its school building. In spite of the "godless" indifference of the American Constitution to religious sects, the sky-pointing spire dominates the scenes of industry, either manufacturing or agricultural, as frequently as in England with its State-supported and State-fettered Church. When we look at them we feel that they have not been erected upon "tithes" or "rates" wrung from a reluctant people, but that they are, whether lowly or ornate, the fruits of pure voluntarism. And of these multitudinous spires some thirty-one thousand belong to Baptists.

There is, also, a denominational rivalry in spires. On going for the first time to a town to preach, you will, perhaps, be informed that the tower beneath which you are expected to prelect is as high, almost as high, or several feet higher, as the case may be, than the other church towers in the town.

This spire may be of brick, or stone, or wood. The wooden spire is usually attached to the roof on the front end of the church, which is often, but for this little excrescence, almost barn-like in its plainness. It generally consists of three portions, each portion being somewhat narrower than the one immediately beneath. This I find to be a prevailing style of architecture in the country, in all likelihood because its simplicity does not exceed the tools and the capacity of the village carpenter. Around this spire you will not see the circling rook of Old England. The pigeon is the bird which most frequently makes its habitation therein. And is he not, with his homely but cheerful attire, and his tranquil coo, a fitter denizen for such a place than the dark-coated and dismal-voiced crow? Sometimes wooden spires simulate those of more durable material. I had an experience of this once. There stood southward of my window a graceful spire of well-cut brown stone rising from a base of brick. I used to watch it as it caught the light of the rising and the setting sun. I saw a steeple-jack for several days engaged upon it. I said to the minister who officiated beneath the structure that I could not understand how this Blondin of the paint-pot fixed his rope. "Oh," said the minister, "there is a hole in the wood through which the rope is put from the inside." "In the wood!" I said. "Yes," he said, "all above the brick-work there is wood." I do not think the minister heard the crash of the catastrophe, but, in my mind—only in my mind, however, for outside it stood shining in its new paint—the spire fell, and great to me was the fall thereof—it fell, in fact, from brown stone to mere pointed planks of pine. And what are they, though gilded by sunlight?

The American taste is not at all fastidious in the use of ecclesiastical symbology. They have not as yet attached to these things the vivid associations of those who live in now, or formerly, Papist lands. The people are too practical to be ritualistic. They put up these religious signs with as little sentimentality as they would mount a figure of a negro smoking at a cigar store. The sign means religion

and all that, and is put up to convey that meaning. But as for taking off their hat to it, the native-born American would as lief bare his head to the negro image. Once in a strange town I found the street where I was informed a Baptist chapel was. The only religious building I could see had the gilded cross so prominent that in my old-country narrowness I mistook it for a Romish place of worship. I could only induce myself to enter it when, having inquired of a gentleman, he told me emphatically that it was the Baptist church I was looking for.

It is pleasant to observe how often the spires group themselves. It would seem that the attraction of a common religion was stronger than the repulsion of a differing deominationalism. I know many places where quite a number of churches are gathered in one district. There is a town whose two principal streets intersect at right angles. On the four sides of the square thus constituted are the churches of the four principal denominations—the Baptist, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, and the Episcopalian. Right in the busy centre of the town these beautiful structures stand as silent witnesses to that truth which is more than life. When approaching this spot the spires of these buildings rising above the trees distinguish it from other places long before a house is seen.

Antiquarianism is rare among middle-class Americans. They like to have their churches wear a brand-new aspect very distasteful to lichen-loving connoisseurs. If some of our village trustees had such a church as, say, St. Martin's, Canterbury, they would give three coats of whitewash to its time-stained walls, put on a respectable shingle roof, and elevate somewhat its dumpy tower. The ladies would give a number of entertainments, and would effect such renovations in the interior as would throw a Reeves or Stanley into fits. The thrifty country folks cannot see why a church should be more sombre and awkward than their own spick-and-span sitting-room merely because it is old. They like "modernity," if I may use this most recent of our verbal coinages. Hence the church buildings of well-to-do rustic congregations shine in paint. In fact, you may determine the healthiness of a congregation by the brightness of the paint or the nattiness of the grass-plot of the house it worships in. The colours put upon the church vary according to the tastes of those who pay for the paint-can. Wooden structures are usually painted white, with

the exception of the blinds, which are green. The white of a tower is usually relieved by black or red bands at the more prominent angles of its outline. Brick structures have generally a glistening ochrey coat applied, the tower, or a portion of it, being in some other colour. There are instances here and there of good taste, especially if matters are in the hands of ladies. I am now speaking principally of the country districts outside of larger towns. In the towns there are structures of which any body of Christians might be proud. Even in the country I have known churches where all staring effects were carefully eschewed—and staring effects are peculiarly painful in our bright atmosphere. The brick and stone work, while kept intact, have been allowed to be toned down by time, and a few creeping plants are being gracefully trained on the walls and around the windows.

The spire of a church must, of course, be furnished with a bell, even as a pulpit with a preacher. To a church-goer, especially in the country, the absence of a bell would be very painful. I have been told of a congregation that passed through a period of despondency because the spire was voiceless. A member recollecting this bequeathed from the death-bed a sum of money to erect a bell. There is always some satisfaction in being able to say “that’s our bell.” To have the finest bell in the town is an object of emulation. This bell tolls at funerals, and is used, if need be, as a fire alarm. I have never heard it rung as “joy bells” at marriages. The bell rings for Sunday-school, and Sunday and week-day services. As these services are held at the same time generally by the various denominations of a district, the various bells announcing them together create a considerable clangor. I suppose Dickens would denounce these bells of the Republic as he denounced the bells of the London City churches. I have been at the centre of a small triangle on whose corners were placed the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches, and as on a Wednesday evening the surges of sound swept down in irregular bursts from one side and the other, I was glad that this call to prayer echoed through the crowded streets. I have been in a town where all discords between opposing bells are avoided by a little arrangement. The Baptist bell leads off. In a quarter of a minute it is followed by the Episcopal bell, and this at the same interval by the Methodist bell. This slow series is repeated three times. Then

a change of time occurs, and the bells follow one another as quickly as they can, the Baptist bell leading. This is repeated for about three times, and then the bells return to the slow series. This continues for about ten minutes. I have been in towns where Baptists felt as though an advantage had been taken of them, because, the Methodist steeple being higher, the town clock was placed in it. This fact seemed to give an improper importance to the sprinkling of babies and the doctrines of Arminius. But I have also been where my co-religionists were happy, because, as was manifestly fitting, the Baptist steeple towered over its competitors "like the banner of proud Tusculum," and held aloft the town clock. I remember preaching in a very nice church soon after I came over here. As I sat on the platform and heard the concluding tones of the bell as they gave place to the first low notes of the organ voluntary, I thought of those laws that used to forbid to the Nonconformist the use of such means of summoning to his conventicle, and was grateful to think that I was living in a period when such intolerance was giving place everywhere, and in a land where already all religions were equal before the law.

Burial places used to be attached to church buildings, but this practice is steadily going out of use. I know a town where a considerable burying-ground existed in the neighbourhood of the church. People lie there who were buried in it before this century begun. But the church has been deserted and turned into a printing-office and artist's studio. The graveyard lies unkempt and uncared for.

If there is an appended building to the church for the use of the Sunday-school and prayer-meetings, it is called the "chapel." These meetings are sometimes held in a room in "the basement."

The auditorium, or audience-room, is generally very brightly fitted up. Americans complain of the cheerlessness of English meeting-rooms, the Metropolitan Tabernacle not escaping this criticism. The American frescoes his walls and ceilings in brilliant colours. If he cannot fresco, he papers. He has a horror of bare, blank walls. Sometimes a gaudy rather than a good taste is shown in this department. Sometimes behind the minister a rising sun is depicted. The Scriptural allusion is plain, but the conceit is somewhat incongruous in the evening when the gas is lit. Sometimes the design is a summer landscape, which is a little out of place when the mercury is toying with the freezing point. I have seen the apse, in which the choir

sat, painted to represent a Grecian pillared colonnade. This seemed a little too draughtly for the singers in winter. The cross and crown are a common symbol. A minister once saw them depicted by a local artist so that the crown was much larger than the cross. During his sermon he referred to this disproportion as an illustration of the selfishness which expects a very large reward for very little activity. No other preacher had an opportunity of employing the same object-lesson. The windows are generally filled with stained glass, or glass coloured to resemble stained glass. There is a habit of putting in memorial windows. These are often cheap, and, of course, badly executed. I have been in a wooden church where all the windows were, if I recollect rightly, of this kind. It was pointed out to me with pride; but, as I looked along these transparent tomb-stones, I thought it was rather hard that anybody's whim should compel me to receive the light of heaven through such funereal media. I felt as though the only hymn suitable to such surroundings was "Hark, from the tombs." Most, if not all, the pews are generally cushioned. The floor is tastefully carpeted. The pews, being movable, are set down on the carpet. Chairs are often used. The semi-circular arrangement of seats is spreading rapidly. Spittoons are sometimes distributed round. I have seen in a Methodist church large placards announcing that no smoking was allowed on the premises. Bibles are rather scarce. I and another minister have hunted over a floor capable of accommodating eight hundred hearers for a Bible. When we had almost given over the search, my friend found a ragged one, which at once served his purpose; and, as he said, narrowly saved the credit of the place. Fans and hymn-books are generally abundant. The fans are mere palm-leaves, which, however, raise a cooling breeze. The hymn-books generally have the music. Americans are fond of singing from note. There are few who cannot do so. Pulpits, in the sense of fifty years ago, are, of course, gone. There is, instead, a spacious platform, containing a desk, a sofa, and two or more easy chairs, with, perhaps, some little tables or tripods for flowers. Flowers are quite usually deposited on the platform. The choir sometimes occupies a part of the platform with the preacher, either at his side or behind him. This is convenient, as it gives the pastor opportunity better to regulate the service of song. Sometimes the singers are in a gallery opposite the

preacher. The baptistery is the distinguishing feature of Baptist service. It should, therefore, be constantly prominent. This is becoming more and more the case. But in most churches the baptistery is concealed under the floor and carpet till needed. In some places it is so inconvenient to use it that candidates for baptism are unscripturally delayed. In some of our new churches the baptistery is now being made as a work of art. The descent is by an incline. The candidate is seen only at the spot for actual immersion. Flowers of various sorts are disposed all round. It is believed that if we conform to the primitive mode, we should, also, to the primitive *conditions*, which were widely different as to warmth from those in which we have been accustomed to perform the ordinance. Some baptisteries have a glass side towards the audience. Dr. Judson, of New York, has the Lord's Supper every Lord's-day in the morning, and baptism every Lord's-day in the evening.

Each church has a "janitor" attached. He is equivalent to the English "chapel-keeper," "sexton," "caretaker," or "pew-opener," only, in general, there are no pews to open. He takes care of the heating and cleaning of the house and of the ringing of the bell. The church is set apart by a "Dedication Service." The import of this service is a matter of some latitude of interpretation. Some suppose it shuts the church up to preaching, marriages, and funerals. Others suppose that it sets the church apart to all that is innocent and useful. They believe that a hearty laugh is just as acceptable to God, in its place, as on another occasion a hymn of praise. They have, therefore, no hesitation in opening the church to sociables and other entertainments.

The Romish style of architecture in England has largely influenced the construction of religious buildings. To a little extent it has been felt in America. But, on the whole, the buildings are pleasant and well adapted to preaching, prayer, and the cultivation of Christian communion. May the bright, social, intelligent type of Christian life which they illustrate become more and more common !

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

III.



WHOLE month's long and painful march, which taxed their powers of endurance to the utmost, brought the Bishop and his party to the mission station of Uyui. They had hitherto been journeying in a westerly direction, but from Uyui the route ran almost due north to the southern corner of the Victoria Nyanza. On the way to Uyui, Hannington had been twice laid down by a severe attack of fever, induced by drinking water that was full of putrefying matter, which no amount of boiling rendered sweet. But, even in the midst of intense suffering, he never lost his sense of the humorous, and sent home an amusing description of the curiosity of the natives, with a sketch representing his tent besieged by a crowd of savages struggling to get a peep at him. "My nose," he says, "they would compare with a spear. . . . Often one would give my hair a smart pull to try whether it were a wig, and would come off." His naturalist proclivities did not desert him. He managed to make and send home a considerable collection of birds, insects, plants, and mosses. He speaks of his delight at finding a shell which he had never seen before, and of the amusement of his companions at his joy on discovering a new moss.

At Uyui, Hannington was seized with dysentery, and lay for ten days at the very door of death. He was nursed by the other members of the expedition with assiduous care. But, after a fortnight's delay, his companions, greatly to his disappointment, were compelled to proceed without him, leaving him under the charge of Mr. Copplestone, the missionary of the station. Rheumatic fever supervened on dysentery, and, after a month's suffering, dysentery returned. It seemed impossible that he should recover. On one of the few walks he was able to take with Mr. Copplestone, he said to him, "Let us go, that we may choose a place for my grave." "So we went," writes Mr. Copplestone, "and he selected a spot where he said we were to bury him." But, most unexpectedly, his companions returned, having found it impossible to proceed by the route they had selected, and when they again started he had so far recovered that he persuaded them to allow him to accompany them. Just before starting he wrote home, "I am

better, full of joy, and, I hope, praise to my God." But Hannington never really regained good health. He had to be carried most of the way to the Lake on a hammock, and though, whilst waiting at the southern extremity for means of transit to Uganda, he seemed better, alarming symptoms soon began to appear again. The instructions of the Committee were that Messrs. Ashe and Wise were to form a station at the south end of the Lake, and Mr. Gordon and Hannington to proceed to Uganda. Accordingly, after a wearisome time of waiting, during which each member of the party was laid down by sickness, and endless difficulties in procuring canoes and satisfying the importunities of the chiefs, Gordon and Hannington started. But they had not proceeded far when Hannington became so extremely ill that he was obliged to consent to endeavour to return home as the only chance of saving his life. It seemed impossible that he could endure the hardships of that long journey in the rainy season, and reach the coast alive. But his indomitable pluck stood him in good stead. Rarely have such sufferings been endured with so much patience, and such a determination to live manifested. But we must pass over in silence the deeply interesting, though pathetic, record of what he endured. On May 9th, 1883, he reached Zanzibar, and, on June 10th, once more set foot in England.

Who shall describe the welcome he received? "He settled down to his work at Hurst as if he had never left it," and did good service in deputation work in various parts of the country. As health was restored he longed to return to Africa, and again offered himself to the Society. At first the doctors would not permit him to return, but he so rapidly regained strength that at last they consented. Meanwhile, the project had been set on foot of appointing a bishop to have control over the stations of the Church Missionary Society in East Equatorial Africa. The consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury having been obtained, the eyes of all turned to Hannington. "The post demanded," says Mr. Dawson, "a man of dauntless personal courage, tact, spirituality of mind, and prompt, business-like habits." These characteristics Hannington had shown himself to possess. With some reluctance he consented to undertake the office. James Hannington in bishop's apron and gaiters must have been a funny sight to his early friends. But, in truth, his life and surroundings were to be very different from what we are accustomed to associate

with the title of bishop. He would be set free from none of the hardships which belong to the life of a missionary pioneer, and would have far more responsibility resting upon him; for with him would rest the organisation of the work of the large district placed under his authority. During the few months of his residence at Frere Town—a seaport some distance north of Zanzibar, which it was intended should be the seat of the bishopric—he had brought under his consideration many important matters relating to the conduct of the work, and had to endeavour to solve the difficult problem of making the system and practices of the Anglican Church fit into the exigencies of work in Africa. Such matters as the manner in which services were to be conducted, the examination of natives and their ordination to the ministry, the marriage of missionaries doing pioneer work, and the baptism of slave children, all formed the subject of correspondence with the Committee of the Church Missionary Society. It would be interesting to note what he has to say on all these subjects, but we must content ourselves with quoting a few sentences on the last, which are specially interesting to us as Baptists. He writes:—“I find that the custom has been to baptize children up to the age of eight years who have been received from slave dhows, &c. Hence they get Christian names, and are, of course, educated as far as is possible as Christians, and go out into the world as such. The education they receive, good as it is, in too many cases does not seem to lead to conversion; and so these go forth, some of them with very bad characters, yet bearing the name of Frere Town converts and Christians. That is, of course, the history of the Church at home, and its bane, but might surely be prevented here without our being accused of being Baptists. Bishop Smithies (of Zanzibar), I rejoice to find, feels very strongly as I do, and insists that in the churches of the interior there shall be no baptism till after conversion.” It is just on the same thing, that “there shall be no baptism till after conversion,” that Baptists have been insisting for centuries; and it would have been well for the Church of Christ if more bishops had been found of the same opinion as Bishop Hannington.

Hannington had arrived at Frere Town on January 24, 1885. After remaining there about a month he set out for Taita, the most western station under his supervision, apart from those on the Lake, where the missionary was in difficulties from scarcity of food and hostile

natives. From Taita he pushed on to Kilima-njaro, and made its ascent. Finding the district of Chagga on its southern slopes high and healthy, he selected Moschi as the site of a new mission station. Speaking of the country, he says:—"You see England here! Yes, and that part of England which I love best—dear Devonshire." By the middle of April he was back again at Frere Town. In May he again went to Chagga, taking with him two missionaries to form the station at Moschi. He himself returned as speedily as possible to make preparations for his long journey to the Victoria Nyanza. Hitherto all travellers to Uganda had proceeded from Zanzibar westward to Uyu, then north to the south end of the Lake, and across the Lake to Uganda, which is situated on its northern shore. The extreme unhealthiness of this route Hannington had himself had full experience of. If a route could be opened up direct from Frere Town to the north end of the Lake, a great saving of distance, and, therefore, of time and money, would be effected. Only one traveller, Mr. Thomson, had penetrated this tract of country, but his accounts, confirmed by Hannington's own experience in going to Kilima-njaro, showed how healthy it was. The chief danger to be apprehended was from the fierce tribe of the Masai, through whom it would be necessary to pass. Hannington consulted the British Consul at Zanzibar, and he, he wrote, "leans strongly to the new road"; and others who had large experience of Africa gave him the same advice. He therefore determined to make trial of the new route. "His plans were laid with prudence and forethought. They were carried out with boldness and decision. They were completely successful." But he was in entire ignorance of the fact that Mtesa, King of Uganda, had died, and been succeeded by his young son Mwanga, a king of a very different temper, who, at the instigation of his councillors, was cruelly persecuting the native Christians, and keeping a strict watch over the missionaries; that the chiefs of Uganda were very jealous of anyone attempting to enter that country from the east, and that reports of German annexations on the coast had reached the far interior, and made the people nervous of a European invasion. He thought, therefore, that when he reached the frontier of Uganda his difficulties would be at an end. As his biographer says, "The blow which struck him down was wholly unexpected. It was as though a bolt had fallen from a clear sky."

On July 23, Hannington, with a caravan of 200 porters, set out, accompanied only by Mr. Jones, a native preacher lately ordained. The last letter received from him was addressed to his wife, and is dated August 11. It describes the difficulties encountered during the first part of the journey. His closing message is, "Just leave me in the hands of the Lord, and let our watchword be, 'We will trust, and not be afraid.'" No tidings arrived of him again until the fatal telegram was received in England on January 1, 1886:—"Bishop Hannington has been seized by order of the king within two days' march of Uganda. The latest report is that the king has given secret orders to have the bishop executed." The accounts of Mr. Jones and Hannington's own pocket-book, which, happily, has been recovered, enable Mr. Dawson to give a pretty full account of the journey. Suffice it to say that the difficulties, though many, were not more than were expected, and were successfully overcome. At the beginning of October the party had arrived in Kavirondo, a populous country at the north-east of the Lake, inhabited by a peaceable people. Here the Bishop determined to leave Mr. Jones for a time, and push on himself with fifty men to discover the best way to enter Uganda. He left on October 12, and Mr. Jones records the weary waiting, day after day, without news, until November 8, when three of Hannington's porters returned with a report that the Bishop was killed. Mr. Jones remained until December 8, hoping that the report might be untrue, and then, having reluctantly relinquished all hope, he wearily wended his way back to the coast.

From the Bishop's own diary we learn what actually happened to him. Arrived in Usoga, a country on the shores of the Lake tributary to Uganda, on October 21, he was suddenly seized, shamefully ill-treated, and kept imprisoned, first in a hut, and then in his own tent. His ill-treatment and close confinement, and the many hardships he had to endure, made him very ill. From day to day he lived in the expectation that a message from Uganda would set him free. He did not even then know that the king was his enemy, and that he had been seized by orders previously received from him; nor did he know that on October 25, while he was lying in close confinement, the king summoned a meeting of the councillors, at which it was determined that he should be put to death.

Day by day, though scarcely able to hold his pen, he wrote in his

little diary an account of his sufferings ; yes, and of his comfort in his God. His faith did not fail him. His last entry reads thus :—

"October 29th, Thursday (eight days' prison). I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

The narratives of those of his men that escaped make known to us that that very day he was led forth to an open space without the village to be put to death. But first he witnessed the death of his men, upon whom the Usoga warriors fell with wild shouts and brandished swords. Then, probably, Hannington knew for the first time that his own fate was sealed. He behaved himself as a man and a Christian in the presence of death. He bade them tell the king he was about to die for the Ba-ganda, and that he had purchased the road to Buganda with his life. He pointed to his own gun, and with it he was shot.

Thus died at the early age of thirty-eight one of the bravest and the noblest of England's sons, and one of the truest of God's children. What he would have accomplished had he lived, who can say? But the few years he spent in the service of his Master were right well employed, and the influence of his life, and of the record of it, will be a mighty power for good for many years to come.

W. R. BOWMAN, B.A.

LORD TENNYSON'S "THE PALACE OF ART."

ITS ETHICAL AND SPIRITUAL TEACHING: AN ANALYTICAL STUDY, WITH NOTES.

BY REV. JAMES STUART.

(Continued from page 348).



TANZAS 44—53.—*The ideal or coveted happiness is apparently, and for a time, attained. Surrounded by innumerable sources of gratification, and absorbed in the feelings they awaken, without any thought as yet of the deeper questions they suggest, the soul finds it a pure delight to live. Mere sensation brings joys of which reflection*

deprives us. A thoughtless, superficial, and selfish character gains a rapid contentment, and imagines that it has discovered the secret of happiness. At this stage the soul feels with Browning—

"How good is man's life, the mere living, how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!"

The "nightingale" is mentioned as the sweetest and most powerful of songsters. Who of us has not been entranced by its rich and varied notes, now loud, piercing and passionate, the very ecstasy of love; anon tender and plaintive, a low deep wail of sorrow or a piteous plea which tells of an unsatisfied longing? Far from the haunts of men does this "creature of a fiery heart" pour out his pæans and his plaint and delight in his solitary lay. So does this soul triumph in isolated grandeur.

The supreme moment of selfish joy is reached in the exclamation, "I marvel if my still delight in this great house, so royal, rich, and wide, be flattered to the height"; while the hollowness of the delight is revealed in the address to "the silent faces of the Great and Wise," as "My gods with whom I dwell"; for whenever we put the creature in the place of the Creator, or render to that which is human the homage which belongs exclusively to the Divine, we are undermining the very foundations of our happiness, and invoking inevitable ruin.

And how the soul deludes itself in deeming its isolation God-like! God's separateness from His creatures, His dwelling in the high and holy place, betokens no contempt for the weak and suffering, nor does He dwell unobservant of human ill, and unmoved by it. The isolation of the gods as here depicted is Epicurean, not Christian. It is the conception expressed by the lotos eaters when they were stupefied by the narcotic:—

"Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos land, to live and lie reclined
On the hills, like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights and flaming towns, and sinking ships and praying hands."

The Christian ideal is "IMMANUEL, God with us." "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, for your sakes became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich." The soul in the Palace of Art regards the superiority of its position as due to its own merits—its possessions are its right, to use as it will. The man tries to live by them, by the pleasure they yield to his intellect, his æsthetic tastes, his love of power, and ignores their relation both to the God who gave them, and for whom they are held in trust, and to his fellow-beings in whose service they are to be employed. In the acknowledgment of our relations to God and to men our spiritual life consists, and where such relations are ignored, that life must wither.

Yes, even if the soul can prate of "the moral instinct"; for a discussion of moral problems is not morality. To analyse the passions is not to control them; to depict love is not to practise it. The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.

This selfish soul not only has no dread of a future life, but claims it as hers by right, and complacently demands all that it can yield of glory and of joy.

Never, perhaps, has the supercilious triumph of selfishness been more finely depicted than in the stanza:—

"I take possession of man's mind and creed,
I care not what the sects may brawl;
I sit as God, holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all."

The words are an echo of the proud boast of Lucifer, who said in his heart: "I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also on the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High" (Isaiah xiv. 13—14).

Stanzas 54—56.—*The Beginning and Slow Progress of Retribution.*

No soul can be content to possess all things for itself, while multitudes are in destitution and in sorrow which is worse than death. The riddle of the *painful earth* flashes through the mind, however unwilling we may be to face it. We cannot but be appalled by the terrible contrasts of life, and wonder what can be the meaning and the end of them. As we think of these vast multitudes of ignorant,

suffering men, and of the squalid vice and misery which abound, are we not constrained to ask, Why should men have to live *so* ?

There is, however, for a time no yielding, for moral laws operate slowly. "None the less she held her solemn mirth." No sign appears of the inward struggle. Three years are prosperous—

" On the fourth she fell,
Like Herod when the shout was in his ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell."

" And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them, and the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god and not of a man ; and immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory, and he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost."

Lest the soul should fail and perish utterly, God directly intervenes to save it. Such intervention is absolutely necessary, as we are under a law of continuity. There is no more terrible tyrant than the despotism of habit—the cumulative power of sin—which contains within it the seeds of destruction. *God*, however, willeth not the death of a sinner ; and therefore brings into play a higher law. The abysmal deeps of Personality are open to Him. He " knoweth what is in man " : his sin and his disgust at sin, his capability of a new life when inspired by His love, and to bring home to the soul a sense of its true need—to lead it out of self, to create in it a feeling of absolute dependence, He does not hesitate to plague it with sore despair. It was when the prodigal began himself to be in want, and no man gave unto him ; when, therefore, he perished with hunger, that he thought of his Father's house and made the resolve, " I will arise, and go unto my Father."

Stanzas 57—71.—*How* God plagued the soul is seen in the following stanzas, which depict *its desolation, terror, and apparent ruin*. God wrought confusion, as in the overthrow of Belshazzar : " Mene, mene ; God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it."

Then how effectually the kingdom of this soul's thought was divided, in its changing, vacillating moods—" deep dread " ; loathing of the very solitude in which it had gloried ; utter scorn of itself ; and, again, laughter at such self-scorn.

She is determined not to yield if it is at all possible to hold out.

She recalls the memory of her former greatness. "What, is not this my place of strength?" "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honour of my majesty?"

But it will not do; God is not to be silenced. And now there follow pictures of terror and images of despair, on every line of which we see the impress of the poet's genius. Even Dante himself could not exceed the graphic realism of these awe-inspiring presentations of the soul's deep distress.

There are "white-eyed phantasms," images probably of the despised herds, the poor and the suffering, the widows, the orphans, and the outcasts that she had not helped.

And now, too, the soul's powers begin to decay: "A spot of dull stagnation."

"Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd." She felt at length the result of her proud isolation. Solitude she wanted and solitude she had got. There is here, as always, an exact correspondence between sin and its penalty—

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

"And death and life she hated equally"—for though she had boasted of her claim to a future life, that very belief becomes an instrument to torture her.

"Far off she seem'd to hear the dulling sound"—*and in that sound lies the hope of redemption*. It is the awakening consciousness of hitherto neglected relations with others; the reminder of other lives, of other interests than our own. The desolate and ruined soul can find its true self only in the service of its fellows.

But what are these footsteps? The soul at first knows not. The new land is discovered—the world of human interests in which all our powers may be wisely and profitably employed is there, but it is now too late. *I*, who might have entered the land, die. There is an echo of the words of the guilty queen—

"Ah! my God,
What might I not have made of Thy fair world?"

At length this retribution has done its work, and in stanzas 72—74 we have the *soul's self-abasement, its penitence and renewal*.

Its *De Profundis*, its anxious inquiry, is intensely real and earnest—

"She howl'd aloud, I am on fire within.
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me, lest I die ?

"So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away ;
Make me a cottage in the vale, she said,
Where I may mourn and pray."

The signs of greatness, the tokens of exclusiveness, must be abandoned, and there must be lowliness and contrition.

Sin must be mourned, and delivery from its guilt and power must be sought.

For, as Tennyson himself has asked,

"What is true repentance but in thought, not even in secret thought,
To think again the sins that made the past so pleasant to us ?"

While, with regard to prayer, he has taught us that—

"God lets none who speak with Him seem all alone."

And, again—

"More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of."

"Yet pull not down my palace towers." For the sin is not in the possession of good and beautiful things, but in the selfish use of them. Culture is no sin, but its pride and insolence are sins. The pleasures which it alone can confer need not be lost to any of us. The palace need not be destroyed. Let it remain in all its beauty, for the soul can return to it forgiven and purified—only, it will not return ALONE. There will be no more boasted isolation, but companionship, and the soul will live with others and for others ; so shall its kingdom be restored to it, and its glory established.

I have thus endeavoured to bring out and emphasise the great lesson of this brilliant poem, and to show how in this history of a soul the Laureate is the ally of the moralist and the preacher. The genius in which we all delight is here consecrated to the noblest ends, and has indeed found its inspiration in the pages of that old Book which some men tell us is obsolete and impotent to guide us in this

advanced and enlightened age. The poet has been a disciple, and does but amplify with the charm of his unrivalled art and the wealth of a fertile imagination the words of the Master: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

It is, as I have said, essential to remember that the soul which was plunged into the depths of despair and threatened with the extinction of its powers was not coarse and repulsive in its sin. It was guilty of no shameless vice, no base and horrible cruelty, no profligate indulgence. Its selfishness was refined. It yielded to this evil spirit in its most specious and attractive form. But it was an evil spirit all the same, and no respectability of form could save it from its doom.

It is, indeed, difficult for us to reconcile the problem of individual duty with the claims of the world. All true nobleness and strength begin in the consciousness of personality, in the sense of our individual life as the gift of God. I, as an individual man created by God, *am* and *am to be* myself, and not another. I am here to perfect myself to train and develop my powers that they may fulfil their varied functions, and that my nature may be all that God designed. There is a sense in which "a man is everything to himself and no one else is really anything. He must live with himself for ever. He has a depth within him unfathomable, an infinite abyss of existence; and the scene in which he bears part for the moment is but like a gleam of sunshine on its surface."

But my personality can only be perfected when it is brought into contact with another and more august personality, and when there has been "the flight of the lonely soul to the only God," and in loving and righteous self-surrender, I have asked, "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?" I am bound to acquire all the knowledge of every kind that I can. There is no realm of truth which I ought not to explore. There are no forms of beauty with which I should not be familiar. But my stores of historical information, my philosophical insight, my cultured imagination, my love of the beautiful and the objects wherewith I gratify it, are to be used according to the Divine will; and they bear plainly on their surface the inscription, "Not for self, but others." For, notwithstanding the depth and intensity of our

personal life, we have relations to the things and beings around us which are as necessary and abiding as that life itself. We cannot, if we exercise our minds at all, be blind to the existence, the claims, and needs of others. We have no right to stand aloof as indifferent spectators, to live in the midst of all this toil and struggle as mere lookers-on. The sins that are everywhere rife, the burdens which crush the weak, the helpless poverty, the tragedies that are enacted on so appalling a scale, make an appeal to which we cannot close our ears.

There is in the world an exceeding great and bitter cry ; and while we distrust all socialistic and communistic schemes, and know that by no mere levelling down can the inequalities of life be removed and its evils remedied, we must learn to recognise more heartily and in a more Christian spirit the ties which bind us to our fellow-men. We should object to their plundering us, under the pretence that "thine is mine," but ought we not to help them under the feeling "*mine is thine?*" It may be difficult to bridge over the gulf that separates Whitechapel from Belgravia, and to carry into the hovel or the cottage the light and beauty of the mansion. But the attempt *ought* to be made. We should endeavour, by means of museums and libraries, by lectures and concerts, by wise educational efforts, and, above all, by Christian evangelism, to raise the weak, the ignorant, and the miserable to a higher level.

Culture, like property, has its duties as well as its rights ; and it will ultimately be found that on the fulfilment of the one depend the permanence and enjoyment of the other. Neither wealth nor culture exist for their own sake, as ends unto themselves ; and he who so regards them will find that

" While he boasts he has been building up
A palace for himself, he in sooth has reared
What shall be first his prison, then his tomb."

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES, AND THEIR BAPTIST FOUNDER.



THE origin of free town libraries is associated with the name of Dr. Francis Wayland, the President for twenty-eight years of Brown University in the United States. This is a fact well known in America, and we think it worth recording in the old country also. The Frome branch of the Waylands (deriving from a family settled at Devizes Wick in the seventeenth century) and still represented, we believe, in Somersetshire and other parts of England, acquired its principal lustre when Francis Wayland became the acknowledged representative of American thought in such standard works as "Elements of Intellectual Philosophy," "Elements of Moral Science," "Elements of Political Economy," besides copious essays on Education, Limitations of Human Responsibility, Mission-work, Slavery, &c., far too numerous to be recited. His "Moral Science," in fact, has been translated into numerous foreign tongues, including modern Greek, Hawaiian, Armenian, Japanese, and Karen. We may safely say that, whether from the Christian or the citizen standpoint, no memory is more revered in the States than that of the late Baptist President of Brown's; and it is gratifying to add that he is worthily represented by his sons.

One of the methods by which his citizens resolved to prolong his fame was the establishment of the town of Wayland, in Middlesex county, Massachusetts, formed from portions of several adjoining townships. This was in 1851; and Francis Wayland forthwith set about the formation of a town library for the free use of the inhabitants. His own donation of five hundred dollars was quickly supplemented by sympathetic gifts, and the "Library Celebration" took place in August, 1851. But his philanthropic action in this direction was not destined to be confined to a single town, and its immediate result was the passing by the Legislature of Massachusetts of an Act which empowered all the towns in the State to raise money by taxation for the support of free town libraries.

"By your foresight and benevolence," observed one of his admirers, "the town of Wayland has been enabled to take the lead in a work

which will affect the moral and intellectual condition of the people, not only of this State, but of the whole country." We, in the old country, must candidly admit that the movement thus inaugurated in America thirty-six years ago has been but languidly followed up at home. Perhaps the pronouncer of the above eulogy anticipated this when he confined his observations to his native land.

Once only, viz., in 1841-2, did Dr. Wayland visit old England and the venerable town of Frome where his fathers had dwelt. He saw London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Oxford, Lincoln, and other memorabilia. His searching eye and matured judgment scanned and measured every object with unerring fidelity; but it is while he slowly and methodically moves from Oxford towards Frome, "stopping at intermediate places," that we follow him with the deepest interest. He was accompanied just then, as in fact he had been through a great part of his English tour, by an American friend, the Hon. Isaac Davis, of Worcester, Massachusetts, who tells us, "Frome was the birthplace of the father of Dr. Wayland. We were received with great kindness by Mr. [John] Sheppard of that place, and invited to his house. We found him a most estimable man, a lay preacher, going about doing good, like his Lord and Master. He was a distant relative, I believe, of the Wayland family, and a Baptist. At Frome there was a Baptist church where the senior Wayland had worshipped. It was pleasant to discover that he was remembered by several citizens. In this church Dr. Wayland preached. The congregation listened to him with attention, and were more than once moved to tears." The Doctor in his own journal says ". . . from Frome to Bristol and thence to Stapleton to visit John Foster; he is now an aged man" [but] "talks with all the vivacity of youth; he is a most ardent friend of civil and religious liberty, and is better acquainted with America than any man whom I have seen in England." Of course, Dr. Wayland took care to visit the Baptist College at Bristol, and to gather facts and reminiscences from the surviving friends of Robert Hall.

In respect of the external objects of nature, the West of England must have somewhat atoned for the dreary flatness which so distressed him in Lincolnshire and the fen districts, where he had been visiting his uncle, Daniel S. Wayland, the Rector of Bassingham. The environs of Frome he thought very beautiful. "The meadows," says

he, "are greener than any I ever saw, and the trees are budding [February ?] as ours are in May."

Dr. Wayland afterwards spent a short period on the Continent, but he was unhappy till he got back home again to his work; and he always deprecated the prevailing tendency to spend so large a part of our time in sight-seeing. Three years after his return to America he lost his venerable father, mentioned above as a native of Frome, who like some others of his race bore the name of Francis, and like them was a Baptist pastor. "I think I can truly say," writes the son, "that I would prefer the heritage of his life and death to that of all the honours this world could confer. I cannot conceive of any comparison between being the son of such parents and being the son of any whom the world calls great or noble." While visiting Frome, Dr. Wayland had discovered the house formerly owned by his father; he had also looked up some of his more distant kinsfolk still resident there; but he has not much to tell us of his predecessors, except that they were a pious ancestry; of which, indeed, there are undoubted memorials, and concerning which, something we fancy, might yet be gathered from the Nonconformist annals of the town and neighbourhood of Frome.

HISTORICUS.

COLONEL MARDEN'S SUBSTITUTE.

A STORY FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BY EDITH ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.



COLONEL MARDEN was generally looked upon in Townsend as a pleasant man, a good townsman, contented with a world that, save for one misfortune, long ago forgotten, had used him well. Few there had sufficient ability themselves to measure the ability that had made him a power in the town—that would have made him a power throughout the land had it not been for that which he had "forgotten."

Only the death-blow to his ambition. When the Grand Army of the Potomac was disbanded, Colonel Marden, with a Confederate

bullet in his side, had resumed his practice of the law. Still in the twenties, he was sent to General Court, and before long to Congress. He was spoken of as one of the rising men of New Hampshire.

It was then that the bullet began to assert itself, and the end of it all was that Alfred Marden had to give up all active work, accept the position of Registrar of Probate, and resign himself to spending the rest of his days in his native town, only occupying himself with the light duties of his office. Downright idleness would have been intolerable to him.

A quiet, unenterprising town was Townsend; but it was his native place, and the big, grey stone house had stood on the square since the days when it was in the midst of green fields, and half the town was "Squire Marden's" farm.

"A smart man, and a good one," everybody said of the present squire. Everybody but one or two. "A good man and a smart one," said that one or two.

He had always been interested in the Academy and had done much for it. But the offer he had made last fall overshadowed everything else. It was made to the graduating class; and conduct—in school and out—and recitations throughout the year were to be considered. What boyish heart did not throb as the Colonel spoke to them that memorable Monday?

Think of it. The lucky fellow was to be sent to Dartmouth, and then would receive a law education in Colonel Marden's own office. Not only gratuitously, but—for five years after graduation—in receipt of a handsome salary as clerk. He meant, Colonel Marden concluded, to give the winner of the prize precisely the advantages he himself had had. Nobody heard the sigh as he sat down, though, indeed, it would have been difficult to have heard anything as the boys took in this magnificent offer, and clapped, cheered, and pounded in the unmistakable fashion boys have of manifesting their approval.

No wonder every one of the twenty made up his mind on the spot that he would win the "Judgeship" as it grew to be called, or that for the next few weeks there was such perfection of recitations and conduct that Mr. Alden thought the Millennium had set in. Every one, no matter how hopeless the case, from Sandy Magee, always at the foot, up through the whole scale of ability and perseverance to

the two who, after those first weeks, began slowly to distance the others.

Arthur Rand was the minister's son, and the struggle it would be to his father to send him to college was a large factor in his determination to win. He was a pleasant, gentle-mannered boy, naturally painstaking and methodical, not quick, but with an indomitable power of "sticking at it" that had always ensured him victory.

Sam Allen was the eldest of half a dozen who had grown up somehow in the big bare farm-house just outside the village. His father was a hardworking farmer with no thought beyond his daily labour, and considering he had done enough by his children when they were clad and fed in plain, homely fashion. Too much "eddcation" was bad for soul and body, and he had the prejudices of his class against lawyers.

Sam had had hard work to get permission to go to the Academy at all, but for more money—even to give him his time—to be expended on his education, that his father had refused to consider, and his nay was indeed nay.

But when Sam had come home last September, brimming over with the great news, Mr. Allen had relaxed; for to his hard, grasping nature the idea of his son getting an education at another's expense was irresistibly attractive, and he had promised the eager, trembling boy he would give him the last year at the Academy and his time should he win, with the proviso that if he failed, he should settle down to farm work without any more "pestering of him." And Sam on his side promised.

He had all the support of the others though, not only in the sympathy that is so great a help in our endeavours, but one and all strove to lighten his chores that he might have more time for study. In solemn conclave, Jerry proposed to take on himself the milking and wood-chopping, Billy to pump water and feed the hens, while the girls agreed not to call upon him for a single errand, and to put their money together, hardly earned by berry picking and dandelion gathering, to buy a student-lamp like Colonel Marden's, so that Sam could study by a good light; and they would not speak a single word all through the evening, so the kitchen, the only room warmed, could be quiet; which was, perhaps, the greatest sacrifice they could have

made, for the whole family were born talkers. The only reason these amiable plans fell through was because next day Sam being informed promptly vetoed them. The girls, however, persisted in part, and even took the pains to call upon Colonel Marden to find out just the name of the lamp, and where it was to be bought. And somehow, the Colonel was so kindly interested, the whole plan came out, with Sam's stern refusal.

Sam was quick, but he had depended so much on his ready wits that his memory was poor. He was careless and hasty of temper, though he speedily got over any outbreak. What he lost on examinations he made up on recitations, and his averages were as high as Arthur's. If he had heavy odds against him, it was equally to Arthur's credit that the wood-box at home was always well filled, and that the paths about the modest little parsonage, on the other side of the common from the big grey house, were shovelled cleaner and more promptly than anywhere else.

June came, and opinion was divided among the Academy boys as to which would win, Arthur Rand or Sam Allen. The usual examinations were over and nothing was talked of but the decision. As to the two most nearly concerned, they hardly ate or slept in that momentous time.

