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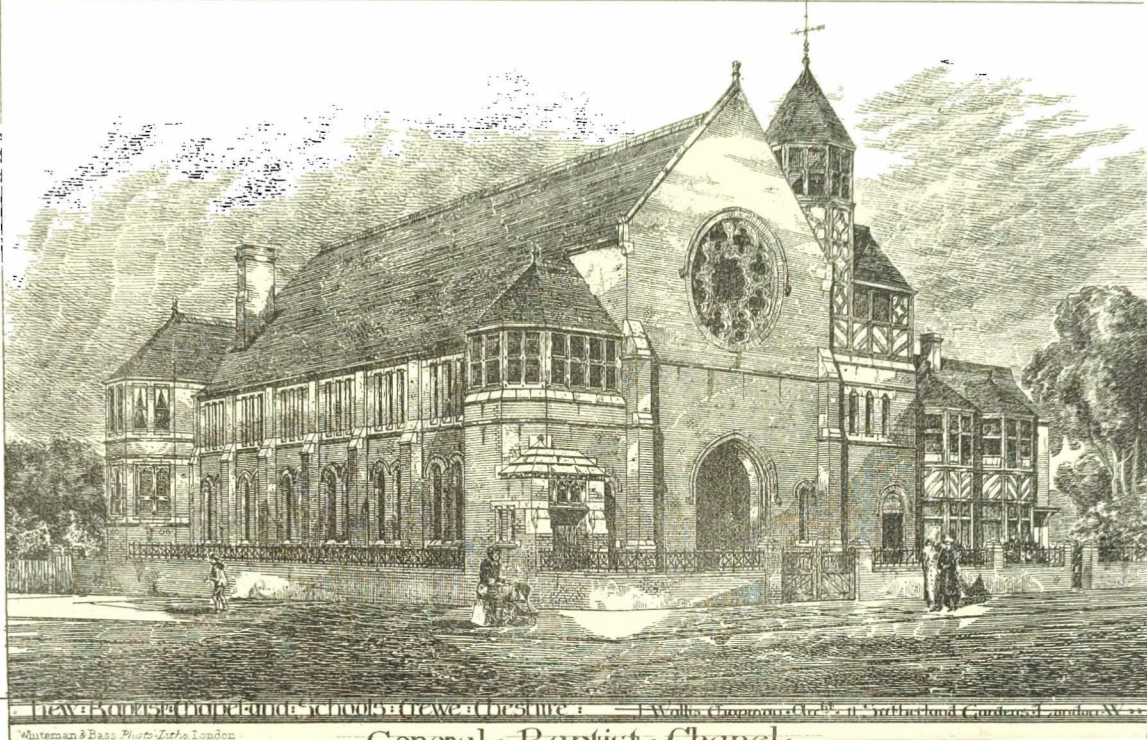
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General Baptist Chapel

THE
General Baptist Magazine
FOR
1883.

EDITED BY

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AUTHOR OF "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? AN EIGHTFOLD REPLY"—
"GEORGE MOSTYN"—"NEED I BE BAPTIZED?"—ETC.

"FOR THE BREAD OF GOD IS THAT WHICH COMETH DOWN OUT OF HEAVEN AND GIVETH
LIFE UNTO THE WORLD."

"LET US GO ON UNTO PERFECTION."

THE EIGHTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

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THE
GENERAL BAPTIST
MAGAZINE.

The New Year.

LORD, this year will bring
Fortunes varying,
Joy and peace, with bitter crying,
Sickness, health, farewells and dying:
How the mists sweep by!
All uncertainty!
Helper—hitherto!
Help us each one through.
Let Thine unseen presence near us
Keep the watch, to guard and cheer us;
In the clear bright day
Teaching us to pray.
May our suffering
Strong endurance bring;
And these spirits gently turning
From earth's care to nobler yearning,

Urge a loftier flight
Nearer to the light.
Joshua of the soul!
All our steps control:
Through the thickets and the dangers
Shew the way; we are but strangers;
We have never been
To the land unseen.
Thou canst guide us best
To the perfect rest,
High and holy and remaining,—
End and crown of the world's training,
In the home above
Of our Father's love.

GEORGE RAWSON.

A New Year's Prayer.

FATHER Divine, to Thee we pray
For blessings on this New Year's Day:
Look down in mercy from above:
Hear our petitions, God of love.

To-day we launch our little barque
Upon a sea unknown and dark;
We fear the rocks and stormy wave,
But Thou, O Lord, art strong to save.

O keep us ever in Thy fear—
Obeying, trusting, year by year:

In wisdom's ways our footsteps lead;
With heavenly manna, daily feed.

We long to serve Thee as we ought;
Conformed—in word, and deed, and
thought—
To Christ's own image; patient, kind,
Unselfish, spotless, meek, resigned.

O! satisfy us with Thy love;
Prepare us for Thy home above;
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
Land us on heaven's eternal shore.

H. E. P.

Looking Ahead!

DEAR FELLOW TEACHERS,—I want to talk to you, this New Year's morning, about "Looking Ahead," or fetching help in to-day's duty, by a far away vision of the incidents and accidents, possibilities and probabilities, of our Sunday School work. As a wise captain studies the chart of his ship's course; vividly represents to himself quick-sands and shoals, possible storms and collisions, and takes due care to prepare for the worst; so the teacher, whilst maintaining his faith in God, in his children, and in the Gospel, should work for his pupils, in full view of the fearful perils they have to face, and the prodigious difficulties they will confront; that is, he should use the best materials, adopt the best methods, and work on the best principles, so that he may prepare them to endure any strain of trial or shock of temptation, to which they may be exposed, and inspire them to attempt the loftiest height of spiritual achievement life may offer them.

That is a high aim and a difficult task. But I have long felt it is "the one thing needful" in Sunday School work, the supreme educational problem—nay, may I not say the chief national and world problem?

For we dare not deny that we too frequently fail to give our young friends help, *where* it is most wanted, and *when* it is most difficult to get it, and of the precise *sort* they most acutely require. We take hold of infant life and nurture it, with delight in its charming simplicity, open-eyed curiosity, singular freshness, and beautiful trust. We detain the child in the gentle grasp of the soft tendrils of affection, by the ministration of knowledge, sympathy, and love; and in many gladdening instances we keep the children as they travel through the first year or two of their "teens," but as they get to

THE BRIDGE

that unites the life of the youth and the man, of the grown girl and the woman; and on whose pathway temptations crowd in terrific numbers and appalling strength, we let go their hands, and in many cases never lay hold again. Hence, a large portion of the manhood and womanhood of the land is indifferent to the charms and claims of religion, neglectful of the love and law of God, and unenriched by His mighty and life-ennobling salvation.

The last census of religious worship suggests that, notwithstanding our conspicuous successes, this is where our work fails. Only one in four of the population seek the help of religious teaching and Sabbath worship, instead of one in two; and competent witnesses assert that most of those who are alien from organised Christianity have passed through our Sunday Schools, received religious instruction, and heard the warning voice of teachers and friends. But now they care not for the "services" to which they were trained. The school has not led to the church, as a porch to the temple, or childhood to manhood. Home, school, and church, together have failed *for them*. We began to build, and built with fine promise. We had capital tools, good materials,

* Opening paragraphs of "LOOKING AHEAD!" a New Year's Address to Sunday School Teachers. By J. Clifford, M.A., L.L.B. *Sunday School Union*. Price One Penny.

earnest workmen, and brilliant hopes, but from some cause or other, where we expected a solid edifice we have a gaping ruin, and where we looked for a home of all the virtues we have a disappointing and irritating chaos.

I know, and rejoice to repeat, that our success has been wide-spread, immense, solid, and reproductive. I do not forget that most of those who preach and those who "hear," who toil in our mission fields and teach in our schools, who lead in our civic life, and shape our national activities, received early and immeasurable accessions of power in the Sunday School; but who does not mourn the vast mass of what I may call "Sunday School Drift," the numbers who have slid into incertitude of faith in the love of God, stolid indifference to the Unseen, and, in many instances, into violent irreligion? Surely this would not have been, if we had so done our work as to be of the greatest service in the *most perilous part of human life*; when the impetuous, independent, and "headstrong" boy is laying hold of himself, and stands gazing and delirious at the threshold of man's alluring and illusive privileges; and the girl is thinking, not of the "old home" in which she has been reared, but is hasting with restless and heedless spirit to the duties and responsibilities of womanhood.

Ah! this is a tragic hour! No moment in life's short day equals in pathetic interest that early one which links the youth with the man, where there is dimly, but with growing distinctness, dawning on the soul, the sense of its unfolding powers, immense capacities, huge desires and untried capacities. The excitement is portentous. As when the sea is lashed by fiercest winds; so the soul is agitated to its lowest depths. Every faculty is raised to the highest pitch of action. Ambitious schemes march through the soul like troops of fancies through the poet's dream. Visions follow visions. Temptations gather in besieging crowds and impetuously rush at every gate of the soul. It is the real entrance upon life; and it is through a wilderness tenanted by demons waiting to assail the spirit in its extremity, and by successive strokes of flattery buy the worship for themselves which should be given to God only.

If, then, our teaching and training are not effective for this time of stress and storm, what are they worth? Where is their value? "Good as far as they go." No doubt, but "good" for what? The anchor that has a chain of forty fathoms in fifty fathoms of water is "good as far as it goes"; but not carrying the anchor to the sea bottom it is simply good for *nothing* in a storm. "I am only a minute late," says the self-excusing traveller as he sees the back-most lights of the train disappearing from the platform, but he might as well have been a week too late so far as journeying by that particular train is concerned. No doubt, we do good as far as we go; but unless we go with our children up to, and right through,

THE CRISIS OF THEIR LIFE.

we fail where and when the help is most wanted, lose the appropriate reward of our work, and miss the very end for which we have prayed and toiled. Our scholars lack our support when they most need it, and we look in vain for them when they are wanted. We win at Austerlitz and Jena; but we lose at Waterloo, and, losing it, lose all. J. CLIFFORD.

Some Classic Books of the English Church.

HAVING, in a former article, said something about the classic preachers of our favoured island in connection with a series of lectures delivered at St. James's Church, Westminster, we will, on this occasion, devote attention to an array of great books, which, in their way, are perhaps even more imposing than great men. The fact is, that acting on the suggestion of the Bishop of Derry, the Rector of St. James's the Rev. J. E. Kempe, M.A., arranged for a series of lectures on Books to follow the course on Men; and these now constitute a highly suggestive volume, published by Mr. Murray, under the title of "Companions for the Devout Life." The books selected by the several preachers are all old and established favourites, although, with some of them, it is probable that our readers will be totally unacquainted. In saying this we refer to such partially obsolete authors as Fenelon, Pascal, and Andrewes; but we might go even further and say, that too few now-a-days are familiar with the works in our literature whose titles are "familiar in their mouths as household words." Who, for example, reads *The Saint's Rest* as Baxter left it; and what "general reader" is there who displays any competent knowledge of *Paradise Lost*? The very richness of our literature has the effect of promoting dissipation; and numberless readers resemble persons at a banquet whose uncultivated, or eccentric taste, prefers inspid *entremets*, while the best dishes of the centre remain untouched. The defective knowledge of such persons, however, may possibly make them the more desirous of knowing what such competent critics as Dean Howson, Cannon Farrar, and the Archbishop of Dublin, and ten more, have respectively to say on *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *De Imitatione Christi*, *The Saint's Rest*, and other works, which complete the list we are now considering. These books have all exercised an amazing influence on the world; they have been read without having their statements questioned by a very large number of admirers; and yet, with Mr. Kempe, we can well believe, that, as human works, there is not one of them free from many defects. It is not only a personal gain, the authors themselves occupy vantage ground when we, as readers, clearly comprehend their characteristics. We cannot take any uninspired author to set him up as a perfect model without danger; and the eye is quickest to discover excellencies which is able to detect a fallacy. Though it would be easy to sneer at the thirteen distinguished men who, on successive Sunday evenings gave their expectant congregation what may be called a review instead of a sermon, we are not disposed to do so, because we should certainly have profited had we been among the occupants of the pews. There is wisdom in a little diversity; while nature is so full of it, the church must not be afraid of now and then getting away from the dull routine of stereotyped uniformity.

Speaking to us like a voice from the Middle Ages, "The Imitation of Christ" is undoubtedly the most popular book that was ever written next to the Bible; and even if its popularity is in any sense on the wane, the book is still exceedingly popular. Written in an age of relentless war and of fierce disputation, in the age of the Great Schism, when Christendom beheld the edifying spectacle of one pope in Italy and another in France cursing each other with unapostolic warmth, the

authorship of the book is one of those enigmas of literary history which no one can solve. It was to be expected that a work which can boast of between two and three thousand translations and editions should excite curiosity regarding its author; but when we take account of the persevering ingenuity which has been expended on this unfruitful theme, especially when we think of the hundred forgotten volumes which have been composed in support of this or that favourite theory, we are constrained to say the game has not been worth the candle. To borrow Canon Farrar's words, "Moods indeed differ at different times; but, in point of fact, no one person wrote, or perhaps could have written, this book exactly as it stands. It is the legacy of ages; it is the Gospel of Monasticism; it is the psalter of the solitary; it is the cyclic utterance of the mystic; it is the epic poem of the inward life. It is all involved in the rule of St. Benedict, with its glorification of humanity." Our own judgment is, that whosoever may have written the book, it is no more the work of Thomas a Kempis than the Letters of Junius are the work of Sir Philip Francis. Even the Israelites in Egypt could not get along without straw; and what common-place truth is more obvious, than that to construct a work of genius the workman must have material to work with. When judged by the pieces which are known to have come from their pens, neither a Kempis nor Francis rise above respectable mediocrity, and thus the probability—it might almost be said the possibility of each having written a solitary masterpiece, is *nil*.

Whether Gerson, "the most Christian Doctor," and the contemporary of A Kempis, had any share in the work, we need hardly stay to enquire. Mr. Townsend, in his "Great Schoolmen," disfavours the theory; while Canon Farrar catches in many a sentence the "faint echo of accents which once rang with passion." These latter might have come from Gerson, who, in a barbarously turbulent age, was, as a Nominalist Schoolman, so much a man of war that he became a chief instrument in sacrificing John Huss, because Huss happened to be a Realist, and, in Gerson's opinion, by means of his evangelical doctrines, a disturber of the peaceful unity of the church. A Kempis, on the contrary, lived the life of a recluse and a copyist until he was over ninety years of age.

Though we may not cease to set a high value on such a book for the sake of its intrinsic merits, we may remember, that through its having been composed for readers living under a condition of things quite different from our own, *The Imitation of Christ* is not altogether a healthy companion for these times. Thankful as we may be that the unknown author was able to produce such a protest against mere sacerdotalism, the book still bears abundant evidence of having been written to solace the life of monks and nuns, or at least to comfort those who, sick and weary with the savage turmoil and selfishness of the age, turned to religion in hope of finding consolation. Such were consoled with just such counsel as we should expect to come from a pious monk of the middle ages whose church system was virtually a fabric of self-righteousness. It is, in large measure, the teaching of a Christian Pharisee in despair as regards the present world, who presses upon his reader's acceptance the supposed panacea of spiritual selfishness.

How different a kind of book is *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which is a

“miracle of genius” in more ways than Macaulay supposed, since the allegory is adapted to reign as a favourite among all classes, with persons of all ages, and through all time. It is hardly possible to conceive of genius securing any more signal triumph in a world constituted like our own. Even Shakespeare is not a universal favourite; while Baxter, Milton, Keble, and others, have each to be content with ministering to a limited constituency; but Bunyan is the friend, as well as the servant, of all. Critics of different schools have accorded the Dreamer his due with a unanimity which is at least convincing that the tributes paid were other than compliment. So long as exceptions prove the rule we need not even leave out of the reckoning the courageous simpleton, the distinguished minority of one, who, in the *Penny Cyclopaedia* pronounced, *The Pilgrim's Progress* to be “mean, jejune, and wearisome.” However full the world may become of wise men, one fool will doubtless be needed to set them off; but no one in this generation, we may presume, would venture to exemplify a critical temerity similar to the above specimen. “Concerning *The Pilgrim's Progress*,” says Dean Howson, “there is no question of its power to rise upwards, and to secure its triumph as it rises, from the homely ground on which first it came into being. On that homely ground it still holds its sway undisputed. The language is that of the common people still. In *The Pilgrim's Progress* are choice bits of old English which linger yet in country places, while they have disappeared from the fashionable circles of society. It is full of proverbial sayings which sum up the sagacity and wisdom of unlettered men. Its characters have their counterparts in every town and village.” Ever since it was written the work has been a prime favourite with Christian people; and on this account we are somewhat surprised to find Dean Howson accepting the too hastily formed opinion of Macaulay, that “till a recent period all the numerous editions of *The Pilgrim's Progress* were evidently meant for the cottage or the servants' hall.” To judge of Bunyan's popularity in the last century we have not only to take note of the tributes paid to his worth and genius in such organs as *The Gentleman's Magazine*, but are justified in taking account of the quality of the various editions of his works; and these, in many instances, were more sumptuous than we usually expect to find either in the cottage or servants' hall. Because Cowper appears to have been fearful of giving offence by mentioning a despised name, people have rushed to the conclusion that every one else was equally fastidious, which was certainly far from being the case. A century ago the book was what Dean Howson declares it to be to-day, “a bond that unites us. . . . Common ground to Church people and Nonconformists.” What greater praise can be accorded, especially when the same writer is able to add, “No sharp lines of ecclesiastical demarcation are to be traced in the histories of Christian and Christiana. There is none of that visible separation here which is stereotyped in the duplicate chapels of our cemeteries, as though, after lives unlovely, we were even in our deaths to be divided. No one could ascertain, I think, from any part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, that its author was a Baptist.” As coming from a Churchman of the standing of Dean Howson, we shall, at all events, not undervalue such words as these: “I venture to add that it is good for the world—good, at least, for ourselves—that *The Pilgrim's Progress* was written not by a Churchman, but by a Nonconformist. This fact

ought to stop some of those harsh words which we are liable to use towards those who are ecclesiastically separated from us. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a returning of good for evil: and in that it is a blessing received by us from the Nonconformists, it must be a blessing to those who gave it; for it is ever more blessed to give than to receive."

What we said concerning defects in all human work will, of course, apply in a degree to *The Pilgrim's Progress*; but while Dean Howson is able to point out that the references to the Holy Spirit are too scanty, and that the Lord's Supper is unmentioned, all readers are aware that Bunyan was sound on both points. Persons of all evangelical denominations feel that they are being led by a perfectly trustworthy guide, whose book, free from all morbidities, is intended to train for this world as well as the next. In its utter unselfishness, in its inculcation of broad sympathy for all fellow travellers in the narrow way, in its hopefulness and good cheer, *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a real *De Imitatione Christi*, and no mere human ideal picture of what the saint should be, and how he should walk. The Baptist author, from his room in Bedford gaol,* looked out upon the world, saw men and women as they were, and yearned for their welfare individually and collectively; but the mediæval author had his vision bounded by his own cell. It is difficult, indeed, to realize that the two books were written in the same Gospel dispensation, and only three centuries apart, so immeasurably is one author before the other in his appreciation of truth, and in his ability to interpret the spirit of Christ. The one is the voice of mediæval asceticism calling on all who would be saved to withdraw from society and draw near to God; the other is the Gospel as understood by the Puritans,—a guide-book in which the world, with its varied associations, is seen to be the very pathway to heaven.

We had intended to give some attention to other classics, such as *Paradise Lost*, and *The Christian Year*, etc.; but having come to the end of our space we cannot do so at present. In the meantime, we are glad to welcome such a book as "Companions for the Devout Life;" for while it is valuable in itself, it helps to show how much Churchmen and Dissenters have in common if they build upon the same Rock.

G. HOLDEN PIKE.

G. A. SALA ON SMOKING.

OLD travellers (who are generally old smokers as well) will duly appreciate the value of the boon due to the munificence of the Messrs. Rothschild. With the smoker, a pipe of tobacco allays the pangs of hunger, smooths away the asperities of wayfaring, and makes him generally cheerful and contented with his lot. The wounded man who can smoke forgets half his pain. As to smoking stupifying a man's faculties, or blunting his energy, that allegation I take to be mainly nonsense. The greatest thinkers and workers of modern times have been inveterate smokers. At the same time, it is idle to deny that smoking to excess weakens the eyesight, impairs the digestion, plays havoc with the nerves, and interferes with the action of the heart. I have been a constant smoker for nearly forty years; but, had I my life to live over again, I would never touch tobacco in any shape or form. Our soldiers in Egypt have no time to smoke immoderately; and an occasional pipe may do them no harm. It is to the man who sits all day long at a desk poring over books and scribbling "copy" that smoking is deleterious.—*Illustrated London News*, Sept. 16, 1882.

* The County Prison, and not the Gate-house on the bridge, or on the Ouse. Though the latter has been engraved numberless times, it can be clearly proved that the Allegorist was never a tenant of that dreary place, which was a mere hovel.

Conference on the Conditions of Church Membership.*

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."—Paul.

"Be not influenced by the authority of the writer, his reputation for small or great skill in writing, but let the love of the pure truth lead thee to read."

"Great wisdom is not to be hasty in action, and not to stand too obstinately by our own opinions.—Thomas & Kempis *De Imitatione Christi*.

"Good sense—never the product of a single mind—is the fruit of intercourse and collision."—Isaac Taylor.

VIII.—THE LAW OF LOVE IN RELATION TO BAPTISM.

"Love one another, as I have loved you."

IN all the discussion hitherto carried on in the *G. B. Magazine* on the question of open or close fellowship, it has been admitted that many who do not see eye to eye with us in the matter of baptism, are Christ's disciples; therefore our brethren, not only in the broad sense of the brotherhood of humanity, but in the special sense designed by the Master when He used the above words to those who were bound together by the common tie of love for, and devotion to, Him and His cause. To these Pædo-baptist brethren in Christ Jesus, then, how are we to act in order to carry out the above principle?

Let us put ourselves in the position of one of these brethren. He comes, with his wife and family, to the neighbourhood of one of our churches, and goes, naturally, to the Congregational or Wesleyan chapel. If he is contented with the spiritual food supplied, he remains there; but, if not, he comes to hear our minister. He is helped to what his new nature craves for, and is satisfied. He applies for church membership. Now what answer should *love* give to that brother in Christ Jesus? There are three answers which *are* given by Baptist churches—which of these is most consistent with the law of love?

1st. "There are plenty of Pædo-baptist places of worship; why do you not go and join one of them?"

This almost appears the very refinement of cruelty! He would not have come to us had he been able to profit equally well elsewhere. It is contrary to reason that he would leave his own particular denomination were all other things equal; and so he and his family must be driven where their spiritual natures cannot grow better, or purer, or wiser, and where, also, they will miss the influence of our teaching and example on the subject of baptism itself, just because we will not admit a brother of the Lord Jesus to be our brother until he has conformed to our method of administering baptism. Is this following out the law of love?

* This subject having been taken up by the authority of our Annual Assembly, I have deemed it helpful to the progress of truth, and the welfare of the churches, to arrange for a "Conference" in these pages on the topic, to be conducted in the frank, free, courteous, and admirable spirit which marked the discussion at Derby. Our one desire, I am sure, is to know the *will* of our ONE MASTER, CHRIST, We are all ready to do anything, or leave anything undone, He bids.

For articles on this theme see *General Baptist Year Book*, 1882, and *General Baptist Magazine* for 1882, pp. 245, 298, 325, 381, 407, 447, by Revs. J. C. Jones, M.A., C. Payno, E. W. Cantrell, W. Lees, W. Chapman, W. Orton, and W. Sharman. Editor.

2nd. "You may remain as one of our congregation, where, it is probable, you will pay your pew rent, subscribe to all our Baptist institutions, help in the Sunday-school, lead our little ones to Jesus, and sit down with us to the table of the Lord; but you are not fit to be a member of the church unless you are baptized in our way."

This is, probably, the usual reply, implied but not expressed, where open fellowship is not adopted. And, on the face of it, it does look a little discreditable! doesn't it? But, is it *right*? This man may be an earnest working Christian, and be quite competent to preach the gospel—but who will accept, with any confidence, a preacher who is not a member of any church? What guarantee is there for his conduct? He may have been excluded from a Pædo-baptist church for intemperance, or other open sin, and no one is safe in accepting his services unless he has the imprimatur of the church on his character; but we cannot do this unless he will violate his conscience, and be baptized in our way. Is this the working of the law of love?

3rd. "Yes, we will admit you to church membership, but on the condition that you shall not interfere with our views on the question of baptism. We will respect your conscience, and you must respect ours. In the election of pastors, no vote given for any but a Baptist will be valid, and we shall expect you not to use your position in a Baptist church to destroy Baptist principles."

This, in substance, is the answer given by those who adopt open fellowship. And, I contend, it is the only one compatible with the law of love as laid down by the Master, "As I have loved you." How was that? Certainly not in requiring from His disciples at the beginning of their intercourse perfectness in knowledge or in conduct, but by bearing with all their imperfections in order to keep them under His gracious influence, and to lift them up to higher attainments and to a truer character. And we who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and keep them under our gracious influences, that they may grow into truer ideas of what baptism means. Is not this what the apostle Paul means when he says, "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye," adding, further on, "for Christ hath received him." With all his weakness in faith, if he is good enough for our Master, he is good enough for us. And, surely, if love would not drive the man himself away, still less would it drive his children away from our companionship—children who are not responsible for their father's mistakes, but who have to go where father *goes*. Does not love long to keep the little ones under its influence, and will they not love and appreciate the conduct of those who accepted father as a brother Christian, although, in some things difference of opinion existed.

If it be objected to this that we have no right to violate any distinct command of the Master in order to follow what is an abstract principle, I reply, that we do violate no law of the Master. We do not give up teaching baptism, nor practising baptism; nor, for a moment, allow it to fall out of its right place in the Christian dispensation. It is quite another thing to acknowledge a man to be a Christian brother although his views on baptism do not accord with our own. We admit wide divergencies in opinion and conduct in our church members already. When we allow each man and each minister to think as he pleases on

many of the most important principles of Christ's religion, when we do not exclude from our membership many whose daily life is not in accordance with Christ's commands, why should we refuse fellowship to a man whose only mistake is on the subject of baptism, whose weakness consists in not rightly discerning the meaning of an ordinance. Does not this look like straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel?

S. D. RICKARDS.

IX.—“ODDS AND ENDS.”

(1.) REFERRING to the exposition of the doctrine of baptism in the paper on Church Membership in the November magazine, I ask, does not the essential significance of baptism consist in its setting forth symbolically the believers oneness with Christ in his death, burial, and resurrection? If so, as a ceremony, it is primarily a confession; by implication only, a pledge. That the very core of gospel teaching is permanently embodied in this ordinance, must, I think, be recognized if we would appreciate the place which it holds in the scriptures, and in the practice of the churches.

A. B. M.

(2.) WILL you allow a *General Baptist* member of an Independent church to say a word or two on this question of membership?

Brought up in a Christian family and General Baptist surroundings, I was baptized when a lad, if not altogether owing to the work of a Sunday School Teacher who was not a Baptist, yet very certainly that Teacher's influence had much to do with the result.

Many other young men, I believe, owe their conversion to this teacher; and, in each case that I know of, were baptized on entering the church. Here the result of admitting an Independent to fellowship among Baptists was to add to the number of the latter.

Some years ago I came into the country, and found the nearest Baptist church four miles away, and an Independent "cause" within one mile. I decided to unite with the latter; consequently I can act as Sunday school teacher, attend week-evening services, take an active part in some of these, use hospitality, and attending a chapel near home, am known as a Christian by the people among whom I live. Had I joined the Baptist church four miles off, it would have been impossible to have done more than attend the Sunday services; and I think it must be admitted by all that my influence for good would have been considerably lessened. Since I have been here many things have been done on my proposition which undoubtedly had good results. Further, several have been added to the church partly by the instrumentality of myself and wife. What are these, Baptists or Independents? Independents all of them. In fact, although I have been here eight years, and am one of a number of Baptist members, I have not seen one convert to Baptist views.

This, then, I have seen, that in the case of an Independent becoming a member of a Baptist church, the direct result was an increased number of Baptists; and when a Baptist became a member of a Independent church, the Independents gained.

One word more. I have, and shall have, in all probability for many years, all the advantages of church membership. Had the Christians with whom I work been close in their views I should have been denied these advantages, and for that reason, among others, I trust our churches will be ready to give the right hand of fellowship to all whom they recognise as Christians, and workers together with them for Christ.

JOHN LEAKE DEXTER.

The Union of General Baptists in Large Towns.*

At the last Annual Association our esteemed President, after referring to the last thirty years, said, "Loughborough, where we have two churches, shows an increase of about one hundred; while Leicester, we regret to find, shows a decrease of about the same number." This somewhat startling statement in reference to Leicester revived an idea which had been previously expressed in the mind of the Pastor of the Friar Lane Church, that it would be a good thing to hold a conference of General Baptist ministers and office-bearers in this town, in order, if possible, to ascertain the causes of the decrease, stimulate each other to greater zeal, and wipe out, as speedily as possible, the apparent stigma which lies upon us as a denomination.

I have looked into these statistics, and find them, I am glad to say, slightly inaccurate as to 1881; but, I am more pleased to say, that the report for 1882 shows a membership of 1,152, being an *increase* of 29 over 1851, instead of a decrease. This, too, is the highest number reported from the Leicester churches during the last thirty years. But in this there is no room for exultation, but rather for "shame and confusion of face." How different it ought to have been! The population of the town has more than doubled itself in those thirty years. 60,000 souls have been born over and above the deaths in our midst, given to us by the hand of God to evangelise and Christianise, and what have we done? As the result of all our labours and services, teachings and preachings, we have netted a paltry 29! That is all we show for thirty years work! Where is boasting, then? It is altogether excluded. By what law? By the law of reproduction; for whereas we ought to have doubled our numbers at least, 1,123 have only produced 29. Have we not egregiously failed? Measured by statistics alone, we are certainly a failure; but there are other and truer elements for judgment than those that can be set out in figures; still we shall do well to enquire what are the causes of our slow progress.

I. I put in the front a want of union in work. Had we been trying to show that union is *not* strength, we could not well have done worse. As churches we have gone our own separate ways, doing what we thought right in our own eyes, rather than clinging together as a common brotherhood of workers, having one object and one purpose. So far as work is concerned we might have been at the antipodes of each other instead of churches of the same faith and order in the same town; and so there has been generated, I fear, a lack of sympathy, if

* From a paper read at a meeting of pastors and other officers of the Leicester churches.

not a lack of love, for each other; and thus we may have weakened instead of strengthened each other. We used to have an United Missionary Prayer Meeting, but that fell through, and there is nothing left now but the Annual United Communion Service to show that we belong to each other. Let us get closer together, doing our own work in our own way, but, at the same time, recognizing each other, and doing it in such a way as to help each other.

Would not a quarterly interchange of pulpits be good; and might we not unite together in Home and Foreign Missionary enterprise, and have quarterly or half-yearly Missionary Meetings?

II. Again, we have not sufficiently looked after the young of our congregations. Cardinal Wiseman said, "Give me the young of the nation, and whoever likes may take the rest." He knew if he could only draw the young into his communion, the future of his church was secure; and so it is with every church; and as we to-day are no stronger, or very little, than we were thirty years ago, it follows that we failed in securing the young in the past. What shall we do to keep our elder scholars, has been the problem for years, a problem not solved yet. But have we done what we could? It is of vital importance that we gather into our churches the young of our congregations, and therefore much time and much labour should be devoted to that purpose. It is just when boys and girls are beginning to think they are too old for Sunday-school, and are in the transition state to men and women, that they need to be taken hold of, and drawn into the fold. Then the devil and his emissaries have most power over them; and to counteract this it requires the very best men in our churches to use their influence and power; therefore the pastor should devote a good deal of his time and energy. Nor are the officers in the church to stand idly by. There is a lack of "looking about us" for the purpose of laying hold of those in the congregation who have been impressed by the preached word, and only wanted a little encouragement from an officer or leading member of the church. A word fitly spoken; a little wise counsel given to a young man just in the crisis of his history, has often proved the turning point of his life, and led him to decision and to God. This is one of our weak points, if not our weakest.

III. Then, again, have we not been too conservative in our mode and style of worship? Our services I think have lacked variety. The old style, with but little improvement, has been kept up, although in everything else we have advanced by enormous strides, and therefore our services have not been as attractive as they might have been. I gladly recognize the improvement effected in late years. Our singing is better, more varied, and more of it, our sermons are shorter (or at least some of them), and our service is altogether brighter now than then. Still there is room for advance. Why should one man always undertake the whole of the service? It would add variety and charm if suitable men could be found for two, and occasionally even more, to take part. In the Established Church it seldom happens, at least in towns, for one man to conduct the whole of the service; and I hold the service is improved by the variety.

Again, the congregation might take more part in it than they do. We are so conservative, and so proper, that there is scarcely ever an

audible "Amen." For my part I should like to see introduced a modified liturgy, wherein all the people should audibly pray and respond—it would very much increase the interest of the services. Not by any means would I do away with extempore prayer; but would supplement it, and so have both. If it were a question of only one, or which? I should say unhesitatingly, let us keep as we are in this matter, and never, on any account, give up extempore prayer. At the same time I think we might, with advantage, have both; and, by so doing, make the service more attractive, and less wearisome to those who are not decided Christians.

IV. Our close fellowship has been a hindrance to our advancement and progress. This is a delicate topic; but I must say, that after a somewhat anxious consideration of the whole question, I have come to the conclusion that it has been and is a hindrance to our growth as a denomination. If I am not mistaken, nearly all practice close fellowship and open communion—then we are all illogical, and all wrong. It seems to me we have made a mistake in making baptism exclusively the door of the church when Christ says, "I am the door," without any reference to baptism at all. It appears to me that many a time a stranger has knocked at our door and we have gone to it and put the chain on, and opened it a little way to see who is there, and because he has not had the water mark upon him we have shut the door in his face, as though we thought he had some burglarious designs upon our property; and if he has not immediately and indignantly gone away, we have told him if he will wait outside we will come and take our meal with him on the steps. How much better would it have been, how much more Christ-like, if we had thrown the door wide open, and in loving words of welcome had said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without. Believers baptism by immersion I hold to be incumbent on all who believe in Jesus, and I wonder that others do not see it as I do; but thousands of my fellow Christians do not, and who am I that I should say they shall have no fellowship with me. I believe from my heart our practice in this respect has greatly hindered our growth, and the sooner we mend our ways the better.

W. АНВУ.

THE GROWTH OF LONDON AND TEMPERANCE.

LAST year, according to Colonel Henderson's report, 26,170 houses, covering a length of 86 miles, were built in the metropolitan police area, which now contains 4,788,657 persons—the largest number probably ever packed within fifteen miles of a common centre. Out of this enormous multitude 23 children and 154 adults were entirely lost. Their disappearance is one of the mysteries of London, upon which but little light is thrown by the fact that 54 bodies of persons found dead and unknown were buried before identification. There were three times as many people killed in the streets of London in 1881 as it cost to storm Arabi's position at Tel-el-Kebir, and ten times as many wounded, the figures being, killed 252, wounded 3,400. There were 800 fires, 274 suicides, 11 murders and only three convictions; 470 burglaries, and only 91 convictions; 27,228 persons were apprehended as drunk and disorderly—a decrease of more than eight per cent. since 1881, although there has been an increase of population of over 80,000. The temperance movement seems to be telling at last, even in London—the proportion of apprehensions per 1,000 of population for the last four years being, 1878, 7·809; 1879, 7·345; 1880, 6·345; 1881, 5·698.—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

“In Praise of Virgil,”

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE last of the Laureates—thus far—who has followed Wordsworth in restoring dignity to an office which in itself has no dignity, contributes to the September number of the *Nineteenth Century*, a poem written at the request of the Mantuans to celebrate the nineteenth centenary of Virgil's death.

Fifty years have passed since Tennyson's first-signed volume, “Poems, chiefly lyrical,” was given to the world in a little book of 150 pages. In these fifty years he has gained such a hold on the lovers of poetry in England as perhaps no other poet has enjoyed during his lifetime. Byron's great repute seemed the fashion of an hour; and had he lived out all the length of his days he would have seen it wane, though now it is slightly reviving. It was left for later ages, and for posterity, to recognise Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. Scott's poetical renown was merged in his fame as a novelist: Keats and Shelley did not live to wear their laurels. Only Wordsworth and Tennyson seem to have had the great good fortune of watching their own renown grow and culminate through the space of half a century.

The poem to Virgil is worthy of Mr. Tennyson, and seems to us to possess more of the elements of a sound and wide popularity than any of the recent shorter products of his genius.

In spite of Macaulay's opinion to the contrary, no doubt poets are the born critics of poetry. Who can understand aright the promptings of the poet's soul but he who has himself experienced them? Who else can follow instinctively the creative movement of his hands, his swift and rare intuitions of the laws of that perfect union of thought and language and passion of which the poet's words are the sensible embodiment? We rejoice, too, that our titular poet king has sung of the greatest *Roman* epic poet, because there is a danger among the representatives of English thought to-day of falling a little too readily under the influence of the Greek in preference to the Roman mind. Matthew Arnold, Algernon Charles Swinburne, and William Morris, owe much of their charm as poets to their full enjoyment of Greek literature. An extreme in either direction is bad, though it is far better to show an admiration for the fresh fancy of the Greeks, with depths of thought under its quick variety, than to offer blind worship to the Latins who wrote in or near the time of Augustus. Young Pope's

“Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow,”

did not hesitate to place Virgil above Homer. “See,” he said, or Christopher Pitt said after him, in translation of his Latin verse—

“See how the Grecian bards, at distance thrown,
With rev'rence bow to this distinguished son.”

“Vocemque animumque Deo similis,” says Vida, “He thought and spoke in every word a god.” At any rate Virgil has in our day lost his divine honours. The finest English Virgil scholar of our century, the

late Professor Conington translated him, ten or twelve years ago, into what Scott called the "light horseman kind of measure" of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; a sort of rhyme that would have made an eighteenth century scholar's hair stand on end if his head had not been shaved to give the wig close fitting dignity.

No doubt the great beauty of Virgil's style lies in the haunting music of his verse, in the rhythm and fall of his language. Mr. Tennyson seems to have caught this charm of expression when he writes:—

"Roman, Virgil, thou that singest
 Ilium's lofty temples robed in fire;
 Ilium falling, Rome arising,
 Wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre.
 Landscape lover, lord of language,
 More than he that sang the works and days,
 All the chosen coin of fancy
 Flashing out from many a golden phrase.
 Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
 Tith and vineyard, hive and horse, and herd;
 All the charm of all the muses
 Often flowering in a lonely word.
 * * * * *
 Thou that seest universal
 Nature moved by universal mind,
 Thou majestic in thy sadness
 At the doubtful doom of human kind."

We may truly say of Tennyson himself that he, too, flashes out in many a golden phrase, and his charm is often seen in a lonely word. Take those lines in "the Princess" for example of many others which might be quoted, where he speaks of

"Scraps of thundrous Epic lilted out
 By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
 And quoted odes, and *jewels five words long*
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever."

Tennyson is nothing if he is not artistic; and we may truly say that one cause of his popularity lies in his magnificent word-painting. Passages like the one above quoted are treasured up as zealously in our minds as are the sweetly thoughtful words of Shakespeare, or the sprightly elegance of *L'Allegro*:—

"married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

The last stanza of "the poem to Virgil" expresses genuine admiration from one who is in the fullest ripeness of his power:—

"I salute thee, Mantovano;
 I, that loved thee since my days began;
 Wielder of the stateliest measure
 Ever moulded by the lips of man."

We say no more lest, as Tennyson says in "The Sisters,"

"The critic's blurring comment make
 The voriest beauties of the work appear
 The darkest faults."

ALFRED H. MOORE.

Twelve Days for Young Men.

I.—DANIEL MACMILLAN; PUBLISHER.*

"MAKE haste with that biography," wrote a publisher some years ago, to a literary man. "It must be out within the next three weeks, or it'll be of no use. The world soon forgets its heroes, and buries even its greatest men out of sight with fearful haste."

Yet in this memoir of DANIEL MACMILLAN, by *Thomas Hughes*, we have the story of a man who has been in his grave twenty-five years. Confessedly that is not an every day occurrence. You might count on your fingers the biographies of men who lived twenty or twenty-five years ago that are still read for the sake of any permanent interest they contain, or any help they afford in the keen and eager life of to-day. Many men died in 1857, and many have left us since. It was the year of the tragic Indian Mutiny. Sir Henry Barnard, Hugh Wheeler, Mr. Colvin, and Mr. Croker, and many others, passed over to the majority in that year, but not one of them arrests, even for a moment, the attention of the busy and throbbing young manhood of this hour. "All flesh is as grass: and all the glory thereof as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth, and the flower falleth. Verily the people are grass."

Why is it, then, that this long since faded flower is picked up, baptized in the waters of living human sympathy, and set in our midst to give out its fragrance as in the days of its summer luxuriance? Wherefore does the diver recover this shining pearl from the oblivious past? Is it haphazard that presides over and secures this issue? Is it that a diver of more than ordinary daring has appeared and brought up this treasure?

No doubt much credit is due to the vigour and ability, clear vision, wise arrangement, and forcible style of the famous author of "Tom Brown's School-days"; but it is not the skill of the biographer that is the living charm and fascination of this memoir, and that gives its subject a fresh opportunity of pursuing his chosen task, and advancing his ideal of life! No; it is the Man who allures the story teller, and holds his listeners. The magnetism is in him; and his resurrection is the result of the splendid purpose, noble courage, and high spiritual vitality of his brief career.

What, then, is this man? What the qualities of his character? What the excellence of his work?

Is he a being of preternatural powers of mind or body? No; he is a life-long invalid; a fighter, always a fighter with disease; not possessed of any phenomenal force of reasoning, of the artist's eye, or the poet's fancy, or the prophet's inspiration.

Is it from his position in life he draws the strength that perpetuates his life and renews his lease of work?

No! He is a peasant, born in a peasant's home, reared with the narrow means of a peasant's cupboard, and started out in the world with the scant stock of a peasant's treasure. His father was godly, devout,

* DANIEL MACMILLAN, Publisher. A Memoir by Thomas Hughes.—Macmillan and Co.

and hardworking, caring for nothing but the welfare of his family and the glory of God; a Celt, strong in conscience and in faith and reverence; but so weak in body that he dies before Daniel is ten years old. The mother, according to Daniel, "is the most perfect lady in all Scotland." Fine prophecy that of the lad's future! Robertson says, "the rocks on which men split are—God and woman." Let a man profoundly love and reverence his mother, and he is not likely to split on either. Daniel Macmillan felt his mother's presence an all protecting atmosphere, and her strong, quiet, but deeply religious nature a perennial inspiration.

But his father is dead, and he must go to work; and he is, therefore, put apprentice, and for seven years he is receiving his *drill* for life in the business of Maxwell Dick, bookseller and bookbinder, in Irvine; receiving for his wage one shilling and sixpence a week for the first year, and a "rise" of one shilling for each of the remaining six years. In Glasgow, first, and then in what Professor Seeley calls the first University of the World, our metropolis, his business education is further developed, during the period that he, as he told Archdeacon Hare, "is only one of the clerk species"—a shopman—a man who knows all about the backs of books, and some little about their insides. His "position," in starting life, thus merely gave him the opportunity to work, and by work to fit himself for making the best and most of any fortunate "offers" the days might bring him. Position, in short, was little or nothing. He, the *man*, was all and in all.

The secret was here. All through his life, with its painful difficulties and severe trials, Daniel Macmillan's soul was in his work. He loved books as well as sold them; and belonged in spirit and achievement to the great publishing Confessors—and is worthy to take his stand in the same rank as Frederic Perthes, Charles Knight, and their intelligent and fine-spirited comrades. Carlyle visited Arnold at Rugby a little before his death, and the Chelsea seer said of the historian of Rome and model for teachers, "Arnold is a hero of a school-master; knows his work, and does it." So Daniel Macmillan was a hero of a bookseller and publisher. He knew his work and did it; did it in the face of the most pathetic difficulties; did it with a stout heart and a grand aim; did it with a living faith in the loving God, and a generous and sympathetic interest in his brothers: and doing it thus it was in itself a daily reward to him, and so became to those who followed him, and to the English-speaking world at large, a lasting good.

The spirit of the youth and of the man is clearly expressed in these words, "We may attain all the excellence of which humanity is capable while doing the simplest daily duties. The great thing is to feel that God has placed us at our several posts, and resolve to do the duty that lies nearest us. Thus shall we gather strength. His heart was not in his till, but in the excellence of his work; and in its double effect, as an intellectual and spiritual agent, on himself and on the world.

Young men, get this book; read it again and again. Fill your mind with its ideas; fill your work with its spirit; fill your heart with the love of God and of human duty and human good it everywhere breathes.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Twelve Talks with our Girls.

No. I.—ON DISCONTENT.

ONE evening, long ago, my niece Ethel, and I were sitting together, when suddenly, after a long silence, Ethel said, "Aunt May, is it wrong to be discontented?"

Now I knew what answer the child expected; therefore, as I enjoy giving some people a surprise, I replied cheerfully, "Not at all, Ethel. I never knew a contented man or woman yet who was worth anything." Ethel sat bolt upright, and opened her eyes very wide, as I continued, "Paul was one of the most discontented men—discontented with himself—for that is the only healthy kind of discontent. Do you remember how he says, 'I press toward the mark'—'not as though I had already attained, or were already perfect'—'Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended.' These words breathe a noble discontent with his own character and attainments,—a discontent which led him to seek something higher and better. Was that what you were thinking of little one?"

Ethel blushed, and spoke in a lower tone, as she replied, "No, auntie; I meant this: Can we help, sometimes, being dissatisfied with our circumstances? May we not wish that our lives were different from what they are? Is there any harm in that?"

"Three questions at a time, Ethel! I will try to answer them, nevertheless. To begin with number two. Every one, I suppose, at some time or other, has wished that circumstances were other than what they are. I can see no harm in that, provided that wishing does not lead to discontent with actual realities. This is a danger which besets girls, perhaps more than boys. Girls are less practical, and more addicted to castle-building, so that they often grow into the habit of living in an ideal world, peopled with imaginary beings of whom they have read in novels. They do not find the real world around them correspond at all to their ideal, and so become dissatisfied with life."

"But, aunt," interposed Ethel, "I'm sure I don't live in an ideal world. I know a girl who does, though. She does everything just as if she were in a dream; gets through it anyhow, and never seems to think of anything but how to finish as quickly as possible. It is just here, auntie; I can't help thinking, sometimes, when I have spent the whole day in household work, 'Could I not do something better? Am I not wasting in sewing, baking, and ironing, the strength and energy that might be employed in some higher work?'"

"Now, Ethel, we are coming to the root of the matter. Here is the grand mistake which so many people make. Do you not see that in all these little details of household drudgery (if you choose to call it so) you minister to the comfort of others, and, therefore, serve God in serving your family? If you only remember this, how differently you will look upon your daily work. If you do every service cheerfully and earnestly you are continually following in His footsteps, who came 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' We read much, now-a-days, of woman's sphere and woman's work. Depend upon it, woman's kingdom, in most cases, is home. There she is the undisputed queen, and there she may do

right royal service for God. But that is not all I meant to say. When I have been tempted to murmur at my own lot in life, I will tell you what has given me infinite comfort. I believe that God is my Father, and that He loves me with an infinitely wise and tender love. I believe, too, in His unlimited control over every circumstance of my life. Then, if this be so, the place where He has put us is just *the* place where we can serve Him best for the present. There are no difficulties in our path which He does not, for some wise end and loving purpose, permit. Try to realise this, dear child, for this firm confidence in God's personal, watchful interest in your life, will be to you a well-spring of continual comfort and joy."

"Then are we not to try and fit ourselves for any higher service, but just go on contentedly where we find ourselves?"

"I did not say that. Cultivate, to the uttermost, every gift and talent you possess: find out what you are specially fitted for, and make the most of your capabilities. Our fitness for higher service is determined by the way in which we discharge the lower duties. 'He that is faithful in that which is *least*, will be faithful also in much.' As in the world, so in God's kingdom, no man is appointed to a high position of trust and responsibility until he has first proved himself worthy of confidence in a lower sphere. You may learn, if you will, many precious lessons in discharging the lowly duties of home that shall serve you in good stead hereafter—lessons that you could not have learnt in any other way. Of all these the hardest, perhaps, is to *wait*."

"How are we always to know what *is* our proper work, auntie? Sometimes it seems difficult to see what we ought to be doing."

"Carlyle says, 'Do the duty that lies *nearest*.' If we attend to the work that lies plainly in our path, God will open the way before us. 'I do not ask to see the distant scene: one step's enough for me.' Women often waste much time and energy in seeking far-off spheres of service, while their actual God-given work waits at their very door. Charles Dickens gives us an exaggerated picture in the character of Mrs. Jellyby, engrossed in serving the cause of the heathen abroad, and suffering her own children to grow up untrained and uncared-for at home. The caricature has a painful element of truth. God forbid that I should cast any imputation on those who serve Him in foreign lands. But this I do say: When God puts a girl into a family, He means her to serve Him at home, until He says, 'Friend, come up higher,' and lays some other work upon her."

"Thank you for the lesson," said Ethel, "indeed I shall not forget it."

And I think she did not. After many years of quiet and happy usefulness at home, she had a larger door opened to her, and is now spending her time and energies among the poor of London. In her new sphere she continually finds the experience of her old home-life springing up and bearing fruit, and understands how the one was the needful preparation for the other.

So, in the clearer light of expanding life, shall we all solve the mysteries which have puzzled us, and, looking back on the way by which we have been led, we shall joyfully exclaim, "He doeth all things well!"

MARIE COMPSTON.

Then and Now ; or, the Salvation Army.

TWENTY years ago, the question of the churches was, "How shall we reach the masses?" Solemn and earnest men, according to their measure, met in debate; they talked and prayed, preached and printed. Still the problem was unsolved. They said, "Why are we not more inventive?" "Why do we abide by the old and worn-out forms?" Still the dreary mill-horse monotony reigned widely, relieved here and there by instances of daring singularity. Mr. SPURGEON was bold enough to "smash the models" and start on his own account, as if, somehow, he were a whole individual man, capable of thinking and planning for himself, and of working out, in sublime fearlessness, his own ideas. Sober and thoughtful men shook their heads, protested against his irreverence, talked about the "rocket" and the "stick," soothed their respectable souls in their unprolific monotony, and doggedly kept to "the old paths."

Now the "Salvationists" are upon us. They, too, vote for "smashing models," invent "terribly," and shock all our traditional reverences, but certainly "reach the masses" with some part of the gospel, (and who is able to declare its marvellous fulness?) and seem to be saving some of them, at least from the public house, vile language, and viler habits, if not from much that is worse; and again we diligently study the "models;" carefully ascertain the length and shape and weight of the lever with which the early Christians quietly "turned the world upside down;" shake our heads about principles, report damaging details, and recur to the age-honoured simile of the "rocket and the stick." Man is, indeed, a curious creature; and "past finding out!"

NOW, AND THEN; OR, A DOZEN YEARS HENCE.

It is January, 1895, and "General" Booth, aged and worn, is seated in a large and comfortable "study," refreshing himself, after the fashion of the famous pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by reading the vehement denunciations and violent caricatures of his character, methods, and work. He is amused at the grotesque prophecies of his critics; and though gladdened that the "Army" has spread itself far and near, is effectively organized in every department, and winning solid and glorious victories in many lands, yet he cannot repress his anxieties as he recalls signs that the original enthusiasms are decaying, the splendid soldier-like "chivalry and dash" (that Robertson lamented his Church, the Church of England, would not endure,) are settling into prosaic routine. The captains are so busy with the soldiers they have enlisted that they have no time to work in the lowest stratum of English society, and the once noisy, irreverent, and persecuted "Army" bids fair, by the dawn of the new century, to be as quiet as the Quakers, decorous and dull as the Irvingites, and as "respectable" as the most frigid and dignified gathering of Baptists; that is to say, completely qualified to enter into the category of recognized Christian churches.

Meanwhile a Conference of Christians is announced at the Central Christian Institute to discuss the great problem of the age, "How is the Church to carry the gospel to the lowest of our people?"

Man is indeed a curious creature! and there is very much of him in the "ways" of the Christian church! much that is past finding out.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Poor Clergymen!

It is often said that the Established Church enjoys immense wealth. Its Archbishops, Bishops, and Deans, and many of its clergy, can dwell in palaces and fine mansions, and know no want. But many of the clergy are lamentably poor. Born gentlemen, educated at Oxford and Cambridge, and with refined tastes, many of them are almost paupers. There are six thousand curates with incomes which average only £130 per annum. There are also three thousand livings which do not average more than £150 yearly. An appeal for a "Foundation School" for providing "a free education and maintenance for the sons of poor clergymen" lies before us, and it certainly contains some sad revelations. The numerals refer to boys now in the school, and the following are extracts from the list:—

No. 540. The Father is Vicar of a poor and populous parish in the Diocese of Ripon. His income is £190, and he has *eleven* children dependent upon him.

No. 553. The Father was a Vicar in the Diocese of Salisbury, but has died since his son became a candidate. The widow has no income, and she has *three* children dependent upon her.

No. 556. The Father is a Curate in the Diocese of London. His income is £75, and he has *nine* children dependent upon him.

No. 582. The Father is an Incumbent in the Diocese of St. David's. His income is £106, and he has *eleven* children dependent upon him.

No. 583. The Father is a Vicar in the Diocese of Chichester. His income is £232, and he has *eight* children dependent upon him. He had much illness in his family last year, entailing great expense.

No. 596. The Father is an Incumbent in the Diocese of Peterborough. His income is £233, and he has *five* children dependent upon him.

No. 614. The Father is a Vicar in the Diocese of Oxford. His income is £245, and he has *eight* children dependent upon him. His parish being large and scattered, he has no time to spare for the education of his children.

No. 627. The Father is a Curate in the Diocese of St. David's. His income is £94, and he has *four* children dependent upon him.

No. 635. The Father is a Curate in the Diocese of St. Albans, and has been twenty-three years in Holy Orders. His income is £200, and he has *five* children dependent upon him.

No. 641. The Father is a curate in the Diocese of Chester. His income is £136, he has *four* children dependent upon him, and his wife is an invalid.

No. 648. The Father is an Incumbent in the Diocese of Worcester. His income is £152, and he has *eight* children dependent upon him, of whom four are boys. There are no available schools near.

No. 650. The Father is a Curate of a large London parish in the Diocese of Rochester, and has been fifteen years in Holy Orders. His income is £81, and he has *six* children dependent upon him. His wife has been in very delicate health for more than two years.

No. 662. The Father is a Curate in the Diocese of Manchester. His income is £121, and he has *twelve* children, nine of whom are entirely and one partly dependent upon him.

No. 676. The Father was lately a Curate in the Diocese of London, but has at present only occasional Sunday duty, having been compelled to resign his curacy through repeated attacks of bronchitis and asthma. He also suffers from valvular disease of the heart. His income, part of which is given by his relatives, is £95, and he has *five* children dependent upon him.

We are sometimes told that "Dissenting teachers lust after the flesh pots of Egypt," but, it would seem that it often happens there is not

much flesh in the pots. For my part I prefer to dwell with Nonconformist Israel, breathing the free air of the wilderness, eating of the sweet manna of spiritual freedom, drinking of the brook of Christian love by the way, following the pillar of cloud and fire as they may lead me, and calling no State the master of my soul.

GEORGE W. M'CREE.

Written versus Unwritten Sermons.

BY REV. E. G. ROBINSON.

AN advantage to the speaker who is not tied down to his manuscript is one that some persons at first blush may be disposed to deny to him. It nevertheless is one of which he always may and ought to avail himself; it is the opportunity he has to secure to himself a more lucid and exactly logical order of thought than is possible for the reader, unless he shall read what has been written again and again. Not one man in a thousand can make the order of all the thought of his discourse, at the first writing of it, to be precisely what he afterwards sees it ought to have been. The order of thought in the unwritten discourse may be modified and improved up to the very moment that delivery begins. And you can readily see why this may be so. Unwritten preaching, as we have before and distinctly said, is not to be regarded as the preaching of unpremeditated thought. On the contrary, all the thought is supposed to have been most carefully analyzed, and every part adjusted into a symmetrical whole. No man of well-disciplined intellect will be willing to go before an intelligent audience with an unwritten discourse, unless perfectly familiar with the line of thought he intends to pursue. He knows full well that his attention will be too much engrossed in the expression of his thought to admit of an instant of uncertainty at any given point as to what the thought should really be. All this he has settled beforehand. And he has settled it by repeatedly running through it, with minuteness of analysis, from beginning to end. Any want of connection is at once detected; any deficiency in logic is seen and set right. But he who has written can change only by writing again—a remedy not always at the preacher's command; hence the awkward devices of phraseology for holding together the disjointed thoughts of many a hastily written sermon, or the still more awkward turning forwards and backwards of the pages of the manuscript by the preacher in his clumsy attempts to re-adjust the order of what he had written. The truth is, that any clear thinker, who prepares himself to speak without writing, is compelled by the very necessities of the case, to give special attention to his thoughts, and the relation of those to one another. And, as between the written and the unwritten, among the *same grade intellects* the superiority in point of logic will be found with him who speaks without the manuscript.

MR. RICHARD PEDLEY.—The Lord Chancellor has appointed our friend, MR. RICHARD PEDLEY, of Crewe, along with two other gentlemen, to the office of magistrate, for the town of Crewe.

The Glorified Crutch.*

FRED has met with an accident. He has been run into by a sled, and his hip is severely injured.

"I think you might change your mind," said Yensie, (Fred's cousin); "but little man, I was thinking that without waiting to grow big and rich, you were making me very happy indeed. I think I love you better just as you are than I could possibly were you one bit different."

"What, Ennie? crutch and all? Ah, you have not seen this," he went on sadly, taking the crutch in his white hands, those long, thin hands, whose extreme delicacy Yensie had noted in the first moment of her arrival. "You did not see this. O Yensie, how I hate it," he went on bitterly, unconsciously assuming an older tone and manner. "It tells me all I have lost, of all I cannot be. Sometimes it seems to me it would have been so much better, so much easier to die," and one thin hand dashed the tears from his eyes, as with the other he still held the despised symbol of his weakness.

Yensie's eyes were full of tears; but she bowed her head until her lips touched the hated crutch. "Poor little crutch!" she said, "it may be, and doubtless is, God's messenger. See, I salute it, Fred? this is the way to greet what our Father sends."

"Even when it is a crutch! O Yensie, you do not know what I have lost in gaining this. You don't know anything about it," he wailed; pressing his face into her bosom, while he fought the hot tears back. "How can you know, without standing just where I do now. O, I did so want to be a man, a true, brave man of whom you would be proud! You know you told me I grew so fast, I would make a tall man; and I was so glad; I thought when I got through school I would be big enough to go with you everywhere; and O, I did intend to be so good, and study hard, and make you proud of me; and now it is of no use, just no use at all; I may as well give up. You love me Yensie, and I know you would not make me lame or make me suffer; how can He if He loves me as you say?"

Yensie pressed him a little closer to herself. "Dear boy, dear boy," she said, "we cannot measure God-love by our human standards. I am so weak, so human, I should spare you pain, perhaps, even knowing that in the end 'twould rob you of greater, richer again. Then, too, my knowledge is limited. Let us be satisfied with that He gives, and rejoice that Father knows. For since we are not to bring ourselves home, nor mark out our own path, we need know little of the way; one step at a time. The child never cares whether the road to the village is known to her or not, when father holds her hand; so we have only to walk were He bids, and not to determine where it leads; for the way is His, the guide Himself; and however crooked the path, we cannot stray under such guardianship; let us be contented."

* * * * *

There were no more words spoken for many minutes, then, suddenly, Fred lifted his head from her lap, where she had drawn it, and said, with peculiar emphasis, pointing to the crutch: "Yensie, it don't look

half so bad. Why it is almost beautiful! See how the sun is shining on the red leather, it looks like a glory-crutch now! How do I know but Jesus sent it to me to help me on my way to the New Jerusalem? I'd rather limp there than not get there at all, would'nt you? O Ennie, I believe I shall almost love it after this; perhaps when I see Him I shall have reason to thank Him for this more than any other gift. Sing 'Jesus, I my cross have taken,' for I have taken it, Yensie, and if He'll help me, I'll carry it like a man."

Friend or Foe?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER I.—THE FRIENDS.

A SULTRY evening in August; the western sky made lurid by the sinking sun, which still sends to earth fierce oppressive heat; not a rustle made by the trees; not a puff of air abroad. People saunter lazily along the parched and dusty streets, complain of the want of air, look into shop windows, glance up at yonder bank of angry clouds hanging ominously in the north-east, and seem to have no desire but to sit or lie down, and leave business, and life to care for themselves.

A little party is gathered in the garden of Mr. Bradford's pretty villa at Victoria Park: a party the members of which, save one, some of us have met before. Mr. Bradford, twelve years older than when we saw him last, is there: a fine, hale man, with hair just turning grey; a successful tradesman, owning several excellent shops, in addition to a promising share in the wholesale trade, but weighted with one great regret in not seeing his dear wife beside him (for she has been dead these eight years), and one great enemy that seldom leaves him, and that is present with him now as he sits nursing his bandaged foot—namely, the gout. Oliver Raymond, too, is here, keeping his "uncle" company in a cigar, lounging lazily in one of the rustic seats which his own hands have made, and giving himself up to the indolent influence of the air. He is no longer the boy we knew him, but a tall, well-made, good-natured-looking fellow, proud of the little brown moustache on his upper lip, proud of his position as Mr. Bradford's adopted nephew and manager and right-hand man, and no less proud of being looked upon as engaged to the graceful girl standing near him. That young lady, also, we know, and therefore may be forgiven for thinking, as we gaze on the erect, shapely figure, the sweet face, the golden curls and blue eyes here before us: "Ah, just the young lady I should have said little Elsie Vaughan would become!"

These are old friends. But another, who completes the party, is a new one. As he lies back in his rustic seat, toying with his cigar, the smoke of which hangs listlessly before him, so that occasionally he has to wave his hand, we can see that he is of a lithe and active figure, and that about him, in every way, in all his movements, there is that indefinable air of the free, frank sailor, which is such a charm to most of us. This is Amos Rearden, Mr. Bradford's sub-manager, and Oliver's close friend.

Until this moment, the conversation, which is on "Temperance," has been easy and careless, Elsie now playing on the lawn with a tennis-ball and bat, now standing still and joining in. But just now Oliver is saying, playfully, as he takes his eyes off the angry-looking clouds above and fixes them on Elsie:

"I've never been tipsy yet: I think I'll go and see what it is like. It must be good, since men who have had the experience seem to like it more and more."

"You should never speak to me again, if you did!" suddenly answers Miss Vaughan, stopping, and half-turning, in the act of playing her ball.

Something in her manner of speaking—some tinge of sharpness, or spice of pride—causes Oliver's eyes, already on her face, to grow more intense in their

gaze. Rearden, too, glances at her, quickly, and then bends his look on his friend.

"I wonder how you can indulge in athletics on such an evening as this, Elsie," says Mr. Bradford, putting his gouty foot in an easier position, and breathing hard with the heat, which seems to increase as the darkness increases, and the clouds get closer and closer together and darker and darker in hue, "As to a glass now and then," he goes on, turning off into the subject under discussion, while Elsie bats her ball up and down, "I've always had it, and mean to continue doing so, and should never blame anyone for doing the same."

"It's quite useless, and wasteful in every way, uncle," says Elsie, remembering a lecture she had lately heard. "But to hear an abstainer, as Oliver is, indulge in such dreadful jests!"—

"Pooh!" interrupts Mr. Bradford, his face in contortions as he attempts to rise, "you catch us up too sharply, Elsie. Come, it's getting dark, and we had better go indoors. Oliver, your arm, if you please."

With just the faintest light of defiance on her pretty face, Elsie gathers up the rackets and balls lying about, while Oliver and Rearden assist Mr. Bradford to get indoors; a feat always attended with difficulty, and requiring a large amount of generalship.