The thirtieth had come. The company, too. The big hall could hardly have held another one. Everybody was impatient for the moment after the Valedictory.

That came at last, too. Colonel Marden had risen, was advancing to the front of the platform.

He was beginning. Hush!

"It is difficult to award the prize. Many have done well, but there are two so far ahead and so evenly matched that I cannot at present decide. I want to give them a further trial, with, moreover, a special view to seeing which has the greater aptitude for the calling that will be his. During vacation, I propose taking both into my office. The decision will be made so that the successful one can enter college at the beginning of the term. The two are Arthur Rand and Sam Allen."

So the expectation and suspense were over for the time, and in the hubbub that followed more than one boyish heart hid its disappointment.

On the following Monday the two boys appeared at the Probate Office. Colonel Marden explained briefly the outlines of the business, and set them to work. It was arranged that one week one was to copy—all papers relating to the Registry were duly entered in the big volumes ranged round one side of the fire-proof vault—while the other attended to the more active duties.

But if Colonel Marden had been puzzled before, he was doubly so now, as the weeks went on and the two young fellows seemed so well matched.

Arthur never forgot where he put a paper. Sam's heart went to his boots more than once when queried as to the whereabouts of this or the other petition or license. Pleasant and kind as Colonel Marden invariably was to his young clerks, both soon found that there was much about him suggestive of his military life. He demanded an exactitude to the minutest detail, an unquestioning obedience to orders, and was impatient at the least dereliction or delay.

Sam was quick at grasping the routine. Arthur, when his week came for active business, would often sit biting his pen, afraid to ask about what had already been thoroughly explained. Sam's prompt "Yes, sir," at any brief command often called a brief nod of satisfaction, and his disordered desk a frown and a glance at the neat array on Arthur's. Arthur looked nervous when his turn came to answer the mail, Sam when it was for him to copy and put away documents. "A place for everything" he certainly had, but he changed the place too often for the rule to be a golden one.

The natural outcome of it all was that there was a quarrel. It was a trifle that was the outward cause. Sam hung his hat on Arthur's nail. The latter put his own over it, thereby causing the new straw, bought by Mandy's strawberry-picking money, to fall on a pile of inky rags. Discovery came at noon.

"I say," began Sam indignantly, "I call that mean business; you did it a-purpose."

"It wouldn't have happened if you hadn't been so clumsy with the ink-bottle," Arthur made answer calmly.

"I'd rather be clumsy with my hands than my head," retorted Sam thus unpleasantly reminded of Colonel Marden's silence that morning on finding a pool of ink on his desk. "I don't have to tell anybody

to wait till the Colonel comes in or ask him questions eternally about answering letters."

"And I've never sent off a letter of administration with my own signature instead of the Judge's. Maybe you think though you're a judge yourself, already," sneered Arthur.

"I'm a judge of a decent fellow, and if you don't leave my hat alone in future, I'll knock yours off your stupid head," threatened Sam, putting on his blackened headgear and walking off with wrath in his heart and a more settled determination than ever to win, if only to spite Arthur.

(To be continued.)

A RETRIBUTIVE PROVIDENCE.



IMMEDIATELY after putting down the rising of the Egyptians against their French conquerors in 1798, when no fewer than five thousand of the inhabitants of the city of Cairo alone were slaughtered, Napoleon, contemplating the invasion of Syria, made an expedition in person to Suez, in order to inspect the line of the Roman canal which united the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. After visiting the harbour and giving instructions for the erection of new works, he passed the Red Sea, when the tide was out, "on dry ground," traversing the identical course which three thousand years before had been traversed by the children of Israel. He refreshed himself at the fountains which still bear the name of the wells of Moses, at the foot of Mount Sinai, and visited a great reservoir constructed by the Venetians in the sixteenth century. He then returned to repass to the African side. When he reached the shore it was dark, and, in crossing the sands, as the tide was flowing, he and his suite wandered from the right path, and were in imminent danger of perishing. Already the water was up to their middle, and still rapidly flowing, when a thought occurred to Napoleon which was the means of their salvation. He caused his escort to go in different directions, and by this means it was discovered in what quarter the slope of the shore ascended; thus at length the party reached the Egyptian shore. "Had I perished in that manner, like

Pharaoh," said Napoleon, "it would have furnished all the preachers of Christendom with a magnificent text against me." There is a tone of levity and of scorn about this remark—an expression of contempt for "the preachers of Christendom" who taught men to believe in a retributive Providence. But the arch-criminal's cup was not yet full; the time was coming when, in a yet more impressive manner, men were to be taught by the experiences of this man that a God of justice and judgment reigns; and that by laws as eternal and unchangeable as Himself, great criminality works out for itself great punishment. Christian teaching is not to be scorned, or set at nought; and they are wise who direct their lives and actions according to it.

S. A. S.

BRIEF STUDIES ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

RESISTANCE OF TEMPTATION.

"Tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—HEB. iv. 15.



SO much has been written by many excellent and eminent writers on the subject of our Lord's temptation in the wilderness, that a few simple thoughts may suffice here.

At first sight it might seem as if we could never be exposed to temptations like those which beset our Lord.

To turn stones into bread, to cast ourselves down from a pinnacle of the temple, to fall down and worship the arch-enemy, are suggestions which could not present themselves to our minds, or admit of being carried out into execution. A little reflection, however, convinces us that in these suggestions there lurk the elements of those temptations by which we are most commonly assailed, and that in the nature, though not in the form of temptation, our Lord was truly and emphatically "tempted like as we are." It would be easy to conceive of temptations more suited to a refined and intellectual nature, and therefore as it might seem more adapted to Him, but in that case the example of His resistance and victory would have had a sustaining power in reference only to a certain order of minds. It was needful that the temptations which beset Him should be derived from principles which admit of universal adaptation. Not otherwise could He have been "*made in all things like unto His brethren.*" Not other-

wise, in the fullest sense, could His example have availed to support and stimulate us.

The first temptation was, as every student of Scripture concedes, to a prevailing form of unbelief—distrust of a Father's providential care. Are there any who can plead exemption from this snare? Ask the pious labourer who knows not from day to day how his children are to be fed. Ask the merchant, who knows that political changes, or the failure of those whom he has trusted, may at any time reduce him to beggary. Ask the professional man, who with his utmost exertions can make no provision for his family in the event of his death. Ask the minister, who has from week to week to bring forth for waiting congregations things new and old. Ask the young person just entering upon life without friends or fortune. Ask the mother, laid on a sick or perhaps a dying bed, and wondering what her children will do without her. Is there any heart into which no thought of mistrust has ever found an entrance, which has never fretted against circumstances, or been tempted to take hasty and unsanctioned steps for their removal? Jesus trusted—Jesus waited. So must we “rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.” “He that believeth shall not make haste.”

The next temptation assumed an opposite character. It was to presumption. Extremes often meet, and not unfrequently do men emerge from the despondency of unbelief to plunge themselves in the recklessness of presumption. If Satan find one form of temptation fail, he will try to surprise us into the opposite. But without the rash and daring breach of all laws, human and divine, involved in Satan's suggestion, does not the same snare meet us in other guise? Do we not throw ourselves sometimes into circumstances of peril, not only without a warrant, but in disregard of our Father's expressed will? Are we as prayerful and as watchful not to be led into temptation as to be delivered from evil? Do we look for our Father's protection only while conforming ourselves to our Father's rules—anxious to know what we must do to please *Him*, while free from anxiety as to what He will do with *us*?

And, thirdly, we see the visible presentation of that lure to world-worship, and to mammon-worship, which, while it has been the temptation of all ages, is specially so of our own. Happy will it be for us if we learn at once to recognise whence the temptation comes,

and with promptitude and decision like our Master's to reply, "Get thee hence, Satan. We will worship the Lord our God, and Him only will we serve."

Sometimes temptation comes in a specious guise. It pleads necessity. "We must live," says the small shopkeeper, as an apology for breaking the Sabbath. "Business cannot be carried on in any other way," says the tradesman on a larger scale, when taxed with unfair competition. "Expediency must be considered," says the statesman, when he trims with Romanism or heathenism. Or the bait is presented as a small and innocent concession. "Comand that these stones be made bread." "What harm," we might have asked, "that when the Creator hungered, He should supply His own need?" But Jesus saw otherwise; and having assumed the position of a son and of a servant, He would resort to no unhallowed means, and patiently waited His Father's time, and His Father's intervention for His relief.

Let us beware of small beginnings. It is usually by taking advantage of these that the tempter gains his ends. On the northern shore of Devonshire is a little inlet called Mort Bay. Here a cluster of bold and rugged rocks juts out into the sea, and far beyond these at low tide, a small object arrests and perplexes the eye. You might think it a dog until you perceive it is motionless, or a small stone but that a stone cannot float. That apparently insignificant object is the point of a tremendous rock, which has its foundation in the depths of the ocean, and is the more dangerous because seldom visible. So fatal has it been to shipping that the traditions of the villagers say a thousand lives have been lost upon it, and the French mariners gave it the name of Mort from its deadly notoriety. Fit emblem of those apparently small or half-concealed temptations on which so many unwary souls have been shipwrecked. The enemy in ambush is more to be dreaded than he who meets us in open field.

"The prince of this world cometh." His first attack was at the outset of our Lord's career. He reserved his fiercest attack for the close. How awful was that struggle let the story of Gethsemane tell! The policy on which he acts with the disciples resembles that which he pursued with their beloved Master. At the commencement of their course, he plies his most tempting arts to draw them aside, and at the close he often chooses the dying hour, when the body is wrung with agony, and the mind clouded by disease, or by the

anguish of parting from loved ones here, to make his most deadly onset. It is his last opportunity, and he musters all his forces for the encounter. Let the dying believer take comfort. He who wrestled with the tempter in the garden, overcame not only for Himself but for us, and, having been tempted, is able to succour them that are tempted. He who has conquered at the outset, and rejected the world and all its attractions for the love of Jesus, will not find himself without the help of Jesus in the last great struggle, or be suffered to come short of heaven at last. "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

"The prince of this world cometh." He could not take our Lord unawares. "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." Oh, to be forewarned and forearmed, as was the Captain of our salvation, and like Him, to watch and pray lest at some unguarded moment we enter into temptation.

"The prince of this world cometh and *hath nothing in me.*" This was the secret; this the true security. There was no weak point in the citadel at which the enemy could force an entrance; no combustible matter to take fire at his injections. Never can this statement, in its unqualified sense, be made of us; but happy the heart which is so prepared and fortified, so filled with holy principles, with heavenly affections, with Christ-like graces, that in an inferior sense it may be said, "The prince of this world comes, and finds nothing there."

"And behold, angels came and ministered unto Him." Oh, sweet transition from the hateful presence of the arch-tempter to the ministering attendance of long-loved and kindred spirits from around the eternal throne! Happy table! Happy company! Would we experience like rapture, and as the scene of earthly temptation passes from our view exchange the wilderness and the tempter for heaven and the angels, and all the yearnings and unrest of this life for the full feast of joy at which Jesus presides, we too must grapple with the tempter,

" And share the conflict and the cross,
If we would share the crown."

"To him that overcometh will I give to sit down with Me on My throne, *even as I also overcame*, and am set down with My Father upon His throne."
J. L.

SACRED SONGS OF FOUR CONTINENTS.

No. VIII.—FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON OF CÆDMON,

A.D. 650.*



IN the beginning, first, the eternal Lord,
 Head of all creatures, shaped the heaven and earth,
 The firmament up-reared, this roomy land
 Established by His power, almighty King !
 Nor was the field yet green with springing grass,
 For, far and wide, swart in eternal night,
 The ocean covered o'er the darksome ways.
 Then, o'er the deep, the glorious Spirit of Him
 Who guards the heaven was borne with mighty speed,
 And the Life-giver, He who made the angels,
 Bade light come forth over the roomy deep.
 Then quickly was fulfilled the great King's word,
 And, o'er the waste, the holy light shone out,
 E'en as the Maker bade. Then, o'er the flood,
 The Lord of triumphs sundered dark from light,
 Brightness from shadows. The Life-giver next
 Gave names to both ; and first the holy light,
 By the Lord's word, received the name of Day.
 Creation beauty-bright ! Well pleased was then
 The Lord at the beginning—teeming time !
 The first day saw the gloomy shadow dark
 Prevailing, swart, beyond the wide abyss.
 Then passed the time above the fruitless waste
 Of middle earth. The Maker next put forth—
 Our great Creator—from the brightness sheer
 The evening first, and in its footsteps soon
 Pressed on apace the misty cloud on which
 The Lord Himself bestowed the name of Night.
 He who preserves our life did sunder them :
 And, always since, these two, in all the earth,
 Ever have borne and done their Maker's will.
 Then came the second day, light after dark,
 Now bade Life's Guardian, on the flood of mere,
 The joyful heaven-frame in the midst uprise.
 Our Ruler dealt the waters, and then wrought
 The steadfast firmament : this the Mighty hove

* In the opinion of the present translator, the poetry of the "Anglo-Saxon Milton" may best be presented to the modern reader in the form of blank verse. A strict literalness has, however, been preserved, so that a comparison may be made between the work of Cædmon and that of his great successor, of a thousand years later. At the place indicated by asterisks three pages of the manuscript are missing.

Sacred Songs of Four Continents.

Up from the earth, by His all-powerful word.
 The earth beneath the lofty firmament
 Was, by His holy might, divided off
 Water from waters, for those dwelling yet
 Under the firmness of the nations' roof.

Then came, o'er all the earth, quick journeying,
 The third great morn. Nor was there meted yet
 The wide-spread land, nor traced the useful ways.
 The earth stood covered fast with swelling flood.
 Then, by His word, the Lord of angels bade
 The open waters be, that hold their course
 Beneath the firmament with places fixed.
 Then quickly stood beneath the arching heaven
 The ocean—as the Holy One decreed,
 Wide gathered. Thus the water from the land
 Was sundered. Then the Guardian of our life,
 Preserver of all good, saw, wide displayed,
 The places dry, and these the Glory-King
 Named Earth, and to the roomy flood of waves
 Prescribed their rightful course.

* * * * *

Then to the Guardian of the firmament
 It seemed not fit Adam should longer stay
 Alone the keeper of the Field of Rest,
 Sole tenant of the new-created world.
 For him the King most high, the almighty Lord,
 A helper therefore made, a wife upraised.
 Her, for a prop to the beloved man,
 The Author of the light of life bestowed.
 The substance took from Adam's body out,
 And skilfully a rib removed away
 From out the side ; and motionless was he
 And softly slept, nor knew he any sore,
 Nor share of pain, nor came there any blood
 From out the wound ! From him the angels' Lord
 Out of his body took a jointed bone—
 The man unwounded—and of that God wrought
 A noble maiden, and within her frame
 Created life, and an immortal soul.
 Like angels were they ! Then was Adam's bride
 With spirit filled ; and both, in prime of youth,
 Were bright with beauty, in the world brought forth
 By the Creator's might ; nor knew they sin
 To do nor suffer from, but burning love
 Was theirs, in both their breasts, unto the Lord.

H. C. LEONARD, M.A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANOTHER DARK CONTINENT.

To the Editor of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.



DEAR SIR,—The April number of the *MAGAZINE* has just reached me, containing the concluding portion of my article which you were kind enough to publish. In your “Brief Notes” in that issue, allusion is made to the fact that the work for which I pleaded has been begun. All things considered, this is truly interesting, showing, as it does, how the Lord is moving the hearts of His children in different parts of the world. The question of *time*, touched upon by your correspondent, may not be of great importance; still, as it has been thus mooted, I may mention that my article was written two years before I sent it to you; in other words, it was written some three and a half years ago. Since you published the first instalment of it, a pamphlet by Major-General Haig, of the Church Missionary Society, on the same subject, has been sent to me. It thus appears that without any communication, or knowledge of each other's thoughts, this same movement has been engaging (about one and the same time) the attention and solicitude of the friends of Jesus in different communions, and in parts of the world widely distant from one another. To my own mind there is something of unusual interest in all this. It looks like an incitement of our Blessed Master to His Church to “lengthen her cords.” The idea has occurred to some friends of making Aden the headquarters of this great movement. I venture to predict that this will be found, in the course of events, to be a most serious mistake. To make a military cantonment the headquarters of a movement for the evangelisation of semi-heathen races may be purchasing the safety of a missionary's life at a very high price. On every account, as I have shown in the article referred to, the most natural, important, and inspiring centre for Christian work in Arabia is Jidda, where there is least temptation to fritter life away in worldly society, where the people have not continually before their eyes the fearful degradation of our military men when they are away from the restraints of England (such as they may be), and where the true apostolic spirit of a man (if he has it at all) has finest scope. The military men have their chaplains; “let them hear them.” Lest we see in Arabia what we see in other lands, the perversion of missionary resources and the paralysis of missionary enthusiasm.

J. D. BATE.

Allahabad, June 17th, 1887.

BRIEF NOTES.



OUR photographers have very successfully taken a photographic portrait of the Rev. Richard Glover, of Bristol, which will appear in our October number, together with a biographical sketch from a well-qualified pen.

AT the moment of going to press comes the terrible news of the death of the Rev. T. J. Comber. We have only space now to express our heartfelt sorrow, and to refer our readers to the *Missionary Herald* for such details as have come to hand.

IN reference to the concluding article on the "Gifford Remains," which appeared in our last number, Mrs. E. Ryland Trestrail writes from Westbury Park, Clifton:—"Permit me, in your courtesy, to point out a slight inaccuracy in the last of your interesting papers on the Giffords. It was not Dr. Rippon who preached Dr. Gifford's funeral sermon, but my great grandfather, John Ryland, M.A., Dr. Ryland's father. He preached it at sunrise, at Dr. Gifford's wish, 'to testify, &c.,' as you record. The sermon is now, I am sorry to say, out of print, but I possess a copy of it. It contains some splendid passages. I have often wished it could be reprinted. Would you mind notifying the alteration to your readers?"

WE are obliged to Mrs. Trestrail for this contribution to our knowledge of what relates to Dr. Gifford. Our esteemed correspondent, however, is mistaken in concluding that, as Mr. Ryland preached a funeral sermon for Dr. Gifford, therefore Dr. Rippon did not. The truth appears to be that both Dr. Rippon and Mr. Ryland paid this tribute of respect and love to their friend's memory.

ON another page we publish a letter from the Rev. J. D. Bate, of Allahabad, relative to his article on "Another Dark Continent" and the Arabian Mission commenced at the beginning of the year by the Hon. Keith Falconer. At the time of writing Mr. Bate had evidently not heard that Mr. Falconer has been summoned hence. For but a brief space was this devoted man permitted to declare the love of Christ to the neglected Arabs. We have tried to ascertain whether the mission he had barely established is still being carried on, but have not yet done so. It would be a pity that the effort should prove abortive.

OUR attention has been directed to the productions of the Iona Press, recently established in Iona by Mr. J. McCormick and Mr. W. Muir. Its purpose is, we understand, to reprint books which are more or less connected with the Holy Island, with St. Columba, his associates and successors. Such a purpose deserves hearty encouragement. Thousands of tourists visit Iona annually. Mr. McBrayne's magnificent steamer, *The Grenadier*, has never been more crowded than during the present season, and no tourist of intelligence with the means at

his command would fail, if he were in the Highlands, to take the trip to Staffa and Iona. But of the thousands who take the trip how few know anything of the noble and inspiring associations of Iona! Here ignorance is not bliss, for the charm of Iona lies in its memories of the storied past. The first production of this press is a facsimile reprint of "The Blessing of the Ship," containing prayers for a successful voyage, for the children of the island, &c. It is tastefully executed, and will be valued as a curiosity. The first edition was exhausted in a few weeks, and a second will be ready before this notice appears. Another work issued is "The Death of Fraoch," a Gaelic poem, with literal translation, paraphrase, &c. The scenes it depicts took place in Mull. It does not apparently possess any great antiquarian or poetical value, nor is the printing all that we could desire. We have an impression that works directly relating to Iona and its long and memorable history would be of more general acceptability, and would fall in more thoroughly with the tastes of tourists.

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

ALDERSON, J., removes from Meltham to Albert Street, Keighley.

ARTHUR, D., has been called to the pastorate of the united churches of Asby, Brough, Crosby Garrett, and Winton.

ATKINSON, T. G., of Dunstable, resigns.

BARKER, J., of West Hartlepool, resigns.

CHAPLIN, W. KNIGHT, becomes co-pastor, with H. Grattan Guinness, of Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle.

DAVIES, B., of Pontypool College, settles at New Tredegar, Mon.

DAVIES, J. O., of Llangollen College, has been ordained pastor of the united churches of Darrenfelen and Gilwern.

DAVIES, W. E., Haverfordwest College, has accepted invitation to Drefach, Carmarthenshire.

EVANS, J., Ebenezer Dyfer, is removing to new pastorate at Mardy.

FRIEND, WALTER, has been recognised pastor of King Street Church, Maidstone.

GUINNESS, H. GRATTAN, in conjunction with W. Knight Chaplin, has undertaken pastorate of Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle.

HEATH, N., has been publicly welcomed to new pastorate at Fleet, Hants.

HOOKE, J., of Bampton, has undertaken charge of the joint churches of Garway and Orcop, Herefordshire.

JAMES, T. H., Haverfordwest College, has been ordained pastor of the church at Hay and Bronith.

JULYAN, W., of Bournemouth, removes to Back Street Church, Trowbridge.

KELSEY, W., of Long Crendon, has resigned.

MARCH, W., resigns his pastorate at Todmorden.

MERCHANT, T., has been publicly welcomed to his new sphere of labour at Rickford, near Bristol.

MITCHELL, JOHN, has accepted call to Manor Street Church, Forfar.

- NASH, S., Prickwillow, Ely, has resigned.
- NEALE, E. S., late of Stanningley, Leeds, has settled at James Grove, Peckham.
- OWEN, J. T., of Nottingham, removes to Zion Church, Great Grimsby.
- PASSMORE, H. R., has resigned Park Street Church, Southsea.
- PERRIN, J., removes from Ross to Esher.
- REED, A., of Pastors' College, has accepted invitation to Joseph Street Church, Woolwich.
- RUSSELL, J. R., has resigned his pastorate at Barrow-in-Furness and intends to proceed to America.
- THOMAS, W., removes from Cinderford to Grove Road, Victoria Park, London.
- WALLACE, R. B., Melbourne, Derbyshire, has resigned.
- WHITAKER, JOHN, closes ministry at Shipley, Yorkshire, at end of present month.
- WILKINSON, J., of Rishworth, near Halifax, has removed to Bramley, near Leeds.
- WILLIAMS, E., Llangollen College, has accepted invitation to Bethel Church, Holywell, North Wales.
- WILSON, J. LACY, has been ordained junior pastor of the church at Tottlebank, Ulverston.

- GALE, W. H., lately pastor of the churches at Little Tew, Bloxham, and Clevely, has deceased.
- TAYLOR, A. B., of Rochdale Road, Manchester, expired on Sunday, July 31st, aged eighty-two.

REVIEWS.

SONGS OF BRITAIN. By Lewis Morris. Second Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1, Paternoster Square. 1887.

THE rapid appearance of a second edition of Mr. Morris's "Songs of Britain" proves that *his* poems, at least, are no drug in the market. He may not be a profound or original thinker, and he has probably not discovered a solution to all the problems of the universe, as one of his candid critics seems to think he should have done! But none the less is he in sympathy with the best intellectual and spiritual movements of our age, and able to express in harmonious verse its highest aspirations. He is a close observer of nature, a patient student of human life and character, and a skilful verbal artist. His tone in his latest volume is not only ethically unexceptional, but is more decidedly Christian than in his previous works. He recognises beneath the conflict of good and evil "a great rule by which all things are bound"; amid the dense darkness he sees clearly that "the dawn is breaking"; while the renovations of the spring-time quicken within him the hope of immortality.

"And me, whom the same Maker made,
 Shall no renewal touch? Shall I
 Beyond all hope decay and fade?
 Deeper than springtide lie?"

Nay, nay ! the sun shines overhead,
 The springtide calls, the winter's done :
 At last, from close depths, dark and dead,
 I, too, shall feel the sun."

The stories from *Wild Wales* are well and gracefully told. Mr. Morris's blank verse is especially lucid and powerful, and gives him a high place among contemporary poets. The value of this second edition is enhanced by the insertion of a fine poem on Temperance ("Self-Control") and the Ode sung at the opening of the Imperial Institute. Does the fact that Mr. Morris was asked to undertake a task which would naturally have fallen into the hands of the Laureate mark him out as Lord Tennyson's successor? We hope so. Here are a few lines of this fine Ode, which, on several grounds, we are glad to have an opportunity of quoting :—

"No more we seek our Realm's increase
 By War's red rapine, but by white-winged Peace ;
 To-day we seek to bind in one,
 Till all our Britain's work be done—
 Through wider knowledge closer grown,
 As each fair sister by the rest is known,
 And mutual Commerce, mighty to efface
 The envious bars of Time and Place,
 Deep-pulsing from a common heart,
 And through a common speech expressed—
 From North to South, from East to West,
 Our great World's Empire's every part ;
 A universal Britain strong
 To raise up Right and beat down Wrong—
 Let this thing be ! whom shall our Realm divide ?
 Ever we stand together, Kinsmen, side by side !

To-day we would make free
 Our millions of their glorious heritage ;
 Here, Labour crowds in hopeless misery,
 There, is unbounded work and ready wage.
 The salt breeze calling stirs our Northern blood,
 Lead we the toilers to their certain good :
 Guide we their feet to where
 Is spread for those who dare
 A happier Britain 'neath an ampler air.
 Uprise, oh, Palace fair !
 With ordered knowledge of each far off land
 For all to understand !
 Uprise, oh, Palace fair, where for the Poor shall be
 Wise thought and love to guide o'er the dividing sea !

LEGENDS AND RECORDS OF THE CHURCH AND THE EMPIRE. By Aubrey de Vere. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1887.

MR. DE VERE is probably the most distinguished living disciple of Wordsworth, and rarely have we been more greatly delighted with his chaste and scholarly verse than in our perusal of his "Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire." The period, which begins with the introduction of Christianity and ends with the coronation of Charlemagne, is unquestionably, in many important aspects, more interesting and momentous than either the mediæval or the modern. We see there the mighty beginnings of some of the most characteristic features of our own age ; and, even apart from their subtle and potent influence on subsequent times, the incidents in which the life of the early Church was most truly expressed have a quite unique charm. We may not fully share Mr. De Vere's ecclesiastical faith. Much that he regards with peculiar reverence and affection appears to us unworthy of such honour. But, for the most part, his fine spiritual sense renders him not less wise as a teacher than he is graphic as a painter and melodious as a singer. He is both devout and strong-minded, and has wrought his materials into forms of great beauty. Among the legends he narrates are those of St. Thecla, St. Longinus, St. Pancratius, St. Alexis, St. Perpetua, &c. No story is more charmingly told than that of Dionysius, the Areopagite ; and whatever may be the historical value of some of its elements, of the worth of Mr. De Vere's profound philosophical meditations there can be no doubt. The lines that follow are graceful and true :—

" Was it to lure

My heart by beauty of this visible world,
From spiritual hopes they chose for me this prison ?
For still the vision of the purple deep,
By me so often from Eleusis watched,
Clipping at once far isles and headlands near,
Clings to mine eyes. I will not think of these !
This earth is not our mother, nor our sister ;
For some it hath, I fear, the Syren's snare.
O what a snare to thee, my Greece, was beauty !
Thy fancy robbed thy heart. Beauty to thee
Was beauty's ruin. Truth must needs be beautiful :
Yea, but that smile about her lips for thee
Cancelled the lovelier terrors of her brow,
The ardours of her eyes. Thou mad'st thy pact
Thus with Religion, ' Charm, but scare me not,'
The shadows of high things were dear to thee ;
Their substance was offence."

Again, as to the so-called laws of nature, how truly does Mr. De Vere remark :—

" As a river

Winds from the hills its countless waterdrops,
Confluent in one unchanging course, so these ;

God's living laws are they, and for that cause
 Nature's not less, since nature's sacred laws
 Are not like edicts of a king deceased
 Or bound in chains or driven to banishment,
 But of a King rejoicing in his halls,
 Whose face gives strength to all."

Equally fine are some of the lines which occur in the poem on St. Boniface (Winifred), the great Saxon missionary of the eighth century. We are pleased to receive a volume so solid in its merits and so attractive in its form as this. Its wide circulation and thoughtful study could not fail to be advantageous in an age like this.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY.

SINCE we last noticed the volumes of this admirable and useful series, the works which have appeared in it are, if possible, of greater interest than many which we have already mentioned with eulogy. Thus we have Sir Walter Raleigh's racy and vigorous "Discovery of Guiana"; the Rev. Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne"; Arthur Young's "Tour in Ireland" (1776—1779); Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York," a work, by the way, which, in point of style, Sir Walter Scott regarded as worthy of comparison with Dean Swift's, and in which he had the keenest delight; Fielding's "Voyage to Lisbon"; and several of the best plays of Shakespeare, with capital introductions and illustrative selections from Plutarch (for the "Julius Cæsar"), and from Michael Drayton's "Nymphidia" and Robert Herrick's "Fairy Poems" for the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Professor Morley is rendering valuable help to intelligent readers of Shakespeare in furnishing the historical bases of these plays, and in supplying such compact outlines and luminous criticism. But, perhaps, the most pleasing feature of the Library is the fact that there have recently appeared in it two copyright volumes, Mr. Coventry Patmore's "The Angel in the House" and Mr. Thomas Woolner's "My Beautiful Lady." Both these are favourite poems of ours. Mr. Ruskin is right in saying that we cannot read Mr. Patmore too often or too carefully. He always strengthens and purifies; while Carlyle praised him for his delicacy, truth, and graceful simplicity. His book was to Carlyle like a wholesome sea breeze. It ought certainly to be read in every home in the kingdom. So also should Mr. Woolner's fine poem, which is equally pure and graceful with Mr. Patmore's, as well as more grand and stately. Not even in Wordsworth can we find more majestic strains in praise of duty. To be able to purchase these noble books at so trivial a cost is indeed wonderful. We trust that other of our best authors will follow the example so admirably set by Mr. Patmore and Mr. Woolner, and that all lovers of pure literature will aid the publishers of this admirable "National Library" in their praiseworthy enterprise.

THE PLEASURES OF LIFE. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., D.C.L., LL.D.
 London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

If all men who are "naturally prone to suffer from low spirits" would resist

their constitutional tendency as bravely as Sir John Lubbock has done, and give us as fine fruits of their resistance, we should have ample reason for congratulation. These addresses, delivered at the opening of various schools on prize-days, &c., are as bright and cheery as they are wise and weighty. The Duty of Happiness and the Happiness of Duty, A Song of Books and the Choice of Books, the Blessing of Friends and the Value of Time, the Pleasures of Travel and of Home, Science and Education, are the themes on which Sir John discourses with an amplitude of knowledge, a depth of wisdom, and a grace and ease of style which make it one of the real "pleasures of life" to read his book. For all intelligent and cultured minds he has indeed provided, both by his own thoughts and his apt quotations to illustrate them, a succession of such pleasures, which at the same time are far more than pleasures. One criticism, however, we must make. We do not believe that the noble Stoicism he advocates is adequate for all the purposes of life. Men require something more than self-discipline and self-control, and only when they find an object of commanding interest outside of themselves can they realise their highest ideal. If Sir John Lubbock's positions were supplemented by more specifically Christian teaching, they would be immeasurably strengthened. This is the only defect in an otherwise thoroughly delightful book.

ROMANISM AND THE REFORMATION,
from the Standpoint of Prophecy.

By H. Grattan Guinness, F.G.S.

London: Hodder & Stoughton.
1887.

MR. GUINNESS has doubtless "counted the cost" of publishing a work which is sure to excite controversy in regard to matters which are by no means merely theoretical and speculative. His view of Romanism is the vigorous, old-fashioned Protestant view—the view which is held by nine-tenths of those who are fully alive to the evils of the Papacy and to its insidious methods of working. We do not agree with his principles of Scriptural interpretation, nor can we accept, as an absolute and exclusive fulfilment of prophecy, the specific events which he regards in this light; but his representation of the Papal system, and its injurious results in a civil, not less than in a religious sense, cannot be refuted. His learning is copious, his arguments are sound and

forcible, his spirit is candid, and his earnestness above all praise.

THE ANTICHRIST, BABYLON, AND THE
COMING OF THE KINGDOM. By C.
H. Pember, M.A. London: Hodder
& Stoughton.

THERE are few subjects on which Biblical students have disagreed more widely than on those which are indicated in Mr. Pember's title-page. Mr. Pember believes that we are on the eve of a period of anarchy, from which the Empire of Rome will emerge in the form of ten confederate kingdoms. The aid of the Romish Church will be given to them, but they will ultimately turn upon and rend her. Then will come Antichrist, Satan's king, who will be received with acclamation as the Saviour of the world. The parallel between Christ and Antichrist is ingenious and instructive, and indeed the whole book is worthy of the attention of all students of prophecy.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS. By William Smith.

HOUSEHOLD READINGS FOR THE PEOPLE. London: Jarrold & Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings.

MR. SMITH has given us a series of brisk, chatty papers on domestic animals of all kinds, shown their uses and the way in which they should be treated. He has compressed into his pages much useful information, and presented a powerful plea for kindness to animals.

The "Household Readings" comprise tracts which have already had a circulation of five millions, and deserve a circulation of as many millions more. They warn against common sources of

danger, and point out the way to success and happiness alike in this world and the next.

VALLEYS AND VILLAGES OF THE BIBLE. By Josiah Viney. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. 1887.

VALUABLE instruction may be gathered from a study of the scenes and places described in Scripture. Mr. Viney has succinctly described such valleys as Siddim, Eschol, Achor, Jezreel, and Hinnom, and the villages of Galilee and Samaria, Bethany, and Emmaus, and throughout has borne in mind that which gave to them their distinctive prominence.

LITERARY NOTES.



THE latest number of *The New Princeton Review* (Hodder & Stoughton) is mainly of interest from a literary standpoint. The articles on "Certain Tendencies in Literature" (a vindication of realism), and "The Vicissitudes of a Palace" (a critique on "The Palace of Art") are specially noteworthy.

THE Rev. Thomas Bentley has published, through Mr. G. B. Smith, of Chipping Norton, an able and effective sermon on "Christian Baptism." It is admirable alike in argument, style, and spirit.

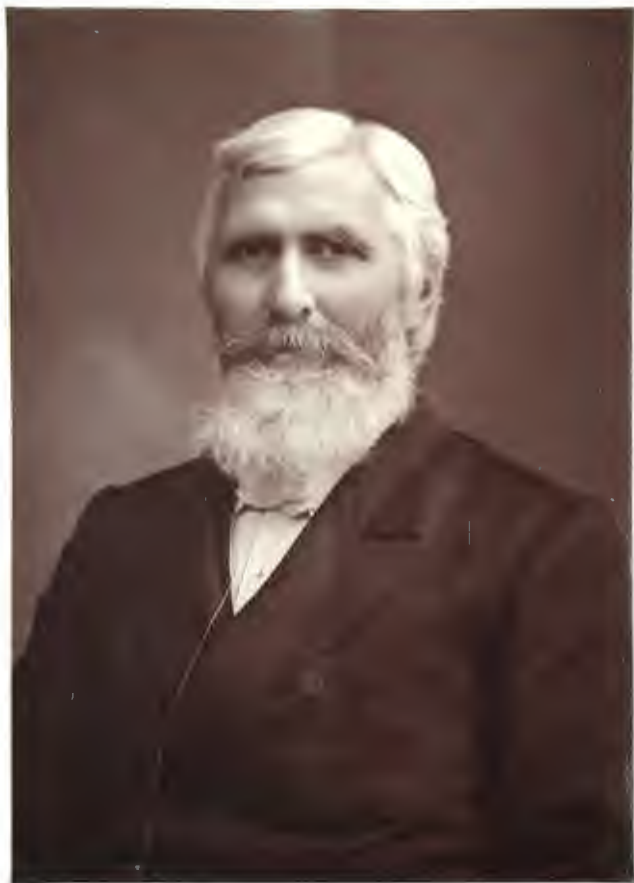
MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL'S "Life of Charlotte Brontë," in the "Great Writers' Series" (London: Walter Scott), has elicited very general praise from the critics. Although it is as impossible, as it is needless, to do again the work which has been so well done by Mrs. Gaskell, Mr. Birrell has obtained possession of some new facts with regard to Patrick Brontë's early life, while his narrative throughout is written in his own lucid and charming style. His criticism is delicate and graceful, and will undoubtedly facilitate the wider appreciation of the genius of the great writer of whom it treats. It is a book which will send its readers to Miss Brontë's own works. Not less cordially can we commend Dr. Richard Garnett's "Life of Thomas Carlyle" in the same series. It is at once concise and comprehensive, lively in its narration, vivid in its portraiture,

and incisive in criticism. The questions raised by Mr. Froude's publication of the "Reminiscences" are wisely and temperately discussed. Dr. Garnett's estimate of Carlyle will, in its substance, at any rate, meet with general approval, and his book obtain a well-merited popularity.

In the "Canterbury Poets" (London: Walter Scott), three volumes have appeared of more than average interest. First of all, selections from the "Poems of Bowles, Lamb, and Hartley Coleridge," a singularly attractive volume, the greater part of which has for long been practically beyond general reach. "Sea Music," an anthology of poems and passages descriptive of the sea, edited by Mrs. William Sharp. To say that it contains most of the finest passages on its fascinating subject from recent writers, including Lord Tennyson, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Robert Buchanan, is in no sense to exaggerate. It will be a delightful companion for the holiday season, to be read again and again. "Early English Poetry" is another valuable selection, with a not less valuable introduction from the pen of Mr. H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon, a writer of more than usual breadth of knowledge, and of decided critical power. This is one of the best essays on our early poetry which has recently appeared, and will be read with pleasure even by those who are well acquainted with the period of which it treats. Such works as these are invaluable for the ends of popular education, and Mr. Scott's enterprise ought to be heartily encouraged.

THE *Pulpit Treasury* (E. B. Treat, 771, Broadway, New York) is always full of good matter: varied, vigorous, and attractive. It must tend to make dull and profitless preaching impossible, furnishing not only model sermons, but innumerable hints as to all kinds of pastoral and Christian work. One of its most useful sections is that entitled "Beautiful Thoughts." To this we always turn with pleasure. The editor has, however, this month made one strange mistake. The paragraph beginning "Lord, I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit," is ascribed to Arthur H. Hallam. It was spoken generations before Hallam was born, and will be found in John Howe's magnificent sermon on "The Vanity of Man as Mortal" (see Howe's Works, R. T. S., vol. 1, p. 447). The quotation is, moreover, injured by being given in an abbreviated and incorrect form. We can account for this mistake only by the fact that Dr. John Brown, towards the end of his delightful essay on "Arthur Hallam," quotes the passage from Howe, as (we suppose) illustrating the main thought of his essay.

WE have received from the publishers—too late to be noticed in our last—a copy of this year's edition of "Alden's Guide to Oxford," which we have much pleasure in commending to the notice of such of our readers as may be contemplating a visit to the classic city on the Isis. It is compact, full of information, and carefully edited and printed, displaying numerous illustrations, and can be obtained for the small sum of sixpence. The publishers are Alden & Co., 35, Corn Market-street, Oxford.



Allen, New York's Photographic Co., Permanent Photo.

Yours very sincerely
Richard Glover

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1887.

THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER.



FOR the last eighteen or twenty years, Mr. Glover has been one of the most familiar figures at our denominational gatherings, both in London and the provinces. So thoroughly has he identified himself with every branch of our denominational work that in his absence a session of the Baptist Union would lack one of its attractions and be deprived of a considerable element of its power. Mr. Glover has gained in an unusual degree the confidence and affection of his brethren, and to whatever section of the Union they belong they are "all proud of him."

The writer of this sketch was brought into intimate relations with Mr. Glover during his first pastorate in Glasgow. Residence in widely separated parts of the country has rendered impossible the continuance of the familiar and happy associations of those now far-off days, but the old impressions have not been weakened, nor has the old affection abated. The estimate formed of Mr. Glover's ministry in the enthusiasm of youth has been confirmed by the maturer judgment of manhood; while his prominence as a denominational leader accords with the expectations which the writer, in common with many others, confidently entertained.

Mr. Glover is not, as has often been asserted, a Scotchman, though he is, we believe, of Scotch descent. He was born in South Shields in 1837, and has, therefore, had the satisfaction of seeing his fiftieth year honoured by Jubilee celebrations such as history has rarely witnessed! His father was a prosperous shipowner in the North, a prominent and active Liberal, who was thrice Mayor of South Shields, and afterwards a justice of the peace. After a sound education at school, Mr. Glover proceeded to the University of Edinburgh. He subsequently spent some time at King's College, London, prior to his entering upon his theological course as a candidate for the Presbyterian ministry. It was during his curriculum in the English Presbyterian College in London that the subject of baptism forced itself upon his attention, and his views underwent a change. He was not the man to ignore an unpleasant subject, to stifle conviction, or to shrink from any course of conduct urged upon him by his sense of duty or his loyalty to Christ. It was no easy task for him to sever his connection with the Church of his fathers, and associate himself with a people of whom, until that time, he had known little. But the sacrifice was promptly and resolutely made. Mr. Glover was baptized at Regent's Park Chapel by Mr. (now Dr.) Landels, on the same night as the Rev. T. Vincent Tymms, of Clapton. Shortly after his baptism, Dr. Landels recommended Mr. Glover to the church in Blackfriars Street (since removed to John Knox Street), Glasgow, and so favourable was the impression he made, that an invitation was immediately given him to the pastorate. This is the only occasion on which Mr. Glover has preached as a probationer; and, although in Blackfriars Street the recommendation of Dr. Landels was, as we once heard it said, of more worth to a young man than a score of good sermons, the wisdom of the choice was soon evident.