By and by, after supper, Amos takes out his watch, saying, with a glance at Oliver, "Half-past nine. If you go at once you will just catch Morbey at home. I'm certain the only way to get that debt, is to look him up personally. I'll go with you, if you like." Oliver being agreeable and ready, the two are, a few minutes afterwards, making their way, arm-in-arm, towards a point in the Old Ford Road.

For a while there is silence between them, Oliver thinking, perhaps, of the sharp answer, and the little gleam of defiance—which he had not missed—and Rearden dwelling: as he had dwelt lately, though hardly himself knowing it: on the exceeding grace of figure and sweetness of face of the lady engaged to his friend. Suddenly, Rearden, becoming conscious of the increased oppression in the air, draws a deep breath, looks at the black sky, and, as they arrive before a tavern, stops, and brings up his friend with him. "I must have a glass of beer," he says, "or there'll be an end of me. You won't take your uncle's advice and join me, I suppose?"

"I don't know," Oliver answers, irresolutely, while Rearden, being hitherto accustomed to have his invitations to drink met by a quiet and firm refusal, looks surprised. Oliver has three particular thoughts in his mind as he answers, and they are the cause of his wavering mood, namely: Why should he continue to abstain when others, as, for instance, Mr. Bradford and Rearden, can drink, in moderation, with perfect safety, and be so much more sociable? Elsie had, in effect, defied him to drink: should he endure that? And again, he really would like to taste what he has never, to his knowledge, tasted before.

"Will you join me?" says Rearden, in his persuasive tone, fixing his bright eyes on the other's slightly darkened face. "Oh, I forgot!" he adds, quickly, looking at the blazing tavern and taking his friend on. "That house sells abominable stuff. I know one further on where it's worth having. Come on."

There is another pause, during which, while the two walk on, Rearden is eagerly looking forward to a tavern he has in his mind, and Oliver has his eyes bent on the ground. Presently, the latter looks at Amos and says, discontentedly,

"I think you noticed how Elsie spoke to me to-night. Did you?"

Rearden glances at him, and then looks down.

"I am your friend, Oliver, I know. Still, a friend cannot say all he thinks, at times."

"I thought we were close enough friends to say anything. What are you thinking now?"

"Well, Oliver, I'll tell you, if it will not offend. It's this: that if I were engaged to a lady who defied me to do anything, I should just go and do it straightaway." Rearden lifts himself up, expressive of determination. "A woman always requires checking, else, by and by, when she is a wife, she will certainly usurp the domestic command. That's my opinion. But, of course, you will take your own line of action."

Oliver flushes, and his eyes grow bright with rising anger.

"There is something of late about Elsie that I don't like at all—carelessness, wilfulness, or what it is, I don't know. But I don't like it."

"Yet you put up with it."

"Have you, too, noticed it?"

"It needed no eyes to do so."

"You answer carelessly!" says Oliver, with some petulance.

"How would you have me answer, old fellow? Is it the work of a friend to make war between his friends?"

"But you say you would not endure this treatment!"—

"I speak for myself. If there were a lady whom, it was probable, I should by and by make my wife, I should show her, beyond possibility of mistake, that I intended to be captain. That's all. Timely firmness prevents mutiny."

Another pause; Oliver indistinctly sees the gathering gloom overhead; is conscious of growing thirst; comes into violent collision, once, with another passer; vaguely remembers a gentle face, familiar in the far distance of time, and a kind voice speaking to him and warning him; and yet another gentle face and kind voice, farther away still, but more solicitous of him; feels his heart give an extra bound as it fills with resolution; and then his companion again stops him.

"Now—are you coming in, or will you wait for me?"

They are outside the tavern, the brilliant lights in the windows of which shed a bold glare across the pavement, and far into the road.

"I don't see why I should'nt," Raymond returns, taking a step forward as Bearden leads the way—

Ah, what a blinding flash of lightning was that! How it lit up the gloomy heavens and the darkened streets; how it seemed to swallow up the petty brilliancy streaming from the tavern windows! What a revealing light, in truth, to show up the evil and foolish deeds of men!

Well might Oliver stand a moment aghast, and feel half-afraid to use his eyes, with that dazing power abroad.

But Bearden, who has entered the house, and has not seen this herald of the coming storm, puts his head out at the door, saying, with half a smile: "Come on, old man. Don't be afraid; there's no one here to hurt you."

The jesting words sound like a taunt in Raymond's ears, and he dashes forward, and is the next moment in the midst of the glare of lights, the hubbub of many voices, the fumes of hot spirit and bad tobacco. Yet the door: the door of perdition to many: has not fairly closed behind him, before lights, and voices, and fumes, and smoke,—everything, seems to be lost in a sudden, crashing, terrifying roar of thunder; so terrible, that it is as though the heavens had fallen; so near, that it seems no higher than the housetops.

And now the storm is abroad in all the mighty and deadly strength which, for hours past, it has been gathering together. Flash succeeds flash so closely that heaven and earth seem lit up by a continuous light, and the light is so keen that the eye cannot look upon it steadily. The rolling, bursting peals of thunder come so fast upon one another, that there is no apparent interval between; while, presently, the rain begins to fall in a deluge. A terrible storm, truly!

The babel of tongues in the tavern ceases, and faces, marked by excess and carelessness, forget to smile at the jest, and turn, awe-struck, to look through the window at the storm without.

"No going out in *this*, for an hour or two," says Bearden. "Come, let us drink, in our first glass together, to a better temper in Miss Vaughan." The glasses are tossed off. "Now," continues Bearden, "we'll spend an hour in the billiard-room; we can't do better."

A little later, when midnight is chiming, and the two friends issue forth into the cool sweet air again, the lightning has played itself out, the rain has ceased, and a sharp breeze has risen, driving before it the wild and torn clouds, between which, every now and then, gleams the sad face of the moon, looking as though it had tears upon it. And in the far distance, as it were in the far distance of time, a low moaning of thunder is still heard, and it seems—at least to one ear, in spite of itself—like the dying, sorrowful accents of one who has warned in vain.

Scraps from the Editor's Waste-Basket.

I. THE CIRCULATION OF THE MAGAZINE.—A friend writes saying that the "circulation of our Magazine ought to be doubled, and would be if it were only known." We trust our friends to make it widely known. Invest in half-a-dozen copies for January, and give them away. It will speak for itself, and, if allowed "a free course," make its own way. Sunday school teachers in the upper classes may get their elder scholars to read it. Let officers of churches give facilities for its sale, and pastors announce it from the pulpit. It is conducted absolutely and entirely for the churches and the denomination, and is the servant of all. Circulate it widely. We mean to make the issue for 1883 superior to all its predecessors.

II. THE SCHOOL HYMNAL AT A PENNY! is the last marvel in printing. Three hundred and forty hymns, a preface, and an index, in clear type and on fairly strong paper, for four farthings. Why, destructive Mary and Tom can have a new book a month, and only gain in the loss of sweetmeats. If this book is not in all our Sunday schools, and many besides, it is merely because they do not know what is best.

III. CHURCH AND CHAPEL SHAKING HANDS.—Much that is pathetic and beautiful clusters about the following letter. It was written by the Vicar of Chilvers Coton, Nuneaton, to Mr. Asquith, on the occasion of his settlement as pastor of our church; on the day following the writer suddenly expired after preaching. We rejoice in every sign of cordial and fraternal regard amongst the workers for God and men.

"Chilvers Coton Vicarage Nuneaton, Dec. 2nd, 1882.—Dear Mr. Asquith, You very kindly came and asked me to be present at your recognition service and I made the excuse of bad health, but in fact my presence could do no good. I forgot not a kindness one of your deacons, Mr. Copson, did for me at Stockingford, giving an address (which I remember now.) I have the pleasure of Mr. Sidwell's acquaintance, and I dare say there are not a few of your congregation that I should know, and for whom I should have real Christian regard. I desire to cultivate personal Christian fellowship with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in spirit and in truth. You have been brought into our neighbourhood, and in the Providence of God into my parish; you may

be quite sure that I thoroughly wish you God speed in the name of the Lord, and I heartily hope the pleasure of the Lord may prosper in your hands. You said in pleasantry—when I did myself the pleasure of calling on you—you hoped you should be no worry, and my answer was, O dear no, we expect every Christian minister to be a help—God bless you in your work. May you give yourself wholly to it, turning not to the right hand, nor to the left, but keeping straight on, aiming ever at these grand simple things (besides which all else is rubbish), winning souls, comforting the sick, strengthening God's people, reclaiming the backsliding. Keep to these things alone, then may there not be one alone set apart to the work of God in this neighbourhood, but a multitude also with you. May you be an united people, united in the fear and love of our God, and for His work. Your sincere well-wisher, G. R. PENNINGTON."

IV. DEGENERATING INTO A SECT.—We are astonished to find a man of such learning and culture as Bishop Lightfoot talking about "degenerating into a sect." Will he tell us what he means? Evidently he is not narrow in his sympathies, for he says that he is "altogether in favour of maintaining friendly relations with the members of the Salvation Army;" but says that their repudiation of being "a church or sect" is more theoretical than real. Isn't the claim of the Established Church to be anything but a "sect" more theoretical than real? What is that church more than a congeries of "sects"—an amalgam of "sects," effected by the same power that manages Post Offices and policemen? We are simple enough to think a church is ascending, and evolving a higher life, when it passes into the condition of independence of State control and to complete freedom from external dictation. The "Salvation Army," in our judgment, whatever it may be now, would "degenerate" sadly if it became a part of the STATE Church.

V. CHRISTIAN BOOK-KEEPING.—The *Spectator* for Dec. 15th says:—"With all its boasted, and with its undoubted, if limited, spirit of earnest helpfulness, this is not an age of large giving. 'I have so many claims upon me, someone is always begging,' grumbles the well-to-do, possibly wealthy, man, as he sips his coffee, and throws a begging letter into a waste-paper basket: probably a rigid examination of his yearly expenditure

would show, to his own surprise, hardly a £10 note expended on anyone not directly connected with himself. We think it might be broadly stated that if every man in England with an income of over £1000 a year gave a tenth of his surplus to the common weal, not a child need remain uneducated or unapprenticed. Workhouses would cease to be a necessity."

I have a friend, with whom I can be rather frank, who once declined complying with a request of mine, on the ground that he was "doing a great deal too much." "Are you?" I said. "Well, what are you doing? Do you keep any account? Will you reckon up?" "I will," he said, "and let you know." He did so, and reported that he was "positively amazed"; "thought he was giving fifty times as much," and so on. The fact is, memory is wonderfully tenacious of our generous moods and acts. I have little doubt that honest *Christian* book-keeping would send up the wealth of the Church a *thousandfold*. "How much owest thou to thy Lord?"

VI. A GENERAL BAPTIST TEMPERANCE HOUSE.—Says the *Chester Chronicle*:—"In the local page of the Burwash parochial magazine (*Home Words*) we find the following:—'In a short visit, at the end of July, to Bunbury, his native parish in Cheshire, the rector met with a large farm-house, built about thirteen years ago, in which, since the first brick was laid, there has never been, to this time, a single drop of wine, beer, or spirits, or of alcohol in any shape, purchased by or belonging to its owner. We may add that not only all the work of the house, but all the cheese-making from the milk of sixty cows is managed by the mistress of the house, her two daughters, one servant, and a small boy. So that in this instance, as in ten thousand more, strong drink has certainly not been needed to give strength.'"

That is one of our many Good General Baptist Homes. "We have been there, and still would go:" if we could only get. It is a bright, godly, Teetotal Home!

VII. THE DECAY OF NATIVE RACES. IS IT INEVITABLE?—It is reported, on the authority of the Secretary of the Indian Department, that the considerate Christian treatment received by the Indians in the British Territories of North America is bearing fruit, not merely in the arrest of their decay, but also in the actual increase of their numbers. It is not inevitable, therefore, that native races, the aboriginal tribes, should be extinguished to find room for the enter-

prising and aggressive white man. Let these tribes be treated as consisting of "sons of God"—for we are all His offspring—and their chances of development, progress, and perpetuity, are every whit as good as were those of our ancestors five, ten, or fifteen centuries ago. We are a "mixed," and, according to Lord Bacon, an improved people because of the "mixing:" and why should not the same hold good in America. It is only in the United States that the "Indian" is disappearing; and his disappearance is due to the unchristian treatment he receives. Christian men have yet to learn the great law of their Master, that mental, or social, or race inferiority, in itself constitutes a claim on the sympathy, consideration, and help of the superior race. We are strong that we may bear the infirmities of the weak, and not please ourselves by grasping the whole earth, and turning it into a huge market to enrich our supreme selves.

VIII. THE PRESS ON THE STAGE.—Christians who "support" the *Stage as it is*, may read this, and then I Thess. v. 22. The *Pall Mall Gazette* writes, "Commenting on what it describes as 'the partnership between concubinage and comedy' which disgraces a section of the London stage, the *Birmingham Mail* (L.) calls upon the public to set its face resolutely 'against performers whose characters are smirched. The *Mail* says:—'It is idle to blink the truth that in certain London theatres immorality is rampant; actresses form connections which they have not the discretion even to keep in the background; diamonds glitter on their necks and on their wrists, which all the world knows to be the wages of an unchaste life; the whole atmosphere reeks of dishonour, profligacy, and extravagance. This is prejudicial not only to art but to public morality. There is, perhaps, no more melancholy sign of the times than that women whose lives are flagrantly immoral should be suffered to flaunt, with all the ostentation which a public stage affords, the material evidences of their splendid infamy, and that audiences should be found to applaud their appearance without regard to their character.'"

IX. THE NEW JUDAISM.—The existence and growth of a vigorous Reformation amongst the Jews is one of the most cheering and prophetic phenomena of the religious world. Mr. Claude Montefiore (*Contemporary Review*, Sept., 1882; Cf. also *Con. Review* for Nov.) is fairly entitled to be regarded as the herald of the slowly but surely approaching emancipa-

tion of Judaism from its tribal limitations, and its realization of the beneficent universality that occasionally shone forth with magnificent splendours in the visions of the Hebrew prophets. The "theses" of this new Luther are, (1) the abandonment of the Messianic hope; (2) the inculcation that a resettlement in Palestine would be a retrogression and not an advance; (3) the denial of the verbal inspiration of the Old Testament; (4) the incompleteness of the Mosaic law; (5) rejection of the authority of the Talmudic laws; (6) optional character of the legal, hygienic, and agrarian laws of the Pentateuch; (7) reduction of the feasts and fasts to the Sabbath (which may be on the Christian Sunday), Passover, and four others; (8) adoption of the vernacular of each country for the larger part of the synagogue service; (9) proclamation of the—Unity of God; His just judgment of the world; the free relation of every man to God; the continual progress of humanity; the immortality of the soul; and the divine election of Israel "to a religious mission not yet fulfilled." The project itself is suggestive of the change which is coming over God's ancient people through the genial and Christian treatment they are receiving at the hands of the most thoroughly Christianized countries. That such a vision is possible is a forcible witness to the deeply fixed changes that have taken place in the thinking both of Jews and of Christians.

X. SHALL THE GOVERNMENT SANCTION VICE.—The report of the *majority* of the Committee on the Contagious Diseases Acts has in it a threat of the extension of these iniquitous and immoral Acts to London, and to other than military towns. The hour is critical. Ministers and members of our churches should make themselves acquainted with the state of the case, get up meetings to protest against the Acts, and petition for their instant repeal. Women, especially, should bestir themselves in this holy cause, and hasten the hour when this fearful infamy shall be cleared from our legislation.

A special convocation for prayer and conference will be held in London on Jan. 24 and 25. Could not similar meetings be held in our large towns?

XI. "STOLE—THAT IS, BORROWED"—was the explanation offered the other day concerning a book that had been loaned; and then, without the permission of the owner, appropriated. Query—(1) What is the right name for man or woman who borrows a book and never takes any pains to return it? (2) What action should a Christian church take towards one of its members who borrows half-a-dozen volumes, and is so attached to them that he cannot endure them out of his sight? (3) Suppose said member a minister, what then? This case of casuistry we commend to all whom it concerns.

Reviews.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. With Introduction and Notes by Dr. Marcus Dods. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THIS is one of the valuable series of Handbooks for Bible Classes issued by the Messrs. T. & T. Clark, and is not inferior to any one already sent forth in completeness and compactness of treatment, fulness and competency of knowledge, simplicity of arrangement, clearness of statement, and general fitness for its purpose. Dr. Dods accepts the undeniable position that three or four hands contributed to the production of the book; but recognizes "a central thread of narrative running through the whole, and lying like a keel or skeleton, entire and complete in itself, even when the superimposed portions are removed." He, therefore, speaks of an *Elohistic* narrative, a *Later Elohist* section, a *Jehovist* portion, and a "*Redactor*," or revising

editor. So, on the question of authorship, he says, "The first five books are called the Books of Moses, but this expression is used loosely, not implying that, strictly speaking, they are all, and in every part, from the hand of Moses; but mainly that these books contain the law of Moses, and can claim his authority." The "Notes" are restricted to the most necessary points,—and though brief, are pithy and pertinent, and supply what is needed. The Bible Class teacher and pupil will find it a thorough *vade mecum* to Genesis.

THE REFORMATION. By T. M. Lindsay, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

It might seem to some that a work on the Reformation could scarcely be placed in a series of "Handbooks for Bible Classes;" but a little reflection on the central and dominant position of the

Bible in that great Religious Revival, will be sufficient to indicate that as a bible class could scarcely more profitably engage some portions of its time than in a consideration of the Genevan, Swiss, Scotch, and English Reformation; so no manual, other than one on a book of the Bible, could give greater promise of aid. Dr. Lindsay has compressed the long story with faultless skill, and presented in an easily remembered manner, the controlling facts of that mighty European movement; but it is in the fourth book he is at his best, as he presents a sound, succinct, and comprehensive philosophy of the Revival. This is a monogram worthy of all praise. The book is enriched with a chronological summary and index.

ANDREW FULLER. By his son Andrew Gunton Fuller. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

FULLER of Kettering, the simple sturdy preacher, keen theological writer and debater, and earnest advocate of missions to India, is as familiar to grown Baptists as anyone who has borne the Baptist name, unless it be his heroic comrade William Carey; but Fuller, the bold, fearless, and good son, the kind, affectionate, and devoted husband; the anxious and wise father, the tried and persevering village preacher, appears in this volume of "Men worth remembering" as we have not met with him before. We see him in his home and habits as he lived; can watch the slow and painful discipline to which he was subjected, and estimate the relation of the years of preparation to those of fuller work and rich harvest. The subject of the biography is of real worth; and its treatment is specially interesting.

NETTIE AND KATE; OR, ONWARD TO THE HEIGHTS OF LIFE. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

AMERICAN authors are developing a remarkable faculty for thoroughly helpful religious novels. A better series of portraiture of loyalty to Christ through trial and in temptation one could scarcely wish to have than Arthur and Dr. Lockwood, Nettie and Kate. Christian principles penetrate each character, and are embodied in each life. The book will be welcome to many, and is calculated to leave behind it nothing but what is good. As a New Year's present for our Netties and Kates it will be thrice welcome.

YENSIE WALTON. By E. R. Graham Clark. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

IN tone and spirit, plan and execution, this is a superb story. Rich in delineations of character, and in descriptions of real experience, it illustrates what a re-

deemed and chastened woman may do for souls, and how a departed father's prayers may be answered through a consecrated human instructor. A more fascinating and inspiring picture of a school-mistress, in one prolonged, prayerful, and sustained endeavour to lead an orphan pupil to Christ, was never drawn. We do not like the work any worse because it closes without the ring of marriage-bells. Life has, even the novelists are beginning to see, other ends than that of getting married.

IMMANUEL: THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS. *Wileman, 34, Bowverie Street.*

THIS little book consists of a series of controversial letters by Rev. R. H. Lane, B.A., Dr. Cotton Mather, and our friend, the Rev. John Batey, on the Divinity and Humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The writers vigorously defend the proper Deity of Christ; and Mr. Batey writes strenuously and sensibly in support of the doctrine that the real humanity of Christ Jesus dates from His birth in Bethlehem. It seems strange any one should deny it, but stranger things than have been written by theologians it would be hard to find.

GOD'S LIGHT ON DARK CLOUDS. By Theodore Cuyler, D.D. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

"BARNABAS" is the appropriate title of this brightly bound and charmingly consolatory volume. Soft and healing beams will irradiate the darkness of sad and weary hearts as they read its pages; and the bereaved will derive courage from its teachings to say, "He doeth all things well." Sympathetic hearts anxious to send a message of peace to their sorrowing friends may avail themselves of this book with a confident expectation of doing lasting good.

ASHEN HOLT CONFERENCES. By Quæstor. *Marlborough & Co..*

A SERIES of familiar essays, written in a clear, familiar, and colloquial style, on the gravest of problems; and though not without fault, yet calculated to aid such as are perplexed with questions that spring out of "life" in its mysterious relations to the character and acts of God.

THE A 1 READER No. 2. Edited by A. H. Miles. *Cauldwell, Old Bailey.*

SELECTIONS from the best writers, made with tact and skill, together with Social, Ghost, and Love Stories, Tales of Travel, etc., etc. They are as cheap as they are excellent.

SPOILING THE EGYPTIANS. A Tale of Shame. By J. Seymour Keay. C. K. Paul & Co.

THE chief defects of this book are its starting-point, and its narrowness. It begins with the Egypt of twenty years ago, and ignores all antecedent circumstances. No one can fairly judge the Egyptian question of to-day who does not begin much further back, and take a wider range. The citations made from the Blue Books are many of them of a painful character, and ought to be kept in mind in providing for the future of the people of Egypt.

THE CHRISTIAN LEADER. Glasgow: Aird & Coghlin.

HAVE our readers made the acquaintance of this superb weekly? It comes from Scotland, and is edited by a Scotchman, and is full of Scotch news; but it highly deserves the attentive perusal of the people of the South for its fine literary skill, well-compacted intelligence, masterly handling of living questions, and glow of Christian feeling. It is a penny a week, and taken all in all, I know of no penny paper that surpasses it.

Church Register.

Information should be sent by the 16th of the month to 51, Porchester Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.

OHAPELS.

LEICESTER, Carley Street.—At a cost of over £1,200 the premises at Carley street have been reconstructed, and instead of a small and unsatisfactory building we have now a large, light, comfortable, and attractive edifice, adapted at once to the locality, and to those who are at work in it. More and better work for the money could hardly be desired. The chapel was re-opened on Tuesday, Dec. 5, J. Clifford preaching twice, and the Revs. T. Stevenson, A. James, and H. Soper taking part. Revs. J. C. Jones and J. Lewitt preached Dec. 10 and 17 respectively. On the 11th, a public meeting was held at which Alderman Bennett presided, and congratulatory addresses were given by Revs. W. Bishop, J. H. Atkinson, J. C. Forth, and Mr. Hackett. The cause here was re-established about seven and a half years ago, but the congregation became inconveniently large for the old and dilapidated building, and an urgent need for better and larger premises was felt. A small part of the old chapel has been utilized in the work, but apart from this the building is an entirely new one. The interior woodwork is almost entirely of pitch-pine, and presents a cheerful and elegant appearance. The building seats between five and six hundred. The total cost, including furnishing, is about £1,200, which, with a long-standing mortgage, makes the liabilities of the congregation £1,600. Towards this £940 has been raised up to Dec. 17. The churches in Leicester have done good home mission work in carrying this enterprise to its present efficiency, and with them we praise God for the blessing He has given to the earnest and sincere work of our brother Forth.

MACCLESFIELD.—A fine new organ was opened Nov. 21, by G. F. Grundy, Esq., of Manchester, assisted by special soloists from the Manchester concerts. The organ has two manuals, CC to G; independent pedal organ, CCC to F, and contains twenty-one stops. The pastor, Rev. Z. T. Downen said they were all glad and grateful to see that evening. Their organ would be one of the handsomest in the town, and from the excellent reputation of the builders, he confidently predicted an instrument of which the church would be justly proud. Best of all, they had the money to pay for it. The programme was given with much taste and effect to a crowded congregation. The builders are John Stringer and Co., of Hanley, Staffordshire.

NORWICH.—Evangelistic services were held, Nov. 20 and 24. Addresses were delivered by earnest Christian workers, interspersed with Gospel hymns and fervent prayers. The saved were quickened; some seekers found the Saviour; careless ones were aroused to thought and enquiry.

OHAPEL ANNIVERSARIES.

LEICESTER, Dover Street.—Nov. 19. Preacher, Rev. W. Cuff. A tea meeting on the 20th, after which Mr. Cuff delivered his popular lecture on "C. H. Spurgeon; his Life and Work." Proceeds, £76.

NORTHALLERTON.—Oct. 8. Preacher, Rev. F. A. Charles. On Monday a tea meeting was held. The trays were given. R. M. Middleton, Esq., presided at the public meeting. Addresses were given by the Revs. F. A. Charles, J. W. Parsons, W. H. Coradine, W. Stubbings, and G. J. Robinson, Esq. All the meetings were well attended. Proceeds, £13 7s.

NOTTINGHAM, Hyson Green—Nov. 12, 13. Preachers, Rev. G. H. James, and R. F. Griffiths. J. T. Mallett, Esq., of the Nottingham School Board, presided at the Monday evening meeting, and expressed his warm approbation of the New Chapel Scheme, and addresses were given by Revs. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., T. Goadby, B.A., J. H. Hollowell, and R. F. Griffiths. Mr. T. Green gave the report, which showed £1,000 available for the new building in Palin Street; and the pastor, the Rev. Robert Silby, gave a cheering statement of the various organizations of the church.

SCHOOLS.

TODMORDEN.—WOMAN'S WORK.—On Saturday evening, Dec. 9, the ladies connected with the school hold a very successful tea and entertainment, for the purpose of raising funds towards reducing the debt on the class-rooms. Miss Mary Greenwood presided. After the devotional exercises had been gone through, Miss Adelina Greenwood was called upon to read the report. At a subsequent period of the evening Miss Fielden, of Birchcliffe, gave a very interesting address; she referred to the social positions women were fitted to occupy, and some of the work they had done. A choir composed of female voices rendered various glees, and songs were given by several ladies. The attendance was very numerous. The year's contributions, profits from teas, etc., will reduce the adverse balance about £36. This is admirable woman's work.

OUR MINISTERS.

ASQUITH, REV. D., late of Portsea, was publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Nuneaton, Dec. 4. Rev. W. Chapman preached in the afternoon. R. Stanley presided at the evening meeting. Mr. Copson stated the circumstances leading to Mr. Asquith's settlement, and addresses were given by the new pastor, the Revs. W. Greathead, J. Salisbury, M.A., H. J. Hodgson, and Carey Hood.

LAWTON, REV. J., has resigned his pastorate at Heptonstall Slack, after a ministry of eight years. Mr. Lawton has had three pastorates, Wymeswold for nine years, Berkhamstead fourteen and a half, and Heptonstall Slack eight. His retirement from the stated ministry was signalized by a meeting, Nov. 30, the Rev. W. Gray, President of the Association in the chair. Addresses expressive of cordial appreciation of Mr. Lawton's work were given by Messrs. W. Gill, J. Crowther, T. Dimmock, and J. Sutcliffe,

the Rev. J. Lawton responding. We assure our brother in his retirement of the high esteem of his brethren, and of their prayers for his happiness and usefulness in the service of the churches. Mr. Lawton's new address is Albert Street, Hebdon Bridge, Manchester.

TOWLER, REV. G., after more than eight years work at Long Sutton, has accepted a call from the church at Audlem, Cheshire, and begins his ministry, January 7.

VICK, REV. C. W., was ordained to the work of the ministry in Wood Gate chapel, Loughborough, on Wednesday, Nov. 29. The Rev. E. Stevenson, (the pastor of the Baxter Gate church,) presided at the afternoon service. Rev. R. Y. Roberts and T. R. Evans conducted the earlier devotional exercises, Mr. B. Baldwin recited the circumstances under which the new pastor had been chosen to his work, and Mr. Vick responded, stating the facts connected with his conversion and dedication to ministerial work, his religious convictions, and his purposes. Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., offered the ordination prayer, and Prof. Goadby, B.A., gave the charge to the pastor. In the evening, Mr. T. W. Marshall presided. Rev. C. H. Boden read the Scriptures, and Rev. A. McCurdy offered prayer. Rev. J. Mills gave an address, and J. Clifford delivered the charge to the church.

OUR TEMPERANCE WORK.

CASTLE DONINGTON.—Tea meeting and entertainment, Dec. 13. The pastor, R. J. Beecliff presided. A full and well-arranged programme was effectively executed. The interest of the crowded audience was well sustained throughout.

NORWICH.—The Band of Hope held its annual tea and public meeting, Nov. 30. The pastor occupied the chair. The secretary gave a very encouraging report; stirring speeches, recitations, &c., followed. Ten signed the pledge, and accepted the blue ribbon.

BAPTISMS.

BARLESTONE.—Three, by G. Needham.
CONINGSBY.—Two, by A. H. Smith.
DERBY, Osmaston Road.—Nov. 29, six, by W. H. Tetley.
HINCKLEY.—Five, by J. Salisbury.
HITCHIN.—Nov. 26, seven, by F. J. Bird.
LEICESTER, Dover Street.—Six, by W. Evans.
LONDON, Westbourne Park.—Nine, by J. Clifford.
LOUGHBOROUGH, Baxter Gate.—Three, by J. Holmes.
LOUGHBOROUGH, Wo d Gate.—Nine, by W. C. Vick.
LONG SUTTON.—Two, by G. Towler.
SPALDING.—Ten, by J. C. Jones.
WALSALL.—Eleven, by W. Lees.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

JANUARY, 1883.

Half as Much Again.

SOME months ago the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M.A., of Christ Church, Hampstead, appealed to the friends and supporters of the Church Missionary Society to raise on behalf of that society

HALF AS MUCH AGAIN.

In view of the great need of our own society, and in the hope that Mr. Bickersteth's powerful words may stir up the minds of its friends, we have the pleasure to give a few extracts from his earnest and eloquent utter. In reference to the Annual Report of the C. M. S., he says:—

“Never has a more thankful Annual Report been presented. There has been an advance, as one speaker said, along the whole line. The fields are everywhere white to the harvest. The Master, in answer to our prayers, is thrusting forth labourers whom He has made willing in the day of His power. More men have offered themselves; but the cry still sounds louder and louder from unevangelised, or half-evangelised lands, ‘Come over and help us.’ Our brethren in the field are overborne for lack of help. And the voice from heaven rings in our ears, ‘Go forward.’

“The Committee have responded to every call during the last year to the utmost limit of the funds entrusted to them. But they cannot go beyond this limit, and rightly. Surely the question for us at home is, can we not possibly, by thoughtful self-sacrifice, meet the increased demand?

“Let our watchword this year be—

‘HALF AS MUCH AGAIN.’

“The effort must be a very great one, and will claim the self-denying love and labour of every member of our society. The penny-a-week subscribers must be asked if they cannot possibly give three half-pence; and perhaps, if they do this, they will, in the Master's esteem, give more than all. The guinea-a-year donors—it will be something to get out of the guinea rut—must, if possible, give a guinea and a-half. Those who give two pounds must be pleaded with for three; those who give ten, for fifteen; and those who give fifty or one hundred pounds or more must still be moved to give *half as much again*. The motto must be heard in every Sunday-school, and be inscribed on every C.M.S. Christmas-tree, and be repeated in every quarterly meeting, and be

urged from every pulpit and platform—' *Half as much again : the Lord hath need of it.*' "

In referring to the liberality of some, and to what may be done by many others, Mr. Bickersteth writes :—

" It is quite true that many of our best supporters are already giving up to their power—yea, and some of them beyond their power—and that it would be simply impossible for them to give more, and wrong in us to urge it. But is it not also true that many of our subscribers, by a watchful economy, could do this thing for Christ's sake and the Gospel's? And if they led the way, and proved the sincerity of their appeal to others by greater personal self-sacrifice, might we not hope to lengthen our cords as well as strengthen our stakes? Are there not many who give little or nothing to the missionary cause because they have not been earnestly and affectionately invited to take an intelligent interest in it? Many most valuable suggestions have already been made of new and increased efforts in our Sunday and upper-class schools; among the servants of the gentry; in enlisting the help of young men as lecturers; in the use of missionary magic-lanterns, &c.; in canvassing merchants and men of wealth. And if all these efforts were patiently and prayerfully carried out, surely it is not too much for us to hope that every association, by breaking new ground and more diligently cultivating the old, might very shortly contribute *half as much again*.

" Weighing these things calmly in the light of eternity, and of the Master's near return, shall we make this great effort or not? Some of us could reduce our personal and social expenditure without lessening our influence or crippling our local work for Christ. Some of us could forego a customary, but not necessary, domestic indulgence. In the resurrection of Germany (A.D. 1813) Alison says, 'The women universally sent their precious ornaments to the public treasury, and received in return similar *bijoux* beautifully worked in bronze, which soon decorated their bosoms, bearing the simple inscription, 'I gave gold for iron, 1813.' It must be confessed that chivalry cannot boast of a nobler fountain of honour, or fashion of a more touching memorial of virtue.' Shall the deliverance of heathen lands from the yoke of Satan be less precious in our eyes?

" '*Half as much again.*' It stimulates every agency. It sets a definite object before every giver and every labourer, old and young. Let us arise and do it in Christ's name, and, if possible, do it before our next Annual Meeting. And surely, as in the days of Hezekiah, we shall all rejoice, if God prepares the people, that 'the thing was done suddenly' (2 Chron. xxix. 36)."

On behalf of Orissa—not to refer to the necessities of Rome—may we not reasonably ask for *half as much again*! When it is borne in mind that Orissa—which contains nine millions of people—does not, for its evangelization, receive much more on an average, than one half-penny per week for each member of the denomination in England, or *not more than ten per cent.* of the money raised for religious and philanthropic objects, surely the reasonableness of "*half as much again*" must be admitted. With *one penny per week*, on the average, from our twenty-five thousand church members, "*half as much again*" would be an accomplished fact—a fact which is both possible and reasonable.

Notes from my Diary.

BY REV. P. E. HEBERLET, OF SAMBALPUR.

Mr. Heberlet writing to the Secretary of the Society observes:—

I send you some more notes from my diary; and first, with reference to

THE BRAHMINS.

The characteristic greed of this class is quite as apparent here as elsewhere in India, perhaps more so, and when they press it on my attention by a more than usually persistent appeal, I remind them that as some of their holy men practising austerities, by keeping an arm constantly tied up to a post become at last unable to draw it down, so the brahmins, by having their hands constantly extended in a begging attitude, have now become quite unable to withdraw them. As I do not speak angrily, this brings a smile to the face of all who are by, it is not disputed, and the importunity ceases.

Many of them will, in the most brazen-faced way, confess their ruling passion. One day, as we neared the Patna rajah's house, (he is a minor, a little boy,) we met a number of them coming from thence with the gifts dispensed to them on the death of the ruler of Kalahandy, a relative of the rajah. One of them addressed us, shewing his presents, and saying, "See here, the profit of being a brahmin. Now I can go home and feast on these things." When I objected that that was no real gain, and that the kingdom of God was not meat and drink, he protested that it was. "Sir, there is no such thing as vice or virtue. The belly is the principal thing, and to fill it the whole duty of man." To my question whether he acted on that principle, he unhesitatingly answered "yes," and went on his way.

Another time I met one who said that as their festival had come round I should feast the brahmins; and when I asked if he had no higher aim than feasting, replied, "As you were made a sahib, to be served and have income offered to you, (figurative,) so I was made a brahmin to eat." I assured him he left me in no doubt as to the consistency of his course with the latter statement, though I disputed the former.

Once again, as I sat discussing in the bazaar, and endeavouring to shew that the temporal interests of the brahmins were bound up in the maintenance of the present system, one of them that sat by said, "True, sir, look here," exhibiting a handkerchief full of mangoes, "I had not got these had I not been a brahmin."

Their readiness to make such admissions as these, in the presence of the very people upon whose ignorance and credulity they impose, shews the strong assurance they entertain that their dupes can never be set free from the trammels of superstition in which they have enmeshed them. And yet there are tokens, which should be apparent even to them, that the time of deliverance is at hand. Indeed one of them the other day, taking up a lament about the perverseness of the "Kumbipatias," said, "They mind not the gods, nor Jagannath, nor the tulsi plant, nor *brahmins*"—a cumulative charge, having its climax in the last clause. God speed the day when the same shall be said of all India's millions, and they shall acknowledge no twice-born save such as have been "born again of water and of the Spirit."

Yet one more special instance of greed that came under my notice was a lively dispute in the public road between two companies of these "incarnations of God," as they sometimes claim to be. The set attached to one temple had appropriated offerings intended for another, whereupon the other lot had retaliated in like manner, and then the first offenders, feeling themselves aggrieved, had come to call the other party to account. The shameful controversy drew a number of people to the spot, but the disputants went on; it rained, but they got under the eaves of the houses, or put up umbrellas, and went on, till at last it was settled somehow. How does the noble declaration, "I seek not yours, but you," shine by contrast with such a scene as this. Then

THE TEMPLES.

Surely it is a gross darkness that covers the people so that their spiritual vision is obscured, a darkness that may be felt. On the walls of temples, their "holy" places, are depicted the vile imaginations of foul minds; and I have heard this practice defended by the singular statement that it protects the building from the thunder-bolt or lightning stroke. My remarks apply only to one temple in this town of those situated in public places, but elsewhere there are others, and one Sabbath-day in the market, coming across a native artist with whom I had conversed three or four times previously, I asked to see the roll he had

under his arm. He first demurred, but then handed it to me. No pure mind would desire a second glance; but when I endeavoured to set before him the terrible depravity of his course, shocked to find in what way he employed his talent, he attempted to excuse himself by saying that when anyone desired to build a temple he was applied to for patterns of ornamentation for the walls. Yet, how is the judgment of the people perverted, that, notwithstanding this, they will pay every outward mark of respect to the temple as a holy place! Once, as I stood by one to speak to the brahmins who sat there, happening to put my booted foot upon the outermost step, I was begged to remove it "for fear of defilement to the habitation of the Holy One." At another time, seeing that a woman called a man, who was sitting a little way off, to hand her a lot of water which had been left on the outer step of the temple, easily

within her reach, I asked and learnt that she must have walked over some unholy or unclean place, or for some such reason did not count herself fit to touch what rested on the step of the holy place. Is there any accounting for such oblique moral vision? The answer is given in Rom. i. 21. "When they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened."

Oh, when shall the word of the Lord go forth with power to all. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light"! When shall there be another prophesying among the dry bones, and to the wind, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live!" "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power." Amen, so be it.

The Voyage to India.

BY REV. T. F. MULHOLLAND.

A STORY OF "DEGREES," IN FOUR PARTS.

PART II.—GIBBALTAR TO PORT SAID.

EIGHTH day (Wednesday, Oct. 25th).—To-day we are fairly in the Mediterranean, with its deep blue waters, and its pleasant balmy breezes. Such weather in October! How unlike the biting October winds of dear old England, and especially the skinning blasts of dearer old Scotland. As we gaze on the pleasant waters of this mid-land sea, what a multitude of historical events—classical and biblical—rush into one's mind. Not far ahead we may sail over the course ploughed by the frail barque of Æneid, the fabled founder of the Roman people. Not far to the right witnessed the tragic end of Dido, Carthage's Queen. The Bible student at once remembers he is in the "Great Sea" of scripture, out of which arose the small cloud no bigger than a man's hand—the product of Elijah's prayer. Into this sea was thrown poor Jonah, after being dragged up from the sides of the ship—(he had gone steerage). By the way, we have met several whales, one of which was large enough to accommodate the faithless prophet; but science cannot stretch its (the whale's) mouth wide enough to allow him (Jonah) to pass. Turning to the New Testament, we can follow Paul in his memorable journey to the city of the Cæsars. We are keeping close to the African shore, where we get a view of

Algiers by gaslight. Poor Africa! her very land seems blighted by the curse on Ham. What we see from the ship is a vast expanse of sand and rocks, unrelieved by a patch of vegetation.

To-night, at the dinner table, the effect of a smooth sea and bracing air are manifestly visible. Now we see faces that have been hid for a week. The sea sickness has passed away, and every one is in the best of spirits. How different is the reception given to the ship's fare. A few days ago the few who ventured to the table practically said, "throw curry to the dogs, I'll have none of it." But just look at the way they clean their plates to-night. Not a few, with one or two of the "cloth" included, give us proof that while they may not read, mark, learn, they certainly can *inwardly digest*.

Tenth day (Saturday).—Our voyage along the Mediterranean has been most enjoyable, and to-day we have reached the bellicose island of Malta. From every point we have cannon frowning upon us. "Cannon to right of us, cannon to left of us." Notwithstanding the intense heat, the great majority of the passengers landed and witnessed the various sights mentioned in the guide books. Those who remained on board had an inexhaustible store of amusement in wit-

nosing the bartering of the vendors of Maltese lace, who actually pushed their goods on their fair purchasers. Several troop-ships were close to us, and the clandestine trade in tobacco was very great. There was an incessant trade between the boatman and the portholes. The heroes of Tel-el-Kebir were evidently short of cash; but the men who could circumvent poor Arabi were not to be beat, though money was scarce; hence popped out shirts, pillow slips, etc., all eagerly caught by the enthusiastic floating merchants, who gave in return the precious "weed." One fellow was evidently conscience stricken in regard to the Government pillow slips, but he forgot to return the square of tobacco to the boatman, who did a deal of swearing, but, being in Maltese, it did no harm.

The whole appearance of Malta was not prepossessing. The day was very hot, and the glare of the soft sandstone buildings was painful to the eyes. Again, the "loafing" class was very large. Hundreds of men unqualified for work solely by indolence, presented a difficult problem to the social reformer. The streets were dirty, disturbing the olfactory nerves in no little degree. The professional beggar met the visitor at every turning with an impertunity far exceeding the widow in the Gospels. But the great outstanding fact of Malta is its fortifications, which, to the non-professional eye, appear in every way complete. Far be the day when Malta's power of destruction shall be called into requisition. Our three hundred tons of coal are all on board; then, with a parting salute to the red-coated heroes, we bid Malta good afternoon.

11th day (Sunday).—Alas! we are "rocked in the cradle of the deep" once more. Two days ago we were congratulating each other that our stomachs and legs were now accustomed to the unstable element—but not so; there were more people sea-sick to-day than what we had at any time in the Bay of Biscay. All agree (including the ship's officers) that last night was very stormy. We can now enter into the feelings of St. Paul in his Mediterranean storm. Last night we had our "Euroclydon," and it was "tempestuous" in the extreme. "We were exceedingly tossed with a tempest," and "we wished for the day." One poor lady went about the dining saloon all the night declaring that we were going to the bottom. The water was dashing over the vessel in tons,—putting silence, if not sense, into silly people. Sleep was out of the question; and this morning we were of all men most miserable. It is

pleasing to see that all feel, if they do not express, gratitude to God for protection from the dangers of the deep. There was a grand sublimity in the action of the waves last night. Our 4,000 tons ship was knocked about like a cockle shell. The "sea hath spoken," and blessed are they who could hear the articulate sounds of the still small voice in the thunder roar of the winds and waves. "It is I, be not afraid," was our all-sufficient promise. There was supreme sport for those who could enjoy it; but our sense of the ludicrous was somewhat blunted, hence everything seemed common place.

14th day (Wednesday).—This morning we are all on the tiptoe of expectancy to see Port Said. It is now in the distance; and as we near it let us take a view of the passengers in hot-weather garb. The ladies claim our first attention. The young ladies are preparing to go ashore, and they are determined to show their Egyptian sisters how England's daughters can dress. All the colours of the rainbow are displayed,—and, as a rule, with taste. There are exceptions (grotesque in the extreme); but, generally speaking, the light airy get up has a pleasing effect. Gentlemen have dispensed with every dispensable piece of clothing; and no marvel, the heat of the sun is intense. Helmets of every shape, with yards of calico attached. What a figure they would cut in a staid English country town.

The town (?) of Port Said is built on a flat sandy piece of land jutting out into the Mediterranean. As we approach we wonder where is the harbour, and especially look out for the entrance to the canal. With the assistance of the pilot all our difficulties are soon made plain. After rounding a point, we glide pleasantly past several men-of-war, and come to anchorage. Now we have a full view of Port Said, made historic ground by Sir Garnet. We would violate the term by calling it a town. It is Oriental in every respect, even to the sacred dirt and smells. Brawling bullock and donkey drivers are everywhere asserting themselves. The buildings sadly lack beauty and symmetry. Here is a tolerable hotel, and alongside of it a wretched mud-built hut. The only piece of beauty about it is its lighthouse, built of solid masonry, standing 120 feet above the level of the sea. Some of the passengers landed to-night, and getting into one of the gambling hells were (shall we say deservedly) fleeced. An amusing case of indistinct dealing took place to-night. Nine passengers went on shore, promising the boatman one shilling as their fare. The

purser was a countryman of mine, and he, canny Scot like, refused payment till the return journey. After all the passengers were safely on board the Egyptian boatman had one shilling slipped into his hand by the Scotch treasurer. Bah! what an Oriental row. Egyptian gesticulation and Scotch stolidness face to face. The Arab attempted to use violence; but, lo! he found himself safely in his boat in a most unceremonious way. Scotch boots and non-sensitive Egyptian flash collided. But oh! the Arabic oaths that came over the waters; being in Arabic, however,

like the aforesaid Maltese, they did no harm. One curiosity I forgot to mention, which the Arabs told us we should by all means see, viz, the dead body of a Jew who was hanged this morning. He was not yet cut down. Perhaps the officials and the "shrimps" were in league providing an additional "lion" for their wretched town. I am afraid that the sight did not "draw." In bidding adieu to the Mediterranean we have finished another stage of our journey. Halfpast ten (five bells) has gone, the electric light has been shut off, so, kind reader, good night

News from Rome.

WITH reference to the evangelistic and educational work being carried on in Rome Mr. Shaw writes:—

When I took our locale in the Via Volturno a year ago, it was Hobson's choice. The position seemed excellent, but the place was small, and its shape exceedingly inconvenient. We were much annoyed by the noises of the street, and found that the place was too exposed for the timid ones, of whom there are many yet in Rome. At length I have been able to secure an every way excellent locale, only a few paces distant from the old one. It is in a street which crosses Via Volturno, and is called Via Montebello. The locale is sufficiently public, while just out of the noise. It is sufficiently large, at least for the present, and seems to give universal satisfaction.

A higher rent, of course, it was necessary to pay, nearly double that of the locale in Via Volturno, but I am thankful to say that a kind friend, who forbids me to mention his name, has promised to follow the example of Messrs. R. Johnson and C. Roberts, jun., and so the extra expenditure is provided for. The furnishing will cost from twelve to fifteen pounds, which sum I should be thankful to receive from some lover of the good work.

The locale has already been opened, and may be called a success. On two evenings in the week we have evangelistic services in it, which have hitherto been well attended, and four other evenings are devoted to teaching English and French. Each of these English and French classes is attended by about twenty-five apparently intelligent persons, mostly young men of a class superior to that which forms the majority of evangelical congregations; and their having purchased books is some guarantee of their earnestness.

These classes will make us acquainted with many who would, but for them, keep aloof from us, and we shall have many opportunities of presenting to their minds the highest kind of truth. Indeed a number of them already come to hear us preach the Gospel.

A TIME TABLE.

We are making the most of our time, as our readers will see from this time table of our meetings, which I will give. Of course it does not include meetings that are not exclusively our own, but which are sufficiently numerous to make large demands on our time.

<i>Sunday</i> ...	at 9.30	A.M.	Sunday School in Via Urbana.
"	" 11.0	"	Morning Service "
"	" 7.0	P.M.	Evening " "
<i>Monday</i> ...	" 7.0	"	Bible Reading, etc. "
"	" 8.30	"	French Class at Via Montebello.
<i>Tuesday</i> ...	" 7.0	"	Preaching, etc., at "
"	" 8.30	"	English Class at "
<i>Wednesday</i> "	" 7.0	"	Preaching at Via Urbana.
<i>Thursday</i> "	" 7.0	"	Preaching at Via Montebello.
"	" 8.30	"	French Class
<i>Friday</i> ...	" 7.0	"	Bible Reading, etc., at Via Urbana.
<i>Saturday</i> "	" 8.30	"	English Class at Via Montebello.

At the Bible Readings we sometimes have the Sala nearly full of people, who seem to be much interested. All who can edify are free to take part, and generally three or four take part. These meetings are most profitable.

A Mark of Progress.

DURING this autumn there have been fearful inundations in the north of Italy, causing much suffering and distress. Subscription lists have been opened everywhere in Italy, and some of the congregations of Evangelicals have made collections for the sufferers. We have had our collection, and it is interesting to contrast the result with a similar occurrence in the past.

When I came to Italy in 1878 there was a similar distress from inundations in the north of Italy, and similar efforts were being made to relieve it. We then made a collection. I remember the occasion well. We had a crowded Sala. The collection had been duly announced previously, and I supposed that all hearts were palpitating with sympathy for poor suffering fellow Italians. But the collection, when counted up, amounted to thirty centesimi, that is, just *threepence*!

This year we have made the collection at a service rather less numerously attended than in 1878, but the result was twenty-six lire, *i.e.*, a little more than a sovereign.

This is not much, but it suffices to show some progress.

Notes and Gleanings.

SACRAMENTAL OFFERINGS FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.—With reference to this subject we beg to call attention to the circular which appeared in the *Observer* for December. We trust the offerings will be as liberal as possible.

THE REV. ALEX H. YOUNG, M.A., who has gone to take charge of the Protestant Boys' School, Cuttack, embarked in the British India steamer *Rewa*, in London, Dec. 2nd, and left Gravesend the next day for India. We are glad to see that the vessel has passed Suez.

MR. AND MRS. WOOD, with their little boy, and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pike, arrived safely in England on Wednesday, Dec. 6th. We are pleased to state that the health of both Mr. and Mrs. Wood has greatly improved on the voyage. Mr. Wood's address for the present is, Hugglescote, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

CAVERSHAM, NEAR READING.—The ladies of the Mission Working Society at Caversham, have sent per Miss Leigh articles to Cuttack to the value of £10. Would that a similar working society existed in connection with each of our churches. Were this the case, the funds of the Mission would be considerably augmented. Will the ladies kindly attempt something in this direction. Ten pounds per annum would support three orphans, or a Bible woman.

BAPTISM AT CUTTACK.—*Fourteen* young persons were baptized at Cuttack on Lord's day, the 5th of November. Shem Sahu preached on the occasion from 1 Cor. xii. 6, on the manifold ways which the Lord employs in bringing sinners to Himself, after which Ghanushyam Naik administered the sacred ordinance. We have also, at the present time, *eighteen* candidates. It was a day of many hallowed recollections. It was the 56th anniversary of the writer's baptismal day; and very interesting it is to add, that it was also the 56th anniversary of the opening of our chapel at Cuttack by brethren Lacey and Sutton, and this, as all

our friends should know, was the first chapel erected in this idolatrous land for the worship of the one true God, and the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. Nor should the national mercies which the 5th of November brings to mind ever be forgotten. It was a grand day for England when it pleased Him "who putteth down one and setteth up another" to depose James the Second and to raise to the throne William the Third, of blessed memory, whom the late Prince Consort most justly described as "the greatest statesman that ever sat on the British throne." Let us thank God for the deliverance from spiritual tyranny and arbitrary power.

J. B.

Mission Services,

SINCE the Association Mission Services, have been held as follows:—

DATE.	PLACE.	DEPUTATION.
July 2	Hucknall Torkard	W. Hill.
Aug. 6	Belper	T. Bailey.
" 27	Sutton-in-Ashfield	N. H. Shaw.
Sept. 3, 4	Stoke-on-Trent	T. Bailey, N. H. Shaw.
" 10—12	Bradford, Allerton, and Denholme	N. H. Shaw.
" 17, 18	Dewsbury	W. Hill, T. F. Mulholland.
" 24—26	Barton, Barlestone, etc.	T. Bailey.
" " 27	Melbourne	N. H. Shaw.
" " "	Macclesfield	N. H. Shaw, W. Hill.
" " "	Birchcliffe and Heptonstall Slack	W. Hill, T. F. Mulholland.
Oct. " 1, 2	Halifax	"
" " 8, 9	Todmorden Vale churches	W. Hill, S. S. Allsop.
" " 15, 16	Quorndon	"
" " 22—24	Tarporley, Wheelock Heath	"
" " 29, 30	Mansfield	"
Nov. " 5, 6	Leeds, North Street	"
" " 12, 13	Sheffield	W. Hill, T. R. Stevenson.
" " 19, 20	Kegworth and Diseworth	W. Hill, W. Dyson, T. R. Stevenson
" " 26, 27	Ashby and Packington	J. Sharman.
" " 25—27	Old Basford	W. Hill.
Dec. " 3, 4	" Mission Chapel Wirksworth and Shottle	"
" " 10	Ilkeston	"
" " 11	Poynton	H. Wood.
" " 17, 18	Coalville	G. Hoffman.
" " 17	Beeston	H. Wood.
" " 20	Belton	"

Besides the above, sermons or lectures have been delivered by Mr. Shaw, at Leicesters, Nottingham, Walsall, Peterborough, Wisbech, and several other places, and collections made on behalf of the Rome Mission. Valuable help has also been rendered to the good cause by our own and other ministers and friends in the various localities where the services have been held, which help is gratefully acknowledged.

Contributions

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from November 16th, to December 15th, 1882.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Birchcliffe	34	14	9	Poynton	14	1	11
Bradford, Tetley Street—additional	1	0	0	Queensbury	15	18	4
Clayton	22	0	10	Sutton-in-Ashfield	7	10	0
Ilkeston, South Street	10	0	0	Tarporley—additional	1	1	5
Kegworth and Diseworth	8	10	0	Wirksworth—on account	18	0	0
Nottingham, Old Basford	93	0	0				

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. EMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards may be obtained.

The Bell of Saint Paul.

To wearied men no restorative is so sweet as that of sleep. Of many a sufferer it might be said, "if he sleep he shall do well." But what is balmy and beneficial to some—to all indeed at the proper season—may be useless or baneful to others by being taken in excess. All good things are regulated by measure, and overmuch becomes an evil.

The taking of rest in sleep is a human necessity, for which nightly provision is made by the God of our life. But this divine provision is not always wisely appropriated. The propensity to pervert it is strong in all, and in some it is overpowering. Long indulgence makes them somniferous and sluggish. Locked in the arms of a leaden slumber their time is wasted, their vigour is sapped, and the self-awaking voice of nature is hushed into silence. If other voices did not rouse them they would sleep on indefinitely; and hence morning by morning those other voices, or their substitutes and equivalents, may be regularly heard. Horns and trumpets were formerly sounded for the friendly assault of over-drowsy ears; and subsequently gongs have been struck, and bells have been rung, for the same needful purpose.

The bell is an ancient invention, though not so old as a writer once quoted by an eastern patriarch averred, who ascribed it to Tubal Cain, and said that it was used by Noah to call his carpenters to their work. The office of the bell has been to give a kind of tongue to time, which would otherwise pass by us as silently as the clouds pass over our heads. But this office can be served for the benefit of those only who listen to it, and who wish to take due notice of its noiseless speed. Happily it has also a use for the dormant, both in the darkness and at the dawn, to apprise them of the length of their resting, and of their time to rise. It is a morning monitor—the mechanical contemporary of the gallinaceous fowl, whose crowing disturbs and delights not.

The sound of the bell finds its counterpart in human language. Writings are sometimes said to have a ring—the right ring in them. Inspired words are meant to be, and often are, awakening words. Each verse of Scripture is a voice to strike upon the ear, and to arrest the attention, and to move the inmost soul. When St. Paul told the Roman believers that it was "high time for them to awake out of sleep; the night being far spent, and the day being at hand;" he, in effect, rung a bell in their ears. And so we find a name for the short essay we are proposing to write. The costly instrument which was fabricated at Loughborough, and put into the tower of St. Paul's, London, during last year, was an event which will be remembered by all who are interested in campanology. Visitors to the metropolis may be curious to hear it strike the hour; and all who should be near enough would be careful to listen to its thrilling tones, on the special occasions when it may be tolled, viz, on the death or funeral of a member of the royal family, a bishop of London, a dean of St. Paul's, or the Lord Mayor of the year. The new bell of St. Paul's may continue its services until it becomes as ancient as any of its predecessors. But it can never vie in its antiquity with that which, not falsely, it is hoped, nor fancifully, we have designated the Bell of St. Paul. What may be the measure of its utility in every

way is matter of conjecture only ; and whether that utility will compensate for its costs may be doubted. But its benefits admit of no comparison with those which have been derived from the apostle's utterance, since before the day when it struck the ear, and savingly excited the soul of the great Augustine of Tagaste. The anecdote of his conversion, by means of this text, is perhaps too trite to be repeated ; but it is also too true to be forgotten. No church annals could record how many more of her illustrious sons and daughters have been called into her sacred inclosure by the sounding forth of this word of the Lord. It has been heard to profit by the young and the old, whom it has alike reminded of their too protracted slumbers—of the imminent perils amidst which they were sleeping—and of the urgency of the work to which they ought to awake.

But the greatest amount of good has accrued from this moving admonition to those who have been reposing within the pale of the church. Very difficult is it for such to maintain a becoming vigilance, and to keep themselves in a wakeful and working state. Scarcely can any Christian be found who is not conscious, to some extent, of his drowsiness and dormancy ; and who does not see occasion for some such self-remonstrance as is contained in a now silent hymn :

“ My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do—
Yet nothing's half so dull.”

It is sternly true that no being on the earth has more need to be busy than a believer in the Son of God. Besides his manual labour, or his mental toil ; his personal needs, and social duties ; he has to abound in a work which is emphatically “ the work of the Lord.” But he is prone to forget the pre-eminent importance of that work ; and when he thinks of it, his sense of it is torpid, and anything in the way of active effort is a task and a trial to him. So he sits still, or lies down ; his hands are folded, and his duty is left undone,

Has not this ever been the failing even of the better class of mankind ? The people of the Lord have always been more or less inclined to supineness and inaction. They have often set faith before works, and have been more full of words than of good deeds. What is more common, in the old testament prophets, than the charge of positions unoccupied, of services unrendered, and of self-indulgences allowed ? How often, in Isaiah, does the word awake occur. He saw occasion to call on the gentler sex for something higher and better than they were shewing—“ rise up, ye women that are at ease. Hear my voice, ye careless daughters.” Amos threatened woe to them that were at ease in Zion. And Zephaniah foretold that God would search Jerusalem with candles, and punish the men who were settled on their lees, and said in their heart the Lord would not do either good or evil. But surely the cardinal criminality lay with the so-called watchmen ; who had nothing of the *acoemites* character in them : for they were said to be “ blind, and ignorant, and dumb : sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber.”*

* The *acoemites* were a particular class of monks whose origin dates from the fifth century, and who took their name from the circumstance that in their cloisters divine worship was celebrated continuously through the night as well as the day. They were literally the sleepless—the unresting.

Coming down to New Testament times we do not find a perfect vigilance maintained, even amidst the excitement which marked the beginning of the kingdom of God. The parable admits that while the bridegroom tarried, the wise, as well as foolish virgins, all slumbered and slept. The choicest of the disciples, who were selected by their Master to be witnesses of His sorrows and supplications in the Garden of Gethsemane, could not watch with Him even one hour. Active as the apostles became after the ascension of the Saviour, and the reception of that power from on high with which He endued them, their very first converts would seem to have been deficient in the devotion which was required from them. At the least we may say that there is scarcely an epistle to the churches which does not contain sentences intended to wake them up and keep them alive either to their duties or dangers. These stirring passages are not cited here, but they can readily be found, and they may be commended to the practical notice of every Christian professor at this distant date. "Old Mr. Honest," says Bunyan, "began to nod. And Greatheart said, What, *you* begin to be drowsy! come, rub up."

How can this drowsiness and dormancy be explained? What causes this condition of once awakened souls? Satanic agency is traceable here. He who is our adversary is ever vigilant; but it is his policy to make us otherwise; and this purpose he effects by darkening the understanding, by drugging the conscience, and by lulling the labouring and restless spirit to a state of quiescence and repose. Our reclamation is his opportunity. The fleshly part of our nature is inimical to the spirit, lying like a heavy incubus upon it, and proving as hurtful to it as if it were a real body of death. The more our bodily appetites are indulged and gratified, the more faint and slumbrous do our souls become. Moreover, this present world, and the things that are in it, operate banefully on the believer's mind. Some are so absorbed with mundane affairs as to have no time or energy left for anything higher and better. Some are rocked asleep in the cradle of prosperity. Others are so buffeted with adversity as to become "feeble and sore broken, and are as a man that hath no strength." The cares of this life overcome many who have neither poverty nor riches; so that while in the world they are wide awake, in the church they are fast asleep. The tendency of advancing age is to increasing torpor in mind and heart, as well as in the members of the body. Old disciples are tempted to more and more retirement, relaxation and repose. The enchanted ground is one of the last refuges which the enemy of the pilgrims has, and is placed near the end of the way, and so stands against us with the more advantage. "For when, thinks the enemy, will these fools be so desirous to sit down as when they are weary? and when so likely to be weary as when almost at their journey's end? Therefore it is that the enchanted ground is placed so near the land of Beulah and the end of their race. Wherefore let pilgrims look to themselves, lest it happen to them as it did to Heedless and Too-bold, who entered the arbour by the wayside, and who fell so fast asleep that none could wake them."

This sleeping is a thing quite out of season; for the night is ending and the day is beginning. It is incompatible with our true character; for we are not of the night nor of darkness. We are children of the light and of the day. Our work cannot be done, nor our warfare waged, if

we do not awake. Our very worship will be a task to which we shall be found unequal; for though in our slumber we may see visions, and dream dreams, and emit peculiar sounds, nothing can be done for our personal benefit,—for the good of our fellow creatures, and for the shewing forth of the excellencies of “Him who called us out of darkness into His marvellous light.” When, therefore, we hear the morning bell booming heavily in the distance, or tingling lightly near our pillow, let us be obedient to its sounding call; and let us meet it with the answering monologue, “Awake up my glory; awake psaltery and harp; I myself will awake early.”

W. UNDERWOOD.

Dublin University.

THE University bearing the above name was founded by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1591. In its government the Crown is supreme, except when limited by Act of Parliament. The examining staff consists of the Provost, Fellows, and Professors, the resident Doctors and Masters being occasionally called in to assist. The Junior Fellows form a lecturing staff, and to one or other of these it is necessary for a student to attach himself on entering. To this tutor belongs the guardianship of the student's college interests until he has completed his course. He presents the student's name to the various lecturers for admission to their classes, and to the examiners for a place on their examination roll.

Students in the first and second years of their undergraduate course are denominated Junior and Senior Freshmen; in the third and fourth years Junior and Senior Sophisters; in the fifth year students are termed Candidate Bachelors until they have actually taken the degree of B.A.

In each of the four academic years there are three terms, Hilary, Trinity, and Michaelmas, two of which must be kept by each student.

Terms may be kept either by examination or by lectures; in the latter case the number of examinations is fewer. A student who finds it impossible to reside must pass *nine* examinations, two in each year, beside his matriculation. The examinations are conducted partly by written papers, and partly *viva voce*; and at each examination, excepting the entrance, a day is given to the latter method. At the degree examination held in December last, each candidate who took the ordinary course was subjected to the scrutiny of seven *viva voce* examiners.

The course of studies for the first two years is very much the same for all students; but after a student has become a Junior Sophister there are certain optional studies available to him. The other subjects, however, are equally binding on all. The following summary of subjects will give the reader some idea of the requisites for the B.A. degree at Dublin,—and it includes the work done from the time of entering to taking the degree:—Greek: (1.) Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Books i., ii., iii.; (2.) Greek Testament; (3.) the three Olynthiac Orations of Demosthenes; (4.) Plato's *Apologia Socrates*; (5.) Herodotus, book viii.; (6.) Homer's *Iliad*, books xxii. and xxiv.; (7.) Demosthenes' *Oratio de Corona*; (8.) *Prometheus Vinculus* of Æschylus; (9.) Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, book ii.; (10.) Aristotle's *Politics*, book v.

In Latin we read the following authors:—(1.) Cæsar de bello Gallico, books i., ii., iii.; (2.) Sallust's de Catalina; (3.) Cicero's Oration pro Milone; (4.) Livy, book xxi.; (5.) Cicero's four Orations against Cataline; (6.) Virgil's *Æneid*, book iv., vi.; (7.) Juvenal's Satires, iii., viii., x., xiii.; (8.) Horace's Satires; (9.) Cicero de Officiis, book i.; and (10.) Tacitus' Annals, book xiv.

In Mathematics:—The ordinary rules of Arithmetic; Algebra to quadratic equations; Euclid, books i., ii., iii., vi., together with definitions of book v.; Trigonometry, to solution of plane triangles.

In Mathematical Physics:—Mechanics, Hydrostatics, and Optics.

In Astronomy we did Brinkley's work, as recommended by the Senate, and edited by Dr. Stubbs, one of the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin.

In Logic we used Walker's edition of Murray. We also read parts of books ii., iii., and iv., of Locke on the Human Understanding, and part of Mansel's *Metaphysics*.

In Ethics we read Stewart's *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, and Butler's *Analogy*, part i., together with his *Dissertation on Virtue*, and his *Sermons on Human Nature*.

For English composition we read, (1.) Macaulay's *Biographies of Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt*; (2.) Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*; (3.) Johnson's *Lives of Dryden and Pope*; (4.) J. S. Mill's *Inaugural Address at St. Andrew's University*; (5.) Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and *As You Like It*; (6.) J. S. Mill on *Liberty*; (7.) Milton's *Comus*, and *Paradise Lost* books i. and ii.; (8.) Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*; and (10.) *Twelfth Night*. There were also examinations in Latin prose composition, on which considerable emphasis is laid; also in English History, and Ancient and Modern Geography.

The reader must have observed that considerable prominence is given to the Classics and English Composition; the purpose of this is (as Mr. Mahaffy, Professor of Greek, in one of his courses of lectures informed us,) in order "to develop and improve the speaking power;" and he claimed for Dublin University precedence in this respect when compared with the English Universities.

As in most other Universities, the standard is being constantly raised, and, consequently, failures are more frequent. For instance, in the LL.B. degree examination for last year, out of twenty candidates that presented themselves only two passed; in other words, 90 per cent. were cautioned; and of the names on the roll in which the writer found his name written, fifty per cent. were marked as having failed. Similar severity may not have marked the rolls of other tutors, but of that the writer has no means of judging.

Through the enterprise of the London and North Western Railway Company the journey to Dublin is very enjoyable. Their magnificent steamers that ply between Holyhead and Dublin accomplish the journey in about four hours and a half, and the train service is all that can be desired; and if any one who may read these lines is looking around for a University that will train him and try him, and reward him in the end, let him go to Dublin.

J. JOLLY.

The Place of Music in the Worship of the Church.[†]

No. I.—HISTORICAL.

THE topic is a wide one. The sentence has no verb, and may be read with reference to the past, or present, or future. We may ask, "What place has music held in the worship of the Church hitherto?" "What is its place now?" Or we may venture to predict what position it will occupy in years to come. Probably, however, in the spirit of grumbling, dissatisfaction, or practical enquiry, we shall be most concerned to ask, "What place *ought* music to have in the worship of the Church?"

Early in the world's history, Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ, caught and brought into order and subjection the sweet sounds produced by artificial means in imitation of the human voice. Poetry and singing had doubtless already been used as a means of conveying from generation to generation the history of events; and it is at least probable that very speedily the faithful who, in that early age, represented the church of the gospel dispensation, found in music, both vocal and instrumental, a helpful adjunct in the worship of the Creator. We know that when the Israelites were delivered from their enemies at the Red Sea, Moses and the people sang that song of wondrous power and beauty which we find in the 15th of Exodus, and Miriam, and the women with her, sounded the loud timbrel and responded with glad acclaim. It is highly probable that during their stay in Egypt, the musically disposed of the Jews gained great proficiency, as the Egyptians were adepts in the musical art, and introduced it largely into their religious observances.

Although no mention is made of music in the arrangements for worship in the tabernacle erected in the wilderness, it seems likely that as soon as the Israelites became somewhat settled in the land of promise, the Levites, being relieved of their work of carrying from place to place the sacred vessels, with the boards and other parts of the tabernacle, devoted their time to the singing and instrumental music of the daily service.

When David caused the Ark to be brought out of the house of Abinadab, it was done with music on "all kinds of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals." When, a few months after, it was removed to the Royal City, the chief of the Levites set apart certain of their brethren "To be the singers with instruments of music, psalteries and harps and cymbals, sounding, by lifting up the voice with joy." (1 Ch. xv. 16).

Solomon, at the dedication of the temple, appointed, in addition to the Levites who were singers and played on cymbals and on harps, 120 priests to "Sound the trumpet;" and when they lifted up their voice with their trumpets, and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, "For he is good; for His mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

[†] Paper read at the Warwickshire Conference, and printed by request.

But we must hasten on through the period when the harps of the captive Jews were hung on the willows of Babylon,—past the building of the second temple and the restoration of the service therein, as Nehemiah tells us. (xii. 46,) with songs of praise and thanksgiving unto God, to the advent of the gospel dispensation, when the multitude of the heavenly host were heard by the wonder-stricken shepherds praising God and saying, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.”

Our Lord himself sanctified the use of music by joining in the hymn sung in the upper room at Jerusalem where the Lord’s supper was instituted; and I should be far from supposing that this was the first and only occasion on which our Divine Master had sought in song the solace and communion which it could afford so well. From the prison cell at Phillipi sounded forth the praises of Paul and Silas, who, with feet fast in the stocks, and backs bleeding and sore, found in music the fitting expression for their joy that they were counted worthy to endure persecution for their Master’s sake.

Among the early Christians, music was an important element in all their religious services. Often at their meetings, held under the cover of midnight darkness, they would spend several hours in singing, or reading together in a chanting tone, the Psalms of David. These, with the hymns and spiritual songs mentioned by the apostle Paul, served to keep alive and fan into enthusiasm the sparks of new-born Christian life in the hearts of the adherents of the new religion. After a time, alternate psalmody was practised. The congregation was divided into two parts, and repeated the psalms in response one to another, verse by verse.

In the course of years, there seems to have been a decline in the performance of this part of sacred worship, and the council of Laodicea, in the fourth century, undertook to revive and improve the psalmody. This was attempted by the introduction of an inferior order of clergy, or canonical singers, to whom alone the musical part of the services was entrusted. We have here, doubtless, the origin of the surpliced choir of to-day. But there is evidence that the council who instituted this arrangement intended that it should be only temporary. Several of the fathers mention the practice of the people singing all together as existing in their time.

The first regular Christian choir is said to have been established at Antioch, in Syria, and the practice soon spread westward. Gregory the Great took much interest in the cultivation of sacred music, and composed the Gregorian chants or tones. In the year 620, he attempted to introduce them into Britain, but met with much opposition, as many as 1200 of the clergy being reported to have fallen in the violent dissensions which arose.

From this time till the latter part of the 13th century, little change seems to have taken place in the music of the church. The organ is said to have been brought into use in divine service about 1290. After this, and until the Reformation, increasing interest was taken in sacred music. The highest importance was attached to it by the Popes as adding solemnity and effect to the church service; while the leading sovereigns of Europe, and among them our own Henry VIII., did all they could to encourage its cultivation, and treated musicians with marked favour.

The Romish service was in many places entirely choral, and on the occasion of great festivals large choirs of men and boys were employed. The Council of Trent attempted to regulate the service, into which many abuses had crept, profane and improper hymns having been used, to the discredit of the truth and its professors.

After the Reformation much diversity of practice as to music existed amongst the different sections of the Reformed Church. Whilst some abandoned instrumental aid, and confined their singing, as did Calvin, to plain metrical psalms, others, like the Lutherans and our own church, under the direction of its Royal Head and Defender of the Faith, retained the organ and the choral service. The latter has remained in England to the present day in much the same state as to order and arrangement as it was left in by Henry and his assistants.

Our Puritan forefathers had an unconquerable objection to the choral service, especially to what they called "The tossing of the psalms from one side to the other." The first act of Uniformity left them free to adopt the plain psalmody of the Calvinists, or to continue to use the choral service. In the reign of Elizabeth, however, and her successor James, they suffered much persecution for their non-conformity in this and other respects, to the established religion. These persecutions culminated in the reign of Charles the 2nd, in the passing of the second act of Uniformity in 1662, which drove 2,000 faithful ministers from the pulpits of the land, and finally alienated from the Church the affections of a large section of the people.

These sought to find in a simpler form of service something which should satisfy the intense yearnings of their souls for spiritual communion with each other and with God. It is not surprising to find, while rejecting an elaborate ritual and the doctrines and principles it was intended to teach and to establish, they went too far, and discarded some things that would have been helpful to them. The chant and the anthem were considered inconsistent with the simplicity which ought to characterize Christian worship. The organ was silenced, and the organist had to find a new vocation. The singing was a drawl, and the tunes so limited in number that there was no fear of the congregation being obliged to be listeners only, because the melody was new and untried. Doubtless we are to-day somewhat removed from the rigid simplicity of those stern yet stirring days. The flute and the fiddle, the bass viol and the french-horn, have been pressed into the service, and have charmed the ears and led upwards the praises of many a congregation, particularly in our villages and small towns. But *their* day is past. Rightly or wrongly they have been politely shown to the door, and their place in the singing-gallery is filled by the organ or the more humble harmonium. In many cases, however, and in some notable ones too, even these are dispensed with, and the human voice alone is engaged in the service of praise. C. EDMUNDS.

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

HEAR the lament of a high medical authority. Dr. Munroe said:—"It is a great sorrow to me now to think that for twenty years I have recommended the drink. It makes my heart ache, even now, to see the mischief I have made in years gone by—mischief never to be remedied by any act of mine."

Conference on the Conditions of Church Membership.*

X.—THE ASSOCIATION LETTER WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING.

DISCUSSION or no discussion, many of our churches have made up their minds to receive into full membership those who are unbaptized. Some of them have done so for many years; and it is no exaggeration to say that there are in our denomination at the present moment *hundreds* of church members who are unbaptized. Those who have introduced this state of things are more conscientious than consistent, for they are using the Baptist label to cover that which is not *all* Baptist. Our friends are perfectly aware of this incongruity. They know, too, that this anomaly is liable to create legal difficulties, but they are not without hope that when they have converted us all to "open fellowship" views, then "legal consent" will be given us to haul down the genuine *Baptist* flag, and to run up in its place the banner of *Union* churches.

The conference we are now having is practical to this extent, viz., that we cannot long remain as we are. We stand before the world as a denomination professing to believe "that it is the indispensable duty of all who repent and believe the gospel, to be baptized by immersion in water, in order to be initiated into a church state: and that no person ought to be received into the church without submission to that ordinance—(Articles of Religion, No. 6). But this is no longer believed by a considerable section of our people. It did very well for 1770, but it is of no use under "the conditions of the kingdom of heaven in the year 1883." Consequently our churches are now taught that baptism is *not* the indispensable duty of those who would enter into a church state; that it is hardly to be called a *duty*, but only a *privilege*; and that if it be deemed a privilege not worth having, he who so deems it is to be received into the church all the same, and is to be accounted quite as good a Christian as one who hails it with unquestioning loyalty, and observes it with unflinching fidelity.

Rev. W. Chapman (*General Baptist Magazine*, 1882, p. 411,) goes farther than this. He knows that the Holy Ghost lighted upon Christ at His *baptism*; but he seems to think that now the Lord reserves His honours for those who care little for baptism. He asks us Baptists to draw the inference that we love our Saviour "not wisely, but too well," and that when we care *less* for baptism, the Lord will care *more* for us.

With the Editor of this Magazine "the question is one of *interpretation*" (*G. B. Magazine*, 1882, p. 392). A startling statement, that, when we rightly apprehend its meaning. It means that neither we nor our fathers have interpreted the New Testament as we should. It means that Dan Taylor, and those who signed the sixth article above-named, were utterly wrong in their view of Christ's teaching, and that Baptists generally have been wrong from the beginning until now. I, for one, await the new interpretation with profound solicitude.

* For articles on this theme see *General Baptist Year Book*, 1882, and *General Baptist Magazine* for 1882, pp. 245, 288, 325, 381, 407, 447, by Revs. J. C. Jones, M.A., C. Payne, E. W. Cantrell, W. Lees, W. Chapman, W. Orton, and W. Sharman; also page 8, 1883.

Meanwhile I cannot accept the arguments of the Association Letter. I entertain the highest regard and esteem for its writer. I know him to be a manly foe, and I feel sure I shall oblige rather than pain him if I send a shell or two into his positions. He has passages on almost every page which invite attack; but then his was an essay, and this is but a brief article. I must content myself, therefore, with assailing his main positions. I begin at once with what he deems "vital and fundamental." Mr. Jones stakes everything on the argument "that *the separate local societies are but fractional parts of the one universal church.*" Then, says he, "the conditions for membership with Christ's church must be the simple and sole conditions for membership with any church which Christ acknowledges," p. 3. I venture to say, that if this be his strong position, Mr. Jones might as well take shelter in a cardboard castle. His argument is pretty, as pretty as a spider's web; but, unfortunately for him, it is just as worthless. It drops to pieces the moment you touch it.

Its weakness will be seen in a moment if we put it in another shape thus—*The separate and local families of mankind are but fractional parts of the one universal family. . . . Then, the conditions for membership with the human family must be the simple and sole conditions for membership with any local family, say, for instance, the family of Mr. Jones.* Very well, the sole condition for entering the human family is *birth*. It, therefore, resembles the condition for entering the universal church, namely, the *new birth*. But I imagine that it will be a new thing in Spalding when Mr. Jones acts on his own logic, and opens his doors to all pirates, brigands, thieves, and outcasts, whom God has admitted into His great family. Of course Mr. Jones will say that the separate and local families are *ours*; and that, therefore, "we have a perfect right to draw the line where we please." But I must remind him that if they are sections of God's family (and they are, "for we are also His offspring"); then, to use his own argument, we must draw the line where God has drawn it.

But the argument of our esteemed brother breaks down in another respect. It speaks of the conditions for membership with Christ's church, meaning by Christ's church "the church in heaven" (p. 5), and says that the conditions for membership *there* must be the simple and sole conditions for entering "the church on earth," or any section of it. What are we to make of this when we remember that, in all probability, Christ receives into the universal church many who have never heard His name? One writer hopes "to meet in heaven myriads" of them. But, if so, they must enter the church in heaven on conditions different from ours, for "these having not the law, are a law unto themselves." We are told, moreover, concerning little children, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven;" but, on what conditions are they received? Certainly not on "the sole and absolute *sine qua non* for membership" which Mr. Jones lays down, viz., "the voluntary and hearty surrender of a penitent and believing soul to the government of the risen and exalted Saviour," for such members of the universal church are neither penitent nor believing souls. Yet, if the Master receives them into the church above, why does Mr. Jones reject them as members of the church on earth? Why does he impose a "*sine qua non*" which closes the door against them? Mr. Jones does the very thing he condemns, and imposes

conditions for membership which he says ought not to be imposed. So that, after all, the Christian charity of Mr. Jones is only the width of the baptistery. He puts a plank across it, so that candidates may go over dryshod, but he turns back virtuous heathen and little children whom Christ has received. He is just as narrow on his side of the baptistery as we are on the other. He is, no doubt, under the same pleasant delusion as Mr. Cantrell, that "to throw open both the Lord's table and the church (to the unbaptized) is strictly logical, and does not necessarily involve a further step." But it does. If we are to receive all whom the Master receives, then, argues Dr. Cox, of Nottingham, in a sermon on this theme, we are bound to receive "a virtuous heathen, a Roman Catholic, an Unitarian." But even supposing that Mr. Jones would admit such as these (we beg pardon for suggesting it), how far would his charity extend toward them? If, in these humbling specimens, as he calls them, "of that infirmity in consequence of which we all see but in part" (p. 7), there should be a devout desire to have their infants sprinkled, or in the case of the Roman Catholic, to have such aids to devotion as a cross and a candle placed on the communion table, would Mr. Jones be ready to oblige them? If not, why not? If he yields to their "infirmity" in one thing, why not in another? Is he ready to sacrifice the will of Christ, even baptism, and and yet not ready to sacrifice his own will? Then he is charitable at the expense of another, rather than with that which belongs to himself.

In actual practice, too, the proposition on which Mr. Jones rests all his weight is absolutely discarded and set at naught. One wonders that he did not see it when he wrote on page 4—

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow."

Mr. Jones should know that the conditions for admission into the *army* are not the simple and sole conditions for membership with any particular *regiment*. Certain regiments have their own standards of measurement, and multitudes of those who are in the army to-day cannot come up to those standards of height, width of chest, etc., and therefore, cannot enter those regiments. Even so is it in the "army of the living God." The Baptist regiments want soldiers of the standard New Testament height. This does not say that others, who fall short of that standard, are not worthy to enter the army. Of course not. For myself I have not a single unkind word to say against any of them. If I cannot wear their uniform, and fight with their weapons, I can give them credit for belonging to different arms of the same service. Nor do I see anything to prevent a brotherly feeling from pervading all ranks. Hence I always invite any members of other Christian churches to sit down with us at the Lord's table. For members of different regiments to take a meal together in token of brotherhood and unity is "good and pleasant," but to admit into the Baptist regiment those who do not believe in baptism, is the surest way to destroy the Baptist faith. If you want to get rid of baptism, add to your churches members of that type. It will be like putting stones into a jug of water, every one you put in will help to force the water out.

It passes all belief that one with the strong convictions of Mr. Jones as to the truth of baptism, should be so ready to strike his flag and give the

victory to the unbaptized. If our position is so strong that "one could chase a thousand," so much the worse for us if we let the unbaptized chase us out of our stronghold.

One more matter and I have done. Mr. Jones intimates that in apostolic times people were Baptists because they had no alternative. Because they had what we have not (?), "Living, inspired, infallible authority," p. 7. He also quotes Mr. Hall to the effect that if any one had objected to apostolic teaching on this subject, he "would have been repelled as a contumacious schismatic," p. 7.

I marvel that Mr. Jones should make such admissions as these; for they are absolutely fatal to his position. He virtually tells us that when they had "inspired, infallible authority," the apostles kept out of the churches all who refused baptism. That when mistake was out of the question, *all* were Baptists. That when the apostles were infallible, they infallibly and invariably kept clear of all that Mr. Jones advocates.

Inspiration and infallibility are dead against "open fellowship." What more is needed to condemn it?
J. FLETCHER.

XI.—WINDING UP.—PRELIMINARY.

(1.) *The origin of this discussion.*—It is necessary, in the interests of accuracy, for me to say at the outset, that this discussion of the terms of Church Membership was originated by the sole authority, publicly exercised, of our Annual Assembly. The Editor of this Magazine had nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with its suggestion as the topic for the "Annual Letter" to the Churches: and has not, in his long service of the denomination in this periodical, introduced it into its pages save in two instances of Church "Reports," a Review, and a Glance at the Future of Baptism.

I have been silent because I have more faith in deeds than talk; and think, interesting as talk is, yet, on disputed points of *action*, it should always follow, and not precede work. Therefore, though I have been a believer in "open fellowship" for nearly a quarter of a century, I have been content to practise it, and to keep my mind open to its working, rather than to engage in any sustained effort to urge it upon others, fully assured that if the history of the church of which I have been pastor—of its absolutely unbroken peace for twenty-four years, its steady and increasing progress, its success in getting the will of the Lord Jesus concerning baptism practically recognized, not only by those trained in Baptist families, but by Pædobaptists,—did not form a luminous defence of the principle, then any words I could write or speak would be of no avail. There is no logic like the logic of facts. It lasts, and is convincing when the speakers and doers are gone; and, therefore, it is better to help in making one truly living Christian fact than to write a score of brilliant controversial articles. But our last Association made further discussion inevitable; and I have abundant evidence that in arranging to continue the discussion there originated, I was only aiding in realizing the general wish of the churches.

(2.) *Prophecies of evil.*—Several friends have deprecated this "Conference" in language of unexampled strength, and have been as prolific

in prophecies of incalculable mischiefs to the churches as the sea of sound. Grattan said, "You cannot argue with a prophet. You can only refuse to believe him." But, surely, you may show the prophet that his utterances are inspired by baseless fears, and not by clear vision of the coming fact. The truth cannot suffer; "like a torch, the more its shock it shines." Nor is it likely the churches can be really injured in their individual combatants or their common life. Have we "so learned Christ" that we need fear any writer will hurt HIMSELF by being unfair, discourteous or selfish; by writing merely to show his cleverness, or gaining a personal victory over an opponent? It would, indeed, be bad for us if we were incapable of conducting a controversy so as to make it a means of grace, and an aid to obedience to that apostolic injunction, "Prove all things," determined always "to hold fast that which is good," and to let everything else go. Indeed if we cannot so "confer together" on this or any point as to add to the common stock of personal goodness, then let us be still for ever!

(3.) *What is the practice of our churches as to Fellowship?* Is there not a little unintentional mistake on this point? When I entered the ministry, in 1858, no General Baptist church, so far as I know, except that of Dr. Burns, received unbaptized Christians into fellowship; and there are only five of our churches adopting that practice in 1883. Two of these did not begin till last year, and their unbaptized members are under two score. Another opened its doors nine years ago, and has 13 out of 142 members. Praed Street and Westbourne Park, I see, has baptized more than any other church in the last twenty-four years. We are baptizing nearly every month, and occasionally twice a month, and at every occasion some who are already members "put on Christ by baptism;" and I know, from data before me, that it is going perilously near to "exaggeration" to say, with that impressive vagueness which captivates and misleads eager controversialists, "There are in our denomination, at the present moment, *hundreds* of church members who are unbaptized." Yes, perhaps two hundred—not, certainly, four hundred—and out of that number some, probably (whom few would exclude), who recognize the obligation of baptism, but because of "spinal complaint," or other physical reason, have not been able to enjoy the privilege of immersion. So if we substitute for the above phrase five out of our 189 churches, and 400 out of our 25,000 members, we may be disposed to weigh the evidence as to the teaching of the New Testament in that calm and unexcited state of mind which will help in the detection of error, and the perception of truth. The question is not one of numbers at all; but it is worth our while to know the FACTS.

(4.) *The prevalence of the principle in other Baptist churches.* I am not competent to speak at length as to the proportion of unbaptized members in Baptist churches beyond our borders; but I know a few facts. "Open fellowship" churches are numerous. They abound in London; are not rare in some parts of the Midlands; exist in North and East and West; and take a leading share in Baptist work, Baptist influence, and Baptist progress. Dr. Brock started "*Bloomsbury*" on this principle, and his genial successor still sustains it. Dr. Landels is by no means reticent on the Baptist position, but the church at *Regent's Park* has always adopted this practice. The churches at *Hampstead*, (pastor William Brock; *Clapton*, (pastor) T. V. Tynms; *Camden Road*, (pastor)

F. Tucker, follow in the same wake. Not to mention others, I may add that of the sixteen churches started by the London Baptist Association, I only know of *one* not adopting "open fellowship." I am told all the Baptist churches in Birmingham are on that basis, *except ours*. Seven churches in Bristol—including *Broadmead* and *Tyndale* (Mr. Glover's)—adopt the same principle. *St. Mary's*, Norwich, is on the same lines. Baptists are proud to claim Dr. Maclaren as their own. The church over which he presides welcomes to its fellowship all who sincerely believe in the Lord Jesus, and take Him as their Master. I judge, from my extended enquiries, more than two out of three of the leading churches of the Particular Baptist type are based on open fellowship.

These churches are called *Baptist* churches for a reason similar to that for which they are called *Free, Independent, Spiritual*, not because there is nothing but what is free, independent, and spiritual in them, but because the *teaching*, and *aim*, and *ideal*, are free, independent, and spiritual. So they are Baptist not because there is not an unimmersed person in the "fellowship," but because the teaching, the aim and ideal, are framed to secure an intelligent and unconstrained recognition of the will of the Lord Jesus concerning baptism.* Whether they have any "right to be called Baptist Churches" I do not care to contend; but that such is the intelligible reason for their having that name can hardly be denied.

(5.) *Our Sixth Article*.—One word for the sake of accuracy is requisite on this point. For more than a dozen years we have "stood before the world as a denomination professing" that all our churches did not believe that "baptism is necessary in order to be initiated into a church state." Anxious for accuracy, as far as possible, I ventured, in 1870, when I was Secretary to the Association, to insert a note in our Year Book to the effect that some of our churches did not believe that Sixth Article. That note passed unchallenged in the public Association, and in the Year Book till 1882. More need not be said, except that the note was according to fact, and to that extent it saved us from standing before the world in an inaccurate light.

(6.) *Interpretation or not?*—Suppose we say it is not a question of interpretation—what, then, is it? No one will say it is a matter of *self-will*. I am sure we should shrink from affirming of any who cling to the old ways that they do it from prejudice or conservatism, a want of open-mindedness, or a suppression or garbling of the evidence. For one I have the profoundest esteem for all my brethren, and am as sure of their honesty and perfect sincerity as I am of my own. They believe that the Lord Jesus authorizes them to exclude from the privileges of the churches all Christians who differ with them on this one particular opinion, however they may be in accord in earnest loyalty to Christ, and in the conceptions of His rule. They believe inspiration is against "open fellowship," and that the evidence is indubitable that Christ established this ritual at the beginning, and that the apostles practised

* It may be added, on the "legal" aspect of the question, that the reception of unbaptized persons into the fellowship of a church where the teaching is by Trust Dead restricted to the inculcation of believers baptism creates *no difficulty whatever*. Such a church is regarded as a Baptist church. This, it is held by competent authorities, was settled for ever in the famous case, *Attorney General v. Gould*, and the *Ramegate case*.—A Union church, let it be said once more, is one where the *teaching* may be Baptist or Pædobaptist, an arrangement fundamentally different from that described above.

it in all cases as a necessary condition of admission to the society of the Christian church.

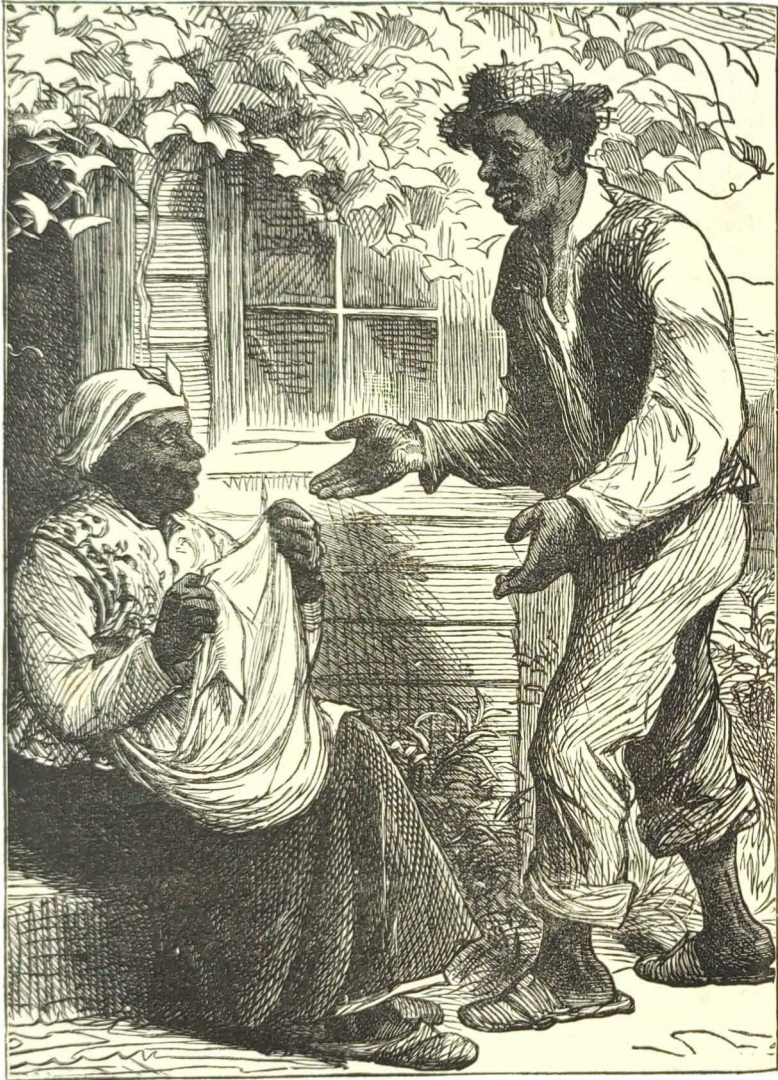
Is it a question of compliance with *Tradition*? Assuredly not. The defenders of Article Six do not mean that they so believe and teach because Dan Taylor and his colleagues believed it; for they themselves do not hold all that great worker taught. They know, that, good and wise as Dan was, Jesus Christ has not been ruling His church for a century in vain. We are none of us so unreasoning as Macaulay when he wrote, "A Christian of the fifth century, with a Bible, was neither better nor worse situated than a Christian of the nineteenth century with a Bible, candour and natural acuteness being, of course, equal." Dan Taylor himself was a growing man. So are we all. We know Max Müller is right when he says, "As to changes, great or small, Nature teaches us that nothing can live which cannot grow and change, and history confirms her lesson that nothing is so fatal to institutions as faith in their finality." Dan Taylor had courage enough to change his opinions and actions when he felt Christ bade him; and so those who maintain the "Sixth Article" do so not because Dan Taylor held it, but solely because their own reading of the will of Christ assures them that Dan *interpreted* that will aright.

If it is not a question of self-will, nor of deference to tradition, is it one of *policy*? Do we cling to the "old way" merely because it is the best for our denomination, the most politic, the course that pays best? I dare not think it. *In Christian ethics we know nothing is politic that is not true.* No course can pay, in the "long run," that is not framed in the spirit of thorough-going obedience to the teaching of Christ. The policy or impolicy of any course of action always deserves serious consideration; but *never before*, but always *after* we have sought, with all our might, to find out whether it is *right* and true.

The question is, then, for all of us, not one of sinful self-will, or of indolent acquiescence in the traditions of the fathers, or of mere policy, but of the plain and unadulterated meaning of the teaching of the Lord Jesus, our one and sufficient Master.

(7.) *The precise point at issue.*—Professor Huxley has an "ineradicable tendency to make things clear." That tendency ought to dominate in this discussion; and therefore it is necessary to say again, there is not the slightest difference amongst us as to the "subjects" or "mode" of baptism. Do they reject the "sprinkling of infants" as a rite unwarranted by the word of God? So do we. Do they insist on the *duty* of believers in Christ being immersed? So do we. Do they hold it a high *privilege* to obey any and every law of Christ? So do we. Do they make sacrifices of time and money, and even of position, for the sake of "Baptist principles?" So do we. Do they take precautions against the intrusion of error? So do we. In fact, there is but one point where we differ, and that is—whether *it is the will of the Lord Jesus that every believer should be baptized in order to be initiated into a church state.* That, and that only, is the point at issue. It is not the relation of baptism to the *believer*; but wholly and solely the relation of baptism to the *church*; and I purpose appealing first to the whole biography of *Christ* in the four Gospels, and next to the biography of the *Church* in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, for the answer.

JOHN CLIFFORD.



THANKSGIVING ANN.

“Thanksgiving Ann;”

A STORY OF SYSTEMATIC GIVING.*

IN the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and pendent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise—

“Thanksgivin’ an’——”

“Johnny, don’t play dar in the water, chile!”

“Thanksgivin’ an’——”

“Run away now, Susie, dearie.”

“Thanksgivin’ an’——”

“Take care dat bressed baby! Here’s some gingerbread for him.”

“Thanksgivin’ an’ de voice of melody.”

You laugh! But looking after all these little things was her appointed work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her “Thanksgiving Ann;” her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be now, to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment they could scarcely tell; they only knew that she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a final batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed, unobserved from the kitchen windows; and Thanksgiving Ann’s “Bible money” was still in her pocket.

“Didn’t ask me, nor give me no chance. Just’s if, ’cause a pusson’s old an’ coloured, dey didn’t owe de Lord nuffin’, an’ would’nt pay it if dey did,” she murmured when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and “catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy.” And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway the messenger returned, apparently unwearied by his chase.

“Wa-ll, I come up with him—told ye I would—and give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said ’twas a ginerous jonation—equal to your master’s. Which proves,” said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, “that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can do with no end of pinchin’ an’ screwin’ beforehand.”

“Think it proves dat folks dat don’t have no great ’mount can do as

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much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a little beforehand, as other folks will do that as more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does;" and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thanksgivin' an' the voice of melody,"

she began in her high, weird voice. But the words died on her lips; her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out'n all der 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebbe I oughtn't to judge; but then I don't judge, I *knows*. Course I knows, when I'se here all de time, and sees de good clo'es, an' de carr'ages, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks, an' hosses, an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happens when de time comes, and no prep'ration at all! Sure 'nough, He don't need der help. All de world is His; and He can send clo'es to His naked, an' bread to His hungry, an' Bibles to His heathen, if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well—'t ain't *my* soul! But I loves 'em—I loves 'em, an' dey're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up all one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remains one's own, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn one day; "and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye hain't give so freely an' so gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when de time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way," pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption. "Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty, and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?"

"I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was, once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young, no'count gal, not worf thinkin' 'bout; so my ole marse left me take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes, an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin', an' den I went barefoot; an' dat's jist de way—"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

"Jist what I thought; didn't treat me with no kind of rev'rence," answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best, and another person another," said the lady smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"'Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Master likes best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine.

Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. "Cause if dem ole Israelites was tol' to give one-tenth, I'd jist like to frow in a little more, for good measure. Talk 'bout it's bein' like a tax to put some away for such things! 'Clare! I get studyin' what each dollar mus' do, till I get 'em so loadened up wid prayin's an' thinkin's dat I mos' b'lieve dey weigh double when dey does go.

"Oh, de Lamb! de loving Lamb!
De Lamb of Calvary!
De Lamb dat was slain, an' lives again,
An' intercedes for me!"

And now another call had come.

"Come, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said regretfully. "However, we gave what we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work.

"S'pose I needn't fret 'bout other folks' duty—dat ain't none o' my business; yas 'tis, too, cause dey's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'Taint like's if dey didn't call dareselves His, neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed them on the table by her side.

"Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner."

"Sartain, I'll give you all dare is," she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose a cry:

"Oh, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?"

"And I?"

"And I, too?"

"Help yonrselves, dearies," answered the old woman composedly, never turning to see how often or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat there when, near the dinner hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and, a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too, and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner-hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever before been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"I do not know," she replied, with a questioning glance at Thanksgiving.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more," she said half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast this morning," began Mr. Allyn wonderingly; "and you have no potatoes either—nor vegetables of any kind."

"Laws, yes! but den a body has to think 'bout it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' jist the same wid 'taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time comes, an' I didn't happen to have much of nuffin'. Clare! I forgot de bread!" and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn-cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might have made biscuit or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough, but that kind o' makes a body feel 's if dey had to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all out o' my warm feelin's when de time come."

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble," remarked Mr. Allyn impatiently, but still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur'us how things make a body think of Bible verses," said Thanksgiving musingly. "Dar's dat one, 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy,' an' 'what shall I render to de Lord for all his benefits to'ards me?' Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches!"

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is a 'method in her madness,'" replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning's contents, but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit-dish.

"Dat's all. The childern's eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I'se sorry dar ain't no more, but I hopes ye'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lip for a moment, and then asked quietly:

"Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Well, dar now! s'pose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone. "B'lieve I will next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I'd heard givin' whatever happened was so much freer an' lovin'er way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear 's if dey fared slim, an' I 'spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned the wife, when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object-lesson with a vengeance!"

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with troubled face.

"She is right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is His direct gift, and all our hopes for the world to come are in Him. We profess to be not our own, but His; to be

journeying towards His royal city, and that His service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own apparelling, entertainment and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of His kingdom, or the forwarding of His work, but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem like very faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally lately, but have been too indolent, careless, or selfish, to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner-table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this they found required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labour in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

"Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:

"So you see we have adopted the 'systematic' plan too; and you needn't starve us for supper, Thanksgiving Ann, you dear, faithful old soul!"

Silas heard of the change in that mysterious way in which he contrived to hear of everything that happened anywhere within a circuit of ten miles of him, and coming to the old coloured woman that evening, as, with face of content, she occupied once more her favourite seat in the doorway, he launched forth on the subject at once:

"An' now I s'pose you're satisfied."

"I'se 'mazin' glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; "but *satisfied*—dat's a long, deep word, an' de Bible says it 'll be when we 'wake in His likeness."

"Wa-ll now, I don't perless none of these kind of things," said Silas, standing on one foot and swinging the other, "but I don't mind tellin' ye that I think your way's right, and I don't b'lieve nobody ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause He's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see."

"Mebbe so; but don't ye think, Silas Ridglow, dat it's a drefful mean way to offer a little gift to yer best an' dearest Friend—a calk'latin' dat He'll pay back more?"

"Wa-ll, ye see, folks don't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, dey don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millennium. Does yer know dar's a prophecy 'bout de time when even de bells of the hosses shall hab 'Holiness to de Lord' on 'em? Don't know what that means, 'less 'tis dat de rich folks' carr'ages behind de hosses shall be goin' on His arrands, an' carryin' part of de time, 'de least of dese, His brederin.'" "Well, I'se glad of de faint streak of dat day dat's come to dis house!"

KATE W. HAMILTON.

Twelve Hayers for Young Men.

II.—ON GENTLE-MANLINESS.

Is there not a common danger of becoming effeminate instead of gentle, or austere instead of manly? Human nature tends toward excesses, and nowhere more so than in young men. To be a truly agreeable member of society need not involve us in the surrender of any manly quality whatever. We may safely recognize and cultivate a kind manner in a robust character, and in doing so actually come to deserve the name of "gentleman." That is no mean attainment. Indeed Christianity itself suggests no higher aim. The Life that "was manifested" is remarkable for this—its perfect balance between personal integrity and world-wide sympathy. In Him were both the "strength" of an indwelling excellence, and the "beauty" of human tenderness. He was "the first true gentleman that ever breathed."

There are two or three ways in which we may exhibit a bearing at once gentle and manly, with advantage to ourselves and our associates. We cannot bring anything of more importance to the true *reading of character* than a quiet, considerate spirit. Calmness and deliberation are essentials to all successful study. This, however, is not always noted when we set ourselves to learn what is in some character that Providence has led into our path. We too often "make an attack" upon our new acquaintance with cold questioning or dry argument, as if manliness could only exert itself in the application of intellectual force! The cold *light* of a December day leaves our world sheeted in snow, but the genial *warmth* of an April morning compels Nature to reveal herself. What is the difference? It is atmospheric. The same sun, giving forth light and heat, has, in this case, transmitted his vitalizing glow to the air, with the effect of calling life-forces into play, and life itself into form. In the former instance, the surrounding element was ungenial, and woke no response in dormant nature. So young men, in order to get at each other and rightly understand one another's purpose, must take pains to place themselves in each other's surroundings. This cannot be done by any method of "attack." It is possible only by the exercise of a gentleness, skilful, and yet manly, sympathetic, and yet strong, patient, and yet practical. So treated the most self-contained character will at length succumb, and the most "retiring disposition" unfold itself in real fellowship and helpful friendship. By gentleness we shall awaken their trust in us, and by our manliness that confidence will be justified.

Then, too, in the *rendering of help*, what scope there is for the qualities of the real gentle-man! The true young man hates patronage, but welcomes brotherly assistance. The same thing done by two different people may have directly opposite effects, and all because of the way in which it is done. We cannot use too much tact in undertaking to bear one another's burdens. There must not be great talk about the effort, or there will be little chance of good result. Cautious movement is necessary when we attempt to share the doubts, sorrows, and responsibilities of any human soul. "The stricken deer" will leave the herd, and must be followed warily if to any purpose. Nor will the "rough and ready" method of soothing the troubled, and assuring the anxious spirit, avail much. Generous consideration of the circumstance, training, and temperament of those whose case calls for our assistance should

be followed by a delicate adaptation of means to the end in view. If we are manly, our mode of treatment will be so gentle as not to weaken in others the manliness by which they may be characterized. Hence, real help will always take the form of encouragement. Half the men in this world who plead for assistance need only to know themselves more fully, and the possibilities that are within them. The best way, therefore, of helping them is to enlighten them with regard to their own capabilities. To bear *their* burden is rather an inspiring than a substitutionary act on our part. "God helps those that help themselves," and it is simply reversing the divine order of things, undermining the vital principle of manhood, and putting ourselves in an unthankful position, when we offer to do for any young man what he can and ought to do for himself. Fill his place for him, and you will leave him dissatisfied; but put him into his place, and show him how to rightly occupy it, and the grace of your interposition will nurture in him better thoughts of his own powers. It is wiser and kinder to be his prompter than his patron.

Again, the true gentle-man is better known by what he *does* than by what he *has*—hence his quality will come out in the *passing of criticism*. The infraction of the golden rule must always endanger one's right to be regarded as a gentleman; and yet how often is that rule violated in the act of speaking to, and of, others as we would *not* that they should speak concerning ourselves! We should try to remember that in most wrong acts there is an admixture of frailty and fault. Toward the fault we should direct a manly outspokenness; but in the presence of frailty nothing will avail like gentle forbearance. "Looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted," is a "fruit of the Spirit" worth cultivating. As we get older, most of us feel criticism less, whilst we criticise more. If, then, we would attain to "ripeness" of manhood, let us turn all the experience we ever had of being "put right" to the putting right of others. The sensitive and timid will thus recognize in our presence a grace and sweetness that will impart confidence, inspire hope, and stimulate effort within them. With the mental microscope we shall succeed not only in detecting flaws, but also in revealing traces of latent excellence. The former may have a disheartening effect, but the latter will prove a beneficent ministry.

Jesus Christ "knew what was in man." He was man's greatest helper, and unto Him was "all judgment given." If, then, we would show manliness and gentleness in beautifully blended exercise, let us take Him for our model, and our knowledge of men, our mutual helpfulness, and our capability of just discrimination, will show to what "society" we belong. When John Mackintosh was dying, Norman Macleod wrote, "Never have I known his equal, never! So pure, so true and genuine, so heavenly-minded and serene, so young and joyous, yet so old and sober; so loving and utterly unselfish, a beautiful, beautiful character; the modesty and tenderness of a gentle girl, with the manly courage of a matured Christian; knowing the world, yet not of it; mingling in it with a great broad-heartedness, yet unstained by a single spot; warm, refreshing, and life-giving as the sun, yet uncontaminated by all it shone on." We sometimes hear a man described as "one of Nature's gentlemen." Far worthier will be our aim if, like John Mackintosh, we come to rank at last amongst Christ's gentlemen—the aristocracy of the heavenly kingdom.

W. J. AVERY.

Twelve Talks with our Girls.

No. II.—EARLY SELF-CONSECRATION.

BY MRS. DAWSON BURNS.

A FEW elder girls had clustered round the cheerful fire in their school-room, after the short winter day's tasks were over, and the bustle of putting the books away and reducing all to order had subsided. The soft hum of the junior pupils voices mingled pleasantly with their more earnest tones. This was their "liberty hour" before tea; and a suggestion had been thrown out by one of the teachers whether this "liberty hour" might not be turned to some profitable account, converting it into a "privilege hour" for reading or conversation on topics quite distinct from the usual routine of lessons.

This thoughtful band had recognized from the first the tender anxiety for their real welfare in her whom they generally called their "Councillor and Friend;" each had personally experienced proofs of her earnest-hearted pleadings, and understood how true were such remarks as these, "You are here for something more than the ordinary attainment of knowledge." "Education, properly estimated, cannot be limited to school-books, nor to certain periods of our life." "Ever receiving, ever giving forth, is the only faithful living." She often spoke to them of higher aims, and nobler desires; and now, as their gentle guide joined the group silently, but willingly, they gathered closer, as she, not to lose time, said, "I have, in reading biographies of good men and women, derived such real pleasure, felt so drawn toward self-examination, and experienced such an emulative stimulus, that it occurred to me, could I not, by giving you an outline of these lives, create in each of you a desire for a fuller research. I want your hearts to be attuned by the truest of all teachings; I want you to draw goodness from every source, to drink in wisdom from every stream of knowledge, so that by all means you may attain that perfect life 'Our Father' looks for in each of His children. Let us, then, my dear girls, call the subject of our little chat to-night, 'Early self-consecration for the good of others.'

"I gather these words from the lips of that distinguished and devoted woman, Mary Carpenter. One who 'though dead, yet speaketh.' One who for some twenty or thirty years filled all England, America, and even the dark regions of India, with admiration and wonder at her admirable 'Reformatory measures.' The cry of the little foodless, shoeless, homeless children, smote upon her heart, awakening such a sense of her own responsibility, that she wrote down a solemn pledge of self-dedication to ameliorate the social and religious condition of this hitherto neglected class.

"Mary was the eldest child of the Rev. Dr. Lant Carpenter, born in Exeter, April 3, 1807, and her home was the centre of high culture, great intelligence, and deep spirituality.

"Early evidences shewed the bent of Mary's mind, for when only two or three years old, she always busied herself in making a neat nursery; and when taken, on one occasion, to romp among the hay, urged that a rake should be made for her, saying, 'I want to be ooseful.' A little later, a missionary zeal was strong in her even to the sacrifice of dolls, and dolls clothes, for the conversion of the heathen.

"When she was ten years old the family removed to Bristol, and her father's chapel was in the midst of a neighbourhood reeking with poverty

and vice. A Sabbath-school was established, and Mary had her class of boys, afterwards taking the management of the girls branch entirely. The Rev. J. Martineau, then one of twelve pupils received into her father's house, wrote thus of Mary Carpenter years after, 'As a boy I was inspired toward the sedate little girl of twelve, who looked at you so steadily, and always spoke like a book; there was the trustful reverence of a filial heart, tender alike to the father on earth and the Father in heaven.'

"Mary shared in all the boys' studies, creating not a little surprise among them at the care and correctness of the Greek and Latin exercises; and so marked was her influence that when her father was repeatedly laid aside with indisposition, she occupied his desk, and the lessons continued their usual course undisturbed, she maintaining an astonishing degree of order by her gentle and expostulative tones. I must leave you to find out how highly gifted she was; and some beautiful little poems of her's are worth reading, if only for their spirituality.

"She was about seventeen when the idea of relieving her over worked and delicate father from the educational part of the toil took a practical form; every opportunity was secured for self-qualification; and in a few years she, her mother and sister, realized that joy, they opening a school for girls; and it is well to remember that some of her greatest benevolent schemes were thought out and executed during this period of daily labour.

"Bristol suffered in 1831-2 from what was then called the 'Reform Struggle;' and Mary, as the superintendent of the Sunday-school, visited the abodes of the scholars, and witnessed how awful was their condition. Cholera, too, was feared; a 'fast' day appointed; and we find in Mary's diary these words, 'I wish on this day, before God, to record my earnest desire to become more useful to my fellow-men. I must do this simply and humbly, never neglecting any certain duties, and caring not at all for my own comfort and labour.'

"Her desires rather cherished the idea of missionary labour abroad; but a valued friend, Dr. Tuckerman, passing some wretched abodes with her one day, saw a miserable ragged boy rush wildly across their path, and said, 'That child should be followed to his home and seen after.' These words fell with pain and compunction into Mary's heart; here, in her own neighbourhood, was a duty neglected! here, in her own neighbourhood was the opportunity sought for.

"A Visiting Society, or Domestic Mission, was established, Mary being its Secretary; and she never scrupled to take the poorest and worst district, remarking, 'I thus gained my first insight into the condition of the perishing and dangerous classes.' Nor did she shrink from the foul air and scenes, though often filled with a terrible loathing. Once among such homes loosened the streams of her compassion, and produced in her only a more desperate determination to mitigate the condition of the boys and girls in these fearful localities.

"I cannot tell you more now of this poor Children's Friend and Helper. Surely you have gleaned enough to call up before your mind's eye a beautiful picture of a helpful little girl, an anxious, aiding, devoted daughter, and an earnest young Sabbath-school teacher. Some other evening I will, if you desire, refer to the carrying out of her great work, shewing you what one woman can do if her heart is only divinely touched, and if she fully realizes the privilege of humbly following Him "who went about doing good."

Friend or Foe ?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER II.—THE QUARREL.

THE day following Raymond's first visit to the tavern was Sunday. Until dinner was announced he said nothing of what he had done; but when he, Mr. Bradford, and Elsie, together with Rearden and Mr. Weston, an old friend of Mr. Bradford's, took their places at the table, he said to the housemaid, as she placed beside her master the little jug of ale he was accustomed to take with his dinner.

"You may draw some for me too, Mary, if you please: about the same quantity as you draw for Mr. Bradford."

The girl stood gazing at him a moment, as if not quite sure she had heard aright; while Mr. Bradford utterly forgot that he had such a thing as a foot in his surprise at this strange request. As for Miss Vaughan, she could not believe her ears, and fairly stared at Oliver. The latter, however, quickly dispelled the doubt from their minds by quietly repeating his request. Whereupon Mary withdrew to obey, though still with a face full of wonder.

"What, surely you don't mean it?" cried Mr. Bradford, the light of mingled pleasure and surprise shining strongly in his face.

"But I do, uncle," returned Oliver, with resolute carelessness; and then he looked at Elsie, meeting the full gaze of her blue eyes.

Amos Rearden, as his friend, made his revelation, smiled pleasantly round the table; at Mr. Weston, at Oliver, at Miss Vaughan, at Mr. Bradford; yet he did not miss this look, nor the concentrated meaning it contained. But he seemed not to notice, and went on smiling as pleasantly as ever.

Never did Mr. Bradford, if what he said afterwards may be believed, enjoy his dinner so much as on that Sunday afternoon. A dozen times at least he vowed that, if it were not for his foot, he would get up and give Oliver such a cheer as he had never had before. A dozen times he laughed, and said: "Now, this is what I call a real triumph over prejudice;" or, "I always gave you credit, Oliver, for genuine common-sense; or, "I shall now look upon you as more of a man than ever." And when the dinner was over he bade Mary bring from the cellar a bottle of that fine old and crusted port which was kept for great occasions only. "For," said he, smiling benignly on Oliver and the rest, "this is a new departure which deserves high celebration. And it shall have it, too—it shall have it. And you, Elsie, come! Can't you see your way to joining us on this special occasion?" But Elsie, her cheeks still bearing the flush that had come to them with the look she had exchanged with Oliver, answered, "Certainly not, uncle;" and at once left the room, to prepare for her bible-class.

"Like her aunt—like her aunt, every inch of her!" said Mr. Bradford, good humouredly. "A Puritan to the backbone."

That "celebration" was a particularly merry one, and "four jolly bachelors," as Mr. Bradford playfully called himself and his friends, never enjoyed themselves better. Not, however, with any disregard whatever to the day. Mr. Bradford was a steady-going man—tory in thought and deed. Glorifying in his admiration for the Queen, the Church, and the Constitution, and for everything else established, he held the Sunday and its sacred character in as high estimation as any man could. As one proof of which, behold him, whenever the state of his foot made it at all possible, regularly seated, with Oliver and Elsie beside him, in his high-backed pew in the dingy old church of St. Philip's, one of a sleepy congregation preached to in a sleepy voice by the sleepy-looking old gentleman, the vicar. Mr. Bradford having, then, this appreciation for such an old-established institution as Sunday, nothing unseemly could take place on that day, where he was president. But such an event as Oliver's "coming out of the darkness of bigotry," as he characterised his nephew's new departure,

could not be permitted to pass without due honour being done it; wherefore, all honour *was* done it, and the quartette drank their old crusted port and smoked their cigars with exceeding relish.

But, during the rest of that day, and the next—during four clear days, indeed, the flush never seemed to leave Miss Vaughan's cheeks. It seemed to increase, if anything; and her eyes, which, when the flush had first come, grew much brighter than they were usually (which is saying much), had never lost their increased light. At least, so Oliver thought, whenever he looked at her. This was one thing that robbed that pleasant afternoon, so far as he was concerned, of much of its pleasantness. Another was a certain uncomfortable feeling which, in spite of the congratulations of his uncle and his friend on what he had done, *would* pass through his heart. The ordeal—terrible to a child, as he was then,—through which twelve years before his aunt Raymond had put him, together with the accident which had robbed him of his gentle mother, had stamped on his brain the motto left him by that mother: "Be true to Jesus Christ." During four years, too, when that ordeal had been safely passed, he had found almost a second mother in dear Mrs. Bradford, who had lost no good opportunity of warning and teaching him, and leading him along the path of truth. And one of the principal objects of her warning had been this very act of Saturday night. "Never let any consideration whatever induce you to taste this thing," she had said, over and over again; "for though there is no harm in a little, it has been the means of ruin, body and soul, to thousands." And now he remembered that, as often as she had warned, so often he had promised to be guided by the warning. Were not these memories sufficient to make him uncomfortable, seeing that they pointed to something like falseness to her, as well as to his word? Then again: he knew what this new light in Elsie's eyes, and the flush upon her cheeks, meant, taken together with the short answers she now gave him; they were explained by that eloquent look of Sunday afternoon. Presently the storm would burst, and there would be an open quarrel.

And yet—why should he care? Was he not justified, as Amos had said, in taking his own course? If he allowed himself to do only what she approved, would he not be ignominiously surrendering his right as a man? And as to its being wrong to drink a little, and as to his having broken his word—Oh, nonsense! Was he not old enough now to choose for himself? The fact is, eight years of freedom from that second mother's teaching had dimmed the lessons she had taught; eight years of association with steady, tory-minded Mr. Bradford, had not been the best means of keeping the stream of his thoughts and aspirations pure—had, perhaps, rather mingled therewith something worldly. And so, Oliver did not find it hard to crush down his sense of uneasiness, or to look forward carelessly to the expected quarrel. Indeed, as to this last matter, he grew more and more confident that, should it happen, *he* could not be to blame. Why had Elsie treated him so doubtfully of late? Was it because he had not taken her to that lecture a week or two ago, when she had defiantly gone off by herself? He might, certainly, have left the warehouse sooner, and so been in time. Yet business must be attended to, and surely she could have awaited another opportunity of hearing the lecturer. But no. She wanted her own way, as Rearden had hinted, and it was the best thing for all that she had not been allowed to have it.

Our friend reached home on the following Thursday evening with these thoughts in his mind, and also with something of that disposition to merriment and teasing which is often the result of our having done a profitable day's work: for Oliver congratulated himself on a great bargain he had effected that day, in buying. Entering the sitting-room, where Miss Vaughan sat alone, knitting, he said, lightly, as he threw himself into an easy chair opposite her:

"Elsie, ask Mary to bring me up a glass of beer; I'm terribly thirsty."

Miss Vaughan, who had greeted him shortly and then fixed her attention on her work, raised her eyes again. She saw something of Oliver's mirthful mood in his face, as she did so, and, her own cheeks reddening deeply, she replied, indignantly:

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Why, you are not cross, are you?" asked Oliver, smiling provokingly.

Elsie made no answer, but rose hastily and was about to leave the room, when, still in obedience to his teasing inclination, the other also started up, placing himself before the door. "You haven't given me an answer," he said, still smiling. "And you shall not go until you do, and until I have had a kiss. I've not had one all this week."

"You will get neither. Please let me pass." The red cheeks grew more red still, but she did not look up in his face.

Oliver, his merriment gone in a moment, and a desire for reconciliation coming suddenly upon him, took her hand, and was drawing her to him, when Elsie snatched it away, and burst into tears. Oliver was the more softened at this sign of submission (as he thought it), and again took her hand, with the intention of soothing her. But the girl—evidently at the cost of a great effort—suddenly checked her tears, and lifted her gaze to his.

"You must think me a miserable creature indeed," she said, drawing herself erect, while her eyes fairly blazed with passion, "if you suppose I am to be insulted with impunity."

"What do you mean, Elsie?" asked Oliver, in astonishment. This defiance was the last thing he had looked for, a moment ago.

"You know what I mean, sir. You know what Saturday evening's work meant. You did it on purpose to insult me. And now you come to insult me again by your orders"—

"I beg your pardon, Elsie. It's you who are to blame. You defied me to do it, and I did it, and shall go on doing it."

"I suppose your friend advised you"—Miss Vaughan began, brushing the tears from her eyes with a quick, impatient movement.

"My friend," interrupted Oliver, with sudden heat at the implied scorn in her words, "is an honourable fellow, and no one shall breathe a word against him in my presence. If he advises at all, he does so wisely."

"Then," the other retorted, her bosom swelling with the tumult within, as she swept towards the door, while Oliver made way for her, "then you can choose between your honourable friend and me!" The next moment she would have been gone, had not the door opened to admit Mr. Bradford, who entered very slowly and with great difficulty, assisted by two thick walking sticks.

"Hoity-toity! What's all this?" asked that gentleman, gazing first at one and then at the other. He had heard the high words from his little study, and had come to know the cause.

"Oh," answered Oliver, angrily, throwing himself on a couch, "Elsie says I've begun to drink beer on purpose to insult her."

"Tut, tut!" returned Mr. Bradford, struggling towards his seat. What a storm in a tea-pot! "Come—kiss and be friends, and don't let little things like that upset you."

"But Elsie had gone—was at that moment, indeed, in her own room, kneeling beside her bed with her face buried in her hands, and sobbing bitterly. The world were much happier if woman could give vent in tears only, to her passion and wounded pride.

It is strange, perhaps, but none the less a fact, that, when we have taken some course at another's prompting, and got into difficulty through taking it, we feel an irresistible impulse to go and confer with that other, when we trust him, as to the best means of overcoming our trouble. This impulse Oliver felt, and felt so strongly that, directly tea was over, he rose and went to Rearden's lodgings. He had the billiard-room in his mind, certainly, with its genial, merry company, and its fascinating game. Still, he was a little troubled at the intense passion Elsie had shown, and he should like to know Rearden's opinion of this rupture. So he hurried away to the latter's lodgings, where—after disturbing Amos and Walter Joyce, a clerk at the warehouse, in a game at cards, though the latter declared that he ought to have gone before, and at once took his leave—he was soon deep in the story of what had passed between Elsie and himself, Rearden listening with a smiling face, but with some peculiar thoughts passing through his mind.

New Chapels.

I.—CARRINGTON.

OPENING of new school-rooms, comprising large lecture hall (chapel *pro. tem.*) infants' room, class-rooms, vestries, kitchen, &c. The first brick of the above structure was laid July 26th, and memorial stones August 19th, and the opening services were as follows:—Jan. 7th, Rev. T. Goadby, B.A.; Jan. 14th, Rev. J. F. Makepeace and J. J. Fitch; Jan. 21st, Rev. J. Lewitt. Monday, Jan. 8th, opening tea meeting, sale of work, and public meeting. The Mayor presided. On Jan. 7th, the proceedings commenced with a prayer-meeting at 7.0 a.m. At 9.30 the scholars, in large numbers, assembled in the lecture hall, and a sufficient number of teachers were present to take charge of every class. After the devotional exercises, the teachers and scholars filed off to their separate class-rooms, where, free from the confusion almost unavoidable where classes are packed together in one room, the teachers were able to break to the children the bread of life with far more pleasure to themselves, and, we doubt not, with much more profit to the scholars. In the evening the place was crowded, the service very impressive, and the results highly satisfactory. After the public service the Lord's Supper was celebrated, when a large number of the members of the church, and visitors from other churches, sat down. An interesting preface to the celebration was the accepting by Mr. Goadby, on behalf of the church, of a new communion service, kindly presented by Mr. Councillor Bennett, and the reception of two members into church-fellowship. On Monday, a sale of work, a tea party, and a public meeting, constituted the programme, and all proved eminently successful. The meeting in the evening was of a most enthusiastic character. The Mayor of Nottingham (Ald. Lindley, Esq.), presided, and was supported by the Sheriff (J. P. Ford, Esq.) Councillors W. Burton and C. Bennett; J. Rogers, Esq. president of the Nottingham Sunday School Union; J. T. Mallet, Esq.; J. Sharman, Esq.; W. Richardson, Esq.; and the Revs. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., R. F. Griffiths, J. R. Godfrey, R. Silby, J. A. Mitchell, B.A., Mr. Hookins and J. G. Smith. In the numerous short addresses delivered on the occasion, the chief topics commented upon were the following: (1) The great need existing in the locality for a commodious chapel and school-rooms. (2) The praiseworthy manner in which the little General Baptist church at Carrington had attempted to supply in some measure this need. (3) The excellent arrangement of the premises erected, and the admirable style in which the work had been carried out, thereby reflecting the highest credit upon the architect, (A. H. Goodall, Esq., Nottingham); the clerk of the works, (Mr. W. Price); and the contractor, (Mr. W. Cox). Proceeds, £120.

In consequence of the heavy expenses incurred in fitting up the premises and obtaining the books and apparatus necessary for carrying on the work of the church and school on so much larger a scale than formerly, a debt of nearly £1600 still remains upon the property, and any contribution towards reducing the same, will be thankfully received by the following:—Henry Belton, secretary, 13, Church Drive, Carrington; Alfred Stevenson, treasurer, 300, Mansfield Road, Sherwood.

II.—GRANTHAM.

THIS chapel, erected on a well-chosen site,* and in a populous neighbourhood, was opened on Sunday, Dec. 10th. The Rev. W. Orton, of Grimsby, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. F. Standfast in the afternoon. The congregations were good, and the opening services a success. On the day following a tea-meeting was held, followed by a public meeting, at which the Mayor of Grantham presided, and referred to his indebtedness to our church at Sutterton, and spoke hopefully and encouragingly of the new work at Grantham. Addresses were given by the Secretary, Mr. Gibson, the Revs. W. Orton, R. Silby, F. W. B. Weeks, and Messrs. Councillor Suffield and W. Roe. The services were continued on the 17th, when Rev. J. J. Fitch preached morning and evening, and the Rev. F. W. B. Weeks in the afternoon. Collections, etc., over £150.

III.—ILKESTON.

ILKESTON has become the second largest town in Derbyshire. The population has doubled itself in a very few years, and now numbers nearly 16,000. A midland town of such importance ought to contain a flourishing General Baptist church. The time should be drawing near for reaping a rich harvest, from the seed sown by brethren of sainted memory, who having, long since ceased from their labours now rest with Jesus. James Peggs and John Stevenson, offered some of their most fervent prayers,

* Cf. Magazine, 1883, pp. 390, 426.

and expended much of their best strength in the interests of the church at Ilkeston. We are glad to hear that one cause which has hindered progress is about to be removed. Queen street chapel, so uncomfortable and so ill adapted for preaching purposes, is being practically reconstructed, and school-rooms for the accommodation of 400 scholars are rising in its rear. A well-attended prayer meeting was held at seven o'clock on the morning of Jan. 15th. In the afternoon of the same day, memorial stones of the new building were laid, by Mrs. W. Smith, of Ilkeston, Mrs. C. Ellis, of Ilkeston, Mr. Earnest Hooley, of Long Eaton, and Mr. C. Howard, an aged and beloved teacher, for his son-in-law Mr. S. Cresswell, of Nottingham. There was a large gathering of friends. The ministers of the town took part in the proceedings, and the Rev. T. R. Stevenson delivered an address. At the close of the ceremony 420 friends partook of tea in the Free Church school-room, South street, and in the evening a crowded public meeting was held. H. H. West, Esq., of Heanor, presided. The Revs. T. R. Stevenson, Professor Goadby, B.A., R. F. Griffiths, W. H. Tetley, A. H. Smith, F. Todd, and the pastor, A. C. Perriam, addressed the meeting. Collections &c., amounted to over £90. The new school-rooms and chapel improvements will cost £1000. Mr. R. Argile, of Ripley, is the architect. If our brethren at Queen street, Ilkeston, are to realise their hope of raising £600 by the time the chapel is re-opened in April next, £200 will have to be obtained somehow, during the next three months. Gifts of money, however trifling, or parcels of goods, for a sale of work which is to be held next Easter, will be gratefully acknowledged by the Rev. A. C. Perriam. May our friends meet with much encouragement.

Scraps from the Editor's Waste-Basket.

I. **THIS IS THE WAY, WALK YE IN IT.**—A deacon of one of our country churches writes: "Being indisposed, I could not get to chapel last Sunday, and so had a good opportunity of conning over the Magazine for this month (Jan.), and in doing so was so much impressed with certain articles (specified) that I send you 8s. 4d. for fifty copies for free distribution." How many deacons are there who hear the voice saying behind them, "this is the way, walk ye in it!"