Mr. Glover settled in Glasgow in 1861. He never became what is called a popular preacher, but he speedily acquired an influence which few others have exercised. A Baptist chapel in the east end of Glasgow, in an unfavourable situation, did not afford a promising outlook for a preacher of Mr. Glover's type. The congregation was small, but it contained warmed-hearted, generous, and earnest men who knew the worth of their new pastor. In those days there were in Glasgow preachers of distinguished ability and uncommon

eloquence—John Caird, John Robertson, and Norman Macleod in the Established Church, Walter Smith in the Free Church, William Anderson, and, in some respects most winning and attractive of all, John Ker in the U. P. Church. But even with these men around him, Mr. Glover made his presence felt, and drew to Blackfriars Street an intelligent and sympathetic audience. There were doubtless more learned, more brilliant, and more eloquent preachers than he, but none exactly like him. Without the slightest approach to eccentricity, or a spark of affectation, his personality was yet unique. He was not then, nor is he, we imagine, now, a devourer of books. He was more of a thinker than a reader, and perhaps more of a seer than a thinker. His thought, his style, and his delivery were emphatically his own. No one could fail to be impressed with his clearness of spiritual insight, his vividness of imagination, his fineness of feeling, his genuine sympathy with men of the most diversified classes, and, above all, with his manifest earnestness. Men of his temperament do not move on an unbroken level. They cannot work by rule, or preach so as to illustrate “the law of averages.” His discourses were always good; but he occasionally rose to heights on which neither he nor others could permanently abide, although the memory of what he enabled his congregation to see from the mount of vision on which he stood is a possession of which they can never be deprived.

His Sunday morning sermons were generally expository; and, while they displayed none of the technicalities of scholarship, they were based on a close study of the Divine Word, not in detached texts and sentences, but in its connections and interconnections. Sequences were carefully traced, the underlying principles of Scripture were disclosed, and present-day lessons faithfully enforced. But Mr. Glover's most characteristic power was often seen in his monthly Sunday evening lecture, when he discussed questions which could not be adequately treated in an ordinary sermon—questions which lie on the borderland of philosophy and theology, or relate to the conflict between science and religion, and between literature and dogma. Among these subjects were the Text of Scripture, its transmission in MSS. and Versions, Various Readings of the New Testament, Miracles, the Character of Christ in Relation to Christianity, the Book of Job, Rénan's Life of Jesus, &c. The

lectures were attended by members of all churches and people of no church; and among the students at Glasgow University there was an unstinted acknowledgment of their worth. It was, perhaps, mainly over young men that Mr. Glover exercised his most powerful influence. To students for the ministry he was a cordial friend; and many who are now doing good and faithful work in our colleges and churches, and on the mission-field, look back with thankfulness to their association with him. The late William Anderson, of Reading, was, when a lad, a member of Mr. Glover's congregation, and how deeply that brave and saintly life was influenced by his pastor's teaching and spirit is well known. It was often said by those who knew both, "Anderson will be another Glover."

Mr. Glover's ministry in Glasgow was in every way a forecast of his subsequent career. He took an active part in the various religious and social movements of the city, was a frequent speaker at the meetings of the Baptist Association of Scotland, and aided by his counsel and help the formation of the present and more vigorous Union, though he did not remain in Glasgow to see it fully established.

Mr. Glover's first public appearance in England was in connection with our Foreign Mission. At the suggestion of Dr. Landels, he was invited by the Committee to preach one of the annual sermons at the May Meetings in 1867. His discourse, based on the text, "He gave to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitude," was intended to illustrate the mediation of the Church in the salvation of men. Many who were present at the service, to whom the preacher had been previously unknown, were completely charmed, and felt as they had not before felt the reality and grandeur of missionary work. The sermon was, from a literary point of view, a prose poem; from a moral and religious standpoint it was an inspiration.

When, in 1869, a new Baptist chapel had been erected in one of the wealthiest and most flourishing suburbs of Bristol, it was evident to those who had erected it that Mr. Glover was the most suitable man for the pastorate. He was at the same time urged to undertake the oversight of a newly formed church in London; but, after full consideration, decided to go to Bristol. Many of his friends questioned the wisdom of his decision and would have preferred to

see him in the metropolis. But there are few who would now deny that he took the right course. The position of Tyndale Chapel, the peculiarity of its neighbourhood, the character of the population around it, demanded a man of strong and cultured mind, an able preacher, a wise and skilful administrator, and an intrepid leader in Christian and philanthropic work. Mr. Glover has proved himself to be all of these. To a larger extent than in Glasgow he has attracted an appreciative audience. His congregation is as generous as it is wealthy. His burning words and noble example have been contagious, and from Tyndale Chapel have come some of the most munificent gifts which have augmented the resources of our Mission, and rendered possible our aggressive work in China and on the Congo. There is scarcely a congregation in Bristol or its neighbourhood which has not felt the influence of Mr. Glover's genial and earnest life. His position as Secretary of the College has brought him into friendly contact with churches, ministers, and students. He has aided Home Mission work as zealously as he has aided the work of the Foreign Mission. The policy for which Mr. Baynes has so bravely and earnestly pleaded could not have been carried out with such marked success, our churches would not so readily have endorsed it, had it not been for the influence of Mr. Glover and one or two like-minded with him, but of Mr. Glover pre-eminently. His speeches at Exeter Hall in 1880 and 1884, at Leicester in 1883, at the City Temple and at Broadmead in 1886, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them.

Mr. Glover's occupancy of the chair of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland was hailed with general satisfaction. His two presidential addresses, on "The Gift of Prophecy" and "The Work of the Church To-day," reveal the essential spirit of the man, and are among the manliest, the most reverent and Christ-like, as well as the most practical utterances to which we have listened. Mr. Glover has contributed to the *Sunday School Chronicle* several series of Notes for Teachers. His Commentary on Mark is a work of rare value, showing all the delicate insight, the robust sense, the poetic glow, and the devout feeling which the writer's friends know so well and prize so highly. The sermons he contributed to the pages of this MAGAZINE on "The Lord's Prayer" have since been collected into a volume, and form, in our opinion, one of the most beautiful and

suggestive of the many expositions which have been published on the theme with which they deal. To many of Mr. Glover's positions in these works we certainly cannot assent. The very intensity of his vision in one direction occasionally leads him to overlook counterbalancing truths in another. Those who are ruled by logic must often feel constrained to pause and inquire even where they do not eventually differ. But where is the teacher to whose words we can yield an unquestioning assent? And how few there are to whom we are indebted for larger and worthier views of Divine truth, for clearer insight into the mind of Christ, for finer spiritual stimulus and more effectual aid in our endeavours to reach the Christian ideal of thought and life. In Glasgow and Bristol there are many who, when they think of Christ as their Saviour and Lord, gratefully remember Richard Glover as the man who led them to Him; and in all parts of the country there are devoted Christian workers who, by his influence, have been led to more generous, disinterested, and self-denying service.

J. S.

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONE—WAS HE A BAPTIST?

SECOND ARTICLE.*



R. GROSART states that the original church, out of which the church was formed of which Mr. Barebone became pastor, was a Baptist church. His statement is as follows:—"Probably shortly after 1630, † Praise-God Barbon was chosen minister by half the members of a Baptist congregation which had been under the pastoral care

* The first article appeared in the volume for 1886, p. 436, and would have been followed immediately by the second article but for the sudden, and, as it proved, very protracted illness of the writer. The present article would have appeared in an earlier number of the current volume but for the appearance of the series of articles entitled "The Gifford Remains."

† It was in 1640.

of Mr. Stephen More, but which, on More's death, divided by mutual consent into two parties. The one half chose Henry Jesse, and the other half Praise-God Barbon. Those who fixed on Barbon were Pædo-baptists, maintaining that the baptism of infants was Scriptural, while the other part of the congregation comprised Baptists proper."

That the congregation referred to was a Baptist congregation when it was under the care of Stephen More is distinctly at variance with the statement of Crosby, who is one of the authorities to whom the Doctor refers his readers. Crosby says, "It was not an *Anabaptist* but an *Independent* congregation, tho' there might be some few among them holding that opinion. They met in Deadman's Place, having at that time one Mr. *Stephen More* for their pastor."

That difference of opinion on baptism was not the cause of the church dividing and becoming "two bands" was shown in the previous article. That Mr. Jessey was not chosen pastor on account of his being a Baptist by the "other part of the congregation" which "comprised Baptists proper," that at that time (1640) he was not a Baptist, and that the "other part" did not comprise Baptists proper is evident from the following:—

"In 1644 he held several debates with the Leaders of several congregations concerning Pædo Baptisme, for he questioned whether it could be proved from Scripture that any others had right to that ordinance of the Sacrament, but such as can give account of their Faith in Christ, and their answers to him not seeming satisfactory; He was (about *Midsummer* the year following) baptized by Mr. *Knowles*, though his own congregation was most of them for Infant Baptisme." *

Dr. Cramp says "He followed the dictates of conscience, was baptized by Hanserd Knollys in June, 1645, and became the pastor of a church which is supposed to have met in Woodmonger's Hall, London." † Mr. Jessey's change of views did not necessitate his leaving his people and taking another charge, as Dr. Cramp seems to imply; but—as we are told by the author of the small biographical work just quoted, which was published eight years after Mr. Jessey's

* The Life and Death of Mr. Henry Jessey, &c. (1671).

† Baptist History, p. 357.

death by one who, it is evident, knew him personally, and the things whereof he wrote—ministered to the same church till his death in 1663, *although the majority of his people continued to the last to differ from him on the subject of baptism, as well as on that of the Sabbath.*

Thus Mr. Jessey did not become a Baptist till five years after Mr. Barebone left him, and even then most of his people were Paedo-baptists.

Mr. Barebone's discourse, published in 1642, controverting the Baptist argument and maintaining the position of a Paedo-baptist, has already been noticed, as also the replies it called forth. In a second pamphlet, in which he makes answer to what he calls the "Frivolous and Impertinent Answer of R. B. to the discourse of P. B.," and in which "There is also a Reply in way of Answer to some Exceptions of E. B. against the same," Mr. Barebone says: "First, he saith, I am greatly offended, he doth but surmise, for he cannot gather it out of my discourse; he sheweth what dipping he meaneth, totall dipping of the whole man over head and eares; he pretended this is the commandment of God, wherein the 28 of *Matthew*, this now must serve the turne, as true and false did before: but sure it is a rare thing to gather it thence, for if dipping were there injoynd, yet sure totall dipping cannot be. It is not saide, goe, dip all nations totally, or over head and eares, certainly, this totall dipping is somewhat voluntary religion, having a shew of wisdom; as men owne wayes have; he quoteth many places, and sundry examples, but sure the man is as one that looketh through a greene glasse, he seeth all of the same colour, all and every of these Scriptures, and examples are for totall dipping, the whole man in matter and burying of him under water; and I appeale to the judgement of the indifferent Reader, whether there be any the least syllable to any such purpose: no marvell he should check me for not beleeving of it; and so confidently to father his fancie, and erroneous conceit, on the Holy Scriptures, and which is more to hold all the Churches, and Christians in the World to be unbaptized, but those two or three that have been totally dipped: he is in a high straine if he can keep it, I hold not dipping so necessary, but that a person baptized by sprinkling, must needs therefore be esteemed unbaptized, I indeed acknowledge I hold washing the maine, as before I declared

in my discourse, and washing by the way of dipping, or by the way of sprinkling, to have in them the substance of the Ordinance being wayes of washing; he is pleased to take notice of the Reasons, I alleadged, which is first that sprinkling can be but a defect in the quantity of the Element; I said it is a wonderfull thing a nullity should follow thereof: and is it not? To this he saith he wondereth any should esteeme that an Ordinance of Christ, which Christ never ordained; but this is only to beg the matter, improved: but the 28 Ma. 19 serveth still; Christ hee saith never ordained sprinkling, but dipping; therefore sprinkling in Baptisme is none of Christ's Ordinance, and so by consequence a nullitie; Thus easily in his conceit, and fully in his opinion he hath made the Baptisme of not a few persons in the world; If I should make the like against his totall dipping he would not receive it, though it be his owne, *Christ* never ordained totall dipping by an unbaptized person: *Ergo*, it is none of *Christ's* but a nullity, and by consequence R. B. is yet unbaptised."

It will be seen from the foregoing—if its turgidity and vile punctuation will permit of anything being seen—that in Mr. Barebone's view the quantity of water used in baptism was a small matter, sprinkling, pouring, or dipping being each and all alike good and valid. So much for the mode. On the question of the proper subjects for baptism he vehemently contended for the right of children to the ordinance, traversing the familiar ground of the covenant with Abraham, circumcision, the holiness of the children of believers, the improbability of households not containing children, &c. The foregoing extract, be it observed, is a fair specimen both of his style and argument.

This reply was published in 1643. It conclusively proves that Mr. Barebone was anything but a Baptist, and therefore, how baseless are all such statements as "In 1640 he became pastor of a Baptist church in London which separated from the community over which the Rev. Henry Jessey, presided." *

In the State Paper Office is a document which shows that, as Carlyle remarks, Mr. Barebone was a man "of considerable private

* Cathcart's (American) Baptist Encyclopædia, Art. *Barebone, Rev. Praise-God*,

capital." It is an "Order of the Committee for the Public Revenue, that Dr. Aaron Guerdon, appointed Master and Worker of the Mint in the Tower, enter into security of £2,000 in the Exchequer for the performance of his covenants and indents with four sureties," each in £500, one of whom was "Prayse Barbon, of Fleet Street, Leatherseller."

It was on the 6th of June, 1653, that Oliver Cromwell set his signature and seal to the summons which was addressed to the members of the "Little Parliament," more commonly called "Barebone's Parliament," to assemble at Westminster. Among the members, who had all been chosen with particular care, was, as every one knows, Mr. Barebone, who sat for the City of London. Says Mr. J. A. Picton in his "Oliver Cromwell: the Man and his Mission," "It is a singular illustration of the perennial childishness of mankind that Mr. Praise-God Barebone, a leather dealer of Fleet Street, who was summoned to this Convention, has not only been regarded as a ridiculous character himself, for no other reason in the world than the accident of his name, but has been supposed to stamp the whole assembly as a collection of laughable hypocrites and oddities. Such, however, was not the opinion of their contemporaries." And Carlyle, after mentioning some of the eminent men who sat in this assembly, says, "Truly it seems rather a distinguished Parliament, even though Mr. Praise-God Barebone 'the Leather-merchant in Fleet Street,' be, as all mortals must admit, a member of it. The fault, I hope, is forgivable. Praise-God, though he deals in leather, and has a name which can be mis-spelt, one discerns to be the son of pious parents—to be himself a man of piety, of understanding and weight, and even of considerable private capital, my witty flunkey friends! We will leave Praise-God to do the best he can I think." What that best was we do not know, for, as Carlyle truly says of this Parliament, "Their witty name survives, but their history is all gone dark, and no man, for the present, has in his head or in his heart the faintest intimation of what they did or what they aimed to do. They are very dark to us, and will never be illuminated much." That Barebone was a prominent and active member may be inferred from the fact that the assembly had his name bestowed upon it. Dr. Grosart, indeed, says, "In the house Barbon does not seem to have spoken at all," but what warrant he has for the statement we know not. It is scarcely to be

believed that so mercurial and loquacious a person as Barebone seems to have been should have been "a silent member," especially in such stirring times. Moreover, the Doctor's statement is directly, at variance with the statements of such writers on the events of the Commonwealth period as were nearest to them. Clarendon, referring to some of the members of the Parliament of 1653, says, "In which number, that there may be a better judgement made of the rest, it will not be amiss to name one, from whom that Parliament itself was afterwards denominated, Praise-God Barebone, a leather-seller in Fleet Street, from whom, *he being an eminent speaker in it*, it was afterwards called "Praise-God Barebone's Parliament." * Neal says of the same Parliament: "It was much wondered at, says Whitelocke, that these gentlemen, many of whom were persons of fortune and estate, should accept the supreme authority of the nation upon such a summons, and from such hands (Cromwell's). Most of them were men of piety, but no great politicians, and were, therefore, in contempt sometimes called the Little Parliament, and by others Barebone's Parliament, from a leather-seller of that name, *who was one of the most active members of it.*" † Rapin says, "Amongst these members was one Barebone, a leather-seller, who, in his neighbourhood, passed for a notable speaker, because he used to entertain them with long harangues upon the times." In a footnote it is added, "His name was Praise-God Barebone, from whom, *he being a great speaker in it*, the Parliament was called as above." ‡

Clearly these witnesses all show that not only was Barebone one of the master spirits of the Assembly, but a chief speaker in it. According to Neal this Parliament passed an Act to repeal laws which hindered the progress of the Gospel, and to give liberty to all to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences without fear of molestation—a sufficient evidence of the enlightened views which prevailed in it. Doubtless, our redoubtable Barebone, having a vivid remembrance of "the Nimrods of the earth" and their tyrannical proceedings, had a hand in this wise and truly liberal enactment. About the only glimpse we get of him in the active

* Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," III. 482, 714.

† Neal's "History of the Puritans," IV. 55, 67.

‡ Rapin's "History of England," II. 590.

discharge of his Parliamentary duties is in Burton's "Cromwellian Diary," where we read that on August 2nd, "The house being informed that there were divers petitioners at the door out of the city of London, Mr. Barebone and Captain Stone were sent forth. Mr. Barebone acquaints the house that the petition was in behalf of Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburne."

Barebone was a strenuous opponent of the restoration of Charles II. It was to him that Needham confided the manuscript of his book "News from Brussels in a Letter from a near attendant on His Majesty's Person to a Person of honour here. 10 March, 1659." This work, which was intended to expose, and hold up to public reprobation, the evil life of Charles in Holland, was printed and published by Barebone, and scattered broadcast. The famous "Petition of Mr. Praise-God Barebone and several others" to Parliament against any kind of reconciliation with the Stuarts, or the monarchy, needs to be no more than mentioned. It prayed that all officials should solemnly abjure the Stuarts, and that anyone proposing a restoration should be deemed guilty of high treason. One cannot help admiring the intrepidity of Mr. Barebone in the matter; for General Monk was now in London preparing the way for Charles the Second's return, and the petition itself showed that he was not unaware of what was on foot. But the leather-seller dared to defy the betrayer of his country's liberties, and his whole army, in the cause which he knew to be the cause of freedom and religion. That Monk knew that the leather-seller, Independent minister, and quondam M.P., was a formidable adversary is evident from what he did. Says Wilson in his "History and Antiquities," "Monk, who knew the popularity of Barebone, was obliged to make a general muster of the army, and write a letter to the Parliament, expostulating with them for giving too much countenance to that furious zealot and his adherents." The Royalists, not content with stigmatising the petition as "wicked and blasphemous," "bold, of dangerous consequences, and venomous," and as being "worthy of all dedignation, indignation, and abomination," proceeded to the commission of assaults, if not on Barebone's person, at least on his property. Dear, delightful old Pepys bears witness to this. In his Diary February 12th, 1659-60, he writes "So to my father's, where Charles Glascocke was overjoyed to see how things are now; who told me

the boys had last night broke Barebone's windows." Again on February 22nd he writes, "I observed this day how admirably Barebone's windows are broke again last night."

After the Restoration Barebone took advantage of the "General Pardon" of 1660, but he did not, nevertheless, disguise his sympathies or dissemble his principles. When, in 1661, Vavasour Powell found himself in the Fleet Prison, Barebone "constantly resorted" to him to strengthen and comfort him. On the 26th November of that year he himself was committed to the Tower. On July 27, 1662, an Order in Council, on petition of Sarah Barebone, his wife, released him on bail from prison where he had been kept "many months, and so ill that he must perish unless released." Once more he appears, and this time in 1676, as a witness on house-rents, being at this time a resident in the parish of St. Dunstan. It was on this occasion that he stated he was eighty years old. His death took place in 1679. His interment is registered in the parish register of St. Andrew, Holborn, under date 5th January, 1679 (-80) "at ye ground near ye Artillery." From this we should judge that he was laid where so many of the distinguished dead of Nonconformity have been laid—namely, in Bunhill Fields, which is close to the exercise ground of the Honourable Artillery Company.

A portrait, published in "A Word to Fanatics," &c., of "Mr. Praise-God Barebone, Leatherseller, Leader of the Republican Parliament, Anno 1653," represents him with a lofty but narrow forehead, thin face, aquiline nose, slight moustache, and "goatee" beard.

After the publication of his "Reply," in 1643, Mr. Barebone does not seem to have essayed the press again; consequently there is no subsequent evidence such as that affords as to his religious views, and particularly his views on baptism; but there exists absolutely no evidence that he ever abandoned the views therein expressed. Had he at some subsequent period become a Baptist, it is scarcely conceivable that proof of the fact should not in some way, direct or indirect, appear. He was clearly a man who forced his way to the front, and was not disposed to hide his light under a bushel. Is it to be believed that, had he been a Baptist minister, his name would not have been appended to, or in some way identified with, the numerous declarations, petitions, confessions of faith, &c., which emanated from the Baptists of those times? Should we not find him in Baptist

Assemblies, and his name in close juxtaposition to those of Hansard Knollys, William Kiffin, Benjamin Keach, Henry Jessey, John Tombes, Francis Bampfield, and other prominent Baptists of that day, whose history is not dark to us? Yet we find nothing of the kind. There is a declaration, it is true, which has attached to it the names of fourteen persons, confessedly Baptists, who describe themselves as belonging to "the church which walked with Mr. Barebone"; but the fact that these fourteen alone signed seems to show that they were the only Baptists the membership contained. Mixed communion, it should be remembered, was almost or quite as common then as now, Baptists being found, as now, in Independent churches, and Pædo-baptists in Baptist churches in full fellowship. If Mr. Barebone had been a Baptist we should have had, it may be concluded, his name among those of the other signatories, and, if the church over which he presided had been a Baptist church, we should either have found him signing for the entire membership, or have had the signatures of all the members, his included.

As the case now stands, we have adduced evidence of the most complete and conclusive kind showing that Praise-God Barebone was not only not a Baptist, but a strong opponent of Baptists several years after the period at which he has generally been supposed to have become the pastor of a Baptist church, while there is not a tittle of evidence that he ever subsequently changed his views. We would gladly have continued and supported the claim for his being a Baptist had historical truth and fidelity permitted; for we believe that he was a high-minded man, of great force of character, if not of commanding intellectual powers, and that he was a devoted friend of freedom. As it is we fear his name must henceforth be erased from Baptist histories and biographical dictionaries, and the good man, or what remains of him, handed over to our friends the Congregationalists.

EDITOR.

ON BEING CAPTIVATED BY LOWLY THINGS.

“Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.”—Romans xii. 16.



IF we have any touch of St. Paul's spirit, or of the spirit of his Master, we feel at once that the Apostle could not have written the latter clause of this precept as it stands in our Authorised Version. “*Condescend* to men of low estate!” Nothing could be more injurious to us, or more offensive to them. *Condescend* to a brother-man, because I chanced to be born with a bigger brain, or in a higher social rank, or in “a more spacious possession of dirt” than he—what could be more alien to the spirit of Him who loved all men because He accounted them all the sons of God? Probably we have met men who took, and kept, this non-Pauline, non-Christian, precept very strictly, and should not grieve overmuch if we never met them again: *i.e.*, we have had neighbours who either were, or assumed themselves to be, “above” us, and who in their occasional intercourse with us made us feel very keenly that, though they could “stoop” to us, they knew that they were stooping, bending down to our level, from some real or fancied superiority. And, possibly, we ourselves, in our intercourse with some poorer or less gifted neighbour, have been so consciously and laboriously “kind” to him, or have so obviously worn “the proud stoop of feigned humility,” or have been so insolently careless of his feelings and preferences, as to turn our very help into a burden to him, and to “load” him with kindness in a very different sense to that which we intended. In short, we have “condescended” to him, as others have “condescended” to us, doing to him as others have done to us, but by no means as we *would* that men should do to us.

Our own experience teaches us, then, that it cannot be right to “*condescend* to men of low estate”; and our knowledge of St. Paul, who had a much larger experience of life than ours, convinces us that this precept, at least in the form in which it stands before us, did not come from his pen.

Where did it come from then? It came from a blunder of our translators which has been only partially amended in the Revised Version:

“Set not your mind on high things, but condescend to things that are lowly.” For, first of all, the verb translated “condescend” conveys the almost opposite notion, of “being *led captive by*” (“be carried away with” is the marginal reading of the Revised Version); so that, if all else in the precept stood unaltered, what St. Paul really bids us do is, not to *stoop* to the poor and lowly, but to be *captivated*, charmed, enchanted by them, affectionately preferring them to men of higher position and larger wealth. And, then, whether or not the rest of the precept should stand unaltered is still a moot point with scholars; for, in the Greek, St. Paul would use precisely the same terms whether he meant “lowly *men*,” or “lowly *things*”; and some take him to have meant the one, while others maintain he meant the other. When scholars differ, we must fall back on our own common sense. And if you read the whole sentence of which this precept forms part, I do not think you will have much doubt as to what the Apostle’s meaning was. The antithesis of the sentence would be wholly spoiled were we to read, “Mind not high *things*, but be captivated by lowly *men* ;” whereas the antithesis is preserved, and we get what looks and sounds like a natural construction, if we read, “Mind not high *things*, but be charmed by *things* that are lowly :” *i.e.*, “Do not set your hearts on that which is high and rare, out of most men’s reach, but on that which is low, well within your reach and the reach of every man.” I cannot but think, with the majority of our Revisers, that this is the true reading, the true meaning of St. Paul; and though it does not much matter which of the two we prefer—for both paths lead to the same goal at last—it is in this sense that I shall henceforth take his words.

Here, then, we have what will strike most of us as virtually a new, though at the same time a very Pauline and a very Christian, precept: “*Be captivated by lowly things.*” I hope you will also find it a very welcome precept; and that, not simply because it is so wholesome and Christian in its tone, but also because it is so pertinent to the present time, because it rebukes sins to which we are very strongly tempted just now, and inculcates a virtue of which we stand much in need.

“Be captivated by lowly things” is the very precept for such an age as this. For no one who looks around and within him can fail to note that a spirit of emulation, an ambition to rise, is far more widely spread among us than in any previous generation, and pervades large

classes that were once content to live a quiet and sober life. *Now* almost every man wants to "get on," an innocent and honourable ambition where it does not mean, as it too commonly does, getting before his neighbours and even rising at their expense. Almost every man wants to get rich, and even to get rich by his neighbour's loss, wants to outsell rather than to excel him; wants to live in a bigger house, to move in better society; wants in some way to distinguish himself, to lift his head a little higher than his fellows—forgetting Him who, when He was rich, became poor to enrich us; who, when He was exalted at the right hand of the Father, emptied Himself of His glory, and made Himself of no reputation, that He might raise us to the heaven from which He stepped down.

So common and prevalent is this spirit, that I dare say some of you younger men have never so much as suspected that the desire to rise in the world, to enrich and distinguish yourselves above your fellows, is an ignoble and un-Christian desire, unless indeed you aim at wealth in order to enrich them, and wish to rise that you may the more effectually raise them. So prevalent is this spirit that it is getting shamefully common to find men, not only trying to be more and other than they are, but absolutely *pretending* to be more and other than they are, pretending, for example, to be wealthier than they are, pretending to be of higher station or adherents of more popular or of more fashionable creeds, whenever they get a chance of imposing this false conception of themselves on those with whom they associate for a time. Many of the articles in our newspapers and magazines assume that everybody, or everybody worth taking into account, lives on a large income, in a large house, belongs to two or three clubs, and moves in fashionable society, although most of the men who write these articles, and nine-tenths of those who read them, are quiet persons of very modest means, who have quite enough to do to make both ends meet, and who never encounter a lord save in the street or on a platform. If you travel, you are as likely as not to meet men in the carriage, or at good hotels, who study to convey the impression that they are people of far greater wealth and importance than they are, passing themselves off for men of opulence and fashion, although they are manufacturers or tradesmen; for Churchmen, although they are Dissenters; for Conservatives, although they are Liberals; or, in a hundred other ways, betraying

their natural vulgarity, ambition, and selfishness. In fine, they “mind high things,” or what they think to be “high,” and see no attraction, no charm, nothing to captivate or enchant them in things that are lowly.

Now, that in all this I am not exaggerating it is only too easy to prove. I was recently staying at an hotel, for instance, in which, with some whom the world acknowledges as of higher rank—well-born and well-bred people living at the Court end of London—there were wealthy merchants and salesmen from the City, fresh from their suburban villas, men whom I knew to be, though they did not know that I knew them, members and deacons of Nonconformist churches; and yet most of them were posing as men of fashion, who had barely heard of anything so vulgar as a shop, a market, or a chapel—which one of them by-the-bye called “a conventicle”; or as men of fortune to whom the struggle with poverty and the narrowing influence of a neglected education were utterly unknown. For the time, though they were respectable Christian men, they had quite forgotten that to be of what is called a “good family” is only desirable in so far as it helps a man to be good, and that to be rich is only desirable in so far as it enables a man to do good on a large scale. They had quite forgotten that he is best born who is born from above; that he alone is truly rich to whom “all things” belong, things present and things to come; that he is the true gentleman who breathes the gentleness of Christ; and that he alone can be called truly happy who can “rejoice evermore.”

If it was impossible to look on such a scene as that without a certain scorn, and a deep pity for men so untrue to their better nature, it was also impossible to look upon it without being reminded how often, in their devotion to what they deem “high things” men, and even good men, are untrue to that which is really highest; how often they are unfaithful to their principles, disloyal to their Lord, in that they do not care to be known for what they are, but would rather pass for wealthy, clever, and fashionable worldlings, than for men of a quiet, godly, and devout spirit; noble, only because they are the sons of God; rich, only because, in Him, they have all things and abound.

If any of you are in danger from this worldly spirit, as no doubt we all are; if you are tempted to “mind,” to aim at and value “high

things"—*i.e.*, what the world calls high—suffer me very briefly to point out a more excellent way; the way of minding that which is lowly, and to show you how it may mould, refine, and enlarge the whole tone and temper of your life.

"*Be captivated by lowly things.*" You all feel how sweet and healthy the precept is as soon as you hear it; for you have known and admired some "humble livers in content," to whom it seemed natural to live plainly and think nobly. You have seen them keep their tastes simple, and their hearts pure from the fret and fever of the world, amid all the luxuries and temptations of wealth and distinction; or you have seen them, when wealth and distinction were well within their reach, content themselves with a modest provision for modest wants, and retire from the cares and excitements of business to live for higher and more tranquil ends, or to serve the world in which they no longer cared to strive and contend. And you have pronounced them "blessed," even if you have not followed their example, or have not been able to follow it. You have confessed that they were wise in not losing their life to secure ample means of living, wise in getting out of a life harassed by perpetual risks and anxieties, wise in being content with a modest aim and in knowing when they had reached it.

And I want to shew you, if you do not see it already, how this preference of lowly over high things may be acted out in very different conditions to theirs, in *all* the conditions of human life indeed; and how it will sweeten and ennoble your life, if you will let it, whatever your position or vocation may be. For here, as almost everywhere, St. Paul is not laying down a rule for outward occasional observance, but enjoining a mood or temper of the soul, an inward spirit, which may be cherished by all sorts and conditions of men through every hour they breathe.

1. As he writes he has men of two very different types in his eye; and you know them both. You know the man, for instance, who minds the high things of *Nature*, and the man who is captivated by her lowly things. The one is attracted by that which is distant, vast, splendid, exceptional; while the other is drawn toward that which is near, familiar, common, accessible at all times, as free to others as to himself. There are those—you can hardly have failed to meet them—who lose the daily delight of wonder and admiration and love because

a primrose is nothing more than a primrose to them, because in that which is all about them every day they see nothing to charm them ; who can be deeply moved only by that which is strange to them, or that which is large and magnificent, or that which is rare. But there are also those who are easily pleased, easily stirred to thoughts and emotions which enlarge their minds, enrich and purify their hearts ; who find flowers in weeds, and a world of beauty in the commonest flower that blows ; who love the notes of the thrush, the blackbird, and the lark, all the more because they have long been familiar with them ; who can see as much to quicken wonder and delight in a hedgerow as in a forest, in a few mouldering red bricks lit up by the evening sun as in a range of lofty mountains. And no one can deny that those who are thus captivated by lowly and common things are infinitely better off than those who must travel far, or catch some rare effect of sky and earth, before they can be deeply touched or moved.

Nor do I see how anyone can deny that this love of that which is lowly is the more Christian, as well as the happier mood, of the two. For the man who minds the high things of Nature commonly derives part of his pleasure from the fact that, as men must travel and watch to see them, he shares them with the few ; that the grand and lovely scenes which he affects are not, as he sometimes phrases it, " profaned by the vulgar herd," by the swarms of tourists who annually drive him further afield ; while he who minds lowly things loves them all the more because they are common, because so many enjoy them, because they are open to all, and because both he and they may at any moment recur to them without effort and without cost.

We too much forget that the desire for possession or distinction, except when we wish to rise or to possess for the benefit of our fellows, is a selfish and un-Christian desire ; but the moment we are reminded of it we cannot but admit that then only do we share the spirit of Christ, when, instead of trying to be better, or better off, than our fellows, to raise ourselves above them, and to hug ourselves on any private possession or delight, we aim at helping them to any pleasure, elevation, possession, that we have attained or enjoy.

2. So, again, if we leave the world of Nature for that of *Art*, we shall find the same distinction, and the same duty. Some men love

a picture mainly because it is dear, or rare, or because no one has another, or another so good, by the same artist. They value a bit of pottery for its age, its price, or its rareness, rather than for its beauty, and do not care how ugly it is, if only other people want it and can't get it. Many a man, I fear, loves the pretty things in his house mainly because they are *his*, because they cannot be matched, or because very few can possess and enjoy them beside himself; and hence the very objects which ought to minister to his culture and refinement, and make him a nobler and a better man, are tainted with a vulgar selfishness. But the *Christian* lover of art is captivated with lowly things—*i.e.*, he prizes "things of beauty" for their beauty, for their historical associations, for their power of suggesting fine thoughts or calling up pure and purifying emotions, rather than for their rarity or their costliness—and loves them all the more the more simple and common they are. His delight in them is enhanced by being shared; and, instead of seeking to excite the envy of his neighbours, he would like every man to have as keen a joy in beauty as his own, and as large a scope for indulging it. And who does not see that this lover of that which is lowly, simple, common, must have a thousand pleasures at his command—and all of them pure—for one, and that mainly an impure and selfish one, that *he* has who aims at an exclusive possession of that which is exceptional, so rare or so dear, that few can have it but himself?

3. So, once more, in *Business*. We all know men who make it their chief aim, not to excel, but to outstrip their neighbours; to pass, rather than to surpass, them. They want to make a large and rapid fortune, not to make or sell the best goods they can, and to sell them at a fair price. And they see that the surest way to secure their vulgar and selfish aim is to attract attention to themselves—*i.e.*, to draw it away from their neighbours. To them, every man in the same vocation is a rival, and they want to *beat him* almost as much as they want to do well for themselves. They will even try, I am told, to *ruin* him by unfair practices, as well as to draw custom away from him, by puffing and advertising themselves and their wares, and by underselling him in the market. And what do they want this large and rapidly made fortune for? They want to rise above their neighbours, to be better off, to have more business, to make more show, to get into county society, to marry their children "well"—*i.e.*,

to marry them to money or to rank—to found a family, to display and enjoy themselves. In short, their whole aim in business, as in art, is tainted with a vulgar selfishness. They mind high things. They want to raise *themselves*, not the class to which they belong or the whole tone of the society of which they form part. They want to enjoy *themselves*, not to make life easier and happier for all men.

Christian men, that is no aim for a Christian man of business! To live for others, not for ourselves, is the Christian law. To be honest is better than to be successful; to be kind and neighbourly is better than to make a fortune. Any possession, any culture, any gift, which you can neither share with others or use for their benefit as well as for your own—it is a shame for you to have or to aim at having. And you know it. For you know men who have given up bright prospects of success in business to live a quiet, simple, useful life. And you admire them, you cannot help admiring them, for the “sacrifice” they have made, which, however, is no sacrifice, no loss, but a true and high gain. And you all know men still in business who are not ambitious of great things, but who take pains to excel in their several lines of labour or of commerce. They shrink from glitter, and noise, and lies. They take a fair profit on their wares, and are content with it. They will not give in to the chicaneries of the market, or fret and degrade themselves with the gambling of the Stock Exchange. *In* business, they keep themselves unspotted from the world, the world of business, and would rather live sparsely, or even starve, than grow rich by fretting their souls with risks they ought not to run, or by an exorbitant and soul-destroying devotion to mere gain. And these, too, you admire; you cannot but admire them; and your admiration of them should prompt you to imitate them, prompt you, even in the weary world of business, to love lowly things rather than high things, and so to secure for yourselves a tranquil, sober, and godly life.

4. In your *Recreations and Amusements*, no less than in business, it is your duty to keep the same clear and simple aim before you, and to pursue it in the same unselfish and Christian spirit. No doubt many forms of amusement which the Church long condemned are perfectly lawful and innocent, if they are lawfully pursued. But in the present excessive devotion to certain games, we need to remember that many things are lawful which are not expedient; and that among

innocent and lawful amusements there are some which ought to be preferred.

You can see for yourselves—sensible men constantly confess and lament—that there is a growing tendency to make some very good and wholesome games too difficult, too expensive, so that you must rent a large piece of ground, or provide a costly apparatus, before you can take part in them ; while in many forms of indoor and hospitable entertainment there is, even in Christian families, a growing tendency to make them costly and elaborate, to imitate the habits of a higher or a wealthier class, to make as much dash and show as can be crowded into them. Here, too, then, St. Paul's precept comes in, "*Be captivated by lowly things.*" Give the preference to simple pleasures, pleasures easy of attainment, amusements which all can share, which you may take up at any moment, without fuss, without elaborate preparation, without expense. Mind not high things, even if they are within your reach, and do not crave them if they are beyond your reach."

5. Finally, St. Paul's precept holds even in *Charity*, even in doing good, even in distinctly religious service and work. Even in the Church there are men, and men of all classes, poor as well as rich, who mind high things, and shew that they mind them in various ways. There are rich men among us, for example, who give liberally to good causes, but expect their gifts to be acknowledged, published, advertised. They forget our Lord's encomium on those who let not their left hand know what their right hand doeth, and will hardly put their hands into their pockets and open their purse, unless you put your hand into your pocket and pull out a trumpet to sound their praise. And there are poorer men who will devote much time and energy to the service of the Church if only they may make a fuss over it and be seen of men to work. They love large committees, large posters on the wall, big public meetings, much notice from pulpits and newspapers, imposing statistics, flattering balance-sheets. In short, they cannot work without noise ; and we often owe them at least as much noise as work. And, happily, there are men of a quiet and modest spirit, who delight to remain unknown and unadmired, who undertake work which no one else cares to do, who give to the utmost stretch of their means, and who take as much pains to conceal their good deeds as other men do to trumpet theirs ;

who shrink from the noise and glare of publicity, and dread nothing more than being thanked for what they do or give. True lovers of that which is lowly, ready to take up any neglected task or to share in any common task, never so happy as in giving secret help, doing good by stealth and blushing to find it fame, they set an example to us all of that sweet and wholesome grace of humility which all men praise though few practise it, and breathe the very spirit of Him who did not strive and cry, nor make a noise in the streets, although He came to achieve the greatest work ever done on earth—the work that lifted earth into the embrace of heaven, and has given to all men power to become sons of God. If there are those among us who blow their own trumpet somewhat too often and loudly, and are disappointed when their neighbours do not turn their solo into a chorus, there are many men who live in secret, who work and give in secret, and who—or so one sometimes thinks—will be sorely abashed and put to the blush even when their Heavenly Father Himself rewards them openly. Let us thank God for them, and follow them, not flying at that which is high, but minding and loving that which is lowly.

S. Cox, D.D.

NONCONFORMITY IN RELATION TO THE YOUNG.

No. I.



T is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that one of the most notable features of modern religion in England should be expressed by a negative term. Nonconformity implies a passive or active rejection of certain maxims or dogmas and a renunciation of certain observances established by law in the matter of religion. I say passive or active rejection and renunciation, and I deem it unfortunate, alike in the interests of religion and Nonconformity, that I feel constrained to make this distinction.

There are tens of thousands in our country who cannot be properly regarded either as Conformists or Nonconformists. I am speaking of

the unbelievers, the scorers, and the openly profligate; the men and women of England who are "living without hope and without God in the world." These persons are Nonconformists only because they are non-Christians. This class of our countrymen and countrywomen I place out of my reckoning altogether. Indeed, I believe the Church of England lays claim to them all. But, apart from the irreligious masses, there is a very large number of Nonconformists whose dissent is of a passive character. I mean those who have been born of Nonconformist parents, who have inherited Nonconformist traditions, who have been educated in Nonconformist schools, and have gone to Nonconformist family parties. A large proportion of this class are Dissenters, I am afraid, less from principle than from usage. They have no more questioned the propriety of their being Nonconformists than they have questioned the propriety of their being Protestants. I am convinced that a similar charge might be brought with equal truth against very many who are regarded as excellent Churchmen. I go further, and although it may be a rather bold assertion, yet I think it can hardly be denied, that not a few of those now exercising the sacred function of the ministry may deserve some gentle censure in this matter. Do you think it impossible, do you think it improbable, that there are many pastors in the Establishment who have never seriously pondered the question as to the particular banner under which they should be ambassadors for Jesus Christ? Have they ever faced the great issues involved in the distinction between Conformity and Nonconformity? Have they considered the claims of Dissent any more than the claims of Buddhism, or even as much as the claims of the Papacy? Does the bishop ever ask his candidates for their opinions on this great controversy? On the other hand, do you think it impossible, do you deem it at all improbable, that some of our own ministers hardly considered this question until they appeared before the College Committee? Is it uncharitable to say that in too many cases the subject was not attentively studied until the ordination service drew near, and a suitable answer had to be prepared to the question: "Why do you prefer the Nonconformist ministry to that of the Establishment?" If what I have suggested be true to any extent, then surely you will say these things ought not to be.