II. **CARE FOR THE WANDERING SHEEP.**—Our ministers will have received, for the first time in their lives, a New Year's Gift from the Association. This is a new thing under the sun. Associations ask for gifts, collect them, and spend them; but is it not an unprecedented thing for Associations to make presents to any of its members? To this height of goodness our Association soared at the beginning of this year. It is one of the finest auguries we have for our future.

The gift consisted of two neatly printed books intended to aid us in watching over our wandering sheep. It has not come too soon. I have known many instances of Christians lost to our churches, and lost to all churches for years, and therefore value at a high price any attempt to counteract this source of individual and organic decay. If these books are used, our churches and societies will be gainers in untold measure.

III. **OUR WORK IN NOTTINGHAM.**—We rejoice exceedingly in the manifold signs

of activity and enterprise at this great midland centre. Our advertisement sheet has been telling of forthcoming bazaars. The friends at WOODBOROUGH ROAD are attacking their debt with energy and enthusiasm, and will win, as they deserve, a signal success. Friends far and near should avail themselves of this opportunity of forwarding this most promising work.—The BROAD STREET Annual Report, just received, is full of brightness, enthusiasm, and hope.—HYSON GREEN has a sale as the month dawns, and we trust it will be a most productive one.—Of CARRINGTON another page speaks.—NEW BASFORD is pushing forward its work with zeal.—This is the hour for Nottingham. Is it too much to say—and *we* are the men for the hour!

IV. **EGYPT.**—The "Dual Control" has ceased, and SIR AUCLAND COLVIN, with "expressions of personal regret" on the part of the KHEDIVE, has tendered his resignation. The Cairo correspondent of the *Times* speaks of the benefits of that Control, during the three years and a half of its existence, as "incalculable." That Control has saved the *fellaheen* two millions in interest, and has given regularity to the collection of taxes; told the peasant what, and when to pay, and so introduced method and order into Egyptian administration for the first time. 35,000 unverified vouchers have been discovered in ARABI's department. Preparation is being made for a thorough reform of the administration of justice.

Church Register.

Information should be sent by the 16th of the month to 51, Porchester Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.

CONFERENCES.

The G. B. MIDLAND SPRING CONFERENCE will be held at Old Basford, on Tuesday, Feb. 13th inst. Devotional service at eleven a.m.; the Rev. E. Carrington, of Swadlincote, to preach. Afternoon session at 2.30. The Rev. J. H. Atkinson, Chairman for the year, to preside. A public meeting will be held at seven p.m., the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., to preside, when addresses will be delivered by the Revs. T. R. Stevenson, A. Firth, R. Silby, J. R. Godfrey, and others, on Foreign Missions, Home Missions, and Sunday-school work.

J. SALISBURY, *Secretary.*

CHAPELS.

BIRMINGHAM, Lombard Street.—At a special meeting on Dec. 20th, Mr. Isaac Wright, on behalf of the church and congregation, presented Mr. Cantrell with a purse containing £23.

DENHOLME.—A Christmas tree and sale of work was opened by Rev. J. Taylor Dec. 23, and continued Dec. 25, 26. The annual tea was held on Christmas-day. About 270 to tea. Proceeds £30 for our new school, for which the outlay will be £1,200. We greatly need the help of friends.

DISEWORTH.—The annual tea meeting was held, Dec. 25. Rev. W. A. Davies presided, and several addresses were delivered.

FLEET.—Dec. 26, annual sale, followed by a tea, and a lecture on "Woman" by the Rev. E. H. Jackson. Proceeds over £20.

HALIFAX North Parade.—Annual Tea for church and congregation on Jan. 1, one of the best meetings ever held. Rejoicings for extinction of chapel and school debt of £250. Considerable increase in membership. Church now 442 strong. All societies fully equipped for action. Jan. 7, United Communion with P. B. church at Pellon Lane. Sweet service. Rev. T. Michael and W. Dyson officiated.

HALIFAX Lee Mount.—Dec. 23rd, a Christmas tree and sale of work was held, opened by Councillor Lewis Smith. Clear proceeds of four days, £110.

HURSTWOOD.—We held our annual tea Jan. 6. Over two hundred were present. Mr. Jas. Crabtree, senior deacon, presided. Recitations were given by the Sabbath-scholars, addresses by Messrs.

R. Greenwood and G. Crabtree, several anthems by the choir.

IBSTOCK.—Nov. 27, a lecture was delivered by Rev. G. Needham on "President Garfield." The pastor presided.—The Hugglescote choir and and orchestral band, conducted by Professor Duckley of Swadlincote, gave a Christmas concert, Dec. 27.

KEGWORTH.—A Christmas tree and sale was opened by Rev. W. A. Davies, Dec. 26. The orchestral band, led by Mr. F. Astle, gave selections of high class music, accompanied by Mr. Smedley, pianist.

KIRKBY-IN-ASHFIELD.—Tea and Christmas entertainment. Proceeds, £12 2s. towards the chapel debt.

LONDON, Praed Street.—The choir and congregation have sustained considerable loss in the removal of their organist, Mr. H. S. Rickards, to Adelaide, where he has accepted a business appointment. His services at the chapel were purely gratuitous, and he has also been extremely useful as Secretary at Hall Park Sunday School. The choir and the teachers accordingly determined upon presenting him with some mark of their esteem and affection. In this object members of the congregation heartily concurred, with the result that, at a homely gathering on Jan. 11, a gold watch was handed to him by W. J. Avery. Messrs. H. Sampson (choir leader), W. Carter (S. S. superintendent), and W. C. James (deacon), spoke of the high regard in which Mr. Rickards had been, and would continue to be, held. Mr. S. D. Rickards, as well as his son, acknowledged the gift.

LONDON, Bethnal Green Road.—The Nazarite Guild—composed exclusively of total abstaining Christians—celebrated its first anniversary Dec. 30, by a tea and public meeting. The Secretary's report showed considerable activity on the part of the members in the Master's vineyard, for in one week over 10,000 houses were visited, and the occupants invited to our beautiful chapel, besides which the society has been very useful in leading young Christians to publicly profess Christ and join the church. Dr. Dawson Burns, Rev. G. W. McCree, Miss McPherson, the pastor, and others, addressed the meeting.

SHORE.—Annual meeting on Christmas-day. 400 to tea. Addresses by Rev. J. K. Chappelle, and Mr. R. Greenwood. Report of school read by the secretary, Mr. T. H. Greenwood.

STALYBRIDGE.—The sale of work and Christmas tree realized the sum of £80. 400 to tea.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—A watch-night service was held on the last night of the old year, conducted by Rev. S. Hirst. The attendance was good, and the service solemn and profitable. An address was delivered by the pastor on "Watch, wait, work!"—*United Prayer Meetings* were held from Jan. 8 to 12, in the Primitive Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Wesleyan, and New Connexion Methodist Chapels, Revs. J. E. Winter, G. Jones, S. Hirst, and T. P. Bullen, with Messrs. Griffiths, Morton, Acton, Hodgkiss, Harris, and Green, giving short addresses. The meetings were followed by a United Communion Service on Lord's-day, Jan. 14, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Revs. T. T. Bullen, W. Tasker, and G. Robinson, taking part. The attendance and interest increased as the meetings proceeded, good feeling amongst the various churches has been strengthened, and it is felt that large blessings must result from such gatherings.

SWADLINCOTE.—The young men of our Bible Class, wishing to show their appreciation of the privileges afforded by the church, gave a tea, Dec. 5th. After tea our pastor, Rev. E. Carrington, gave a lecture on "John Wickliffe, a Reformer before the Reformation." Mr. Cholerton, president of the Bible Class, took the chair. The proceeds were given to the church funds.

OUR MINISTERS.

JOLLY, REV. JOHN, B.A.—We are very glad indeed to report that the Rev. John Jolly, of Boston, has taken the Bachelor of Arts Degree in the University of Dublin. We congratulate him upon his success; and especially on the persistent and patient self-discipline which has secured it.

SMYTHE, REV. J. F., who has left Bolton to undertake the pastorate of the church at Berkhamstead, was presented with a purse of gold on concluding his seven years' work at Bolton. During those years 240 members have been received into the church, the debt cleared off the chapel, the building beautified, and a mission chapel erected at Farnworth. Mr. Smythe commenced his ministry at Berkhamstead, Jan. 21.

WILLIAMS, REV. D. S., of Blainavon, has received and accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Infirmary Street, Bradford, and will commence his labours Feb. 4.

BAPTISMS.

BIRMINGHAM, Longmore Street.—Two, by A. T. Prout.
BIRMINGHAM, Lombard Street.—Dec. 17, nine, by E. W. Cantvill.
BOSTON.—Two, by J. Jolly.
FLEET.—Dec. 31, six, and one received without baptism, but this owing to illness.
GREAT GRIMSBY.—Two, by W. Orton.
HUGGLESCOTE.—Seven.
IBSTOCK.—Two, by J. Watmough.
LONDON, Commercial Rd.—Six, by J. Fletcher.
" Praed Street.—Five, by W. J. Avery.
LONGFORD, Salem.—Four, by J. W. Parker.
LOUGHBORO', Woodgate.—Three, by C. W. Vick.
LOUTH, Eastgate.—Two, by C. Payne.
NOTTINGHAM, Woodborough Road.—Four, by E. H. James.
PETERBOROUGH.—Nine, by T. Barras.
RIPLEY.—Three, by L. J. Shackelford.
SHORE.—Eight, by J. K. Chappelle.
STADLINCOTE.—Two, by E. Carrington.
TOMMORDEN.—Two, by W. March.
WEST VALE.—Seven, by J. T. Roberts.

MARRIAGE.

TOOTELL—LOWE.—Dec. 6, at St. Andrew's Church, Nottingham, by the Rev. F. Hart, Thomas Tootell, of 24, Birkin Terrace, to Harriet, eldest daughter of William Lowe.

OBITUARIES.

"The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
 The grave that now doth press
 Upon that cast off dress
 Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there.
 Father, thy chastening rod
 So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit land,
 Meeting at Thy right hand,
 'Twill be our heaven to find, that—he is there."

EXTON, WILLIAM, for forty-five years a member of the church at Market Harborough, being baptized by Dr. Buckley on Aug. 20th, 1837. Though he was rendered quite helpless four years before his death by a paralytic stroke, a murmur was never heard from him. At the advanced age of ninety-two he fell asleep on Nov. 14th. A memorial sermon was preached, Dec. 3, by Mr. Herring, of Leicester. W. O.

FOX WILLIAM, of East Kirby; fell asleep Jan. 13, 1883, aged 73 years. "He was a faithful man, and one who feared God above many."

HALFORD.—Jan. 8, 1883, at Southport, after a long and trying illness, borne with true Christian courage, Elizabeth Hill, the beloved wife of Chas. K. Halford, daughter of Mr. Kemp Sanby, of Long Sutton, and granddaughter of the late Rev. Thomas Rogers, of Fleet, Lincolnshire, aged 62.

HEEP.—The Stalybridge church has sustained a severe loss, and the town one of its most promising young men, by the sudden death of Mr. Tom Heep. Although called home at the early age of 24, his death has caused a blank which will be difficult to fill. Deceased was a teacher in the Sunday-school, Secretary of the Tract Society, and an officer of the church. His funeral—which was attended by hundreds—took place on Christmas day, when, under a leaden sky from which the rain fell heavily—amid broken sobbings—his body was committed to the dust in "sure and certain hope" of a joyful resurrection.

QUINEY, W., a deacon at Commercial Road, London, for many years, and member for more than half a century, departed this life Jan. 14. His memory and work will long endure.

STARBUCK, JOHN, of Alford, Lincolnshire, passed to the rest of God, Jan. 7, aged 72.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

Half as Many Again.

In the *Observer* for last month we furnished our readers with an appeal from the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, asking for an income of "*half as much again*"—an appeal which was considered both reasonable and needful on behalf of our own Society. We are glad to see that, so far as Mr. Bickersteth's own church and congregation are concerned, the object of the appeal has been realized, more than "*half as much again*" having been obtained during the past year. We trust that a similar result will be secured in many, if not in all, of our own churches. Only let the forty churches that have contributed nothing set earnestly to work and do what they can; and only let the remaining churches thoroughly organize themselves for mission work, and appoint suitable persons to solicit and to collect subscriptions, then we feel persuaded that, as regards our own Society, the *half as much again* will be more than realized. Then the Committee will be able to send and support

HALF AS MANY AGAIN MISSIONARIES,

besides increasing the number of native preachers in like proportion.

To show that such an increase is both reasonable and necessary may we again direct attention to the vastness of the field entrusted to our care, and for the evangelization of which there is no Protestant Missionary Society save our own, *i.e.*, if we except a Free-will Baptist missionary at Balasore. According to the Government census returns of 1881, the population of the country over which the Oriya language is spoken was as follows:—

Population of Balasore District	942,414
Ditto of Cuttack „	1,731,548
Ditto of Pooree „	885,794
Ditto of 19 Tributary States of Orissa	1,664,310
Ditto of Ganjam District	1,772,743
Ditto of Jeypore, in Vizagapatam District... ..	450,000
Ditto of Sumbulpore District	1,653,960
Total	9,100,769

NINE MILLIONS! easily pronounced, but the full import of which it is impossible to realize.

For the evangelization of this great multitude there are in the district of Cuttack, Messrs. Buckley, Miller, and Mulholland, one of whom is mainly occupied with the College and translation work, and another in superintending the Mission press. Then in the Ganjam district there is Mr. Bailey; in the Pooree district Mr. Vaughan; and the Sambalpur district Messrs. Pike and Heberlet. In other words there are seven European missionaries for nine millions of people. That is to say Orissa, with its vast population, scattered over an area which has been estimated at sixty thousand square miles, has fewer missionaries and native preachers than there are General Baptist ministers and local preachers for the town of Nottingham, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants. Or, to put it another way, if Nottingham were entirely dependent upon the resident General Baptists for its spiritual instruction, all other denominations being excluded, and all the people being heathen and idolators, even then it would be nearly *fifty times* better supplied with labourers than Orissa is now. Surely, then, in asking for half as many again missionaries and native preachers, the request will not be deemed unreasonable. With *twelve* missionaries instead of *seven*, Ganjam and Pooree might, as before, have two each, the high class mission school might be established, and fields, now entirely destitute, might be occupied.

Never before, in the history of the Mission, were the openings so numerous or the prospects so encouraging as at the present time. The great want is devoted men and women to occupy and possess the land. Well may a friend write, "England has yet to be aroused to her full sense of duty in sending the Gospel where it is yet unknown. Where so much is given, surely the corresponding return is required. I often feel as though I could scarcely bear to read or realize fully the accounts of those perishing in heathen darkness, because I feel I ought to go or send someone else to the rescue."

Had the Committee the means placed at their disposal, they would be happy to select and send out half as many more missionaries as there are now in the field. Whether they shall be able to do this must depend upon the churches. Let there only be provided "half as much again" money, then, by God's blessing, they will soon hope to find and send forth half as many again men.

In a letter dated December 9th, Dr. Buckley writes:—

"Wednesday the 6th was a memorable day with us, as we had the pleasure of welcoming our dear friends—Mr. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Mulholland with their two children, and Miss Bundy. Mr. Miller went in the Mission boat to meet them at Jumboo, which is on this side False Point. We had fully expected that they would be with us on Tuesday, but hour after hour passed, and no tidings were received. The time for the prayer meeting (6 p.m.) arrived, and we had thought how pleasant it would be to welcome back an old friend, and to greet several new ones with the good old hymn—

‘Kindred in Christ for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive,’

but as our ‘kindred in Christ’ had not arrived we were denied the pleasure of singing it; still we thankfully acknowledged, as was meet, the goodness of our Heavenly Father in conducting them safely over the

bosom of the deep, and bringing them near to us; and we united in earnest supplication that their coming might be with a rich blessing to Orissa. Part of Romans fifteenth was read, and a few remarks made on the latter part of the twenty-third verse, and also on the twenty-ninth. The holy apostle, warmly as he anticipated his visit to the brethren at Rome, did not expect to be more than 'somewhat filled with their company;' and Christian intercourse, precious and profitable as we know it to be, has always, on this side of eternity, its drawbacks. In my own case one of the drawbacks to the pleasure of welcoming our friends was that I was suffering, and am still, from an unusually severe cold; but there was another—Why have you not sent out more men to preach the gospel of the grace of God to this perishing people? Has the earnest appeal sent from the last Conference been forgotten? We cannot be silent on this all important matter. We expect, next month, to welcome Mr. Young, and have no doubt that he will be very useful in the special work allotted to him, as well as a valuable helper in the work of the Mission: but remember, we are only 'somewhat' satisfied, and till the churches send out more faithful earnest ministers of Christ to labour in making known His gospel we cannot get, as we long to do, beyond the 'somewhat.'

The Voyage to India.

BY REV. T. F. MULHOLLAND.

A STORY OF "DEGREES," IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.—PORT SAID TO CEYLON.

THURSDAY, November 2nd.—This morning we got safely away from the uninviting town of Port Said. We have been unnecessarily delayed entering the canal, through a strike of the coal heavers. The British Government, during the late Egyptian disturbance, have paid their men very high wages. The Arabs have the idea that such a state of matters should remain—hence they would only put the coal on board our steamer at wages considerably in excess of the usual pay. Our good commander was, however, equal to the occasion. He found willing hands in his own native Indian sailors who earned 4/- extra during the night.

The Suez Canal has been, I understand, several times described in the columns of the *Magazine*, but as a new generation is rising up among your readers, perhaps a few words of description may not be unacceptable to them. The "Caledonian" was traversed by brother Hill and myself in September last. But what a contrast between the scenery of the Caledonian and the Suez Canal. In the former we had some of the grandest sights on which the eye could rest—mountain, strath, and glen, with every

shade of vegetation—mighty Ben Nevis, crowned with its eternal snow. In the latter, we had sand, sand, stretching out in plains across which the eye sickened in the gaze. The canal itself, is a marvellous piece of engineering. I hope British enterprise may perfect this great imperfect work. Two large steamers cannot pass each other, except when one is tied up at the "garés" or stations, some five miles apart. There is a system of signalling along the whole of the canal, but alas, the two balls and flag were always on our side of the house, and we were continually "tying up." These interruptions detained us well nigh three days in this strip of water. We tied up for the evening at five o'clock, when, through the kindness of one of the officers, the younger portion of the passengers enjoyed a race in the sand. My two little boys tumbled head over heels to express their joy on *terra firma*,—the *firma* only in compliment, because we sunk to the knees at every step.

We were of course anxious to see some of the relics animate, or inanimate, of the late war, but alas! we had to chew the end of disappointment, if we except

two cut-throat like Egyptians who squatted on the bank of the canal some miles from Ismailia. While looking along the waste of sand, we were suddenly startled by witnessing that peculiar phenomenon—the mirage. There you have it—a beautiful lake, in which islands full of palm trees, lend a pleasing effect. It has a hurry look which only enhances its beauty. How like the pleasures luring the heedless Christless soul—they follow it when too late, they find nothing but a shadow and a disappointing waste. We had also the pleasure(?) of passing through a sand-storm, the approach of which made us beat a hasty retreat to our cabins. Scripture figures of speech are now being better understood by us. We know now what the prophet meant in the words—“A man shall be a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest,” and ere long I suspect we shall feel the force of the other part of the verse.

Saturday, 4th.—Yesterday we passed Ismailia, now better known as the base of Sir Garnet's operations. We had a very good view of the Kedive's winter palace, quietly nesting in the midst of what appeared to be beautiful gardens. To-day, about one o'clock, we dropped anchor in the gulf of Suez, some two miles from the city. The agent brought us some welcome letters, telling of loved ones at home. No passengers went on shore, owing to the short time we were to remain. We were, however, boarded by some fruit merchants (?), but fruit and men formed a poor turn-out for the land of Goshen.

The town of Suez, has a much more pleasing effect than Port Said. Several very large and well-constructed buildings, including a handsome mosque, were clearly seen through the field glass. The appearance of the ship's agent and one or two Europeans who accompanied him, spoke well for the health of the town. But farewell Suez, our anchor is up, and we are off down the gulf.

Sunday 5th.—This morning we are having a pleasant run down the Gulf of Suez. Being up by sun rise, we had a capital view of the Sinaitic range of mountains. The exact peak said to be Mount Sinai we passed about two this morning, which was to several on board a great disappointment. It is understood that we also passed, during the night, the place where the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea. Here flying fish abound, and we are not a little interested in their pranks. Speaking of flying fish and the Red Sea, I am reminded of a story told in Scotland, which may be new to your readers. The sailor son of a pious

Scottish dame (unhurt by the spirit of the age) had just returned from his first voyage to India. He told his mother that in the Red Sea there is a mark made from shore to shore by the rust from Pharaoh's chariots, and also that in this sea the fish fly. The mother's reply is characteristic of not a few of her country women—“Ah, my bairn, you shouldna tell lees to your auld mither. Whoever heard of fish floeing? But, as to Pharaoh's chariots, of course that is richt eneuch. Have I no read the story fifty times with my ane e'en.” I saw the fish “flee”; but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I did not see the rust.

Thursday 9th.—We are now in the Red Sea proper, and it is beginning to feel warm. The thermometer in my cabin indicates 88°, and last night it rose to 91°. A complete change of garments has taken place. My complete covering could go inside a dress-hat. To-night it was rather amusing to see not a few of the passengers looking all over the deck for a quiet place for a shake down. Poor hamlet's “too, too solid flesh, would melt” in double quick time had he taken a sail down the Red Sea.

Friday 10th, 6.30 a.m.—We are now leaving the Red Sea, which has interesting features peculiar to itself. Its waters are not red, but a beautiful ultramarine which has a very pleasing effect on the eye. The hills of Arabia form a striking background on the left. They are rugged, barren, and “very dry.” We were not sufficiently near the shore to recognise any of the small towns, the producers of Britain's favourite coffee. We are now passing Perim, the Gibraltar of the Red Sea. It is a dreary place, the soldiers in which are to be pitied, it is, however, a most important military position—so much so, that our Government are to be commended when they raised on it the Union Jack. In the hands of an enemy our short Indian route would be cut off. It is whispered this morning that there was some anxiety in regard to the safety of the ship last night, two small rocks, generally passed in daylight, lay close to our path. Our delay in the canal compelled us to pass them in the darkness. Our commander looked this morning as if he had not made the acquaintance of his bed during the night. We were, however, unconscious of our danger, hence our sleep was undisturbed. Fit emblem of real life. We are in the midst of a thousand forces that seek to crush us, but He who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth keeps his people in perfect safety.

3 p.m.—The port of Aden is now in sight. The town is not seen until we

enter the harbour We appear to be sailing right on a formidable rock, topped by a flag-staff. Suddenly the town of Aden breaks upon our view, and we are compelled to acknowledge that it is a great improvement on our last go-a-shore place—Port Said. What appears to be a military barracks is the first distinct building we see. To the left of it is a neat little church (afterwards discovered to be Episcopal); right below it, on the sea shore, there are some fifty or sixty tents picturesquely laid out. But our attention is now taken off the town by approaching objects, which we discover to be diving boys in primitive canoes. The lads are almost in a state of nudity, sitting in their frail barks, which they propel in a marvellous way. "Have a dive, have a dive," they shout "Sulphur, sulphur" (silver, silver,) they call for. One of the passengers threw out a small silver coin, and suddenly half-a-dozen are below the water. Have they got it? Yes, before it was a yard under the surface. It is perfectly astonishing how they get the coins thrown out at random. Not one out of the many was lost. The anchor being dropped, we were visited by a host of vendors of ostrich feathers. The prices being exceedingly low in comparison with their value in England, our lady friends made extensive purchases. Four feathers, started at £2 10s., went at the "tremendous sacrifice" of 5s. The view from the ship is rather pleasing. On shore, all the sights of an Oriental town were present in abundance. Camels and donkeys had to be avoided in the street. Arabs prostrate in the dust in supplication to Allah, while right along side this devotee, others were employed in what was practical worship of "the other

person." Those who were at the trouble and expense of driving to the large water tanks were rewarded by seeing stupendous reservoirs dug out of the solid rock. They are at present well-nigh empty, there having been no rain for nearly two years. This fact accounts for the arid appearance of the town and surrounding hills. Were it not for the beneficent invention of condensation, Aden would be sadly off for water. The average native seems low down in the scale of moral and intellectual culture. The missionary would not have his work to seek in the evangelization of such a people. Altogether we were agreeably disappointed with Aden. It is by no means the miserable Oriental town that some anticipated. It nestles in the midst of rocks and mountains which form a natural barrier against an enemy. In the hands of British military engineers it could be made another Malta.

Wednesday, 15th.—To-day, we are "far, far, at sea" in the Indian Ocean. Failing other objects of interest, our attention is taken up with flying fish, Oriya, and eating—the last not least. To-night, I spent some time on the fore-castle seeing the action of the "Goorkha," on the phosphorus, which abounds in these latitudes. The ship seems sailing through a sea of molten silver. Ever and anon a shoal of fish was divided by the bow of the steamer, and they flew through the waters like threads of electricity.—"Marvellous are thy works O God."

Friday 17th.—We are nearing Ceylon, towards which we are straining our eyes. The description of Colombo, and the effects of the spicy breezes, must be left for another letter.

Arrival of Mission Party at Cuttack.

THE, Rev. T. Bailey writing to the Secretary, says:—

Cuttack Dec. 22, 1892.

My dear brother,—We arrived at the end of our long journey on Wednesday, Dec. 6, having been exactly seven weeks on the way. The "Goorkha" was four days late in arriving at Calcutta, and we should have been delayed another week, had not Mr. Sykes made arrangements for transshipping ourselves and baggage to the coasting steamer direct, as that ship was to leave for False Point at daylight the following morning, and it was late at night when we arrived on board. We did not, therefore, land in Calcutta, and my com-

panions had not the privilege of making an acquaintance with its famous bazaars and palaces. Our movements here were so quick that friends in Orissa did not find time to complete their arrangements for meeting us, and when we arrived at False Point there was no certain information as to what were our prospects of completing the journey of more than 50 miles to Cuttack. Happily we found a travellers' bungalow at Jumbo, near by, and with food procured from the boat's servant, made a sufficient dinner, and then extemporized arrangements for spending the

night. At about eight o'clock, however, we heard footsteps in the verandah, and immediately afterwards Mr. Miller walked in, looking hale and hearty, bringing us good news and good fare; and having hastily packed our things, we proceeded in a jolly-boat to join the mission boat "Herald," which had been moored in the canal on the other side of the lock. Our anxieties were now at an end, and though our further progress was slow, it was all in the right direction, and we arrived in Cuttack at the time I have stated, thankful to our heavenly Father for all His great goodness to us. After an absence of nearly two years it was pleasant to me to receive a kind and hearty welcome, and that accorded to the other friends was not less cordial. All the friends are looking well,—Dr. and Mrs. Buckley better than when I left them, and Miss Packer the same, and we soon found them to be as busily and heartily engaged in earnest Christian working as in former days. The new school-rooms are a handsome—almost a splendid—block of buildings; admirably adapted for the special objects they are intended to serve, and an ornament to the town and station. Their attractiveness is enhanced, moreover, by the large area of land—several acres in extent—which has been enclosed in front of them; the proximity of the whole to the chapel and other mission premises also adds greatly to their convenience and value, and we may now express the hope that their capacity, as a working centre, will be fully tested and abundantly

utilized. The new verandah which has been added to the chapel looks well, and affords grateful and much needed shade. This improvement requires to be completed by adding a corresponding verandah on the other side of the chapel, which I hear is to be begun upon an early date. Dr. Stewart is abounding in faith and good works, and is now contemplating the erection of another large block of buildings for European orphanage premises for boys and girls. The site selected is that of the premises used heretofore as the second female orphanage, and is in the mission compound. The plans have been prepared, and the ground measured—part of the materials are stored in readiness for beginning the work, and other arrangements are well forward. As shown in the plans these buildings will also be handsome and substantial, and the institution is much needed in the province. The books we brought with us from the Tract Society have proved a very valuable consignment, and a large portion of them has already been sold in connection with the book-room. The native Christian community appears prosperous, and our welcome from them has been warm and hearty. The congregations—especially the native one on the Sunday afternoon—are good. Our new friends are well and rapidly getting into harness. We are just on the eve of Conference, and the brethren are arriving from the different stations. I must, therefore, leave other matters to be dealt with at another time.

Christmas in Rome.

BY REV. N. H. SHAW.

CHRISTMAS has come and gone. As if sympathizing with the tastes of us English at such a time, the weather on Christmas Eve suddenly changed from the enervating sirocco to the bracing air that comes from the north, and on Christmas-day, while you in England were having a steady downpour of rain, we in Rome were enjoying a hard frost. But Thursday, Dec. the 28, was of more importance than Christmas-day at Via Urbana. Never did our Sala look so nice as then. The walls were beautifully adorned with festoons and wreaths of evergreens, which we owed to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bylands, who also sent a quantity of oranges for the children.

At half-past four the children came and enjoyed themselves, as they pleased, till six o'clock. Then, together with their parents and a few others, they addressed themselves with zest to coffee, sandwiches, buns, etc. At 7 o'clock the scene changes. The children are seated radiant and expectant around the piano, at which Mrs. Shaw presides. Near to them are a few visitors, and the rest of the hall is occupied by parents, members of the church, and such of the public as have found an entrance through the side door, except a space in the centre, where towers, in all its glory, a beautiful Christmas-tree. Its upper boughs are heavily laden with snow (artificial of course) while numerous flakes glitter also

on the branches below. Then its fruit, who shall describe it! Gold and silver nuts, and pine apples, bags of sweets, and dolls, and all kinds of fairy-like handiwork. The whole is lit up by more than half a hundred candles, while, below, the tree and its fruit are guarded by a circle of variously dressed dolls that seem like a band of fairies dancing among the larger toys, the best representation of heaven that some of the children can understand, while children of larger growth look on with longing eyes.

The children sing sweetly several hymns suited to the occasion, eight of them recite, short speeches are delivered by Sig. Bertola, Mr. Wall, and the writer, as well as by Mr. Gibson, of Liverpool, and the finale comes with the distribution of first the useful presents—various articles of clothing in paper parcels—and then the toys from the tree. Every little girl is made glad with a doll, and every boy with some taking toy. Sweets and oranges are added, and the small folks go home feeling unspeakably rich, and with their arms full of their possessions.

Christmas is gone, and we are fairly launched on the new year. During the past year the school has improved, but we have yet to work hard for small results. Will 1883 add to our numbers? There is reason to hope so; but we dare not hope for a large increase under present circumstances. O that we had a few good workers to assist us in this arduous enterprise! We shall succeed, but we dare not attempt to say *when*.

The Fulfilment of a Vow.

THE SECRETARY begs to acknowledge the following :—

Dear Sir,—I hereby enclose a cheque for £5. Please accept the same for the Baptist Mission as a vow. Give to me no thanks, but praise Redeeming love, which has raised a poor fallen backslider to the fulfilment thereof.

Would that all felt more of their indebtedness to "Redeeming love," not only in restoring poor backsliders, but also in keeping them from openly falling. In such a case thankofferings would be much more frequently presented to the Lord's cause than they now are, and the glorious work of saving souls from death would be materially helped.

Notes and Gleanings.

THE NEXT COMMITTEE MEETING will be held in Broad Street School-room, Nottingham, on Tuesday, Feb. 27th, at eleven o'clock.

THE REV. ALEX H. YOUNG, M.A.—Letters have been received from Mr. Young from Suez and Aden—all well. We have also learnt by telegraph that the S. S. *Rewa*, in which he sailed, has safely reached Calcutta.

THE ORISSA CONFERENCE was to be held in Cuttack, and commence on Dec. 24th.

KHUNDITTUR.—Two were baptized at Khundittur by Kumbhoo Naik, the native preacher there, December 26th.

LOVE TOKENS ACKNOWLEDGED.—Tuesday last, Dec. 12, was an exciting and interesting day at Cuttack, as the boxes brought by the *Goorkha* were received and opened. It was very encouraging to receive the tokens of loving remembrance sent by kind Christian friends in the

dear old country. I hope they felt that it was "more blessed to give," for there was much real blessedness in receiving. I may not mention the names of those who have remembered us in our old age; but Barton, Donington, Grimsby, Papplewick, Derby, and Leicester, were among the places from which these love tokens were received. We would pray for our dear friends as the holy apostle did for one who had "oft refreshed" him, "the Lord graunt unto them that they may find mercy of the Lord in that day." J. B.

BOX FOR THE ORPHANAGES.—I am thankful to add, that at the same time we received a box of useful articles, to be sold for the benefit of the Orphanages. It is sent from Union Chapel, Islington, through the Female Education Society, and we are no doubt indebted for it to Miss Leigh, who knew our necessities. This will be a very seasonable help, and I hope that all our friends will remember that it is an important part of pure and undefiled religion to care for the fatherless. J. B.

SALE OF ENGLISH BOOKS.—Our new supply of books was exhibited for sale at the book-room, and the sales the first two or three hours exceeded two hundred rupees (£20). This is very gratifying. J. B.

OUR NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL-ROOMS will, I hope, be opened on New Year's day. J. B.

Contributions

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from December 16th, 1882, to January 15th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.	SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND.	£	s.	d.
Great Indian Peninsular Railway dividend	18	10	7	Beeston	1	0	0
Great Western of Canada dividend..	14	10	0	Belper	0	10	0
Legacy by Mr. Charles Orchard, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, less duty ..	180	0	0	Birchcliffe	1	5	0
T. Rofe, Esq.—a New Year's thank-offering	5	0	0	Boston	1	1	0
Fulfillment of a Vow	5	0	0	Bradford, Infirmary Street	0	10	0
Audlem	2	7	6	Derby, Osmaston Road.. .. .	3	14	6
Bacup.. .. .	1	1	0	" Watson Street	0	12	0
Beeston	18	17	8	Dewsbury	2	5	1
Belton	2	5	0	Grimsby	1	6	6
Coalville	7	6	5	Halifax	3	3	0
Leeds—Miss Jowitt, per Rev. R. Horsfield	10	0	0	Heptonstall Slack	1	0	0
Nuneaton	1	16	1	Kimberley	0	4	0
Papplewick—J. Nall, Esq., for orphan	5	0	0	Landport	1	5	0
Ruddington	5	0	0	Langley Mill	0	10	0
Stalybridge	20	6	7	Leeds, Wintoun Street	0	10	6
Nottingham—Collected at Valedictory Services, nett	8	13	0	Leicester, Dover Street.. .. .	3	0	0
Loughborough, Wood Gate	12	3	9	London, Borough Road	1	10	0
London, Westbourne Park—Home..	10	9	3	Loughborough, Baxter Gate	1	15	0
Normanton-on-Soar	2	6	0	Louth, Eastgate	0	15	0
				Lydgate	0	11	7
				Macclesfield	1	0	0
				Nottingham, Old Basford	2	0	0
				Peterborough	3	0	0
				Quorndon	0	2	0
				Ramsgate	0	4	0
				Retford	0	10	0
				Smarden	0	7	9
				Wendover	1	0	0
				Wisbech	2	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. BEMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, Mission House, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards, may be obtained.

Conference on the Conditions of Church Membership.*

XII.—BAPTISM AND THE CHURCH IN THE FOUR GOSPELS.

(1.) THE FINAL APPEAL on all questions relating to the actions of Christians is the "mind of Christ." He is our One Master, and His will is our unrepeatable law. "Whatsoever He saith to you, do it!" is a direction that comes to us clothed with all-subduing energy. It is our supreme joy to yield an unhesitating and complete obedience to every wish He utters, and every direction He gives.

"The mind of Christ" is one of infinite fulness and of manifold and present-day expression. He *still* lives and speaks. The Legislator of "the kingdom of heaven" is with us "all the days, even unto the end of the age." "He walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks;" and whoever has ears to hear may still hear what the Spirit of Christ saith to the churches.

But, in this discussion, we must *at first* carefully close our ears against anything that is being said by our Lord *now*. Purposely, and with the utmost rigour, we exclude the *evidence of experience*; the *witness of the "spirit of the time;"* the *argument from expediency*; and the *authority and value of denominational tradition and interests*; and go straight to the *Gospels, Acts, and Epistles*, which describe Christ's life and words on earth, and His *initial* acts from His throne in the heavens. We resolutely restrict ourselves to the actual contents of the New Testament, determined not to lose or misplace, stretch, garble, or suppress, a single item of the evidence, so that we may be as sure as is possible to erring mortals that we have the *full* "mind of Christ," in so far as it spoke to men on Baptism and the Church in the first half century of Christian history.

(2.) *What is the amount of Evidence in the Gospels?* Although we have four gospels, three trace the story of Jesus in much the same way. In these three, we have four references to baptism in *Matthew*, four in *Mark*, and three in *Luke*: but out of eleven allusions in all, six are about John's baptism, and are identical; three concern Christ's baptism by John, and are identical; and the other two report the farewell words of Christ to His disciples, in which He solemnly and authoritatively incorporates baptism, with the enduring commission to preach the gospel to the "whole creation."†

In John's Gospel there is a little more. For though there is no hint of the baptism of Christ, and not even an allusion to baptism, in any way, after the opening stages of our Lord's ministry, yet we have a most vivid picture of the reforming work of the great Baptist Pioneer, a conversation with a learned Jewish Rabbi in which baptism is fairly supposed to find a weighty place, an affirmation that Christ baptized by delegation; and a suggestion that baptism was then, as it is now, the

* Continued from page 55.

† Cf. Matt. iii. 21, 25; xxviii. 10, 20. Mark i. 4—11; xi. 80; xvi. 15, 16. Luke iii. 3, 23; xx. 4.

occasion of controversy.* So that, omitting repetitions of the same facts or words, we have, in all, SIX passages containing gospel evidence on the Will of Christ as to baptism.

Still less do we find about the CHURCH in the Evangelists. John does not use the word, nor does Luke; and, more surprising still, not even Mark, who acted as the reporter of that great Churchman, the apostle Peter. Twice, and twice only, it occurs in Matthew;† and, excepting these two statements, not one of the gospels contains a line that describes the *form* of the church, or states the *rules and methods* by which it is to be directed. They reveal, in many a passage, the *spirit* of the Society of Jesus: its living and magnetic bond of cohesion, its dominant love, its regal goodness, its beautiful forgivingness, its conquering mercy, its superior morals, and its indwelling, all-inspiring, and all-controlling Chief: but there is an eloquent and fruitful silence concerning its organic form, and its "constitution and laws." Add these two words about the Church to those on Baptism, and we have a total of EIGHT passages waiting our investigation.

(3.) *The Church in the Gospels.* Every one knows with what forcible frequency our Lord speaks of "the kingdom of God;" "the kingdom of heaven." It is the topic with which He breaks the silence of His long preparation, and it is on His lips as He fitly crowns His work by His ascension on high. Again and again He illustrates it, in parables of matchless beauty, and in conversations of sweet simplicity and winning power. Rarely does He refer to the *Church*, and never does He identify it with "the kingdom." The "Church" is an organizable society: the "kingdom" is an inward and spiritual experience. That is fixed or fixable in certain localities, and governed by certain verbal rules: this is the sway of "righteousness, joy, and peace" in the spirit. That is a visible institution: this is the invisible rule of God in souls, producing a spiritual order within, and creating a spiritual beauty and fruitfulness that prove themselves divine. You may have one church at Ephesus, and half a dozen in Galatia; here it may be so small that it has "ample room and verge enough" in the house of Nymphas, and there it is so large that Jerusalem is crowded with it; but the "kingdom is not localizable, and has no boundaries of time or space. With undeniable truth Principal Fairbairn says, "The 'kingdom' is not an institution, nor is it capable of being embodied in one. . . . The voluntary action of men can institute the church, but not the kingdom. The kingdom was the most, the church was the least familiar idea of Christ. Of the first He never ceases to speak, of the second He never speaks but twice, and each time so as to indicate its structural or institutional character."‡ Christ says of the church (*a.*) "I will build" it. It owes its origin to, as it derives its life, from Him. (*b.*) Its *basis* is the "rock" in Peter's confession. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." It is a society formed of men like Peter,—men to whom the Father has given the vision of the Divine anointing and infinite authority of Jesus, and in whom He has begotten a bold and all venturing "enthusiasm of humanity" for Christ's sake.§ Such men are the "material" of which Christ builds His church. (*c.*) Two or more

* Cf. John i. 19—28; iii. 5, 22, 25; iv. 1.

† Matt. xvi. 18, 19; xviii. 15, 85.

‡ Studies in the Life of Christ, p. 108.

§ Matthew xvi. 16—19.

such men, meeting in Christ's name and in recognition of His supreme lordship over souls, enjoy His presence and form His church. He "is" in the midst of them.* (d.) And, whether large or small, they constitute an organization for the utter extirpation of malignity, the nourishment of brotherly love, and the triumph of the spirit of forgiveness and self-sacrifice. No one will maintain that the sayings of Christ in the Gospels concerning the church contain any hint of its external form or "polity," or of the necessity of any outward and ritualistic act as a condition of admission. This much, then, is clear, that no words of *Christ* about the church authorize us to say "it is the indispensable duty of all who repent and believe the gospel to be baptized by immersion in water in order to be initiated into a church state." The two affirmations in Matthew prove that the basis of the new society is spiritual and inward, and in no sense whatever formal and external.

(4.) *Acts of Baptism in the Gospels.* John, called by pre-eminence the Baptist, did not originate immersion; but, led by the Spirit, who made him the greatest of the prophets, appropriated it as the symbol of the moral revolution he heralded and advanced.† For a Reformer, baptisms in the river Jordan were a grand, rousing, expository and effective expedient: an irresistible summons to attention, a dramatic proclamation of the urgent necessity of a bold and thorough renunciation of the sinful past, and a determined aspiration towards a righteous future; and, primarily, a mighty bond attaching men to the Baptist himself, and preparing them for allegiance to the Christ he announced.

It was not surprising Christ accepted baptism at John's hands; it would have been surprising if He had not. Who so likely as He to enter into that spiritual change? Who felt so completely as He the utter wickedness and ruin of men? Who was so eager as He to inaugurate the calm and beneficent reign of God on the earth? Hence He was baptized; and though it was *John's* baptism He accepted, still His baptism is part of "the *example* He has left us that we should walk in His steps," declaring the wisdom of an eager zeal to fill out every plan framed for "righteousness," suggesting the grand utilities springing from a daring acceptance of high responsibilities and solemn trusts, and of *public* committal to the execution of difficult enterprises; and in these forcible ways preaching the signal uses of baptism in all ages and all lands.

Moreover, though Jesus did not, like John, Himself become a Baptizer, yet, at the beginning of His work He certainly directed His disciples to use the method John had found to work so well; and therefore we read, "Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John, though Jesus Himself baptized not, but His disciples."‡

Take these baptismal acts singly and together; give them their utmost value as evidence, and what do they teach? This, first, that at the dawning of the Saviour's ministry discipleship to Him was notified by immersion;§ that the act was an avowal of personal devotion, of fellowship with His hopes and aims, and subjection to His teaching: and was

* Matt. xviii. 20, and Matt. xviii. 15, 35.

† The Place of Baptism in the Life and Teaching of Jesus, by J. Clifford, pp. 3, 4, and pp. 7-11.

‡ John iv. 1.

§ Dr. T. W. Willmarth, a distinguished American Strict Fellowship Baptist, says, "After the death of John the Baptist it seems very probable that baptism ceased to be administered until the day of Pentecost."—*Baptist Review*, 1877, p. 313.

wholly an affair between the New Teacher and His new pupil. At the most, they can only faintly intimate the full significance of the water-baptisms in the Acts and Epistles. No fair expositor can show from these acts that baptism is indispensable "in order to be initiated into a church state."

(5.) *The two words of the Master.* When Christ said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God," did He refer to baptism in water? Long and repeated examination of the words leaves us no doubt. John the Baptist has three times referred to baptism in water, and once to baptism in the Spirit.* The two baptisms are set over against each other, and sharply contrasted. That belongs to the Baptist; this to Christ, and to Christ only. It is His prerogative to baptize in the Holy Ghost. Besides, baptism in the Jordan was a bold, out-and-out acceptance of righteousness; a courageous personal enrolment in the war against evil. How likely that the young and recently baptized Reformer should say to this conventional though sincere enquirer after light, "You must come out and be separate. Fear and cowardice blind the eyes to spiritual realities. Conviction must find vent in courage, or it will die, and its owner carry the festering corruption within his soul. You want light; be brave then; dare to plunge into the Rubicon of baptism, and, crossing it, you shall enter into the freedom of the blessed rule of God!" "We are saved by hope;" yes, and we are saved by "faith," and some of us must be saved, if we are saved at all, by a dash of holy daring.

But though it is clear Christ referred to baptism, who dare say Christ taught that baptism (or the boldness and separation it involves) is in *all* cases essential to the "new birth?" That which is born of flesh is flesh; and that which is born of water is—what? Surely by the Master's authority nothing but *water!* for only that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. The rule is limited therefore, and the teaching of this severe word is that an act of bold avowal, of daring self-committal, is to some cowardly, fear-worried, tradition-bound souls the one thing needful to give them access to the kingdom of God. An honest treatment of the New Testament will then omit this passage from the proofs that "baptism is indispensable in order to be initiated into a Church state." It may, *in some cases*, be indispensable to *salvation*—to entrance into the "kingdom of God;" but the Master does not say even here a word about its relation to the *Church—i.e.*, to "*a visible Christian Society.*" Why cannot this be remembered!

Does He anywhere else? Passing over the silence of two years, and going beyond the Cross and the conquered grave, we hear words from Him more exact in form and creed-like, more distinctly emphatic and authoritative, than any in the New Testament.† The words occur in two settings. Which contains the phrases Christ actually used it is difficult to say. According to *Matthew*, Christ, after declaring the fulness of His power, bade His disciples go, make disciples of all the nations, baptizing

* John i., 26, 31, 33.

† Can any one tell us how it is that the *formula*, so expressly and explicitly given by Christ, "baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," is nowhere used in describing baptisms in the *Acts* and the *Epistles*? We read of baptisms in the name of Jesus: but of no other. Even on the day of Pentecost—not eight weeks after the words were used—Peter does not employ that form. Why did he not? Pressense says, (*Early Years of Christianity*, vol. iv. p. 30)—"The Fathers of the first three centuries identify the formula of baptism with the words of the institution of the ordinance. Several modifications are, however, traceable."

them and teaching them. The *discipling* is the work of *persuading* men to learn of Christ, to accept Him as Saviour and teacher; that acceptance being effected, it is notified by baptism, and followed by further education. In *Mark* nearly the same ideas are presented. The gospel is to be preached to the "whole creation;" men who accept it are to be baptized, then they go forth to work. But to what is the baptism related? The Church? Hardly. He that believeth and is baptized shall be—admitted into the Church? No! It is not a question of church fellowship at all; but exclusively of personal salvation. In neither passage does Christ refer to the *Church*. He defines the work His trained followers are to do. Each is a missionary—an evangelist—a disciple-maker—a disciple-baptizer, and a trainer of disciples in the knowledge of Christ's will and the doing of Christ's work. It is only by a violent reading of our own traditions and prepossessions into His words that we can make His statement run, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be admitted into church fellowship."

This, then, is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" about baptism and the Church in the four gospels. First, baptism is a valuable public avowal of inward conviction in reference to Christ and His kingdom—a sign of subjection to Him. Secondly, it has no declared relation whatever to church fellowship. And surely, if the *formal* conditions of admission into the Church were so vital, Christ would have told us; if baptism were the *one and only* "door" into the Church of Christ, the Master would have said at least one word about it! Think how indescribably full the Gospels are of the truth that Christ is the one and only door of salvation! Did baptism hold a similar relation to church fellowship He would have said so.

Assuredly the Biography of Christ, with its total silence concerning baptisms and baptizings for the space of two years out of a ministry of two and a half; with its two words and no more concerning the Church, and its two words and no more on the relations of baptism to the inward life; and without a hint as to its relations to the *Church*, cannot by any but, what seems to us, the most forced and unfair wrenching be cited in support of the dogma that baptism is indispensable "in order to be initiated into a church state." And if the Lord and Lawgiver of the Church does not maintain such a theory, is it likely any of His Spirit-taught disciples will? Let us see.

XIII.—BAPTISM AND THE CHURCH IN THE ACTS AND THE EPISTLES.

(1.) *The Four Witnesses.* In the New Testament biography of the Church, *Peter*, the first of apostles, *Philip*, the preaching deacon, *Ananias*, the disciple of Christ and guide of Saul of Tarsus, and *Paul*, the last and greatest of the church authorities after Christ, bear witness to the will of their Lord and ours on this subject. *John* in his *Epistles* and *Revelation*, and *James* and *Jude* in their letters, have said nothing that bears on the question.

(2.) *Peter's Threefold Testimony.* With an eagerness characteristic of the man, Peter goes forth and preaches the gospel on the day of Pentecost, makes disciples of Christ, and baptizes them. Three thousand received the word and were baptized and added to the Church. Could anything be more conclusive that the Christians of Pentecost

regarded baptism as the door of the Church, and rigidly insisted on every one passing through it or keeping out.

Ask Peter what he said about baptism? "Repent ye and be baptized, every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."* Not a word about admission to the Church. Baptism is the symbolical expression of the condition of enjoying something unspeakably more vital, according to Peter, than church fellowship. Pardon hangs on it. It is associated with forgiveness and the access of the Holy Spirit. It is not urged to secure a gift from the church; but to obtain one of the richest gifts the Lord Himself has to bestow on those who seek Him.†

In the house of Cornelius the signs of the presence of the Holy Ghost are manifest in supernatural form, and the apostle exclaims, "Can any man forbid the water that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we."‡ It is the *reverse* of the Pentecostal order, but the bond between the facts is the same; there it was baptism followed by the descent of the Holy Ghost; here it is the reception of the Holy Ghost followed by baptism. The relation in the thought of Peter is undeniably, not between baptism and the Church, but exclusively between baptism and Christ's gift of the Spirit.

And to all this agrees the word in his Epistle,§ where he represents baptism as the *decision* or *determination* of a good conscience towards God, through the resurrection of Christ; the public avowal of a noble resolve to honour and serve God in the power and grace of the risen Christ.

Thus, in the whole witness of the man to whom Christ spoke His words concerning the building of the Church, who was one who received the great commission and opened the "door" of the "kingdom" to Jews and Gentiles, there is not a hint of baptism being in any way related to initiation into a church state.

(3.) *The Baptisms by Philip the Deacon.*|| Fired with Stephen's zeal, Philip went into Samaria and preached the good tidings concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, and the Samaritans were baptized both men and women, in expectation of the descent of the Holy Spirit. The signs did *not*, however, follow the baptism, as

* Acts ii. 38. This great verse contains five points. Four are obvious at a glance; but a fifth is embraced in the direction that baptism is "upon the name of Jesus Christ." Meyer says, "Upon the name, so that the name Jesus Messiah as the substance of their faith and confession, is that on which the intended baptism rests." Hackett writes, "Upon the name of Jesus Christ as the foundation of baptism, i.e., with an acknowledgment of Him in that act, as being what His name imports, to wit; the sinners only hope, his Redeemer, Justifier, Lord, final Judge. So we have, in this brief but comprehensive direction, (1.) Repentance; (2.) Faith in Christ; (3.) Baptism as their symbolical expression; (4.) Remissions of sins; and (5.) The gift of the Holy Spirit. Thus baptism appears as the third of three requirements for remission and the enjoyment of the powers of the Holy Spirit. The others are repentance and faith in Christ, which baptism is designed to express, embody in symbol, and to consummate in experience."

† Though not immediately connected with the argument above, it is worth a moment's notice that Professor Hackett, a strict Baptist, of special expository skill and learning, allows that baptism may have taken place after "being added" to the believers. He says:—

"Were baptized. Not necessarily at once after the discourse, but naturally during the same day, if we unite the next clause (*the same day*) closely with this. But the compendious form of the narrative would allow us, with some editors, to place a colon between the two clauses; and then the baptism could be regarded as subsequent to *were added to*, taking place at such time and under such circumstances as the convenience of the parties might require."

Other scholars hold the same view. This not only lightens the supposed difficulty of immersing 3,000 in one day, but intimates the fact that the two acts, baptism and Church fellowship were not related to one another—but stood apart.

‡ Acts x. 47; and "Baptism the Christian's Privilege," by J. Clifford, pp. 13, 14.

§ I Peter, iii., 18.

|| Acts viii., 12-38.

seems to have been the case at the outset ; but whatever there is in this fact that is inexplicable, it is obvious that this deacon acted upon the supposition of real and causal relation between baptism and the access of the Holy Ghost to the soul.

From that work Philip was sent to the Ethiopian eunuch, and to him "he preached Jesus"—a preaching which so obviously included baptism ; that, on his own proposal, the treasurer of Candace's queen was at once baptized without any possible reference to admission to a Church, and wholly on the ground of *his acceptance of Christ*. Perfect harmony reigns between the preaching deacon and the man who held the keys of the Church. *Baptism, for both, is a question of the soul and Christ ; and not of the soul and the Church.*

(4.) *Ananias of Damascus.* Sent of God to the awakened persecutor, Saul of Tarsus, this disciple delivers his message, and, with the clearest emphasis, enjoins immediate baptism. "Arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on His name," and "be filled with the Holy Ghost."* "And immediately there fell from his eyes as it were scales, and he received his sight, and he arose and was baptized ;" and after a while, when Saul assayed to join himself to the disciples, Barnabas commended him to the church on two grounds—first, he had seen the Lord ; and, secondly, he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus. It does not appear that he said anything about his baptism ; and it does appear that, in the judgment of Ananias as well as of Peter, baptism was related to forgiveness and the enjoyment of the power of the Spirit.

(5.) *The Five Elements of Paul's Testimony.* The chief contributor to the New Testament literature, and principal builder of churches, might be expected to supply the most complete evidence on the conditions of admission into those churches. He has ; and in five forms. (a.) In the baptisms of *Lydia ; the Philippian jailor, Crispus ; and Gaius*, the only fact concerning baptism laid bare is that in each instance it follows faith in the Lord Jesus ; † but in the case of the imperfect Baptists at Ephesus—men who had received John's baptism—they were re-baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, followed by the laying on of hands and the access of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. It is the *one* instance in the story of Paul in which the idea that sprang into sway on the day of Pentecost in the preaching of Peter finds a distinct echo. §

(b.) In the allusions made by Paul in his letters, he treats baptism as a forcible symbol of the putting on of Christ, of the unity of believers, and of the total death of the old and sinful life, and of the resurrection to newness of being through Christ ; ¶ and, therefore, containing a store of motive for perfecting holiness in the fear of God. It is abused, like the Lord's Supper at Corinth, but he does not abrogate it, though he is grateful he has not fostered their divisive and factious spirit by neglecting his great evangelizing work in order to baptize. ¶ Probably it is of an exaggerated and mistaken idea of the saving efficacy of baptism he speaks in his allusion to the fact that some Corinthians had been baptized for those young believers who had passed away before they could have an opportunity of accepting baptism.**

* Acts ix., 17 ; xxii., 16.

† Acts xvi., 14, 34. 1 Corinthians, i., 14.

§ Acts xix., 1, 7.

¶ Gal. iii. 27. 1. Cor. xii., 13. Romans vi. 1—11.

¶¶ 1 Cor. i. 13, 17.

** 1 Cor. xv. 29.

(c.) It is significant that in the various epithets Paul applies to the Church he never calls it a "baptized" Church. It is the "Church of God;" "sanctified in Christ Jesus;" called to be saints; "united with all Christians everywhere,"† and so on, and yet he never thinks of prefixing the epithet "baptized." It avails nothing to say against this that the universality and commonness of baptism accounts for this omission. The terms used denote facts; such as the divine "call," "sanctification," etc., quite as universal and common as baptism. Is not the real reason that in the mind of Paul baptism had no relation at all to Church life; but was wholly concerned with the soul and the Saviour, in His gifts of pardon and of the Spirit?

(d.) This is more manifest from the fact that, though Paul has given three letters to the two young pastors, Timothy and Titus, and dwelt on many details of Church life, he does not write a line about baptism as a condition of admission to church membership! How suggestively different from the directions and descriptions of the imposing ceremony of baptism found in the writings of the leaders of the church of the next century! It is when we get near to the introduction of "sprinkling," and the enrolment of "infants" as church members, that we hear about baptism as a church ordinance.‡

(e.) And, finally, the principles which govern the Christian relations in Church life are stated in such a way as to conclusively prove that Paul never could have assented to the proposition that "baptism is indispensable in order to be initiated into a Church state." "*Him that is weak in the faith receive ye; but not to doubtful disputations.*" Agreement in opinion is not for a moment accepted as the bond of cohesion among Christians; but a common honesty and thoroughness of conscientious conviction, in spite of differences of opinion. "*Let each man be fully assured in his own mind,*" credit his brethren with more honesty and sincerity than he claims for himself, and abstain from "judging" his brother, remembering that *each* must give account of himself to God.§ The ground of dispute at Rome was precisely one of ritual—of "*positive divine commands,*" of the observance of days, and eating of foods; and the apostle shows that the man who is weak in the faith "of ritual" is not to be rejected, but received with hearty affection and self-sacrificing kindness and benignity.|| "*Receive ye one another, even as Christ received you*"—to the glory of God!¶ How graciously and with what loving kindness, with what infinite forbearance towards our infirmities of knowledge and of faith and of service our loving Christ receives us! O, may the spirit of that unique example rule all our hearts!

But is there not another side to this picture in the directions of Paul to the Thessalonians and Corinthians concerning separation and withdrawal from those who unworthily lay claim to Christ's name.** No doubt. And yet these counsels are confirmatory of our position. For the dividing line amongst New Testament Christians is between morality and immorality, not between opinion and opinion. The bases

† Acts xx. 29; 1 Cor. i. 2; 2 Cor. i. 1.

‡ Cf. Pressense, "Early Years of Christianity," Vol. IV., pp. 23—36. § Rom. xiv. 1—5.

|| An opponent most helpfully reminds me that in Col. ii. 12—20, it is "baptized" people who are forbidden to subject themselves to "ordinances." Surely, if they may not "subject" themselves, they ought not to subject others against their convictions of duty.

¶ Rom. xv. 7.

** 1 Cor. v. 9, 11; 2 Thess. iii. 7, 8.

of separation are entirely moral : not ritualistic. We are not to associate with so-called Christians who are covetous or extortionate, disorderly or lazy. These are alien to the spirit of Christ ; and for their good, that they may be ashamed, should be barred the privileges of fellowship ; but him that is weak in the faith, receive ye !

Thus, the voice of our New Testament is one, harmonious and conclusive. The witness is unambiguous, distinct and full. Baptism is important and has momentous uses. It is a part of the example of Christ. It is as definitely in the commands of Christ as the preaching of the gospel and the promise of His presence. It is associated in the closest way with man's spiritual welfare, with the remission of sins through repentance and faith ; and with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. But in no part of the Gospels, Acts or Epistles, is it described as a condition of admission to the church. Uniformly and exclusively it is prescribed as a solemn transaction between the soul and the Saviour—nowhere as a portion of church government, or as indispensable in order to entrance upon a church state. That is to us "the mind of Christ" in the New Testament. It is His will, and we dare do no other than follow ; but we follow in the spirit of those Reformers who prefixed to the Confession of John Knox, words we cordially endorse :—" We conjure you, if any will note in this our confession any article or sentence repugnant to God's Holy Word, that it would please him of his gentleness, and for Christian charity's sake, to admonish us of the same in writing ; and we, upon our honour and fidelity, do promise him satisfaction from the Holy Scriptures, or due reformation of that which he shall prove to be amiss."

XIV. OBJECTIONS TO AND ADVANTAGES FROM A RETURN TO THE TEACHING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT IN THE MATTER OF BAPTISM.

(1.) *The Strength, Antiquity and Universality of Contrary Opinion.*

Were we arguing with other than Baptists, this objection would deserve a careful and extended treatment. But Baptists know so well how to dare and defy established opinion, that only two or three sentences will be necessary. It is admitted that nearly all Churches hold, and have held since the second century, that baptism is the door of the church ; and so they also hold, and have held by countless majorities, that *infancy* is the time to go through the door, and that "*sprinkling*" is the scriptural "mode" of passage. We know better, and are not afraid to teach and practise up to our knowledge, and so are prepared to weigh carefully the New Testament reasons for a conviction that is opposed by the nearly unanimous vote of Christendom.

"Nearly unanimous." Not quite. Professor Hatch says, "although it is clear that our Lord instituted the rite of Christian baptism, it is an unproved assumption that baptism was at the outset, as it has since become, not merely a sign of discipleship, but also a ceremony of initiation into a divine society."* The Evangelical Synod in Basle has passed a resolution important to the Swiss churches by 39 votes to 32, that baptism shall not be necessary for confirmation, or taking of the sacrament. The facts I gave in my first paper† bear witness to the rapid

* Bampton Lectures, Preface to Second Edition, p. xii. † *General Baptist Magazine*, p. 53, 54.

and beneficent growth amongst Baptists of the convictions maintained in the two previous papers. Nothing is more notable in the history of opinion than the surprising vitality of error.

(2.) *The Danger Signal.*—The chief objection that has reached us, and it has come from several quarters, is that, by the acceptance of this exposition, the practise of baptism will be endangered, and the teaching our fathers contended for, and for which they suffered, will be blotted out. Men will give way to their fears, and cowardice will shut up the baptistery, and an easy-going world will triumph. The minister will put a padlock on his lips, lest he should divert some money from his pocket; and the church will be the slave of fashion. I admit the reality and gravity of the danger. Men are weak. To err is human. Such danger attends all courses of human action. But *fear of issues* is an authority in exposition we dare not admit: howsoever ready we may be to follow its dictates in framing a "polity." Possibilities of mischief are not disproof of evidence. But is the danger so great as imagined? and does the method of "strict fellowship" abate it? Are there not compensating advantages of immense value? And do we not avoid *other* and more disastrous dangers by following the freer course? If we teach that baptism is "indispensable to being initiated into a church state," are we not in danger of making too much of the church, and too little of Christ; of assuming our own infallibility, and violating Christ's law against "judging" one another; of being harsh and unloving towards Christ's "little ones," and greatly hindering the "unity of believers" in Christ, and the progress of His kingdom. The "danger" is not all on one side, and the exclusive system does not really diminish what exists.

(3.) *No argument in New Testament Silence.*—A friend who has considered the above statement admits the "silence" of our *only* authorities concerning the relation of baptism to the church, but holds that the same course of reasoning would get rid of the fact of "the Ascension of Christ." But the witness to that fact is most abundant. We not only have the positive statements of the gospel, and the Acts, but Paul again and again refers to it. The *Revelation* is full of it. John's gospel is eloquent with the promise of it. Peter speaks of it. The silence about baptism as an enforced condition of admission to the church is potent evidence, because we have a full and explicit account of the meaning and use of baptism given by the various writers in the early church. We argue that if the Eucharist were a completion of the sacrifice of Christ, we should have been told of it; if infants were intended to be admitted to baptism and the church, we should have been told of it. So it is fair to conclude that neither Christ nor His apostles alluded, even in the faintest way, to the ritual of immersion as having ecclesiastical relations simply because in their judgment it did not possess any. But not for a moment do we rely on *negative* testimony; we have the more sure word of *positive* statement, and on that we rest our case.*

(4.) *Trusteeship for the Truth.*—The church, it is maintained, is put in trust with the "truth," and it is at her peril that she sacrifices

* The only point in favour of making baptism "the door of the church" is, that it seems every Christian in New Testament times was baptized. Supposing that allowed, there is no hint in the New Testament that such baptism had any reference to admission into "a visible society"; and the prevalence of baptism is exhaustively accounted for without such admission.

one jot or tittle of it ; but if she admits within her borders unbaptized saints, however good and pure and godlike, she is faithless to her trusts. The trusteeship of *Christians* and of churches is not to be questioned ; but we hold solemnly, and after matured reflection and observation, that this trust is better discharged by a faithful, persuasive, and affectionate exposition of the will of Christ concerning baptism, than by adopting a rule, and compelling a practice He does not authorize in relation to the terms of communion. Still each man, and each church, must discharge the solemn responsibility of maintaining Christ's "truth," "goodness," "kindness," "benignity," "gentleness," and "righteousness on the earth in the way that such man or church judges most in accordance with "the mind of Christ."* The functions of Christians and churches is to *teach* baptism, and do all that may wisely be done to maintain a continuity of Baptist teaching ; but the New Testament, it seems to us, does not authorize Christian or church to *compel* baptism on pain of separation from the healthy and nourishing influence of Christian society.