There has been too much taken for granted, and, if the truth must

be told, Nonconformist fathers and mothers and Nonconformist pastors are not altogether blameless in the matter. If this question really deserves the importance we profess to attach to it, then surely we must give greater attention to it. There is no doubt that a large proportion of professed Nonconformity amongst us is involuntary, and in many cases it is borne with too evident constraint and impatience. I should like to observe here, that I have thus far (as we are all accustomed to do) used the words "Nonconformity" and "Dissent" as synonymous terms. I think, however, that they have different significations, although in general discussion they may be used interchangeably. Nonconformity, I repeat, is a rejection of certain practices, modes, and accompaniments of Protestant worship as established, or considered to be established, by law. Dissent is a repudiation of certain doctrines and assumptions held, or considered to be held, by the members of the Protestant Established Church. It implies, further, a disapproval of much of the polity of that Church, and of the legal association of the Church with the State. Modern ecclesiastical history reveals the relative strength of Nonconformity and Dissent at different periods. At one time the controversy is more about square caps, surplices, and the sign of the cross in baptism; at another it rages round the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the invocation of saints, or baptismal regeneration and absolution. Ridley was a Dissenter, Baxter was a Nonconformist. In these later days we are becoming, perhaps, less and less Nonconformists, if we are not becoming more and more Dissenters. We must bear in mind that these two terms "Nonconformity" and "Dissent" represent the great principle of religious reform, which was a mighty force long before either of them was used. The Anglican Church itself is of Nonconformist origin, and there are at this moment more Nonconformists and Dissenters inside the Establishment than out of it. There are as many Christians outside the Church of England as there are in it.

We have carried out and carried on toward its ultimate issues that principle of religious and ecclesiastical reform which the early Anglican Dissenters initiated. The fathers of Anglicanism and the fathers of Nonconformity were trained in the same school. The important distinction to be observed between us is that, while we have advanced, the Anglican Church has stood still. This fact should be impressed on the minds of our young people.

Our ancestors, however, were so staunch in their Nonconformity or their Anglicanism that they had scarcely the patience to give young people that instruction which would have enabled them to estimate properly the value of these opposing ecclesiastical claims and to pronounce an intelligent judgment upon them. A generation or two ago the children of Dissenting parents were marched by the church on Sunday morning almost as if it had been a heathen temple. The sons and daughters of Episcopalians were taught to shun the chapel as a moral pest-house. A young man deserting the Church of England to attend the Methodist Meeting-house was in danger of bringing down the grey hairs of his father and mother with sorrow to the grave.

As a rule, the Nonconformists have been lax where they ought to have been firm, and they have been rigid where they might well have been lenient. Nor have they been altogether consistent in their treatment of their young people. They have sent their boys and girls to Nonconformist schools, but I am afraid they have not taught them the principles of Nonconformity. Their children have been taken to the Dissenting chapel on Sunday, but why they should be taken there rather than to the church they were not informed. Fathers and mothers have thought it essential their children should be trained in Greek and Latin, in ancient and modern history, but they have hardly inquired concerning the progress made in ecclesiastical history. For a boy to come home from school without some knowledge of the Roman Augurs and the Druids would have been an almost sufficient excuse for his never going back. His ignorance concerning the Huguenots or the Covenanters is accounted of little importance. The rising generation knows much about Cæsar and little about Constantine, and can enumerate the provisions of Magna Charta far more accurately than those of the "Act of Uniformity."

If the inculcation of Nonconformist principles in the minds of our youth is of so little relative importance, then where is the necessity for our so-called Nonconformist schools? Here, however, our ancestors were exclusive where they ought to have been liberal. The consequence is that boys and girls have been forced into Nonconformity, but not educated in Dissent. We need surely not be surprised if we think we discover symptoms of a reaction. It is scarcely to be wondered at if young men and young women, when allowed to act for themselves, are drawn gradually to the Communion

of the Church of England. They imagine they have nothing to lose, but probably something to gain, by offering to a religious organisation to which earthly prestige is attached that allegiance which has never been freely given to another. I wish to speak with all reverence of those fathers of Nonconformity who are now beyond the region of religious strife. We are deeply indebted to them, especially for the firm and solid adherence to their principles which they maintained in harder times than ours. I have yet, however, to be impressed with the wisdom they are, I suppose, thought to have displayed in the establishment of public Nonconformist schools, except indeed on economical grounds. For my part, I prefer that boys should mingle freely with boys and girls with girls in their earlier studies and sports, regardless of the ecclesiastical divisions of their parents.* Nonconformity implies, or ought to imply, deep religious conviction, and there can be no true Nonconformity without it. You must have religion before you can have a particular phase of it. There must be the body of religion before the clothing, and "the body is more than raiment." I am afraid we have erred in this respect. We have been too content with nominal Nonconformity, perhaps too careless about vital Christianity. If a youth arrives at the twentieth anniversary of his birth without having manifested any anxiety in the matter of religion the circumstance is hardly noticed. But if he leaves the family pew at chapel to attend the services at church, there will be an important topic for discussion at the next deacons' meeting, and a fresh subject for conversation in every home represented in the congregation.

I consider that instruction in the principles of Nonconformity may very fairly be given, and, indeed, ought to be given, to what we term our Catechumens and the members of our Bible-classes. Ecclesiastical history is a continuation of the Church records commenced in the "Acts of the Apostles." The Reformation, the Rise of Nonconformity, the formation of Bible Societies and Missionary Societies, have furnished interesting and important subject-matter for succeeding chapters. The last Report of the Congregational Union, of the

* I am not speaking of private schools conducted by Nonconformists, for, in most, if not all of these, the children of Episcopalians are allowed to worship at church, and assistant-masters are chosen irrespectively of their religious views.

Baptist Union, of the Wesleyan Conference, and of the Church Congress, the last Reports of the various Missionary, Bible, and Tract Societies, bring the history of the Church down to the latest period.

It can hardly be denied that our system of Sunday-school teaching (if it can be called a system) requires re-arranging. In all other departments of education there is a prescribed and recognised course. The teaching in connection with the highest of all subjects is too often irregular, and, indeed, slovenly. The course is zig-zag rather than straight. Little children appreciate instruction in the simplest portions of the Saviour's life and the more interesting passages of Old Testament history. The parables and miracles of our Lord, with other portions of the Jewish annals, should follow. At this point the pupils should be taken in hand by teachers who would expound and illustrate the other discourses of Christ, the Epistles of the Apostles, and the great principles of vital religion. A short course of Church History should succeed, for which "Simpson's Epitome" and "Soldiers and Servants of Christ" would be of great service. I would then urge sound teaching in the general principles of Nonconformity, and the distinctive principles of Congregationalism, and there is no lack of suitable books for this purpose. I may mention, however, Dr. Conder's "Why are we Dissenters?" and Dr. Dale's "Manual of Congregationalism." I am convinced that a course of this description, if generally adopted, would raise the tone of our Sunday-school teaching and tend also to promote amongst our young people not only a more healthy and vigorous Christianity, but a robuster and more intelligent Nonconformity. I feel quite sure you will agree with me when I say that the teaching staff in our Sunday-schools is not, as a rule, of that character which the importance of the occasion demands, and I venture to add that our churches will never attain to their true and proper influence, they will never occupy their distinct position, either spiritually or ecclesiastically, until the Sunday-school teacher's office is more respected by Christian people, until that most honourable department of Christian service is invested in our eyes with a dignity akin to the grandeur with which it is associated in the regard of our greatest Teacher, the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a lamentable indictment, but sadly too true, that there is a large mass of intellectual and religious wealth lying useless in the store-houses of our

churches. I mean useless as far as the interests of the Church of Christ are directly concerned. Many men evidently think it no small honour to be elected members of secular School Boards, and they hardly hesitate to canvass from door to door that they may attain to the dignity they covet. But it is accounted a quite different thing to sit on a Sunday School Union Committee. To instruct a class of boys in classical lore, with Homer and Livy and Ovid for text-books, is regarded as an honourable employment, but to teach a number of youths the history of the Jews and the story of the Cross from the Old and New Testaments is considered a very inferior occupation. I am well aware that there are, and have been, splendid exceptions. Men illustrious in science and in law have not been ashamed to train young people in the noblest of all sciences, and in the grace which will eventually supersede all law. These men are eminent, perhaps, more on account of their humility than of their learning, and they only are wise and great who have discovered that the most precious rewards and the highest honours are to be obtained, not by stretching up, but rather by stooping down. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." "He that descended is the same also that ascended."

It is very important, however, for us to remember that, although we may be negligent in regard to the religious training of young people, the Anglican Church is by no means lethargic in the matter. Indeed, we Nonconformists are placed at considerable disadvantage in regard to this question by the managers of the Church of England schools. By means of its educational machinery the Church of England is able to draw to its Communion those who would otherwise continue outside its fellowship, and we Nonconformists are forced to keep this machinery in motion. Let me give one illustration. There is a village in the Peak District possessed of one elementary day-school. The Nonconformists' children who attend the school form two-thirds of the whole number. The Government grant, after the last inspection, amounted to nearly £90. A boy who has been trained in this school and who is anxious to become a pupil teacher is pronounced ineligible unless he consents to retire from the Nonconformist Sunday-school and attend that of the Church. No person can act as manager in that school unless he previously declares himself a member of the Church of England. As far as the children educated in our village schools are concerned, I am afraid

that the "Conscience Clause" is practically useless. I was told by the master of a Church school that it is the custom, when a new boy or girl is brought to the school, to inquire of the parents whether they prefer that the child should not be taught the Catechism, and that the almost invariable reply is, virtually, it matters not. The moral effect of this carelessness on the part of fathers and mothers is likely to be very disastrous. A boy who has been baptised by a Congregational or other Nonconformist minister is taught to say his godfathers and godmothers gave him his name, and that those godfathers and godmothers promised for himself that he should renounce the devil and the devil's works. Under the shadow of the sacred edifice, almost within the precincts of the sanctuary itself, little children get their first lessons in falsehood. They are taught to say that the Father of lies has been renounced on their behalf, and, in almost the same breath, they utter unconsciously an untruth. They are made to say they are members of Christ, and at the same time forced to make a false declaration. What reflections are these boys and girls likely to have when they recall the religious teachings they received in earlier days? What will they think and say of their parents and instructors? If in after life one should take a solemn oath to speak the truth and immediately bear false witness against his neighbour, shall he alone be condemned? We must not offend one of Christ's little ones. Our safest plan is to separate as far as possible religious instruction from the secular, and it is no part of our duty to take Cæsar's money for teaching God's truth. The Queen's Minister of Education has no higher moral right to lead your children into the church than the King's Sergeant of Dragoons held two centuries ago when he drove your fathers out of chapel. The elementary education given in our State-aided schools must be regarded as strictly neutral territory. It is the Afghanistan of our ecclesiastical controversy, and if that beneficial instrument called the "The Elementary Education Act" is proved to be ineffectual against the inroads of sectarian opinion from any quarter, then it must be amended, and amended without delay.

CHARLES GOWARD.

Youlgrave, Bakewell.

COLONEL MARDEN'S SUBSTITUTE.
A STORY FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BY EDITH ROBINSON.

CHAPTER II.



T lacked but one week of the two months, and neither boy, reviewing the time, could tell if he had the advantage. It seemed to both—nay, to all, for everybody in town was hanging on the result—that a straw would turn the scale either way. Each kept a watch on the other, painful in its intensity. It seemed to be in the very air. Colonel Marden, meantime, kept his own counsel.

Then something happened. The straw fell. A will disappeared, not to be found this time, after a brief though annoying delay, but hopelessly and finally lost.

It was one of unusual importance, and in response to the many calls to look at it, Colonel Marden could only produce, with apologies, the copy, in Sam's hand—fatal evidence—in the "Wills" volume. There was search high and low. Colonel Marden looked annoyed, Arthur elated, and Sam downcast. It was no use repeating he was sure he had replaced the paper, as indeed he had kept watch and guard over his besetting fault the last week. For once Colonel Marden expressed himself unreservedly.

"Indicative of carelessness that might lose you a case or cause you to overlook a fatal flaw on your adversary's side, Sam," he said, gravely; and the boy felt that just at the last he had made a fatal mis-step.

No wonder, too, that Arthur was correspondingly elated, as the will still refused to "turn up." The last week was slipping by, and every night he drew a sigh of relief at the thought of the clean record of that day. The door had opened at the Sesame of carefulness and perseverance.

Colonel Marden—this was Wednesday—had sent him to look up an estate in a certain unused Index, whose dates were those of the last century.

The volume opened of itself, and between the leaves lay a thick folded paper. Arthur's heart gave a bound that almost stifled him, as with a kind of premonition he caught it up.

Yes, it was the lost will.

"In the name of God, Amen. I, John B. Thornton, of Dalton, County of ——"

He had read thus far by a kind of fascination.

"Isn't it there, Arthur?" called Colonel Marden's voice. There was a sound of a chair pushed back. "Perhaps ——"

The thoughts rushed through the boy's brain as he stood there, transfixed, will in hand, and struggled with the temptation.

How had it found its way to this volume never before taken down? —certainly not by Sam. Could the Colonel himself?—no, impossible. One of the lawyers? Yes, probably. There were always some in and out. He must have had it, then, in consulting the old Index, carelessly left it there, and Sam was guiltless, and he would be even with him again, more than even, for he was "smarter," Arthur reluctantly acknowledged, and they were there that Colonel Marden might see which was the smart one.

The quick, firm step was near the door.

His advantage would be gone in another moment. Only three days more. He could not give it up. Oh, he could not! And it was not his business to bring it forward, either. Very likely Sam had left it there after all. He was for ever leaving things in unheard-of places.

Of course he would not do anything so mean as to hide it outright; put it in his pocket or destroy it. He would just leave it there and give Sam the same opportunity of finding it. The struggle was succeeded by a glow of self-righteousness that he had not put it for ever out of his rival's way, when, too, that rival was so hateful and mean a fellow.

Twenty pages lay upon Sam's hopes and ambitions, as Colonel Marden turned—no he never turned, wheeled into the room.

"Yes, sir, I'll have it in a moment," Arthur made answer, so coolly as to surprise himself. Yes, he would have been a fool to have done differently.

Surer yet was he that he had chosen well when Saturday came. It was Court day, too, when the Court meeting at Paulsboro' the

Registrar would be away all day in attendance. He was in the office a short time in the morning, and it was just as he was going that he said :

"By the by, Arthur, I heard at the last moment that the Loring case may be called. Get the papers ready, and if necessary I will send for them. Don't fail. I promised Judge Baxter to attend to it. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," responded Arthur, easily; but his heart sank.

Still, he had the morning before him, and the papers might not be sent for, after all. He knew enough about Colonel Marden by this time to feel that after that "Yes, sir," it would be an unforgivable thing to fail him. There was nothing particularly difficult about the case, only a puzzling technicality that had occurred again and again, but which he had been unable as yet to master.

But he would look it up. Surely there was time.

And perhaps he might have succeeded, though his brain fairly reeled with his efforts; but everything seemed against him. There were more callers than usual, several of them old farmers who persisted in telling him their story from beginning to end, and there were papers called for and ceaseless momentary interruptions of "The Colonel in?" till noon came, and he had not yet mastered that knotty point, while every moment the "Probate Directory" seemed to grow foggier.

He remained in the office through the dinner hour.

Perhaps, after all, the papers would not be sent for. This, as the afternoon wore on, became the hope to which he clung most fondly.

Three o'clock and he began to breathe easier; four, and he relaxed his efforts. The office closed at five. Half-past, and tipping back on the high office-stool he gave a glance of unconcealed triumph at Sam, duly met and interpreted.

Quarter to five. A week from now he would be in Hanover, a Freshman, with a little pin, his society pin, on his waistcoat, and coming home vacations to see the fellows of his class plodding on in stores or rusting out their lives on farms, like Sam Allen, who once had actually thought he could get to college over his shoulders. Well, he would meet him kindly—

The door opened. A boy in uniform entered; he had a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Here! Give it here!" called Arthur, and tore it open.

"Send papers at once, without fail!"

The express went at 5.15, and he had been trying in vain all day. There lay the papers, to be sure, but they might be useless, and Colonel Marden receiving them at this juncture—he was a quick-tempered man, too, beneath his self control—it would be fatal.

For a moment Arthur buried his face in his hands. He must take the chances.

He took the papers, folded them once, twice, to fit the big envelope. Sam looked up.

"Give 'em here," he said gruffly.

Not understanding the motive, but grasping at the action as at the proverbial straw, Arthur gave them mechanically.

Sam spread them out, looked them over, asked shortly for other papers, made a correction here, an addition there, flung one into the waste-basket and replaced it with a different blank. Then, without a word, he tossed them all back.

When Arthur returned, out of breath, from the express office, Sam had his hat on, that same inky hat, whose stains were plainly visible.

"I say that was immense of you," began Arthur. "I am no end sorry we can't both have the place."

"You needn't be, and I don't want your thanks," responded Sam, sternly. "The Colonel's a brick, he'd hired us both and he'd promised the Judge. If you were such a fool as not to be able to make out the papers, it was my place to, that's all," and off he went, with a dreadful slam to the door.

The hardest part of it all was at home, telling them who had believed so in "our Sam." He spoke with as much indifference as he could muster. Next week he would begin to pick the potatoes. He made a brave show of interest in farm work to his father. That was all he was fitted for, blunderer that he was.

Only—how he hated it. Involuntarily the picture of a student's room at Hanover came to him again. But he had promised, and it was all at an end.

It was no use. The bread was choking him. Why did not somebody speak—why, for pity's sake, were they all looking at him? Was their bread choking them, too?

He pushed his chair back and went to his own room. What, such

a baby as to cry—never! Arthur must not see him with red eyes. The first thing they fell upon was the burnished student-lamp. He flung himself on the bed and the cry came.

The boys were to be at Colonel Marden's house at eight that evening. Arthur was already in the library, with a look of triumph on his face that he tried decently to cover as Sam entered; he had not come at his usual pace.

He took the chair to which the Colonel pointed, and sat looking into the fire. He must not cry here. He looked almost sullen. Mercifully, Colonel Marden began at once.

"I have made my decision," he said. "It may relieve you, Sam, to hear that I found the lost will to-night, in an old Index which you had never touched." Was there the least possible emphasis on the "you"? Was it chance that for a moment his glance rested on Arthur? "So you are exonerated. Perhaps the man I fit out as my substitute to fight the good fight will only be, like myself, in the rank and file; perhaps he will be a leader of men.

"Be that as it may, I want one who can put self away for the welfare of another, who can be true to cause rather than party, magnanimous to an enemy, and with whom outward considerations can weigh nothing against his own instinctive sense of right. I gave you a competitive examination in that, too, and one of you failed.

"My choice is—Sam Allen."

The face by the fire was transformed. What, to go to college, not to disappoint them, not to dig potatoes and pick apples and hoe corn, after all! What would they say at home, Jerry and the rest? He was unconscious that he had risen, half in involuntary act of racing to tell them, but fettered by something else. He was looking at the man before him. Yes, they spoke truly who placed his goodness before even his brains, and they—he and Arthur—had stupidly forgotten that. If he could only live to be like him; to be truly his substitute. He cared little as he realised that the forbidden tears had come, so thick that everything was in a mist, that he was stretching both his hands out, blindly, gropingly. For what, he had no idea. Perhaps for instinctive seeking for help in the resolution of that moment.

As in a mist, too, came Colonel Marden's concluding words:

"I am sorry for your disappointment, Arthur. It was a hard test,

my boy, and not one in a thousand would have done differently. But what I want in my substitute, highly as I prize intellect, is not one half so much what men know as 'smartness,' as what they instinctively feel as honour."

BRIEF STUDIES ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

HEROISM.

"When the time was come He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."—LUKE ix. 51.



WE are so accustomed to dwell upon the gentler features of our Saviour's character, His humility and submission, His patience and forbearance, His benevolence and tenderness, that we are apt to lose sight of the higher and nobler traits. Yet how much was there in His constant fortitude, His unwavering courage, His burning zeal, His quenchless ardour, His forgetfulness of self, to constitute the very noblest heroism! No "hero" of human "worship" was ever so tried, or came forth so triumphant.

How much was there to unnerve Him in the daily contact of His holy nature with guilt which lay open to His omniscient eye, of wretchedness which His tender spirit could realise to the full, and exposing to constant trial a nature more finely strung, and feelings more acute and susceptible than ours! "Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds" (Heb. xii. 3).

How much was there to cool down every lofty impulse and sublime emotion in thirty years' obscurity, in daily labour as a poor carpenter, and in association with the ignorant and debased population of Nazareth!

What unexampled heroism was there in the sustained and prolonged anticipation of an agonizing death! We speak not now of ages in eternity. We speak of the period of His earthly life. When men are adjudged to death it is considered mercy not to give them many days for anticipation. If they have to go through some

painful operation, the surgeons like not [to give them many hours' notice. We have read of a young man among the Khounds, who had for two years been devoted to sacrifice, and, under the lengthened anticipation, his mind had given way, and he had become idiotic. Jesus had thirty years of anticipation, saw it all at a glance, and realised it at all times to the full. Yet, as days, months, years, rolled onward, and brought Him nearer and nearer to the dreadful hour, did His resolution fail, or His mind lose its elasticity? Ah, no! "I have a baptism to be baptized with," He said; "and how am I straitened till it be accomplished."

We call men heroes for bearing bravely what they cannot avoid. How much more when escape would have been possible? Jesus might have avoided the final suffering had He willed to do so. "Thinkest thou not that I cannot even now pray to My Father, and He shall presently send Me twelve legions of angels?" (Matt. xxvi. 53). "No man taketh My life from Me, but I lay it down of Myself" (John x. 18).

How pure and unselfish were the motives that stirred Him! Not for Himself, but for others, not for the coveted honours which usually make men heroes, but in the face of scorn and contempt:

"For love to sinners filled His heart,
And made Him choose to die."

How little of human sympathy was there to help Him onward! He came alone on the wonderful enterprise of redeeming a lost world. No band of faithful friends nor angel host came to bear Him company. Unattended, without wealth, or apparent rank, or any extrinsic aid, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not" (John ii. 11). Nay more, they cried out, "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him" (John xix. 15). His own disciples could not bear the mention of the subject. "Be it far from Thee, Lord. This shall not be unto Thee," said Peter. "Could ye not watch with Me one hour?" was His touching appeal to them in the garden. One hour more, and they "all forsook Him and fled" (Matt. xxvi. 56). "For He trod the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with Him" (Isaiah lxiii. 3).

Those high and holy impulses gathered strength as the time drew near! It was to brave death in its most dreadful and most shameful form, that "He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." "As

His disciples were in the way, He went before them, and as they followed. they were afraid."

"With all His sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task His spirit flew,
'Twas love that urged Him on."

One trial of that noble resolution yet remained. Undefended and alone, He stood before His heathen judge: "If He were not a malefactor," said the Jews, "we would not have delivered Him unto thee." But the judge has his doubts. There is that in the royal bearing of the prisoner, in His calm dignity, in the sweet and elevated expression of His countenance, in His fortitude and meekness, so unlike all other criminals who have been brought before him, that he cannot believe Him to be the guilty thing His enemies say that He is. He puts the prisoner on His defence. "Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee unto me. What hast Thou done?" And now, can there be a greater trial to an innocent person than to have the opportunity offered of proving his innocence, and to reject it—to maintain the silence of apparent guilt, and "make his grave with the wicked"? But the heroism of Jesus is proof even against this trial. A few words from "Him who spake as never man spake" might have nerved the cowardly heart of Pilate to let Him go, and those words remain unspoken. He, the sinless one, has resolved to die for the guilty, and as guilty He will remain before His judge.

It is not all over. "I find in Him no fault at all," says Pilate. "I will therefore chastise Him and release Him." And the so-called chastisement is inflicted. Jesus is scourged. That terrible Roman scourge is permitted to mangle His sacred body. "The ploughers ploughed upon His back: they made long their furrows." And the pitiless thorns are driven into that majestic brow, and, wearing the robe of mockery, He is brought forth, and Pilate says, "Behold the man!" Torn, outraged, bleeding, fainting, life is again put within His grasp. The stern Roman, more pitying than His relentless foes, still endeavours to save Him. "Speakest Thou not unto me?" asks Pilate. "Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and have power to release Thee?" But no concurring effort on the part of the prisoner comes to his aid. "As a sheep before her shearers is

dumb, so He opened not His mouth." "Then Pilate delivered Him unto them," and "bearing His cross," "they led Him away" "to be crucified."

Vain are all attempts to symbol forth heroism like Thine, O matchless Redeemer! Yet men see it not. They admire the faintest reflection of it in their fellow-men, but now, as then, they see no beauty in Thee to desire Thee!

Rather less than two centuries ago, a brave little city in the North of Ireland was the scene of one of the most memorable sieges recorded in history. There, feebly fortified, and inadequately provisioned, a band of eight thousand held out for one hundred days against the united power of France and Ireland. They fought for liberty, and religion, and right—for their wives and children, their nation and their God. Ships sent by England to their rescue had come, and looked, and gone without an effort to save. Another detachment floated for weeks within their sight, and mocked their hopes with promises, but made no attempt to relieve them. Their hearts sickened with hope deferred. The wounded, the famished, the fever-smitten, dropped too fast for burial. The lean and starved horses, the tallow, the salted hides, the dogs fattened with the slain, were all but gone. Three thousand of the brave garrison alone survived, and only two days' miserable rations remained for them. They looked in one another's eyes, and whispered words which could not be uttered, while with haggard looks and faltering steps they repaired for the last evening to the house of God.

That night, the flash of guns along the river, the shouts and yells of conflict, told that help was at hand. On came a gallant ship under the fire of the enemy, bore down the massive boom which had kept out all supplies, and, with its attendant vessels, rode triumphantly into the harbour, bearing provisions in abundance for the despairing watchers. But the brave deliverer who had volunteered his life for his townsmen was no more. He had fallen under the fire of the enemy, at the moment which brought triumph and relief to them.*

We too were without hope, reduced to the last extremity of despair, when there came One to our help, on whom we had no claim—One long resisted, insulted, rejected. He came, the Prince

* Macaulay's History of England—Siege of Derry.

of life, from a far distant sphere, to the sorely besieged and famine-stricken children of men. He brought to our shores a freightage of life and salvation, and as with one irresistible stroke He bore down the mighty obstruction which our own folly had raised, the moment which gave life to us brought agony and death to Him.

And men admire him who risked his life to bring help to his native town ; but they see nothing to admire in the heroism of Him who knowingly and voluntarily sacrificed His life to save His enemies !

But we who have been thus rescued, we who have learned to adore the self-sacrificing love of our Almighty Deliverer, how is it with us ? Are we ready to lay down our lives for our Lord ? to lay them down for our brethren ? The early history of the Church is indeed full of noble deeds, worthy of the followers of such a Leader, but what shall we say of our country and our times ? It is true that we have little to call out this lofty virtue. Free from persecution, tranquil, safe, comfortable, it may be even luxurious, we have little to test our courage or our endurance. But are we ready if times of persecution should return ? Is the spirit still in us which would nerve us to do and dare, and suffer all things for our Saviour's sake ?

Doubtless, even in the retirement of domestic life, many a martyr spirit bears uncomplainingly, silently, heroically, an amount of physical or mental suffering as great as that of any martyr at the stake. There is One Eye which sees and appreciates it. The " Well done " will come at last. Such shall have their reward.

If we cannot imitate Jesus in the heroism of endurance, can we not imitate Him in the heroism of enterprise ? There may be a danger of stepping out of our province to take up wild and romantic projects or undertakings for which we are altogether unfit. But there may be danger of another kind—of stifling the heaven-born thought, and burying the heaven-imparted talents, and listening to the whispers of fear and false shame, and the dread of the world's laugh. If Whitfield and Wesley, Raikes and Lady Huntingdon, Wilberforce and Clarkson, David Nasmyth, Sarah Marten, Elizabeth Fry, and a long list of noble followers had resisted the hallowed impulse which urged them forward, who shall calculate the measure of light and happiness which had been lost to our fallen world ?

A noble enterprise, perseveringly pursued, enlarges the soul,

elevates the nature, makes us kindred in spirit with our Lord. We may all have one such, resembling in its character that which animated Him. He came to bring many sons unto glory. We can at least try to bring one. We have all some one relative or neighbour for whose conversion and salvation we might strive and pray. Some might, like Harland Page, labour for and win a hundred. The careless, the guilty, the miserable, throng around us everywhere. Are there no stirrings of pity and desire in our hearts for them ?

There is one test of this spirit which may be applied even to our peaceful times. It is found in obedience to the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." How sadly the heroism which Jesus has taught us seems to be in the rear of that which the world regards as such ! How many brave young spirits press forward to sacrifice themselves for the world's poor meed of praise ! How few, comparatively, of professing Christians are ready to obey the "marching orders" of "the Captain of their salvation," and to win the imperishable honours which He alone can give !

This is, indeed, an age of Christian enterprise. Every class of heretofore neglected, or needy, or suffering ones at home has become the object more or less of Christian interest and care, while Bibles and missionaries are finding their way to many a land hitherto "in darkness and the shadow of death." Noble men and women too, have been raised up to set before us Christ-like examples of heroism and self-sacrifice ; but very small as yet is their proportion to the multitude of professing Christians who live in apathy and self-indulgence. As yet the border-line of the usurper's country is but just crossed. As yet it is doubtful whether the combined efforts of all Christian workers so much as meet the needs of the mere increase in the population of the globe. Oh ! for the spirit to be "poured upon us from on high," and make us all capable of deeds of heroic self-consecration, after the glorious pattern of our beloved Lord and Master !

J. L.

BRIEF NOTES.



OUR issue for November will contain an admirable portrait of the late much loved and lamented Rev. T. J. Comber.

WE have much pleasure in publishing in our present number an article from the accomplished pen of the late editor of the *Expositor*. It may be interesting to some readers if we state that "On being Captivated by Lowly Things" was intended for Dr. Cox's last volume of "Expositions," reviewed in these pages a month or two ago, but was "crowded out." Dr. Cox is always fresh, suggestive, and instructive, and readers will find him no less so in this contribution to our pages than in the "Expositions," among which it was designed, in the first place, to appear.

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

BROWN, J., has been recognised pastor at Wincanton.

BERRY, J. J., removes from Manchester Street Church, Oldham, to King Street Church, Wigan.

BREEWOOD, T., has left Walthamstow and proceeds to Australia.

CALDWELL, STEWART, has entered on pastorate at Anglesea Church, Clayton-le-Moors.

CORBETT, A., of Pastors' College, succeeds Dr. Macnair at Greenock.

DUNCAN, G., D.D., has exchanged the pastorate of Lindley Church, near Huddersfield, for Hornsey Rise.

DYSON, WATSON, has resigned pastorate of North Parade Church, Halifax, and accepted call to Hitchin.

GILLARD, W., of Bideford, has accepted the pastorate of the united churches of Croyde and Georgeham.

GLANVILLE, W. E., has recalled his resignation of the church at Coate, Oxon.

GREEN, A., has been recognised pastor of church at Great Broughton.

GREGSON, J. G., late of Mussourie, has accepted a call from Sion Jubilee Church, Bradford.

HACKNEY, W., M.A., late of Oxford, has accepted a call to Graham Street Church, Birmingham.

HARRIS, G. H., Dartford, preached farewell sermons on the 14th ult.

JOHNSON, A. E., of Swansea, has entered on pastorate at Penknapp, Wilts.

JOLLY, J., B.A., has resigned his pastorate at Boston, Lincolnshire.

KNIGHT, J. J., late of Circus Chapel, Birmingham, has begun his ministry at Wootton-under-Edge.

LATIMER, R. S., of Cambridge, has accepted pastorate at Colne.

LESTER, A., of Pastors' College, has commenced his ministry at Wollaston.

LLEWELLYN, L., has accepted charge of Park Lane Church, Southsea.

MARTIN, H. J., late of India, has commenced his ministry at Arthur Street, King's Cross.

SETCHFIELD, J., of Pastors' College, has just gone to take charge of the St. Helena Church.

SWAINE, S. A., has resigned his pastorate at South Kensington, which he has held for the last nine years.

WITNEY, T., has resigned his work in connection with the new cause at Lower Tooting.

WOOD, H., has resigned his pastorate at Long Eaton.

EDWARDS, JAMES, who entered the Baptist ministry more than sixty years ago, has deceased at Worthing, aged 86.

REVIEWS.

WALKING WITH GOD. A Memoir of the Venerable John Alcock (late Archdeacon of Waterford). By his Daughter, the author of "The Spanish Brothers," &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

A GRACEFUL and well-merited tribute to one of the most devout, earnest-minded, and richly-cultured of the Evangelical clergy of Ireland. His life, extending from 1804 to 1886, was from early years devoted, with rare and passionate earnestness, to the service of our Redeemer, and at his successive charges in Tralee, Frankfield (Cork), Douglas (Isle of Man), and Dublin, he proved himself a model minister of Jesus Christ, and lived so as in every way to illustrate the title which his daughter has given to her most beautiful and attractive Memoir. It is a work to shame our low content, and to stimulate all Christian pastors to higher and holier things. The selections from Mr. Alcock's MSS., given at the end of the Memoir (mainly on the Song of Songs), are interesting, but we are not sure of the wisdom of including them in a volume of this nature. The paper on "The Right of the Little Ones" proves how imperfectly the author—in common with many other good men—understood our Baptist principles, and the teaching of Scripture in regard to them.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, 1886—1887. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE fourth volume of this the most popular of English magazines is in every way equal to its predecessors. Apart from the illustrations, which form its special feature, it contains sufficient literary matter of the highest order to win for it a foremost place. Mrs. Craik's "An Unknown Country," a record of a charming tour in Ireland; the not less graphic and valuable descriptions of Bristol, Cambridge, and Coventry, with their history and traditions; the articles on "Hops and Hop-picking," on "Our Fishermen," and on "Surrey Mill Wheels," the Rev. D. Rice Jones's vivid picture of "The Heart of London," and the late Richard Jeffries' "Walks in the Wheatfields," are contributions which add materially to our knowledge of the places they describe, and ought to be read by all who are

interested in the condition of the people, whether from a material and social, or from a moral and religious standpoint. Mr. Freeman's articles on "The Less Known Towns of Southern Gaul," Mr. Armstrong's "Picturesque Picardy," and Mr. Browne's "Venice," are also noteworthy. In the department of fiction we have Mr. B. L. Farjeon's powerful story, "A Secret Inheritance," Mr. Marion Crawford's "Marzio's Crucifix," "Jacquetta," by the author of "John Herring," and several short pieces. Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations of John Gay's "Journey to Exeter" are as clever and amusing as his illustrations of "Sir Roger de Coverley." The engravings throughout are of the highest order. Among the contributors, in addition to those we have mentioned, we notice the names of Mr. E. Burne-Jones, Sir Noel Paton, Mr. D. Christie Murray, Miss Catherine Cooper, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. D. J. Robertson. Artists and authors have combined to give us the very best which the genius and skill of England can produce, and the result is a volume which will find a place in every good library and every well-furnished home.

WILLIAM CAREY, the Shoemaker, who became "the Father and Founder of Modern Missions." By J. B. Myers, Association Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society.

ROBERT MOFFAT, the Missionary Hero of Kuruman. By David J. Deane. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

THE determination of Messrs. Partridge to publish a series of well-written and beautifully illustrated missionary biographies at a price which will bring them within the reach of all classes is worthy of universal support, and we heartily commend their purpose to the notice of our readers. They have made a capital start. Mr. Myers has told anew the story of Carey's noble life with a freshness, a zest, and a power which will render his work of value even to those who are familiar with that story. His interest in missionary work, his Northamptonshire birth, and his pastorate at Kettering give him peculiar qualifications for his task, and not less conspicuous are his literary tact and skill. He is a pleasing and effective writer, and his "William Carey" will, we venture to predict, become exceedingly popular as a gift and prize book, especially, we hope, in our Sunday-schools. Mr. Deane's "Robert Moffat" is an equally admirable record of a not less noble life. It should be, and we doubt not will be, circulated far and wide. Such works are of priceless value.

ELOCUTION. By T. R. Walton Pearson, M.A., of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge; and F. W. Waithman, Lecturer on Elocution in the Leeds and Bradford Institute.

OUR AMERICAN COUSINS. By W. E. Adams.

THE TURKISH BATH. By F. C. Coley, M.D. London: Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane. 1887.

PARENTAL COMMANDMENTS: Warnings to Parents on the Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Training of their Children.

MESSRS. PEARSON AND WAITHMAN'S treatise is based on a thorough knowledge of elocution, both as a science

and an art. Its directions are short, simple, and practical, marked by strong common sense, and well adapted to the needs of all who aspire to speak well. The mastery of this book by an intelligent student would soon be repaid a hundredfold. "Our American Cousins" is a work that deservedly gained general commendation on both sides the Atlantic when it was first published some three or four years ago. In this cheap form it will gain a still wider circulation. It is the work of a close and keen observer, who knows how to describe all that he has seen. The little book on "Parental Commandments" is literally packed with wise, sensible, and witty counsels, which should be read and acted on in all our households. "The Turkish Bath" gives a succinct history, states clearly and fully the theory, and shows how to make the best use of this admirable hygienic agency. The purchase of these small books will be a good investment.

—

LIFE OF ADAM SMITH. By R. B. Haldane, M.P.

ESSAYS. Selected from the Writings, Literary, Political, and Religious, of Joseph Mazzini.

HESPERIDES. Poems by Robert Herrick. Edited, with Notes, by Herbert P. Horne; and An Introduction by Ernest Rhys. London: Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane.

THE "Life of Adam Smith" forms a volume of the Great Writers' Series. Mr. Haldane is the most capable man that the editor could have secured for this task. His discussion of Adam Smith's economical theories is a valuable contribution to the study, conceived in a thoroughly philosophical spirit, and displaying a rare breadth of

insight and practical knowledge of affairs. More thrilling and fascinating reading than Mazzini's Essays (Camelot Series) we cannot imagine. The Essays on Lammenais, on Byron and Goethe, on Carlyle, and on the Condition and Prospects of Europe, are masterpieces of eloquent and effective writing. Mr. Clarke furnishes a good memoir of Mazzini, although here and there his enthusiasm has led to exaggerated eulogy, and his judgments are not invariably marked by discrimination. The Canterbury Poets edition of Herrick's "Hesperides" is carefully edited; while the Introduction by Mr. Rhys will be of good service to general readers. Herrick is a poet who deserves to be widely read, and we could desire no more convenient popular edition than this.

—

THE GOLDEN ALPHABET; or, The Praises of Holy Scripture, setting forth the Believer's Delight in the Word of the Lord, being a Devotional Commentary on Psalm cxix. By C. H. Spurgeon. Mainly extracted from "The Treasury of David." London: Passmore & Alabaster. 1887.

MR. SPURGEON has done well to issue in a separate form his racy, vigorous, and profoundly spiritual notes on Psalm cxix. The work, as a separate treatise, will be as popular as the admirable treatise of Mr. Bridge's. We should be glad if Mr. Spurgeon would issue in a similar form his comments on the Penitential Psalms and on the Songs of Degrees. They would meet with wide acceptance among the thousands of readers who cannot purchase the invaluable thesaurus of which they form a part.

LITERARY NOTES.



OUR friend Mr. W. Willis, Q.C., has printed for private circulation a lecture which he recently delivered at Chalfont St. Giles on "John Milton: His Life and Writings." It is a capital *resumé* of Milton's life, with apt and striking illustrations of its chief incidents from his poems. A lecture so clear-sighted, vigorous, and timely ought not to be restricted to private circulation.

PROF. SALMOND, of Aberdeen, has published in the "Bible-Class Primers" (T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh) the first part of "An Exposition of the Shorter Catechism," containing the summary of Christian doctrine. It is a most instructive and delightful book. So also is "The Master's Memorial," by the Rev. Thomas Macadam, of Ontario, which Prof. Salmond introduces to British readers. There are one or two points on which we differ from the author, but these are of altogether minor importance, and if we could induce all our Church members, and those who should be members, to master these few pages, the benefit would be great and far-spread. It is published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier, of Edinburgh.

AMONG Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's announcements we notice "The Life of Samuel Morley," by Edwin Hodder; "The Ancient World and Christianity," by E. de Pressensé, D.D.; "The Life of W. Morley Punshon," by Prof. F. W. Macdonald; "Modern Science in Bible Lands," by Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S. Their list of books for young people is specially attractive.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co., LIMITED, promise a popular edition of "The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.," by Edwin Hodder, and an important new work by Dr. Cunningham Geike, "The Holy Land and the Bible," in two volumes.

MR. T. WEMYSS REID'S Life of the late Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster is expected to appear in the course of a few weeks, and the same writer's Life of Lord Houghton will be ready in a few months.

IN the *Expositor* (Hodder & Stoughton) for September, among other attractive features, we note "Personal Reminiscences of Edward Irving," by Dr. David Brown, of Aberdeen. Dr. Brown was for upwards of two years Irving's assistant in Regent's Square Church. These reminiscences will be of more than ordinary interest, and successive instalments of them will be eagerly awaited.

WE have received with pleasure a copy of "The Treasury," the tune-book prepared by Mr. J. B. Mead as companion to "Psalms and Hymns." This is from the second issue, and embodies a few slight corrections. We are glad to know that such success has attended the publication of this excellent collection of tunes; and are satisfied that, if "the Bristol" had not had such a long start of it, it would be very generally adopted in our churches.

THE following works are well worthy of perusal:—"Wherein Millenarians are Wrong; or, Christ's Second Coming proved to be Impossible until the Father has made His Enemies His Footstool." By the Rev. James Gale (London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.; Edinburgh: Gale & Inglis). A clear, trenchant, and, to our thinking, conclusive argument. "The Divinity of Christ." By the Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL.D. (Aberdeen: D. Wyllie & Son). A scholarly and powerful reply to a Unitarian attack on the Deity of our Lord. "Specific Unbelief, England's Greatest Sin." By Andrew Simon Lamb (London: James Nisbet & Co.). An exposure of the increasing laxity of belief, especially in regard to the doctrine of imputed righteousness. "The Kingdom of Heaven, and Dives and Lazuras." By Anglicanus (Elliot Stock).