(5.) *Our Sixth Article is against it.*—The General Baptist churches will not forget this : and will not be hurried into effecting changes in their own societies. Our customary caution is sure to be in the ascendant. We move with the gravity and wisdom of age, and any fears of unhealthy disturbance may be banished, for it is not likely to come. We shall never imagine faithfulness to truth requires us to make any rent in the beautiful garment of our goodness. But, of course, we shall revise our "creed," or "articles." All churches are talking about the need for it. *Let us do it.* It is only necessary to *authorize* a note at the foot of the Six Articles, to the effect "that some of our churches practise open fellowship," and Article VI. may stand as a register of the opinion of Saint Dan and his colleagues : and, as sure as light is light, and love is love, Dan Taylor himself will praise us for differing with him where he so obviously differs from Christ.

(5.) *This view of Baptism exalts Christ.* The chief merit of this exposition is, in my view, that it exalts and glorifies Christ, and associates baptism directly and immediately with Him. The church organism is shut out of sight, and Christ is in full vision. He is its pattern ; He its authority ; He gives in connexion with it priceless advantages. Paul rejoiced that he had not, by being even an administrator of baptism, done anything to lead the Corinthians to transfer any of the glory to him which belonged to his Divine Lord. It is the spirit of the Papacy and of priestcraft to exalt the church and eclipse Christ ; to make the church and the priest all and in all, and so baptism has become, in the hands of the church, a principal agent in the corruption of Christianity, and the hindrance of the gospel. Never did we need, more than now, to return to the simple position of the New Testament, and make Christ central to and inclu-

* The New Testament does not know much about denominational property as a guardian and defence of the truth. We, however, should think we were violating the teaching of Christ as it is given us *now*, were we indifferent to considerations based upon the alienation of property for the teaching of error. We hold that Christians are bound to set forth Christ's will on baptism, to teach and administer it as He instituted it, and would close the *pastorate* against the teaching that "infant sprinkling" is a New Testament ordinance. But it is an *unproved* inference that "open fellowship" issues in the alienation of Baptist property. No one in this discussion advocates a *Union Church*, where either "immersion" or "sprinkling" may be taught and practised, or neither. The case of Bunyan Chapel, Bedford, is quite out of court ; and those who cite it should not forget Broadmead, Bristol.

clusive of everything. No one with this view will be in danger of thinking of baptism as a mere expedient for getting into a society.

(7.) *It places baptism on its true basis*; as a spiritual act; an act only possible to faith and after faith; an act of intelligent and determined subjection to the authority of Christ Jesus. Men are brought face to face with the Legislator Himself, taught that He wishes baptism; not that the church compels submission to it on the pain of rejection. The Lord's Supper and Baptism stand on the same basis of affection, "do this in remembrance of me." "For my sake," is the motive that has free and undisturbed play.

(8.) *It makes more manifest the importance of baptism.* It will be seen, from what is said above, that no spirit of depreciating baptism can possibly be engendered in one who heartily holds, as I do, the immense *uses* of an intelligent and loving submission to Christ's will in this particular.* Baptism is urged by the most solemn sanctions. It is related to the enjoyment of pardon, and to the free play of the Divine Spirit; it helps to bring the spiritual life into vivid and full self-consciousness; gives an objective clearness to the early experiences of the soul in the truth and grace of Christ. Indeed, you always raise any topic to the maximum of importance when you take it straight to Him who is all and in all.

(9.) *This view fully accords with the true spirit and loving genius of Christianity.* I feel as sure of the root-thoughts of Christ Jesus as I do of my own existence, and I must overthrow all I know of the Saviour—of the mind and spirit of Christ—before I can believe that He fastens the door of His church with a bar of *ritual*, and insists on its being held in its place by two out of the three who would meet in His name because the third is unable to recognize the *bar* as placed there by His authority. To me, that would be the very spirit of that Pharisaism He so sternly rebuked: the re-establishment of that ritualistic folly which had desolated Palestine for nearly four hundred years. Is it like Him, the tender and loving and true Christ, to arrange that a man, who hoards his wealth and lives merely to "make a pile," who is sour and cruel at home, and hard and selfish abroad, may be admitted into His church because, being a Christian full of these faults, he accepts baptism; and a meek and heroic maiden whose early life has been saturated with unscriptural *opinions* on baptism, but whose character is full of sweetness and goodness and usefulness, shall be barred out till her mind is cleared of all its "weakness" of faith in ritual? If that is Christ's arrangement, then I feel that I do not at all know Him, whom I have loved intensely and tried to serve more than thirty years.

In the face of these and other facts, whilst I dare not fail to inculcate baptism as a duty Christ enjoins, and a privilege He offers to penitent believers, I *dare* not take part in an act of rejection from our Christian society of one soul that honestly and sincerely says to Christ, by the inspiration of the Father, and from a living conviction, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." At once, not omitting the will of Christ concerning baptism, but stating and urging it, I must give the welcome, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without," and trust for obedience to the will of Christ on baptism, as on other things, to the education of the Holy Spirit, in and through the teaching and fellowship of the church. JOHN CLIFFORD.

* See my leaflet on "What's the use of Baptism?"

Twelve Hymns for Young Men.

III.—JAMES CLERK MAXWELL.*

CHRISTIANITY is its own argument. It does not absolutely need the co-operation of science. Still, at a time when many scientific men are apparently hostile, or at least indifferent to its claims, it is encouraging to find a man of unusual power, second to none in philosophic acumen, well trained by mathematical study, so reverent in spirit and so profoundly a Christian as was James Clerk Maxwell. Of the many biographies lately given to the world, his is by no means the least interesting. Not that there is aught of exciting adventure. No "hair-breadth 'scapes" are narrated. Rather was his life that of the ideal student—regular, calm, serene—a model of a life, which, whilst devoted to science, was also

" True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

Born in 1831, Clerk Maxwell did not live to complete his fiftieth year. During this comparatively short life, however, he had "enriched the inheritance left by Newton, consolidated the work of Faraday, and impelled the men of Cambridge to a fresh course of real investigation." Nor did his work end here. Few students of the many branches of natural philosophy but have been indebted to Maxwell for help. Of course, there was much that was favourable in his birth and education. His father was fond of all subjects connected with science. He himself studied natural phenomena from early childhood. Before he had reached his third year his mother describes him as being curious about doors, locks, keys, &c., and as asking of everything, "Show un how it doos."

But this genius would have been wasted had he not possessed "an endless power of taking trouble." Usually, however wanting a man may be in a special talent, yet if he possess "an endless power of taking trouble" he will succeed in whatsoever his hand findeth to do. When genius and this power are combined, the result is a man of Clerk Maxwell's calibre and influence.

The following sentences are worthy of being carried about as a talisman. They were written at the age of twenty-three; just after Maxwell had won the position of Second Wrangler:—

"He that would enjoy life and act with freedom must have the work of the day continually before his eyes. Not yesterday's work, lest he fall into despair; nor to-morrow's, lest he become a visionary; not that which ends with the day, which is a worldly work; nor yet that only which remains to eternity, for by it he cannot shape his actions.

"Happy is the man who can recognize in the work of to-day a connected portion of the work of life, and an embodiment of the work of eternity. The foundations of his confidence are unchangeable, for he has been made a partaker of Infinity. He strenuously works out his daily enterprises, because the present is given him for a possession.

"Thus ought man to be an impersonation of the divine processes of nature, and to show forth the union of the infinite with the finite; not slighting his temporal existence, remembering that in it only is individual action possible; nor yet shutting out from his view that which is eternal, knowing that time is a mystery which man cannot endure to contemplate until eternal Truth enlighten it."

A man who commences his life's work in that spirit is bound to succeed, even though the stars in their course should fight against him.

But more suggestive than aught else is the deep piety, the earnest

* "Life of James Clerk Maxwell," by Lewis Campbell, M.A., and William Garnett, M.A. *Macmillan.*

reverence which characterised Clerk Maxwell's life. A relation, speaking of his early years, said—"James has lived hitherto at the gate of heaven." A friend writes—"He had an innate reverence for sacred things, but little disturbed by the scepticism fashionable amongst shallow scientific men. If shortly described, he might be said to combine a grand intellect with child-like simplicity of trust." That this spirit remained with him to the end is fully shown by his later letters. Under date March, 1875, he says:—"I think men of science, as well as other men, need to learn from Christ, and I think Christians whose minds are scientific are bound to study science that their view of the glory of God may be as extensive as their being is capable of." A little before the end he said—"The only desire which I can have is, like David, to serve my generation by the will of God, and then fall asleep." Again—"I have read up many queer religions; there is nothing like the old thing after all." And—"I have looked into most philosophical systems, and I have seen that none will work without a God."

Thus, true reverence was a foremost characteristic of Clerk Maxwell. There may not appear to be much connection between solving a mathematical problem and cultivating a spirit of reverence; between discussing the properties of curves and walking in a straight path. But there is a connection. Character is the basis of all true and real work. Knowledge does not unfold her treasures to men of false character. Wisdom does not reveal her beauty to other than pure eyes. This was one of the reasons of Clerk Maxwell's success. A reverent, pure, noble, manly life gave him a sound mind in a healthy body. With these as tools, he applied himself to scientific discovery, and enriched the world by his achievements. It is always so. In all work, "were it but true hand-labour," character counts. Character improves ability; it strengthens talent. Character gives power; it supplies force.

Amongst some minds there often appears a tendency to separate religion from life; to make the former an entirely independent thing, concerned neither with the main business, nor with the ordinary duties and cares of the latter. A greater mistake could not be made. "The secret of a man's nature lies in his religion," says J. A. Froude. Clerk Maxwell's religion influenced all his life. Whether solving a geometrical problem, or engaged in the sacred duties of home; whether examining Saturn's rings, or bowing in worship; the true spirit of reverence—different in degree, not in kind—animated him. Such a life is of inestimable value, even apart from all philosophical discovery. The world is the better for it; and it would have been the better even had Clerk Maxwell never made one contribution to science.

He obtained no small share of honours. But to him, as to all true men, the question always was, not "What wage shall I get for my work?" but, "How may I do my work best?" Well for us if we, too, are enabled to act in this spirit, for it is this which ennobles life, glorifies it, which makes it what it should be, a training for higher things.

The book will well repay the time a young man spends over it. It abounds in noble lessons. We cannot all be scientific discoverers. We cannot all emulate Clerk Maxwell in mathematical and philosophical grasp; but we can regulate our conduct by the same principles. Thus will life become as symmetrical as one of his own curves, and as loyal to truth as one of his mathematical formulæ. CHARLES W. VIOK.

Twelve Talks with our Girls.

No. III.—“WELL-DOING.”

BY MRS. DAWSON BURNS.

I AM very pleased, my dear girls, to hear you express a wish for a little more information respecting the remarkable work done by Mary Carpenter. One principle, among many, cannot fail to be gathered from her busy life—a principle that must lie at the basis of all self-improvement, and is an essential element in true activity—I refer to her economy of time. Tracing the steps of this noble woman from childhood to womanhood, and marking her philanthropic efforts, we look in vain for one idle moment. She accepted time as a gift from God; and, like a wise, conscientious steward, so used the blessed hours that, as they passed, they might bear a good report to Heaven.

Mary Carpenter's loss of her father in the spring of 1840 was a terrible grief, for her soul was knit to his in love for their fellow-men, and she had ever leaned on him for energetic sympathy in all her plans to do good. For a season she suffered extreme prostration, but soon buckled on the armour of work, solaced by this Divine truth, that to the real Christian there is no death. She fully realized that passage, “Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister;” and she ever afterwards believed that the spirit of her father overshadowed and approved all the benefits she sought to effect.

From 1841 to 1846 her first great work began—forming a ragged school in Bristol. John Pound, a poor cobbler of Portsmouth, set the earliest example of gathering in ragged children and teaching them as he cobbled his shoes, and there had, in several other towns, Sunday ragged schools been formed. But Mary Carpenter's idea was for a day school, and she rented a room in a wretched court, and enticed in these poor lads whose very surroundings rendered them unfit for any ordinary common school. You must not imagine there were no difficulties. These stray waifs knew nothing of either cleanliness, order, discipline, truth or honesty. They were shoeless, shirtless, and often homeless, and must either starve or steal. Yet, mark the outcome! In 1848, 500 boys and girls had passed through this ragged school, which had been removed to larger premises, with play ground, bath rooms, and dining place. A Sunday and night school had been formed, and so altered and orderly were the boys that Her Majesty's Inspector declared he knew nothing like it. “It was the best directed effort to raise up self-acting beings.”

Miss Carpenter's attention had been painfully drawn to this fact—that young criminals came out of prison more hardened in crime than when they were convicted, and she pondered how this serious evil could be averted. She wrote some very valuable essays setting forth her views as to the wisest plans for the reclamation of “juvenile offenders,” hoping to elicit public sympathy and Government support; but, so tardily came either the one or the other, that she, by the kind help of her dear friend, Lady Noel Byron, opened two reformatory homes for boys and girls, called Kingswood and Red Lodge Homes, about four

miles from Bristol. Strong in faith, she believed that these children were often the victims of circumstances, and that true reformation would be easy under new surrounding, conducing to the training of the will, and influencing the affections. These new projects involved much labour, for, it must be remembered, that these were all added to the other claims on her time. We are told that, for economy's sake, she always walked one way—often both ways—to keep up a careful supervision of these homes; and what are her words?—how inspiring to others!—"My highest delight is to kindle their young souls by mine." "I glory in the thought that some angel spirits have been entertained among my ragged flock." After Miss Carpenter lost her mother, (her brothers and sisters being scattered far and wide,) she went to reside in a small cottage near the reformatory establishments, taking as an inmate a very poor girl ill of consumption. She says:—"I call myself 'House-mother,' and this poor dying girl has often wiped my tears, and soothed me after her own fashion." She also heard of a child left by a poor city missionary, and, acting on her loving impulses, made this little girl her adopted daughter, having the little cot placed in her own bedroom, and, ever afterwards, that orphan girl became bound up in the motherly heart of her benefactress.

I cannot now linger to tell you how widening were the prospects resulting from these first beneficent designs. Writing to a friend, Mary says:—"Apart from my ragged school and Kingswood, there are four other homes, all requiring constant supervision, and, though I am often very tired, I get my supper, lie down, and thank God for His giving strength and sound sleep."

At sixty years of age her longing "to carry help to other sheep not of this fold" was gratified by her first visit to the dark regions of India. Miss Carpenter strongly believed that society requires that all its members should be educated, if a true knowledge of the Redeemer is to be acquired and felt. Miss Carpenter visited India four times during the next few years. She was readily listened to, and the light she shed there was as the dawn of a brighter day for all Hindu women.

On June the 14th, 1877, dear Mary Carpenter laid down her implements of labour, and, during that night's sleep, "entered into the rest which remaineth for the people of God," leaving to the world an abiding legacy, in the example of one whose heart and mind were blended in a consecrating union.

I have, my dear girls, only, as it were, supplied you with the crumbs from a rich banquet—just sharpened your desires for a closer study of this beautiful character. She was from girlhood to old age a constant labourer for England's neglected children. Working in season and out of season, breaking down every barrier, carrying out her own wise suggestions with such a loving power that order came out of confusion and "light out of darkness."

Let us look reverently at such a life—not merely to admire, but to imitate. We cannot all do like Mary Carpenter, but we can all drink in her spirit. The sorrows and ills of humanity are heard of still in our land, and to each one of us it is given some portion of this misery to remove. May it be said of us, as most emphatically it could be said of Mary Carpenter, "She hath done what she could."

The Place of Music in the Worship of the Church.

II.—PRESENT DAY QUESTIONS.

BUT we must now turn to the present and practical side of the subject, and enquire, "What place should music have in the worship of the Church?"

Here we must pause, and settle one or two definitions. What is the Church? Strictly speaking, it is the assembly of believers in Christ. In the present connection, however, it will, doubtless, be more convenient to extend its application to those meeting for Christian worship, whether they have made a profession of their faith or not.

In fact, the occasions on which the Church, as such, meets under circumstances which would render possible the singing of hymns specially suitable to them as believers—members of the one body, and therefore members one of another—are comparatively rare, and we may well question whether they are frequent enough. In the olden time they who feared the Lord spake *often* one to another on their hopes and fears, their difficulties and aspirations, and we are assured that their communion was not unheeded by Him who records and remembers those who think upon His name. For meetings of this kind there can be nothing more helpful than the singing of those beautiful hymns in which sanctified imagination and culture have interpreted the longings of the redeemed soul after the unseen and eternal.

In the same way as we take the term "Church" in a wider and more general sense, so I think must we understand "worship." This is exactly defined as "the act of paying Divine homage to the Supreme Being." A great part, however, of that which takes place in our religious assemblies is not of this nature. Too often the sermon comes in for more than a fair share of attention. The reading of the Scriptures, hymns and prayers are part of a programme to be gone through before the chief business of the meeting is arrived at, and, when this is disposed of, a verse and the benediction conclude what is not inaptly termed a "service." Then, many of the hymns are not expressive of worship. In the older hymn-books, many were of a didactic and doctrinal character, while in our own Hymnal are songs of invitation and warning to the sinner and calls to Christian work. Nor would we have these omitted. They are all necessary, each in its own place and at its own time. And we shall probably not do wrong if we understand worship to mean all the public engagements of the sanctuary.

Then, what is "music?" We may call it a succession or combination of sweet sounds, so modulated as to please the ear. Canon Farrar calls it "the Divine prerogative of human and angelic beings;" and that "Nature furnishes only the rude elements of it—the uncut diamonds, as it were, of sound. We may say that the winds of God make music under the blue dome of His temple not made with the hands. * * * * We may say that the sea makes music, now in ripples that flash upon the sands, and now in the burst of its stormy billows. But the music is not in these outer things; when they sound to us like music it is because we are making 'melody of them in our

hearts." Under this definition, it will be necessary that we enquire the place, not only of vocal, but also of instrumental music in the worship of the Church. To ask whether music should have a place at all in such worship is scarcely necessary. As far as I can learn, no Christian community except the Society of Friends refuses to music a place of more or less importance in its meetings. The apostolic injunction to him that is merry—"Let him sing psalms," has been taken to be of more than personal application; and we find the Church universal "speaking to one another and to themselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord."

The question, however, as to whether *instrumental* aid should be invoked in producing a concord of sweet sounds has often been productive of anything but concord in the Church. Animated—not to say angry—discussions of the subject have taken place in the synods of the Presbyterian Church, and the controversy is not yet finally disposed of. In most other denominations, they seem to have come to the sensible conclusion to let each community please itself in the matter. It is so with us. But we may well try to define as nearly as we can what place instrumental music should have.

Now I take it that music may be useful in two ways. First, it may be helpful in inspiring devotional feeling, "soothing the savage breast," calming the ruffled spirit, and decoying the mind away from present care and trouble to the sunny land of song, real though unseen, where envy and hate and greed have no place, and our hearts keep time and tune with Christ, who is the music of the world. It may trumpet forth the call to high and noble resolve, firing the Christian's courage, and thrilling him to new and vigorous life. The area of its influence, however, must be limited to those who have a sufficient musical education to analyse the sweet sounds, and catch the meaning of the composer. These are not very numerous in our churches generally, and I should, therefore, allot to instrumental music a small and insignificant place in Church worship. But it *has* its place. The soft voluntary on the organ before service has always seemed to me a fitting introduction to the solemn worship of the sanctuary, and as its last cadence fell, and the final note, soft yet deep, faded away, the words of the prophet most fitly expressed the thought of the heart—"The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him."

On the other hand, I have found it difficult to suppress a prejudice against the loud pealing of the organ or other instrument at the conclusion of the service. This seems calculated to divert the mind from the solemn subjects which have been engaging its attention, often destroying the impressions the truth has created, and affording no real enjoyment except to those who, through love of music, retain their seats and listen.

Closely allied with mere instrumental music is the singing of solos or anthems by the trained singer or choir. It is not difficult to imagine music of this kind stimulating the devotional instincts, especially if that part of the congregation who were merely listeners were fully acquainted with the words sung. But I should view the general introduction of music of this character with much distrust. In no other part of the service, perhaps, would there be so much fear lest that which had been devised as an act of worship should degenerate into a mere performance and display of artistic skill.

But there is a second way in which music may be regarded. It is of the greatest service as a vehicle, if I may use the word, of conveying in concord pleasing to the ear the common aspirations of the band of worshippers towards the divine and spiritual. This I do not hesitate to assign as above all others its true place and proper function.

And in this sphere its application to the various circumstances and tastes of our churches is almost without limit. We are, none of us, prepared, I dare say, to go so far as to ask for a full choral service; but are there not many amongst us who would like to see our singing varied by the introduction of an anthem, wherein we might sing, in the very words of Holy Writ, the ascriptions of praise and breathing out of the soul to God with which many parts of the Bible abound? In similar manner, the chanting of the Psalms may be made a most enjoyable exercise, clothing the words with a new and a deeper meaning, and winging them for their upward flight to Him whose glory they proclaim, and whose aid they invoke.

Some cautious souls may fear lest this should lead to formalism, and to a return to some of the evils of the Church's worship which were abandoned by our Puritan forefathers for a simpler and purer service. But it may well be questioned whether much of the singing of our ordinary hymns to well-worn tunes is not too much tainted with this very spirit.

On a review of the whole question, we shall, I think, conclude that music has had, has to-day, and will have in all time, a place of the highest importance in our religious worship. Some one has said that if only he had the making of the people's ballads, he cared little who made their laws. There is no way in which truth of any kind can be taught more readily than when it is wedded with suitable music; and this is pre-eminently true of religious truth, which appeals to the emotional and spiritual part of our nature, where music holds its sway. Many of us will agree with the remark of a friend of mine a few weeks ago, who, in recalling the pleasurable evenings spent in bye-gone years in connection with a musical society, and in the study of some of the works of the great masters, said it was "just like Heaven." This is certainly what we want to feel in the worship of the Church, and if music will help us to get it, we will accord to music a large and prominent place. But it must come, not as master, but as servant. Our singing, whether of hymn, or anthem, or chant, must be such as every member of the church or congregation can be reasonably expected to join in. Let us cultivate by all means the musical skill of the people, and, as they become capable of appreciating and joining in that which is more difficult, provide for their needs. The conditions which should be insisted on in carrying out the musical part of our services are, that there shall be no mere display, the singing shall be true worship, the instrumental shall be everywhere and always subsidiary to the vocal music, and the tunes so well within the range of the skill of the worshippers that, while they "make a joyful noise" with the lip, there shall be welling up from the heart a fountain of "melody unto the Lord."

This must be our aim; it will be little wonder if, in our imperfect and incomplete existence, we fall short of the mark. In this, as in all else, we are carried on the stream of eternal hope to the "happy land—far, far away."

Let us for a few moments humbly and reverently think of the place of music in the worship of the Church triumphant.

“The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.”

So proclaimed the prophet Isaiah to the Jews in their captivity. And we, wanderers in a strange land, far from our Father's home, find in it a prophecy not yet completely fulfilled. We, whose voices often weary and falter, and whose ears are often pained by the discord and want of unity which mar our earthly worship, would fain draw aside the veil, and, peering out into the darkness, look for the white-robed choir, and listen to the many-voiced song. Looking off from his lonely prison on the rock of Patmos, John saw how on a sea of glass mingled with fire there stood those “that had gotten the victory over the beast and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, having the harps of God; and they sang the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, ‘Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints.’” We faintly echo their ascriptions of praise! and in our better moments, when the things of the earth, which too often fill our hearts, are driven back to their proper place, and we realize our privilege and our destiny, we long for the time when—

“Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.”

How well have the aspirations of our hearts at such moments as these been translated into song by one of the sweetest writers in our beautiful Hymnal:—

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But, O the strains how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!
Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,

We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.
A little while, and then
Shall come the glorions end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

E. EDMONDS.

The Broad Shoulders.

CAST all thy care on God,
Nor deem thou doest wrong;
With ease He'll bear the largest load,
For He is very strong.
What makes thy spirit bend
He will not feel at all;
The mighty universe itself
To Him is very small.
Then be thou wise at once,
Come in thy need to Him;

Why should'st thou bear the cross alone,
Which wearies every limb?
If thou should'st longer stay,
'Twill grow in size and weight,
Until it crush thee in the dust,
And make thee wise too late.
Be this thy heart's true creed;
God knows thy every care,
And only waits thy willingness
Thee and thy cross to bear.

WALTER J. MATHAMS.

Dublin University.

AN observant man remarked to one of our fellow-students at Trinity College, that every Englishman will observe three things in passing through Dublin, viz., "fine public buildings, good English, and dirt." The first feature belongs to the best parts of the city, the last feature to the worst, and the remaining one prevails everywhere.

Few cities that it has been my good hap to visit in England, Scotland, France, or Italy, can boast of streets and buildings that are equal to those of Dublin. The scene that presents itself to the observer from the O'Connell Bridge, which spans the Liffey at about the centre of the city, is one of unusual interest. For stately public buildings it reminds one of Liverpool; for the straightness of its streets, as seen from that particular spot, it recalls to memory Turin; the towering monuments and statuary make vivid once more recollections of Florence; its Liffey reminds one of the Tiber; and the majestic bridge itself has but few equals in the world. Seven streets, conspicuous amongst which is the far-famed Sackville Street, all lead directly to this ponderous piece of modern masonry.

The largest and most prominent structure in Dublin is Trinity College; and not only the largest in Dublin, but, until contradicted, we shall call it, as a College, the largest and, of course, the best in the world. To one standing in the open space facing the front of the buildings, they present an imposing sight. To the right is the provost's house, erected in 1760, at a cost of £13,000, and is a facsimile of a house in Piccadilly, London, designed by the Earl of Burlington, and built for General Wade. The other side of the arched gateway leading into the College enclosure are statues of Burke and Goldsmith, who were formerly students at this College, and on a pane of the study window occupied by the latter his name remains as he inscribed it. Passing under the arched gateway we have before us four squares known as the Front Square, the Library Square, Botany Bay Square, and the New Square, the last, was begun in 1838 and finished in 1844. Of the buildings of the original College of Queen Elizabeth no portion now remains. The most prominent object in the Front Square is the Campanile, containing the College bell, weighing nearly 39 cwt. Close by is the Examination Hall, containing some fine portraits in oil of Queen Elizabeth, Archbishop Usher, Bishop Berkley, and Edmund Burke. The latter was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is also an organ placed in the gallery over the entrance, which is said to have been taken from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada. Near to the Examination Hall is the celebrated Library, which is one of the largest in the world. The story of the origin of this Library is thus told: "In the year 1601 the Spanish troops were defeated by the English at Kinsale, and Her Majesty's army, to commemorate their victory, subscribed the sum of £1,800 from the arrears of their pay to establish, in the University of Dublin, a public library. Dr. Challoner and Mr. James Usher, afterwards the celebrated Archbishop, were selected by the benefactors as the trustees of their donation, and commissioned to purchase such books as they should judge most necessary and useful for the advancement of

learning. And it is somewhat remarkable that at this time, 1603, when the said persons were in London about the laying out this money in books, they met Sir Thomas Bodley buying books for his newly-created library at Oxford, hence there began a correspondence between them upon this occasion, helping each other to procure the choicest and best books on several subjects that could be gotten; so that the famous Bodleian Library at Oxford, and that at Dublin, began together." The library is continually increased by copies of every book published in England. This privilege is enjoyed by Act of Parliament passed in the reign of George III.

There are six Museums in Trinity College which are used for practical instruction in Natural Philosophy, Anatomy and Zoology, Geology and Mineralogy, Engineering Models, *Materia Medica* and Botany. The buildings are very extensive, and have been erected at an enormous cost. One of them contains a clock in electric connection with the Observatory clock at Dunsink.

There is also an "Herbarium," consisting of eight acres of ground, and containing indigenous plants of the British Islands, together with plants of North America, British India, South Africa, and Australia, etc. These gardens are situated about one mile from the College, and are open to visitors on obtaining an order from the Provost, or any of the Fellows.

About sixty Professors form the teaching staff in the College. The Provost (John Hewitt Jellet) is a scholar of rare attainments. He succeeded Dr. Humphrey Lloyd two years ago. He is the author of several well-written works in Mathematics and Chemical Optics; also of able treatises on "The Moral Difficulties of the Old Testament," and "The Efficacy of Prayer." The name of the Senior Lecturer (Professor Haughton) has for many years been familiar to the public. He, together with Dr. Galbraith, has written a considerable series of Manuals on Trigonometry, Astronomy, Mechanics, Optics, and other subjects, published by Cassell & Co. Dr. Salmon, well known in the mathematical world as author of a treatise on Analytic Geometry, and on the Higher Plane Curves, is now the Regius Professor of Divinity. One of the most copious writers amongst the Fellows of the College is the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, Professor of Ancient History. He is Knight (gold cross) of the order of the Saviour in Greece, and distinguished himself by an oration delivered in the Greek tongue when in that country. He is the author of a work on the Social Development of the Greeks, "Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers," Greek Social Life from Homer to Menander, etc., etc. He has also written a work, lately reviewed by the *Christian World*, on the "Decay of Preaching."

With professors of such reputation and known scholarship, and with such appliances as residence affords for gaining knowledge, life at Trinity College cannot fail in being inspiring and helpful. The writer will number amongst the golden days of his life those in which he sat to listen to the lectures from such able scholars as Professors Mahaffy, Williamson, and McKay, while the preparation for the periodic examinations has been as oil to the mental gear, beside providing an additional charm in ministerial work.

J. JOLLY.

Friend or Foe?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER III.—NEWS FROM ABROAD.

REARDEN laughed lightly when Oliver had finished his story.

"Isn't this just the very thing you expected?" he asked, pleasantly. Then, seeing Oliver's puzzled expression, he burst into an immoderate fit of mirth.

"Ha, ha, ha! Don't," he gasped—"don't, for pity's sake, or you'll be the death of me. Ha, ha, ha!"

Rearden seemed to be so genuinely diverted, and his manner was so agreeable and "catching," that Oliver began to smile—a little awkwardly, though.

"That's right, old fellow—laugh it off," said Rearden, recovering. "Even if it were a serious matter, it wouldn't be worth while to let it make you serious. But it is not serious—quarrels of that sort never are, for the lady is very quickly conquered; unless," he added, with momentary gravity, "she is of the strong-minded class, when—I, at least think—it is a gain to lose her."

"But Elsie was so passionate"—

"Well, and what is that but a sign of love? Ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, I beg your pardon, but I can't help laughing at you: your childlike simplicity is so perfect. You take it too much to heart, as I said before. You have nothing whatever to do but wait till Miss Elsie gets over her passion. Is anything simpler?"

Oliver rose, flushed and defiant. "You are right, Amos," he said, feeling himself in a somewhat awkward position, and unconsciously identifying Elsie with the cause.

"Don't look like that, man," rejoined Rearden, still laughing, as he rose too. "One would think you meant destruction to anyone coming within arm's length of you. Come out and have a game. You've got the 'blues,' and there isn't a finer cure. Come."

Rearden was a true prophet in this, for they had not been in the billiard-room fifteen minutes before Oliver had utterly forgotten everything, and revelled in the excitement of the company and the delirium of play.

As to Rearden himself, however, the case was slightly different. He had no "blues" to get rid of, but the peculiar thoughts awakened in his mind by the other's story remained with him through all. He nodded to one, on entering the billiard-room, smiled at another, shook hands with a third, and then played with his usual coolness and skill. But still these thoughts remained with him. What their nature was, or even that they were there, no one would have guessed by looking at his smiling, agreeable face. Perhaps, indeed, he did not himself know, not being given to psychological study. Perhaps he did not even know how pleasant they were—how sweet it was to live, so to speak, in the influence of some charming possibility, without exactly knowing what that possibility was, just as we may joyously walk in the bright sunshine and yet be quite forgetful of what causes our pleasure. Be this as it may, the thoughts were there, and they were certainly very pleasant ones. What thoughts would not be so, associated with memories of a graceful figure, of the sound of a sweet voice, of a pair of beautiful blue eyes, whose owner had charmed us—perhaps without our knowing it—more than we could say?

But when a man has in his mind such thoughts and visions as these, he cannot, if they persist in haunting him, remain long in ignorance, either of their presence or of their nature, and the pleasing influence they are exerting over him; to walk in sunbeams is, sooner or later, to become conscious of them and of the bright orb whence they come.

Rearden found this true. Not that evening only, but for many days after, his thoughts and visions attended him. Morning, noon and night, at home, in business, in company, alone—still their presence was with him, and always associated with some possibility connected with the quarrel. Then the truth suddenly burst upon him.

"Bless me!" he cried, one Sunday evening, suddenly starting up. He had been *thinking, thinking*, as usual, and had caught himself at last. "I must actually be in love with Elsie Vaughan! Well, if anyone had told me, before this, that a fellow could get in love without knowing it, I should have flatly contradicted him. Amos, my friend, you're in a hard case, evidently. What are you going to do? How can you love, or, at least, marry, a girl who is going to marry me?"

To some people a predicament of this sort would have been a source of serious trouble. But Amos Rearden treated the matter very lightly. He even sat down to finish his tea in the merriest of moods. And, yet, it was not long before the flush of excitement and the frown of anxiety began to appear, and that in spite of himself.

"Men speak of honour in affairs of this sort," he murmured, "but is there a man who would deliberately give up any chance of winning a girl like that? All's fair in love and war, too, isn't it? Phew! Thinking hard doesn't agree with me, evidently."

What conclusion he would have come to it is impossible to say, for at that moment Joyce's well-known knock sounded at the front door, and then Joyce entered.

"Hardly expected to catch you at home," said that individual, seating himself by the window, where the soft evening light played full on his thin, pale face.

"Glad you're come," returned Rearden, really pleased to have been interrupted in that disagreeable thinking, "Had tea?"

"Yes, thanks. I came to tell you good news. Jane has at last named the day, and Christmas will see me a happy married man."

Rearden broke into a peal of laughter. "One more unfortunate!" he said, jocosely. But Elsie's face coming in fancy before him at the instant, robbed his mirthfulness of its usual abandonment.

"Unfortunate! Take care you are not the unfortunate. Shaving clean won't hide your thirty years. But come for a stroll. I want to talk to you about the arrangements. I want some coaching, too, as to prices, else I shall be fleeced like a sheep."

Amos readily consented to this, and the pair were soon sauntering leisurely through the park, mingling with bands of joyous little children, who romped along the paths, happy fathers and mothers dressed in their Sunday-best, who viewed their offspring's free delight with a placid kind of pride, workmen with clean faces and contented looks, and, here and there, a small knot of "all sorts and conditions" of people, gathered to listen to that glad Old Story which yet never grows old.

"Look there, Joyce," said Rearden, as they came within a dozen yards of one of these groups. "Wouldn't it be worth anybody's while to become a saint in order to win the good opinion of those two pretty girls?"

At all times Joyce, though he would boldly repudiate any charge of being "religious," gravely abstained from jesting with regard to sacred things. But now he seemed less inclined than ever to alter his rule. Perhaps something in the calm and beautiful scene around—itsself almost sacred—had this effect; perhaps something in the sweetly plaintive strains of the hymn, "Just as I am," which the group were singing, touched him. Whatever it was, he said, rebukefully:

"Don't laugh at them, Rearden. There's plenty of things to make fun of, without religion."

Amos gazed good-humouredly at his companion. "Mustn't a fellow admire a pretty young lady, if she is singing a hymn?"

Joyce smiled, in spite of himself, at the other's mirthful manner.

"It isn't right, you know," he said, striving to remain grave. "But, come—let's talk this matter out, while we're about it."

Somehow, in the course of "talking the matter out," they wandered about until they wandered outside the park, and up to the door of the tavern so well known to them.

"Force of habit, no doubt!" laughed Rearden. "I had no intention of coming here to-night. We may as well go inside, now we are here."

In the course of a little while, Joyce found himself listening to the stout, satisfied-looking landlady across the bar, who was telling him a very comical story, to judge by his frequent laughter; while his friend fell into conversation with a stranger, seated beside him.

One remark leads to another, in most cases where those who make it are at leisure. Wherefore, Rearden soon learned a good deal about the stranger; amongst other things, that his name was Blake; that he was a sailor; and that he had sailed under a certain Captain Grant, about the Pacific.

"What, Captain Grant of the *Booby*?" asked Rearden, at this point.

"Of the *Booby*!" echoed the other, with some contempt—"Of a dozen *Boobies*. Captain Grant, with his ships, his stores at Tahiti and San Francisco, and his pearl and tinned-meat trade, is the richest man in the Societies. He talked of selling up and coming to England when I saw him last. Did you know him?"

"Yes—when he first went out there. I was knocking about the Societies under Captain Winter ten years ago, till he fell overboard one day. Then Captain Grant, who had formerly been trading in the China seas, but had lately been carrying tripang and prints between Tahiti and the States, took command of the *Booby*,"

"Did you find him a slave-driver?" interrupted Blake.

"Slave-driver! The man worked like a slave himself, and made everybody else do so too. He very soon bought the ship he commanded, while I was with him. I don't wonder he's got on so well. He was not a bad skipper, though, by any means. He offered to finish me in navigation; but I was tired of the sea, and wanted a change."

So the two, as old sailors will, chatted together, related their experiences, drank each other's health, and became quite old shipmates before they parted.

When they did, Joyce—the landlady being called away at the same time—was quite ready to resume the previous conversation about his forthcoming domestic arrangements, but Rearden, saying, with a laugh, that he "had furniture on the brain," excused himself, pleading an engagement with a friend which he had forgotten, and went out.

He had no friend to meet, however; he wanted to be alone, so that he could think. Therefore, he entered the park, and began to stroll slowly along its now almost deserted walks, with his eyes bent, now on the darkening sky, now on the trees, now on the sinking sun, and anon upon the gravel at his feet.

But there was apparently some distracting influence abroad—perhaps in the distant voice of the keeper, calling "time"—for presently, with quite a troubled look on his face, he left the park again, and went straight home. There, walking up and down before his open window, he seemed to find himself more at ease.

"He borrowed a thousand pounds, lost it, and so ruined his friend, Alfred Vaughan; went abroad, determined to move heaven and earth to get it back. That was the tale Grant often told me. Who was Alfred Vaughan? Who was *her* father? And now Captain Grant is coming to England, rich as a Rothschild."

He paused a moment, looking intently at the view of brick-walls and chimney-pots from his window.

"Honour, honour! What is it?" he went on, impatiently. "A breath—a word. But Fate is a fool to tempt me, for I was not born to resist. And yet, Oliver, old fellow, he's a vagabond that would betray you. Simple as you are, I do believe you are one of those very few people who would die sooner than be untrue to a friend. What shall I do? Love and fortune, and at one stroke! Pooh! I'm an ass. Who was Alfred Vaughan? and what chance have I of winning Elsie, even if I tried? The best thing is to let affairs take their course."

And, determined to permit himself no more thought on the matter, he returned to the tavern, where, in the midst of Joyce and Drewe and one or two other choice spirits, he comfortably forgot all things unpleasant, and laughed and talked with more than his wonted fire.

Scraps from the Editor's Waste-Basket.

I. THE MAGAZINE AND OUR PASTORS.

—A pastor sends a valentine with the cheering information, "I am pushing the Magazine, so that we never had so many readers here as we have this year." It is a general law—where the pastor pushes, the Magazine goes. People cannot well be expected to buy that of which they do not hear.

II. REV. GILES HESTER.—PROPOSED ANNUITY FUND.—It will be seen by our advertisement that nearly £500 have yet to be raised in order to realize the capital sum of £1000 for Mr. Hester. The effort should be fully completed before the Association meets at Bradford; hence the desirability of closing the list by May 31. It has been decided to set apart collections at the Lord's table (for one month) at Praed Street and Westbourne Park. What church will do likewise? Our friends at Woodgate, Loughborough, have done well, considering their financial responsibilities in the matter of a new chapel; but with the exceptions furnished in their case, and that of Baxter Gate, no church seems to have adopted the suggestion that, where practicable, arrangements should be made "for public collections in aid of this object." We feel sure that the omission does not arise from want of sympathy. And surely it cannot be due to a universal lack of ability?

III. MR. GLADSTONE'S GOSPEL FOR IRELAND.—In the course of a conversation on the subject of decentralization with M. Clémenceau, the leader of the French Radicals, Mr. Gladstone said, with intense zest, "The curse of Ireland has been centralization. What I hope and desire, what I labour for, and have above all things at heart, is to decentralise administrative authority there. We have disestablished the Church, relieved the tenant class of many grievances; we are now trying to produce a state of things which will make the humblest Irishman realise that he is a governing agency, and that the Government is to be carried on by him and for him." It is the only true gospel of politics. Politically man is a self-governing creature; and we must be ready to apply the principle not only to Ireland, but in all our colonies and dependencies; aye, even in our vast empire of India.

IV. TEST OF MINISTERIAL CAPACITY.

—The *Times* of Jan. 10 said, "A searching test of M. Gambetta's statesmanship will be furnished by the manner in which his survivors and followers are able to

repair his loss." It always seems to us, there is no witness to the ability and wisdom of a pastorate like that afforded by the action of the church speedily after his removal. Not a few seemingly prosperous ministers have been followed by an utter collapse of directive force, and a painful breakdown of patient energy. The minister's work has had no cohesive and enduring elements in it. Is it not well to shape to-day's work in view of the need that will spring up when we have left it?

V. CLEVER, BUT DISLOYAL, AND MORE!—When an Archbishop, a Bishop, and two clergy, professing intense spirituality and self-sacrificing devotion to truth, conspire to evade the fair and legitimate effect of the action of the legal tribunals of the country, what is the name their act should bear? If four tradesmen conspired in the same way we should denounce the act as a fraud, and the actors as disloyal. But, because the act is done in the interests of our State Church, forsooth, it loses its immorality! Mr. Maconochie has been declared guilty of illegal practices at St. Albans, and is on the point of being deprived of his pay. He resigns; and the late Archbishop, the Bishop of London, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, effect an exchange between Mr. Snelling and Mr. Maconochie, and so the judge is cheated, the law defied, and the pay retained in the interests of Ritualism. It is clever; but if it had occurred in commerce we should call it a huge fraud! One party will gain by it; and that is the *Romanizing* party in our State Protestant Church. This act is another summons to gigantic efforts to effect a speedy separation of Church and State.

VI. ELEMENTARY ETHICS.—That "too-much protesting" sheet the *Echo* is guilty of teaching that "circumstances do not alter cases;" that acts do not derive their moral value from the motive of the doer; and blindly waxes into inflammatory eloquence at what it calls "the demoralizing doctrine" "that what may be wrong when done by one man, may be right when done by another." I find in this day's reading the following: Dean Stanley says of Dr. Arnold, "He shrank from pressing on the consciences of boys rules of action which he felt they were not yet able to bear, and from enforcing actions which, though right in themselves, would in boys be performed from wrong motives"*—so that an act that may be wrong when done by a boy, may be right when done by

* Life of Arnold, I., p. 28.

a man. Lady Verney, in the Dec. *Contemporary*, after describing "Peasant Properties in Avergne," says, "In England thrift appears to be a great virtue; one to be inculcated on every occasion upon our people. Here (in Auvergne) one hates the very mention of it. It is an odd: they do not work to live, they live for the sake of working to lay by; they grudge every penny they spend, even for the most important necessaries. . . . The sordid filthy existence which is the result of all this saving and self-denial . . . is

incredible if it is not seen and studied." Thus thrift may be wrong when in one man, and right in another. Of course it may. The most elementary ethic teaches that the test of acts is in the *motive*. The familiar illustration is, Two men give a sovereign each to A; B does it out of pure desire to help him, C to induce him to bear false witness. Still the *Echo*—whose motto is, "Be just and fear not"—will "fear nothing," and go on protesting against such an elementary fact in morals.

The late John Starbuck, Pastor at Maltby.

JOHN STARBUCK was born at Walton, near Ipswich, on May 2nd, 1810. His relatives attended the Baptist cause of that place, and it is probable that some of them were members of the church. Whilst he was yet a youth the family removed to Leicester, and joined the congregation worshipping in Friar Lane; at which place, in 1828, he was baptized and received into the church by the then pastor, Rev. S. Wigg. He soon afterwards commenced preaching; and being ready of speech, a shrewd observer of men and things, and fairly acquainted with his bible, he proclaimed the gospel with acceptance in the surrounding villages. Such confidence had his pastor in him that he occasionally sent him as a pulpit supply to more distant places, as well as intrusted him with a commission to solicit subscriptions for certain needy objects. The business he followed caused him to have to travel through neighbouring counties, and as far north as Yorkshire. From memoranda made at the time, and preserved, it would seem that he made himself familiar with the condition of the country churches, become acquainted with many of the ministers, and made himself generally useful in speaking, preaching, and baptizing, as occasion required or opportunity presented.

Removing to Boston he united with the church in High Street, and the pastor—the universally beloved T. W. Matthews—had no more ardent admirer, faithful adherent, or appreciative hearer than our friend. Having removed to Alford, and the small church at Maltby, some four or five miles distant—the pulpit of which he had occasionally supplied—being without any pastoral oversight, the friends there, in 1873, invited him to the pastorate. He accepted the invitation, and continued to discharge the duties of his office with industry and fidelity until enfeebled health, followed by total blindness, laid him aside from all active duties, and brought his labours to a close. His last sermon was from the text, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Being of an active temperament the loss of his sight was felt by him to be a heavy trial; but he sought to bear it in humble resignation to his heavenly Father's will. He took a keen interest to the last in all that concerned our denomination, and had no greater joy than to hear of its prosperity and progress. No periodical literature was so welcome as the *General Baptist Magazine*, the date when it was due being never forgotten by him. His theology was liberal, and permeated by hope in regard to the future of the human race. His sympathies were as broad as the universal church, yet he had an intense affection for the people of his choice, and desired for them pre-eminence.

Towards the close of 1882 his weakness increased, and he became conscious that his end was near. But he contemplated it with calm composure, if not, indeed, with joyful expectancy. The period of the celebration of the Incarnation having passed, he expressed himself as somewhat disappointed, having, as he said, anticipated spending his Christmas in heaven. Yet, resuming his composure, he quietly waited for the salvation of the Lord, which came to him not many days afterwards; for on Lord's-day, January 7, he entered quietly into his rest, gently murmuring not long before, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

J. R. GODFREY.

Reviews.

REMOTE ANTIQUITY OF MAN NOT PROVEN.

By B. C. Y. Stock.

GOOD service is rendered to science by a patient and thoroughgoing sifting of evidence such as that which is conducted in this book, even supposing old or recent conclusions should not be shaken, but remain where they were. Discoverers are always in danger of making too much of their "finds," and assigning them more weight than really belongs to them. Haste is not unknown among scientists; and mistake is not impossible. B. C. Y. shows great skill in the compilation of the evidence on the subjects of "How old is man," and "What was his original condition;" in his manipulation of the admissions of geologists and archaeologists; and he uses, with damaging acuteness, the numerous instances in which men of science have, with a candour that cannot be too widely recognized or too highly appreciated, corrected themselves; and so forces upon candid minds the conclusion, that he who examines the acts and sayings of scientific men as he ought "will not make haste."

The book shows wide reading, keen criticism, a lawyer-like eye for a flaw in a statement or the report of a fact, and puts "the case" for the recent origin of man strongly; but while its effect will be to induce caution in accepting the statements, it will not prevent an impression stealing into the mind that, after all, man has been here a very long time, and has stored within him the experiences of vast ages.

THE CLERICAL LIBRARY. Outlines of Sermons on the Old Testament. Hodder & Stoughton.

EXPERIENCE has brought wisdom. This second volume is, in several particulars, a considerable improvement upon its predecessor. The outlines are, for the most part, much longer. The "bones" are clothed with flesh, and something of the animating spirit breathes within. Sermons on special occasions we heard, but have not seen in print, are here fixed in type. A few of the outlines, apparently put in on the paltry ground of denominational representation, did not deserve to have their thin and feeble life prolonged; but most of them are strong, suggestive, and stimulating, and some of them are of a very high order indeed. It is a most valuable contribution to sermon literature.

THE EVIDENCES OF NATURAL RELIGION, AND THE TRUTHS ESTABLISHED THEREBY.

By Charles MoArthur. Hodder & Stoughton.

SPECIAL and increasing interest attaches to the investigation of the materials for a Natural religion. Deference to authority of all kinds is diminishing, and the witness of the Scriptures is convincing chiefly to minds that are prepared either by experience or by susceptibility to spiritual trustfulness. We must, therefore, recur again to the arguments for the religious life in the facts of the human constitution, history, and experience. That they are numerous and cogent this book shows in a truly convincing manner. The reasoning is calm, but strong. The citation of evidence is full, methodical, and concise; and the effect of a thoughtful consideration of this setting of facts and reasonings must be to prepare the mind for a practical faith in God and immortality, and a welcome for the "glad news" of Christianity.

THE MESSIAH KING. By James Withers. S. W. Partridge & Co.

THE object of the author is to secure a practical acknowledgment of the authority of Christ in our individual, social, and political life. He advocates the cessation of war, the establishment of an international tribunal, the purification of the statute-books of nations of all iniquitous and vice-favouring acts; and the doing of this forthwith, undeluded by any anticipation that such things will be instantaneously rectified by a "Second coming of Christ for a thousand years, and then relapse into their evil state afterwards." His book discusses at length, at far too great length, the subject of the Divine Government and its invasion by human authorities. The method is prolix, tedious, clouded: but the aim is most praiseworthy and practical.

AFTER-WORK, 1882.

THE TEACHERS' STOREHOUSE, 1882.

THE CHURCH, 1882.

THE BAPTIST MESSENGER, 1882. Stock.

THESE four annuals increase in attractiveness and capacity to interest and profit the different classes of readers for which they are prepared. Each contains valuable information, good counsel, and interesting sketches. The home will be brighter and purer in whose leisure moments *After-work* has a place; the class

will be richer and healthier than is fed from the *Teacher's Storehouse*; Christians will be wiser and holier whose attendances at *Church* are regular and constant; and those who give a welcome to the message of the *Baptist Messenger* will find a dozen cheering and stimulating sermons from C. H. Spurgeon, brief and interesting essays and papers on religious topics, and a disclosure of the experiences of a minister, in Pastor Grimes and his *Hard Times*.

REASONS FOR GIVING UP THE UNITARIAN MINISTRY. By REV. A. M. Creery, B.A. *Eliot Stock*.

THIS is a view of Unitarianism from within, and a statement of reasons for rejecting the Unitarian position, and withdrawing from the Unitarian fold. Mr. Creery says that the boasted freedom of Unitarians "extends, for the most part, only to those thoughts which tend towards negation," and that as soon as

the ministers proceed to affirm anything beyond the barest and coldest naturalism, bounds of toleration are passed. These letters show that in England and the States Unitarianism barely maintains its numbers unimpaired; and the writer maintains that "the Unitarian community, as a denomination, is doomed." These "Reasons" present a strong case against the theological teaching of Unitarians, and are calculated to aid those who are perplexed concerning the points that teaching embraces.

MOTTOES AND MESSAGES: A Packet of Letter Leaflets by Eva T. Poole. *Morgan & Scott*.

BRIGHT brief songs on various topics; some soothing to the sorrowful, others stimulating and directive to the despondent and perplexed, and all quick with Christian feeling. Letters will be richer that contain these leaflets.

Church Register.

Information should be sent by the 16th of the month to 51, Porchester Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.

CONFERENCES.

The LANCASHIRE and YORKSHIRE met at Todmorden, Jan. 17, 1883.

At the morning service we had a paper on "Missions; and the Relation and Duties of the Churches thereto," by the Rev. J. E. Barton. A pleasant conference followed; the writer was cordially thanked; and a resolution passed urging on the churches more effective organization, and more liberal support.

Afternoon session at 2.30. Rev. W. Sharman presided.

I. The reports given showed 55 baptized since Sept. meeting, and 28 candidates. The doxology and collection followed.

II. A cordial welcome was given to Rev. D. MACCALLUM, and all good wishes for his welfare.

III. It was agreed that the evening meeting of Conference shall be in support of "denominational institutions, and that each shall be represented more and not less, and the collection given to each in turn.

IV. A resolution was passed expressive of sympathy and good feeling towards Rev. J. LAWTON, and assuring him of our best wishes and prayers in his retirement from the ministry.

V. The new elections for the year are—*President*, Rev. J. K. Chappelle; *Vice-President*, Mr. Joseph Horsfall. The *Treasurer*, Mr. J. Lister, was thanked

and re-appointed. The *Secretary*, Rev. W. Gray, was cordially thanked; and Rev. J. T. Roberts, of West Vale, was appointed for the next three years.

VI. Next Conference to be held at Burnley, Enon, on Whit-Wednesday. Rev. R. Heyworth to preach in the morning; and the speakers for the evening, Revs. W. March, W. Sharman, J. E. Barton, and Mr. B. Midgley. W. GRAY, *Sec.*

The MIDLAND met at Old Basford on Tuesday, Feb. 13. The Rev. J. H. Atkinson, chairman for the year, presided. A devotional meeting was held in the morning. The Rev. E. Carrington preached from Matthew iv. 19.

Reports received, at the afternoon session, from 51 churches, stated that 492 had been baptized during the year, 63 restored to fellowship, and there were 101 candidates.

The Secretary also presented his reports, from which the following statistics were given:—According to "the General Baptist Year Book" and Society reports of 1882 there are in the midland conference 85 churches, 11,239 members, 37 ministers, 200 local preachers, 2,332 Sunday school teachers, and 20,598 scholars. 35 churches contributed to the Home Mission £193 5s. 11d.; 36 gave to the College £334 7s. 3d.; 69 to the Foreign Mission £1,533 1s. 11d.

The Rev. J. F. Makepeace, of Nottingham, was appointed to preach at the next Conference, to be held at Coalville on Whit-Wednesday, May 16. The Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., was requested to prepare a paper, to be read at the afternoon service, on "the Duty of our Churches towards Lapsed Members."

A public meeting was held in the evening, at which the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., presided. Addresses were delivered on Home, Foreign, and Sunday school work, by the Revs. T. R. Stevenson, R. Silby, A. Firth, and others.

J. SALISBURY, *Secretary.*

CHURCHES.

HEPTONSTALL SLACK.—*Young Men and Chapel Debts.*—On Saturday, Jan. 20, our young men made a most praiseworthy effort to liquidate the debt on the chapel. 224 persons sat down to tea, which was served by young men, who also gave the entertainment afterwards. John H. Beaver, Esq., Heptonstall Slack, presided, and in a short address explained the object of the meeting, and spoke of the persevering and untiring efforts of the young men in their endeavours to clear off the debt, and also of the desirability of freeing it from such an unpleasant incubus. The remainder of the programme consisted of addresses, readings, recitations, dialogues, glees, songs, and performances on the violin and concertina. Proceeds, £52 13s. 7d.

HEADCORN.—A week of evangelistic services has just been held, conducted by the Rev. W. Harvey Smith, assisted by the Revs. T. Thatcher, J. Birdseye, and the pastor, James A. Andrews. The attendance and interest were remarkably good. These services have been the means of creating an interest in the means of grace, and have led some to decide for Christ. We are much indebted to brother Smith for the deep interest he takes in our cause.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

BIRMINGHAM, Longmore Street.—A large company met at a social meeting Jan. 29. The spirit of interest, unity, and love, which prevailed made this meeting one never to be forgotten, surpassing, as it did, any of its predecessors. During the evening the pastor, A. T. Prout, on behalf of the church, presented Mr. F. W. Stephens (late organist) with some choice musical works, including Gounod's "Redemption." The choir enlivened the proceedings with song.

BULWELL.—Tea meeting on Shrove Tuesday. Attendance nearly 100. Full

of interest. Addresses by Messrs. Cox, Mager, Redmile, Oldham, and Holmes. The pastor, J. R. Godfrey, presided.

CLAYTON.—The annual tea and festival on Shrove Tuesday. An excellent knife and fork tea was provided. 370 present. Mr. N. Drake presided. Number of members is 205. Addresses were given by the Revs. R. Nichols and J. Haley, Mr. Joseph Holt, and the Rev. W. Hambly, pastor. Proceeds, £8 15s. 3d.

LONDON, Commercial Road.—The Rev. J. Fletcher's ninth anniversary tea and public meeting took place on Tuesday, Feb. 13. G. Carter, Esq., in the chair. Speakers, Revs. J. Morgan, E. H. Ellis, and R. H. Gillespie. The meeting was most enjoyable. The printed report of the year's work shows an addition during the year of thirty-four members by baptism, and nine by letter. The weekly offering is £21 beyond last year. This is an advance for the ninth year in succession. The new organ, which cost about £172, has been paid for, and there is a balance of £11 16s. 6d. in hand. There is also in hand £31 19s. 3d. from the last Christmas tree. But all this will be quickly swallowed up in beautifying the school-room, and in effecting sundry other improvements in various parts of the building. The general receipts of the year from weekly offerings, collections, subscriptions, etc., for all purposes, amount to £84 17s. 9d.

HUCKNALL TORRKARD.—Jan. 29, a hundred of the members took tea together. The income of the church during the year amounted to £574. Out of this sum £160 had been devoted to the reduction of the debt, £80 in payment for painting and beautifying the chapel, and £35 toward a new warming apparatus; the remainder in support of the minister, in meeting incidental expenses, the interest on the debt, and the carrying on of the Sunday-school. The tone of the meeting was decidedly hopeful.

BAZAARS.

BRADFORD, Tetley Street.—Our Christmas-trees and sale of work realized over £60. It was opened by Mrs. W. H. North, one of our own friends, who kindly gave ten pounds. Our usual annual Christmas tea was a grand success.

HUGGLESCOTE BAZAAR.—"And still," as our advertisement sheet shows, "they come." The ancient church at Hugglescote has been "a succourer of many;" and churches she helped in days past are now dwelling in a large place. Three new chapels in twenty years have been built by

our friends, and it is in the heart and on the conscience to build a fourth at *Ellistown*. With the debt on the Hugglescote chapel reduced they will be free for this advance in Village Nonconformity. This is a good work, and deserves aid.

NOTTINGHAM, *Hyson Green*.—The "Evergreen Bazaar" was opened by Mr. Alderman Burton, and has resulted in a nett gain of £260 to the Building Fund. The church and pastor are very grateful for the kind and generous aid they have received. This important movement progresses. R. Johnson, Esq., is giving £50 this year; Henry Ashwell, Esq., £20; James Ashwell, Esq., £10; and the church at Broad Street is taking up the matter right heartily. This work has long been voted "urgent."

NOTTINGHAM, *Woodborough Road*.—The Alpine Village Bazaar was opened by the Mayor, Ald. Lindley, Lieut.-Col. Seely, M.P., and Sir John Oldknow, and the pastor, Rev. G. H. James, taking part in the ceremony. Business was brisk, patronage generous, and the takings £720.

SWADLINCOTE—A conversazione and sale of articles was held, Jan. 16 and 17, 1883. Joseph Spray, Esq., of Nottingham, opened the proceedings. The result exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Nett result, £80.

SCHOOLS.

LOUTH, *Eastgate*.—Anniversary services were conducted on Feb. 11 and 12, 1883. Preacher, Rev. James Maden, of Sheffield. Proceeds £11 18s. 3d. The report of the school showed a degree of prosperity in excess of all former years.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—The annual tea took place Feb. 5. 200 were present. A public meeting was afterwards held in the chapel, the pastor presiding. 51 scholars received prizes from Mr. W. M. Grose for attending 104 times during the past year, and many others were awarded the school prizes—distributed by Rev. S. Hirst—for making a smaller number of attendances. The report, read by Mr. Alfred Wright, showed the school to be in a generally satisfactory condition, though it had fallen off slightly in numbers during the last quarter. The Young Peoples' Service, Christian Band, Band of Hope, and the Juvenile Missionary Auxiliary, were all reported as being in a healthy state, and increasing in numbers; the last mentioned had raised £25, during the year, towards the sum of between £40 and £50 remitted to the Orissa and Home Missions.

OUR MINISTERS.

MADEN, REV. JAMES, of Sheffield, has accepted a very cordial invitation to the pastorate at OLD BASFORD, NOTTINGHAM, and commences his ministry March 4.

TEMPERANCE.

LOUTH, *Eastgate*.—In Dec., 1882, a Total Abstinence Society was formed, which now numbers 60 members. Its first entertainment was given Feb. 7, and developed considerable enthusiasm.

BAPTISMS.

BOSTON.—Four, by J. Jolly.
BRADFORD, *Telley Street*.—Ten, by B. Wood.
BULWELL.—One, by J. R. Godfrey.
COALVILLE.—Four, by F. Pickbourne.
HEADCORN.—One, by J. A. Andrews.
KIRBY-IN-ASHFIELD.—One, by W. Massey.
LINEHOLME.—Five, by J. Sortill.
LONDON, *Præd Street*.—Four, by W. J. Avery.
" *Westbourne Park*.—Thirteen, by J. Clifford.
LOUGHBORO', *Wood Gate*.—Four, by C. W. Vick.
NORWICH.—Three, by W. B. Taylor.
PETERBOROUGH.—Eleven, by T. Barrass; but three of them remain in connection with the Primitive Methodists.
SHORE.—Two, by J. K. Chappelle.

MARRIAGE.

BAILEY—MARSHALL.—Feb. 16, at Woodgate Chapel, Loughborough, by the Rev. C. W. Vick, Charles Lacey Bailey, elder son of the late Rev. W. Bailey, formerly of Orissa, to Mary Louisa (Looloo) eldest daughter of Thomas Whittle Marshall, Bank House, Loughborough.

OBITUARIES.

BURTON, MRS. SARAH, widow, Prospect Place, Radford, Nottingham, finished her course Jan. 31, 1883, aged 76 years. Her early life was chequered. She was twice married, bereaved of her husbands, children, and also of an adopted niece. It was not till after her second marriage that she sought and found the Saviour of sinners. She was baptized on Aug. 7, 1859, at Nottingham. For twenty-four years Mrs. Burton held on the even tenor of her way. Her house became a pilgrims' rest, a home for both pastors and pulpit supplies. There Pickering, Hunter, Syme, Lewitt, Plowright, Shaw, and others, found a hand ever ready with the grip of welcome. On special occasions, such as baptisms and anniversaries, for many years our sister invited the candidates and ministers to partake of her hospitality. Her social position was a real and timely acquisition to the feeble cause at *Friesland*, as it was then designated. The Christian character of Mrs. Burton, like her person, was stately, erect, and decided—a staunch Baptist; in trade exact, highly respected by all who knew her best, and particularly esteemed by those who had business transactions with her for half a century. In reproff faithful and severe, in counsel wise, sober, devout, and always courteous, regular, and cheerful. A friendly neighbour, she was a great benefactor to the sick, poor, and aged. It was the privilege of the departed to witness the erection of the second sanctuary, and to assist in nearly freeing it from debt; and besides making a liberal provision for her relations, "she did what she could" for the institutions of the church and the claims of

local charity. Towards her latter end, increasing weakness and more frequent absence from the means of grace were observed. "She was missed;" yet her descent into the valley was gradual.

"As sets the morning star, which goes not down
Behind the darken'd west, nor hides obscured
Among the tempests of the sky, but melts away
Into the light of heaven."

In harmony with her active life, our sister duly arranged her earthly affairs now, and then whispered "a desire to depart to be with Christ;" and having just survived to congratulate the deacons on the report of the past year, the success of the Christmas party, and the happy annual meeting, she gently fell asleep in Jesus. It is gratifying to record that two of the four deacons are nephews, and about a dozen more relations are members of the same church. Her life-story was the subject of an address to an overflowing congregation, Feb. 11, 1883, by the writer, W. RICHARDSON.

HRNMAN, ELIZABETH, died at Hinckley, Jan 17, 1883, aged 89 years. She united with the Baptist church under the ministry of the Rev. James Taylor, and continued a consistent member more than forty years. Our departed friend was distinguished for her extensive acquaintance with the scriptures, and for her prayerful and trustful spirit. She will be long remembered as a striking instance of cheerful and unaffected Christian piety. J. S.