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK, of Edinburgh, have issued a translation of Dr. Dorner's "System of Christian Ethics," edited by his son, Dr. A. Dorner. The translation has been executed by Professor C. M. Mead, formerly Professor of Hebrew in Andover Theological Seminary, and the Rev. R. T. Cunningham. The work is a substantial and valuable addition to our Christian literature, and is enhanced in value by a bright, discriminating, and sympathetic sketch of Dorner's character and work, from the pen of Professor Mead. We hope to return to the volume in a subsequent number.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have an unusually long list of announcements for the forthcoming winter. Among the more important are, "The Life of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury;" "The Life of Rev. William Barnes, the Dorsetshire Poet;" a second series of the "Letters of Thomas Carlyle;" "The Makers of Venice," by Mrs. Oliphant; the Bampton Lectures for 1887, by the Bishop of Ripon; a volume of poems by the late Principal Shairp; a collected edition of Dean Church's miscellaneous writings, in five volumes; "Recent English Guides in Matters of Faith," by R. H. Hutton, and Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature."

MR. DAVID DOUGLAS is now the publisher of the "*Speculum Universitatis: Alma Mater's Mirror*," an exquisite little volume in vellum, compiled and largely composed on behalf of the St. Andrew's Students' Union. The tribute borne by Professor Campbell to his friend and co-editor, the late Thomas Spencer Baynes, is as graceful as it is well deserved. A more charming gift book could not be conceived.



DEBENHAM & GOULD. Photo: BOURNEMOUTH.

Mr. Amerey
J. Amber -

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

THE LATE REV. T. J. COMBER.



SCARCELY know how to write it. My heart is, indeed, very, very sore, for one of the heaviest blows that could have befallen our Congo Mission has just come down with terribly crushing effect." So wrote Rev. George Grenfell to the General Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, in announcing the death of his beloved colleague, whose portrait we present to our readers this month. None could tell so well as Mr. Grenfell, none could realise as he, how great a loss had been sustained. It was he and Mr. Comber who were the pioneers of the Congo Mission; they shared the perils of exploration and the commencement of operations together; and together, with mutual esteem and love, they toiled for the establishment of the Mission, until a few brief months ago the death-messenger came to summon one from his toil to his reward. The faithful colleague whose sad duty it was to announce to his friends in this land their sore bereavement, and to the Baptist Missionary Society their terrible loss, had to mourn, with a grief peculiarly his own, because there had gone from him into "the silent land" "a loving-hearted friend and devoted fellow-worker, who was ever ready to sacrifice himself, and whose charity never failed."

Mr. Comber died young. He looked, indeed, younger than he really was. It was in 1852 that he was born, being the son of Mr. Thomas Comber, of Peckham Rye. The Sunday-school at Denmark Place, Camberwell, had the honour of nursing young Comber's early religious life, and of helping, as it must powerfully have done, to form his Christian character. His own testimony was that he could give no strange or startling account of his conversion. "The chief influences," said he, "which led me to the Saviour were those of a loving and loved mother and an earnest Sunday-school teacher." The pastor at Denmark Place was, as is well known, the sainted Dr. Charles Stanford, and it was to him that "our Tom Comber"—as the Doctor affectionately termed him at the memorable valedictory meeting which wished him "God-speed," when he and his colleagues and his young wife were about to proceed together to their great work—made his Christian profession, when seeking baptism and admission to the church.

"My life," said Mr. Comber, when about to proceed to Africa for the first time, "was consecrated to the mission-field at the same time that it was set apart to the service of Christ." Cherishing his holy desire, he, at length, successfully sought to enter Regent's Park College, having previously attended evening classes at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

In April, 1875, he was accepted by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and, towards the end of the year, sailed for the west coast of Africa, in company with the late Rev. Quintin W. Thompson. Africa, he declared, was the choice of his heart, because "that land had always seemed to him the forgotten child of the mission family."

To trace the young missionary's course in Africa is unnecessary. Readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE are familiar with it. Month by month, with these pages, have come to their hands the admirable missionary records comprised in the MISSIONARY HERALD; and, doubtless, they have never failed to turn, with eager interest and trembling anxiety, to the pages where could be found the latest intelligence as to the welfare and progress of the heroic band on the Congo. How Messrs. Comber and Grenfell "prospected" the unknown districts lying up in the basin of the great water-way; how they, joined by colleagues worthy of them, went forth to tell of the

love of God to the barbarous tribes occupying those wastes; how the subject of this sketch narrowly escaped losing his life in a savage attack made upon him and his senior colleague by the very people whose highest good they sought; how he lost his young wife, and laid her in a lonely grave in a savage land; how he lost in succession two missionary brothers and a missionary sister, whose lives had been devoted to Africa; how he sustained the loss of beloved colleagues; how, in spite of all, he wavered not, but maintained his faith and courage and zeal for Christ, and the salvation of men—all these things, and many more, are fresh in our readers' minds.

We offer our humble tribute to a Christian hero's memory, thanking God for the shining example he has given. Our brother sought not fame, but fame is his. His name will live longer than if graved in granite; for it is written in that imperishable page of history which is to tell to generations to come of Africa's new birth; and it will be read, and repeated, lovingly, and reverently, and gratefully, when Ethiopia, throughout her length and breadth, shall stretch forth her hands unto God. That day, may be, is far distant, but it is coming.

EDITOR.

NONCONFORMITY IN RELATION TO THE YOUNG.

No. II.



WHAT is the value of our present Nonconformity? What is our absolute strength in view of the great and final struggle for complete religious equality?

There is, I freely admit, a great deal of nominal Dissent, but its available power is probably in inverse proportion to its bulk. Will anyone say that Nonconformity has anything like the strength in proportion to its numbers it possessed two hundred years ago? Say you are multiplied ten or twenty times. Could you get 40,000 confessors to-morrow? Could you get 10,000? Could you get your 2,000 over again?

There is very little doubt that we have suffered even from our victories. Every conquest has made us relatively, if not absolutely.

weaker. The effect of a triumph has been more disastrous than that of a defeat. I trace this fact to two causes. In the first place, we must bear in mind that the contests our fathers engaged in were waged for the most part against severe oppression and unrelenting cruelty. They fought against flesh and blood as well as against principalities and powers. Gifted and learned preachers were made dumb. They were driven out of the towns. They were locked up in gaols. They were thrust amongst the offscouring of the earth. Families were ejected from their homes. Able and honest citizens were declared incapable of serving their country, and were excluded from municipal offices on account of their religious opinions. These oppressions are recorded by the historian, for they are become, happily, things of the past. But we, in our time, have had to smart in our own way. Some of us have been forced to pay Church rates. We have been shut out from the national Universities, and then sneered at for our want of culture. Some of us have known what it is to hear our minister offer prayer by the bed of a dying wife, and then to learn that he was unfit to stand at her grave and utter the consolatory words: "I am the resurrection and the life." This is also past, this is history too; and history is cold. The living, palpitating organisms of past ages are fossils now. The great historian Time has placed them before us in the rocky volume, but fossils and book are alike cold.

Not one of us ever lost a night's sleep through reading Neal's "History of the Puritans" or Calamy's "Lives." Our children will shed no tears when they read the first numbers of the *Nonconformist* or the *Liberator* if they should come in their way.

When oppression is removed resistance is necessarily diminished. Some of the greatest political, social, and religious revolutions have been effected by the irresistible repellent force which severe pressure or cruel persecution has evoked. Men are never raised to enthusiasm in defence of even a great principle until they smart under the violation of it. They are never driven into antagonism against a vicious principle until they wince under the concrete application of it.

It was not the economic principle of Free Trade that repealed the Corn Laws, but the dear loaf. It was the horrors of the middle passage and the sharp crack of the owner's whip which abolished slavery in

the British dominions, not alone the eternal maxim that in God's sight all men are equal. Nobody dreamed of resisting James I. on account of his foolish chatter about the divine right of kings. But when the doctrine of the divine right of kings meant sending seven bishops down the Thames to prison, it also meant sending James II. across the Channel into exile. The early Nonconformists were crushed and well nigh stifled under the heavy burdens laid upon them, but their latent exuberant energy was roused, and with mighty convulsive efforts they succeeded in hurling off one by one the oppressive weights.

We, in these latter days, are called on to contend more for abstract principle than against the practical violation of it. Our controversy is becoming, in the opinion of many, more and more a sentimental controversy. We are not burned at the stake, we are not shut up in gaols, we have liberty to preach, we are not hindered from becoming town councillors, aldermen, and mayors, and the doors of the House of Commons are wide open to us. If we have not religious equality theoretically, has it not been accorded to us practically? We cannot be surprised if reflections of this nature are cherished to a great extent and on both sides of the controversy.

This circumstance must not be lost sight of when we attempt to gauge our strength for the approaching final struggle. Nominal Nonconformists will have little heart to contend for what they call a mere sentiment, and Anglican Churchmen, on the other hand, will passionately strain every nerve to retain that precedence and prestige which their Church has for so many centuries enjoyed.

Again, it is plain that reforms that are in any way associated with oppression will always take precedence of those that have no such accompaniment. This is why the Church in Ireland was disestablished and the Church in Wales left untouched. This is why the question of disestablishment in Wales seems to have prior claims to that of disestablishment in England.

But another cause of our comparative weakness is to be traced to the enervating influence of our social life and altered social relations. We are not required to endure hardness as good soldiers now, it is rather against softness that we have to contend. The abolition of religious slavery has been followed by a modified abolition of ecclesiastical caste, at least in our large towns. We have Nonconformist

millionaires, and, if money is no object, position is. Social civilities are interchanged between church-going and chapel-going families, and Nonconformist marriages may now be solemnised at the parish church. The lines of distinction are fainter and less broadly marked than they were. We, too, can have our balls and our private theatricals and our whist parties; and we can, as occasion requires, make way for the gold ring and the man who wears the gay clothing. Do not think I am condemning all these things, or that I am even pronouncing an opinion upon them. I am merely attempting to estimate the great stride Nonconformity has made since the days of John Howe and Philip Henry. I feel sure, however, you will admit that, if we have gained, we have also lost. A certain lassitude has crept over the Herculean frame of Nonconformity, and instead of the martial cry: "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," it is "O lap me in soft Lydian airs."

Have I described our position? Do we not require at least as much strength and as much enthusiasm for our future campaign as our fathers displayed in their day? Is the coming generation stalwart enough and earnest enough to bear the strain which the great question of religious equality seems to be laying upon them?

Every generation of Nonconformists has claims on the following generation. These claims should be recognised and the obligation discharged. I cannot but think, however, that the rising Nonconformity has claims on the present generation. If our Nonconformity and our Dissent are really to us of vital importance; if it is impossible for us, without violating our consciences, to conform to the worship and subscribe to the doctrines of the Church of England, then let us by all means proclaim our views and enunciate our principles in an unmistakable way. Let us be careful how we minimise or veil over the differential lines which separate us from the Anglican Communion.

We can hardly be discharging our duty to our young people so long as we attempt to show that there is, after all, but little difference between us. An ill-informed, misleading charity whispers in soothing tones: "It matters not where you worship provided you worship God; are we not all going to the same heaven?" But is it always true that it matters not? Is it of little importance our children should be told there is but one conversion, and that at baptism? Is it of little importance

that they rest satisfied in confirmation, and believe that no more is required of them than to maintain a decent external demeanour? If we believe otherwise, then let us speak otherwise. Charity toward those holding different opinions from our own is one thing, but fidelity to truth is another. If Nonconformist pastors desire to display their charity by inviting Anglican divines into their pulpits, they surely ought not to be surprised if the younger members of their congregations manifest a similar sympathy. If it is a proper and becoming act for an Episcopalian preacher to occupy a Congregational pulpit, can it be accounted an improper return for a Congregational hearer to occupy an Episcopalian pew? Exchange of courtesy does not depend on exchange of place. The leader of the House of Commons and the leader of the Opposition may manifest mutual respect and forbearance without crossing the floor of the House to deliver their speeches. For my part, again, I have no objection to a liturgical and more elaborate service in our places of worship as an additional aid to devotion, but I do object to its being used as an embroidered robe to hide the form of our distinctive polity. It ought not to be offered as a religious allurement or an ecclesiastical bait. We can afford to be honest. We are honoured in our principles. Shame on us if we are either afraid of them or ashamed of them. It behoves us to beware lest our conduct should excite a suspicion of this nature in the minds of young people. Let it never be said that we extol our principles in the town and ignore them in the country. Let it not be said of us, They pass the cathedral in the city to worship at the chapel, but they pass the chapel in the village to attend the service of the parish church. It is an easy thing to be a Dissenter in one of our large towns, it is not easy to be a Dissenter in the country districts. Our brethren who are faithfully maintaining our principles in small towns and villages deserve the hearty sympathy and support and countenance of the urban Nonconformists. After all, in the great question lying in the front of us, the last appeal will be to the country, not to the town. Year after year, from January to December, our brethren are upholding our cause in the cold, damp shade of ecclesiastical exclusiveness; and in behalf of these brethren I say that they have not received all their due when we have taken in the Liberation Society's tracts and entertained the Liberation Society's agent. In the summer season

thousands of Nonconformists seek recreation in the lovely but more obscure parts of our beautiful land, and their brethren in the country can receive but little encouragement from the scarcely concealed contempt with which they and their principles seem to be alike regarded by a temporarily disguised urban Dissent. Do you ask me to prove my case? I freely admit there are some noble exceptions; the last of the martyrs. The Nonconformity which withers under the cynical glance of a rural curate, or is petrified by the bucolic stare of a country squire, is not the material of which great reformers are made, nor is it calculated to make Dissent attractive in the eyes of our young people. The Nonconformity of Ridley and Luther and Cromwell and Hampden and Knox was of sterner stuff than this.

In conclusion, let me say that it is probably reserved for the present generation, assisted by that following close behind us, to witness the close of that controversy in which the Free Churches have been engaged with the Anglican Church for so many years past, but we may be assured that if our great object is not attained in a comparatively short period, then it will, from the causes I have endeavoured to set forth, recede to an indefinite distance from us, or be secured by agencies with which we cannot sympathise. For my part I prefer that universal religious equality should be declared peaceably and legally rather than it should be gained in some violent political convulsion and by the hands of passionate and wicked men. And let us not forget that when political Nonconformity is dead, religious Nonconformity will survive, and we shall still have our conflict with superstition and error. The Free Churches have yet before them a nobler object than perfect religious equality. Their aim should be to regain more and more of the Divine image, while their work is to bring the world back to Christ; and I wish to repeat with emphasis that their strength will be always measured by the force of their religious conviction and the energy of their piety. I plead for a clear exposition of our principles, and for an honest and fearless representation of them. And when our children inquire, as I trust they do inquire, "What mean you by this Nonconformity?" then say to them, "Our fathers made a noble defence of what they believed to be the teaching of Jesus Christ in regard to the principles of true religion and the formation, character, and service of a Christian Church. They suffered even unto death, and we are the better for

their labours. They achieved much, but more was in their hearts. 'They did well in that it was in their hearts.' They have bequeathed to us a solemn trust, and it is for us to cleanse the Temple of God of its pollution: to purge the service from superstition and error: to remove the priest from between the altar and the worshippers: to thrust aside the secular hand from the Ark of religion, and so prove to all the world and all succeeding generations that the beautiful and mighty religion of Jesus Christ was never intended to be guided and supported by earthly powers, but that itself was to direct and uphold and purify the Governments and institutions, the business and pleasure, the hopes and the ambitions of the world, and bring it to Christ."

As we and our children rise to our responsibility and discharge our trust, we shall have the satisfaction, the purest allotted to men, of having done our duty to God and of having served our country, by proclaiming and enforcing a righteousness which must always exalt a nation and save our fallen world.

CHARLES GOWARD.

Youlgrave, Bakewell.

A PASTOR'S VISIT TO LOCH ETIVE.



THE very name of Loch Etive will recall to many of my readers some of the most precious memories of departed autumn days. In its vicinity, the fairy scenery of Scotland's sea-lochs mingles in finest proportions with the stern grandeur of her mountains; Ben Cruachan, Ben Slarive, and the "Shepherds of the glen," watch with unchanging interest the smiling waters which ripple at their feet. But to those who have never had the opportunity of travelling in the Western Highlands of Scotland, I would say that Loch Etive is one of the loveliest, and was, at one time, one of the most secluded spots in the Highlands; it stretches from Oban almost to the base of the far-famed mountains of Glencoe, a distance of over twenty miles.

To-day, the stage coach, which rattles down the glen, and the pretty steamer which conveys passengers from the Falls of Lora to the head of the loch, have turned a sequestered vale into a highway frequented by travellers from all parts of Europe and America.

When I had the pleasure of paying my first visit to the upper reaches of Loch Etive, there was no steamer on the loch, and the rough Highland road had utterly broken down under the strain of the stage coach. Well do I remember the rugged path which lay between Bunawe and Dalness; every few yards I had to cross the dry bed of a mountain torrent, and after a time, my feet being only slenderly shod, I began to feel greatly fatigued. Then for the first time I realised the exceeding preciousness of that promise given to the tribe of Asher, which inhabited the rock-strewn coast of Tyre: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass;" a pair of heavy hobnailed shoes would have been a priceless boon long before I had completed the half of my journey.

I had the good fortune to overtake the postman, who not only knew all the lore of the district, but was glad of a companion to whom he might impart his knowledge. He informed me that a student-evangelist had been stationed near Drimchish for some months, and would be very glad to see me. As we neared the end of our journey, we found the student, reclining in a study which would have excited the envy of many a city minister, harassed by the noise of the streets, and wearied with the sight of begrimed bricks. His couch was the purple heather, graceful birches screened him from the noonday heat, the great mountains shut off railways and telegraphs, and the light waves made music at his feet. He meditated not in the language of towns and cities, but in the picturesque Gaelic, a language which interprets the mystery of the mountain mist, the silence of the lonely corrie, the cry of the eagle, and the wild sweep of the waterfall. It has always been a source of regret to me that the sermon which was preached in the little Highland chapel on the following Sunday, was not spoken in my "own tongue, wherein I was born."

One of the first questions which this Highland student asked me was, "Will you take the English service for me on Sunday?" I replied that I would do so most gladly, if he could find me lodgings for three days. That was soon arranged, and I was comfortably

ensconced in a neighbouring farm-house, with a promise that my newly found friend would take me for a row on the loch on the following day, which was Saturday.

When I called on my friend next morning, I was not a little piqued at his unwillingness to fulfil his promise; he drew my attention to a new edition of Hodge's Systematic Theology, an excellent book, known to students, and then left me for a considerable time. When he returned, I hinted to him gently that Hodge's Theology was a valuable work; that in preparing for the pulpit he could find no more efficient help; but it was scarcely the book I should choose to study on a glorious autumn morning in the heart of the Highlands. At last he consented to take me for a cruise, but on reaching the end of the garden my heart smote me; there, in a field at the back of the house, were three or four brown Highland maidens making hay, jesting with each other, and laughing to their heart's content. A few minutes before, the young student had been reveling in the gladness of their mirthful glee, now he was being led away to spend sober hours in explaining the peculiarities of an Arts course at a Scottish university, and describing to an English student the mysteries of the Divinity Hall. I believe I had the generosity to offer to release him then and there, but, like a good man and true, he preferred duty to pleasure; and we sauntered with laggard footsteps to the water's edge, and gradually regained our spirits when we were out of sight of the merry haymakers.

After spending a few hours in boating, we separated to make final preparations for the services of the coming day. Meditation was rapture as I sat there on the lone hillside and watched the great mountains fading one by one into the darkness of night. I looked forward to the work of the morrow with reverent and grateful joy. The meeting-place would be a schoolroom of very modest proportions; but I could tell the men and women who came there of a God whose presence I had felt and seen in their own glen, and on their own mountain sides.

The next morning broke in all the calmness and beauty of an ideal Sabbath in the country. It was indeed a day of the Son of Man. The first service was to be held at noon, in a little chapel or mission-house about eight miles from my lodgings. Two miles had to be traversed on foot, and the other six by boat. We were a company of

eight or nine souls in the rude fishing-boat. A stalwart gamekeeper took one of the oars, the other was taken by an elderly man, whom I offered to relieve, but my offer was treated with incredulity, and I took my place with the minister, who was steering, in the stern. It was a strange and beautiful voyage, one that will be imprinted on my brain until memory fades. No one spoke a word, as far as I can remember, from the time that we settled to our rowing until we landed at the little chapel. The man who sat silent and buried in thought at the stern was the messenger of God to these simple Gaels, and their deep reverence for his Master subdued them into silence until the message had been spoken. As we neared the chapel, we could see boats coming from all directions, each one carrying its little company from the quiet glens which run between Loch Etive and Loch Awe. Whilst we were swiftly rowed along, I could almost fancy we were on the ancient Sea of Galilee, and might perchance meet the Master when we landed amongst the heather and rocks on the shore. As soon as we stepped out of the boat, the minister entered the chapel, and the congregation, which had been gathering outside, followed him. The pulpit, as far as I can remember, was a solid, and even ornate structure, but the floor of the chapel was the soil of the open moorland, and the walls as well as the pews were bare. I could not understand a word of the service, but the singing was hearty; and many a cultured preacher in our cities might have envied the attention which our student-evangelist received. He was without doubt in dead earnest, and the people yielded gladly to the sweep of his rapt zeal.

When we again embarked, and were on our way home for the English service, there seemed to be the same inclination to keep silence. Would not the spiritual force of many sermons be greatly enhanced if this example were more frequently imitated?

After dinner we set off for a walk of about three miles to the schoolroom, which we found crowded with expectant listeners. After the worship of prayer and praise, I announced my text: "A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." I have rarely enjoyed greater liberty in proclaiming the Gospel. Although a town-bred man, my sermon was filled with images and illustrations from the everlasting hills, the mountain

torrents, and the common objects with which the people were intimately acquainted in their work and home life. I had a most attentive audience, and a new appreciation of the extreme naturalness of the parables and imagery of our Lord as He taught the people in the open air by the Sea of Galilee.

The service over, I tried to engage a very worthy and intelligent farmer in a serious talk; he threw me off at every attempt, but I would not give in. At last he looked me straight in the face and said, "Ay, but ye are a fine singer." I was beaten, and have felt since that I tried to storm the citadel before I had taken the outworks. It is well to find your point of sympathy with some men before you engage them on the question of the salvation of their souls. I had failed in finding this point of sympathy, and so was defeated. I was eager, but I was not *wise* to win souls. The lesson of failure was of great value to me; it made me more anxious to know the peculiarities of men who were cast in a very different mould from my own, so that I might reach them with the remedies of a Gospel which is for every creature. In dealing privately with men about the concerns of their souls, we as frequently fail through our want of tact and sympathy as through their hardness of heart.

On the Monday afternoon I was to depart for the Pass of Glencoe, but my student-friend would have me visit the people. "They will take it so kindly if a strange minister calls upon them," he said. So we arranged that at each house we visited he should either read or pray in Gaelic, and I should pray or read in English. At every house we were treated with the greatest kindness, and with a hospitality that soon became embarrassing. It was now getting far on in the afternoon, and I had eight lang Scots miles before me, but my friend insisted that we should visit one more house which lay on our way up the glen, and I consented. When we entered the house we found, besides the good woman who lived there with her family, a working tailor who attended at the homes of the people and made up their own materials into strong, if not very graceful, garments. Our friend was keenly interested in social and political matters, and I soon interested him in my experience of city life in the South of England, and the policy of the Ministry then in office was discussed as we sat at tea. After tea we were invited to hold exercise, and

the tailor, out of a desire to show me special courtesy, remained with us.

I read a Psalm in English and my student-friend led prayer in Gaelic; he prayed for ten minutes, and I began to get weary; he continued for fifteen minutes, and I was afraid I should be belated, for the sun was down far in the western horizon; he continued for twenty-five minutes, and I gave up in despair. For anything I could tell, he might not finish his prayer within an hour. I had a good two hours' walk, and lodgings to find in a spot where there was no hotel. At last the long prayer in an unknown tongue closed, and I was free. I remonstrated with my friend gently on praying so long at his family visitations, and enquired why he had made the prayer at this special house more lengthened than at the others. He replied, "You saw that tailor?" "Yes," I said. "Well, he was staying at our house a fortnight ago, and he utterly refused to come in to family worship, so I thought to myself, this man has wilfully missed so many opportunities, he must have a full benefit now that he is here!"

I bade farewell to my friend, and set forward on my lonely walk, musing on the grim humour of a Christian minister, who could punish a sceptical tailor for slighting the duty of family prayer, by literally drenching him with a prayer half an hour long the first time he laid hands on him. I had often heard that Highlanders were revengeful, but was scarcely prepared to find it carried into the Holy of Holies. Thus my readers will see that my visit to Loch Etive not only refreshed me with the beauty and sublimity of nature, but also enabled me to unearth a phase of character which would be very hard to find amongst the men of merry England.

JAMES BAILLIE.

LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM HAYES WARD, D.D., LL.D.

I.



IN a loose sense of the word, everything written in letters is literature. We have a legal, a medical, a theological, a philological literature, a literature of the saloon, of the prize-ring, of theosophy, and the Mahatmas, for all that the chief Buddhist of Thibet told Edwin Arnold, "There are no Mahatmas." But in the narrower sense we do not call that literature which is written straight along, simply to inform or deceive. To be real literature it must be written also to please for its own sake. It must be written well. Some people imagine that the only literary merit to be aimed at is direct simplicity. The Czar of Russia laid out the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow by drawing one straight line with the ruler on the map. But that is not engineering, however much railroad engineering makes of straight lines. Directness or clearness is a great literary merit, but not the only one, else the paragrapher who compiles the summary of news for the morning paper were a supreme artist. In fact, there is no art about his work. His work is not literature any more than a baby's cry for its supper is literature.

The subject does not make literature, and does not mar literature. The fact that religion is in the subject of a work does not help and does not hinder its being literature. Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" is literature; Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises" is not. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is literature; "The Assembly's Catechism" is not. The Bible is literature; Scott's "Commentary" is not. In the narrower sense of the word there is very little literature written. Many voluminous authors have never written a word. Not only is this true of religious authors, sermon writers, and pious hymnists, but as much so of metaphysicians, scientists, and lawyers. Even Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's report of a medical case is not literature. But Thomas Brown's "Religio Medici" is, though its title confesses it to be both religious and medical.

What takes a writing out of the domain of the instructive or interest-

ing or amusing or useful into that of literature is, speaking very generally that quality in the writing which pleases for its own sake. Your ledger is not literature: it is written only to instruct. Your book-keeper may be an artist in penmanship. In that case his thick volumes have a further real caligraphic merit. He has added an extrinsic charm to his product. It was not essential that he should do so, but by doing so he has made his book-keeping a beautiful product of art. The literary artist does the same with the paragraph. That which was dull and prosy he makes gleam and dance in tripping, polished, tinkling words.

The literary instinct, when supreme, creates poetry. To be sure the line which separates poetry from prose is difficult to fix. A desire to make beauty the chief end will give some form of balanced recurrences to the words, which is the verbal vehicle of poetry. If the aim for beauty is less controlling, if it is subordinate to the desire to instruct, then the form will be prose; but a prose which has elements of poetry in it. It is the element of poetry, of beauty, in it that makes it not mere dull prose, but real literature. That we may understand what literature, real literature, is, we will consider for a few moments what poetry is, because poetry is the flower, the sublimation, the quintessence, of literature.

What, then, is poetry? It is the verbal expression of thought under the paramount control of the principle of beauty. The thought must be as beautiful as possible; the expression must be as beautiful as possible. Essential beauty and formal beauty must be wedded, and the union is poetry. Other principles than beauty may govern a literary production. The purpose may be, first, absolute clearness. That will not make poetry. It may make it good mathematical demonstration; it may make a good news item; but not poetry. The predominant sentiment may be ethical. That may give us a sermon, but it will not give a poem. A poem is first of all beautiful—beautiful in its content of thought, and beautiful in its expression through words. A writer fails of producing a poem if he puts anything before beauty in the thought, or anything before beauty in its expression. The beauty of thought is first and most important; in it rests the chief genius. But the beauty of expression, being formal, is more quickly grasped and easily analysed, and is, to the popular notion, the chief element in a poem. It is essential, but it is not the chief essential.

A prose poem is no poem, but a prosy poem is neither poetry nor prose.

The first and chief element in a poem is beauty of thought, and that beauty may relate to any department, material, mental, or spiritual, in which beauty can reside. Such poetry may describe a misty desert, a flowery mead, a feminine form, a ruddy sky, a rhythmic waterfall, a blue bird's flutings, receding thunder, a violet's scent, the spicy tang of apples, the thrill of clasped arms and a lover's kiss. Or it may rise higher, and rest in the relations of things, in similes and metaphors; it may infuse longing and love and passion; it may descant fair reason and meditative musing. Or, in highest flight, beauty may range over the summits of lofty purpose, inspiring patriotism, devotion, sacrifice, till it becomes one with the love of man and the love of God, even as the fading outline of a mountain melts into the blue sky which envelops it. All this will make the substance of poetry.

Not that the thought of a poem, in all its parts, must be beautiful. It must be beautiful as far as possible in its parts, and unflinchingly beautiful in its total effect. There may be level plains between the mountains. There may even be ugly crags. But all this is only the foil to the jewels, the discord which enhances the harmony. The symphony is beautiful, notwithstanding the discord; the poem is beautiful, for the lily is whiter and sweeter if we catch a glimpse of the dirt at its roots; a coarse face hints there is something higher than human in the beauty of fair women; and we must catch a glimpse of the blood of horrid war if we wish to know how dear is peace, and how sweet is home, and how grand it is to die for liberty and native land.

But this must be remembered, that beauty does not always lie along a single level. In seeking one beauty the poet must not contradict another. He must not pursue his beauty when it flies into a sandy waste or a noisome fen. Physical beauty embraced in the arms of vapid thought, or sickly sentiment, or evil purpose, becomes ugly and adulterate. Dominant over all other beauty is moral beauty. All highest flights of poetry must range in the empyrean. God is King everywhere, and His laws are supreme in beauty as in duty. You can no more contradict God's law in the construction of a poem than in the course of a planet.

No writer has expressed this truth with greater power than Sidney Lanier in his "English Novel." I quote :

"From time immemorial, wherever there is contest between artistic and moral beauty, unless the moral side prevail, all is lost. Let any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman ; yet if the lip have a certain fulness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggest a moral ugliness, that sculptor, unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose, may as well give over his marble for paving stones. Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral, will not accept his work. For, indeed, we may say that he who has not yet perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, and who therefore is not afire with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty, that he, in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him, he is not yet the great artist."

The principles I have enunciated throw out not a few so-called poems. Cædmon's verse is not poetry, but a sermon of versified Scripture. Its object was not beauty, but memorised instruction. Pope's "Essay on Man" is not a poem. To be sure it is in rhyme and complete, all measured and hewed to a given length. But its prime object is not to express beauty, but wisdom—not wisdom as beauty—for wisdom is beautiful ; but wisdom as wisdom, keen, experienced, put into sharp, epigrammatic form. I hardly venture to say that Swinburne's "Dolores" or "Before Dawn" is not poetry, for it does seek a certain kind of beauty. But the beauty is enswathed in foulness. It runs purposely athwart all ethic beauty. Its unblushing expression is in that verse the first half of which describes the rapture of unlawful love, while the last half gives the kick of an ass to the pricks of conscience :

"To say of shame, What is it?
Of virtue, We can miss it ;
Of sin, We can but kiss it,
And it's no longer sin."

The melody of the lines is exquisite ; the sentiment is atrocious.

Such poetry, if poetry it be, will live its day and be the shelved curiosity of to-morrow. The school led by him, with Rossetti and Morris as his followers hard after him (and Oscar Wilde far behind), have given us a lesson in form, but they cannot be remembered long. Their reed has a short gamut. It plays but two notes, Mors and Eros. There is nothing but hopeless death and the love of harlots.

The chief beauty of a poem is in its thought. On that I do not dwell. But the beauty of expression, its formal beauty, is more obtrusive, and many imagine that it is this alone which makes a poem. Let it scan and rhyme, or scan alone, and they incontinently imagine it to have been breathed from Parnassus. But rhyme and scansion are not even all the formal elements in poetry. The books do not tell us, and few suspect what are the other fine recurrences of consonant or vowel, in the beginning or the middle of words, that make a line sweet to the ear and delicious to the tongue.

Prose has its formal beauty, that which is not in the thought, nor in the picturesque quality of it, but in the mere words, vowels, and consonants. Prose, good prose, has its own metre, its own as yet unwritten laws for the recurrence of long syllables and short, its pendulum-swing of accents. Our rhetoricians have not studied and formulated these laws, because this regularity is disguised and elusive. Latin rhetoricians give hints of what is the metrical element in prose, but I do not know of any modern discussion of the subject. And yet every skilled writer knows that his ear will require him to arrange his words with deft regard to their cadence. The sentence must flow smoothly. The syllables must not tumble over each other. A good part of style is in this. Why does Washington Irving run into trochaics when he wishes to express a mock-heroic idea? An analysis of a page of writing by a skilled and by an unskilled writer will reveal remarkable differences in the proportion and arrangement of accented syllables. The same is true of alliteration, and those other unnamed assonances of vowels or of final consonants which come short of rhyme.

Now all this may seem very far from my theme. But it is not. What I want to show is that just as by fair penmanship beauty is added to book-keeping, so beauty must be added to composition to make literature; and that the more persuasive and complete this

beauty, the more supreme the literary success. If the formal beauty of recurrent accents and liquid-flowing syllables charms the ear, even more are the deeper beauties needed which enter into the substance of the work, as thought or imagination. Much more than rhyme and metre is required to make poetry. The old lady who, when her pastor tried to stop her pouring the molasses into his coffee, replied, "All molasses is none too good for the minister," might have made as good a poet as thousands of our versifiers who empty nothing but the rhyming dictionary into their poems.

Now, the beauties of a work of literary art may reside in part in the thought or emotion expressed, in part in the description, illustration, and general development of it, and in part in the music of the words which express it. The last is in poetry the most obtrusive, but the first is, after all, the chief thing. A grand thought must come first; then a grand illustration will be appropriate; then grand expression. But first the thought must be beautiful to reach high merit.

What is beauty of thought? I cannot try to develop this point. Perhaps analysis would not be easy. Perhaps the only way to answer is for each one to ask himself whether the canon of beauty within him makes this or that thought beautiful. Now, I suppose, that the general suffrage of "the competent" settles it that moral goodness gives pleasure. Take the terms which we apply to physical beauty, and we apply naturally just these terms to moral excellence. "Handsome is that handsome does;" a fair woman and fair conduct; a lovely face and lovely character. The same is true of the converse terms. An ugly face and an ugly character; coarse features and coarse language. To what is good we naturally apply the word *beautiful*, to what is bad the word *disgusting*.

If, then, beauty and duty are words that rhyme in thought no less than in sound, if the highest beauty is moral beauty, then that is a dry and vapid theory of literary art which neglects the supreme beauty, the beauty of goodness. Literature needs goodness to reach its highest perfection.—*New York Independent*.

BAPTISM IN THE WRITINGS OF THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS.



WHEN it is remembered that the whole extant writings of the Apostolic Fathers can be comprised in a single volume of moderate size, it is somewhat remarkable that the references therein to the Sacraments have received so little attention. Thus, with regard to the rite of Baptism, we find that Dr. Halley, in the chapter of his standard work on the Sacraments which deals with "the subjects of Christian Baptism," traces his way backwards as far as Justin Martyr and there stops, leaving the Apostolic Fathers entirely unquoted. Similarly, Professor Godwin, in his important work on "Christian Baptism," goes no farther back than Tertullian. Mr. Gamble, in his "Scripture Baptism," introduces the fifth letter, which purports to argue from the "Practice of the Primitive Church," by remarking, "In entering upon this examination, I feel painfully the disadvantage under which I labour. I have no evidence to adduce except that which others have adduced before. There is no mine which this field contains which has not been diligently explored, and, should I descend into any, no fresh discovery can be expected." Yet he, too, begins with Justin, the ecclesiastical writer who comes next in succession to the Apostolic Fathers, and leaves all of these unexplored.

Cary, in his "Testimonies of the Fathers to the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England," cites one passage only in the writings now before us (Barnabas, chap. xi.). Even the learned Bingham quotes two only, Clement and Hermas.

On the other side of the controversy, Dr. Carson passes by these writers entirely. Baptist Noel, in his section on the "Practice of the Church in the First Three Centuries," quotes them once only (Clement, chap. xvii.), and Isaac Taylor Hinton also gives but one passage (Hermas, Sim. viii.). Robinson, in his great work, is similarly reticent, and so with other writers.

From this entire or comparative silence the general reader might be led to suppose that the references to Baptism in the sub-apostolic age are of little importance. A moment's reflection, however, will

show that a knowledge of such references must be necessary to a thorough knowledge of the subject. An important, though obvious, distinction may here be noted between the authority of the ancients on matters of doctrine and their authority concerning points of fact. It may be held that, as to the former, little weight belongs to what they have written; but even in the sphere of doctrine this would be a hasty conclusion. All of these men were anciently judged to have been companions and disciples of the apostles, and some of them certainly were so. The references in their works, direct or indirect, to utterances of the inspired writers who preceded them are numerous and important, and it would be strange, indeed, if no light were thus thrown upon those utterances. There is, indeed, no department of human knowledge in which, when we are studying the teaching of any one century, we can afford to neglect the teaching of the century which followed it; and this is still more evidently the case when the later teachers are, in a real sense, the successors of the earlier, building upon their foundation and quoting their words. But with regard to points of fact, such as those disputed in the baptismal controversy, more than this may be said. If, in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers, we were to find Infant Baptism even incidentally alluded to, a more powerful argument could be brought forward for that practice than any that has yet been adduced. If, on the other hand, we should find the references to baptism altogether in harmony with the Baptism of Repentance, there would result an important confirmation of the opinion that this, and no other than this, was the apostolic practice. With regard to the question, formerly disputed with more zeal than knowledge, concerning the ancient mode of baptism, that may now be considered as settled. In addition to the meaning of the original word, now sufficiently established, the remains of old baptisteries, the descriptions by early ecclesiastical writers of the administration of the rite, the discussions concerning those who through sickness had been only sprinkled, as to whether they "should be accounted legitimate Christians" or not (Cyprian, epistle lxxv.), and the regulations with regard to such persons, have set the matter beyond doubt. Notwithstanding, it is of some interest to observe the mode in use amongst the immediate disciples of apostles.

If we inquire into the probable cause of the silence above alluded to, we may find it in the undeserved neglect into which the writings

of primitive Christian antiquity have fallen in some quarters—a neglect partly, no doubt, arising from the over-estimation of them in others. It may be added to this, that the advocates of Infant Baptism have not felt themselves obliged to quote passages which did not favour their argument; while those who have urged the Baptism of Repentance and Faith have generally taken the ground that the arguments founded on Scripture are sufficient.

It is proposed in the following pages to give a complete account of the references to baptism during the forty-three years immediately following the death of the last of the apostles (A.D. 97—140). The death of St. John occurred, according to the high authority of St. Jerome, “sixty-eight years after the passion of the Lord.” Dating the birth of Christ, as is now generally done, four years before the common era, the crucifixion took place A.D. 29, and the death of St. John in A.D. 97. The earliest writing of the Apostolic Fathers probably appeared in that year, so that if we reckon the conclusion of St. John’s Gospel (perhaps the latest page of the New Testament) to have been written but a few years before the death of the aged apostle, it follows that the writings before us follow at a very brief interval those of the apostles, and continue in a chain but little broken. It may be convenient, at this point, to present to the eye of the reader in chronological order both series of writings, together with their probable dates. The following table has been carefully compiled, in the light of the best criticism, and may be helpful:—

	AUTHOR.	WORKS.	PLACE.	TIME. A.D.
I.	James	One Epistle	Jerusalem	45
II.	Paul	Thirteen Epistles..	Corinth, Rome, &c....	53-68
III.	Jude	One Epistle	Jerusalem	62
IV.	Peter	Two Epistles	Babylon	65-67
V.	Mark	Gospel.....	Rome	65
VI.	Matthew	Gospel.....	Jerusalem	69
VII.	{ Author of the Epistle to the Hebrews ...	One Epistle	Alexandria	69
VIII.	Luke	Gospel and Acts...	Achaia.....	75-79
IX.	John	{ Revelation, three Epistles and Gospel.....	Ephesus	68-90
1.	Clement	One Epistle	Rome	97
2.	Ignatius	Seven Epistles ...	Smyrna, Troas	107

	AUTHOR.	WORKS.	PLACE.	TIME. A.D.
3.	{ Author of the Teaching of the Apostles	Treatise	Pella	115
4.	Quadratus	Fragment	Athens.....	123
5.	Papias	Fragments	Hierapolis	123
6.	{ Author of the Epistle to Diognetus	One Epistle	Alexandria	125
7.	Barnabas.....	One Epistle	Alexandria	125
8.	Hermas	Prophetic Book ...	Rome	138
9.	Polycarp	One Epistle	Smyrna	140

It will be observed that nine Apostolic Fathers are here enumerated. This name was formerly given to all the earliest leaders of the Church not included amongst the writers of the New Testament. Thus the learned Ittigius begins with Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathæa. The appellation is now restricted to such of the reputed companions and disciples of apostles who have left writings now extant. In this list of nine, Quadratus is included for the sake of completeness, although the fragment which has come down to us from his pen consists but of a single sentence. The author of the long lost and recently discovered "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" must also find a place in a complete list.

Coming now to the inquiry as to how many of these writers refer to baptism, we put aside, as containing no such reference, the fragments from Quadratus and Papias, and the equally interesting and valuable Epistle to Diognetus, and that of Polycarp to the Philippians. There remain five authors in whose writings baptism finds a place, or has been thought to find a place—viz., Clement of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, the author of the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, Barnabas of Alexandria, and Hermas of Rome.

I. CLEMENT.

Of the writings attributed to Clement, the "Epistle to the Corinthians" is generally acknowledged to be genuine. There is no reason to doubt that it proceeded from the pen of the "fellow-labourer" of St. Paul (Philippians iv. 3.). It is included in one of the oldest manuscripts of the New Testament, the Codex Alexandrinus. Of its author, Irenæus wrote, in A.D. 185, "This man,

as he had seen the blessed apostles Peter and Paul and conversed with them, might be said to have the preaching of the apostles sounding in his ears, and their traditions before his eyes." The following passage in this Epistle has been supposed to prove infant baptism :—

Clement, c. 17.—"Moreover, it is thus written of Job, 'Job was a righteous man and blameless, truthful, God-fearing, and one that kept himself from all evil.' But, bringing an accusation against himself, he said, 'No man is free from defilement, even if his life be but of one day.'" The quotation is from the Septuagint version of Job xiv. 4. On this passage Bingham writes, "Though Clement does not directly mention infant baptism, he says a thing that by consequence proves it. For he makes infants liable to original sin, which in effect is to say that they have need of baptism to purge them from it. For, speaking of Job, he says, 'Though he was a just man, yet he condemns himself, saying, There is none free from pollution, though his life be of the length of one day.' Now, if children be born in sin, they have need of a regeneration to make them capable of the kingdom of heaven" (Bingham's *Origenes Ecclesiasticæ*, xi. 4). In this argument the English divine here follows Origen, who, at a time (A.D. 240) when the baptism of infants had become customary, though not universal, wrote, "Infants are baptized for the forgiveness of sins. Of what sins? or when did they commit them? or how can any reason be given for baptizing them, but only that none is free from pollution though his life be but the length of one day upon the earth? And for that reason infants are baptized, because by the sacrament of baptism the pollution of our birth is taken away." (Origen on Leviticus, *Homily viii.*). It will be seen that the value of the passage, so far as the subject of baptism is concerned, does not depend on its being found, or otherwise, in the Hebrew original of the Book of Job, but upon the logic of the inference drawn. On this point it may be sufficient to remark that the universality of the need of regeneration does not prove the possibility of its occurrence before the mind is developed; and that, even if this could be proved to be the case, it would not follow that the outward and visible sign should be administered before the inward grace can be recognised by others. The argument is interesting, as showing us the way in which infant baptism became the practice of the Church

of the third century. When once saving efficacy was attributed to the rite, it followed naturally that it was extended to infants. But Clement does not name baptism in any form.

II. IGNATIUS.

The general result of ancient and modern criticism concerning Ignatius of Antioch is, that he was a disciple of the Apostles Peter, Paul, and John, and that, of the epistles which have come down to us under his name, seven are truly from his pen, though much interpolated. Of these seven, three contain a reference to baptism, one passage in each—viz., the Epistles to the Smyrnæans, to Polycarp, and to the Ephesians.

(1) Smyrnæans, c. viii. — “It is not lawful without the bishop either to baptize or to celebrate a love feast.” The “bishop” is here not the prelate of a diocese, but the pastor of a church. As to this regulation, it may be noted that those churches of the present day which practise the baptism of repentance, and deny infant baptism, usually observe it. We do not remember any instance of lay baptism amongst them, although it is probable that such instances sometimes occur. On the other hand, in the Church of England, baptism by laymen, and even by women, is recognised as valid by canon law. The “Directorium Anglicanum” (pp. 157, 159) thus summarises the old English Rubrics. “The term ‘lawful minister,’ with regard to the sacrament of baptism, includes, under certain circumstances, not only persons clerical, but lay. The proper matter and form (*i.e.*, trine immersion in water in the name of the Trinity, but afterwards a threefold aspersion was permitted, and later a single aspersion) are alone essential to this sacrament, an ordained minister is not. If a priest or deacon may not be had, in an urgent case of private baptism, the speedy death of the child being apprehended, the parents had better get some male friend to baptize the child. If such cannot be procured, the father must administer; the mother may only do so if the father knows not the sacramental words, or some other impediment exists.” It may be observed that the permission of baptism by laymen and by women, which Ignatius seems to forbid, is specially suitable to the case of infant baptism, while the rule confining administration to the pastor agrees better with the baptism of believers.

(2) Epistle to Polycarp, c. vi.—“Let none of you be found a deserter,

but let your baptism endure as your arms; your faith as your helmet; your love as your spear; your patience as a complete panoply." In this passage it will be seen that baptism stands for arms in general, while faith, love, and patience are made to be signified by particular articles of armour. This harmonises ill with infant baptism, but well with the baptism of repentance—*i.e.*, the baptism of those who believe, love, and endure.

(3) Ephesians, c. xviii.—“ Our God, Jesus Christ, was baptized by John, that through His passion He might purify water.” “ The Son of God was baptized by John that He might ratify the institution committed to that prophet.” We have quoted this passage in both the forms in which it has come down to us, as a curious instance of the differing doctrinal tone of the two recensions.

There are many such marked differences, which have led some to suppose that either the one or the other has been systematically altered in the interests of orthodoxy or of heterodoxy, but the general opinion now is that both are interpolated. This passage, in either form, adds no light to our present inquiry. These three passages, however, have a special interest as containing the earliest references to baptism in ecclesiastical antiquity.

III. BARNABAS.

The Epistle of Barnabas is now generally acknowledged not to be the work of the “ apostle ” (Acts xiv. 14) of that name; but it would be a great mistake to conclude that it is, therefore, of little value. The writer makes no claim to be the Barnabas of the New Testament. It was probably written in Alexandria, about the year 125. The tenth chapter throughout deals with baptism. It is here transcribed in a form slightly condensed:—Barnabas, chap. xi.—“ Let us further inquire whether the Lord took any care to foreshadow the water and the cross. Concerning the water, indeed, it is written, in reference to the Israelites, that they should not receive that baptism which leads to the remission of sins, but should procure another for themselves. The prophet therefore declares, ‘ Be astonished, O heaven, and let the earth tremble at this, because this people hath committed two great evils: they have forsaken me, a living fountain, and have hewn out for themselves broken cisterns ’ (Jer. ii. 12). Furthermore, what saith he in reference to the Son? ‘ His water is sure ’ (Isaiah xxxiii. 16). And again he saith, in another prophet, ‘ The man who doeth

these things shall be like a tree planted by the courses of waters, which shall yield its fruit in due season' (Psalm i.). Mark how he has described at once both the water and the cross. For these words imply, Blessed are they who, putting their trust in the cross, have gone down into the water, for, says he, they shall receive their reward in due time. Further, what says he? 'And there was a river flowing on the right, and from it arose beautiful trees, and whosoever shall eat of them shall live for ever.' This meaneth that we, indeed, descend into the water full of sins and defilement, but come up bearing fruit in our hearts, the fear and hope which is in Jesus, by the Spirit."

It will be seen that the mode of interpreting Scripture is the "spiritualising" method afterwards so widely followed in Alexandria. Any reference to water or to wood is, with this writer, sufficient to foreshadow baptism and the cross respectively. The fanciful method of hermeneutics, however, does not invalidate the value of the testimony to the primitive baptism. The mode, as we here see, is indicated as "going down into the water," and the meaning as the remission of sins unto those who "trust in the cross," and who have received "the fear and hope which is in Jesus."

IV. HERMAS.

The remarkable prophetic book known as the Shepherd of Hermas, is the work of a Roman Christian, of about A.D. 138. It consists of three parts, the Visions, the Commands, and the Similitudes or Parables, and each part contains a single allusion to baptism.

(1) Hermas, Vision 3. The prophet is shown a tower "built upon the waters." On his asking why this is so, he receives the reply, "Hear, then, why the tower (the Church) is built upon the waters. It is because your life has been, and will be, saved through water. For the tower was founded on the word of the almighty and glorious Name." In the same vision the prophet sees some of the stones which had been brought for the building "falling close to the water, and yet not capable of being rolled into the water." It is explained to him that "these are they who have heard the word and wish to be baptized in the name of the Lord; but when the purity demanded by the truth comes into their recollection, they draw back and again walk after their own wicked desires."

(2) Hermas, Command 4. The prophet, addressing the angel dis-

guised as a shepherd, says, "I have heard, sir, some teachers maintain that there is no other repentance than that which takes place when we go down into the water and receive the remission of our sins." The reply is that there may be one repentance "after that great and holy calling," but only one.

(3) *Hermas*, Parable 9. In the Parable of the Twelve Mountains and the Tower, the third vision previously described in the first book is elaborated at great length. It contains the following passage, which is memorable on account of its describing baptism as "a seal," and for its singular account of baptism in Hades. "It was necessary for the stones to ascend through water in order that they might be made alive; for, unless they laid aside the deadness of their life, they could not in any other way enter into the Kingdom of God. Accordingly those also who fell asleep received the seal of the Son of God. For before a man hears the name of the Son of God he is dead, but when he receives the seal he lays aside his deadness and obtains life. The seal then is the water: they descend into the water dead and they arise alive. And to them accordingly was this seal preached, and they made use of it, that they might enter into the Kingdom of God." 'Why, sir,' I asked, 'did the forty stones also ascend with them out of the pit, having already received the seal?' 'Because,' he said, 'these apostles and teachers who preached the name of the Son of God, after falling asleep in the power and faith of the Son of God, not only preached it to those who were asleep, but themselves also gave them the seal of the preaching. Accordingly they descended with them into the water and again ascended. But these descended alive and rose up again alive; whereas those who had previously fallen asleep descended dead, but rose up again alive. By these, then, were they quickened and made to know the name of the Son of God. For this reason also did they ascend with them, and were fitted along with them into the building of the tower, and, untouched by the chisel, were built in along with them. For they slept in righteousness and in great purity, but only they had not this seal.'" In this remarkable passage there seems to be an unmistakable reference to the root-text concerning the necessity of regeneration and the "birth of water" in John iii. 3-5; also to the account of the "preaching of the Gospel to the dead," with its "quickening" result, in 1 Peter iv. 6.

Here, however, for the first time we meet with the idea of preaching in Hades by the apostles, and of baptism accompanying it. The importance attached by the author to baptism could hardly have been more clearly shown than by his belief, here expressed, that it was necessary for the departed Old Testament saints to receive it. Already we see the identification of the outward sign with the inward grace; but the identification is not complete, for baptism is "the seal of the preaching," the ratification rather than the means of the new life. In these passages in *Hermas*, it will be seen that the mode of baptism involved "going down into the water," "descending into the water and ascending again;" and the baptized are those who "wish to be baptized in the name of the Lord," the accompaniment of a "great and holy calling" and of a risen life.

V. THE AUTHOR OF "THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES."

The value of this recently recovered Jewish Christian work has hardly yet been fully estimated, or its date ascertained. With regard to the latter, much depends on the final decision of the question whether its author quotes *Hermas* and *Barnabas*, or is quoted by these fathers. The present writer is of opinion that the "Teaching" is earlier than either of them, and that its date must be placed very early in the second century, if not in the first. In either case, its unknown writer must be ranked with the Apostolic Fathers. There are two references to baptism in this treatise.

(1) "Teaching," c. vii.—"Now, concerning baptism, thus baptize: having first rehearsed all these things, baptize into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, in living water. But, if thou hast not living water, baptize in other water; and if thou canst not in cold, in warm. But, if thou hast neither, pour water upon the head thrice, into the name of the Father and Son and Holy Spirit. But, before the baptism, let the baptizer and the baptized fast, and any others who can; but the baptized thou shalt command to fast for one or two days before."

(2) "Teaching," c. ix.—"Let no one eat or drink of your Eucharist except those baptized into the name of the Lord; for as regards this the Lord hath said: Give not that which is holy to the dogs."

In the former of these passages it is not quite clear whether only the pouring enjoined (when water was too scarce for immersion) was to be repeated three times, or whether all baptisms were to be trine.

It is certain that trine immersion was practised for many centuries. Gregory the Great explains it as in memory of the three days of Christ's burial. Fasting is joined to baptism in the description by Justin Martyr (A.D. 149). The expressions, "having first rehearsed all these things" and "command to fast," sufficiently show that the baptized were instructed penitents. Canon Spence, in his notes on the passage, explains that the pouring was to be when there was not enough water for the candidate to stand "ankle-deep," and says that "the writer is thinking mainly of adult converts." Whether the "ankle-deep" and "mainly" are justifiable every reader can judge.

To conclude, dismissing the passage in Clement as having no real reference to our inquiry, we have found nine allusions to the rite of Christian baptism—three in Ignatius, one in Barnabas, three in Hermas, and two in the "Teaching of the Apostles." With regard to the mode, immersion appears to be the practice, with trine affusion permitted in cases of necessity. With regard to the subject, Infant Baptism is unknown, and, out of nine passages, seven either describe the Baptism of Repentance and Faith, or seem to be most in harmony therewith, the other two passages affording no light.

H. C. LEONARD.

WILLIAM POOLE BALFERN.

"Morning! loved and looked for morning!

Morning of eternal light!

Thou wilt chase these clouds of trouble,

Thou wilt end the gloom of night!"

CHARLES BERNARD GARVE.—1763-1841.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

SOLOMON'S SONG, ii. 17.



SUNDAY, July 3rd, 1887, was the brightest day our brother ever saw. It was the beginning of a Sun-day whose sun shall never go down; the commencement of a Sabbath which shall never end. Mr. Balfern was a bright and cheerful Christian; but he had his days of gloom, his nights of sorrow, his seasons of conflict, of weariness and pain, and some of

these in a degree beyond most of his brethren. Brightness and joy were his element. They had a home in his soul; and oftentimes—commonly we might say—they beamed from his countenance, and flowed from his tongue. His life, however, had many shadows, and his early life especially many sorrows.

He was born at what was then the village of Hammersmith, near London, September 4th, 1818. The family had become reduced in circumstances through the folly of the father, a man with a good education, of amiable manners, yet a victim to intemperance. The mother was a Christian woman, but greatly afflicted, and burdened with care and trouble. Little William was devotedly attached to his mother, and shared her sorrows in no ordinary degree for a child. Hence he was often, as a boy, a prey to depression and grief. "I saw more sorrow," he says, in his autobiographical notes from which we quote, "before I was twelve years of age than some see all their lives."

The father's dissipation not only brought poverty upon the family, but deprived the children of a suitable education. Indeed, it was mainly through the toil of the weak and afflicted mother that the boy was fed, and some sort of a home kept over the head of the family. The poor mother's only earthly comfort was her affectionate son, whose cheeks she often wetted with her tears, when, after a long day's work, she returned to her darkened home, putting him to bed and saying, "Don't be afraid, Willie; if father comes home and makes a noise, God will take care of us."

At thirteen the frail boy was thrown upon the world to get his living as best he could. He could read and write only a little, but he knew how to make the best use of what he had. He secured a situation as errand-boy to a bookseller. Carrying the books of the lending-library was his chief work, and it was every way congenial. It enabled him to improve in reading, and both stimulated and gratified his love of it. In this situation he continued some time, his fondness for all kinds of literature increasing. In this way he became acquainted with the English classics, and with many other works, both ancient and modern. The young ideas began to put themselves forth in the shape of verses and prose composition. He bought, and studied to good purpose, an English grammar, and thus early laid the foundations of a pleasing and graceful style of writing.

In addition to reading works of history, philosophy, and poetry, fiction engrossed his attention, and he was near being ensnared by books of a sceptical tendency; indeed, they had begun to undermine his faith in Divine revelation. But he could not bring himself to believe that the religion of his sainted mother, the religion which had sustained her amid so many and such grievous trials and conflicts, was built upon a fiction. The remembrance of her prayers—and it seemed sometimes as if she was still with him, and he could hear her voice—pleading for him, checked the wayward tendencies of his unsubdued heart, and he felt condemned that he was so unlike her, and that he had not sought to know the God who had been her strength and consolation. The testimony of her simple faith and heart-cheering hope, borne in the midst of poverty and sorrow and suffering, led him, now she was at rest in her heavenly home, to turn to the old Bible she had been wont to use. There were the well-thumbed pages, there were the numberless passages she had marked and underlined. They were light and peace and joy to her, Elims in the wilderness, streams in the desert, fountains in the Baca Valley of her weary pilgrimage. He felt that he was wanting that faith which opened all these sources of consolation and strength and joy to her. And then, when he thought of her character, unspotted amid surroundings of sin and suffering, he felt a reverence for her memory and her holy, soul-gladdening faith; so he would go to the chapel where she found help and peace. He went, and sat in the same pew where as a child he had sat by his mother's side. Again and again he went, and by degrees light broke upon his mind. He was convinced of sin, humbled, and condemned before God as a sinner. When, for the first time, he heard the doctrine of justification by faith preached, he says: "I so perceived its beauty in relation to my state before God, that I at once embraced it, and thus found peace with God, and such a Divine joy and love, that I wanted to fall down on my knees before God in the chapel, and to praise and worship, as I gave myself, there and then, to God as my Father through Jesus Christ, the Son of His love."

It was not long after this that, in reading the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, he saw very clearly, as enjoined by our Lord and taught and practised by the apostles, that Christian baptism is baptism upon a profession of faith

into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He made haste, and delayed not to keep this commandment of his Saviour and Lord, uniting himself with a Baptist church.

The new life gave a new impetus to his intellectual powers. The lighter duties of a clerkship now gave him more time for study, which was directed, after the Bible, to the works of the Puritan divines. He had an impression that his remaining days were few, and so he thought he would use the time and strength God should give him in setting forth the worth, excellency, and grace of his Saviour Christ. He wrote a series of papers, which were first published in the *Baptist Messenger*, under the title of "Glimpses of Jesus." The Lord so blessed these humble but beautiful musings that at the request and with the help of a friend they were republished in book form. This work and its fellow-volume, "Lessons from Jesus," have passed through several editions in both England and America. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has not only spoken highly of them, but done so for the best of reasons—that he himself has derived profit in their perusal.*

But God did not then take him home; though still, and, indeed, always, "a feeble piece," as Watts sings, he was spared for long years of service. He heard the Master's call to labour in His vineyard, and he obeyed and went. After a few years of itinerant effort, he was called to the pastorate of the church at Bow. He spent there seven very happy and useful years, not, however, relinquishing his secular employment. The congregation largely increased, and one hundred and sixty were added to the church by baptism. But the ceaseless mental activity, the increasing duties of his business, and the many claims of his pastorate told upon his health, and compelled him to resign the pulpit at Bow. For two years he took such rest as he could, with only occasional preaching. Meanwhile, having attained the responsible position of manager, he became with his brother, soon after, joint proprietor of large bleaching, dyeing, and hot-pressing works at Spring Vale, Hammersmith. He had already married, when far on in life, the widow of one of his beloved friends at Bow, the estimable lady who ever after brightened his path, comforted him in his sorrow, shared his troubles, and now mourns her loss.

* See notes in *The Sword and Trowel* for August, p. 437.

Around and near the works at Spring Vale there grew up a working population for whom no chapel accommodation existed. Mr. Balfern opened a large room for preaching, and established a Sunday and day school, and set on foot other agencies for the good of the people. After a few years the pastorate of the church at Norland Chapel, Shepherd's Bush, became vacant, and Mr. Balfern was induced to enter again upon pastoral work. He took his congregation gathered at Spring Vale to help to swell the weak remnant at the larger chapel. For two years he continued in this position, his feeble health again giving way under the constant strain.

Subsequently the proprietary establishment was turned into a limited liability company, into which enterprise our dear friend ventured to place all his life-long savings, and something besides. He removed to Brighton, whither he had often gone, when run down, to be wound up again. There came a crash in the affairs of the company, and our dear friend, with increased family cares and obligations, was left naked and bare. His health, however, so far improved that he was enabled to undertake the pastorate of the Sussex Street Baptist Church. This he held for nine years—years full of trials and changes and sorrows, but full also of Divine blessing in the work of the Lord, of growing acceptability both as a writer and a preacher, and of deeper consecration and fuller spiritual life.

It may now be proper to make more particular reference to our dear brother as an author. We may as well say in commencement that he achieved no great or very remarkable success in this department. Strictly speaking, he did not attempt great things: his efforts were all humble and unpretentious. He did not attempt to shine; yet shine he did, and not a few have rejoiced in the heavenly light which rayed from the pages of his unassuming productions. To love and serve His Master was his desire, and to bring others to love and serve Him was his unceasing aim and effort. In this God greatly blessed him. Besides the works mentioned before, he brought out "*The Pathos of Life*," a title less apt than that of any of his other works; "*The Beauty of the Great King*;" "*Gethsemane*;" or, "*Incidents of the Great Sorrow*;" and one or two others, besides tracts and numerous leaflets. Nor ought we to pass over his contributions to various periodicals, denominational and otherwise, continuing down to the last. These were all loving contributions to the great treasury

of holy teaching, and of that knowledge which those taught by the Spirit of God seek to acquire. There is room, we think, for a collected edition of his works, or, at least, for a choice selection from the whole.

Before we come to the last days of our beloved friend, it may be well to speak of him concerning the grace that was in him. That he had choice gifts no one can doubt; that he was "apt to teach" admits of no question. There were simplicity without dulness, fulness without tediousness, sparkles of genius, gems of heavenly beauty, and crystallisations of thought, but with no aiming at depth or affectation of originality. Had his voice been strong as his thoughts were rich and ripe and sweet, his sphere would have been larger; and had he had time to cultivate and perfect the mellow sweetness of his correct elocution, and his rather low and too rapid utterance, the effect on his auditory would have been, no doubt, correspondingly greater. Considering his small opportunities and slender training, however, he accomplished wonders.

But it was of his goodness we were about to speak. There was nothing in any way pretentious in our departed friend. He was simple as a child, humble beyond many, and affectionate beyond most. The grace of God was glorified in him, and he aimed in all things to glorify that grace. We never heard him speak a hard or bitter or unkind word of any one during the thirty years of our acquaintance with him. There seemed to be in him no love of self, no fondness for applause, no catering for popularity, no greed of riches; but, on the other hand, an open-handed benevolence, a hearty friendship, a freedom in communicating of such things as he possessed.

We believe his earliest church connection was with a church distinguished, so far as the pastor at that time was concerned at least, for the strong ground taken against all who were supposed to entertain those views of the Gospel call for which the great Andrew Fuller contended. As it was impossible for anyone who held, or was even supposed to hold, the views of Mr. Fuller on the call and claims of the Gospel on those who hear it to yield the "obedience of faith," Mr. Balfern was for a time exposed to misrepresentation, and, of course, had to find a home, or make one, elsewhere. It was about this time the writer made his acquaintance, and as they were like-minded on most points, and had to endure the brunt of similar

petty persecution for their convictions of truth and duty, a strong and close and lasting friendship was formed. Mr. Balfern outlived all this opposition. He was not swallowed up of the wrath of the veteran pastor who was wont to come down with all the power of his voice and denunciation, if not argument and logic and Scripture proof, on all who were suspected of Fullerism. Thanks be to God, Andrew Fuller and John Foreman and William Balfern now see eye to eye; the crooked has been made straight; in the vision of the enthroned Redeemer they have forgotten all differences; and in His light they see light!

One very happy thing was, these small contentions did not in the least embitter the spirit of our brother. He lived too near the Cross. Neither did he verge so far from over-strictness as to become lax. The pendulum of his theological belief swung with no one-sided motion. We have met in the happy fellowship of his house and at his table brethren of the stricter sort, and others who, irrespective of differences of opinion, could fraternise in the love and joy and hope of Christ.

Our brother had no sympathy with what is known as "modern thought," and such-like reproductions of old and oft-exploded errors. Christ was his centre. Christ in all, and all in Him, may be taken as the embodiment of his creed.

"Never further than Thy cross,
Never higher than Thy feet,
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet."

To cleave to Him was his strength; to walk in His light, his peace; to proclaim His worth and beauty and love, his joy; to "nestle" in His bosom, his rest and delight.

The friendship of our brother was worth having: it was not misnamed. He was a friend by the loss of whom one is all the poorer. As one thinks of him the thought comes over one with saddening force, I have one fewer to pray for me now; but, then, there comes the counter-balancing joy, I have one more to wait for me and greet me on the other side. No man more really and fully answered to the inspired injunction, to mourn with those that mourn, and rejoice with those that rejoice. His friendship, too, was as faithful as it was

true. No clouds could hide its summer smile; no wintry blasts disturb its cheerful calmness; no coolness in others chill the ardour of his affectionate heart. In all these things the grace of God shone forth conspicuously, and we glorify God in him. The gathering of brethren at his funeral, and their words and prayers, and those of others not present, all bear ample testimony to this. We come to his last days.

During the winter of 1886-7 he had gained strength both mentally and physically; so much so that he cherished the hope that he might yet be spared to do a little more work with his pen for his Master; and indeed his contributions to several of the religious periodicals again appeared as in former days. But the warmer weather threw him back, and it became evident, to himself at least, that his work was nearly done. Reluctantly he yielded; and he used to say he found it hard work to be content to do nothing. And yet he would sometimes add, "I am having the highest life of all—a life of constant communion with my Father; and I can say it is all I care for; for even Christian companionship is often only an intrusion to me." "He walked many hours," says Mrs. Balfern in the memoranda forwarded to the writer, "and it was then he worshipped, 'speaking to his Father all the way,' as he expressed it. Of late he often returned to tell of the rapturous communion he had had with his Lord, and said, 'I don't know why I have been so favoured, but I have been in the very vestibule of heaven all this morning. Sometimes I have wondered whether it is to be the preface to the book, and that my Father is going soon to take me home.'"

A week before the end came he had an attack of dysentery, under which he gradually sank, meanwhile suffering excruciating pain. During this season, too, there was a period of deep darkness and soul conflict. He realised such a sense of his unworthiness that it overpowered him, and in his very weak state he seemed to be the prey of gloomy fears and sore distress. He was led to ask, "Father, why is it? What have I done?" On the last day of June, when in great pain, he said, "Oh, Father! I have no strength to bear it." His wife reminded him of the promise, "My strength is made perfect in weakness," and he replied, "So it is, so it is." Soon after he pleaded, "Oh, Father, do take me home! Do say, Come." After this, when in great pain, he was reminded that he had written much to help God's people

to meditate on the sufferings of their Lord, and that He had gone through far greater sufferings for him, when he exclaimed, "Yes, but I haven't touched the rim of it." Other remarks, similar in their tendency, fell from his lips at intervals. Once, when his wife was holding his hand, she reminded him of the promise of God to hold the hand of His people, and he remarked, "Oh, how beautiful!" Shortly after this, the physician administered a small dose of morphia to ease the pain, and he was able to converse but little. On the Lord's-day morning he welcomed the arrival of his eldest son and daughter in his usual warm manner, and later in the day another of his daughters; but his breath was fast failing, and, after a few farewells and a parting kiss, he sank into a state of unconsciousness, and so continued until, at eleven o'clock, he quietly passed away, to be at home with Jesus for ever.

"At home with Jesus! He who went before
For His own people mansions to prepare;
The soul's deep longings filled, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there;—
What home like this can the wide earth afford?
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord.'

"With Him all gathered! to that blessed home,
Through all its windings, still the pathway tends;
While ever and anon bright glimpses come,
Of that fair City where the journey ends,
Where all of bliss is centred in one word,—
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord.'"

META HEUSSER.—1797-1876.

R. SHINDLER.

JESUS OUR PACIFIER.

MATT. xiv. 22—27.



THOU who didst walk o'er the sea,
 Thy first disciples to befriend,
 When they, in their extremity,
 Needed the succour Thou couldst lend.
 O come to us, come now we pray,
 In this the time of our felt need,
 And grant us, ere we go away,
 To prove Thou art *our* Friend indeed.
 O calm the storms that rage without,
 And quell the fiercer storms within ;
 Release our anxious minds from doubt,
 Our restless hearts from every sin.
 Tumultuous passions now allay,
 Those passions which our bosoms fill,
 And say to us, in Thine own way,
 "Hush, troubled soul ! Hush ! peace, be still !"

J. FRANCIS SMYTHE.

BRIEF NOTES.



THE December number of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE will contain a portrait of our venerable and much-respected friend and contributor, Rev. F. Trestrail, D.D., of Bristol.

THE autumnal meetings of the Baptist Union are safely and happily over, and those who anticipated them with fear and trembling may breathe freely once more. The counterblast from the sturdy soldier-builder who wields *The Sword and the Trowel* so valiantly and effectively, has not had the consequences which by some were deemed possible. The Baptist Union remains as much a Union as ever, and presumably still includes in its membership Mr. Spurgeon himself, notwithstanding his so recent intimation that he "could not be expected" to remain in it. At all events no notification has been made of Mr. Spurgeon's actual withdrawal, and we trust that no such notification will be made, that there will be no occasion for it, and that Mr. Spurgeon has got by this time to know that the Union does not contain any whose views are such that "it would be an act of treason to pretend to fellowship" with them, but that although some of the brethren would not state Christian doctrine in exactly his phraseology, and might even differ widely from him in one or two non-essentials, yet that these are among the "many things upon which compromise is possible."

MR. SPURGEON thinks that he cannot be expected to have fellowship with those "whose teaching is upon fundamental points exactly the reverse of what he holds dear." We admit the reasonableness of this; at the same time we venture to think that the Union does not contain a single member whose teaching is the "reverse" of his on fundamental points. Of course the question is, What are fundamental points? In our view, the keystone of the Christian system, considered *historically*, is the Resurrection of Christ. On this "central fact," as Dr. Culross in his presidential address forcibly said, "the Gospel perils its very existence." And this, the guarantee to sinful men of so much both for the present and the future, it is our confident belief, is called in question by no Baptist minister in the three kingdoms. In our view the keystone of the Christian system, considered *doctrinally*, is the Atonement by Christ for the sins of men, a doctrine involving the Trinity, and hence Christ's true divinity; and although all Baptist ministers may not state this doctrine in the same theological terms as Mr. Spurgeon, we believe that "fundamentally" they are one. Doubtless, He who looks beneath the surface, and regards not so much theological symbols as the realities to which they refer, sees more agreement among "all who profess and call themselves Christians," and are united by faith and love to Him—however imperfect their faith and love may be—than they see among themselves.

WE have no claim to speak for those who hold what is called the "new theology," on the side of which the BAPTIST MAGAZINE has not, and does not, array itself, any more than it can array itself, without qualification, on the side of the "old theology," as embodied, say, in the Baptist "Confession of Faith" which our friend, of the great Tabernacle, has edited. But we have done our best to understand what they really do think and believe; and, as we read some of "the very chiefest of the apostles" of it, they unswervingly hold the doctrine of the Trinity, and would state so clearly and profess so unfalteringly that "the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God," as to satisfy even Athanasius, that redoubtable champion of ancient orthodoxy, himself; but, like him, they would probably add, "and yet there are not three Gods, but one God." The *Christian World* has said of "modern thought" that "it is not so idolatrous as to make its acceptance of a true Trinity of Divine manifestation cover Polytheism." In reference to this Mr. Spurgeon asks, "What is meant by the allusion to the doctrine of the Trinity in the extract which is now before us?" In regard to the entire paragraph in which the passage occurs, he says: "We forbear further comment, the paragraph speaks very plainly for itself." It is singular that Mr. Spurgeon should have called attention to this passage in such a way as to lead one to suppose that he took special exception to it—a passage which clearly means that while the Trinity of the Godhead is accepted, Tritheism is not only not accepted, but deemed idolatrous. That there are three Gods, God the Son being by far the most merciful and gracious of the three, as He indeed who induces and prevails upon the other two to be merciful and gracious so far as they are so, is, we fear, a very

common notion, and needs to be controverted. Surely Mr. Spurgeon would join us, who, *ex animo*, accept and confess a true Trinity of persons (*personæ*) in the Godhead, in regarding Tritheism as being as great an error as Unitarianism. It is, indeed, perhaps a greater error than Unitarianism, because distinctly and necessarily idolatrous.

ANYTHING that we say, we say in the interests of unity. We are dead against needless separatism, both political and religious. The student of ecclesiastical history knows how rife and how pernicious, for the most part, theological controversy has been in the past, and it is impossible to survey the condition of the Church to-day without seeing how many evil results survive. In our opinion the duty of Christian men to-day is to repair, as far as possible, and not widen, or multiply, the breaches which have been made by the intemperate theological zeal and persecuting spirit of the past; and if a point or two be strained in the interests of unity, well, even that, perhaps, He who prayed "that they all may be one" will be more inclined to commend than condemn. Moreover, if we are to withdraw from all who do not agree with us in our theological views, where is such withdrawal to end? Sooner or later—for the spirit of intolerance is apt to increase upon us—we should find ourselves in the position of the Scotch church which had "withdrawn," for theological reasons, from all its members except two, so that the church had come at last to consist of a venerable lady and her friend Donald. The old lady had not the least doubt concerning her own orthodoxy, but she confessed that she had "sair doots about Donald."

MR. SPURGEON is sincerely loved and esteemed by all his brethen, who honour him for what he is, as well as for his works' sake; and we earnestly hope that after the noble record he has made these many years past, and after having done so much to build up and consolidate the Baptist denomination, he is not now going to commit himself to a policy of disintegration. He has sounded "an alarm in Zion," which has been taken up and repeated by—to use his own figure—not a few other watch-dogs, whose delight it will be to keep it up. Having discharged what he conceives to have been a duty, we trust that he will be content, and not commit himself to anything which will intensify and increase our divisions, already sufficiently great and sufficiently grievous, as rumour credits him with being ready to do.

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

- BISS, W. A., of Pastors' College, goes to a pastorate at Towanda, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
 BROWN, E. H., has closed his pastorate at Twickenham.
 BROWN, J. JENKYN, has closed his pastorate at Birmingham.
 BRUCE, J., of Campsbourne Road Church, Hornsey, has resigned.
 CARLILE, J. C., has terminated his ministry at Bermondsey.
 CHAPPELLE, J. K., of Queen Street Chapel, Ilkeston, has resigned.
 DAVIES, B., of Pontypool College, has been ordained pastor of the English Baptist Church, Tirphil.

DAVIES, W., of Upton-on-Severn, will resign at Christmas.

DAVIES, J. W., has been recognised pastor at Bromley Road, Lee, London.

DOWSETT, A. A., late of Halesworth, has been recognised pastor at Crown Street Chapel, Ipswich.

DUNN, STEPHEN, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Atch Lench and Dunnington.

DUNSTAN, E. P., of Bosworth Road Church, London, has accepted the pastorate of Union Street Church, Crewe.

ELSON, S. J., becomes pastor at Yorkley.

EVANS, J., late of Ebenezer, Dyfed, has settled at Mardy, Pontypridd.

FIELD, J. B., has undertaken the pastorate at Billesdon.

FLOAT, W., of Foxton, has resigned.

GENDERS, G. W., Ilfracombe, has, with the consent of the church, withdrawn his resignation.

HARRISON, A., has closed his pastorate at Scapegoat Hill, Golear.

HOOD, CAREY, has received public recognition as pastor at Hugglescote.

JAMES, FRANK, of Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of Kingsgate Street Church, Holborn, London.

KELSEY, W., has been recognised pastor of the united churches of Chadlington and Charlbury.

LOGAN, J. MOFFAT, removes from Egremont to Bromley.

MITCHELL, J., of Edinburgh, has been inducted into the pastorate at Forfar, N.B.

MOXHAM, W., has closed his ministry at Meyrick Road, Clapham.

NEW, H., has been lately recognised as pastor at Beaulieu, near Lyndhurst.

NICKALLS, A. M., of Bristol College, has been ordained at Lower Broughton, Manchester.

PARKER, W. R., late of Gainsborough, settles at Crowle, near Doncaster.

PURCHASE, WALTER H., of Leominster, has accepted call to Regent Street, Smethwick, Birmingham.

SATCHWELL, W., late of Harpole, has begun his new pastorate at Attleborough.

SEAR, G., removes from Umberslade to Wem, Salop.

SHAW, A. O., of Coventry, has accepted a call to Bulwell.

SONES, E. G., of Haddenham, has resigned.

THORN, W., of Dover, has accepted call to Totteridge Road Church, Enfield Highway.

WARREN, J. B., will close his ministry at Shouldham Street, Bryanston Square, with the close of the year.

WATTS, H., has closed his ministry at Hyde, Manchester.

WHITAKER, JOHN, of Shipley, settles at Ashford, Kent.

WHITFORD, T., has received recognition as pastor at Market Harborough.

WOOD, B., late of Southport, has returned to his old charge at Tetley Street, Bradford.

HARVEY, ROBERT, late of Kenninghall, who was the oldest Baptist minister in England, deceased recently, aged 95.

SEARS, JAMES, for twenty-four years pastor at Cottage Green, Camberwell, has begun the eternal rest in his 70th year.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D. By F. W. Macdonald, Professor of Theology, Handsworth College, Birmingham. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON was one of the men whose memory will live when the majority of his contemporaries have been forgotten. Not only in his own communion, but in every section of the Church of Christ, in Canada and the United States, not less than in England, he has left an impression that cannot be erased. As an eloquent preacher, a brilliant lecturer, a wise administrator, an influential Colonial "bishop," a zealous and successful mission secretary, he has had few equals. In any one of [these departments of service he would have acquired exceptional fame, but his combination of gifts was so remarkable that he seemed to be equally distinguished in all. We can remember him when he was at the height of his popularity. The largest buildings which could be procured were completely packed, and the vast audiences were swayed as the heart of one man beneath the magnetic power of his oratory. We have heard most of the great political orators, the professional lecturers and the popular preachers of our day, but we have never seen such effects produced on an audience as were frequently produced by Dr. Punshon. His sermons, and in a still larger degree his lectures, were triumphs of literary skill. As a brilliant and effective word painter he had no rival. His powers of description gave him a command over an audience which his intense and passionate devotion, and his longing for the salvation of men, enabled him to turn to the highest advantage. He had the vivid imagination, the tender sensibility, and the fervid emotion of a poet. His polished sentences, his gorgeous illustrations, and his glowing periods were as natural to him as was the majestic organ swell of "Paradise Lost" to the mouth of Milton. The limitations in his range of thought and methods of argument, and his excess of ornamentation, were indeed evident. But there were ample compensations. Who that heard Dr. Punshon's lectures on "John Bunyan," "The Huguenots," "John Wesley," "Florence and its Memories," and "Macaulay," could hesitate as to his being *facile princeps* of the platform orators of his day? His ministry from first to last was remarkable and in many respects unique. How he could get through his multifarious labours, even with the relief of the itinerant system, we are at a loss to conceive. In addition to his circuit work which was never neglected, he raised by his lectures £1,000 for the Spitalfields Chapel in London, and £10,000 for the erection of chapels in the chief watering-places. We see in these memoirs the *heart* of the man. He was as good as he was great. His simplicity of Christian faith, his humility and self-suppression, his kind and generous feelings towards his brethren, his genuine Christian sympathy with all whom he could help, were prominent in every act of his life. The powerful orator who could sway the hearts of thousands, moving them in rapid alternation to laughter and to tears, to a "silence deep as death," and to wild excitement, was as lowly minded as a child. The severe strain to which he was subjected told on his physical strength; and, with a constitutional tendency to depression, it is a

marvel that its results were not far more injurious. But it was never allowed to impair his spiritual strength or to interfere with his communion with God. We are not in the least surprised that it should be so, but it is nevertheless a delight to find from the most authentic sources that Dr. Punshon's Christian character was, after all, his most luminous and powerful sermon. In 1868, Dr. Punshon accepted the invitation of the Canadian Conference to become its president and to travel among the churches of the Dominion. He was also appointed representative to the American churches. His labours there were as abundant, as unwearied, and as successful as in England. "Punshon's chapels" are indeed numerous, and in other ways he gave a stimulus to Methodism which has not yet spent its force. "He pushed us on half a century," said one, and the testimony is apparently true. He was prompted to go to Canada by his determination to marry his deceased wife's sister, a step of whose righteousness he was fully convinced, and which he assuredly took in the fear of God. It arouses our indignation to think that men should be compelled by no divine law but by the blind conservatism and bigotry of ecclesiastics to leave our shores for such a purpose as this. That which is legal in the Colonies is illegal here. How long shall this inequality and injustice be tolerated? Shortly after his return to England, in 1873, Dr. Punshon was appointed President of the Conference and subsequently Foreign Mission Secretary, in which position he rendered by no means the least valuable service of his life. He was as wise in counsel and as strong in administration as he was powerful in speech. His death in 1881 came with startling suddenness, and it was lamented, if not as keenly, yet as sincerely in other churches as it was in his own. Glad, indeed, are we to possess so full and trustworthy a record of the work of one for whom in his life we had so profound an esteem, and whose memory, now that he is dead, we gratefully cherish. Prof. Macdonald has executed his task with fine literary tact and judicious self-suppression. He has hidden himself behind his subject, who everywhere stands clear and distinct before us. Sympathetic appreciation is accompanied throughout by candid judgment, and never degenerates into hero-worship. The life of William Morley Punshon is a biography that will at once be placed among the most valued possessions of the Christian Church; and, with the name of the great preacher, that of Prof. Macdonald will be gratefully linked. Four of the chapters, it should be added, dealing with Dr. Punshon's Canadian life, have been supplied by Prof. Reynar, Dr. Punshon's son-in-law.

THE RAINBOW ROUND THE THRONE, and Other Sermons. By the late Rev. F. Tucker, B.A. Edited, with a Sketch of his Life, by his son Leonard Tucker, M.A. London: Elliot Stock.

A COLLECTION of Mr. Tucker's best known and most characteristic sermons will be highly prized, not only by the members of his former congregations in London and Manchester, but by innumerable readers to whom his name and voice were familiar in all parts of the country. He was one of the few men whose influence was as great outside our denomination as it happily was within it. Several of these sermons we had the pleasure of hearing—"The Rainbow round the

Throne," "Eyes that God opened," "God's Throne upon the Flood," &c., and the impression they made on our mind is as distinct and lively to-day as it was years ago. Instruction, warning, stimulus, and consolation are here most happily blended. We have on every page the words of a man who made full proof of his ministry. The too brief memoir by Mr. Leonard Tucker is a graceful, discriminating, and affectionate tribute to the memory of one whose ministry was singularly successful. In these days of hurried reading its brevity may commend it. But it will soon be discovered that it possesses merits of the highest literary and biographical order. Young ministers especially will read it with interest.