KNIGHT, WILLIAM CORNELL, of Louth, died Jan. 22, 1883, aged 68. For 28 years he had been a member, and for 17 years a deacon, of the Eastgate church.

NICHOLSON, CAROLINE, the beloved wife of Mr. Benjamin Nicholson, of Mornington House, Sheffield, was born on the fourth of Feb., 1815. Her father died while she was very young. Her mother was a most pious and devoted Wesleyan, and she joined the same society at a very early age. After marriage and settlement in Sheffield, she and her husband continued a considerable time with the Wesleyans, but finally joined our friends, then worshipping in Eyre Street, and were both baptized about twenty years ago by the Rev. H. Ashberry. She has been a peaceful, loving, devoted, and generous member of the church in Cemetery Road. Very many pastors have enjoyed the comforts of her hospitable and happy home. "She hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also." In her sickness she was resigned to the Divine will, and was cheered by a "good hope through grace" as she anticipated the full enjoyment of the heavenly life. She saw her ten children comfortably settled in life, and was spared through her forty-seventh wedding-day, Jan. 25, but early on the following morning she fell asleep in Jesus, and entered into rest, aged sixty-seven years. At the funeral, in the General Cemetery, very many friends showed their profound sympathy with the bereaved husband and family, and on the first Sunday evening in Feb. the Rev. J. Maden preached her funeral sermon from Rev. v. 9, 10, "And they sing a new song," etc. The pastor expressed the hope that her birthday (Sunday, the 4th of Feb.) might be joyously spent in her Father's house, and that among the singers of the new song, she might recognize her dear departed son-in-law, Mr. H. T. Green, formerly one of the organists in Cemetery Road Chapel. J. M.

QUINEY, WILLIAM, the venerable and well known senior deacon of Commercial Road Chapel, London, finished his earthly course on Sunday, Jan. 7, 1883, at the age of 80. Giving his heart to the Lord 64 years ago, he became a member of the church at Commercial Road in 1829, and he remained a devoted and active member of the same church to the day of his

death. At the time of his departure he had been a deacon for 29 years. He was a thorough General Baptist; and no man was ever more attached to his own place of worship. His place was never empty as long as he could get out of doors at all. He was at all meetings on Sundays and week-days alike, in winter and in summer. In this respect his life will always be a pattern to those who come after him. In his latter days he shared the conservatism so common to advancing years, and consequently he was not fond of change. Nevertheless he took very kindly to all the alterations of the last nine years; and many a time his eyes would fill with grateful tears as he saw the goodness of the Lord to church and people. A large congregation assembled at the funeral, and the pastor preached his funeral sermon to an overflowing audience from the words in 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. "The fight he fought, the course he finished, the faith he kept," furnished admirable topics for bringing out the leading features of our friend's character, whilst "the crown that will be his" enabled him to speak of the best assurance with which Mr. Quiney, like "Paul the aged," greeted death and anticipated the coming of his Lord. J. F.

SAVILLE, STEPHEN, died at Hugglescote, Jan. 1, 1883, aged 77 years. His wife, Jane Saville, died on the 18th of August last, aged 73, after a consistent Christian course. They were both baptized in April 1830, and united with the church during the ministry of the Rev. T. Orton. Mr. Saville honourably filled the office of deacon of the church for many years, until he was obliged to relinquish his duties about two years ago through the infirmities of age. He was a good man, of unswerving integrity, of blameless reputation, and of a remarkably meek and quiet spirit, and continued ardently attached to the cause of Christ to the end of his days. J. S.

SCOTT, MATTHIAS, was born at Kings Newton, 1808. His father is still remembered by a few as a deacon of the church at Melbourne, and as the occupant of a farm house where Christian visitors, especially ministers, were received with the most cordial hospitality. This third son was apprenticed to the trade of a draper and grocer at Castle Donington, under Mr. Thos. Bakewell, a remote relative. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he took a situation at Wirksworth, and soon succeeded to the business of his master. Being baptized by Mr. Richardson, he became an active member of the church at Wirksworth and Shottle. In the course of a few years he began a second business at Melbourne, removed his own residence thither, but drove to Wirksworth every week—a distance of more than twenty miles—to superintend his establishment there. Having remained single until he was over forty years of age, he married Miss Bissill, of Sutterton Grange, which, like the house of his own father, has been long known as a minister's temporary home. In the year 1852 he disposed of his business at Wirksworth and Melbourne, and succeeded to the ownership of the Sutterton Grange farm. On settling in this rural home he joined the church at Sutterton, and was speedily chosen to be a deacon. In this capacity he continued, rendering valuable help to its interests, by his presence and purse, to the end of his active life. Like his own sainted father he was a minister's friend, and a liberal supporter of our connectational institutions. Once he was appointed chairman of the General Baptist Association. Advancing age and failing health caused him to retire to Boston, where, after a long confinement to his bed, he calmly breathed his last, Oct. 30, 1882, aged 74. He was buried among the graves of the Bissills and Mrs. Bampton, of Orlean memory, in the chapel ground at Sutterton. W. U.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

MARCH, 1883.

The Orissa Conference.

Cuttack, Jan. 10, 1883.

OUR Orissa Conference has again been held at Cuttack, and has been a time of more than ordinary interest. Once more it devolves upon me to give the friends of the Mission a brief account of what has been done. And I begin with

THE PUBLIC SERVICES,

which began on Lord's-day, Dec. 24. The first Oriya sermon was preached at 8 a.m., by Gideon Mahanty, from Jeremiah xxiii. 28, "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully." He was rather young to be selected to preach on such an occasion before grave and reverend seniors, but the sermon was creditable to the head and heart of the young man. The afternoon sermon was by the writer, on the importance of a firm adherence to the one gospel, and was founded on Gal. i. 8, "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel," etc. In the evening Mr. Pike preached an earnest and impressive sermon in English on consecration of heart to the service of God from 1 Chron. xxix. 5, latter part, "And who, then, is willing," etc. The attendance at all the services was good, but especially so in the afternoon. A daily service was held as usual through the week, one being held in the College, another at Peyton-sae and a third at Satahat, the others were held in the chapel. On Wednesday evening Mr. Miller read an appropriate and practical paper on the importance of scriptural discipline.

THE CONFERENCE MISSIONARY MEETING

was held on Thursday evening: the attendance was all that could be wished, and the meeting was the best we have ever had; or, to say the least, one of the best. Mr. Bailey presided, and addresses were delivered by Ghanushyam, Shem Sahu, and Makunda Das. All felt it good to be there. The temperance meeting was on Friday evening. Dr. Stewart presided; and as it was a mixed congregation he spoke both in Oriya and English. Addresses were also delivered in English, urging the claims of the cause, by Mr. K. Bond, Babu Muddhoo, Sudan Das, and Mr. Mulholand; and in Oriya by Makunda Das. The attendance was larger than

on any former occasion, and the meeting was a very lively and interesting one.

THE MEMORIAL OF THE LORD'S DEATH

was observed on the following Sabbath afternoon, the 31st, when addresses were delivered in Oriya and English by the pastors, and prayer was offered in Oriya by Sebo Patra. It was a time of much hallowed emotion. We remembered that at the last conference communion our beloved brother, Mr. Brooks, united with us; and that a few days after he finished his useful course. We sang on that occasion, and we sang again with deep feeling on this—

“Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;”

and sought to realize (O, how precious to do so!) that we are one in spirit with all, however distant, who are working for Christ on earth, and with all who are enjoying His blessed presence in heaven. Other special services were held, especially those in connection with the opening of our new school-room, which rendered this conference a memorable and important one.

THE BUSINESS OF CONFERENCE

was varied and important—was fully discussed, and, to a gratifying extent, harmoniously settled. No angry words embittered our intercourse, or estranged our affections. Mr. Bailey was chosen to preside over our deliberations, and Mr. Pike to assist the Secretary, for the work of the conference has much increased since the writer was first appointed to the post, more than thirty-five years ago. At two of our sittings the native ministers, students, and several delegates from the churches, united in our deliberations, and aided us by their counsel.

THE PERSONAL CHANGES OF THE YEAR .

came under review; and as Mr. and Mrs. Wood, of Berhampore, had, two months before our meeting, retired from the field in consequence of sickness, and as the Committee at home had been compelled to concur in the necessity for this painful step, we expressed our deep sympathy with them in their affliction, and our hope that a happy and useful future awaited them in the fatherland. We also acknowledged the great goodness of our heavenly Father to our dear friend, Mr. Bailey, while absent from us, affectionately welcomed him on his return, and expressed our hope that many more years of holy and useful service in Orissa would be granted him. (God bless his children in the dear old country!) The Committee had suggested Berhampore as Mr. Bailey's location and, in view of its being a very important part of our wide field, and of its being at the present time without missionary oversight, it seemed to him and to the other brethren that it was the will of the Lord that he should labour there. May he go in the fulness of the blessing of Christ. We also gave a kindly welcome to our new friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mulholland, who three weeks before had, with Mr. Bailey, reached Cuttack; and, in addition to the important work which claims Mr. M.'s immediate attention at the press, we have no doubt that he will in other ways, as a minister of Christ, further the good cause. But *we want more help*; and we all feel this very strongly. We recalled to the attention of the

Committee the application of last year for a first class School-master,* so that native lads, while learning English, may receive Bible instruction, which cannot be given in a Government school; and, with still more urgency, we pleaded for one or more to be sent out whose great work shall be to preach the gospel. O that I could stir up your pure minds to consider the vastness of the field, and the small number of the labourers. What are we among eight or nine millions of souls, "without hope, without Christ, without God?" I have often pleaded with you in former years on this point, and necessity is laid upon me to do it again. As Milton says, when God puts the trumpet into a man's hands, and tells him to blow, he *must* do it. So I feel that while I am in this tabernacle I *must* plead with you to send us more help. Will not the Committee—will not all the friends of the Mission—awake to their responsibilities in reference to Orissa? I know you love the Mission. I have no doubt that many of you remember it in your best moments when alone with God, and am confident that while you do this it can never sink. I know how cheerfully and liberally some of you (I say not this of all) contribute to its funds. I am not ignorant of the praiseworthy and noble exertions of hundreds of young friends, and it is a most blessed thing for them to begin life seeking to do good to others; but let us not forget that the permanence and stability of the work depend on a succession of holy and faithful men and women being sent from the fatherland; and able and earnest workers raised up in the field. The time has not come when the vigilant oversight of the English missionary can be dispensed with. The native ministers cannot say to the missionary, any more than the eye can say to the hand, "I have no need of thee;" and far be it from any of us to say to them, "We have no need of you;" for there are those—O that the number were greatly multiplied—of whom we can thankfully say, they are our glory and joy.

I have not said half what I intended, but this is long enough for one letter. The remainder, if God permit, shall be sent soon.

JOHN BUCKLEY.

Opening of New School-Rooms, Cuttack.

It will gratify all who have helped us in this good work to know that the new building was opened on New Year's Day, and solemnly dedicated to the purpose for which erected—the scriptural education of the young. The first service was in Oriya at 3 p.m., and was presided over by Mr. Miller. The English service was in the evening at six o'clock; the attendance was numerous and respectable. Both the services, I may add, were held in the centre room of the new building, which is admirably adapted for such gatherings. J. Buckley presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. Mulholland. After the chairman's address, Mr. Bond gave a brief account of the English Sabbath-school and its work. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Pike shared our joy on this memorable occasion, and expressed their warm appreciation of the noble liberality

* It may be well to explain that Mr. Young, who is expected in a few days, is coming out as Head Master to the European school, and his coming is no expense to the Mission, while we hope that, in addition to his primary work, he will, in various ways, serve its interests. The application last year was for a first class English school for native youths.

of our esteemed friend, Dr. Stewart. The closing address was delivered by Dr. Stewart, in which he expressed his pleasure in seeing so many friends gathered together on so interesting and joyful an occasion; and referring to the kind expressions used in reference to himself, quoted (as he had done at the Oriya service) Psalm cxv. 1, as expressive of his own feelings—"Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."

THE TREASURER'S STATEMENT,

which it devolved on the writer to make, was as remarkable as it was satisfactory. It was as follows: amount received, 16,392 rupees, or at 2s., £1,639 4s.; sums expended to date, 14,892 rupees, or £1,489 4s. So that the building, which was estimated to cost 10,000 rupees, has already cost nearly 15,000 rupees (£1,500). The balance in the treasurer's hands of 1,500 rupees (£150) will be required to finish the work, and probably a little more. It is peculiarly gratifying to me to add that our generous friend, whose noble offer stimulated us to "arise and build"—I mean the offer to give 5,000 rupees (£500) when it was estimated that the cost would be 10,000 rupees (£1,000)—has already given, within a trifle, *twice the sum he promised*, and I have no doubt that before the work be quite finished it will exceed *twice the amount*. This will be, I am sure, as gratifying to our friends to read as it is for me to write. I am confident that none of our friends at home will regret what they have done to help us in this good work, except it be that they did not do more. At any rate those who helped us the most will experience the purest and highest satisfaction. Reference was made at this delightful service to the kind help of R. Johnson, Esq., and other valued friends, nor did we forget to acknowledge the good service rendered by our respected Secretary in urging our friends month by month, through the pages of the *Observer*, to help in the good work. It was felt to be specially gratifying that so much help had been received from Sunday Schools at home. The total amount received from England up to date is Rupees 5,461. Five thousand, four hundred and sixty-one, and a little more is, I believe, on the way. Great praise, it should be added, is due to the architect, F. Bond, Esq. It is a noble, commodious, and really beautiful building.

We began this joyous service with Milton's paraphrase of Psalm 136, written when he was a lad of sixteen,—“Let us with a joyful mind”—and ended it with “Praise God from whom all blessings flow.” The service of song added to the interest and attractiveness of our meeting; and Mr. Miller pronounced the closing benediction. New Year's Day, 1883, was a very memorable one to us at Cuttack.

My story is not finished, Matthew Henry used to say that the end of one mercy was the beginning of another, and that to a Christian man the end of one duty should be the beginning of another. The good old Book says, and we should stedfastly adhere to its teaching in what we *do* as well as what we *believe*,—“The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand.” It will interest my readers to know that the benevolent impulse that originated our New School building has not exhausted its energy, but is “devising” other “liberal things,” one of which I may mention. You know that we

have a *European Orphanage* here, and that it is already doing its charitable work, but

AN ORPHAN HOME

is much needed to accommodate the inmates, and to give permanence and stability to the Institution. This Home Dr. Stewart has determined to build at his own expense; and as he believes in the inspired injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," you may expect soon to hear that it is begun and vigorously prosecuted. The Orphanage is under the control of an undenominational committee; but the Home or building will not be under the management of the committee, as it is intended to erect it on a site which has been held by the Mission for forty or fifty years. We all heartily wish success to this new project. What Nathan said to David under a misapprehension we may safely say in such a case as this, "Do all that is in thine heart, for God is with thee."

JOHN BUCKLEY.

Missionary Progress in India.

THE Fourth Decennial Statistical Tables of Protestant Missions in India, Burmah, and Ceylon have just been published in pamphlet form by Messrs. Thacker, Spink, & Co., of Calcutta. These tables were prepared, at the request of the Calcutta Missionary Conference, by the Revs. H. P. Parker, M.A., and J. E. Payne, and are the result of an amount of patient and painstaking labour which none but those who have attempted such work can appreciate. The work has been, on the whole, well done, and, where defects are observed, it will usually be found that the fault is with those furnishing the information rather than with the compilers.

The general result, as shown in these tables, is highly satisfactory. After making every reasonable deduction for errors, the unquestionable fact remains, that *Christianity is making steady and rapid progress in India*. Counting by decades, it is nearly impossible to be misled by exceptional movements in single districts, especially when so wide a field as India and Burmah is embraced in the statistics. The ratio of increase far exceeds that of the churches in England and America. It is especially noteworthy that the ratio of increase rises with each decade. Thus, in the decade 1851 to 1861, it was about 53 per cent.; from 1861 to 1871, about 61 per cent.; and from 1871 to 1881, it was 86 per cent. The relative increase of communicants is higher even than that of the nominal Christian community. In Ceylon, the decennial increase is about 70 per cent.; and in India, more than 100 per cent. The following figures will show the progress in India, Burmah, and Ceylon, with the aggregate for all three divisions.

NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

	1851	1861	1871	1881
India	91,092	138,731	224,258	417,372
Burmah	No returns.	59,366	62,729	75,510
Ceylon	11,859	15,273	31,376	35,708
Total	102,951	213,370	318,363	528,590

COMMUNICANTS.

India	...	14,661	24,976	52,816	113,325
Burmah	...	No returns.	18,439	20,514	24,929
Ceylon	...	2,645	3,859	5,164	6,843
Total	...	17,306	47,274	78,494	145,097

Reckoning by provinces, we find, to our surprise we must confess, that the largest relative increase has been in Bombay; the pamphlet is in error in putting the Panjab at the head of the list. The rate of increase of the various provinces for the decade is as follows:—

Bombay	180	per cent.
Panjab	155	"
Oudh	111	"
Central India	92	"
Madras	86	"
Bengal	67	"
North-West Provinces	64	"
Burmah	27	"

The largest aggregate increase has been in Madras, where 299,742 Christians are reported, against 160,955 in 1871. The present number of Christians in the various provinces is as follows:—

Madras	299,742
Bengal	83,583
Burmah	75,510
Ceylon	35,708
Bombay	11,691
North-West Provinces	10,390
Central India	4,885
Panjab	4,672
Oudh	1,329

The most surprising, and perhaps the most significant, increase has been in the department of women's work. Not only have four new ladies' societies entered the field since 1871, but there has been an amazing development of indigenous workers. In 1871 there were 947 "native Christian female agents" engaged in missionary work. In 1881 there were no less than 1,944. The number of European and Eurasian ladies reported in the tables is 541. Some of these were no doubt the wives of missionaries, but, when it is remembered that very many married ladies who do active Christian work were not reported at all, there can be no doubt that the successors of Lydia and Priscilla, and Phebe and Persis and the daughters of Philip, already outnumber the 586 men who, not many years ago, monopolised the use of the title "missionary." The progress of Zenana work has been astonishing. Ten years ago, Bengal had more Zenana pupils than all the rest of India put together. Now the North-West Provinces have the largest number of this class of pupils. The total number of female pupils has increased from 31,580 to 65,761.

Sunday-schools appear in these tables for the first time, and hence we cannot compare the present figures with those of any past date. It is evident, however, that there has been an enormous development of this department of missionary labour. No less than 83,321 pupils are taught in Sunday-schools, of whom one-fourth are non-Christian children. This is a little more than one-third the total number of pupils of both sexes enrolled in mission schools, from which it will be seen that there is still ample room for a very great expansion of this interesting work.

These statistics, as a whole, are full of encouragement, and afford abundant food for most careful and earnest thought. A new power is rising in the East, and, before many years, some startling problems will be forcing themselves upon our attention. It is exceedingly probable that the ratio of increase of the Christians in India will rather rise than fall for the next ten decades. There are many persons now living who will see from ten to fifteen million Protestant Christians in India before they get their release from toil in this earthly vineyard. For what God has wrought, and for all His wonderful promises for the days to come, let unceasing praise arise from all our grateful hearts.—From "*The Indian Witness*," December 16th.

Arrival of Mr. Young at Cuttack.

WE are thankful to state that the Rev. A. H. Young, M.A., who has been invited by the Committee of the undenominational Protestant Boys' School, Cuttack, to take the superintendency of that institution, has arrived safely at his destination. In a private note he writes:—

Protestant Boys' School, Cuttack, Jan. 17, 1883.

My dear Mr. Hill,—As you can see I have got to my journey's end, and, I am happy to say, all safe and sound, and in good health. The boxes have also come all safe outwardly; I cannot yet write of their contents, and I have sent to Dr. Buckley the two boxes for him. The little things entrusted to my care I have spoken of, and will deliver them up soon.

We had a very pleasant voyage from Madras to Calcutta, doing it in three days. I arrived there in time to catch the coasting steamer on the following morning. The brothers Sykes met me at the ship, and conducted me to the house of the elder brother, where I spent the night. There I received several letters from the brethren here, full of kindness and Christian regards, and promising me a hearty welcome. The *Sirdhana* leaving Calcutta on Saturday morning, staying at Diamond Harbour over night, brought me all safe to False Point on Monday morning. Then I joined the steam launch for Cuttack in the afternoon. The tide being unfavourable, and having a barge with opium in tow, we did not reach here until last night—Tuesday evening. On my arrival I was met by Mr. Mulholland and Dr. Stewart; and in the course of the evening I saw the whole mission staff, including Mr. Bailey and Mr. and Mrs. Heberlet. I have this morning seen the school buildings, and they are decidedly an ornament to the place. They were opened on new year's day for Sunday-school work, and I think they are to opened for the ordinary work on the 20th or 22nd of this month.

Notes and Cleanings.

WATCHNIGHT AT CUTTACK.—We have often found it good to spend the last hour of the expiring year in the house of prayer, and to begin the new year with a united resolve to devote it entirely to the service of our blessed Saviour. The watchnight service was well attended, and was felt to be a solemn and profitable time. J. Buckley presided, and prayer was offered by Dr. Stewart, Mr. Bond, W. Miller, and J. G. Pike. Suitable portions of scripture were read, interspersed with a few remarks by the Chairman; when the clock struck twelve we sang the new year's hymn with as much fervour as on former occasions, "Come let us anew our journey pursue," &c.

THE KHOORDAH AUXILIARY MISSION had its usual service on new year's morning at 10 o'clock. The sermon was preached by Shem Sahu, from Romans xiii. 11, "And that knowing the time," etc. Amount of collection not known to the writer. J. B.

ROME—OPENING OF A NEW HALL FOR EVANGELIZATION.—I am glad to say that Mr. Wall has been able to open his new Sala in Trastevere. It is of good size, neatly and fittingly adorned, and is situated just where it is most needed. It was opened on January 16th by a public meeting, at which most of the missionaries and various ministers (the writer among the number) took part. There was a splendid audience of Trastiverini, many of whom, I should think, had never taken part in Protestant worship before. I have been informed that the meetings in the new Sala continue to be well attended, of which news I am glad. May this new venture be a great success, and result in leading many to a knowledge of Christ Jesus. N. H. SHAW.

MUNIFICENCE REPEATED.—I have pleasure to inform our friends of the Mission that Mr. John Rylands, of Manchester, has been so good as to send another hundred pounds for the general and special needs of our work in Rome. May this example be followed by others. As Duff said of India we may say of Italy:—"The field may become one of the richest in bearing luxuriant fruits. *We only want the necessary funds and qualified agents.*" And we do not see any good reason why both should not be forthcoming. N. H. SHAW.

Contributions

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from January 16th to February 15th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Legacy of late W. Wherry, Esq. ...	100	0	0	Birmingham, Lombard Street ...	0	19	6
Adelaide dividend ...	14	10	0	Broughton ...	0	9	0
Queensland " ...	11	12	0	Burton-on-Trent, Parker Street ...	1	0	0
New Zealand " ...	6	0	10	Chellaston ...	0	7	6
Barton and Barlestone ...	40	19	2	Coventry ...	0	10	0
Bradford ...	1	7	3	Derby, St. Mary's Gate... ..	4	10	9
Burton-on-Trent, Parker Street ...	5	2	3	Desford ...	0	10	0
Fleckney ...	1	0	0	Duffield ...	1	0	0
Grantham ...	1	11	6	Fleet ...	0	15	0
Kirby and East Kirkby ...	23	6	10	Grantham ...	0	7	0
Kirton-in-Lindsey ...	3	14	0	Hose ...	0	15	0
Kingscliffe, Wansford—Congregational	2	10	0	Ilkeston, South Street ...	0	10	0
Church Sunday-school ...	3	0	0	Ibstock ...	0	12	0
Long Wharton ...	3	0	0	Kilbarn ...	0	2	1
London, Borough Road ...	7	6	0	London, Commercial Road ...	4	15	0
Louth—the Misses Middleton ...	0	5	0	Long Sutton ...	0	15	0
Manchester, Moss Side Church—Mr.				Louth, Northgate ...	1	0	0
E. D. Pochin, per Rev. J. Turner ...	5	0	0	Loughborough, Woodgate ...	2	0	0
Nantwich ...	5	0	0	Lymington ...	0	10	0
Newthorpe ...	0	12	0	Melbourne ...	1	1	1
New Zealand—Wellington Baptist				Nottingham, Broad Street ...	3	3	0
Church ...	2	0	0	" Prospect Place ...	0	16	0
Walsall, Stafford Street... ..	53	7	5	" Hyson Green ...	1	1	0
" Vicarage Walk ...	34	11	9	" New Basford ...	0	12	4
				" Lenton ...	1	0	0
				Nuneaton ...	0	10	0
SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS				Sheffield ...	2	6	0
AND ORPHANS' FUND.				Stalybridge ...	1	0	0
Barton and Barlestone ...	1	4	7	Tarporley ...	1	5	6
Barrowden ...	0	15	0	Walsall, Vicarage Walk ...	1	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. BEMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, Mission House, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards, may be obtained.

How best to put the Way of Salvation before a Child?

IN trying to give an answer to the above question, it will be as well first to answer another, "What is salvation to a child?"

As I understand it, the teaching of God's Word is in exact conformity with the records of all history, viz., that there is something in man's nature (by whatever name it may be designated) that makes for evil; unless some power from God's good Spirit is brought to bear upon it, that nature will go on further and further into sin, until "sin, when it is finished, brings forth death." Salvation to a child, therefore, means deliverance from this *something*. Because, through following his own path, and choosing his own method of life, he must infallibly end in death, therefore salvation consists in accepting God's way, walking in God's path, and doing God's will. Our own way is sin, and sin means being lost; God's way is righteousness, and righteousness means salvation.

1st. In putting this way of salvation before a child we should, I think, place in the very forefront the character of God. It will all depend on what a child thinks of God whether he can trust Him thoroughly or partially, or not at all. There are some views of God's nature which render it almost impossible to trust Him at all. Let us avoid this terrible mistake. Invest Him with the attributes of transparent truth, perfect love, and limitless power. Get these ideas into the child's heart, and you will have laid the foundation of a cordial and undoubting confidence in His promises. Tell him that this true and loving God is Father, his own Father, and that salvation consists in a practical recognition of this relationship by loving and obeying Him as He asks and as He deserves. Tell Him that this Father is anxious and willing to receive him, and ready at once to blot out all the evil of the past, and to give him a name and a place amongst His children. Salvation will thus be made to appear what it really is; not so much a deliverance from penalty—although it is this—but as taking our right place as forgiven sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, with all the privileges, and, of course, with all the obligations which that relationship involves.

2nd. A child will understand this more clearly when referred to the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no department of Christian effort in which it is more important to remember the Master's words, "I am the Way." Jesus Christ is salvation; and a child can more easily understand God in Christ—God in the form of man—than as a Spirit, however grand or holy. He can catch more readily the thought of a living friend who saves through what He once did for our sins on the cross, and what He now does by His presence in our hearts. A child can grasp the idea without much effort of One close by him always; one who offers, in His Father's name, to receive and forgive; who pledges Himself to accept all who come, and help all who ask; one who never leaves and never forsakes; who thinks nothing little

that affects the welfare of the least of His little ones, but who is as willing to help them do their sums as resist their sins; one who is so truthful that, almighty as He is, He cannot lie, and who wants them to be as truthful as Himself, and will fight with them and for them when they do battle with dishonesty and deceit within and without them; a Saviour who is so great that He can conquer Satan, sin, and death, and yet so gentle that nothing pleases Him better than to take the hand of a little child and lead him up safely to His Father's home. It is true of one who is older; but more especially is it true of a child, that he will better comprehend the way of salvation when thus concentered in the person of Jesus Christ, the perfect photograph of His Father, the ever-living, ever present Saviour, Brother, and Friend. There is the additional advantage in this plan that Jesus Christ, having been Himself a child, a child can understand how this wonderful Being can understand *him*, his wants, his weakness, his trials and temptations, and thus be encouraged to tell Him about them all. There is no power greater than that of sympathy, and if we can impress on the young life that Jesus feels *with* him as well as *for* him, nothing will more assist him to go to that Friend for the succour and strength he needs. Further, Jesus Christ shows, in His beautiful life, just that condition of man's nature which salvation is meant to produce when its full effects are realized; the picture to which He will conform all His children one day, when their schooling here is finished, and the eternal outcome of His work for and in them is attained. So that He shows them "salvation" as a living model for their imitation in this world—salvation *from* sin—salvation *to* life.

3rd. It is important to impress on the child that the acceptance of salvation as a gift from God in Christ is possible at once. There is no need to wait for its possession till his more mature years. God's messages are for to-day. His offers are available now, and only for now. The coming into God's family through faith in Jesus Christ and His promises, and the surrender of his will to his Master's, can be done immediately.

4th. But while coming *into* the way of salvation is practicable at once, it is indispensable to set before a child the great truth that to be *in* the way of salvation does not necessarily imply the possession of a sinless heart and a spotless life. This is a mistake by no means uncommon. A young girl once said to me, "I want to be a Christian; but I am sure I am not one yet." A little conversation revealed the true state of the case. Believing in Christ, reading His word, praying earnestly and constantly for grace and strength to do His will, and striving in her life to obey His commandments, she was sure she was not a Christian because, to use her own words, "If I were a Christian I should never do anything wrong at all." Conscious defect was to her mind positive evidence of the absence of Christ's spirit within. And there are many like that amongst us, with sensitive consciences and grand ideals. Thank God for such. Would God there were more of them amongst both young and old. But these need to be taught that God does not wait to accept till His little ones are perfect. He accepts when they come, receives them as children at once, then helps them to become better and truer and wiser children, and at last perfect children

when they reach their Father's perfect home. Progress in the divine life may properly be described as a *fight* in which, by the help of God, the sin within can gradually be beaten down and destroyed, and that which is good developed; or as a *growth*, in which the weeds of evil are to be uprooted, and the seeds of the kingdom implanted. But under both aspects the idea of *continuous effort* on the part of the child himself must never be lost sight of. It must be with the young as with the old—their own responsible choice is involved in their coming into the kingdom in the first instance, and remaining in it to the end.

5th. The form of the question, "How best to put salvation before a child?" suggests another thought, viz., that while parents, teachers, and ministers must, and ought to, speak to families and classes and congregations, yet the most direct and impressive method is to put salvation before *each individual child*. Differences in disposition, temperament, intelligence, education, and training, exist often in such pronounced forms, that what may be plain to one is darkness to another. And the experience of those who have tried both methods (and these are the best qualified judges) is altogether on the side of personal conversation as the most successful means of winning the young spirits to Christ, and of helping them in their subsequent career as Christians, simply because thus, and thus only, can difficulties be met and removed, and doubts resolved; the most desirable portions of God's word for private study recommended, and what to pray for and how to pray described.

6th. If what has primarily been stated is correct, viz., that salvation in a child's conscience means the realization of the presence of a living Christ in his daily experience, is it not clear that in order to present salvation successfully to the little ones about us, we must be filled with the consciousness of that presence ourselves? No eye detects so quickly as that of a child whether our exhortations and directions come from our books or from our hearts; whether we bring forth our treasures from our memories, or from the secret stores of our own inner life. It is what we *feel* in what we speak that touches and wins other natures; and the Christ within us will make His blessed influence felt in them just in proportion as that influence is possessed and realized in our own experience.

7th. Is not a kind and loving manner necessary in order to put salvation in the best way before a child? Should not the gospel of love be told in words of love and tones of love if we want to lay hold of the easily impressed natures of the young. Remember we are to them not so much the exponents of Christ's religion as their ideal representatives of Christ Himself. A little wee thing of about four years of age was at her grandmother's house when a Christian friend was present. Hours after, when going to her little nest, she said, "Auntie, that gentleman said his prayers before he had his tea." "Yes, dear, he always does." "I wish we said our prayers when we have our tea. Hadn't he got a kind face, auntie?" "Yes, dear; because he loves Jesus Christ, and tries to be like Him. That's what makes him look so kind." "Isn't he Jesus Christ, auntie? I thought he was, because he was so kind." What does this mean but that some who are round about us, whose powers of reflection are not yet developed, take their idea of the Lord Jesus not only from what we say, but mainly, perhaps, from our manner

and spirit of saying it. Oh, that all of us may be so loving, so gentle, that many a young spirit may make the mistake that we and our Master are one.

Do we want any inducement to begin and carry on this work among the young? Shall we not find it in the fact that no collegiate training is necessary, but only a personal acquaintance with the Lord Jesus, a kindly loving spirit, and a readiness to give time and effort to ensure success? Shall we not find it in the refreshing to our own nature in being brought into contact with the bright fresh natures of the young? Shall we not find it in the thought that this work must be nearest to the heart of our Father God, not only because the weakness and ignorance of these little ones appeal so powerfully for our help, but also because saving an adult is to save only a piece of a man, while saving a child is to save a whole man from his beginning to his end? Shall we not find it in what all experience teaches, that men thus saved whole are the purest and the brightest, the best workers in Christ's kingdom, the most helpful friends of a world whose great hurt is sin, and whose great need is righteousness? And shall we not find it in the fact that it is the easiest of all the efforts our Master has called on us to attempt, for no one receives so readily, or retains so tenaciously, the spirit of the good true Saviour, as does the unhardened uncorrupted child? By all these considerations, then, let us labour heartily and persistently in putting the way of salvation before the children, and we shall find our works not only follow us to our heaven, but also be with us on our pilgrimage thither, in the shape of living workers who shall cheer and gladden us as they, in their turn, are God's chosen instruments of salvation to others.

S. D. RICKARDS.

"His Name shall endure for ever."

Psalm lxxii. 17.

LONG as the seasons keep
Their true, appointed time;
Long as the swelling deep
Lifts up its voice sublime;—
So long His name shall stand
In majesty secure,
And, over sea and land,
For ever shall endure.

Long as the grass shall grow,
And trees renew their bloom;
Long as the breezes blow,
And flowers emit perfume;—
So long His name shall yield
For human ills a cure,
And, to all flesh revealed,
For ever shall endure.

Long as the day and night
Alternate change their place;
Long as the moon's soft light
Illumes the earth's dark face;—

So long His name shall shine
With goodness to allure,
And, bright with love divine,
For ever shall endure.

Long as the sun shall raise
His banner in the sky;
Long as the stars' swift rays
Through trackless space shall fly:—
So long His Name supreme,
By oath and promise sure,
Almighty to redeem,
For ever shall endure.

Long as the heavens shall last,
And law and order reign;
Long as God's word stands fast,
And His decrees remain;—
So long Christ's Name, most blest,
Most gracious, and most pure,
By all His saints confessed,
For ever shall endure.

DAWSON BURNS, D.D.

Flaws in Christian Character.

How sadly the least flaw impairs the works of Nature and Art. A little dust in the eye vitiates, for the time at least, the keenest vision; a single scar ruins the fairest beauty; a trifling fracture mars the loveliest ornament; the least alloy debases the purest gold.

But defects in *character* are far more disastrous in their influence than imperfections in natural or artistic products. The fairer a thing is, the easier is it injured, and the more seriously affected by the smallest flaw. Christian character is the fairest of all things; the divinest thing—when it is what God means it to be—under the sun; and, therefore, it is the soonest soiled, the most fatally depreciated by the slightest defect. How small a speck of evil, could even this be found, would mar the spotless purity of Christ. And so with the character of the Christian—with the Christ in man; the least taint pollutes, the smallest imperfection degrades it. As the slightest cloud mars the beauty of the summer sunset, and a passing breath dims the brightness of the polished mirror, so character, like reputation—which is but character reported—suffers deeply, and often permanently, by a single flaw. “Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour.”

The disastrous effect of flaws on Christian character explains the frequency and emphasis with which the New Testament writers urge us to attain perfection. It is not a future, but a present perfectness, they enjoin. A relative and approximate perfection as essential and preparatory to that which is final and absolute. “If ye do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” “I press toward the mark. . . . Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded.” Practically, the apostles assert, what reason cannot fail to admit, that unless a thing be in some sense *perfect*, it does not answer to its name. A rose with half its petals strewed on the ground is not truly a rose. A vase, chipped or cracked, or minus handle or lip, is not really an ornament, but only a fragment. *Alloyed* gold is not pure gold. The commonest article is more perfect, if unflawed, than the costliest with a piece out, and more serviceable. And so, the Bible consistently avers, that partial, debilitated, onesided and disproportionate Christian character is *not* Christian character—not what God requires, man needs, and inspiration sanctions. However bits and scraps of artistic work may be treasured or admired, and whatever material value they may have, in the moral and spiritual realm *fragments* are worth little. Character that is disproportionate and inharmonious is precisely, in that degree, useless and injurious. In the spiritual world, at any rate, imperfection destroys integrity. “Ye shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.”

The nature of the Christian perfection thus enjoined upon us by Christ and His apostles, not as anything startling or extraordinary, but simply as our natural qualification for the name we bear, is very clearly defined in the New Testament. Its central principle, or essence, is not degree or quantity, but proportion and quality. There is no absolute standard of excellence which is insisted on. Christ is our example, but if we were bound to reach it, or perish, the issue would not be doubtful.

No: it is not any prescribed standard that constitutes Christian perfection, but the possession and manifestation of *all* virtues according to our strength and capacity. Consistency in the type of character, not faultlessness in expression, is the evident ideal of apostolic teaching on this subject. Nowhere are any particular graces urged on us as deserving special pursuit. Everywhere it is the uniform and proportional exercise of *all* to which we are called. Even charity, the crown of virtuous character, is only to be put on "above all" other virtues, as "the bond of perfectness;" not replacing, but only uniting them. As in nature, it is the proper relation of parts that constitutes perfection, and not the changelessness or absolute independence of the materials and processes, so in character, it is the due proportion and appropriate exercise of each elementary excellence that renders it, in the apostolic sense, "perfect," not the attainment of any vast degree or measure of either, or of all. Christian perfection is not presented to us in the Bible as a ladder or mountain up which we must laboriously climb, leaving the lower stages permanently behind us, and the topmost heights of which the many can never reach at all; but rather as a ring, or circle, which, though varying in size and material, may be, if without flaws in its substance, in each case perfect and complete. The Greek word rendered "perfect" does not signify anything surpassingly lofty or transcendental, but simply what is finished or completed; literally, something that has reached an end. And this obviously may be true of all degrees and shades of character. Even the small and the common ring is complete. Every circle is a circle, whether it encompass a dewdrop or a world. And so, if we had *every* Christian virtue, even in a moderate degree, we should possess the essential element of apostolic perfection. Indeed we might come nearer the Bible ideal than those who, with much larger excellences in certain directions, through their total lack of others, are wanting in moral proportion.

But while Christian perfection consists essentially in harmony of character, it is not independent of degree of excellence. On the contrary, the one is practically involved in the other. For this harmony is itself the foundation and primary condition of the highest virtue. Without consistency of character as a basis, healthy growth in Christian graces is impossible. We must have the ring of character complete before it can be enlarged and beautified. If here and there occur breaks in its substance, flaws and fissures, it is no longer a ring, and progress toward higher experiences is hopeless. One-sidedness in excellence destroys it. God Himself (could harmony be severed from infinitude) would not be perfect in degree, were He not, first of all, consistent in qualities. And thus, though no arbitrary standard of excellence is insisted on by the apostles as constituting Christian perfection, the element of degree is not lost sight of. The possession and exercise of all graces is the first thing; but growth in them, increase in them, is the second. But this increase is to be uniform. We are to "abound in everything," to "abound yet more and more." Advancement, indeed, must always be according to our measure. Some will never scale the heights reached by others. But in every case true progress must be equally on the lines of uniform proportion. All progress must be consistent progress. So that harmony of character, instead of contenting us with a low degree of excellence, is the secret and essential of the highest. C. FORD.

A Visit to Norway.

BY REV. WILLIAM ORTON.

No. I.—OUTWARD BOUND.

AT 10.30 a.m., Aug. 7th, 1882, I left the Royal Dock, Grimsby, in the good ship *Mangerton*. This vessel, which is now used as an ice-ship, was built for service in the Chinese seas, and is fitted up in a superior style. The crew consisted of ten men, including officers, and the only passengers were myself and a gentleman who accompanied me. The morning was fine. The Mayor, W. Jackson, Esq., who had given us a free pass, accompanied us, with other friends, to the ship. A small steamer took us in tow, and we glided smoothly down the Humber, with the Yorkshire coast on one side and the Lincolnshire coast on the other, passing Cleethorpes, the Middle Light, the Newsands Light, and Spurn Point, when we soon found ourselves beyond the mouth of the river, and in the open sea. The line that separated the river from the sea was distinctly marked. A sharp, but irregular, line divided the two; on the one side was the muddy yellow water of the Humber, and on the other the clear green water of the sea. This singular phenomenon was caused by the antagonism of the two waters—the current of the river was met by the rising tide, and the pressure of the two opposing forces prevented the gradual mingling of the waters, and caused the line of separation to be so clearly seen. Does not this show in a figure the true cause of many other sharply defined distinctions besides that of the Humber and the sea?

THE OPEN SEA.

The land now began to grow dim in the distance, and the tower of Grimsby was no longer seen. There was nothing within the range of vision but sea and sky, and here and there the smoke of a steamer or a distant sail. It was interesting now to observe for myself one of the well-known proofs of the earth's rotundity. A speck was seen on the water in the far distance. By the aid of a glass it was observed to be the topsail of a ship; other sails gradually rose into view, and last of all the lower and larger part of the vessel appeared above the horizon. It was evident that this fact could not be made to agree with the ancient theory that the earth is an extended plane, for even the sea itself had a rounded surface; and it was pleasant to see an illustration of the lesson learned at school that "the shape of the world in which we live resembles that of a ball." The same thing was afterwards observed from day to day.

THE SOLDIER'S WIND.

One day I observed a vessel taking a course directly opposite to our own. The two passed each other in parallel lines. The same wind was carrying the two ships in opposite directions. This may always take place when the wind happens to blow at right angles with the ship's course, for then the sails may be set either way, and the vessel will proceed with equal speed one way or the other. In nautical phrase this

is "sailing eight points to the wind," and this is called "the Soldier's Wind." Does not this illustrate a fact in human experience? Is it not often the case that the same influences produce opposite results? May not religious privileges be a blessing or a curse according to the use made of them? and the gospel itself be "the savour of life unto life," or "the savour of death unto death"?

A GRAMPUS.

One morning at about 10.30 a grampus appeared in view. The sun was bright and the sea was moderately calm, so that this strange visitor was seen to advantage. He was apparently following in the wake of the vessel, so that for some time there was an opportunity of watching his movements. Now he raised his huge body out of the water and displayed his broad black shining back in its full length, and then again descended into the deep; and so he followed on, rising to the surface and disappearing, sometimes coming very near to the vessel, as if about to seize it as his prey. At length, however, he turned aside from the ship's track, and, though his snorting was heard in the distance, we saw him no more.

A GLORIOUS MORNING.

I was on deck one morning at half-past five. There was a cloudless sky. Not an object was to be seen—not a bird or ship or cloud—nothing but sun and sky and sea. It seemed to me as if I was in a grand temple. All was pure—light, air, sea—everything but ourselves. Our presence appeared to be an intrusion into a sanctuary. What a place for worship! We seemed to be on the highest part of the round earth—nearer to heaven than we could be elsewhere—and other things and persons below the horizon, and we alone with God. I felt a deep reverence. All else seemed trifling in the august presence of the Creator. Never before did I so fully understand the words of Jacob when he said, "Surely God is in this place. How dreadful is this place. This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven."

A FISHING FLEET.

A fleet appeared in sight. It is the custom during part of the year for the smacks to go out fishing in fleets, and here was one of them. What an interesting sight! There were at least eighty-three vessels. We looked at them through the glass, and watched their movements, and saw the admiral (the vessel in command) and the steamer that received the fish to convey it to land, and wondered whether it was the Grimsby fleet, and whether our neighbours were there, and what was their success; and thought what a busy population is on the sea, and how few are the social and spiritual advantages they enjoy.

THE SHIP BECALMED.

It was now Saturday. It was the sixth day since we set sail, and I was desirous of spending the Sunday with the Christians of Norway; but alas! was doomed to disappointment. We sighted land at half-past two, but made no progress. There was no wind. The sea was smooth; there was not even a ripple. The vessel was becalmed. The sails hung loosely, and for hours we came no nearer the port. Is not

this an illustration of the need of divine influence? As the ship, even with its sails fully set, could make no progress without the wind, so we without the breezes of the Spirit, can make no progress on our journey to the better land.

A SUNDAY AT SEA.

The Sunday morning dawned, and we were not near the shore. It was a new experience to spend a Sabbath on the sea. The morning was bright, and I could see clearly in the water some of the dwellers in the deep. The jelly fish was an object of beauty. There were some of this family that were marked with pink, and surrounded by a delicate fringe; while others opened out like large and richly-tinted flowers, and had tentacles so numerous floating underneath as to have the appearance of a white veil of the finest texture. I watched these creatures with deep interest, and felt how blessed it was to worship God even in some of the less conspicuous of His works. I thought of friends who were assembling for worship at home, and tried to join them in their worship. It seemed easy now to understand the Psalmist who said, "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand," and also the Apostle when he spoke to his friends of being "absent" and yet "present in spirit." We held a service on deck at the time when thousands were gathered together for worship at home, and in the consciousness of contemporaneous worship, enjoyed "the communion of saints." It seemed a grand thing to worship God on the great sea, with nothing overhead but the vast canopy of the clear blue sky.

ARRIVED AT LAST.

It was Monday. The morning was lovely. The irregular coast line was clearly seen. At four o'clock the pilot came aboard. At about eight we passed the quaint looking lighthouse and entered the Sound, and sailing through the Langesund Fjord, by rocks and mountains bright with verdure, we cast anchor at Ramberg at half-past nine o'clock.

Next month the writer hopes to narrate some of his experiences in Norway.

Perils in the Pulpit.

I do believe the station of a popular preacher is one of the greatest trials on earth: a man in that position does not stop to soberly calculate how much, or rather how little, is done when there appears a great effect, nor to consider how immense is the difference between deeply affecting the feelings, and permanently changing the heart. The preacher who causes a great sensation and excited feelings is not necessarily the one who will receive the reward of shining as the stars for ever and ever because he has turned many to righteousness. Misery is a trial, but it makes this world undesirable; and persecution estranges a man from resting on earthly friends, and forces him to choose One whom he would never have chosen if any other had offered; but prosperity makes earth a home, and popularity exalts self, and invites compliance to the world. It is the old story of one winter in Capua effecting a ruin for Hannibal which neither the storms of the Alps, nor the sun of Italy, the treachery of the Gauls, nor the prowess of the Romans could achieve.

—F. W. Robertson's *Life and Letters*, Vol. I., pp. 24, 25.

Twelve Papers for Young Men.

IV.—LOYALTY TO GOD AT ANY COST.

In all great works of civil engineering and surveying one of the first things to be settled upon is what is called a base line, "a main line taken as a base of operations, and on the correctness of which the whole depends." All measurements are made from this base line. The elevation of the mountains, and the depression of valleys, are noted from this level. The amount of "cuttings," or of "fillings," required to bring a proposed road "to grade" are settled by a comparison with the assumed base line. Now, as in civil engineering and surveying, so in human character and conduct we must have a clearly defined base line of conviction, from which all measurements must be made unquestioningly. And what is the great base line of truth which should settle all the main questions concerning human conduct? Is it not this—LOYALTY TO GOD AT ANY COST? Do right, though the heavens fall. If the will of men—of any man—of any company of men—clash with the will of God, then, according to that sublime and significant utterance of Peter's before the Sanhedrim, "We must obey God rather than men." We must obey God under any circumstances, or at any cost to ourselves or to others. "It is a small thing that I live or die; but it is a *great thing* that I do *what is right* whether I live or die," said a true hero, when tempted to do wrong for the saving of his life.

Let us look at the application of this imperial rule of life in one or two particulars. Take the matter of *religious belief and confession*. Was not this principle recognised and followed by that great German Reformer, Martin Luther, when, standing at Worms face to face with the Emperor and with all the pomp and power of earth arrayed against him, he cried, "Here I stand, I can do no otherwise: God help me. Amen." He knew his life was in their hands; but neither to please Pope nor Emperor would he disobey God and belie his conscience; at whatever hazard he will speak God's truth—"Here I stand: I can do no otherwise." And since the great Reformer's time hundreds of martyrs in England and Scotland and other lands have recognized and held this same principle firm, even at the cost of life. They would not bend their religious faith to the demands of spiritual tyranny. They would not hide in their heart a truth they knew; they would not suffer conscience to be bound, or their voice to be silenced in witnessing for their King. If ever you are in Edinburgh do not fail to visit the old Grey Friars Churchyard. Find out there the Martyrs Memorial; read the old inscription; it may take some time to spell it out, for it is sadly weather-worn, but it will be worth your while to read it through. It will tell you that from May 27, 1661, to Feb. 17, 1688, there were murdered and destroyed for the cause of truth eighteen thousand, of whom were executed at Edinburgh about a hundred noblemen and gentlemen and ministers, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ, for whom was found no cause worthy of death, but only they were found constant and steadfast and zealous witnessing for the prerogatives of Christ their King. Above the will of priests and prelates, of nations and hierarchies,

was the will of God. They were loyal to His will, and they obeyed it at any and at every cost.

Young men, seek to learn God's will from God's Word; and then, when you are convinced that you discern that will aright, be true to your conviction, and to Him you profess to serve. Be faithful to Christ and His truth. And if you find in the teaching of men, even though they be such honoured men as John Calvin or John Wesley, or Dan Taylor, anything contrary to the teaching of Christ; if you find in the teaching of denominational creeds and catechisms, even though it be a denomination as venerated and beloved as our own, anything contrary to the distinct teaching of Christ, then, at any cost, and every cost, obey God rather than men, obey God rather than denominations. Be loyal to Christ though your loyalty cost you loss of place, or loss of fame, or loss of friends.

But this principle of fidelity to Christ at any cost is intended to *touch our life in all its points*. It is to be applied to all the relationships, all the engagements, all the duties, all the pleasures of life. It is to affect our conduct in the home, in the business, in the church, in all our intercourse with men under any circumstances. Amongst the many injunctions God has given for the ordering of our daily life He has left these two, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." In other words, we must act towards men in such a way as we should, in similar circumstances, desire them to act towards us. We must so act in all the details of life that our actions may show forth the splendour of God, and thus exalt Him in the eyes of men.

But there come times when, for temporal advantage, it may seem well to do things which certainly would clash with these divine injunctions. There are certain customs of trade, it may be, certain ways of business, certain dealings with work-people, which we know to be contrary to the spirit of the first injunction, and totally opposed to the second—they are not, and cannot be, for the glory of God—yet not to adopt them is to incur pecuniary loss. Then, again, there are certain customs of social life, certain practices of society, which we well know were never intended to exalt God in the eyes of men; but if these are not followed, or allowed by us, we must suffer to be stigmatized "puritanical and singular." What is to be done in these and similar cases? Must there be any connivance at evil, any bondage to fashion, any obedience to custom, any practise of wrong? Prophets, saints, apostles, martyrs, answer No.

Peter declared to that lordly Sanhedrim, "We *must* obey God rather than men." *Must*. We cannot speak with equal emphasis and reason of other things. There is not, that I am aware, any absolute necessity that we must be rich, or that we must occupy a certain professional or social standing, or even that we must live: but there is an absolute necessity for obedience to God. And, apart from this obedience, there are no riches worth acquiring, no interests worth preserving, no friends worth retaining, no life worth saving.

Young men, what is the great base line of your conduct, the imperial rule of your life? Is it worldly policy, or personal interest, or social

custom, or selfish desire? These all fail in the sight of God. There is only one safe, sure rule of life: it is this—obedience to God at any cost. Let this principle underlie every action of life, every step you take in life, every stand you make in life. Do right. Do right, whatever the consequences. Obey God. You may do wrong and get worldly riches. By meanness and cunning, and deceit and oppression, and disobedience to the great commands of God, you may get worldly wealth and worldly power: but you will have to carry an uneasy conscience, and live without the favour of God. And you may do right and suffer poverty. By justice and mercy, and obedience to God, you may have pecuniary and social loss: but you will have a clear conscience and the favour of God. It is better to do right and have a good conscience, and the favour of God, whatever else may follow, than to do evil and be rejected by God.

Resolve to be loyal to God at any cost. Say with grand old Martin Luther, "Here I stand. I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen."

J. H. ATKINSON.

Twelve Talks with our Girls.

No. IV.—"AFFECTATION."

MADAME DE STAEL, than whom perhaps no more attractive woman ever adorned a *salon*, or received more universal admiration from not only the greatest men but the most brilliant women of her time, once said most forcibly, when the affectations of many in society were being discussed: "I always feel like pinching affected persons, to see if they would cry naturally." She was impatient of absurdities, and extravagance fatigued her, and her historian says, that "the happy mean between imagination and good sense was always sought by her. Insanity, she would say, can be poetical, but nonsense never.

Yet I am convinced that many young ladies imagine that to be popular, to win praise and attention in society, they must be affected, they must talk in unnatural tones of voice, pronounce words with an affected drawl, laugh unnaturally, adopt an affected walk, "the Grecian bend" or some other style, and so make themselves conspicuous by their senselessness. In olden times there were not lacking silly girls of the same kind, whose actions disgusted the grand old prophet Isaiah, who spoke of them as silly, and "walking and mincing as they went," and we presume the world has never been destitute of such characters. But is it not strange that grown girls should affect such manners thinking they will please the best people, when it is only the silly, senseless ones who are not disgusted with them, while all history and experience shows that naturalness of manner, and sincerity of character always appeal to the finest sense, and merit, as they receive, the admiration of the truly noble?

While many persons seem at times to be fascinated by those of the opposite sex who, while devoid of high character, have a lively, but affected manner, yet their better judgment convinces them of the shallowness of such persons, and their are certainly few among our noblest gentlemen whose fascination for such is more than ephemeral.

Madame de Stael's father, M. Neckar, the great French financier, may serve as an illustration of the above statement. During the reign of Louis XIV. there was perhaps no man in the empire more popular than he. His financial ability and integrity were almost without parallel, and his policy of retrenchment and rigid integrity, as well as his Protestantism, made him enemies as well as hosts of friends, so that he was repeatedly displaced and then recalled again as Minister of Finance. On his dismissal, it is said, the theatres were closed, and his bust, draped in black, was carried through the streets; and, on his return, the people drew his carriage in triumph, and made all Paris jubilant.

At one time when M. Neckar was at the height of popularity, and possessed of more influence than perhaps any other man in the empire, he was for a while captivated with a fashionable widow, with gay but affected manners, and he even went so far as to address her; but she deferred her answer to his proposal of marriage, hoping for an offer from a more wealthy man. While away from France traveling, she wrote to him declining his proposal, but returning to Paris soon after, in company with a young Swiss governess, who was to instruct her son in Latin, she heard that the fortune of the banker had been considerably increased, and she therefore determined to accept him. But M. Neckar was so struck with the sweet, unaffected manners and the superior qualities of Mademoiselle Curchod, the governess, that his affections, not his fancy, were soon enlisted, and in a short time they were married. They lived together most joyfully, and he not only was proud of her, and called her his guardian-angel, but he freely acknowledged that all the subsequent success which distinguished him was inspired by her. So the daughter of a humble Swiss pastor, in a little hamlet of the Jura mountains, whose father, "with the characteristic good sense and economical forethought of the Swiss, knowing that she could have no better provision for the future than a well-furnished and well-disciplined mind, educated her so thoroughly that she was considered almost a prodigy by many in the little towns between Geneva and Lausanne, where, riding a mule from chateau to chateau, she gave lessons to the children of the nobility, became afterwards the wife of the great Neckar, and a leading spirit in the *salons* of Paris, when the *salon* was a centre of power, social, political and literary, and was blessed in being the mother of so remarkable a woman as Madame de Stael."

Some years previous to her marriage her learning, her beautiful manners, and her wit so won the admiration of Gibbon that he sued for her hand, but was prevented from marrying her by his father, who would not allow his son to marry a young lady without property. But long after Gibbon wrote, "though my love was disappointed of success, I am proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment."

Although Gibbon never married, it was his pleasure to enjoy frequent visits to the home of Madame Neckar, and he maintained throughout his life, it is said, an intimate friendship for herself and her husband.

When Madame de Stael was quite a little girl her father was in the habit of correcting her faults by a gentle raillery, and no exaggeration, no inaptitude of any kind escaped his attention. In after life she frequently said: "I owe to the incredible penetration of my father the

frankness of my character, and the naturalness of my mind. He unmasked all affectations, and I received from him the habit of believing that my heart was clearly seen." Those who met Madame de Staël spoke of her perfect sincerity, her child-like frankness in conversation, and in all her conduct as one of the most charming qualities of her womanly character.

Let our young girls imitate her in her sweet naturalness of manner, her perfect sincerity at all times and under all circumstances, and they will not only receive the admiration of those whose opinions they value, but will certainly become possessed of increased self-respect.

Pen Pictures of Nonconformity.

NO. X.—NONCONFORMITY THE GREAT EDUCATOR.

EIGHTY years ago not one in twenty of the children of this country was at school. It was a rare circumstance to meet a poor man who could read, and the immense majority of the working class not only could not write, but did not know how to hold a pen when they took one to make their sign or mark. Along with ignorance there went, as usual, a great amount of depravity, and even brutality. Churchmen, with the whole power of the State on their side, were doing little or nothing to improve this miserable state of things; and the Nonconformists, who had been crushed for generations by savage and infamous laws, were still under a great variety of pains and penalties, and were in anything but a favourable position to grapple with the educational destitution of the kingdom. But they had the spirit to make the attempt, and did a work which resulted in dotting the land with British schools, National schools, and ultimately with those best of all elementary educators, Board schools.

In the year 1796 a young Quaker, Joseph Lancaster, opened a school in his father's house, in Southwark, for the education of the children of the poor. He did this not for profit, but from simple benevolence. So strong was his zeal, and ardent his labour, that in two years he had more than a thousand scholars. He could not teach them all himself, but this great nonconformist was equal to the occasion. He first introduced the plan of instruction by pupil teachers, viz., that of employing the best educated boys as monitors to the younger scholars. His great success soon attracted general attention; there had been nothing like it in England before; and it became one of the fashions of the day to visit Lancaster's schools. Even royalty, in the person of George III., did honour to itself in the open and constant encouragement which it gave to the founder and his quite unsectarian principles. After twelve years of hard toil Lancaster had the well-earned joy of seeing the formation of "The Royal Lancastrian Institution for Promoting the Education of the Poor." This same institution was afterwards called the "British and Foreign School Society," so that we only need this information to perceive the name of Lancaster over the portals of British Schools, and we shall take the liberty of writing it in our

thoughts, as it actually deserves to be written, in letters of gold, over every National School in the land. By his own exertions, and the help of the Lancastrian Society, the noble Lancaster soon planted unsectarian schools for the poor in all the principal towns in England. It might be supposed that everybody was very glad, and that every minister of the gospel was certain to help this glorious enterprise. Whoever supposes anything of that kind makes a huge mistake.

Lancaster's great work at once met with the most tremendous opposition. The bishops and clergy of the State Church sounded a loud note of alarm the moment Lancaster's scheme became popular.

It may seem incredible to persons not familiar with the facts, but the truth is easy of proof, that the Church not merely opposed unsectarian education for the poor, but some of its representatives positively resisted the giving of any kind of education to the lower classes. Indeed, before we go any further, it shall be stated here that every sentence written in these Pen Pictures will be defended, by whomsoever challenged; and the reason for this statement is simply, that persons who read thoughtfully, but have neither means nor leisure to verify historic references, may feel no hesitation in accepting what, from the clinging good men have to the honour of human nature, might seem to be a possibly sectarian misrepresentation.

This said, *i.e.*, our foot flat down on the solid ground of truth, we return to the opposition of Mother Church to the splendid work the Nonconformists were doing to educate the indigent.

The King was remonstrated with for the sanction he had given to Lancaster; but O, horror of horrors! royalty would persist in believing that it was good to give knowledge to the people, even though it was given by dissenters. It could not have been mere whiskerless innocent curates who thus attempted to alarm the mind of the Sovereign; they had no access to him, and there were not so many of them as now give variety and ornament to the greater dignity of the beneficed clergy. No, it was the top of the ladder and not the bottom that was thus bearing against the royal tower of friendship for the people; but if only the top of this ill-placed ladder impinged, it leaned hard all the way down; and the simile holds good yet further, it must be a poor tower that could be shaken by a wooden ladder, and the whole weight of clerical influence failed to shake the friendly mind of the King. The reverends endeavoured to convince royalty that the greatest dangers must result from encouraging a dissenter who taught reading, and put the Bible itself into children's hands without the safeguards of proper gloss and comment, and the regulation assortment of articles of religion.

We may here quote the *Edinburgh Review*:—"We are credibly informed that the utmost effect of these artifices was to provoke the steady contempt of King George III., and that he never could be induced to get over the first difficulty of these fine-spun Jesuitical reasonings of ghostly councillors." The honest farmer king repeated to himself, we should fancy—"Eh, what! the evils of being able to read, the dangers of reading the Bible!" At all events, the *Review* tells that "The tempters soon perceived they had made a mistake, and they shifted their ground." Finding they could not persuade the King that the poor ought not to be educated, or, if educated, ought not to be

educated by Nonconformists, they raised the old cry once more of "The Church in danger." Whenever that frantic shout is critically considered, it will always be found to mean, not the peril of pure religion, but only the peril of bishops, deans, canons, and other such superfine persons.

There is no escaping this conclusion, because the cry has always been raised when the people were about to be benefitted politically, morally, or spiritually; and at this juncture, according to the most eminent churchmen, nothing was so dangerous to the Church as to elevate, instruct, and enlighten the masses. In charges and pamphlets without number Lancaster was denounced, and his schemes derided in the most unmeasured terms of abuse. Was ever such a dog-in-the-manger church? It would not educate the people itself, and vilified the Nonconformists who endeavoured to do so. No wonder the clergy are so silent about the history and politics of their Church—silence is their best refuge: but the consequence is a retribution again, for one of the scandals of English State Churchism is that no person is more ignorant of the origin and general results of the body to which he belongs than your average churchman. But we will leave the heroic Lancaster under the torrent of epithets and invective with which he was so liberally assailed—not, indeed, forlorn, for, as Robert Southey said, "Many attacked him because he was a Quaker, and the ignorance and bigotry with which he was thus assailed gave him all the advantages he could wish. Southey was not only a poet, but a great authority in Church matters; a churchman, too, so that we can trust his testimony about the ignorant opponents, who, by the way, were Church dignitaries.

In the next paper we shall see how ignorant bigotry was forced to follow Lancaster's lead.

E. HALL JACKSON.

The Tomb of Amplias.

THE archaeological researches in Rome of recent years have thrown much light upon the life of the early Christians in that city; but no discovery has produced such interest as that just announced of the tomb of Amplias. Says Paul, in Romans xvi. 8, "Greet Amplias, my beloved in the Lord." Who was Amplias? Who were his friends? Why was he buried in this particular place? The answers to these questions are furnished by the discovery of his tomb; and a flood of light let in upon the times of the early Roman Christians. The tomb stands in one of the catacombs excavated in the time of Domitian, on the ground then belonging to Flavia Domitia, his niece. Roman history preserves the fact that Flavia became a Christian. Amplias, the friend of Paul, must have become a distinguished man. Because he was buried in Flavia's cemetery we judge they were personally acquainted. By Paul's greeting we imagine he was a minister of the New Word. Then the tomb is of a character that only the possessor of great wealth could have constructed so remarkable a resting-place. Was this the work of Flavia, niece of the great Domitian? Was it erected at the cost of his family, or by the early Christians of Rome? The questions may be answered, for the investigations are not yet concluded. All that we know at present is that there is no tomb in the catacombs that equals it for the beauty of its adornments and the variety of pictorial illustrations. The frescoes in the golden house of Nero, and the adornments of the house of Germanicus in the Palantine, are not to be compared, so it is reported, with the symbolic illustrations of the tomb of Amplias, the teacher of Flavia, the beloved of Paul.—*Christian Chronicle*.

Signals for Preachers and Teachers.