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE. Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Vols. VI. and VII. London: Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Limited, 52, Long Acre. 1887.

THE new volumes of Dr. Parker's great work comprise his discourses on the greater part of the Book of Judges—viz., from chapter vi. to the end—on the Book of Ruth, 1 and 2 Samuel, and 1 Kings i.—xiii. We have so frequently described the character of the work, and expressed our cordial approval of it, that it is unnecessary to say much concerning it now. We should have been glad if the Book of Ruth had been treated somewhat more fully, though we can quite understand Dr. Parker's determination not to allow the work to assume undue proportions. He wishes to keep it within the most moderate limits. But he is not one of the men who either writes or speaks when he has nothing to say, and it would be difficult to point to a single page in any of his books which can be regarded as superfluous. The sixth and seventh volumes of his "People's Bible" make us long for the eighth. Nowhere have we seen finer or more brilliant portraiture, more piercing insight into character, or more subtle and searching analysis, and nowhere can we find a loftier tone of spirituality, or a more vigorous enforcement of the lessons for the sake of which the Bible was given. Rarely has the life of David been more effectively discussed than in these pages. Most earnestly do we trust that Dr. Parker may be spared to complete his noble undertaking.

THE CONTEMPORARY PULPIT. Vol. VII. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey, & Co., Paternoster Square.

IF we were asked where to find specimens of modern preaching at its best, we should unhesitatingly point to the *Contemporary Pulpit*. If better sermons have been delivered in England during the last six months than many of those reported here, we know not where to look for them. All types of preaching are represented. Archdeacon Farrar, Dean Church, Dean Vaughan, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Bishop of Derry, Dr. Maclaren, Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, Rev. S. A. Tipple, Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, Canon Knox Little, Mr. Spurgeon, and Dr. Culross, are among the authors of the sermons; while there are a series of very full outlines for the Sundays of "the Church's year," taken from the works of the best preachers of all schools, and references of very great value to other sermons on the same texts. Of publications of this class, we know none of equal value with this.

APOLOGIA AD HEBRÆOS. The Epistle (and Gospel) to the Hebrews. By Zenas. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1887.

THIS is a singular book, the work of a subtle and ingenious mind, scarcely entitled to rank as scholarly, and certainly lacking in careful and well-balanced judgment. The cleverness of the book seems to us to have been sadly misdirected. According to our author, Luke the Evangelist was Alexander, the son of Simon, the Cyrenian ; "Ananias was at the time of St. Paul's conversion the husband of Mary Magdalene," the upper room in Jerusalem was hers, and Ananias, her husband, the man who bore the vessel of water. There is force in the writer's contention that the Epistle to the Hebrews was in its substance the work of St. Paul, though in a literary sense both Timothy and Luke might be his collaborators. Good things abound in the book, but, as a contribution to theological science, its value is small.

WHAT ARE WE TO BELIEVE? or, The Testimony of Fulfilled Prophecy. By John Urquhart. London: W. Mack, 28, Paternoster Row.

THE object of this book is to assist faith by showing that the Bible is a book which contains prophecies, numerous, varied, and minute, which were recorded centuries before the events took place to which they refer, and which have been fulfilled to the very letter. In order to preclude the possibility of any question being raised as to the reality of the predictions, only such prophecies are dealt with as have been fulfilled at or since the beginning of the Christian era. The author shows that the fulfilment of these predictions cannot be explained on the hypothesis of chance ; that they were not arrows shot at a venture which have chanced to hit ; and that they must have been the result of fore-knowledge. Hence, that as man of himself cannot foretell the occurrence of events, and describe them in detail centuries beforehand, they tell of the thought which holds all generations, past and future, in its grasp—in a word, that they reveal God, and prove His existence. Mr. Urquhart manifests a comprehensive knowledge of his subject, and marshals his facts in a very telling way. He is a strong writer, and has executed his task well.

LITERARY NOTES.



AMONG the most welcome announcements for Biblical and theological students is the promise of a series of works to be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, under the editorship of the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., entitled: "The Expositor's Bible." The series is to consist of expository lectures, and, with one or two exceptions, will be absolutely new. One of these exceptions is the re-issue of Dr. Maclaren's lectures on Colossians and Philemon, which have already appeared in the *Expositor*. The publication of these lectures as a separate volume will be acceptable even to those who possess them in their magazine form, and will greatly enhance their practical usefulness. And as they will make up a book of nearly 600 pages, the price of which to subscribers will be only four shillings, we believe that an unanimous

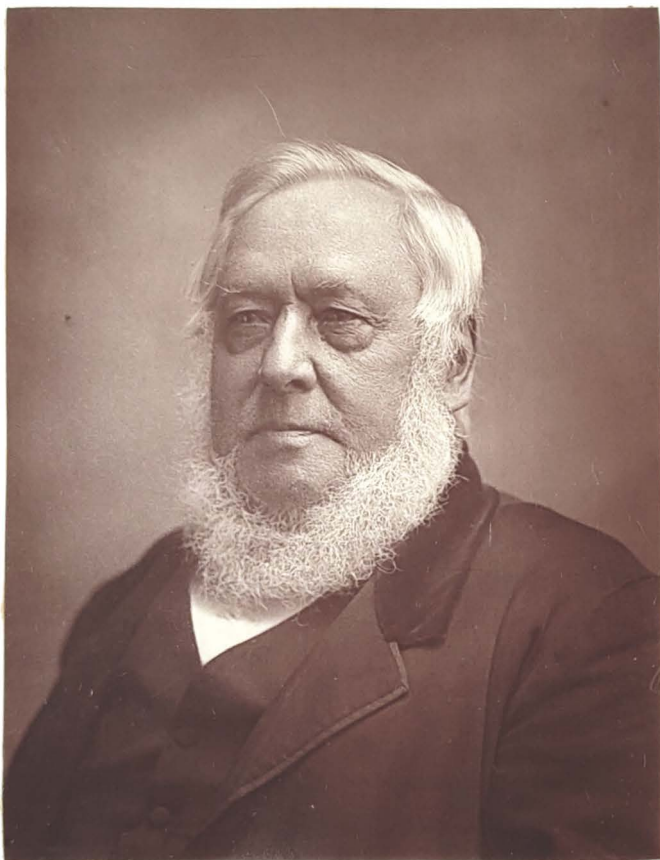
verdict will be given that no cheaper work has ever been published. We are glad to note that Dr. Maclaren is also to contribute three volumes on the Psalms. Dr. Marcus Dods has written the volume on Genesis ; Principal Edwards, of Aberystwith, that on the Epistle to the Hebrews ; Prof. T. K. Cheyne will write on Ezekiel, Bishop Alexander on the Epistles of John, &c. We advise all our readers to enter their names as subscribers to this invaluable series.

THE *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* (T. Fisher Unwin) closes its Vol. XXIV. with one of the best numbers we have seen. The article on Ely Cathedral, with its exquisite illustrations, has great historic and literary merits. The Life of Abraham Lincoln, which is brought down to the Secession movement, increases in interest. Mr. Lane's article on "Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom' at Home in Kentucky," takes a somewhat different view of slavery from the gifted writer of that memorable fiction, and dwells on some of its gentler and finer features. The devotion of some of the slaves to their masters was as pathetic as it was indisputable. Mr. Stedman's "Twelve Years' British Song" is a valuable contribution to poetic criticism, and will awaken a widespread desire for the perusal of the work of which it is to form part.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. may be congratulated on the completion of Volume XXII. of their illustrated Sunday magazine, the *Quiver*. We are not in the least surprised to hear that this favourite periodical has more than maintained its popularity, and that the publishers have resolved on its permanent enlargement to eighty pages, and its improvement in various directions. The volume for 1887 is a model of what a magazine for Sunday reading ought to be. Short sermons, racy articles on all appropriate subjects—Biblical, historical, antiquarian—capital present-day stories, short arrows dealing with current religious and philanthropic topics, Sunday-school (outline) lessons, and other features make up a most attractive and useful collection of the best things from the best writers. To improve the quality of such a serial will be no easy task, but Messrs. Cassell's are not the firm to be baffled in their purpose.

THE *New Princeton Review* (September, 1887), published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, is full of high-class matter. Mr. Stoddart's essay on Lord Byron is a piece of fine discriminating criticism. Mr. Brander Matthews' article on "American Authors and British Pirates" needed to be written, though there are many honourable exceptions to the piracy he censures. "A Greek Girl's Outing" is a powerful picture of ancient Hellenic life.

MESSRS. JAMES CLARKE & Co. have published in a handsome form Dr. Parker's eloquent eulogy on the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. It is a noble tribute to one of the greatest preachers and bravest philanthropists of the age. Some things in it would have been better omitted, but it certainly presents an accurate estimate of Mr. Beecher, and, at the same time, reveals Dr. Parker both in his strength and his weakness.



Permanent Photo.

Copyright.

Yours ever most truly
Fred. D. Westral

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1887.

TO OUR READERS.



THE present number concludes the volume of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE for 1887. With the New Year we begin a new volume, the *eightieth*! To the coming year we are looking forward hopefully. Experience leads us to thank God and take courage. We have been doing our best to present to our subscribers a readable, instructive, and spiritually helpful magazine; and, while we have by no means approached our ideal, it is gratifying to find that, in the judgment of those whose favourable judgment we most desire and value—viz., that of our readers—we are making some progress towards it. Before us lie three letters, all from ministers in the very front rank of our ministry, and all received within the last few days. In one letter the magazine is described as having been “rejuvenated”; in another, the number then just out is spoken of as “capital”; and in the third the writer says, “I must congratulate you on the way in which the BAPTIST MAGAZINE is everywhere spoken of.” These testimonies are samples of others we have been receiving throughout the year. We refer to them for the encouragement of our many helpers and well-wishers; for these, we rejoice to know, are not a few, and feel a keen

interest in the welfare of our venerable periodical. It is gratifying to be able to state that our gradually increasing circulation gives a welcome support to them.

But now, as to the future; therein lie the point and meaning of what goes before. Strenuous endeavours will be made to reach and maintain a high standard of excellence. It is not proposed, it never has been our desire or endeavour, to make the magazine a magazine simply for the cultured and learned few, but to make it a magazine which shall be welcomed and read with interest by, at least, every adult member of the family. We could readily do much more in this direction could the outlay be made which a largely increased circulation alone would justify. We appeal for the help of our readers in this matter. Will they be good enough to introduce the magazine to the notice of their friends, and endeavour to obtain for us additional subscribers? The present is a favourable time, having in view the beginning of the New Year and a new volume. We bespoke such kind help last year, and not in vain. We thank our friends, and bespeak their kind co-operation again.

The portraits will be continued as heretofore. Our pages will be as bright as we can make them, consistent with the serious handling of the serious matters to the consideration and advocacy of which the periodical is devoted. We are glad to say that we have secured promises of contributions from some of the best writers the Baptist denomination possesses; and, as the new volume will contain two or three special features of interest, we can confidently recommend it to our readers for recommendation in turn to their friends.

REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D.



OUR photograph this month would probably recall more numerous inspiring recollections of public assemblies and pleasant hours of social intercourse than any other we have presented to our readers, but that so few of the generation to which they naturally belong survive to recognise the countenance of their honoured friend. The autobio-

graphical sketches with which he has enriched several of our periodicals during recent years—making their readers familiar with denominational celebrities of more than half a century ago—have supplied much, which illustrates the confidence he has enjoyed, and the service he has rendered; yet not without interest will our readers trace his course in the brief record which fittingly accompanies this representation of him.

The Rev. F. Trestrail was born June 24th, 1803, and passed his childhood in Falmouth, surrounded by the happy influences of a Christian home; and there became interested in all that pertained to religious life and its activities in the early years of the century. His parents were prominent members of the Baptist church in that town, and the leading ministers of our denomination who were wont to visit Cornwall in those years for evangelistic purposes, often partook of their hospitality. Our Home Missions were, for some time, closely associated with our Foreign ones; and of a youth interested in both we wonder not to be told that “the death of Mr. Fuller in 1815 was the first event remembered by him as producing a deep and lasting impression.” Then came four years with a schoolmaster at Truro, whose nationality as an Irishman, religious fervour as a prominent local Wesleyan preacher, and political proclivities—which led him afterwards as editor of the *West Briton* to effect, in the opinion of his admiring scholar, “a complete revolution in the political condition of the Cornish”—manifestly left an abiding influence on the pupil not inferior to that which his scholastic profession may have secured. Subsequent to these a year was passed at Devonport with the Rev. T. Willcocks, in which the student was evidently treated as a friend. Such intercourse, “with the free use of a good library,” prepared him, on returning home, for Sunday-school instruction and village preaching, and taking “an active part in the founding of a Philosophic Institution” in his native town. Happily a right spirit was as manifest as marked ability. A public profession of consecration to Christ by baptism took place in 1822; and, after “conducting a village service every Lord’s-day for two years,” it seemed manifestly the right thing for the Church to give the young evangelist “a formal call” to the Christian ministry. It was in his heart to obey; and there were other things beyond “having acquired the art of ready speaking” which gave promise of unusual success. But “an

only son, in partnership with his father in a large and prosperous business," found impediments not often troubling those amongst us who are seeking to enter the Christian ministry. Long and anxious deliberation was needed, and more than the usual years had been reached before our friend in 1828 felt justified in becoming a student in the Academy in Stokes Croft, Bristol. What he found there in companionship and instruction, and what he found while there in the ministry and friendship of Robert Hall, our readers may best learn from his own "Reminiscences." He appears to have been, for a student, exceptionally favoured in his intercourse with that great and good man, and to have been unusually receptive of impressions such intercourse would produce; and as one result we have in those reverent memorials our fullest and most interesting representations of what Hall was in the freedom of social life during his last years. We rejoice that a subject so full of interest has been presented in those Reminiscences with such feeling and power.

In the third year of his Bristol studies some of the leading Baptist ministers in London were anxious to resuscitate a church and congregation in Little Wild Street Chapel, and invited Mr. Trestrail to commence his public ministry there. Suburban chapels were not thought of then as substitutes for city ones; and places hallowed by the worship of a former generation were not lightly abandoned, or converted into mere mission-halls. The labours of six months bringing together "a slowly increasing congregation" and a "small compact church," were not without promise of fruit that would repay persevering toil. But casually, as it appeared to him, the young pastor was brought into connection with the church at Clipstone, in Northamptonshire, where he preached the very day after Mr. Mack, their pastor, died. Mr. Mack had been a *protégé* of Robert Hall. About him and his work Mr. Trestrail had heard much, and would naturally feel in the latter a deeper interest from the loss it had just sustained. That work in the villages of Northamptonshire would be very unlike what he was attempting in Little Wild Street; and in that summer season would appear far more attractive. What wonder that an invitation, which promised all opportunities for study and self-improvement, should tempt our friend away from that which, so slowly realising the expectations of flattering friends, may

have seemed of doubtful issue? Four years of a country pastorate were therefore spent there, bringing enlarged experience, but also impaired health and other trials, so that it appeared wise to accept an invitation coming from a place and people that must have had attractions as reminding Mr. Trestrail of his early home. Newport, in the Isle of Wight, had a climate and surroundings like those of Falmouth. He settled there, and during the next few years grew in resources and influence. Attention was drawn to him, and soon men judged him capable of more difficult things. Many such were to be done. To the Baptist denomination, as well as to others who have sought her good, Ireland has been difficult to understand, and her people difficult to guide to higher and better things. The South of Ireland, being almost entirely Catholic, has proved especially so. To it, however, the Baptist Irish Society was anxious to send an agent, and Mr. Trestrail was requested by the Committee of that Society to visit Cork and the churches in the South and report concerning its need and capability so far as organising a Baptist church in that city was concerned. He went; and his suggestions seemed so wise, and his aptitudes for work to be done there so exact, that, as his recompense he was pressed to become the agent of the Society, and carry out his plans. Generally it is a happy arrangement when he who sees what ought to be done gets the appointment to do it, and the promise of all reasonable support in the execution; and, if deep sympathy with the Irish people as having suffered great wrongs, and hearty appreciation of many excellencies native to their character, and a devoted ministry, combining the elements of popularity and power, could have secured success, all the elevating influences of a vigorous Protestant church would have given great joy in that city. Good was done, more perhaps, than many hoped for—certainly more than sufficient to make him who laboured amongst them enthusiastic in his pleadings for the Irish ever since. No human foresight anticipated all the trials which Baptist churches, as well as other like institutions in that island, have suffered through subsequent years; and, had they been foreseen, the consequences of most could not have been averted. But before the trials came, Mr. Trestrail had been called away. His third settlement was only of a like duration to those preceding; for on Mr. Green retiring from the secretariat of the Baptist Irish Society, no one appeared to its Committee so likely to sustain the interest of

the English churches in the Mission as the agent who had proved himself so worthy of their confidence in Cork. No one knew more fully, felt more deeply, or could present with equal felicity and force the claims of the work, or be likely to show greater wisdom in administering the funds he might collect for it. Accepting the invitation of the Committee, Mr. Trestrail resigned his ministry in Ireland after its continuance of four years, and during the six following became more widely known to the English churches as the efficient Secretary of their Irish Mission.

When Dr. Angus became President of Stepney College, the Committee of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society in 1848 invited Mr. Trestrail, with Dr. Underhill, to become joint secretaries in his stead. In many respects dissimilar, they were admirably adapted for co-operation; and their united labours, prosecuted in unbroken harmony and with devout earnestness, yet not without many trials and much anxiety, were continued through one-and-twenty years with ever growing success. The division of labour—Mr. Trestrail being chiefly concerned with home correspondence and arrangements for collecting funds, and Mr. Underhill being mainly occupied with correspondence with the missionaries and the work at their stations—suited the inclination of each and the gifts they had received from God. In connection with our denomination our brethren could have received no higher honour, or had resting on them greater responsibility. The history of the Mission through those years has yet to be written. We trust it may be fully and worthily done before the approaching centenary of the Society. When it is done, it will testify to a service by its secretaries not less anxious or arduous than that it may record of its most devoted missionaries. During the years of Mr. Underhill's absence in India, Jamaica, and Africa, almost double toil devolved on his colleague, and this unusual pressure sometimes came in the midst of great domestic sorrow. Divine support, however, was given, and ever new joy, as difficulties were surmounted and threatening clouds dispersed; and the remembrance of how through those years the work grew, in the interest of the churches at home and the success of their brethren abroad, must be ever to each of those directing it a rich reward. Whatever its pleasures or recompense, however, work exhausts; and the most earnest may come rightly

to feel that the success he has achieved requires him to relinquish the position he may have sustained. Physical inability for some of the duties of a home secretary led Mr. Trestrail to feel, in the spring of 1870, that he should resign his office. His brethren were compelled to acquiesce in his doing so; and, with an address expressive of thankfulness and sympathy, and a testimonial which he is pleased to speak of as "handsome," but, which in the estimation of many, was less than they would have given, the *great* work of his life came to its close.

Not, however, the *last*, if the most important. The church at Newport, formerly his charge, needing at that time a pastor, with much unanimity and earnestness invited him to resume his ministry amongst them. With difficulty he could travel; but, for what might be there required of him, he had sufficient strength. Twelve years of quiet, successful work, cheered years that seemed to show undiminished mental vigour; and a growing congregation, an improved sanctuary (renewed at a cost of £1,200, which old friends chiefly contributed), and an influence over other churches in the Island and the Southern Association—better than Episcopal and stronger than that often proves—testified abundantly to his continued usefulness, and reconciled him to the want of those exciting scenes which were the joy of earlier years. Space forbids more than an allusion to many things—his fervid advocacy of measures felt conducive to social purity, and the maintenance of civil rights; the recognition of his theological attainments by the University of Rochester, U.S., in 1881; and, what probably was more gratifying to himself, the acknowledgment of his denominational influence when in 1880 he was called to preside at the meetings of the "Union." His characteristic address on that occasion was heard with profound interest, because of the remembrance of personal service through a long life given to secure the improvement in all matters religious, social, and political which that address so worthily commemorated.

Since Dr. Trestrail has retired to Clifton, and withdrawn from continuous engagements, he has shown an activity surpassing that of many in the fulness of their strength; and his occasional services ever find hearty appreciation. We glorify the grace of God in his varied powers, his energetic life, and extended days. Till that life

becomes a burden to himself, may he continue to tell of the days and men of the past, and be himself an illustration of intelligent sympathy, unshaken confidence, and energetic devotion maintained unto the end!

J. T.

THE PRAYER-MEETING AT AHAVA.

“Then I proclaimed a fast there, at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance. For I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen, to help us against the enemy in the way: because we had spoken unto the king, saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him; but his power and his wrath is against all them that forsake him. So we fasted and besought our God for this: and he was intreated of us.”—EZRA viii. 21—23.



HE lesson suggested by this little incident in Jewish history is evidently this:—That there should be a consistency, a visible correspondence between our lives and our prayers, or, at the very least, we should see to it that there is nothing in our lives, our characters, our conduct, our spirit, or our temper which obviously contradicts and, as it were, gives the lie to our prayers.

One danger against which we all have need to be on our guard is that of contentedly allowing our lives to move on a lower level than our prayers—the danger of thoughtlessly or indolently acquiescing in this, as though it were something inevitable, and not something to be earnestly resisted and struggled against. Our prayers must, in the very nature of things, go before and rise above our lives. We pray for something we have not yet got, that we may attain to some height of communion or depth of experience which we have not yet reached, that some evil may be corrected which still troubles us, that some want may be supplied of which we are still conscious; we pray that we may be helped on in some work to which we have set our hands, or be led to set our hands to some work from which we have hitherto held aloof. We see then that prayer, in its very nature, must go before, and beyond, and above life—it would not be prayer if it did not.

But we should at the same time be careful to remember that, while prayer necessarily moves on a higher level than life, there should be—and if prayer be real and genuine, there must be—some consistency and correspondence between prayer and life; there must at least be no palpable contradiction between them, they must move in the same direction, and towards the same ends.

In prayer the holy aspirations of the soul go forth, and rise up on strong and untiring pinions to the lofty heights of Divine communion and fellowship; but the life should follow after, toiling up the steep mountain slope, slowly always, painfully often, every step taken, small and inconsiderable as it may seem, lifting the life nearer and nearer still to the glory and blessedness and transfiguration that await it on the summit. Prayer then rises above life, but it does so, not to leave life lagging behind with a sad hopelessness or a sadder content, but it goes before and rises above to show life the onward and upward way, and to inspire and nerve life for the onward and upward struggle. There should be, on our part, the constant solicitude and endeavour to maintain an increasing and increasingly obvious harmony and correspondence between the prayers we offer and the lives we live. Our prayers and our lives, if they do not move on precisely the same level, should certainly move under the same impulse, in the same direction, and towards the same ends.

By a mere glance at the narrative referred to at the commencement of this paper we must see how this simple and important lesson is not only very obviously suggested, but very effectively enforced.

To understand the incident alluded to we must go back a little in the history. Ezra, whose name gives the title to this book, does not figure in the narrative till we meet with him in the previous chapter as sustaining important and confidential relations to Artaxerxes. At the right time we see Ezra step forward to render the needed service and to do the needed work. He is the man raised up by God to lead back the second expedition of the Jews from Babylon to their own land, a work which was successfully accomplished about the year 458 B.C. In engaging in this work he had the advantage of acting with the sanction and under the authority of the king; for we are told that he was sent by the king and his counsellors to inquire concerning Judah and Jerusalem, and to carry thither the silver and the gold which they freely offered to the God of Israel whose

habitation is in Jerusalem. And Ezra devoutly acknowledges the goodness of the Lord in moving the hearts of the king and his counsellors to deal so graciously with him and his countrymen.

The favour thus shown to Ezra by the king gave him increased influence with the Jews, and led some of the more wealthy and important of them who remained still in Babylon to reconsider their position, and resolve on accompanying him to Jerusalem.

When most of the preliminary arrangements had been made, Ezra gathered together those who were proposing to accompany him by the River Ahava, the point probably where the tributary stream of that name joined the Euphrates, and there they abode in tents for some three days. During their stay at Ahava, Ezra made further and final arrangements for the pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and while there, anticipating the journey as one involving very considerable danger, he proclaimed a fast, and they earnestly besought the Lord that He would make a right way for them, for their little ones, and for their substance.

Travelling with large treasure, impeded in their movements with household goods, and the presence of many women and children, the large caravan could only move very slowly; and, besides the ordinary dangers and difficulties of such a journey as they were proposing to take, there was great likelihood of their being assailed by those wandering bands of robbers who infested the road by which they would have to travel, and whose cupidity would be excited by the report, which would rapidly spread with all the exaggeration of rumour, that they were conveying vast treasure to Jerusalem.

In these circumstances Ezra was probably pressed by some of the company he led to use his large influence with the king to obtain, as he might easily have done, a sufficient escort. But he had so repeatedly declared his belief in the power of prayer and God's willingness and ability to protect and provide for those who put their trust in Him, that he says, "I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy in the way." Ezra felt that if he asked for such military support and protection, and had shown himself in a time of difficulty and danger as ready to trust to an arm of flesh as other men, the king might not unreasonably have concluded that what he had said about the Lord, as a covenant-keeping and prayer-answering God, had been merely

a vain and empty boast. And so, instead of asking help of Artaxerxes, as though he distrusted the power and help of Jenovah, of whom he had so often spoken to the king, he resolves to leave everything in God's hands, to commit the whole enterprise to the Lord again; and "so we fasted," he says, "and besought our God for this, and He was entreated of us." They did not repose this confidence in the Lord in vain; they were prospered in their journey; they reached Jerusalem in safety, where in gratitude they offered burnt-offerings unto the Lord.

We must all see how the lesson referred to—that a correspondence should be maintained between prayer and life—is enforced by the conduct of Ezra in refusing to seek help from the king after having formally and in prayer committed the interests of the expedition to God. We can quite clearly see what the position of Ezra was. Having led the people at the prayer-meeting at Ahava to ask God to take charge of them, their little ones, and their substance, and to open up a right way for them, and having informed the king of what they had done, we can easily understand he was anxious to avoid anything and everything which should seem to be inconsistent with the prayers offered and the profession made.

Ezra, who was a wise, sagacious, practical man, as well as a devout man, had made all prudent arrangements for the journey, and had gladly availed himself of the letters of introduction and safe-conduct which had been furnished him by the king; and having made these arrangements he committed everything to the Lord—he put everything into God's hands and under God's care. When then some, at the very last moment, came to him and asked him to obtain from the king an escort of soldiers and horsemen, Ezra quietly replies, "No, I cannot do that after all we have done and said. I should be ashamed to require of the king such protection, as any other man might who had never offered such prayers, or who had no such God to pray to. Believing in the God of Israel, why should I go to Artaxerxes for help?"

We learn, then, from the example of Ezra that our prayers should exert an influence upon our lives, that our lives in their general character and movement should correspond with our prayers, and we should be especially careful not to allow anything in our lives which even appears to contradict our prayers, and which may lead men to question our sincerity in offering them.

The offering of prayer involves us in very serious responsibilities, and those who do not pray themselves curiously watch us that they may discover if the practical endeavours of our lives are going forth in the same direction and towards the same ends as our prayers. And we do little to commend the religion we profess to the unbelieving and thoughtless world around us if, having presented such prayers as we are in the habit of offering or joining in, we are no more dead to the world, as greatly depressed by adversity and elated by prosperity, as easily provoked, as interested in trifles, as much governed by our own will, as readily influenced by our varying tempers and passions, as cold and indifferent to all that pertains to the Church and Kingdom of God as we were before we prayed, or, indeed, as we should have been had we never prayed at all. Our prayers should make a difference in us; and those around, who pray not themselves, expect to see such a difference. The world has a rough and ready test which it unhesitatingly applies with a view of ascertaining the sincerity and value of our prayers. It is a very simple test, and one of which we have no right to complain. "Is there," it asks, "a correspondence between the prayer offered and the life lived, or does the life contradict the prayer?" May the example of Ezra convince us of the importance of maintaining a correspondence between our prayers and our lives such as we know God requires and even an unbelieving world expects!

T. M. MORRIS.

THE LLANTHONY MONK.



HE volume* before us is a remarkable volume in more respects than one. It reveals to us, as he has never been revealed before, a man whose name has for many years been familiar in the religious world; but who, we venture to think, has not been really known save to a very

* Mission Sermons and Orations delivered by Father Ignatius, O.S.B. (Rev. Joseph Leicester Lyne), Evangelist Monk of the Church of England, at Westminster Town Hall. Edited, with an Introduction, by J. V. Smedley, M.A., Corpus Christi Coll., Camb. London: William Ridgway, 169, Piccadilly, W.; Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 23, Paternoster Row, E.C.

esoteric circle. It sets forth, as never before, the character of the man's work, and what his views, hopes, and aims really are. This, indeed, is the object of the work. "The reasons," says the editor, "for publishing this volume are, first, that the 'Primitive Catholic Christianity,' preached by this evangelist monk, may be further spread; and secondly, that religionists, of all shades, may know exactly what Father Ignatius does preach, and what views he holds upon ecclesiastical and other subjects." The editor, Mr. Smedley, it may be remarked in passing, is not a clergyman, but a layman, who a few years ago was converted through the ministry of Father Ignatius, or, to use his real name, the Rev. J. L. Lyne.

Mr. Lyne, then, be it understood, is a clergyman of the Church of England in deacon's orders. In 1860 he received what he believes to have been a call from God to lead the life of a "solitary," and seek, as he conceived, in the way Jesus intended, the blessing promised in the words, "Everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." He at once obeyed the call; in other words, he became a monk, assuming the name of "Brother Ignatius," and professing himself a Benedictine. His "habit" he received from the hands of Dr. Pusey. At this time he was a Ritualist, and nothing more. But six years afterwards a great change passed upon him. Says, Mr. Smedley, "Disbelievers in and scoffers at sudden conversion will doubtless be incredulous of the statement; yet it is nevertheless a fact, that on a certain evening—the very moment, as well as the place, are sacred fixtures in his mind—when walking on the seashore in the Isle of Wight, the young deacon became *suddenly* 'a converted man.' . . . 'He was born again,' as he would himself express it, into the new life of a Christian. He was transformed from a hot-headed, earnest *Ritualist* monk into an equally hot-headed and out-and-out in earnest *evangelist* monk, with 'Jesus Only' as his watchword; but behind this (in its proper place) followed the same ritualism, the same love of the beautiful to be offered to God in His divinely appointed service—the type and figure only of the living reality, not the reality itself. To use his own favourite now-a-days expression, he had all his life previously been putting 'the cart *before* the horse.'"

Very much is not said by Mr. Smedley concerning Mr. Lyne's

attempt to revive the monastic order of St. Benedict in England. We are not informed much more than that the monastery was first at Norwich, but is now at Llanthony, Wales. Nothing is said as to the number of men who have been induced to join the society, &c. ; but Mr. Lyne himself frankly confesses that his attempt has been "an utter failure." From this it may be inferred that the members of the order are not very numerous. This failure we regard as a matter for satisfaction, believing as we do in the unnaturalness and mischievousness of the monastic life.

Now, as to the preaching of this Llanthony monk. Until recently, we confess, forming our opinion from what we had heard and read about the man, whom with *Punch* we regarded as decidedly "a clerical error," we had misconceived its character in one very vital respect. That Mr. Lyne was a sincere and earnest man we had not doubted, but that he was a clear and faithful preacher of the Gospel we did not know till we had "heard him for ourselves," and read this volume of his discourses. The three R's which are supposed to be the test of an evangelical ministry he very fully insists on, as this volume amply shows. He believes that ruin has been wrought by the Fall, and boldly exposes the multiplied evidences of it around us to-day. He has no belief in education or legislation as panaccas for the hideous ills of society, but is deeply convinced that the regenerative energy of the Holy Spirit and the saving power of Christ are alone sufficient to work a cure. He believes that sinful men are lost, but that there is salvation for them through Christ, and insists that faith, without reference to sacraments or religious duties, is the means whereby that salvation is personally realised. In fact, he is an evangelist after Mr. Spurgeon's or Mr. Moody's own heart, we feel sure ; and only when he forsakes this character for that of the ecclesiastic or the monk would they be able to repudiate or condemn. In proof of this we propose to set before our readers a few extracts from these sermons delivered at Westminster Town Hall.

In a sermon on the text, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king which made a marriage for his son," speaking of human sin and degradation, Mr. Lyne says :—

' The great King of Heaven, in His Almighty Sovereignty, willed to create a race of mortals and endow them with free will, so that, if they chose, they could turn their backs upon Him, and rebel against

the Master of the magnificent household of the universe ; they could go to the greatest depths of sin if they chose, and they did choose ; and our hospitals, our lunatic asylums, our battlefields, our reformatories, and our Magdalen hospitals all show to what human nature can sink. Go to the back slums of the vilest parts of our gigantic cesspools of humanity, called cities, and there see human nature in the vilest garb in which it is possible to behold it ! When I had the privilege of living among the very lowest in St. George's-in-the-East, I saw to what human nature could sink. Talk about man progressing from the monkey ! I think when human nature is left to itself it will progress downwards to a degradation that is unspeakable and unimaginable. It is all very well to set up an apotheosis of humanity ; it is all very well to talk of civilisation, enlightenment, education, science, art, and philosophy ; but what can all these do to raise the masses of the human family ? What have they done ? I say, without fear of contradiction, that the pictures of degraded humanity in this city which exist at our side to-day exceed in horror any that have existed in the teeming pages of human memory which we call history. It is all very well for people to sit after their dinners, over their wine, and talk of politics and the difficulties of our social problems ; but they do not know of what they are talking, unless they have taken their stand in the midst of the rotting multitudes that are seething in this cauldron of agony and tears and dying and woe, untouched by the power that would regenerate them, perhaps because others have been too selfish to carry the magnificent panacea of God to them."

"Yes," it may be said, "but Mr. Lyne says nothing as to what this 'magnificent panacea of God' is. He conceives it to be some system of priestism perchance, or life of monkery." Nothing of the sort. Take the following from a sermon on "Jesus Christ, the Living Bread" for example :—

"Jesus said, 'I am the Bread of Life ; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger.' Now, I know a great many would come to Christ, only they are not asked to do so. They are asked to go to church and the sacraments instead ; they are asked to be baptized, to go to confirmation, or confession—all sorts of things they are asked to do. But sacraments are utterly worthless *until*—mark that word, *until*—they have come to Christ, for the Holy Communion and

other ordinances cannot operate upon a man until he has received Christ as his life. Oh! brethren, sometimes I cannot help thinking that if, for a little while, all the churches in England would give up everything but offering Christ to the multitudes of starving souls in this woe-begone, sin-darkened country, what a vast amount of saving good might be done!"

In a sermon entitled "Jesus Christ, the Merchantman," the preacher enlarges on the redeeming power and tender compassion of the Saviour. The evangelical simplicity and directness of appeal displayed in this discourse could scarcely be excelled. Here is an illustration:—

"So the Heavenly Merchantman goes to seek His pearls; and He never goes in vain. May I believe—nay, I must believe—that there are some of His lost pearls here to-night, for He has sent me to seek them for Him, and to preach the message of love and peace and joy to sinners. The publicans and sinners of old 'were very attentive to hear Him'; and so it is now. He who feels the need of Jesus never hears the invitation without a thrill of joy and a throb of gladness, saying, 'Will He receive me? He is just what I want. If I can lay claim to Jesus as God's gift to me; if He be really what the Gospel says He is, He will satisfy my soul. If I can plunge into the stream of His blood, I shall be washed 'whiter than snow,' and stand accepted before God in Jesus. 'Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin.' If I can only lay claim to Him and realise the gift of God to me, then shall I be able to stretch out the hand of an aching, hungry soul, and grasp, with a clutch of earnest desire, His blessed truth. And then, when I have laid hold of Jesus, I shall sink down into His dear arms, and listen to His own Word, which is, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out.' 'None shall pluck Him out of my hand.' Let me take the Heavenly Merchantman at His word; let me be like a pearl in His hand; for, inasmuch as He shed His blood for me, He paid the debt of my sins to the 'uttermost farthing.' My brother, art thou a great sinner? Jesus is a great Saviour. Hast thou turned thy back upon Him? His great love is now entreating thee; the exceeding might of His compassion is now touching thy heart, and the Holy Ghost has anointed me to speak, and to tell thee who hearest that He waiteth, He calleth for thee."

On the subject of what it is to "come to Christ," which men are so often invited to do, without a word of explanation as to what coming to Christ is, the author of these sermons says:—

"Perhaps some of you may say, 'But how shall I come?' He tells you how—'He that believeth on Me.' It is just trusting Him; it is just taking Him at His word; it is just accepting Him as the Father's gift to the soul. This is what it is to come. Oh, how simple is that act of coming! How simple is that act by which the soul raises itself and takes hold of Jesus!"

Will it surprise readers of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE to know that preaching of this sort is attended with spiritual results, and such results as they rejoice in? Men and women, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, become subjects of the grand experience described by Holy Writ as a passage from death into life. The editor of this volume, as before remarked, a gentleman and a scholar, is numbered among the fruits of the evangelist's ministry. Testimonies have also come from students for the ministry—in one case testimony from a student for the Presbyterian ministry—as well as from infidels and fallen women, as to saving good received.

"I remember a poor girl," says Mr. Lyne, "who had led the 'life of the lost' for some time, attending our mission at Birmingham, and she sent a letter to be read to the congregation, in which she told how she had come to see how Christ loved her, and how the love of Christ had overcome and satisfied her, and had led her to the determination to live for Christ, and to trust His promise; and that this now was the one great ambition of her life. And only a few months ago a letter came from another girl of the same class in Manchester, who two years before had been brought to Christ; and she told in this letter how He had kept His promise to her for the last two years, which time had been a new life to her, and how good a Saviour she had found Jesus Christ to be!"

In the sermon, "Jesus at the Grave of Lazarus," a striking instance is given of the conversion of an infidel:—

"Some years ago in London, at one of my mission services, an atheist, who had been lecturing that very afternoon (as I was told afterwards) in one of the outskirts of London, all at once confessed that what had been said at our service about Jesus Christ was true; and he went to a Dissenting minister in his own neighbourhood, and

asked to be prepared at once for baptism and admission into that Christian sect which he wished to join; and the Dissenting minister wrote a letter to me to tell me that this man had been instantly converted while I was speaking. I was speaking of Jesus as the gift of God to a suffering, dying, hungering world. I was giving illustrations of how Jesus Christ was what He said He was, and then all at once this man's heart opened and took the great truth in."

If a man preaches like this, and is made useful like this, does it matter that he shaves his head, and wears the tonsure and a monk's habit? Not any more, in our opinion, than it does for a man to wear long flowing hair *à la* Red Indian, and the Genevan gown and bands, as affected by some Nonconformist ministers we know. And as to Mr. Lyne's monasticism, well, we remember that great and good and holy men of the past—men like Athanasius and Chrysostom—have believed in and earnestly recommended the monastic life. We may not, we do not ourselves, believe in it, and we could easily prove that it has failed to produce that holiness of heart and life which its advocates claim as being the special fruit of it. At the same time, we believe Mr. Lyne to be a true man of God, a man of genuine and deep piety, who is sincerely acting out his convictions, in spite of misrepresentation and persecution. Indeed, his sincerity it is impossible to question; but what, with our utmost effort of imagination and sympathy, and our trying to look at things from a "Catholic" point of view, we cannot understand is, how a man with this monk's views of evangelical truth, and clear perception of the all-sufficiency of Christ, can give the honour he does to the Virgin, or believe in the efficacy of her mediation, or the need for such mediation. He may plead, "It is for *Jesus only* that I love the Virgin Mary," and we have nothing to say; but when he says, "All the glory I pay to Mary is for love of her Son," we deem it a pertinent thing to inquire what is the sort and measure of the glory which is paid her. When it comes to making Mary the mediator, and exalting her, as is done by her devotees in general, above Him who is the "one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus," we cannot refrain from recording our emphatic dissent, and making our solemn protest. Probably Mr. Lyne would say that he, at least, does not do that. He does say that "the Blessed Virgin could not have been saved without the merits of her Son; and to make a goddess of her would

be heretical and ridiculous." But he must know, while he denies that Roman Catholics make a goddess of her, that in the Romish system **Mary** is a much more prominent figure than is the Divine Son, and that more prayers are addressed to her than to God Himself. "Jesus only" is the motto he has chosen for himself—a motto which he belies by his devotion to **Mary**. We wish that it truly, and without qualification, described the tendency of his work at Llanthony; we could then give him a more unqualified "God-speed." The story of "The Apparitions at Llanthony," which this book contains, only too clearly shows how largely Mariolatrous ideas have penetrated the minds of the members of the Benedictine brotherhood, presided over by Father Ignatius "among the black mountains of Wales."

On this book, from a literary point of view, we have said nothing. The sermons were taken down in shorthand, and have been printed from the stenographer's transcribed copy. Mr. Lyne himself confesses the defectiveness of the work from a literary point of view, and allows that "the critic will find ample room for his work." In the presence of such a confession, and of the simple words, "As God blesses the weak and foolish things of this world to His praise, He can bless even this poor book to the salvation and joy of many a poor, tired, sinful soul," criticism is disarmed.

The book is of value, if for no other reason, because it reveals to us the man, "Ignatius of Jesus, O.S.B., Monk," who certainly is one of the most singular and perplexing productions of the religious life of this century.

EDITOR.

LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM HAYES WARD, D.D., LL.D.

II.



ERE I reach my theme, which has to do with the relation of literature to religion. It is the ethical part of religion that belongs especially to literature. If goodness is not quite all of religion, it is the best part of it, and it is this part with which we are concerned.

If here I reach my theme, here I might dismiss it, for if it is

beauty that makes literature—beauty supreme over everything in poetry, and beauty only less than supreme in prose—then my task is done, for the chiefest beauty of all, that which dwarfs all others, is moral beauty. The best literature must be saturated with this beauty as with all others, and it is only that literature which has all beauty, or at least the highest beauty, that will survive.