FROM THE STUDIO OF THE ARTIST.

THE PREACHER THE TEACHER.

Now, the language of art is not the appointed vehicle of ethic truths ; of these, as of all knowledge as distinct from emotion, though not necessarily separated from it, the obvious and only fitted vehicle is speech, written or spoken—words, the symbols of ideas. The simplest-spoken homily, if sincere in spirit and lofty in tone, will have more direct didactic efficacy than all the works of all the most pious painters and sculptors from Giotto to Michael Angelo, more than the Passion Music of Bach, more than a requiem by Cherubini, more than an oratorio of Handel. It is not, then, it cannot be, the foremost duty of art to seek to embody that which it cannot adequately present, and to enter into a competition in which it is doomed to inevitable defeat.

ART IN PREACHING ; ITS PLACE AND POWER.

It is this intersification of the simple æsthetic sensation through ethic and intellectual suggestiveness that gives to the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting, so powerful, so deep, and so mysterious a hold on the imagination. And, here, also we find the answer to the second of those fallacies to which I just now alluded—to wit, that moral edification can attach only to direct moral teaching. The most sensitively religious mind may indeed rest satisfied in the consciousness that it is not on the wings of abstract thought alone that we rise to the highest moods of contemplation, or to the most chastened moral temper, and assuredly arts which have for their chief task to reveal the inmost springs of beauty in the created world, to unfold all the pomp of the leamed earth, and all the pageant of those heavens of which we are told that they declare the glory of God, are not the least eloquent witnesses to the might and to the majesty of the mysterious and eternal Fountain of all good things. We should thus find ourselves abundantly armed, were it needful to be so armed, to meet those who affirm that to convey moral edification can alone give the highest *status* to an intellectual pursuit. But we have no need of defence against a fallacy so palpable, a fallacy of which the adoption contains the disparagement of every form of pure science with all its marvellous achievements, achievements more marvellous than the dreams of fancy, and in their results unspeakably beneficent. On the absurdity of such an attitude it is needless to dwell. In fact, the nature of man is a complex organism in which are many and various germs of growth, and only in the full and balanced development of these several elements can that organism achieve in this world its perfect maturity. To art belongs the development of one group of these rich and fruitful germs, a sufficient, and, surely, no ignoble task.

AS THE MAN IS ; SO THE PREACHING IS.

Ask you rather to believe that, while art is indeed in its own nature wholly independent of morality, and while the loftiest moral purport can add no jot or tittle to the merits of the work of art, as such, there is

nevertheless no error deeper or more deadly—and I use the words in no rhetorical sense, but in their plain and sober meaning—than to deny that the moral complexion, the *ethos*, of the artist does in truth tinge every work of his hand, and fashion, in silence but with the certainty of fate, the course and current of his whole career.

This I called a dangerous error, and affirmed, on the contrary, that the man is stamped on his work, and his moral growth or lessening faithfully reflected in the sum of his labours. I believe this to be a cardinal truth, the disregard of which may bear fatal fruits in an artist's life, and I have no warmer wish than to stir in you and leave with you, if it may be, to-night some sense of the grave importance of its bearing upon each and all of us. The more closely you consider this subject the more clearly will you feel, for instance, the mischief to us as artists which must infallibly attend a tolerant indulgence within ourselves of certain moral weaknesses and failings to which nature is too often prone. Of these failings some are palpably ignoble and, in the long run, debasing; others are not on the surface so evidently mischievous. Among such as are palpably ignoble I will instance the greed for gain. I believe no evil to be more insidious, none more unerring in its operation than this sordid appetite. Its poisonous taint creeps into the moral system; numbs by degrees all finer sense; dulls all higher vision; is fatal to all lofty effort. No worse snare lies across our path. Another such deadening taint is the vulgar thirst for noisy success, the hankering of vanity for immediate satisfaction; of this the outcome is a deliberate sacrifice of the abiding appreciation of the intelligent for the transitory and noisy clamour of the unintelligent and shallow, with the fatally sure result of a paralysis of the sense of self-respect, a lowering of standard, and, in the end, an important disinclination for every sustained and serious effort. Other failings there are of which, as I said, the bearing is not so immediately evident, but of which the dangers are scarcely less. As one instance of these, I will quote the indulgence in a narrow, unsympathizing spirit, a spirit ever awake to carp and to cavil—feeding its self-complacency on the disparagement of others. This spirit stunts and shrivels those who yield to it, and by blinding them more and more to the work and beauty that are in the work which is not their own, deprives them of the priceless stimulus of a noble emulation. Let me urge you to avoid this pitfall also, and rather to keep alive within you a generous temper, ever keen to see the good wherever it may be found, finding and fastening on it as by an instinct in the least promising surroundings, even as a divining rod strikes on the hidden spring under a parched and weary wilderness of sand; for of this temper you will gather the fruits tenfold in the work of your own hands.

And, lastly, we have seen that, while the inculcation of moral and religious truths must be admitted not to be the object of art, as such, nor moral edification its appointed task, it is not therefore true, as some would have us believe, that the artist's work is uninfluenced by his moral tone, but rather that the influence of that tone is, in fact, upon it and controls it from the first touch of the brush or chisel to the last. And once again, I say I would fain stamp this vital fact deeply in your minds. Believe me, whatever of dignity, whatever of strength we have within us will dignify and will make strong the labours of our

hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen them and drag them down. Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work, whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it; for as we are, so our work is, and what we sow in our lives, that, beyond a doubt, we shall reap for good or for ill in the strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot.

SIR. F. LEIGHTON.

Young Men, Money, and the Ministry.

A most revered Baptist minister, after reciting certain facts connected with the condition of the Baptist ministry, said, "In view of all this, for many years, though I have entreated many to embrace the honours of the evangelist, I have not dared to urge one to attempt the pastorate," and he adds, "that the pastor's salary is often very small, comes in by dribblets, and is rarely complete till some time after quarter day."

I hope much of this is not true of any of our churches, and that if our ministers' "salaries are small," they at least know *what* they are, and receive the money at the precise date fixed. So far as my knowledge extends our deacons are men of business, and do not fail in this particular. They pay to the day, and pay in full. That the salaries are small, and that pastors have to suffer something, is undeniable; but I do not fancy they chafe very much. I was at a meeting of the men trained in our College the other day, and a happier or more exuberantly contented set of men I never wish to see. Not a word was uttered about insufficient stipends, not a word of complaint against deacons or the churches they serve. They did not expect large salaries. They knew they should not get them; and it was the universal testimony that no work was so blessed as the pastor's. One veteran told us how he started on £50 a year, and created an unusual explosion of amused incredulity by saying that out of that he saved £20. Another began on £60 and saved £10, but added the uncomplimentary qualification that he had not a wife then!! What a mercy for the world that Dr. Maclaren attempted the pastorate on £70 per annum! Who does not rejoice that the unique Robertson was willing to accept £115 per annum at St. Ebbe's, Oxford, and £300 at Brighton! The best work of the world has not been done by those who had the most money. And the CHIEF PASTOR of us all, our Model and Inspiration, who has enriched humanity with unspeakable wealth, was a poor peasant, supported in His ministry by the love gifts of a few devoted women, "He Himself not having where to lay His head." And so long as God's gospel is what it is, I cannot believe that men of true grit and full of enthusiasm for Christ and men will hold back from the ministry because they cannot be guaranteed absolute freedom from anxiety as to money. If a man wants money he knows where to go for it, and if he is an observant man he knows that the pulpit is not the place where it is made; but it is quite as well for the world that a few men should be allowed to work for something other than money; and they will not preach with less sympathy for the poor and needy, or pray with feebler fervour for the perplexed, if they have to go through that most terrible and agonizing Gethsemane of the student-pastor, of parting with some of their books to make both ends meet.

Young men of real grit, of strong brain, and loving heart, and severely pure character, I say with all my heart attempt the pastorate. Do not be afraid of the risks. Expect to endure hardness. You want to be strong, sinewy men, and in your strength to serve humanity in its most enduring interests; then enter into the fellowship of suffering with Him who for our sakes became poor so that He might make many rich. I admit it is acutely painful to bear this suffering when it arises, not from the real inability of our churches, but from their thoughtlessness, their want of sympathy, their extravagant expenditure upon personal luxuries, their lack of a *due sense of responsibility* for the efficiency of the church, or any other cause involving blame; but I am unwilling to believe that this is the case to any large extent, and that in most cases where our pastors suffer needlessly, it arises from want of a little vivid reflection concerning their just claims; and a forgetfulness of the Apostolic teaching, "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all GOOD THINGS.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Christians and Social Purity.

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. STANSFELD, M.P.

At a crowded Conference of Repealers held in London, on December 14th, 1882, Mr. Stansfeld said:—

"What is your duty? Mine is clear. My duty is in the House of Commons, I cannot do more; I would do more if I could. But in the House, I will act. I will do what I can for this cause, and I will do nothing that in my opinion may do the reverse of serving the cause. But I and my friends will be powerless within the House unless we have support from outside. I know the calculations of our enemies: they think this four years' inquiry (Sessions 1879 to 1882 inclusive), during which outside action was impossible, has wearied you. There is no test of conviction perhaps so severe as the test of utter weariness; and they have thought and believed, and at this moment they boast that the agitation is dying out—coming to an end. You may read it between the lines in that part of the Report of the Select Committee which refers to the extension of the Contagious Diseases Acts in the future. Believing the movement for Repeal is dying out, some of the Members of that Committee would seem to have said to themselves "the time to give a man a crushing blow is when he is about to fall," and they have dealt you through the Report of the Majority a crushing, an outrageous, an insolent blow; dealt in the face of the moral and religious community of this land. It is not for me to read lessons to that community, but what I will say is this; that the whole future of this question in our time depends on your attitude—no, your ACTION. If you are content to sit down under this blow, this insult, this cynical, open, sneering disregard of all the convictions of moral and religious men and women, then I say to you that you will deserve the defeat and the shame which will await you, and that this question will drop from your nerveless and feeble grasp, to be taken up by some future generation of better and stronger women and better and stronger men.

When I first entered upon this cause I appealed to the ministers of all denominations, and I got encouraging responses from them. It remains now, as it was then, my conviction that upon them and the religious bodies they represent it will mainly depend whether we win or lose in our time. They are, if they choose to be, a compelling power within the party to which they belong. They have been the salt of that party; they have done more than any other section of the community for its triumphs in the past and its character in the future; they have declared these laws to be wickedness and sin, and have demanded their repeal; and the Report of the Select Committee is the answer which they get from one member at least of the Liberal Government of the day. It is for Ministers of Religion to make good their words, and to be true to their convictions. The great bulk of the earnest religious community, those free, like the dissenting religious communities, to speak, have declared these laws, passed in silence, in darkness and in shame, to be immoral, irreligious and degrading laws; then I say they have no right to content themselves with mere conventional protests. It is their duty, if they are men as well as Christians, to descend into the political arena and to force their convictions at the polling booth, and in the constituencies.

Those are my views. I have told you my notions of my duty and what I shall do. I now leave you to speak."

A Christian Man of Business.

HON. WM. E. DODGE.

PRE-EMINENT in business, in temperance, in benevolence and in every good work, few will leave so large a place vacant and be so sincerely missed as will he. He was the foremost layman in America; perhaps the world. All New York has known, honoured and loved him for the last half century. His history of his life is the history of our city for the past sixty-five years. His life is an inspiration to all that is noble. It is a striking illustration of what a boy may become who makes religion *first* and business *second*.

Born seventy-eight years ago near Hartford, Conn.; after but little schooling he began his life in New York city as an errand boy at the age of thirteen in a large dry-goods house. His advance was rapid. In eight years he joined with a friend in establishing a new house. Soon after, he married the daughter of Mr. Phelps, and three years after was taken into the firm so long known as Phelps, Dodge & Co. From that small beginning he came to be the head of the largest metal-importing house in the country. He was also a great railroad man—president and director of several roads. He always resigned his position and sold his stock in any company as soon as it began running trains on Sunday. He did a large business also in lumbering, banking, insurance, and real estate.

He was a rich man. His fortune is estimated at 5,000,000 dollars. But his fame was not for his riches, but for the *consecrated way he used his wealth*. For many years he gave away 100,000 dollars annually. In the past few years his gifts averaged 1,000 dollars per day through the year. He gave much about which the world will never know. He was a thorough business man—energetic, active and prudent, but was better known as a philanthropist than as a merchant prince. He was one of the most active temperance workers in New York city. He was a practical missionary from a boy, distributed Bibles with his own hands in homes where there were none. Several churches were largely aided by him in being established, and missions increased with his fortune and with the need and opportunity. The Bible Society and Union Seminary always had a large share of his time, money, counsel, and sympathy. The highest tribute that can be paid him is, to say that he was a consistent Christian man.

Friend or Joe?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER IV.—AN INVITATION FOR OLIVER.

"You go round the Park, not across it, I think, Mr. Weston?"

"I do, Mr. Rearden."

"I'll walk that way with you, if you have no objection?"

"Shall be delighted, indeed,—delighted! if it will not take you out of your way much. One not a misanthrope or poet does not usually care to be alone on a walk, even though it be in the gloaming."

And so the speakers, who had just together left Daisy Villa, went arm-in-arm round by the park.

Mr. Weston, a white-haired old gentleman with bright grey eyes, always took the lion's share of the conversation, whatever his company might be. This occasion was no exception to the rule, so that Rearden soon found himself listening, by no means unwillingly, to a full and detailed account of his companion's business, tastes, opinions, and life, without being required to answer or join in, save by some simple monosyllable or phrase.

"Bless me!" said the old gentleman, "Only five years since I went to Birmingham; but what changes have taken place! My old friend—my oldest friend, Mr. Rearden, is Mr. Bradford!"—

"So I understand, sir."

"Yes—my oldest friend. And I make ve-ry few. But I was saying, he's quite a merchant now. And that's owing, chiefly, to a suggestion of yours, is it not?"

"Well," modestly returned Amos, "I certainly did suggest the wholesale trade, when Mr. Bradford came in for that money, but!"—

"Honour, where honour is due! You deserve high credit for that idea, which promises to make our friend—and Raymond and Miss Vaughan into the bargain—rich for life. Honour, where honour is due. And that girl and boy!—for they were no more when I left—what a fine pair they have become! But I suppose I must not say too much about charming Miss Vaughan in present company, eh, Mr. Rearden?" and the old gentleman laughed sily, eyeing his companion sideways. "You are not without eyes."

"But an honourable man never sees charms which another claims, Mr. Weston," gravely returned Rearden. "I suppose you knew Miss Vaughan's father?" he added, in the most careless of tones.

"Knew him!" echoed the other "as well as I know Bradford, and a handsome, generous fellow he was, too; and merry also—merry as a bird, like his pretty wife, until his vagabond friend, Grant, betrayed his friendship and ruined him."

"Ruined him!" repeated Rearden, looking into Mr. Weston's face.

"Yes, ruined him; ruined him deliberately, with a smiling, hypocritical face, and a plausible tongue. They had been schoolmates together. Grant afterwards went to sea, while Vaughan entered his father's drapery business, which, when it became his own, he made a splendid success. Then Grant, who used to visit him whenever he returned from a voyage, one day came with an infallible plan for making a fortune. The scoundrel!" Mr. Weston, his eyes flashing with angry memories, breathed hard as he passed a moment, while Amos asked suggestively:

"Did he rob Mr. Vaughan?"

"Rob him! yes—in effect. He was chief mate of a small ship trading to the China seas. He came to Vaughan with a glowing story about the huge profits he could make by taking a share in the cargo of silks and dyes, and wanted a thousand pounds. Of course Vaughan lent it at once, believing all the other said. You can guess the end. The ship was attacked by Malay

pirates, and everything lost. Yet Vaughan never blamed him. He went bankrupt when that money would have saved him, yet he never uttered a reproach against Grant, but died quietly of a broken heart, and left his wife to follow him within two months."

"A sad, sad story," murmured Rearden, in a pained tone. "But did Grant never return?"

"Oh yes—he returned. Full of repentance, of course; and went away again, swearing to regain the money, or perish in the attempt. We know the value of his oaths however: it's twelve years since he showed himself."

"Perhaps he is dead," suggested Rearden.

"Perhaps so;" answered the old gentlemen, a great change coming over his manner. "I have often said I would never speak or think of this matter: it always upsets me so, and it can do no good. And that reminds me, I've done a little wrong in telling you of it. Mrs. Vaughan, Bradford's sister, made him promise, when he engaged to bring up Elsie, never to tell her the real story, because her husband never would believe but that his friend was only unfortunate, not unfaithful"—

"I'm sure," hastily answered Amos, "you can depend on me never to mention it."

"I'm satisfied of that, Mr. Rearden," returned the old gentleman, looking into the other's face, and feeling assured by the frankness and sympathy he saw therein. "As to Elsie, knowing the story will make her no happier. Indeed," Mr. Weston went on, passing from one subject to another with the usual rapidity of garrulous people, "putting aside the fact that she is an orphan, no girl ought to think herself luckier. Her own father could not love her more than her uncle does; she will certainly come in for the latter's property—all of it—I've no doubt, since it is understood that Raymond and she are to marry; and in Raymond she will have a noble fellow for a husband."

"Undoubtedly," answered Rearden, with feeling.

"Yes: Raymond is a noble fellow, I'm sure, and well worthy of Bradford's trust. Just like Vaughan, too, in his ways; in his trustfulness and simplicity, and cheerful belief in human nature; though, like all of us, he has his faults and failings. Well, here we are," Mr. Weston added, as they arrived before his door, "you'll come in and see Mrs. W., of course?"

Rearden did enter the house, but not to stay; he had some pressing business to attend to, and so, after receiving a hearty invitation to come and spend an evening, he was soon outside again.

"Now," he muttered, as he went along, "if there is a thing I really hate, it is playing the hypocrite. But I can't help it. What that very sharp and candid friend of mine used to say is quite true: I have a genius for it—it's in my bones. Therefore, since what can't be cured must be endured, I shan't waste my virtuous wrath by being angry with myself. And, on the whole," he added, with satisfaction, "the trait is not an unprofitable one, for it has helped me to a confirmation of that story I heard a few weeks ago. And what does that mean? Simply that I have a chance of winning a fortune without trouble, if I just let things take their course. Captain Grant was just the fellow to go in for some tremendous, heroic deed; so, he comes to England, finds his friend dead, and, seeing no other way of making reparation for his mistake, makes Elsie his heiress. What then? Who would not take such a wife and fortune if chances turned in his favour? More than once Grant told me that this reparation was the chief object of his life. I am sorry, Oliver, but as I am not heroic"—

"Hullo! where are you off to, with that frown, eh?"

The words were accompanied by a hand coming down heavily on his back. Turning, he saw George Drewe before him.

"Didn't see you," he answered with a smile. "Going my way?"

"Which way is that? But, I say, can you come home with me to-night? I want you to see a new violin I've bought."

"Shall be pleased when I've been to Mare Street. I have to see a customer there. Then I'm free."

"Good. I'll go with you."

When Rearden's immediate business was despatched, the two turned back, and soon arrived at George Drewe's house, which they entered.

"Why, this is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Rearden. There are not many good qualities in my brother; but now and then he does give me an unlooked-for delight. The rascal didn't tell me he meant to bring you home."

Miss Helena Drewe looked full of animation as she uttered this merry welcome. She was a handsome girl, with jet-black eyes, a nose somewhat of the Wellington shape, high-arched eyebrows, and a well-formed chin, and she knew (or so said uncharitable people like Mrs. Jay, next door,) that an animated manner heightened her beauty, wherefore (such people added), she was for ever animated, with and without cause.

"Indeed," returned Amos, bowing and smiling politely, though he was at the same time thinking, as he always thought when looking at Miss Drewe, that she would be beautiful if her lips were not so thin—"Indeed, but the pleasure was quite as unexpected by myself. Your brother and I met by accident."

Mrs. Drewe, a pleasant-looking old lady with grey curls and sharp bead-like eyes, here came forward, and joined in welcoming Rearden.

The latter, in his agreeable and easy way, was vowing the old lady was getting younger, when Helena broke in:—

"Now, Mr. Rearden, you really *must* join me in my favourite old song, 'Bid me discourse.' George has bought a new violin"—

"Which you, being a master, are to test as to its quality, at once," playfully continued George, who had left the room, and now returned with the instrument in question.

"Yes, *at once*," repeated Helena; and at once she seated herself at the piano and began to sing, in a clear soprano, while Amos played the violin (which he pronounced "splendid"), and George joined in with his musical bass.

Supper being ready soon after this, Rearden *must*, of course, stay; and, after that, he *must* of course, take just *one* hand at whist; after which it was, equally, of course, more than time to be gone.

"Now, remember! three weeks from this is my birthday," said Miss Drewe, as Amos was taking his departure, "my twenty-first. You are to come yourself, and bring your friend, Mr. Raymond, at *all costs*. I'll *never* forgive you, if you forget or fail."

"Helena can be very hard-hearted, if she likes," laughed Mrs. Drewe.

"Miss Drewe's commands are those of a queen," smiled Rearden, "and shall be obeyed as such."

"And you will find her anger very royal, if you deserve it; for I've promised myself Mr. Raymond's friendship sometime. So remember. Good night."

Something seemed to give Amos great amusement as he made his way home, for now and then he laughed uproariously. "Perhaps she has made a mistake, and means the thirty-first." Then he laughed again.

Presently, however, he became grave. Suppose she should fascinate Oliver? That was a new idea. And not an improbable one, either, seeing how simple he was, and how little he seemed to care for Elsie.

Rearden went to bed that night with a sense of extreme satisfaction in the fact that everything seemed to favour him; and when he went to sleep he dreamt of living in a fine house, of a carriage and pair, and ease and luxury.

THE SMOKE IDOL.

It is estimated by Mr. Samuel Smiles that the sum expended every twelve months in the United Kingdom in cigars and tobacco, and afterwards "lost in smoke," exceeds *eleven millions of pounds sterling!*

This sum far exceeds the amount of the Poor-rates of the entire nation! It is more than ten times as much as all the Missionary and Bible Societies raise in the same period! Is this as it should be?

Church Reports.

A FRENCH satirist writes, "It is easier to know man in general than to know any man in particular." The same may be said of any really vital Christian church, addressing itself with single-minded energy and heaven-lighted enthusiasm to its noble work of saving the world. You cannot know it. Its excellencies cannot be photographed by any earthly chemistry. Its spiritual worth cannot be assessed by men. Its healing and redeeming influence on the life of the world cannot be reported. The best work—that which outlasts the stars, and purifies humanity—is invisible as electricity, and far more potent. Even those who are inside the church, and feel its throbbing pulsations of hope and effort, of love and yearning, have but dim visions of its real beauty, and often fail to discern the glowing vesture of loveliness which cheers the heart of the sympathetic Christ; and certainly outsiders, to whom the current estimates of the functions and services of insignificant spiritual societies appear over-weighted and egoistic, will do well to ponder the deep saying of George Eliot, "That the most powerful of all beauty is that which reveals itself after sympathy, and not before it." Animated with noble sympathies and self-annulling loves, we have the insight requisite for studying the simple annals of our church life.

How far back in the dim past that life roots itself! Who can trace the origin and cause of the spiritual impulses and yearnings, hopes and efforts, of the year 1882? What an evolution! Here is BETHNAL GREEN ROAD, LONDON, celebrating a triple anniversary: the first of the new chapel, the fifth of the pastor, and the 242nd of the church! How chequered the story! What spiritual vitality there is in gold! What tenacity of life and fullness of occult promise in an endowment! The material is wedded to the spiritual; and the immortal life of the church beats in a body, subject to the vicissitudes of time! Do not suppress the feeblest spiritual germ even though planted in a musty legal document one or two hundred years old. We know not whither it may grow.

The anniversary on March 3 was full of spirit. B. S. Olding, Esq., M.L.S.B., presided, and addresses were given by Revs. R. P. Cook, J. Levinsohn, W. J. Inglis, W. Harvey Smith (pastor), Mr. G. F. Trevorton, and the secretary. £20 were realized. As proof that the modern spirit is at work in the old church, the first printed report is issued. It contains a description of the efforts to prepare and pay for the new chapel, a paper on "Christian Giving," read at a church meeting, and a description of the work now being done. Here is a feature, with a "High" Church flavour:—"The NAZARITE GUILD, composed exclusively of total abstaining Christians, has been very active in fulfilling its mission to the church and the world. It has a membership of seventy-five, and during the past year it has influenced fifty-three of its members to join the church. It has sustained a Saturday Evening Gospel Temperance meeting, provided the principal workers in the Sunday school and Band of Hope, and during the summer months, and as long as the weather permitted, conducted evangelistic services in the open-air every evening during the week and on Sundays, besides supporting the Young Peoples' Wednesday Evening Service in the school-rooms, which has recently, under the auspices of the same society, been converted into classes for the study of reading, writing, arithmetic, scripture, and closed by a brief prayer meeting. During our special services this society supplied us with our most energetic canvassers, and largely, by their persevering zeal and industry, we were enabled to visit in one week no fewer than 10,000 homes, and invite the inmates to hear Mr. Spurgeon's evangelists. The work of tract distribution is mainly carried on by the Guild." As to the debt, Mr. Spurgeon writes:—"I wish every success at Bethnal Green Road. Considering you have so newly come to the work your debt is a great load, and I trust all our friends will generously help you to reduce it." Very cordially do we endorse that word, and trust the spring bazaar will be a great success.

COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, is another sign of energetic and increasing vitality in the midst of ancient memories and cherished traditions. The annual meeting is reported in our last issue, and the REPORT now before us is replete with the signs of goodwill, activity, generosity, and hope. But is it not putting

a premium on unpunctuality to *remind* seat-holders that their sittings will be occupied by visitors till after the singing of the first hymn? Will not our friends who find they cannot "stand up and bless the Lord" when the service opens be *delighted* to see their seats occupied by visitors? Of course they would far rather invite such strangers to dinner or supper than think of disturbing them! The various funds have been well sustained, and the summary of receipts shows a total of £834 17s. 9d.

The best edited "manual" that has yet fallen into our hands is that of FRIAR LANE, LEICESTER, prepared by our friend the Rev. Isaac Stubbins. It is not a mere report of work done, but it is rich in instruction and suggestion. Of many points we might note, we can only mention the healthy rule of business, requiring all matters be discussed at a deacons' meeting before it is introduced to the church; the place given to the choir; and the total receipts, viz., £716 13s. 3d.

Passing to the town of NOTTINGHAM, we have reports from BROAD STREET and MANSFIELD ROAD. The former contains the important item:—"With respect to our own church roll, a careful scrutiny will show that we are rapidly dropping *mere* names, and that in nearly every case a name now represents a living and active personality. During the current year a system of communion tickets and district visiting will be adopted, which will materially assist in perfecting (as far as can be) our list of members." The gifts to denominational institutions are generous and exemplary, and the total receipts are £919 15s. 6d. The Mansfield Road report is, in addition to the usual statement concerning societies and institutions, enriched with a brief and interesting history of the church from its foundation, and the "report" sent to the last Association. The receipts for the year are £843 16s. 11d.

The church at PRÆD STREET, WESTBOURNE PARK, and BOSWORTH ROAD, London, held its annual meeting March 5. It reports a membership of 1075; five schools containing over 1600 children and 140 teachers. The total receipts for 1882 are £4,121 11s. 0d.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

New Chapel.

ARNOLD, near Nottingham. The Baptists of this large village of 5,000 inhabitants have for some years suffered great inconvenience from the unsuitability of the premises in which they have conducted their Sunday school and public worship. On Monday, March 5, 1883, the ceremony was performed of "turning the first sod," as it was called, for new school-rooms to accommodate 500 children; having on the ground floor eight class rooms, kitchen, etc., and extending over these a large central hall.

On the completion of the schools, it is intended to erect a new chapel to seat 450, at the total cost of £2,000. The site is partly on the old foundation central, and by the side of the graveyard which is endeared by sixty years' associations.

It may be stated, as evidence of the pluck and self-sacrifice of the friends, that besides clearing off an old debt of £120, they have raised £400 towards the new undertaking. In order to secure the land for school premises and a larger chapel, a few friends bought the adjoining property for £550, with a view of re-selling what can be spared. Several Nottingham gentlemen, (having a knowledge of the state of the barn-looking and dilapidated old building, which has served for school and chapel, and of the fact that 300 children were taught in hired rooms,) and our senior M. P., Col. Seeley, Esq., having liberally patronized the movement, the building committee hope to raise at least £800 by the time of the opening services.

W. RICHARDSON, Sec.

O beautiful example,
For youthful minds to heed!
The good we do to others
Shall never miss its meed;

The love of those whose sorrows
We lighted shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
That love shall scatter flowers.

—Bryant.

Scraps from the Editor's Waste-Basket.

I. GOING SOUTH.—I regret to have to say that for the next two months I shall be absent from my home. Medical advice on the one hand, and the affectionate solicitudes of my beloved people on the other, conspire in banishing me to the South of France. I submit, with unfeigned regret, that there is any reason for the "advice," and with unspeakable gratitude to and affections for a church which has loved me for nearly twenty-five years with an increasing tenderness and an ever-deepening trustfulness. May the Chief Bishop of souls answer, in their full consecration and augmented usefulness, the daily prayers of him who counts it the joy of his life to be their servant and minister for Christ's sake!

For the principal contents of this magazine I have already provided; and my friend Mr. Fletcher assents most readily to relieve "a wearied comrade" by reading proofs and attending to the Church Register department. Will correspondents please send their "intelligence" for the *May* and *June* issues to the REV. JOSEPH FLETCHER, 322, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.

II. OUR MAGAZINE.—Another pastor writes: "You will be pleased to hear that I have succeeded in *reviving* the obsolete custom here of taking the 'Mag' to the extent of thirty copies a month. Our friends were delighted with the dear creature, and think she never looked better than now."

III. REV. J. FLETCHER.—A good portrait and a brief sketch of the pastor of Commercial Road Chapel, London, appeared in the *Christian Globe* for March 9. It costs one penny.

IV. "SWEAR NOT AT ALL."—Can anything bear a clearer witness to the way in which tradition and prejudice sway the minds of Christians than the fact that the *Evangelical Alliance* (*sic*) summons meetings to ask God to stop the Affirmation Bill, and that "Free Church" ministers "cry aloud" against Parliament obeying the clear, express, and unambiguous edict of Christ our King, "*Swear not at all: but let your speech be Yea, yea; Nay, nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the Evil One.*" Oath taking is a pagan, Christ-forbidden practice. How can Christians defend it?

V. THE POLICY OF THE TIMES.—It is undeniably manifest that the object of the Tories is, and has been for a long time, to make legislation impossible. Persistent obstruction is the order. They

know that Liberal legislation is the annihilation of class privileges and monopolies; and, with the instinct of their kind, they resist it. It is already clear that we shall have another session, of which the major part will be wasted in irritating talk, and the minor marked by a few statutes enacted at a prodigious cost of time and pains. It is necessary that Liberals should let the Tories know that they have taken the measure of their patriotism.

VI. REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT THE GREAT NEED FOR INDIA.—Lieut. R. D. Osborn writes a most caustic article in the Dec. *Contemporary* on this subject; an article which goes a long way to account for the comparative slow progress of Christianity in India. If our Government in India has been one-tenth as disastrous in its influence on the native populations as this author says, the wonder is that we have any converts to report. "The present condition of India," he says, "is a counterpart of the present condition of Ireland, and due to a series of like causes," *i.e.*, throwing the people on the land by "the destruction of the native courts, the ruin of the wealthy classes, and the substitution of English officials whose wants are supplied from Europe; and the imposition of the most costly government to be found in the world; a foreign army of 60,000 men, and the expenditure of twenty millions of 'Home Charges' annually of India's money in London." It is not surprising that India should be impoverished. The cure is (1) the creation of seven or eight provincial Governments, according to the suggestion of John Bright; (2) the establishment of a representative assembly. Men will say they are not fit for it; but that is the old cry of despots, and is not to be heeded. Christian missions ought to improve the *social* and *political* condition of the people of that vast continent. We are bound to give to the people of India every privilege and right we claim for ourselves; if we do not India will, in time, cease, and rightly cease, to be ours.

VII. SOCIAL PURITY.—THE BISHOP OF DURHAM AND THE "WHITE CROSS ARMY."—The Bishop of Durham, in a letter to a Newcastle paper, strongly supports the "White Cross Army" movement, on behalf of which Miss Ellis Hopkins has been visiting the northern counties. The Bishop says: "Those who have heard her (Miss Hopkins's) appeals on behalf

of her wronged and degraded sisters—her sisters and ours—feel that they cannot any longer let the matter rest where it is. A more wholesome and righteous public opinion must be created in the matter of social purity. Not until it is generally recognized that the man who has wrought a woman's degradation is at least as great an offender against society as the man who has robbed a till, or the man who has forged a cheque—nay, a much greater, for he has done a far more irreparable wrong—not until society is prepared to visit such an offender with the severest social penalties will there be any real change for the better. So long as the violation of purity is condoned in the one sex and visited with shame in the other, our unrighteousness and unmanliness must continue to work out its own terrible retribution. At a meeting held at Durham the other day," the Bishop adds, "a committee was appointed to consider whether any diocesan movement could not be organized. I trust that this may be found feasible. But meanwhile I should be only too happy to

learn that diocesan action had been anticipated by the formation of parochial associations."

VIII. DON'T FORGET THE FIRE.—It is reported of the abundantly educated but dull-witted Chinese, that when they wished to originate a fleet of steam-ships they bought a model in this country, and set their work-people to imitate it. They copied it exactly, every plank, every spar, every rope, every bolt, every nut, and they put their crew on board. Still the ship would not move out of harbour. They had forgotten one little matter—they hadn't lit the fire under the boiler. There are churches constructed upon the New Testament pattern: fashioned as near as may be to the model shown in the "Acts and Epistles," with every order, every officer, and a large "crew" on board. But somehow they do not do much. Evil does not disappear. Goodness does not develop. They have not lit the fires of love of God and men, and till they do, they may be fit for a museum, but surely they are not fit for the world.

Reviews.

THE GREAT MEMORIAL NAME: OR, THE SELF-REVELATION OF JEHOVAH AS THE GOD OF REDEMPTION. By P. W. Grant. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

THE title of this book gives an insufficient idea of its wide range. It is a discussion of the chief *momenta* in the history of redemption, and covers the ground traversed by Delitzsch in his concise and suggestive lectures on that theme. Mr. Grant, starting with the declaration made to Moses on the occasion of his designation to the work of deliverer and leader of the Chosen People, ascends to the Edenic "promise" of a Saviour, and then investigates every successive expression of the redeeming purpose of God in the history of the Hebrews, on to, and inclusive of the ministry of Christ and His apostles.

The treatment of this vast theme is, in the main, vigorous and able, strongly conservative, often suggestive, and always devout. The author has spared no pains to render his book interesting, stimulating, and complete.

THROUGH THE KHYBER PASS. By J. Gelson Gregson. *Stock.*

"TEMPERANCE in the Army" is the text expounded and illustrated in this book.

Spirit-drinking is shown to be the foe of sustained courage and true heroism, and, indeed, productive of insubordination and sickness in the ranks of the army. Mr. Gregson tells a true and stirring tale of work for the welfare of our Indian soldiers.

LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS SHOEMAKERS. By William Edward Winks. *London: Sampson Low, Marston, Scarle, and Rivington.*

"An exceedingly good idea has been capitally worked out by Mr. Winks in his deeply interesting work. The gentle craft has been always, as he says, 'invested with an air of romance,' and some of his stories are certainly as good as novels. Mr. Winks has done his work with the fervour of an enthusiast and the judgment of a practised writer. No better stories of real life have ever been compiled, and we catch in every page that gentle 'enthusiasm of humanity,' without which no work of this kind has life and vigour in it. We congratulate the author on the production of a really novel and good book. Sons of Crispin, everywhere, will find in it a mine of good things."—*York Herald.*

"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?"

By Miss Corke; with proface by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

THE literature of philanthropy is one of the "signs" of our time, and a forcible witness to the pervasive energy of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The history of institutions "like the London and Brighton Convalescent Home" is a practical response to many questions besides the urgent one with which the gifted authoress heads her book. It tells us, some of us, "what we *may do* with ourselves" if our hearts be full of the love of Christ; "what aid we may expect from God in unselfish work for the needy;" and is fruitful in suggestions of the numerous fields of service open to Christian inventiveness.

"Are we still standing idle?" Let us rouse ourselves by meditation on the facts set out in this story—help and health for the weary and weak.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY. By W. Garrett Horder. Stock.

INTIMATIONS of an immortal life are found in "the Human Race;" "Human Nature;" "Nature;" "the Christ;" and "the Unseen Realm;" and in this book they are so grouped, expressed, and enriched with apt quotations in prose and verse, as to form a solid basis for hope, a genuine incitement to faith, and a welcome solace to the perplexed and troubled. The author avoids some of the more crucial questions connected with immortality, but gives an interesting and satisfactory answer to the enquiry, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

BOY LIFE: OR, NOTICES OF THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF GREAT MEN. By Wm. Winters, F.R.H.S. Stock.

MOST readers will dissent from the saying that no apology is needed for another book on this theme. "Self-help" and proclamations of the gospel of "getting on in the world," are plentiful enough, but here is another, and not constructed on the best pattern. Its facts, however, are numerous, and the quotations are apt and striking, the notices are well selected and well indexed, and the whole is well got up. Most boys will enjoy the volume.

THE KING'S SON: OR, A MEMOIR OF BILLY BRAY. By F. W. Bourne. Bible Christian Book Room.

THIS is a new, illustrated, and well-bound edition of one of the most stirring chapters in Christian biography. We

have spoken before of the manifold excellences of this story; and we heartily commend this edition, as forming at once a capital gift book and substantial addition to our stock for Sunday school and domestic libraries.

"NEED I BE BAPTIZED?" A Leaflet. Marlborough & Co.

"WE are glad to note that Mr. Clifford's leaflet, 'Need I be Baptized?' has reached its fiftieth thousand. We can best express our estimate of its worth by describing it as masterly and comprehensive. It presents the subject of Baptism in its true light—as a privilege rather than a duty—and sweeps away all such objections as that it is of secondary importance, not essential to salvation, a mere form, etc. The scholarship and ability of the tract are not more conspicuous than its candour and liberality." —Freeman.

MATTHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARY. Horder & Stoughton.

OUR readers will have the opportunity of purchasing in nine three and sixpenny parts, a complete and unabridged edition of the familiar, refreshing, and practical Commentary of Matthew Henry. Its value is greatly increased by "notes" from recent writers such as Tristram, Keil, and Wilkinson, illustrative of the customs, places, etc., referred to in the Holy Scriptures. It promises to be the edition of Matthew Henry for general use.

THE TEACHER'S STOREHOUSE. Stock.

SUNDAY School Teachers have just now an opportunity of obtaining a most useful book at a nominal price. The publisher of the "Teacher's Storehouse and Treasury" is offering the annual volume of the work at half-price, viz., one shilling, or by post, free for one shilling and fourpence. We advise our readers to take advantage of this offer, as the work is a complete storehouse of useful material for the teacher's use, and the number to be sold under this arrangement is limited. Application should be made to Mr. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

STEPPING-STONES TO HIGHER THINGS. By Captain Seton Churchill. Stock.

A BOOK of counsels for those who are seeking the "higher things." In the main it is scriptural, but not altogether free from traditional misinterpretations of the word. It is devout in its tone, and earnest and practical in its appeals.

Church Register.

Information should be sent by the 16th of the month to 51, Porchester Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.

CONFERENCES.

EASTERN.—The next meetings of this Conference will be held at Wisboch on Thursday, April 19. The Rev. A. H. Smith, of Coningsby, will preach in the morning. Business at two. In the evening a public meeting in support of our Home Mission. C. BARKER, Sec.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.—THE SPRING MEETINGS will be held at Haven Green Chapel, Ealing, W., on Wednesday, April 4th. Business at three p.m. Tea at 5.30, price sixpence. Public meeting at seven, when the President, Rev. Charles Pearce, of Tring, will deliver his Inaugural Address on "How to make the most and best of the evangelizing power in our Churches." A free discussion, to be opened by Rev. R. P. Cook and Mr. Alfred Edwards, will follow.

W. J. AVERY, *Secretary.*

WARWICKSHIRE.—The Spring meeting will be held at Salem Chapel, Longford, on Tuesday, April 24, 1883. President, Rev. W. Lees, of Walsall. Papers by Revs. A. T. Prout, Birmingham, and Ll. H. Parsons, Leicester. Sermon by Rev. D. Asquith, of Nuneaton.

WARWICKSHIRE.—The Autumnal meeting of 1882 was held on Monday, Oct. 23, in Longmore Street Chapel, Birmingham.

Morning Session.

The President, Rev. C. Hood, delivered a valuable address on "Tendencies of Modern Church Organization in relation to the Home Life of our Young People."

Reports from the churches showed—Gains, 94; Losses, 31; Candidates for baptism and fellowship, 37; Inquirers, 46.

Very hospitable provision for dinner was made by the Longmores Street friends.

Afternoon Session.

1. After devotional exercises a paper, subject, "The Place of Music in the Worship of the Church," was read by Mr. Edmonds, of Walsall. So interesting and calculated to be useful was the essay that the Conference, in thanking the writer, formally signified its wish that Mr. Clifford should be asked to print the paper in the Magazine. The discussion was hearty and sensible.

2. The following ministers, who have accepted pastorates within the Conference, were cordially welcomed by the President—Revs. D. Asquith, Nuneaton; J. R. Parker, Salem, Longford; A. T. Prout, Longmore Street, Birmingham.

3. The retiring President was warmly thanked for his services, and the Rev. W. LEES appointed President for 1883.

4. The Conference decided that a collection be made at the evening meeting of the Conference, in addition to the ordinary annual subscriptions from the churches, as they were insufficient to defray expenses, and that a Statement of Conference Accounts be presented every autumn.

5. The existing Secretary was requested to continue wearing Conference harness *sine die*.

6. The following arrangements for the next Conference were then made:—Place: Salem, Longford. Time: April 24, if convenient. Paper: subject, "The Attitude of our Churches in Relation to other Denominations, with especial reference to the 'Salvation Army.'" Writers: Revs. A. T. Prout and Ll. H. Parsons. Preacher: Rev. D. Asquith, of Nuneaton.

7. The warm and well merited thanks of the Conference were offered to the pastor and friends of the Longmore Street hostel for their kind attention to the comfort of their guests.

Additional interest was lent to the afternoon session by the presence of Mr. Argyle, who took very genial and helpful part in the proceedings.

After tea an Experience Meeting was held in the chapel, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Lees, A. T. Prout, and Mr. Argyle.

A Public Meeting was subsequently held in the chapel, and capital addresses were delivered by the chairman (Rev. E. W. Cantrell), Revs. W. Lees, C. Wood, and A. T. Prout. LL. H. PARSONS, Sec.

CHURCHES.

BIRMINGHAM, Longmore Street.—The ladies' annual sale of work was held on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of Feb., and was a marked success. Proceeds, over £30.

CARRINGTON.—March 4th was a red letter day in the history of our church. A prayer meeting was held at seven a.m., and public service at 10.30. Nine friends put on Christ by baptism, three males and six females, the oldest being in her 76th year, and the youngest in her 20th. Brother Payne, of Chilwell College, preached morning and evening, and H. Belton baptized. This being the first public baptism by immersion in Carrington, a large congregation attended, and great interest was manifested in the event. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, the annual meeting for the distribution of scholars prizes took place. Mr. Councillor Bennett presided, and after a few words of congratulation to the fifty-five successful competitors, distributed the

prizes, consisting of well-selected and handsomely bound books. To stimulate the young people Mr. Bennett promised, for the next annual distribution, a valuable first prize from Mrs. Bennett to the girl who obtained the highest number of marks, and a similar prize from himself to the boy who occupied the same position on his side. In the evening the newly-baptized candidates were received into church fellowship.

NANTWICH.—On Monday, March 12th, a social tea meeting was held in connection with the pastor's Bible class. Forty to tea, including some of the Sunday-school teachers. The class has 35 members, nine of whom have been recently baptized and received into the church. The class has become a centre of Christian enterprise and activity. About twelve young persons have offered themselves for evangelistic work, and have taken districts with the view of seeking out those who do not attend any place of worship, and inviting such persons to come to the public services.

OUR MINISTERS.

BENNETT, G. H.—At Bourne, Feb. 26, were held ordination services in connection with the settlement of Mr. George H. Bennett, of Chilwell College, as pastor. The services commenced at three p.m., when the Rev. W. Orton, the late pastor, presided. Mr. S. D. Rickards, of London, read the scriptures and prayed, after which Mr. Orton gave an introductory address. The questions to the church and the minister were proposed by the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A. Mr. W. R. Wherry responded on behalf of the church; and Mr. Bennett gave a brief account of his conversion, call to the ministry, acceptance of the Bourne pastorate, and personal beliefs. The Rev. T. Barrass then offered the ordination prayer, and the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., delivered the charge to the minister from the text 1 Cor. iv. 1—3. The Rev. C. Barker, of Fleet, concluded the service with prayer. A public tea was provided in the school-rooms, where a large company assembled. At seven o'clock a meeting was held in the chapel, which was crowded in every part. Mr. W. B. Bembridge, of Ripley, took the chair, and addresses were delivered by Mr. S. D. Rickards, Revs. E. Hall Jackson, J. Hamilton, and T. Baron, who represented the other denominations in the town; and the Rev. G. Robinson, of Hugglescote, who spoke as fellow-student of the pastor. Mr. C. Roberts, senior deacon, and Mr. W. Bishop also addressed the meeting; and J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., delivered an address to the

church and congregation on the subject of "Reality," which will not soon, if ever, be forgotten by those who heard it. The services, as a whole, were stimulating and encouraging, and the young pastor enters upon his labours amid circumstances which augur well for the future usefulness of both minister and church.

ROBINSON, REV. G., late of Chilwell College, has accepted the pastorate of the ancient church at Hugglescote, and commenced his labours on the 11th ult., with very encouraging prospects.

TEMPERANCE.

HEPTONSTALL SLACK.—The annual meeting of the Band of Hope was held, Feb. 23, Rev. J. Lawton presiding, and B. Wood giving the address. The report was hopeful and inspiring, and the meeting a great success.

BAPTISMS.

DENHOLME.—Five, by J. Taylor.
HALIFAX.—Eight, by W. Dyson.
HITCHIN.—Ten, by F. J. Bird.
LONDON, Bethnal Green Road.—Six, by W. Harvey Smith.
LONDON, Westbourne Pk.—Nine, by J. Clifford.
LOUGHBORO', Wood Gate.—Four, by C. W. Vick.
LOUTH, Eastgate.—Three, by C. Payne.
NANTWICH.—Ten, by P. Williams.
NOTTINGHAM, Carrington.—March 4, nine, by H. Belton.
PETERBOROUGH.—Two, by T. Barrass.
SPALDING.—Fourteen, by J. C. Jones.
SUTTON ST. JAMES.—Seven, by F. J. Flatt.
VALE.—Two, by W. March.

MARRIAGE.

HOLT—WADE.—Feb. 28, at North Parade Chapel, Halifax, by the Rev. W. Dyson, Josiah F. Holt, youngest son of Mr. Joseph Holt, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. John Wade, all of Halifax.

OBITUARIES.

HIND, MRS. ISABELLA, the beloved wife of Mr. James Hind, of London, departed this life, March 11, 1883. She was the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Joshua Bailey, of Woodhouse Eaves, Leicestershire, and sister of the late well-known Rev. William Bailey, Orissa Missionary. For many years she was an attached member of the church at Fined Street and Westbourne Park, and took a strong interest in its movements. Her illness was long and painful, but her end was quiet as the sleep of a child. In her 52nd year she entered into the wearied pilgrim's eternal rest.

SAXTON, LAURA, of Sawley, departed this life, Jan. 21st, 1883, aged 15 years. Her affliction was short but from the outset severe, and those who watched her unceasingly with the deepest sympathy and affection were all the time conscious that she would not recover. Although she was conscious only at short intervals, she told her parents that she was going to heaven, and spoke of those who were gone before. She was loving and lovable, and always cheerful, ever displayed a tender sympathy for her mother, and was never so happy as when she could assist in making lighter the cares and anxieties that were necessarily attached to a large family, of which she was the eldest. Though not a member of

the church, at three years of age she attended the Sunday-school and at twelve she joined the choir. She loved the chapel, and always attended every prayer-meeting and service possible, and for some time before her death, had been enquiring the right way, so that she might more fully perform her Master's will. When it became known that Laura was dead, the sympathy and emotion of her companions and friends were intense, while those nearer and dearer to her were literally broken hearted. The poet has well written, "God moves in a mysterious way."

Her voice is hushed, and she has reached the home she was nearing, and many fond hopes entertained by her parents and friends will never be realized, but the one grand, blessed hope remains—

"Oh! how sweet will it be in that beautiful land,

So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and harps in our hands,
To meet one another again."

UTTLEY, MARTHA ANN, the daughter of Wright and Mary Ann Uttley, of Lineholme, Todmorden, died Feb. 11, 1883, aged 22. Beloved for her meekness and devotion at home, she was esteemed for her stainless character in the church, and valued for her zealous service in the Sunday school. Mr. Mark Oldfield preached a memorial sermon, Feb. 13, from Job xv. 10, to a large and sorrowing audience.

WALKER, MR. BENJAMIN, died at Stretton, near Burton, on Feb. 3rd, in his eightieth year. He was a native of the village, and in his youth attended the preaching of the General Baptists at Burton. As their place of meeting was at Bond End—the opposite side of the town to that of Stretton—he had at least three miles to walk to the Sunday and other services. He was one of the earliest members of the church, and one of the most ardent and active. Leaving Stretton he became usher in a private school; but not liking his employment, he exchanged it for one more enterprising and lucrative in the town of Nottingham. By industry and skill in lace making he grew in the course of time, into a master in the trade, laying the foundation of that prosperity which has long been the lot of the establishment at Old Lenton. Identifying himself with the church in Broad Street, he became one of its best known members and supporters, taking his share in the Sunday-school, the choir, and other auxiliaries of the place. As a young working man, and while yet poor, he began to be "a cheerful giver." Attending a missionary meeting at which a London minister appealed for special help to meet a new demand, Mr. Walker, who had but *two sovereigns* in his possession, promptly gave one of them to the object. He was chided by his friends with whom he lodged for such effusive generosity; but he met their chidings by the avowal of a belief that he should be no poorer for it in the end. Through his future life, as he freely received, he freely gave. His donations were often large in amount, and were so extensively conferred, that he became generally known as an eminently liberal man. Few persons in his sphere of life received more frequent applications for occasional aid; and to few were such extraneous appeals addressed with more success.

After a long and prosperous career in the making of lace, he grew weary of the din of its noisy machinery, and longed for the quietude of rural occupations. Like many other men he had a lurking fondness for his native place, and for those agricultural employments which he learned in his early youth. Retaining an excellent home in the neigh-

bourhood of Nottingham for Mrs. Walker, he returned to Stretton as the tenant of the Manor Farm, under the Marquis of Anglesea, and there he passed his principal time during the last years of his life. Old and rich as he was he superintended the affairs of his large farm, and was contented with the plain but substantial accommodations which this country house afforded. He minded not high things, but condescended to things which were lowly. Under his roof at Stretton he provided a home for a bereaved relative and her fatherless children, who, in return for his bounty, ministered to his moderate wants, and managed his household affairs. But his hospitality was only a part of his readiness to maintain good works. He was a father to the poor around him, and expended a large sum, especially in the winter season, in purchasing clothing for labouring men and their wives and children. How many chapels he assisted to build—how many chapel debts he help to reduce—how many social meetings in connection with religion and temperance he presided over—how many stones he laid, and made memorials, not of his meanness but of his munificence—it is impossible to recount. He paid the entire salary of two ministers in succession who conducted mission services at New Lenton while he lived in the neighbourhood. After his removal to Stretton he preferred to attend the ministry of Mr. Wolfendale, at Tutbury, and was a liberal contributor to the funds of the ancient congregational church in that town. As age advanced he found the distance of some four miles inconvenient, especially in bad weather; so that the proposal to raise a new Baptist interest in Horninglow, comparatively near to his Stretton home, met his warm approval. He laid one of the memorial stones of the chapel in Parker Street, and became a member of the small church assembling there. His handsome donation to the fund for building school-rooms, on one side of the chapel, was the last of his useful deeds for the benefit of the rising generation. He was glad to spend his last days in fellowship with the denomination he had joined in his youth; although he shewed his catholicity by attending special services in connection with other Christian bodies, and by his cheerful giving to their necessities. He will be greatly missed by the ministers and churches which he befriended, and most of all by the indigent neighbours whom he often relieved. He was affable and familiar beyond most men of his position; so that, speaking comparatively, it might be said he had no pride. His social manners made him a general favourite; but sometimes they exposed him to suspicion and censure from those who imagine mischief against a man, and speak evil one of another. His religious course was somewhat chequered, and lacked the uniformity which some would have preferred to see. But he had a large amount of what is called individuality in his character, and to be judged correctly he must be judged charitably. That he had a full share of esteem among his extensive acquaintance was clearly shown on the occasion of his death and burial. The funeral service in the Nottingham Cemetery was attended by several hundreds of people. The Free Methodist chapel at Stretton, which he assisted to build, was crowded on the Sunday after his interment, to hear the Rev. J. Wolfendale, who bore testimony to the service which the deceased had rendered in his generation. And on the following Sunday evening equal respect was shown to his memory in Parker Street chapel, Burton, by the preacher and congregation. The local newspapers contained laudatory notices of him, as a thorough liberal in politics, a staunch teetotaler, and a generous philanthropist.

W. UNDERWOOD, D.D.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

APRIL, 1883.

The Mission Accounts.

At a Committee Meeting held at Nottingham on Tuesday, February 27th, the Treasurer reported that the expenditure of the Society was considerably in excess of the income, and that either the latter must be increased, or the former must be reduced. He also expressed the fear, unless the income was augmented before the annual accounts were made up, that the large balance against the Society at the close of the last financial year (*viz.* £881 9s. 6d.) would be greatly increased. After the Treasurer's statement a sub-committee was appointed to enquire into the state of the Society's funds, and to report at the Association. From the published accounts, however, it is quite evident that for some years the expenditure has been greater than the income. Under these circumstances it is necessary that the income and expenditure should be equalized. As the question of reducing the mission staff cannot be entertained for one moment, the only alternative is to augment the income. Nor would this be at all difficult if the matter were set about in real earnest, and if all the members of our churches and congregations only gave as the Lord has prospered them. What we want is

(1) A higher scale of subscriptions from our more wealthy church members. Surely there must be many whose annual income or accumulated wealth is greater now than it was years ago, but against whose names the same figures stand—the conventional guinea or half-guinea—that stood years ago.

(2) A better system of soliciting and collecting smaller subscriptions from the poorer members of our churches.

In many churches there is little or no system at all, and the Mission is scarcely ever referred to except at the annual services. Much to the disgrace of somebody, both poor and rich members of our churches have been heard to say that they have attended certain chapels for years without ever having been asked to subscribe to the funds of the Mission. How such persons can ever come to think that it is the *duty of somebody else* to *ask* them for subscriptions; or, if unasked, how they can reconcile themselves, in the light of Calvary and eternity, to not giving because *not asked*, is to us most unaccountable. Still, as there are persons of this description, persons who seem to have so little sense of their own obligation and privilege in the way of giving; so little feeling in regard to their duty to Christ and the perishing heathen, it is desirable that their attention should be directed to such matters, and that where subscriptions are not volunteered they should be solicited. With proper organizations there can be no doubt but that all the money needed to

sustain and strengthen our present mission staff would be easily obtained. Will our ministers and deacons kindly see that, for promoting the interests of our Foreign Mission, their churches are put into and kept in proper working order.

The Orissa Conference.

Cuttack Jan. 11, 1883.

I RESUME the account of our recent Conference.

THE CORRESPONDENCE

laid on the table was more voluminous than at any previous Conference. There were letters of condolence from various societies and individuals on the death of Mr. Brooks. In addition to communications from our own society which called for consideration, there were letters from the Religious Tract Society, American Tract Society, British and Foreign Bible Society, Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society, and Female Education Society. All these societies, as well as the Bible Translation Society, greatly help us in various departments of our great work. The Female Education Society supports *three* agents, and in addition supports the girls' school at Choga, the only girls' school, I may add, in the Athgur rajuary, which contains more than thirty thousand inhabitants. All this should surely encourage our friends to do *their* part in extending the kingdom of Christ in Orissa. Nor should I omit to mention a despatch which is to be "published for general information," sent by "Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India" to "His Excellency the most Honourable the Governor-General of India in Council," expressive of the "sincere gratification" which Her Majesty had derived from the "loyal addresses" sent on Her escape from the attempt made on Her life. You will remember that the native Christians of Orissa sent a loyal address on this important occasion; and a copy of the despatch was sent to "the Secretary of the Orissa Baptist Mission for communication to the parties concerned."

THE EXAMINATION OF THE STUDENTS

(five) in the Mission College was, as usual, attended to at the Conference, and the whole of Wednesday, Dec. 27th, was devoted to this. A very favorable report was given, and one of the students—Bharasa Mahanty—having completed the usual course of three years, was received on probation as a native preacher, the native brethren united with us in his reception. He will, I trust, do well. Not that he is brilliant, or would ever excel in learning, but he is endowed with energy, and preaches the Gospel of Christ as one who believes that it is God's message of mercy to a ruined world.

THE LOCATION OF THE NATIVE PREACHERS,

and other things connected with their important labours, engaged much of our time. It is gratifying to state that Balunki Padhan, who was received last year on probation, has satisfactorily passed his year of trial, and was fully accepted. It was decided to remove, for a time, Thoma from Sambalpur to Piplee, and Bala Krishnoo from Piplee to Sambalpur. It is deeply interesting to add, that the last time Bala Krishnoo was at Sambalpur, which was several years ago, he was a

devoted worshipper of Jaganath, and sought to entice others to visit the shrine; now he goes to preach Christ, and to guide the deluded worshippers of the famous idols to the knowledge of Him. Discipline was unhappily necessary in the case of Narian Varistan, of Bonamalipore; but the native brethren to whom the question was submitted, while they admitted that he had been guilty of great inconsistency, recommended that he have another trial; so he was suspended for three months, in the hope that he will be much more watchful in the future than he has been in the past. One of the brethren proposed the question—a very important one too—can anything be done to promote the efficiency and increase the numbers of our native preachers? It was pretty fully discussed; and the answer given was, we have always felt the importance of doing all we can in this direction, and fully intend to do so in the future. It would, of course, be easy enough to increase the number of native labourers by lowering the standard, but no wise man would recommend this.

THE WORK OF SPREADING ABROAD THE GOSPEL BY THE PRESS

was fully considered; we reported what had been done during the past year, and decided upon what it would be desirable to do in the present. Fuller details are given in the Minutes; but it may be stated here that, among other things, it was decided to print another pocket edition of the Oriya New Testament—3,000 copies. O that we could do a thousand times more in this department of our work than we are doing! A year ago we discussed the desirableness of employing

BIBLE WOMEN,

and I am glad to report that we have now native Christian women at work at *three* of our stations, Cuttack, Berhampore, Piplee. This will, I trust, be gratifying to friends at home who are interested in this work. The Conference agreed to recognize these Bible women as accredited helpers in our work, and warmly approved of Miss Packer having the superintendence of those at Cuttack. Special funds will, we hope, be forthcoming to meet or nearly to meet the expense incurred by this additional agency. The operations of the

ORISSA TRACT SOCIETY

were fully considered. It was reported that another edition of "Sweet Story of Old" had been printed during the year. It is admirably adapted for the young, and the coloured pictures kindly given by the Religious Tract Society render it the best illustrated book we have in Oriya. "Mirror of the Soul," a collection of interesting anecdotes and illustrations of Scripture, had also been printed. This is a reprint of an old work considerably revised and enlarged, and will, it is hoped, in its new dress, be attractive and useful. It was decided to print a translation made by a respected member of the church at Cuttack—Babu Joseph Das—of Newman Hall's "Come to Jesus," and we shall all pray that it may lead many to come to Him in whom the weary wanderer may find rest and peace. It was also decided to print "Children of the Bible," "Henry and his Bearer," and "Phulmani and Kurana," the last named is an invaluable work for native Christian women. It was first written in Bengali by the late Mrs. Mullens; and the first Oriya edition was translated by Mr. Stubbins. It was gratifying to all the brethren to know that *the financial condition* of our Orissa Tract Society was

better than it had been for more than thirty years; in other words, a debt which had long been due to the Mission Press is cleared off, and we start again free from incumbrance. It is a blessed thing for societies, as well as individuals, to be out of debt. Debts grievously hamper honest men in their work.

I had hoped, long ere this, to report the completion of *the new chapel at Khoordah*, but instead of this we had a letter from our respected friend, Mr. Bond, informing us that a further sum of about 300 rupees (£30) would be required to finish the work. This information was as unexpected as it was discouraging, but we have begun the building; it is now nearly completed, and it must not be hindered for any such sum as I have mentioned. It was also mentioned that two Missionaries—Messrs. Pohl and Bothman—are located in Jeypore, which is in the Vizagapatam district; and as this is an Oriya-speaking country, with a population of nearly half a million, Mr. Bailey was instructed to correspond with them with the view of rendering them any assistance in their work. The last I heard from them was that they had been obliged to leave for a time on account of fever. The town of Jeypore contains between 9 and 10,000 inhabitants, but is extremely unhealthy; and it is very doubtful whether Europeans can bear the climate. It is in Lat. 18° 55' N., and Long. 82° 38' E. Other things, which need not be particularized here, engaged our prayerful consideration. And now calmly and hopefully we enter on the work of another year. What will be the changes before another Conference we know not, but after the exciting scenes of the last two or three weeks we return to our ordinary duties thanking God for the past, trusting in Him for the future, and praying for grace to do with all our might the work which our hands find to do. Next to the blessedness of being with Christ in heaven is the exalted privilege of doing His work upon earth. May each devoutly say,

“His work my fleeting days shall bless,
Till health, and strength, and life are o'er;
And may my latest hour confess
His love hath animating power.”

The Voyage to India.

BY REV. T. F. MULHOLLAND.

A STORY OF “DEGREES,” IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.—CEYLON TO CUTTACK.

SATURDAY, 18th Nov. (30th day).—This morning we are all in the best of spirits because our dreary run across the Indian Ocean is almost at an end. All the passengers are on deck striving who will be the first to see the beautiful island of Ceylon. Many are the mistakes made by the more sanguine spirits—clouds causing an optical illusion. About 2 p.m. we get the first unmistakeable glimpse of Ceylon's isle, and gradually we become charmed by the beautiful and sublime scenes which unfold themselves to our view—*beautiful* because of the well-

formed trees, with dark-green foliage, which skirt the sea, with here and there a handsome mansion nestling in their midst; *sublime* in the extreme because of the awe-inspiring mountains in the back-ground of Colombo, rising peak above peak till they reach an altitude of some 1,200 feet above the level of the sea. As we gaze on the picturesque landscape we are reminded of the wretched shrivelled foliage of Egypt and the barren rocks of Aden, and we think Ceylon must be the favourite child of “Flora.”

Some of our passengers leave us at Colombo, among whom are the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. St. Dalmas, whose society we have much enjoyed during the voyage. Their walk and conversation have testified them to be "follow-helpers to the truth." Last night we had a pleasing and profitable meeting for praise and prayer among the large number of Christian workers we have in the *Goorakha*. Our dear brother and sister who were about to leave us were specially commended to the care of the Chief Shepherd.

4 p.m.—The anchor is dropped, and we are riding safely inside the capital breakwater which successfully keeps back the heavy surf which rolls in all along the western shore of Ceylon. We are immediately surrounded by a fleet of strange small crafts, propelled by a stranger set of men—we say men, but we are not sure of the gender, because beings with robes like a lady's morning dress, and long hair done up with a crop comb, give one a confusing idea in regard to the sexes. The catamaran would interest our boating friends at home. It is like the half of a tree cut lengthways, and scooped out. At the side, attached by two hoop-like arms, there is a beam of wood that effectually prevents the seeming frail craft from toppling over. Among the first who step on board is that true friend of all missionaries, missions, our Indian Gaius, A. M. Ferguson, Esq. He soon makes himself known to our party, and, indeed, to all the Non-conformist mission workers on board, giving a pressing and general invitation to all who were not otherwise engaged to enjoy the hospitality of himself and like-minded nephew (J. Ferguson, Esq.) as long as the steamer was in port. The kindness of these two gentlemen and their dear partners was boundless, and will not soon fade from our memory.