But I am told that this is all *a priori*, and theoretical; and that the facts are against me. I confess that just now we are in a curious literary epoch, which does not seem wholly to bear out what I have said. We are in the age of the Reproductive Processists in literature and art. I do not claim to know the latest literature very well; but I judge that, just as in the French school of painting, to whose masters at Paris we send our young artists, the moral aim is quite unknown, so there is in literature, French and American, a school which offers to do nothing but play the passive recorder of actions and emotions in utter unconcern as to their moral quality. I think we may call them photographic *littérateurs* who do not create ideally, and who leave out such grand themes as justice, holiness, and devotion; to whom the beauty of holiness is of no concern. Men who will amplify a mouse or analyse a passion with utter indifference. All they want is to get a camera effect of things just as they are, good, bad, or indifferent. Renan, author of the "Life of Jesus," has just brought out a play, the story of which, of a nun's debauchery the day before the guillotine, is as corrupt as can be well conceived, and its leading thought is that passions must run their course, even if death stands at the door. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Think of the indifference which, with equal unconcern, limns the features of Him who walked with the twelve amid the lilies of Galilee, and then turns to feed with the swine of Epicurus's herd!

I do not believe that the current young school of American poetry or romance has any element of permanence. James and Howells are pleasing writers, and nothing more. They are writers who can never stir enthusiasm. Their emptiness comes from the fact that there is a vacuum where their conscience ought to have been. Not one of them has the moral power that is in our older poets, Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell. For this reason, no matter how pretty work they do, they have no future. You cannot warn your fingers at an icicle, and you can get up no enthusiasm over the indifference of the

Realistic school. Enthusiasms need a moral basis; and literature wants enthusiasms. I do not hesitate to declare the incoming age empty of memorable authors. There are none to take the place of our great men. The literary fashion is destructive of literary genius. It requires a conviction to uplift a writer as on wings.

Let us test this by the world's experience. Who are the men whose names the ages cannot bury? We will not take our own age, but all ages. Do not the peaks that still rise above oblivion's waste flood soar into the moral heights? The names are not so many. From Palestine has survived one collection of tracts, we call them the Bible, all supremely religious. Egypt had one which four thousands of years had made venerable, until language, literature, and history all went down under barbaric invasion; and that was its story, how the soul of every man must pass the judgment of God—its Book of the Dead. The immemorial literature of the East is either the Vedic Hymns to the Gods, the Buddhist Four Paths of Virtue, or the Confucian Analects of Morals. Greece has given not to Greece, but to the world, Homer, who not only embroiders his story with the gods, but whose every word is instinct with martial and social virtue. It is Helen's crime and that of Paris that is punished with the destruction of Troy. It is the wise and pious Ulysses who escapes the enticements of sirens and returns after long wanderings to his faithful Penelope. In the drama, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, are less playwrights than they are preachers of the terrible justice of the gods. Plato, whether he tells of the wisdom or the death of Socrates, whether of philosophy or politics, has nothing to say except of the true, the beautiful, and the good. In Latin literature, the historians, Tacitus and Livy, make it their task only to tell us how virtuous was a past age, or how beautiful is the goodness of some rare Agricola of the present. The orators still have no other task but to raise the encomium of goodness and to show the pollution of Catilinarian crime. The Latin Cicero is as suffused as the Greek Demosthenes with the love of all virtue; and when not denouncing wickedness before the people or the Senate, he was in his study penning those studies of morals, or telling those hopes of immortality, which charm the ages. Virgil sings the toils and virtues of pious Æneas, and Horace is careless, laughing, Epicurean Horace only in his Odes, and his serious work is nothing but satires on the prevailing vices.

After the Renaissance, with the holy art of Michael Angelo and Raphael, the world has saved stern, tender Dante, who tells us nothing but the just judgment of God. The other names that come to us are Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto, whose pure pages sing only unpolluted love, and high courage in the service of God. If the confessed literary giants of Germany and France, Goethe, Schiller, and Victor Hugo, are indifferent to religion, they overflow with high moral sentiment. Coming to our own language, Chaucer begins the line with his good Parson :

"Cristes lore and his Apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himselve."

Then comes the honey-flowing singer of the Faerie Queen, who could find no theme but the conflict and victory of the knightly virtues, courage, truth, and chastity. With him stands Shakespeare, chief glory of our language, but whose age knew him not. Shakespeare's dramas are high, pure, noble, full of lofty suggestions. They smirch no reader's imagination by portraying with indifference a vile passion. Then comes mighty Milton, sage and Puritan, patriot and Christian, in his childhood carolling a mighty carol of Christ's nativity ; then, as a grown man, defending political liberty against the oppression of kings, and religious freedom against the restrictions of Prelatists and Presbyterians ; and in his blind old age, under the invocation of the sacred muse and the Divine Spirit, singing the mightiest epic of man's history and redemption, the loss and recovery of Paradise, that he might justify the ways of God to man. These are the great over-topping names in universal literature. Then, after a barren waste of years, barren in literature because barren in morals, we come to our own century, and enumerate its greatest masters of the art of words : Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell. There is no one name that gives promise of permanency, unless it be Lord Byron, who is loftily moral if not positively religious.

A study of the history of literature confirms what must be the philosophy of literature. The law is, the survival of the fittest ; and that means the survival of moral beauty, and the incorporation of moral beauty in everything which the world votes permanent. I would have this understood : our to-day's little poets, with their society verse, with their sheared prettinesses, their polished sonnets

and their laboured conceits, innocent of all art of purpose, guiltless of any Philistine enthusiasm, are the merest dry leaves of a fluttering autumn. Our American novel grinds and polishes the infinite facets of nothing, and leaves it nothing still. It is only out of the soil of a deeply moral nature that a healthy literary growth can spring. It seems to me as if just this generation, the new generation which follows Tennyson and Browning and George Eliot, and Longfellow and Lowell, were repeating the dreary experiment which came in with Charles the Second, when Spenser and Shakespeare and Milton were succeeded by Dryden and Butler and Pope, and nothing worth remembering was written till pious William Cowper appeared as the struggling morning star of a new day. I speak not now of the moral poison; but there is a literary asphyxia in the fumes that rise from the dominant young school of England, copied in America. Swinburne has sunk to imitating himself, and saying sounding words, mere words. Sweet, contradictory Rossetti ruined his genius in fighting his conscience. Morris sings pretty, polished, frozen tales; and after them Gosse and Dobson and Lang offer only little basketfuls of little icicles and versicles. It is no better with the brood of the same hatching in this country. One short, grand, thrilling story of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has more beauty and poetry than all their toilsome twaddle.

Old Plato was right. "The true, the beautiful, and the good"; the beautiful linked with the true and the good; the three graces intertwined. They cannot be divorced. They are all one beauty—the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty. Put in your first canon of criticism that what is ugly in morals cannot be beautiful in literary art. Nay, what is indifferent in morals will not rise above the indifferent in literary art. Any notion or fashion of literature which affects to despise and ignore the Divine antagonism of right and wrong is temporary and will pass away. High art will ever spring out of high purpose. You may have a decorative, wall-paper style of literature, which deals in patches of colour or spatters of sunflowers and daisies over a dreamy and meaningless surface of literary pretension, but that is not high art. Out of devotion, self-sacrifice, holy aspiration; out of the beautiful purpose of the rapt face looking up to God comes the honest, direct, magnificent simplicity of purpose which grasps beauty which is beauty, which

will command the homage of the admiring ages when the laboured and self-seeking platitudes of meaningless prettiness and the unsorted photographs of miscellaneous passion have been long forgotten.—*New York Independent.*

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE REV. T. J. COMBER BY HIS FATHER.



WHEN about to prepare the brief biographical sketch which accompanied the portrait of the late lamented T. J. Comber, we wrote to his honoured father, thinking to obtain, perchance, some items respecting his early career not yet given to the public in any accounts which had appeared in the denominational papers. Mr. Comber very courteously replied; but, unfortunately, a second letter, containing what was desired, only came when it was too late to be used for the November number. We now present to our readers the account which was sent to us, not only because we believe it to be intrinsically interesting, but because we feel sure it will be adjudged to have an interest peculiarly its own on account of the hand that penned it. To him who wrote the following, and to his family, we all owe more than we can say, or perhaps realise.


“My son, Thomas James Comber,” writes Mr. Comber, “was born in Clarendon Street, Camberwell, November 7th, 1852. He was educated at the British Day-school in Crawford-street till 1864, when he left school to help me in my business, having made rapid progress in his early studies, purposing to attend evening classes. From early infancy he also attended the Sabbath-school meeting in the same place, Crawford-street, in connection with Denmark Place Chapel, of which Dr. Steane was then the pastor, Mr. Edward Rawlings being superintendent of the school. My boy was a very careful reader, was blessed with a very retentive memory, and had a very inquiring mind. When only twelve years of age he competed for a prize in the Sabbath-school, and was one of the successful competitors. I think he joined the evening classes at the Tabernacle (Mr. Spurgeon’s) when

he was thirteen, and continued there for some years, deriving much benefit from them, and giving proof also of his diligence and careful study. It would be difficult to say when he was converted; for from the time he commenced attendance at the Sunday-school, his conversations gave evidence of great interest in Bible history, and it was no trouble to him to repeat the lessons which had been before them in the class, his mother following up the same with loving interest and care. He was blessed with such sweetness of disposition that I have heard his old companions say, 'Nobody could fall out with him'; and withal, he had a firmness and courage which prevented him falling easily into company with openly bad though clever boys, and which enabled him to speak his mind when either rudeness or ill-behaviour was shown. In my business, too, he very soon became quite the manager, with seven or eight employés under him, continuing with me five or six years. His resolve for mission work was made when he was about fourteen. Listening to the claims of the heathen world as put before the Sunday afternoon class by his teacher, Mr. Rickards, he with others came away greatly impressed, and from that time took to the close study of the lives of missionaries in general, but of Livingstone and Moffat in particular. Soon after this he commenced work in the infant class of the same school, and continued with growing interest the work which he firmly believed he was called to. At this time Mr. Stanford was pastor of Denmark Place Chapel, and the instructions which my dear boy received through him had been very instrumental in fixing his resolve. I think he entered Regent's Park College before he was eighteen as a missionary student; and Mr. Rawlings, who was superintendent of the Sunday-school when he was but a little child, came forward as a helper in finance towards the expenses of his education. The distance was too great for him to continue the school duties in Camberwell, but Camden Road was not far away, and there for four or five years he worked amongst the young, and many in connection with that place of worship have given testimony to the blessedness and fruitfulness of that work. In the autumn of 1876 he had completed his studies at Regent's Park and University College. He was at the latter place only for two years, but with the help and counsel of his very dear friend, Dr. James, he had made very respectable progress in medicine, and in October of that year he left England for Cameroons and Victoria. He arrived there

on the 15th of December, from which time he has not failed to keep us well informed of his doings, the account of which may be read in the pages of the BAPTIST MISSIONARY HERALD."

BRIEF STUDIES ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

BALANCE OF CHARACTER.

 T is not given to the human intellect," writes Lord Macaulay,* "to expand itself widely in all directions at once, and to be at the same time gigantic and well proportioned." Occasionally and rarely we meet some character externally blameless, and at the same time destitute of interest. There is nothing apparently amiss, it may be, but no virtue stands out in full relief for imitation. There is a little of many good qualities, but not much of any one. It is a tame, apathetic character, and commands neither our affections nor our admiration.

So in the material world. If we mix all colours equally on a palette, they make black; if we lay them on separately, and whirl them round in the sun, they are colourless.

But in our blessed Lord's character every feature, while softly blended with its companion traits, comes out with rainbow distinctness and brilliancy, or like a blaze of diamonds, each one peerless and priceless, yet each contributing to the dazzling splendour of the whole.

Of some it is said that "e'en their failings lean to virtue's side." More often of others is the converse true, that e'en their virtues lean to error's side. Zeal degenerates into impetuosity or bigotry, charity into latitudinarianism, economy into penuriousness, or liberality into extravagance, self-control into cold reticence, patience into supineness, diligence into fussy activity, perseverance into obstinacy, devoutness

* Macaulay's *Essays*—"Madame D'Arblay."

into indolence, geniality into worldly conformity, and gentleness into weakness and cowardice. No incongruity, no one-sidedness, no deficiency, no excess, can be discovered in the harmony and perfection of our Saviour's characteristics. In all of human virtue, as of heavenly glory, "He must have the pre-eminence."

Observe for instance, how in Him facility of access was combined with unapproachable dignity. "Master, where dwellest Thou?" said the two earliest disciples. The answer was, "Come and see;" and they abode with Him that day. Nicodemus was not repulsed because he came by night. The despised Samaritans "besought Him to tarry with them, and He abode there two days." When, after His resurrection, two sorrowing disciples "constrained Him, saying, 'Abide with us,' He went in to tarry with them." He was ready at the call of every inquirer and of every suppliant. Yet not even the chosen twelve ever ceased to feel the reverence He inspired; familiarity did not lessen it. "Master and Lord" they ever owned and ever felt Him to be; and "the common people," who "heard Him gladly," realised that "He taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes."

Thus with the unimpeachable purity of His life and doctrine, the absolute faultlessness which could throw down the challenge to His watchful enemies, "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?" there was the gentle approach to the sinner. "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him." He sat down in their houses, He encouraged their petitions, He suffered their touch.

Again, there was the blending of devotional spirit with patriotic ardour and world-wide philanthropy. He could come from the retirement of the desert to teach listening thousands, and again retreat to the mountain top to continue all night in solitude and prayer.

Devoted to one grand purpose, He could yet give attention to every private and social claim. He could have compassion on the multitude, and embrace the world in His purposes of mercy; while He could go to the help of a friendless and despairing wretch by the Pool of Bethesda, or an excommunicated and forsaken one amid scowling or scornful witnesses in the Temple. Mindful alike of the bodily and spiritual necessities of men, He could heal their sick and feed five thousand; while at the same time He "went about all Galilee,

teaching in their synagogues and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom."

With what righteous indignation, with what scathing rebuke and denunciation, He unveiled the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees! "Woe unto you, hypocrites!" "blind guides," "whited sepulchres," "for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men!" "Ye, serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" And, on the other hand, what gentle pity and encouragement He manifested for the weeping penitent! what generous consideration for temptation or wrong! "Thy sins are forgiven thee: go in peace." "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more." Even for cowardly Pilate He could make allowance, and say, "He that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin."

So, in the training of His own disciples, we observe the mingling of fidelity and gentleness. How faithfully He reproved their ambition and jealousy and selfishness! Yet the occasions were few, and the words were brief. With what gentleness they fell from His lips! "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." "What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?" "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Sometimes the reproof was conveyed in a typical action only, as when "He took a child and set him in the midst of them," or "took a towel, and began to wash the disciples' feet."

It would need a volume rather than these brief outlines to point out all the contrasts in harmony, so to speak, which revealed themselves with inimitable beauty in our Lord's perfect character. Out of a long list of traits, some sixty in number, a few only have been suggested in the pages of this magazine. The reader can doubtless remember or search out many more. May we have grace to aim at the completeness of our glorious Exemplar's character! Not that we can ever reach it; but the higher we aim, the higher we shall rise. In the spirit of St. Paul, we shall say, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after;" and, amidst all distracting influences, we shall hear the voice of Jesus speaking to our hearts, and saying, "What is that to thee? *Follow thou Me.*"

J. L.

LETTER IN RHYME BY REV. JOHN
RYLAND, M.A.,

ADDRESSED TO MR. CHRISTIAN, OF SHEEPSHEAD, A FEW DAYS AFTER AN
ASSOCIATION MEETING HELD THERE IN 1774.



MY dear brother Christian, whom I much esteem,
As one whom the Lord by His blood did redeem ;
As you, when we parted, desired that I
Would write very soon—you see I comply ;
And for once I have taken a fancy to send
A few rambling rhymes to you, my dear friend.
If my verse be but awkward, my friendship is true,
Nor need I make many excuses to you.
To my friend, Mr. Guy, I've abruptly sent word,
That I got safely home through the care of the Lord.
To His name be all honour, and glory, and praise,
When Providence graciously prospers our ways.
My friends at Northampton in health were all found,
With manifest blessings encompass'd around.
I was glad of a pleasant church meeting to hear,
Though I own I regretted that I was not there.
The power of God's Spirit five persons reveal'd,
And told how He wounded, and then how He healed.
One woman especially, brother Chown's sister,
Spake choicely indeed, for the Lord did assist her.
Her dwelling's at Moulton, and ten years ago
Did God by His Spirit her need of Christ show.
But poor Thomas Tilley could hardly go on,
Satan told him he'd die as soon as he'd done ;
He trembled and quaked, every word that he said,
And in earnest expected to tumble down dead.
Charles Titherough, poor lad, though proposed, was not there,
I heard he was kidnapp'd by Giant Despair.
We hope that his heart will be better in tune,
To speak, with five more, the first day of Junc.
May their tongues be unty'd, that they boldly may tell
How the arm of Jehovah redeem'd them from hell.
How we sought them, and found them, when far gone astray,
And taught them to travel in Zion's right way.

Oh! what a blest day is approaching, dear brother,
When I trust we in glory shall meet one another.
What singing, what shouting, what heavenly greeting,
Will there be in that general triumphant church meeting
When all the Lord's chosen together shall join
To tell o'er the wonders of mercy divine.
No illness, nor business, nor length of the way,
Shall keep from that meeting one brother away.
Temptations nor trials no more shall be known,
Nor Satan nor sin shall then make us groan ;
The scoffs of the world shall not make us afraid,
Nor doubts nor distresses our souls shall invade.
No parties, nor quarrels, the saints shall divide ;
They'll be free from all shyness, and free from all pride.
Well met shall we all be, the great and the small,
Poor I may shake hands with the blessed Saint Paul.
Each strange dispensation shall be understood,
We then shall see clearly all work'd for our good.
What merciful miracles then shall be told,
What wisdom, what goodness, we then shall behold ;
When each account's ended, how will we all sing ;
The loud sounding chorus will make heaven ring.
If the stars be not pull'd down, they, too, shall sound there,
And angels will wonder at music so rare.
But oh ! it seems long to that blessed day,
And I'm often discouraged because of the way ;
This world's such a wilderness, I should be lost,
Were it not for the guidance of God's Holy Ghost.
We must travel, you know, as we go to Mount Zion,
O'er mountains, by leopards, and near dens of lions.
And though they're all chain'd, and Christ over them rules,
Yet their terrible roaring frights children and fools.
Such short-sighted creatures as you and I be
Can often the leopard, and not the chain, see ;
And to see but his shadow, if Christ be not there,
Is enough to make anyone tremble for fear.
However, my Saviour hath broken his head,
And promised that I on the dragon shall tread.
Oh ! that He would grant me more courage and faith,
To believe and rely on whatever He saith ;

In His strength to oppose all the armies of hell,
With the sword of His Spirit their might to repel,
Like the brave sons of Dod, at Jesus' command,
To fight till my sword should cleave to my hand.
But the worst of all is, that for want of faith, I
Am apt to take fright like a coward and fly.
Anyone but my Captain, with shame I may say,
Would have hang'd me long since, or have turn'd me away.
But His goodness is boundless, and boundless His grace,
And still doth He bear with a rebel so base.
God grant that His goodness my soul may excite
With glorious courage, in order to fight.
May the foresight of glory constrain you and me
To consider what persons we ought now to be.
Sons of God, heirs of heaven, the purchase of blood,
Good Jesus, why should we then wallow in mud?
Leave the earth to the moles, we were born for the sky ;
Let them do as they please, but may we mount on high.
May our hearts with our tongues for ever abide,
There is nothing deserves our affections beside.
So pray hard for me, dear brother, fail not,
For, alas ! you can't think what a heart I have got,
So stubborn, so stupid, so carnal, so cold,
One half of its wickedness cannot be told ;
Above all things deceitful, and desperately bad,
Good Lord, 'tis enough to make anyone mad.
Thou only canst know it, Thou only canst mend it,
Oh search it and try it, and wash and defend it.
But I shall rhyme on till you'll surely be tired,
My paper is fill'd, and my time is expired.
I add my best love to yourself and friend Guy,
Sure none love each other more than he and I.
May God bless you both, and may you increase
In love and in holiness, knowledge and peace.
To your aunt, Mrs. Barns, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Pratt,
The lady whose house we all breakfasted at ;
The good man whose namesake lived three days and nights
In the sea-monster's belly, without food or light ;
To everyone else, to Christ Jesus, a friend,
My Christian respects I cordially send.

And I pray God to prosper His Gospel, and bring
 All Sheepshead to own the Lord Jesus for King.
 Farewell, and believe me there's none in this island,
 That wishes you better than I do,—JOHN RYLAND.

May 7th, 1774.

BRIEF NOTES.



N honoured name is that of the Rev. George Grenfell, who has rendered noble service to the cause of Christian civilisation in Africa. The work which, as a missionary and an explorer, he has done on the Congo is well known to all our readers, and we are confident that they will hail with pleasure the announcement that we propose to present them with his portrait in the number of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE with which we shall commence the New Year.

THE hope we ventured to express in our last number has not been fulfilled. Mr. Spurgeon has withdrawn from the Baptist Union. No one can say that he has acted hastily, or believe for a moment that it has not been "on the highest ground alone" that he has taken this step. Even those who are disposed to question the wisdom and utility of his act must nevertheless respect his motive, and honour him for doing—in obedience to a sense of right and from loyalty, as he conceives it, to the truth—what we trust he has not done without pain. As the announcement of actual withdrawal was so long delayed, we were hoping that it would not come at all. In that hope we have been disappointed. It is some satisfaction, however, to know that Mr. Spurgeon has no intention of placing himself at the head of a secession from the Baptist Union, and forming another denomination. We have, as it is, not only denominations enough, but rather too many. That the Union has lost the benefit of Mr. Spurgeon's membership, and his great influence for good, we most sincerely regret.

IN the first of the admirable *British Weekly* Extras on "Books which have influenced me," there are several references to Baptist authors, which are worthy of remembrance as coming from men of acknowledged literary eminence. Robert Louis Stevenson speaks of the "Pilgrim's Progress" as "a book that breathes of every beautiful and valuable emotion." Walter Besant writes:—"Unquestionably the book which most seized my imagination was the immortal 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It still seems to me the book which has influenced the minds of Englishmen more than any other outside the covers of the Bible. While it survives, and is read by our boys and girls, two or three great truths will remain deeply burned into the English soul. The first is the personal responsibility of each man, the next is that Christianity does not want and cannot

have a priest. I confess that the discovery by later reading that the so-called Christian priest is a personage borrowed from surrounding superstition, and that the great ecclesiastical structure is entirely built by human hands, filled me with only a deeper gratitude to John Bunyan." Dr. Walter C. Smith says that in his early home "Boston's Fourfold State" and "Hervey's Meditations" were "happily relieved by 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and 'The Holy War,' and in those years I had the bad taste to prefer the latter; to boys, pilgrims are by no means so interesting as soldiers."

THERE is a paragraph in the article by Dr. Marcus Dods referring to the great Baptist essayist which we transcribe, not only because of its intrinsic worth and its admirable delineation of Foster's genius, but in the hope that it will ensure the wider study of a writer who is not nearly so well known as he ought to be to the younger men of our day. Dr. Dods writes:—"Before I had made a study of any writer, ancient or modern, and while as yet Fennimore Cooper was almost my sole non-compulsory reading, one of the most efficient teachers and worst-used men I have known took me in hand and put me on some methods of self-education. Among other things he counselled me to read each week one chapter of Foster's "Essays," and the following week to write what I remembered of it. As a discipline in attentive reading in memory and in composition this was valuable, but, as an introduction to Foster, no words of mine can explain the influence it had on my mental attitude and habits of thought. Analytical and critical, Foster is also imaginative and speculative, fond of feeding his imagination with history, philosophy, and expensive illustrated books of travels and of art. Not only are the writings of Foster—essays, lectures, reviews, journals—fitted to preoccupy the youthful mind with just observations on men and things, but they lift the young reader to a 'peak of Darien,' whence a new world opens to his view the immeasurable ocean of human life, where, if other explorers have penetrated, they have left no track, and mapped out no discoveries. Foster possesses the opening mind with the belief that severe thinking on the motives of men, the varying situations of human life, the influences which mould character, and the principles which ought to govern men will always attain results of value and of interest. In his writings we see such results and the process by which they are reached. Doubtless, such writers as Emerson and Carlyle would as effectively win the student to observe and investigate human nature; but if there are in the writings of Foster fewer nuggets of enormous weight, there is also less of alloy, a more unmixed sanity of judgment than in these more frequented teachers. Apart from all comparisons, there is in Foster an intense thirst for knowledge, an affinity for what is spiritual, a keenness of observation, a closeness of reasoning, and a living vigour which give depth and felicity to his style, and make his writing continuously trenchant and suggestive." The *British Weekly Extra*, from which these paragraphs are quoted, abounds in valuable suggestions as to the best reading, while in many directions the *Weekly* itself is one of our wisest and most efficient guides on the great problems of religious thought and action.

MINISTERIAL REGISTER.

- GILLARD, W., Croyde, Devon, has been publicly inducted into the pastorate.
- KILBY, G. H., of the Pastors' College, has been recognised pastor at Bishop's Stortford.
- KITCHENER, J., has been recognised pastor of the church at Mirfield.
- OSLER, B. W., has taken public leave of the people of his late charge at Croyde and Georgeham, Devon.
- PRICE, W., late of Garway, has been recognised pastor of the church at Beckington.
- ROBERTS, E., has just been recognised pastor of the South London Tabernacle.
- ROBINSON, F. E., of Bristol College, has become pastor of Zion Church, Bolton.
- SMYTHE, F. T., of Bristol College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Harlington.
- STOCK, A., late of Weston, near Towcester, has been recognised pastor at Honiton.
-
- AINSWORTH, JAMES, who for many years was Baptist minister at Dymchurch, has deceased at Hythe.
- COMPTON, W., who founded the Tabernacle Church, Gosport, has lately deceased in Tasmania.
- HORSFIELD, R., who was for many years pastor of the church at Bryan Street, Leeds, has deceased, aged 66.
- PREECE, B., who for thirty years sustained the pastorate of the church at Cotton Street, Poplar, but retired to Littlehampton in September, 1884, has been called away in the 64th year of his age.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION, from the Reformation to Kant. By Bernhard Pünjer. Translated from the German by W. Hastie, B.D. With a Preface by Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D., University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street.

WE heartily endorse Prof. Flint's opinion that the study of the philosophy of religion cannot be too earnestly commended to our younger theologians. It deals with all the root-questions of theology, and precedes our "mastery of the situation" in the conflict with rationalism and unbelief. Scepticism and heterodoxy of every form will be best avoided by those who are conversant with this great theme. Pünjer's history, notwithstanding certain conspicuous defects, is the best existing introduction to the study, and is decidedly superior to Pfeiderer's. The author died two years ago, at the early age of thirty-five, and this may account for some features of the work which slightly detract from its value. We are thankful that he has here, at any rate, limited himself to the duties of an historian, without any attempt at elaborate criticism or any endeavour to propound and illustrate a system of his own. The preliminary work to which he has restricted himself needed to be done, and he has for the most part done it

well. His reading must have been enormous, and he certainly had the art of expounding the principles and opinions of successive writers clearly and concisely. Some of the men of whom he writes cannot be claimed as Christian philosophers—*e.g.*, Spinoza, Diderot, and Voltaire. Chronological order has been frequently disregarded. In addition to the instances mentioned by Prof. Flint, we notice that among the oppositional movements within Protestantism, Irvingism, Moravianism, and Methodism are mentioned before the beginnings of English Deism, as represented by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Sir Thomas Browne, Hobbes, &c. The notice of Bishop Butler is altogether inadequate. These and other defects would, doubtless, have been remedied if the author had lived to revise his work; and, apart from drawbacks of this nature, it may be confidently asserted that we have no work of equal value with this. The introductory survey from the time of the Apologists to the Reformation is lucid and to the point. The ground which properly belongs to this subject covers the most momentous movements of philosophical and religious thought; and Pünjer everywhere moves with the ease and grace of a master who is thoroughly conversant with every branch of his theme, and who can without difficulty put his readers in possession of every salient fact and principle. No subsequent inquirer can neglect this able and brilliant history, for the sequel of which we shall look with sincere and deep interest.

ESSAYS ON SOME OF THE MODERN GUIDES OF ENGLISH THOUGHT IN MATTERS OF FAITH. By Richard Holt Hutton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

MR. HUTTON'S fine skill, sound discrimination, and unswerving candour as an interpreter and critic of the foremost minds of our age have never been more conspicuously displayed than in these essays, in which he discusses the influence of Thomas Carlyle, John Henry Newman, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, and Frederick Denison Maurice. These "guides" differed widely one from another, and it is evident that Mr. Hutton is more fully in sympathy with Mr. Maurice than with any of the others. He possesses, however, the power which John Stuart Mill declared to be so rare—the power of entering into the mind of an opponent and of seeing the good and strong points in his position, even when he protests against the weak and false. There is nowhere to be found a finer characterisation of the essential features of the teaching of these great authors, of the service they have indisputably rendered to us, and of the limitations and errors by which that service has been hampered. The criticism on Mr. Arnold is especially trenchant, while the two essays on George Eliot are by a long way the ablest we have seen. The book is full of delightful and instructive reading, and ought to be studied by all who wish to understand the dominant intellectual influences of the day.

A HISTORY OF ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE. By George Saintsbury. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

THIS book is intended to form the second volume of a History of English Literature divided into four main periods, each of which has been entrusted to a

writer specially qualified to deal with it. The work when complete will excel all its predecessors, and become the standard text-book in our schools and colleges and (we hope) our universities. Mr. Saintsbury's volume covers the undoubtedly greatest period of our entire history. The men with whom he brings us into contact were the giants of a heroic age. What Englishman is not proud of the names of Hooker, Spenser, Shakespere, Johnson, Bacon, Milton, Taylor, Clarendon, and Hobbes, to say nothing of a host of lesser though still distinguished names? The Elizabethan period in a literary sense extends from 1560 to 1660, because at the earlier date the various intellectual, social, and religious influences were at work which gave to the age its specific characteristics. The characteristics were by that time prominent and well defined, and they were not materially modified until after the latter date. Mr. Saintsbury's essay is no mere string of dates. While he has not neglected these, it has been his main aim to make his readers acquainted with the real contributions of "this flowering age of our literature" to our national thought and life. His criticisms are sufficiently full and detailed without being wearisome; and there is not a single Elizabethan author whom we cannot understand more thoroughly, and in the study of whose works we shall not take a livelier interest as the result of his wise and judicious guidance. We do not, of course, endorse all his judgments. His estimate of Henry Vaughan, for instance, is far too low. But in how few cases can we expect a critic and his readers to agree in everything! The study of literature has often proved to be dry and profitless. Writers like Mr. Saintsbury transform it into a fruitful source of pleasure. He enables us to see how great minds have thought and felt; he arouses our sympathy with that which is best and strongest in them; and he must be a very dull man who does not "gather light, enthusiasm, and strength" from these graceful and eloquent pages.

NISBET'S THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.

WE have received from Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. the following volumes of one of the most useful series of present-day works—viz., "Non-Biblical Systems of Religion;" "Christianity and Evolution, or Modern Problems of the Faith;" and the "Christian Fulfilments and Uses of the Levitical Sin-Offering," by the Rev. Henry Batchelor. The first two volumes, which are of composite authorship, have been reprinted from the pages of the *Homiletic Magazine*, one of the ablest and most scholarly periodicals which even this prolific age has produced. The idea of holding "a Symposium" on the great questions of current controversy, in which every side shall be adequately represented, is admirable. On the Non-Christian Religions we have, after a valuable introduction from Archdeacon Farrar, an essay on Ancient Egyptian Systems by Canon Rawlinson; one on the Jewish Faith by Rabbi G. J. Emanuel; Sir Wm. Muir writes on Islam and Christianity; Dr. T. W. Rhys Davids on Buddhism and Christianity; the Hon. Rasmus Anderson on the Ancient Scandinavian Religions; Prof. Radford Thomson on Positivism, &c. It would be impossible to obtain from any other work a clearer or more comprehensive popular view of this many-sided subject. The treatment throughout is effective. In "Christianity and Evolution" we have

a calm, temperate, and in every way effective discussion on the hypothesis (so we regard it) of evolution in relation to various aspects of Christian truth and fact—Miracle, Design, the Incarnation of Christ, Inspiration, Sin and Redemption, Heaven and Hell, &c. It is shown that the idea can be logically accepted only under rigid limitations, such as Christian theism is bound to impose; and that it does not, when stripped of false and unscientific associations, necessarily conflict with the things most surely believed among us. Some of the writers advance statements from which we dissent; but of the value of an intelligent, fearless, and honest discussion such as this (conducted by Dr. George Matheson, Dr. Momerie, Mr. Fowle, Mr. W. F. Adeney, Prof. Chapman, Sir G. W. Cox, and Rev. A. F. Muir) there can be no doubt. The Symposium as a whole has a distinctly reassuring effect, and proves that Christianity is impregnable. Mr. Batchelor's essay on the "Levitical Sin-Offering" is a Biblical study on the doctrine of the Atonement which will carry conviction to every candid and unprejudiced mind. Keen verbal criticism, a thorough knowledge of the Mosaic ritual, power to penetrate beneath the shell of the old ordinances to their inmost kernel, to unlock the casket and show the jewel it encloses, and reverent interpretation of the teaching of our Lord Himself, are everywhere conspicuous. We have no fear that belief in the vicarious sufferings and death of our Lord will ever be abandoned. But if such a calamity were possible, books like this, enforcing the teaching of the Divine Word, would, under the Divine blessing, do much to avert it. We are thankful for such wise, weighty, and faithful words.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

The Christmas parcel this year is as attractive as it has ever been. Alas that it should come at a time when we are so sorely pressed for space! Parents wondering what presents they shall make to their children, teachers anxious to give their scholars a treat, Sunday School Committees wishing to increase the usefulness of their libraries, should certainly send for the whole of this delightful juvenile literature. *Young England* is always a favourite magazine with boys, and by story and poem, accounts of travel and discovery, by biography and puzzle, meets tastes of every description and easily holds its own against all competitors. *The Child's Own Magazine* is one of the brightest and most welcome visitants to the nursery. "The Child's Own Poetry Book," written and arranged by Horace C. Groser, and beautifully illustrated, will afford both amusement and instruction to our young masters. Mr. James Crowther's "Autobiography of an Acorn," and other stories, furnishes a capital illustration of the manner in which the teachings of natural history may be utilised for spiritual instruction. Acorns, pearls, pebbles, bees, corn, leaves, &c., are made to yield invaluable lessons in a delightfully simple form. "The Land of the Great Snow Bear," by Dr. Gordon Stables, has a title that explains itself. How our boys will be thrilled by this tale of love and heroism! "Pleasant Papers" is a reprint of old friends—short, pithy addresses, by "Ancient Simeon," on various matters of duty and interest. "Sandy," "Keena Karmody," and the several shorter stories, are all good. The little book on "Sure Foundations, or, The Truths we should teach the Children," by a Pastor,

ought to be studied by all pastors and teachers. "The Anecdotes on Bible Texts" (Corinthians and Galatians), by J. L. Nye, will be found of great service; and of course no teacher can be content without the "Sunday School Teacher's Pocket Book," with diary, class register, and a large fund of useful information.

NEÆRA : a Tale of Ancient Rome. By John W. Graham.

THE CŒRULEANS : A Vacation Idyll. By H. S. Cunningham. London : Macmillan & Co. 1887.

AT one time fiction was regarded simply as a means of amusement, with no higher aim than to excite pleasure; but in our day it is an acknowledged means of instruction, and is employed by men who would formerly have taken their place among the essayists and philosophers. There are, no doubt, innumerable works of this class which are weak and worthless, and which cannot by any possibility survive the year of their publication. But there are others which will be ranked among the masterpieces of our literature. Two of the ablest works of the year are unquestionably those named at the head of this article. Widely different in conception and style, in the scenes, the characters, and the ages they describe, they each possess literary and artistic skill of the highest order, and are worthy of study not only for the sake of their story, fascinating as in each case that story is, but on historical and psychological grounds as well. "Neæra" is a picture of Roman life under the Emperor Tiberius. The luxury, the ambitions, the political unsettledness, the plots and counter-plots, the continual suspicions, and the deep-seated corruptions of the age are depicted with a master hand; and in strange contrast to the general corruption, the characters of Lucius Martialis, of Fabricius, and of the heroine of the book stand out pure, noble, and generous. Mr. Graham is thoroughly conversant with the details of the old Roman life, and has the rare power of enabling his readers to see it in all its depth and complexity.

"The Cœruleans" is a less serious and more amusing book, and abounds in vigorous and telling sketches of the different types of Anglo-Indian character. Mr. Cunningham has a peculiarly racy style. He is witty, humorous, and sarcastic. He delights in throwing off epigrams which at once fix themselves in the memory and refuse to be dislodged. His descriptions of places are often strongly realistic. His sketching of character is not more vivid than his analysis is searching and subtle, and his robust English is as refreshing as a strong sea breeze.

IS THERE SALVATION AFTER DEATH?

A Treatise on the Gospel in the Intermediate State. By E. D. Morris, D.D., LL.D., Lane Theological Seminary. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

THE question here discussed is every-

where to the front. To our thinking it must, as Dr. Morris contends, be decided absolutely on Scriptural grounds. The Bible is not only our supreme, but our only authority in the matter; and hence we are thankful to receive a thorough-going, fearless, and

honest appeal to the Bible. The whole tone of the Bible—even apart from the direct and unequivocal testimony of particular texts—seems to us to be Now or Never; and from the conclusions reached by Dr. Morris in favour of the old views, we do not see how any man can logically dissent. His arguments are cogent and conclusive.

THE CHURCH AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

By the Rev. Arthur Carr, M.A.

THE CHURCH AND THE PURITANS, 1570—1660. By Henry Offley Wakeman, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

We class these two volumes together because they each belong to the Epochs of Church History series, which we have previously had occasion to commend. Mr. Carr has narrated, with terseness and vigour, the principal events of perhaps the most critical period of Church history, when the conflict between Christianity and Paganism was most severe, and the entire future of the Church seemed to be hang-

ing in the balance. Opinions differ, and will differ, as to the reality of the conversion of Constantine, and the worth of his adhesion; but of the extent to which his influence was felt there can be no doubt. Mr. Carr's judgment on this and other points seems to us to be candid and judicious, and such as, with one or two modifications, we could readily endorse. Mr. Wakeman deals with more recent times, and with men and events in whom we are all keenly interested. His ecclesiastical standpoint is not ours. He is not a Puritan, and thinks that the effort of Puritanism to make good its standing in the English Church was illogical and impossible of accomplishment. Puritanism is, in his view, necessarily Nonconformity. We are not sure that he is right. Puritanism, as well as Broad Churchism, can claim a place in a community which is necessarily based on compromise, but of course it has no right to supremacy. The discussion of the question in these pages is frank and manly, while the historical transactions are effectively narrated.

LITERARY NOTES.



THE most valuable contribution which has been made for some time past to the study of the Lake Poets (as they were mis-called) is "The Memorials of Coleorton: being Letters from Coleridge, Wordsworth and his Sister, Southey, and Sir Walter Scott, to Sir George and Lady Beaumont, of Coleorton, Leicestershire, 1803—34." The volumes, which are beautifully printed and strongly bound, are edited with a luminous and succinct Introduction and Notes by Prof. William Knight, of St. Andrew's. No one who begins to read these letters will leave off until he has finished them. The publisher is Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, to whom we are also indebted for another valuable work, "Sketches in History and Poetry," by the late John Campbell Shairp, LL.D., Professor of Poetry at Oxford, &c. Dr. Shairp has for many years been one of our favourite authors. He exercised an influence over thoughtful and cultured minds for which we cannot be too grateful. He was at

once reverent, learned, and philosophical, and endowed with fine poetic powers. Here he discourses with a rare charm on St. Columba, Queen Margaret of Scotland, King Robert Bruce, the Early Poetry of Scotland, the King's Quair, Henry Vaughan, Silurist, &c.

WE had hoped to have noticed more fully "Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses" (Camelot Series), "Irish Minstrelsy" (Canterbury Poets), and "The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley," by William Sharp (Great Writers), but the unusual pressure on our space has made it impossible. They are all worth many times the money at which they are published. It has been quite a treat to renew our acquaintance with Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose discourses are invaluable to students of every class. Mr. Sharp has availed himself of the latest investigations of the Shelley Society, and of the materials for which we are indebted to Prof. Dowden. Shelley was far from being a Christian; but we agree with Mr. Browning in thinking that if he had lived he would probably have become one. Not less admirable than Mr. Sharp's monograph on Shelley is that by Mr. Rossetti on "Keats." How Mr. Walter Scott (24, Warwick Lane) produces such works at so trivial a cost we do not know.

THE next issues of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's Foreign Biblical Library will be "A Manual of Introduction to the New Testament," by Bernhard Weiss (Vol. I.), and the second volume of Delitzsch on the Psalms.

WE are glad that the Oxford University Press are issuing copies of the Revised Version of the Old and New Testaments at prices which bring the work within the reach of all classes. On the score of cost, complaint can no longer be urged. The Revised Version is practically as cheap as the Authorised, and we have little doubt that it will be more and more widely used—a fact in which we heartily rejoice.

THE popular edition of Dr. Geikie's "Life and Words of Christ" (Cassell & Co., Limited) is a marvellously cheap book. It contains the text intact, and simply omits the appendices, which for general readers are by no means necessary. It is a book of profound and comprehensive scholarship, well written, and in many respects the very best of the works of its class. The same publishers' valuable National Library contains, among recent issues, Mungo Park's "Travels in Africa"; George Herbert's "The Temple"; Edmund Burke on the "Sublime and Beautiful"; Keats' "Endymion"; Bishop Butler's Sermons, and two further instalments of Pepy's Diary. Amid the multiplicity of books, there are none of higher value or likely to exert a healthier influence than these.

THE BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY have forwarded "A Manual for Church Members," by Rev. Charles Williams; "The Responsibilities of Church Members," by John Templeton, F.R.G.S.; and "The Obligations of Church Members," by Rev. J. Kemp; all of which are worthy of a wide circulation, and will, we trust, receive it.