Brother Bailey and myself preached in the chapels lately under the pastorate of Rev. T. R. Stevenson. I took the opportunity of publicly giving the Christian salutation of our dear brother and his wife. The many enquiries regarding them, and the expression of good received (especially by a Mr. Pete, a sorely afflicted but choice saint), showed unmistakably that the seven years' work in Colombo of the present pastor of St. Mary's Gate, will not soon be effaced. The work here is very promising; the shepherdless sheep are not scattering.

It would be a risky thing for a stranger to describe Colombo, having such a knowing critic in Derby. Suffice it to say that there are buildings which would adorn any city. The houses for the

married soldiers make us think that their lines are fallen in pleasant places. We have already spoken of the fresh green home-like look of the trees, which give a pleasant shade from the sun in almost every street. The drive along the esplanade we enjoyed immensely; but the railway carriages are *not* equal to the "Midland." Ceylon is by far the best fruit-growing country in this part of the world—the result of the monthly rains by which it alone is favoured. It grows capital tea—quite a new production. We had a cheering cup from Mrs. Ferguson, which we enjoyed immensely after the wretched decoction we were obliged to drink on board ship. Its cinnamon gardens were visited, the fragrance of which gave rise to the spicy breezes of Bishop Heber. While driving out with Mr. Ferguson we had our attention drawn to the banyan and bread-fruit trees. The former with its roots dropping from its extended branches—the latter giving fuel and food to its owners. It is pretty evident that progressive Western ideas have got a firm footing in Ceylon—long the stronghold of Buddhism. In driving through the bazaar we saw the Indian native at home. It is a sad sight—"sitting in darkness." God grant that they may soon see "the Great Light." The missionary has but to touch Indian soil to be sadly conscious "that the land is not yet possessed."

On leaving Ceylon we were deeply grateful for the great kindness we had received from our Colombo friends, whom we shall not soon forget.

Friday, 24th.—This forenoon we reached Madras, after a very stormy passage from Colombo. The latter place boasts a splendid breakwater. But the maker of the one at Madras had not calculated the strength of his enemy, and his work has come to nought. We got inside the breakwater, but the difference was imperceptible. Those passengers who landed at Madras had to have all their wits about them; and even then they fared well who escaped with wet feet only. Madras, like a great many other things in this world, looks best at a distance. The buildings fronting the sea are really handsome; but I understood from those who went through the town that some parts are extremely wretched looking. The heat here at mid-day is intense, entitling the town to the name of the "Frying-pan of India." Had we not had such a pleasant time at Colombo, our first touch at India proper would have been somewhat cheerless.

Friday, 31st Nov.—This morning we are riding at anchor in the mouth, or

rather in one of the mouths, of the Ganges. The voyage during the past week has been most unpleasant—heat, winds, and pelting rain—what Englishmen would call “a regular soaker.” We are therefore exceedingly glad that our somewhat stormy voyage is near a close.

12 noon.—We are now steaming up the Hooghly, and all are making preparations for landing.

2 p.m.—We have just received a note from Mr. Sykes, our Calcutta agent, telling us to prepare for transhipping to the False Point steamer. For several reasons we are glad that it is so, although we regret not having time to see Calcutta. The chief officer, who has been to the passengers uniformly kind during the voyage, gave us every facility to collect together our large amount of luggage. One sight characteristic, I suppose, of these latitudes we have just seen—a dead body, possibly the remains of a poor devotee, floating down to the sea, with a kite sitting on it, revelling in the spoil. No one on shore was paying the least heed to the ghastly sight. Ah! people learn out here.

7 p.m.—We have had our last dinner on board the *Ghoorkha*; we have bid a possibly last farewell here to several pleasant travelling companions, and now we are leaving for the other steamer. We pass through what appear to be miles of ships from all nations. And at last we are put on all safe the steamer that conveys us to False Point.

Saturday, 1st Dec.—Sleep last night was out of the question, what with the noise from the men loading the steamer and the bite of the river mosquitoes. Ah, we had a pleasant night! When Mrs. M. and Miss B. appeared, the former seemed to have a bad, and the latter a partial attack of small-pox, rendering them, of course, still more beautiful. We are having a look at Calcutta. We were at it, not in it. The view of the “City of Palaces” will be to us a pleasure of the future.

Monday, 3rd.—We have safely reached False Point, and are looking out for brother Miller. We learn that he is at Jumboo, and to Jumboo we go. Well for us that brother Bailey is one of our company or we would be in a nice fix. The natives at Jumboo tell us that sahib Miller is coming—but when? Our good brother Bailey made the best of a bad job, especially in requisitioning the provender of the steam launch *Eliza*. We retired to a dak (or empty) bungalow, and made ourselves comfortable.

4 p.m., and no brother Miller. Ah, like Dickens' Mark Tapley, we can say

there is now some “credit.” We go to the house top and look afar off, but “no one coming,” to use sister Anne's phrase in “Blue Beard.”

6 p.m.—Still he does not come. But we must have our dinner. The cook from the *Eliza* did his best; milk in abundance was secured for the children. The provisions that were to do for the poor agent of the small steamer were taken for poorer G. B.'s, and the table—with a dim lamp erected on a collar box in the centre—groaned under the load of good things. Really the room was quite interesting. The children lying on a stretcher-like erection, covered with the superfluous clothes of the ladies, looking out at their elders dining, thinking, doubtless, that India was a great country. By way of variety we had one or two bats wheeling round the empty room, and coming uncomfortably near to our faces.

7 p.m., and still no Mr. Miller. Well, there is nothing for it but make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night—the ladies and the children in one room and brother B. and myself in another. My sleeping companion suited the action to the word, and with travelling bag for a pillow, he turned on not in, for there was no bed-cover. Alas! I had no travelling bag to hand, and to go to the steamer was exposing myself to wandering tigers not unknown in these parts. My only available thing was a bunch of sticks. The ladies were hoping against hope in regard to brother Miller's coming. Mrs. M. was making her bairns as comfortable as possible, and Miss B., as became the teacher of young Orissa, was pacing, with folded arms, the empty room, thinking, doubtless, that we were having a fair start.

8.30 p.m.—Brother Miller just arrived, after travelling with all possible speed since yesterday morning. We at once learned that the Cuttack brethren were not to blame for our detention—our departure from Calcutta not being telegraphed till Saturday evening. However, we were not sorry, or we would have missed our little adventure.

Need I tell of seeing alligators in the canal which we passed through at the rapid speed of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour? Shall I speak of the hearty welcome of the friends in Cuttack? That you all take for granted. My story of “Dogrees” is told. It has, on the whole, been pleasant. Many friendships have been made—much has been learned. God grant that our presence in this land of spiritual darkness may help to support the band of workers who are still toiling in the field.

Arrival of Mr. Bailey at Berhampore.

IN accordance with the suggestions of the Committee, and with the approval of the Orissa Conference, Mr. Bailey has proceeded to Berhampore. With his three motherless children in England, and with no missionary colleague nearer than Cuttack—a three day's journey distant—his position is, in many respects, a very trying one, and merits the sympathy and prayers of friends in England. Writing from Cuttack on Jan. 13th, Mr. Bailey says :—

There were so many things to attend to last week before the mail closed that I was unable to write you; you would, however, see from the minutes that the case about Berhampore had been settled, and I am to go there. The brethren recognized the difficulties attending the arrangement, but concurred in the view I had expressed. The position will, in some respects, be a trying one, but I have not sought it, and my only desire in connection with it has been to know and follow the guidings of Providence. I am,

moreover, strong and well at present, and able, I trust, to deal with matters as they arise; and certainly am sustained by the conviction that I am in the path of duty, and may, therefore, expect the blessing of God. The brethren accord me their hearty sympathy and good-will; but the more than a hundred miles lying between us will render any practical help difficult in case of emergency. I shall try to make and find friends there, and I hope you, too, will endeavour to send help in the shape of a missionary brother next cold season.

Under date of Feb. 1, writing from Berhampore, Mr. Bailey remarks :

I write you, at length, from Berhampore, having arrived here at three o'clock on Monday morning, but all my belongings were in a state of such utter chaos that it has taken me all my time to get them a little into line. I have still a good deal to do in that direction, but as to-day is the great "poila," or first of the month, I have suspended other operations to get into proper harness, as this, of course, is of the first importance. I shall not, however, be able to do very much, as Daniel Babu will not be ready to make over his accounts till to-morrow morning, and I cannot begin to square till I have them. Shem, Balaji, and Jacob, have accompanied me on the journey from Cuttack, and we have had very good preaching opportunities. At Ganjam I met with two Baptists, one a Mr. K—, from Ongole, where he had been head master in the mission school, teaching up to the matriculation examination, but is now in the Salt Department; the other a son of Mr. B. Both are anxious to be helpful, and the former especially has the power to be so. I should be very glad indeed if he were at Berhampore. It has occurred to me that as I shall have three competent men here, and one at Padri Polli, and as no move of the kind has been made for some time, if we could do something at Ganjam it would be a good thing. Mr. K. would be able to give employment to any suitable men we might send there, and would also take a kindly interest in the preacher. Shem thinks well of the proposal, and Daniel also, and I am hoping that Messrs. K.

and B. will be able to get suitable premises, which they have promised to do their best to obtain. We went about a good deal, and fixed upon a very proper holding, but it is not certain that it is for sale. We had an English service there in the evening, and I left for Berhampore about ten o'clock at night, and rode my horse nearly the whole of the way, arriving here, as I have said, about 3 a.m. on Monday morning, well tired and stiff with the night's wakefulness and travelling. I have since called upon all the European residents—more than I expected to find; there are more than twenty houses—and have been most kindly received by all. Nearly all the native Christians have called, and I have also been to see them in the villages. I hope to be able to get to the bazaar this evening, as I have not yet seen the native part of the town. We are discussing the probabilities of a book-room being useful and obtainable, the feasibility of employing Bible-women, the desirableness of a better-class school than the existing one.

The Governor of Madras is expected in a few days, and we are preparing an address, the only petition in which is to be that more encouragement be given to Oriyas in granting appointments by the Government.

When at Khoordah, on my way down, I received your letter of Dec. 28th.

Though so early in the season, water is getting scarce here, and people are becoming anxious. It was cloudy yesterday, and we may have rain; I wish it may be so. I hope to get to the new village next week.

Bible Women in Orissa.

At the recent Orissa Conference it was reported that native Bible women were employed at Cuttack, Berhampore, and Pipelee, when it was agreed that they be recognised as accredited helpers in mission work. When it is remembered that in Orissa there are four and a half million females, comparatively few of whom are able to read, the importance of having Bible women will be seen at once. In this new department of labour Mrs. Wilkinson, of Leicester, the devoted wife of our beloved brother Wilkinson, (who is still an invalid and confined to his room) takes deep interest, and desires to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, the following sums which she has received. She will also be pleased to receive further contributions towards the same object. Her address is, Gotha-street, Leicester. The amount required to support a native Bible woman is about £6 per annum. As an expression of love to Jesus, and as an acknowledgment of the obligations they owe to the blessed Bible, will not the women of England show compassion towards their benighted sisters in Orissa, by helping to send them the Gospel.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. A. J. Mundella, London	1	1	0	Miss Harris, St. Albans	0	5	0
Mrs. Livens (two years)	1	0	0	Miss L. E. Wherry, Bourne	0	5	0
A Friend from New Zealand	1	0	0	Two Friends	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Brooks	0	10	0	Mrs. Conder, Essex	0	5	0
Mrs. W. H. Gray	0	10	0	Miss Dawbarn, Wisbech	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Wilkinson	0	10	0	Mr. J. Roper	0	5	0
Miss A. Gill	0	10	0	Miss E. Roberts	0	5	0
Mr. A. Butler, Nottingham	0	10	6	A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. Charles Jacoby, Nottingham	0	10	6	Two poor women (one blind)	0	5	7
Mr. Robert Walker	0	10	0				
Mr. Yates	0	5	0				
Mrs. Roberts	0	5	0				
					£9	4	7

THE ANNUAL ACCOUNTS.—As the Mission accounts for the year must close at the end of May, will the Local Secretaries be good enough to forward their contributions and lists as early as possible to the Mission House, Wilson Street, Derby.

Contributions

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from February 16th to March 15th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.	
Burton-on-Trent	90	7	9	SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHEANS' FUND.
Derby, St. Mary's Gate	21	5	0	
" Osmaston Road	16	15	6	£
" Watson Street	14	0	4	s.
Castle Donington and Weston	6	6	7	d.
Hugglescote	19	8	8	Arnold
Ilkeston, Queen Street	10	15	1	Bourne
Langley Mill	3	6	9	Burnley, Enon
Leicester, Dover St.—Mr. C. Harding	1	0	0	Coningsby
" Auxiliary—on account	218	7	6	Denholme
" —by Mrs. Wilkinson	0	10	6	Hugglescote
London—S. D. Rickards, Esq.	5	0	0	London, Praed Street
Louth, Northgate	16	8	2	" Westbourne Park
Nottingham, Broad Street	67	0	10	Lydgate
Netherseal	4	1	0	Maltby
Whitwick	5	4	1	March
				Pinchbeck
				Shore
				Stoke-on-Trent—two years
				Todmorden

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. BEMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, Mission House, 63, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards, may be obtained.

The Jewish Race.

SAUNTERING about the *Place Bellecour*, in Lyons, I chanced to see in a bookseller's window, the words, *Le Judaïsme comme Race et comme Religion, par Ernest Renan*. My attention was arrested both by the title and the author's name. I went in and bought the pamphlet. For if there is one subject that interests me with a completeness, only surpassed by Christianity, it is the chequered and thrilling story of that Judaism, in whose bosom our Christianity was born, and whose finest spirit finds its incarnation and ever-developing expression in the gospel of Christ. Besides, "the man and his theme" could scarcely be better mated than Renan and Judaism. Known everywhere as the writer of "a Life of Jesus" of captivating brilliancy and unreasoning heedlessness, he is also a perfect master of Semitic lore, the translator into clear and mellifluous French of the book of *Job*, and the *Song of Songs*, the author of a general history of the Semitic languages, and surpassed by few, if any, in the width, accuracy, and completeness of his learning on all questions relating to Judaism as a religion, received, adopted and avowed by a specially distinguished race.

The pamphlet, I find, contains an address given on the 27th of Jan., 1883, on the racial relations of the Jews to Judaism; and shows, in connection with various fruitful and nourishing suggestions, that the Jewish religion has by no means been restricted, as seems to be generally thought, to persons of Jewish blood, but has been accepted and practised by the members of many races, so that the Jews of to-day, though currently cited as a unique example of pure descent, are, as Lord Bacon said of the English, "a mixed people, and all the better for the mixing."

In its origin, Judaism, it is admitted, was as local and national as the religion of the Moabites; but it was subsequently lifted into the realm of universal principles, and placed on a humanitarian instead of a race basis, by the genius and devotion of the ever-famous prophets of the eighth century before Christ. "The prophets of Israel," says Renan, "were the creators of pure religion." The "premier fondateur" of Christianity was Isaiah, 725 years B.C. "In introducing into the Israelite world the idea of moral religion—the idea of justice and of the secondary value of sacrifices—Isaiah preceded Jesus by seven centuries."

Even on Renan's principles that account of the universalizing of Judaism requires modification. Hosea, certainly, takes precedence of Isaiah in the grandeur of his conception of the glowing tenderness, quivering pity, and all-enduring love of Jehovah, if not in the clearness of his vision of a purely spiritual religion, and therefore must be regarded as the predecessor and teacher of the man who has been raised, by general, but confused opinion, to the exclusive rank of the "Evangelist" amongst the prophets. Abating the question of the date of the book of Job, it can hardly be denied that an early and potent rank, in this widening and humanising process, must be given to the members of that *School of the*

Wise who have left, as the everlasting monument of their thought and inspiration, the *Book of Proverbs*, the *Song of Songs*, and the incomparable drama of *Job*. Yet, whatever the methods, and whoever the agents, the Hebrew literature itself is a witness to the supreme fact that the national idea in religion retires in favour of the universal; the spiritual ideal which has sufficed for a small race slowly broadens out into a brilliant evangel for humanity, and the revelation of God which illumined the path and cheered the spirit of the patriarch Abraham becomes, through a succession of differently gifted but "holy men of God, moved by the Holy Ghost," a redeeming energy for "all the nations of the earth."

Not at once was that ideal actualised; nor have we much more than brief hints of the mystic way in which the Eternal Love shaped the fitful and unconscious deeds of men into this beneficent and everlasting result. No doubt the ministry of pain was the messenger of mercy; and the dreaded dispersion and captivity of the people of God became the creator of a missionary instinct, and the origin of purer religious thought and fuller religious power. Wide breaches were made in the integrity of the Jewish race; and on the return from captivity mixed marriages were enacted on so large a scale that the Reformer, Nehemiah, recurred again and again, with increasing energy, to their legal prohibition. The dispersion went on, and increased; and an active monotheistic propagandism kept pace with it. The Spirit of God was poured out. A wide-spread movement against paganism set in, and signaled itself by many victories, a hundred and fifty years before the coming of Christ. Incalculable and exhaustless impetus was given to the movement by Jesus; triumphs were won for spiritual religion at a marvelously accelerated rate, though many converts from heathenism went through Judaism to Christianity. Yet owing, in no small measure, to the destruction of Jerusalem (an event in the religious life and history of the world it seems difficult to get any one to appreciate at its full value) enormous additions continued to be made to the ranks of the Jews from people's "of all languages and tongues under heaven." Thus for a period of not less than five hundred years (from 300 B.C. to 200 A.D.) the Jewish race incorporated with itself men and women professing the Jewish faith, utterly regardless of any and every difference of race-stock. The question of physical descent, or "blood," was wholly in abeyance, and the acceptance of the law of Moses, the customs of the Jews, and the faith and worship of a Hebrew, was enough to secure complete fellowship in this Broad Jewish Church.

Renan gives at length the evidence on which this important conclusion is based.* In the *Wars of the Jews* (Book VII., c. iii., § 3,) Josephus speaks of "great numbers" of Greeks in Antioch drawn to the Jewish worship, and making themselves part of the sacred community by accepting the capital act of circumcision, which definitely and at once placed them in the Hebrew fraternity. The energetic propagandism in Alexandria in the third and second centuries B.C. is notorious.

* Writing at Nice. I am unable to verify these and other references—such as *Dion Cassius*, lib. xxxvii. c. xvii. *Juvenal, Satires*, xiv. v. 95, et seq. *Tacitus, History*, v. 5. There is also a reference to a law of Antoninus Pius permitting Jews to circumcise their sons, but their sons only—and Renan says "that where authority existed to forbid a practice it is because that practice is wide-spread and of considerable extent."

Syria, too, was the theatre of immense enthusiasm and great successes. Damascus, Palmyra, Ituræa, Cilicia, and the Hauran district, afford evidence of the same spiritual reform. Helena, the Queen of Adiabene and her family, and probably many of her subjects, passed over to the faith of Abraham. In his controversy with *Apion* (ii. 39) Josephus describes "the desire which seized *great multitudes* to adopt our worship, so that there was not a Greek or barbarian town, nor a nation, where they did not observe our sabbath, our fast days, and our distinctions of foods. They seek also," he says, "to imitate our concord, our almsgiving, our taste for manual work, and our courage to suffer all things for the Law. Just as God penetrates the universe, so the Law has filtered into the life of men. If any one doubts my word, let him look at his country, yea, even let him glance at his own family."

But enough. There is no need to cite further evidence;—to tell of prodigious conversions in Arabia, preparing the way for the work of Mahomet; and in Abyssinia, giving the Bible to the Africans; to read the Hebrew inscriptions in the Crimea, or report the traces of Judaism amongst the Afghans. It is certain, that for at least *five centuries*, and that when the Greek and Roman Empires were in the fulness of their strength, Judaism was not a religion merely or primarily based on animal descent, or "blood," but on and for the soul of man; not narrow and closed, but broad and open as the mercy of God; not national—for the nation was unsubstantial as a dream; not local—for the holy place was itself often desolate, and at last destroyed; not national or local, but wide as the world, free as the air, and penetrating as the love of the Father—a spiritual revelation through Jews, but *to and for* all mankind. The children of Abraham were in these, the really golden centuries of Judaism, not born according to the flesh, but according to the Spirit, though they accepted the sign of circumcision as the outward mark of their admission into the Abrahamic community.

That historical fact is of infinite fruitfulness.

Of manifold suggestions, I only specify two or three.

(1.) Christian men, sense-bound and true children of time, read their Bibles in ignorance of this historical certainty, and look with fixed gaze for an actual return of the Jews, *as a race*, to Jerusalem; and to their reconstruction *as a race* into a nation, with Palestine for their country, and the holy city for their capital.

I am convinced this is a superstition, though, alas! one that vitiates five-sixths of our commentaries, and gives vitality to the perilous and disastrous error taught by many good men concerning the speedy physical return of our Lord. No true exegesis of Old or New Testaments affords the slightest real ground for such an expectation. But that aside: where is the Jewish *race*? How will you discover it? By what marks will you track it? For all purposes of definite tracing it is as nearly lost as the children of Hengist and Horsa, of Canute and Harold. The Jews ceased to be an identifiable ethnographic quantity a hundred years after Christ. Five centuries of "mixing," and of such "mixing," make it almost as difficult to find the actual Jewish blood in the Jew of France or Italy, Madrid or Moscow, as to gather out of the Mediterranean at Nice the water that passed, at any precise moment six months ago, through the Straits of Gibraltar. Resemblances in thought, in

habits, in manners, and even in physique, are due, it is well known, to similarity of conditions of life, and are not of necessity a voucher for identity of race.* Had we the power to emancipate ourselves from traditional prejudices, to weigh evidence, and hold ourselves well within facts, we could not be seduced for a moment by the incontinent nonsense talked about the English people being "the Ten Lost Tribes," or the scarcely less glaring absurdities written on the return of the Jews, *as a race*, to Palestine, and their rebuilding into a nation on *race-principles*.

(2.) Another far-reaching hint is in the sentence, "Conformably to the prediction of the prophets Judaism had become universal. All the world was drawn towards it" (p. 20). Those five centuries (300 B.C. to 200 A.D.) are crowded with witnesses to the divine insight of the Hebrew seers, and afford incontestable evidence that "they spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." They form one of the most fruitful epochs of the life of humanity, and contain the promise of a glorious destiny for the sons of men. Not in petty details, not in a trifling literalism, should we look for the vindication of Hosea and Micah, Isaiah and Amos, but in the grand sweep of facts, in the movement which detached the world from a paganized and unmeaning ceremonialism "to the worship of Him who is the Spirit in spirit and in truth." The splendid fervour, the enthusiastic missionary zeal, and the comprehensive range of the Hebrew church in its best days, are the historic monument of the truth and inspiration of the Hebrew prophets.

(3.) What ought to be our attitude towards those who practise the religion of Judaism to-day? Far different from what it is? We speak too often of certain vices as Jewish, as we describe other qualities as Roman or Scotch, French or English, and we use the word "Jew" with a flavour of contempt. Vice is not of the blood. Hereditary forces count for much, no doubt, in the life of the world—but not for everything.

Recall the prominent features of Jewish history, and catch their teaching in the most vital and energetic days of Judaism, when they were scattered abroad everywhere, preaching Moses, writing books and training souls. Then they gathered in amongst themselves the elect spirits of the old world—of cultured Greece, of strong and capable Rome—and, as afterwards many of them passed into Christianity, they thus, and in other ways, entered into and became part of the best and purest life of mankind, so that man owes to them more than he owes to Greek art or to Roman jurisprudence, and yet his debt on both those latter scores is incalculably large. "Salvation is of the Jews." Yes! God's salvation for all men is from and by them; and so long as they incarnated the spirit of their prophets they were the saviours and teachers of mankind. But the Talmud men, envious of the gains of Christianity, set up a powerful reaction; protested against the freedom and breadth of the prophets and "wise men," sneered at proselytism, shrivelled up into ritualists, closed the gates against the admission of new members, and *shifted* the spiritual life of the Hebrew Church, giving up for a narrow party what was meant for mankind. Add to that mournful fact, the

* Renan says the signification of the word *Jew*, from the point of view of ethnography, has become very doubtful—p. 24.

bitter, malignant, and severe persecution the Jews have received from different nations, and you will have the exposition of their love of separateness, of their acutely-developed “sharpness,” wonderful power to “safe-guard” themselves, and indomitable energy and financial success.

But the world is changing, and changing rapidly. We are ashamed to persecute men because they were born a hundred or a thousand miles from where we dwell, and of parents who did not talk our patois, and therefore we accord to Jews and strangers of every land the heartiest welcome to all the responsibilities and gains of our common life. Moreover, the Talmud reaction amongst the Jews is reaching the end of its vitality. Signs exist of the return of the prophetic spirit to the present-day disciples of Moses and Malachi.* The “Jew” is thinking less of his *race*, as indeed he had better, and more of his religion, of its ideas, its spirit, and the obligation it lays upon him to become the missionary of monotheism to the world. The “times” are full of promise.

But promise of what? Will the Jew come to Christ? I dare not doubt it. Christ is the ideal Jew, as He is the ideal man; and the Jew will yet gladly rejoice to confess in Him the best, clearest, and fullest revelation of the God who spake by Moses and Elijah, and of whom David and Asaph sang. Let Christianity be disencumbered of its superstitious dogmas, freed of its ecclesiastical and ritualistic follies, and set forth in its original simplicity and beauty, and it will shine out conspicuously as the fulfilment, *i.e.*, the filling out of all the noble plan and beneficent promise of Judaism in its grandest days.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

“Who worketh all things after the counsel of
His own will.”

Ephesians i. 11.

God governeth in mystery
Our wayward human race;
The paths of His Eternity
How vain for us to trace!

Majestical His calm, and He
The rock of ages still;
We fretfully, impatiently,
Chafe at His sovereign will.

His great world-purposes move on
Hidden beyond our ken;
His lightning flashes, and is gone,
And there is night again.

We see but shadows in a glass,—
Dark mirror,—darkly seen;
Enigmas all,—they silent pass,
We know not what they mean.

Before the throne is clearer sight;
A crystal sea shall flow
Reflecting God's omniscient light
That all things we may know.

Then shall our faith have victory!
All heaven shall swell the praise;
How marvellous Thy judgments be,
How just and true Thy ways!

GEORGE RAWSON, Feb. 21st, 1883.

* Cf. *G. B. Magazine*, p. 28, 1883.

Music in Sunday Schools; can it be improved?

A FEW months ago an interesting article with this title appeared in a Church of England magazine; and about the same time a more elaborate paper on the same subject, by another writer, was read at a meeting of Episcopalian Sunday-school teachers at Sunderland. These facts may well suggest the question whether, in many of our Nonconformist schools, an improvement in the singing is not both possible and desirable. No doubt on anniversary and other special occasions our schools appear to advantage; and friends who have congregated from far and near are charmed by the musical display. But my reference is to the service of praise as we hear it in the Sunday-school on ordinary occasions. Is *that*, for the most part, satisfactory? There are admirable exceptions; but, is not the singing in many cases too loud and boisterous? in others, does it not drag on drearily without either life or melody? May we not often see some classes joining heartily in the hymn, whilst whole rows of children in other parts of the room are paying not the slightest attention? In most instances, is not the exercise too mechanical,—a mere getting through the performance with no due regard to the meaning of the words uttered? If it be admitted, as I think it will, that these faults do exist, the question ought surely to be considered, how are they to be remedied?

First, in order that the children and young people may take an intelligent interest in this part of the school service, let the superintendent use thought in the selection of the hymn, and be at some pains that the meaning of the words may be fairly grasped by at least a majority of the scholars.

I remember being present in a Sunday-school when the superintendent chose from Sankey's Songs and Solos a hymn expressive of the Christian's desire for more entire consecration. One verse ran as follows, and the others were in a similar elevated strain:—

“O, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.”

The good man seemed himself to enjoy the hymn very much; and I have no doubt he did, for he was a devout earnest Christian worker. But to the far greater number of the scholars, children of twelve years old and under, how unreal such sentiments must have been! Beautiful for the advanced Christian; but for ordinary children, who find it difficult, even when they try, to fix their thoughts in prayer for ten minutes together, how untrue!

Let hymns, then, be chosen suitable for the young, not for experienced Christians.

And, occasionally, by a few explanatory words let the superintendent try to interest the children in the meaning of the hymn. For example, supposing it to be a bright spring day, when all hearts are rejoicing in the verdure and sunshine which have succeeded the long dreary winter,

let him select such a hymn as that of Mrs. J. F. Stevenson's, (No. 150 in the School Hymnal):—

“ Sweet flowers are blooming in God's sight,
Created by His word,
Beneath His heaven of sunny light,
By spring's quick pulses stirred;”

or that of Mrs. Douglas', (No. 124), in which occur the lines :

“ The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on the hill and on the plain :
Thy name, Lord, be adored !
The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that clothe the trees again :
Glory to the Lord !”

Then let him, in a few words, call attention to the correspondence between the hymn and scenes outside. Will not his youthful congregation be much more likely to sing with intelligence and feeling than if he had not made this effort to interest them ?

In a similar way a remark or two descriptive of the incidents referred to in such a hymn as No. 235, “ Hushed was the evening hymn,”—or No. 172, “ A crowd fills the court of the temple ;” or explanatory of allusions, such as those in hymn 221, to the March through the wilderness, and the temptation of our Lord, will, I think, be likely to increase the interest of the young singers in the words to which they are invited to give voice.

And when I say “ a few words ” and “ a remark or two,” I mean *that*, and not a lengthened homily.

But, secondly, in order that the singing may not only be “ with the understanding,” but also as nearly as may be, general, let the teachers see to it that all the scholars have hymn-books. In visiting schools I have sometimes seen half-a-dozen children together without a book among them. Under such circumstances a habit of inattention is certain to be formed—and, of course, in such a case the singing must be partial instead of general. Let the elder scholars, then, be encouraged to purchase their own hymnals, and facilities be afforded them for this purpose. For the younger scholars it may perhaps be desirable that copies should be provided and kept in the school-room for use when wanted,—the teacher of each class being responsible, both for the distribution of the books, and for their safe return to the custodian at the close of the service. Now that the School Hymnal may be purchased at a penny and two pence, no difficulty, surely, can be urged on the ground of cost.

But now, with respect to the music, as distinguished from the words, I would offer two or three suggestions ; and I do it with the more boldness feeling myself supported by the authority of the professional musicians whose papers I referred to at the commencement of this article.

(1.) Let there be in each school a Precentor, or leader of the singing. This will usually be desirable in addition to the player on the harmonium, who may be a young friend musically gifted but without strength of voice to lead, or not of an age to direct a whole school with authority. Let it be the duty of the Precentor (acting of course in full accord with the performer on the instrument) to choose the tunes,—to

indicate to the scholars which lines or verses are to be sung softly and which more loudly,—in short, to do all he can to make the singing a proper musical expression of the sentiments of the hymn.

(2.) Let a Sunday-school choir be formed, chosen by the Precentor from among such scholars as he may have observed to possess musical ears and voices. Let these, at the proper time, come up from their respective classes and stand together on either side or in front of the instrument, returning to their places after the prayer. And let the Precentor, if possible, occasionally meet with this choir on a week-day evening and instruct them in the elements of music. It is obvious what a fine recruiting-ground this Sunday-school choir will be to the leader of the congregational choir. And thus the improvement of the school-singing will in more ways than one act beneficially on the service of praise as offered by the church.

(3.) Whilst the great end of Sunday-school teaching must never be forgotten, it appears to me that the time would not be misemployed if about once a month twenty minutes or so were spent by the whole school in the practice of hymns, in learning new tunes or trying to improve in the singing of old ones. On a dull or drowsy afternoon the change would be agreeable to both teachers and scholars. Kept within due limits the plan would help to make the school popular, and add to the children's pleasure in anticipation of their Sunday gathering.

(4.) The last suggestion I would offer is to ministers rather than teachers. It is that in the Sunday morning service in the chapel one of the hymns should be sung by the scholars and children of the congregation, and by them only. It may be well that their voices should be supported by the organ or harmonium,—and that they should be led by their own Precentor; but the hymn should be chosen from the children's book, and announced as to be sung by them. In first adopting the plan the pastor may select hymns which are common to both the chapel and school hymnals,—and there are at least sixty or seventy of this class. The numbers being announced from both books, the congregation will be able intelligently, though silently, to accompany the children. But after a time many of the congregation will be prompted to possess themselves of the School Hymnal, and then hymns may be used peculiar to this latter.

The writer has tried this plan for some time past in his own congregation, and he believes with universal approval. The scholars and other children present are thus made to feel that they, as well as the grown-up people, have a part in the service. And there are very few persons to whom it is not a pleasure to hear children sing.

To act upon some of the preceding suggestions will no doubt involve an expenditure of time and thought and trouble; but surely the worship of God is a matter in connection with which we ought to be willing to take trouble? The children themselves may not improperly be reminded, as a reason for greater attention to their singing, that when we present an offering to God,—such a kind, loving, Heavenly Father as He is,—it is our duty gratefully and joyfully to offer to Him of our very best.

W. R. STEVENSON.

Ahab's Adage.

BY REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

MINISTERS who read their sermons have several obvious advantages. For one thing, they are more accurate than they otherwise would be. Dispense with the manuscript and you are almost sure to lose in precision of thought and expression. Fervid feeling often goes beyond the bounds of moderation. When he has finished his discourse the extemporaneous preacher not seldom has to lament that in some particulars his emotion has run away with his discretion.

A second ill which he suffers is the following: Do what he may, he cannot enjoy the devotional part of the service as much as he would like. His mind is weighted, and heavily weighted too. Half an hour's coming talk forms a burden, anything but pleasant, on the spirit. As far as he is concerned the wings of worship are clipped, and the bird fails to rise to its loftiest altitudes. He fears joining in the chant and the hymn lest his attention should be diverted from introduction, and divisions, sub-divisions and applications. Commonly, people like the written discourse best when it is left in the study; but, unhappily, the pastor often finds their gain to be his loss.

This being the case a genuine prayer-meeting is a greater boon to the minister than to anybody. He is free and unfettered. No prospect of homiletical responsibilities stands, like a dark shadow, before him. His intellect and heart are fully open to the genial, gracious influences of the occasion. The late Dr. James Hamilton said that the Monday evening gathering was his Sunday, and the words will be readily endorsed by others. It is a good thing for the preacher to forget his official position and mingle his prayers and his praises with others, a brother among brothers. Strength is renewed, and he leaves the place "a wiser" though not "a sadder" man than he was.

Yes, *wiser*; for we often learn much from the prayers of others. A sentence is uttered which sets one thinking, or a text is quoted which comes home with new power. Perhaps the said text may be extremely familiar, read and repeated again and again beforetime, but, somehow, it is seen in a fresh light. It is recalled and pondered when the engagements of the evening are over, and proves really fine food for reflection.

Such was the writer's fortunate experience only a few weeks ago. A church-meeting was held. The business was but limited: we soon got through it. Then followed what nearly always proves a helpful episode, namely, a short time spent in devotion. In the course of his prayer a dear friend and useful brother mentioned a passage which (why, he cannot tell,) impressed your humble servant as it never had done before, although it was an old acquaintance. He conned it over when he returned to his house, and found it very suggestive. Perhaps the reader will also find it to be so. At any rate, inasmuch as what benefits one is almost sure to aid another, the matter shall be put to the proof.

This was the quotation: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." It is a proverb used, perhaps coined, by the notorious Ahab, King of Israel. How apposite the

counsel is to us as Christians! It reminds us of our twofold duty—work and war. We are to be at once the servants of Christ and the soldiers of Christ. This is indicated by the word “harness.” We harness animals for labour. Nobody keeps horses that they may stand in the stable, feed well, receive good grooming, and be exhibited to visitors. They are for work. And so are we. Do you say that the comparison of believers to beasts of burden is strained and undignified? Be it so: if we sin against superfine taste we have at least one vindication;—we sin in excellent company. Turn to the Epistle to the Philippians and you will find that Paul calls someone his true “yoke-fellow.” What does he mean? Clearly enough he likens the person whom he thus addresses to an ox, just as in another of his letters he speaks of the minister resembling “the ox that treadeth out the corn.” His thought, therefore, is this;—that the Christian is to be a spiritual toiler. Do we pity mankind? Are we sorry for their sins and sufferings? Emotion must be followed by action. “Jesus was *moved* with compassion;” moved to heal the poor leper. We are not to be stoics: ill bodes it for our welfare if we steel ourselves against right feeling. But neither are we to be mere sentimentalists: feeling should generate effort. What are we *doing* for Christ and humanity? What Canon Kingsley wrote in his daughter’s album should be inscribed on the page of our common life:

“Do noble deeds, nor dream them all day long.”

There is a place for each of us in the wide field of usefulness. Are we filling it? We are to gird on the “harness” that we may work.

Closely allied to this is *war*. When the Bible was translated “harness” signified more than it does now. It denoted armour. “Between the joints of his harness,” or armour, a Jewish king was wounded. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of an English monarch these words:

“Come winds, come racks,
We’ll die with harness on our backs.”

If we toil, we must also fight. The very toiling necessitates the fighting. Temptation connects itself with all service for Christ, and we should vigorously contend against it. Are you *successful* in attempts to be useful? Then you are in danger of pride. How soon vanity creeps in! It is a base and noxious weed which springs up rapidly in the garden of the soul. If the gospel net which we fling into the vast sea of society encloses “a multitude of fishes,” we are prone to “burn incense” to our own “net and drag.” Beware! keep humble. Guard against complacent self-conceit. Are you *unsuccessful*? Do your endeavours as a philanthropist seem to be failures? In this case you often have to do battle with despair. You are liable to abandon your work as futile. Walk by faith, my brother! Remember the promise, “In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.” Then mind you don’t faint. Strike out with the sword of the Spirit against your own unbelief and despondency. Why, the grand essential to success is patience. After the London Missionary Society had laboured twelve years in Madagascar so vain appeared its attempts to evangelize the island that the whole enterprise had the narrowest escape of being totally abandoned. A meeting of the directors was called. After the matter had been discussed it was proposed and seconded that the missionaries be

recalled. Just as the chairman was about to put the resolution to the assembly an old and eccentric member arose and asked to be heard. He said that he should like to read one or two short extracts from a book of which he happened to be very fond. He accordingly produced the volume and read, "As I live, saith the Lord, the whole earth shall be filed with my glory." "And you are going to give up the mission, are you?" he asked. He continued his quotations: "The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." "And you are going to give up the mission?" again he inquired. He went on: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Once more he interrogated his brethren, "And you are going to give up the mission?" It was the very nick of time. "A word spoken in season, how good is it." So impressed were the directors with these God-sent commands and encouragements that the decision to which they had come was abandoned, the mission was continued, and let the heroic history of Madagascar say with what sublime results.

But while we diligently work and bravely fight, *we are not to boast.* "Let not him that girdeth on the harness boast himself." Why not? Because he who girdeth on the harness may never put it off. It may be put off for him: pulled off by the hand of temptation. Are there no such persons as backsliders? Don't we read of making shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience? It is possible to begin well, but end ill. "From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him." "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." The most illustrious apostle wrote thus: "I keep under my body, lest having preached unto others I myself should be a castaway." "Make your calling and election sure," cried Peter. In the Epistle to the Hebrews we are told to be ever "looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God." Some are like a sailor flung ashore by one wave, and then swept back into the sea by another. The person who once stimulated and helped John Bunyan in religious pursuits afterwards became an atheist, a fatalist, and a voluptuary. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." When Cræsus was envied on account of his enormous wealth, Solon counselled his admirers to call no man happy until he was dead. Sage advice, and amply vindicated by subsequent events; for, ere he died, the rich monarch was reduced to captivity and poverty. Similar reverses occur in the spiritual world. We meet, too often, with people who in a solemn sense were once "better off" than they now are. The lesson thus taught is palpable: for the present none should boast.

For the present, we say. "To everything there is a season," boasting included. A time comes when it is entirely allowable, and even commendable. You ask, perhaps, how that can be the case. Peradventure you quote the texts: "Boast not thyself:" "Boasting is excluded." Yes: that is all right. We know much better than to set our puny lance in rest, put spurs into the horse, and gallop full tilt against any word of inspiration. But, mark, just as we are enjoined both to "be careful for nothing," and to "be careful to maintain good works," so we are to boast and yet not to boast. While we gird on and wear the harness we are not to boast; but "he that *putteth it off*" is quite at liberty to boast. Aye, brethren, when a man has completed his

Christian course and goes to his everlasting reward he may well exult : don't you think so ? " My soul shall make her boast *in the Lord*"—the Lord who has given strength for work and courage for warfare. " The humble shall hear thereof and be glad : " yes, the humble angels, for instance. Are they not humble ? So lowly that when they brought news of the Saviour's birth they went not to sovereigns but to shepherds, to peasants rather than to princes. These " shall hear thereof and be glad, " for " there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over sinners that repent " and are restored.

Labour on, O spiritual toiler ! forward, Christian soldier ! keep the harness firmly buckled : be a busy labourer and a bold fighter. By and by pay-day and furlough will come. He who called us to the field will exchange harness for white raiment, and replace the sword with the palm.

Flaws in Christian Character.*

AND here it is that our want of Christian completeness becomes most strikingly apparent. The increase and height to which a basis of consistency leads is, like itself, harmonious. It is "*abounding in everything ;*" " in faith, in utterance, in knowledge, and in all diligence and love ; " " abounding in this grace (liberality) also. " How emphatic is the insistence of the apostles, here and elsewhere, on *universality* of growth.† They do not seem to regard that as Christian progress at all which leaves anything omitted. Is this the characteristic of modern Christianity ? True, the church may combine all virtues in a high degree ; but surely this is not what the apostle means. When he says " ye, " he means not " ye " as a body, but " ye " individually. He means " every one of you " abound " in everything ; " just as Peter said, " Repent, and be baptized every one of you, " in his sermon on the day of Pentecost. The call to personal faith and confession is not more distinct and emphatic than the call to personal attainment of every Christian grace. But where shall we look for this in the present day ? Examples of particular virtues may be easily met with. Mr. A. is a pattern of Patience ; Mr. B. is the ideal of Generosity ; Mr. C. is a paragon of Uprightness ; Mr. D. is a fountain of Sympathy. But where is the Christian who combines all these virtues—who combines *all* virtues ? We do not ask this in any censorious spirit. We are speaking from personal experience, quite as much as from observation ; and we think no candid reader will question that the point here urged is a very striking and serious defect in current Christian character.

The Christian church as a whole—for we refer to no particular section—has unquestionably drifted into the habit of *sectionizing* character, so to speak ; noting and applauding men for some special excellence, which may, or may not, be due to divine grace. We thus often think of prominent Christians simply as the representatives of particular

* Continued from page 126.

† Gal. v. 16, 22 ; Phil. i. 9, 10 ; iv. 8, 9 ; Col. iii. 12—17 ; 2 Peter i. 5—10 ; Eph. iv. 15 ; and numbers of other passages quite defying indication.

virtues. With one we connect liberality; with another integrity; and so on. But we seldom associate their names with any other virtues—with gentleness, meekness, humility, or faith—these belong to somebody else. We have come thus to treat spiritual growth too much on the principle of division of labour; to consecrate ourselves to certain graces to the disregard of others; just as one man devotes his life to making pins' heads, and another to sharpening their points. And, indeed, so much is this the case, that when one wants help or counsel one has to be careful to "find your man"—the particular Christian who espouses the exact excellence that meets your case, just as you have to select a music master for the piano, or an artist for drawing. Of course it would be no use going to Mr. B., though an ideal of Generosity, for Sympathy,—we must go to Mr. D. for that,—but if you want a £5 note—. And so, if a kind word will do, we may hopefully apply to Mr. D., but as for money—.

Now why should not Christians conspicuous for their liberality be equally distinguished for their kindness; and those remarkable for their activity be as noted for their tenderness? Perhaps it may be said this would be unnatural; men must be marked by some dominant virtue, as well as by some over-mastering vice. Undoubtedly it would be opposed to sinful nature, but not to renewed. Christ, our perfect pattern, was pre-eminently characterised by this uniformity and completeness. He was as gentle as he was strong; as tender as he was sincere. With the exception of actual bestowment, which must be regulated by possession, and is by no means to be confounded with the *quality* of generosity or liberality, every Christian ought to attain a lofty standard in every form of excellence, and may do so without any undue suppression of his religious individuality. As Paul reminds Timothy, "the man of God," to be "perfect," must be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Can it be doubted—such at least is our own experience—that completeness of character, while the most important, is, at the same time, the most neglected phase of Christian life? Are not the pernicious consequences of this neglect on young converts, and on the world, most evident and fatal? We have been again and again deeply impressed with particular instances of this want of moral harmony in foremost Christians. We will only refer to two or three illustrative cases, which suggest how often Christian men may belie their name, and injure the cause of Christianity, by onesidedness of character. Mr. X. was one of the most active Sunday-school teachers we ever knew, and a thoroughly conscientious self-sacrificing man, but he possessed no more tenderness than a Nero or a Borgia.* How he did pull his pastor's reputation to pieces at a church-meeting one evening. We

* It is not a little remarkable, as showing how completely moral qualities may be separated from each other, that the notorious Cesar Borgia "was temperate and sober, loved and protected the sciences, wrote verses, and possessed so much eloquence, that he seduced even those who were most on their guard against his treacherous designs." And men not unfrequently claim excuse for defect in one point on the ground of excellence in another: for unchastity, on that of integrity, or *vice versa*. Christians, even, are sometimes inclined to plead this sort of moral compensation. But no amount of one grace will compensate for the lack of another. In character, as in nature, every element has its own place and relation; and we can no more make up our lack of patience by extreme truthfulness, or our want of sympathy by profuse liberality, than a deficiency of oxygen or nitrogen in atmospheric air could be replaced by an excess of either, or by the introduction of hydrogen or chlorine.

shall never forget it. It was like bulldog "Tear'em" shaking the choice morsel he is preparing to devour. We could not help exclaiming, "*Tantæne iræ celestibus animis?*" Can any one believe that this utter hardness—our friend evidently belonged to the spiritual *pachydermata*—did not create (especially as a deacon) a world of harm? Mr. Y., again, is a most munificent man to his native town, giving, for public objects, in a princely style; and, we presume from his connections, a member of the Society of Friends. But we would not, therefore, advise any one to apply to him for personal help or countenance, even with the best letter of introduction, lest, like a friend of ours, he should be, as the saying is, "sent away with a flea in his ear." Would not this "man of God"—for we must presume he is such—do an infinitely greater amount of good if he added brotherly kindness to generosity; if he were "thoroughly furnished unto *all* good works?" Mr. Z., too, is the head of an institution styled "Christian," which he rules on the principles of a pagan despot, without the least consideration for the feelings or convenience of others. One might suppose, from his bearing and behaviour, that *courtesy* formed no part of Christianity—certainly it does not of his—but was wholly alien to it. Well, we "have not so learned Christ." And we think this energetic and public spirited man would be at least twice as useful if his activity were flanked by gentleness—"the gentleness of Christ."

The truth is, *proportion* is the hardest part of excellence. As in every study and enterprise, so in Christian advancement, the most difficult thing is to preserve a perfect balance. Development of special virtue is often purely the result of natural bias. Consistent growth of all is pursued right in the face of it. A lofty height of character *as a whole*, is the product of divine grace alone. And we often greatly err in dwelling on leading virtues in biblical characters: on Peter's courage, John's affection, James' orthodoxy; or on Abraham's faith, Moses' meekness, and Job's patience; as if these saints and disciples were characterised exclusively by the excellencies in question, and were held up to us that we might make an appropriate selection of graces according to our taste or capacity. Nothing could be more erroneous. These "men of God," though distinguished for special virtues, were not, therefore, wanting in others. Their histories disprove it. Job's is especially clear on this point. He is credited with every conceivable excellence long before the circumstances occurred which gave occasion for the exhibition of that grace for which he is specially renowned. Job, we are told, at the very commencement of the history, was "perfect and upright, one that feared God, and eschewed evil." And the same is true of other Bible worthies; and emphatically of Jesus Christ. The capital point in our Lord's character is that He was equally great in every excellence. Such examples, therefore, are not offered that we may choose a favourite pattern of virtue, as we might select a model style of painting or music, but that we may equally copy each; aim, at least, at the same exalted measure of every virtue which we find in Christ.

Practically, our main concern in regard to Christian character should be to attain *elementary completeness*. Not arbitrarily, but naturally, by giving every holy impulse full scope. There is a place within us for "*whatsoever* thing" is lovely and of good report, and

lack in any direction will be a stultification of our being, which no superiority elsewhere can compensate. And this, though an Herculean task, is fairly within the grasp of every Christian. We can never be Pauls or Luthers, and may never, on earth, reach the apostle's ideal—"the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." But we may be ourselves, our true spiritual selves, without excess or drawback, complete in all the elements, and rising to the stature of moral manhood. Physical and mental barriers may prevent us from making a conspicuous figure in Christian as well as in common life; but these obstacles cannot interfere with inward harmony. Morally, we may be as perfect as the most distinguished men in church history, or in the annals of our time. The scale will be different, but the equipoise the same; the circle smaller, but not less true; the ring inferior in size and quality, but not less entire. We may be miniatures—yes, miniature photographs—of Christ; *microcosms*, if not *macrocosms* of the divine. This elementary completeness, if ours, will assuredly conduct us to the highest point we can attain. What we wish, in closing, especially to impress on every reader, is that the only, the surest road, to the highest level of character, is the *proportionate* exercise of every grace.

We have looked at the subject of Christian Perfection from one point of view only—that of character. Of course it might be considered from other standpoints—from that, for instance, of the entire field of Christian truth. We have taken, so to speak, the *middle* term of a series. There is a first term, and a third; the complete doctrine or teaching which reveals and enforces the reality and duty of completeness in character, and must therefore be antecedent to it; and the complete fulfilment of duty and service in life and conduct which results from such completeness of character. Obviously, it would be impossible to cover the whole field in one paper. The section chosen is, we think, that calling for special notice in our day. The other points all Christians are familiar with. As matter of teaching, they know that "truth as it is in Jesus" which makes Christian virtue possible to sinful men. They admit we are "complete in Him." And they acknowledge that whole-hearted service ought to follow from consecration to Christ. But the link between them, the middle term of uniform Christian character, out of which this earnest service comes, seems to us a little lost sight of; and it is to the importance of supplying this 'missing link,' in the grand economy of Christian life, that we have striven, however imperfectly, to direct attention.

C. FORD.

HIGH RESOLVES.

To try to feel my own insignificance.

To believe in myself, and the powers with which I am entrusted.

To try to make conversation more useful, and therefore to store my mind with facts, yet to be on my guard against a wish to shine.

To try to despise the principle of the day, "Every man his own trumpeter;" and to feel it a degradation to speak of my own doings, as a poor braggart.

To speak less of self, and think less.

—F. W. ROBERTSON, in 1845.

A Visit to Norway.

No. II.

BY REV. WILLIAM ORTON.

THE PILOT.

THE pilot now took leave by a warm shake of the hand. He was a fine fellow, and could speak a little English, so that we managed to chat together. I congratulated him on his personal appearance, for he was a tall and well-built man, and his face was well bronzed by the sea air; and he said, "Thank God, I have good health." I then said, "If you have also peace with God you have two of the best blessings to be enjoyed in this world." He replied, with a smile, "I have got that too." I watched him as he rowed away from us to continue his perilous calling, and wished him God speed.

A WELCOME.

It was not long before we were introduced to new friends. We had scarcely completed the process of washing, and brushing, and dressing for company, when visitors were announced. My fellow-passenger and I were introduced as "Friends of Mr. Jackson," and were politely and cordially welcomed by the Messrs. Ramberg, father and son. After the custom-house officer had made an inspection of cargo and papers, and had sealed up our sugar and potatoes, we were conveyed by Mr. Ramberg, jun., to Brevik, about two miles away. The day was fine, and it was a pleasant thing to glide through the bright clear water amid rocks and rocky islands covered with verdure and flowers, and to see before us the town rising from the water's edge, with its painted houses, up the side of the hill, which was crowned by the parish church.

A NORWEGIAN HOME.

We had scarcely set foot on land before we were met by Mr. Sorensen, a friend of our captain, who invited us very cordially into his house. He preceded us up the broad flight of wooden steps, and stood in the porch, hat in hand, and said repeatedly, "Vell-bekommen, Vell-bekommen," which is the Norse for "Welcome." The house, which may be taken as a type of a middle-class house, rested on a foundation of stone about three feet high, and, with the exception of a central chimney, was built entirely of wood. The rooms were papered, the floors were painted, and were without carpets, and the furniture and pictures were similar to what we are accustomed to see in a good old-fashioned English home. There were no open fireplaces to be seen; but in the corner of every room was a tall stove, and in the room which with us is called a drawing-room was a bed for visitors. There was scarcely time to make these observations before the lady of the house entered and received us with as much cordiality as her husband had done. In a little while we were introduced to three daughters, who seemed to range from eighteen years of age to twenty-two, and may be taken as fair specimens of Norwegian beauty. The Norwegian beauty is not of the classic type; but these young ladies had fair complexions, blue eyes, and light hair. They were dressed in a style as tasteful as young ladies in England; and though their faces were broader than those we usually admire, yet their pleasing expression of countenance, and their

easy and lady-like manners rendered them quite charming. We were conducted to an arbour in the garden, where all kinds of delicacies were provided for us. Here we sat in the pleasant shade, and enjoyed the hospitality of our friends, but sincerely regretted the confusion of tongues, for our conversation had to be carried on through our attendant, Mr. Ramberg, who was useful as an interpreter.

AN ENGAGED RING.

One of the young ladies managed to tell me that her sister was engaged to be married to a priest. I was regarded as a priest, and therefore the engagement was supposed to have especial interest for me. I had, therefore, to congratulate the favoured one, and see the likeness of the young priest. He was taken in his clerical dress, which consisted of a black gown and a large white frill round the neck in the style of the old Reformers. I had also to look at the ring which the young lady was wearing, with evident pride, as a sign of the betrothal, and which, indeed, was the wedding ring given in anticipation. An engagement is a more serious matter in Norway than in our own country, and is marked by the ceremony of an exchange of rings. Henceforth the gentleman wears his ring, and the lady wears her ring, and these rings are expected to be worn by both parties throughout the rest of their lives.

A PRIEST.

We had no sooner left the house of our new acquaintance than the young friend who had rowed us along the fjord, and was our interpreter, said, "Here is the priest. Should you like to be introduced to him?" I said "Yes, very much." He was rather tall, and apparently about forty years of age, in a gray suit, with a white necktie and a felt hat, and looking less clerical than some of the clergy in this country. I found myself introduced as "a priest from England," and was cordially welcomed. My new friend spoke English pretty well, and asked when I arrived, what sort of journey I had had, to what branch of the English church I belonged, and whether I should like to see the church. The invitation was, of course, accepted; and my friends and I accompanied him to the parsonage, and then we walked together through the street leading up the hill. In passing along there was an opportunity of seeing the low quaint looking wooden houses, with their neat gardens in front, and also the outward reverence shown by the parishioners to their pastor, as well as of observing the exterior of the church. The situation was fine. The building was of wood, with a low tower and spire, and having been rebuilt only two years before, was modern in its style. We were taken first into the sacristy, where were portraits of former priests; and then into the chancel, from which there was a view of the whole building. There was little ornament. The seats were stalls, and the galleries were on three sides, with a large organ, and sitting accommodation for about eight hundred persons. The established religion of Norway is Lutheran, and it rather surprised me to see a large cross standing behind the communion table. A liturgy is used in the services, and the sermon is usually about an hour in length. The men sit on one side, and the women on the other, and the congregations are pretty good, excepting during that part of the year when the greater part of the male population are out at sea. The people meet for the Lord's Supper twice in the year, and this is the only time when some of the members

can attend on account of the great distances at which they live from the church. The good priest lamented the worldliness of his people. He also stated that many of the clergy are departing from the orthodox faith.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

On leaving the church we proceeded to the cemetery, which is close by on the slope of the hill. In this quiet spot many generations are sleeping. The ground was kept in good order, and there was a great profusion of flowers. The memorials of the dead were in various styles, but one of the favourite ornaments is evidently the cross. At funerals, after the coffin has been lowered the priest uses a silver shovel not much larger than a spoon, and throws earth over the corpse while he uses the words, "From dust thou didst come; to dust thou shalt return; from the dust thou wilt arise." A hymn is then sung, and after the benediction the mourners return to their homes.

AN EVENING WITH A BONDER.

After thanking the priest of Brevik, and assuring him of our good wishes, we soon sailed away to spend the evening with Mr. Ramberg, sen. He is an old resident. The home in which he lives was the home of his forefathers, and the place is called after their name. There are no tenant farmers in Norway, but what are called Bonders. Men occupy their own land, which usually consists of forest and fjeld, or land which is cleared. Our host was a fine specimen of an old Norwegian. He was tall, broadly built, spoke English fairly well, was an earnest Liberal, and we soon found was "given to hospitality." The house was of wood, and in order to enter it, we had to ascend ten or a dozen broad steps, when we were conducted through a sort of entrance-hall into the best room of the house. The floor was uncarpeted, the furniture was of substantial mahogany, and the walls were adorned with pictures. In one corner of the room was the bed for visitors, which was brought into a small compass by means of a sort of telescopic slide. The table was laden with good things, and these were pressed upon us most earnestly. It is not usual in Norway for the ladies to sit down with the company, so that our party consisted only of gentlemen, excepting that the lady of the house served us, pouring out the tea, handing it round, anticipating every want of her guests most assiduously, but never seating herself in the room not even for a moment. Our host was very chatty about the ice trade, about politics, and about the improvements in his own neighbourhood since he was a boy. He said there were no wild beasts about Ramberg now. A good many of the sheep were destroyed by them years ago, and they are still found in some parts of the country. "Ah!" said the old man, "I have seen them many a time. I have seen bears trotting by moonlight over the snow; and I have seen a wolf attack the flock and throw one of the sheep over his shoulders and carry it off. They used to make sad havoc; but they don't trouble us in this neighbourhood now." He spoke, too, of his church, and of the burying-place of his fathers, and of the blessedness of the Christian's hope.

After a pleasant evening we left, with the warm good wishes of our host, and saw the clear light of the stars, the light of the glow-worms, which were numerous by the side of the path, and then the light of our good ship, where we took up our lodgings with devout thankfulness to the Giver of all good. So ended the first day in Norway.

The Late Rev. Isaac Preston.

It is with feelings of inexpressible sorrow we received and report the sad tidings of the unexpected decease of our dear friend and fellow-worker, the Rev. ISAAC PRESTON, pastor of our church at Tarporley, Cheshire. He died, aged fifty-nine, March 28th, after a brief illness, and was buried on the 2nd of April in the burying-ground attached to the Tarporley chapel.

No minister amongst us was more highly esteemed or more tenderly loved. His urbane and genial spirit, quiet and fascinating goodness, unaffected and sweet modesty, fervid though tranquil love, have endeared him to all our hearts. From boyhood I have looked up to him as one of the present-day "saints" of God, gifted beyond most in everything that makes holiness attractive and goodness lovable. Fuller knowledge has deepened my reverence for his beautiful serenity, won at high cost and through prolonged suffering, heightened my appreciation of his heroic self-annulment, and quickened my affection for his manifold and captivating worth. He was a man full of the "Holy Ghost" and faith; a "good man." The spirit of exalted purity was incarnate in him, and he breathed it forth wherever he went. He made sanctity charming as a garden of roses, and clothed Christian holiness in a vesture of soft radiance and gentle beauty.

As a preacher he was a Barnabas, and the streams of consolation flowed full and strong from his sympathetic heart; in the social circle he was as pleasant as he was good, as real as he was tender, and as affectionate as he was pure.

Although, from physical weakness and disease, he was eager to avoid posts of denominational responsibility, yet his counsel was never sought without evidence that it was far-seeing, wise, and safe; and his solicitude for the welfare of our institutions and of our common organic life was always keen, sustained, and practical. The Heavenly Husbandman will not lack witnesses to His unique skill whilst such noble and fruitful souls are grown in His gardens!

And thou art gone! Dear, dear friend! the world is poorer and colder for thy absence! But no! Not wholly gone! We have thee still! Memory holds thee, and hearts clasp thee; with a warm affection thou livest still in quickened lives and holy loves at Ashby and Chesham, Halifax and Tarporley, and throughout our churches; and thy earthly resting-place will be a radiant spot in our General Baptist history. *He lives!* Let us sustain ourselves with the thought. He himself—the man, the Christian, the husband, the father, the faithful pastor, the kind and genial comrade—he still lives—lives in God, who is not the God of the dead, but of the living; and soon, in our Father's presence, we shall meet, and work, and love, and talk again.

May the Lord of Bethany cheer with His presence, and sustain with His strength, those who, in their bereavement, know most perfectly what we have lost! May He lighten the home with His radiance, guide the church by His Spirit, and nourish in every one of us the passion to live for the one immortal kingdom in which He has already given us a place!

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Friend or Foe?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER V.—THE GULF WIDENS.

THE sun had risen on the great event; had passed his meridian; had sunk again to rest. Night had come, and now the festivities were in full swing. Miss Drewe's twenty-first birthday falling—like all her birthdays—on the fifth of November, it seemed as though the rockets that rose here and there into the hovering darkness, to burst into a marvellous shower of lights of momentary existence, were sent up in her honour. It seemed as though those insane crowds of shouting men and boys, following the effigies in carts and on chairs, bedecked in all the splendours of many-coloured cockades and whirling their flaming torches, had but one object in view, and that, to celebrate the day on her account. Indeed, one party in masks and ribbons drew up their grinning effigy before her house—attracted, no doubt by the merry strains of two violins within, and dancers' shadows flitting across the blind—and knocking, began to execute a wild Indian war-dance before the servant who answered, demanding payment for their pains.

"Nice goings on, I'm sure!" commented Mrs. Jay, whose parlour window next door was full of herbs and infallible remedies for everything. She stood at her own door as she muttered the words, looking on with disgust at the rabble her neighbours had attracted. But she hurried inside the next moment, for one of the masqueraders, dressed as a clown, and holding out his hat for coppers, had come up, and was facetiously bowing and scraping before her.

There was a polite little war in progress between Mrs. Jay and the Drewes. The former couldn't bring herself to believe in the latter; the latter considered the former very low. Who were they, Mrs. Jay would enquire, to give themselves such airs? Perhaps they *had* grand relations; perhaps the junior partner of Wyman and Drewe, the Sheffield house in Wood Street, *was* their brother; perhaps George and his father *were* in their office; perhaps Mr. Drewe of Wood Street *did* own this row of houses. What then? What if Barton Drewe *was* manager to his brother? Was he anything more than a mere servant? If so, why had he been there twenty years without being any better off? They tried to make people believe he would soon be a partner—rubbish! Then that other uncle in America, who was going to leave Helena such a grand fortune, but whom no one ever saw. For *her* part, she believed none of these grand tales. Her high-handed neighbours were outcasts of their family—that was *her* idea—the father and son next door being employed by Wood Street out of charity. "Phaugh," Mrs. Jay added, as she pounded something in a mortar, while the sounds of merriment came faintly through the wall—"they might find something better to do than play the fine folks. They polish the brass curtain bands in their windows, and have a name-plate on their door, and think themselves so much better than other people, and Miss Drewe dresses in the latest fashion, and George swaggers about like a prince; but they would be better employed in paying their tradesmen, I should think."

But what was Mrs. Jay, or her pleasure or anger, to the Drewes? Well, a little—just a little, at ordinary times. They—that is, Mrs. and Miss Drewe; the head of the family was a timid man, and never counted, and George never bothered himself about anything but billiards—suffered themselves to name her with scorn. She was so far beneath them, that she served well as a means of comparison, and she had contrived to make herself so obnoxious by refusing to believe in their superiority in point of education, social status, and indeed everything, that she was a fit object of their dislike. She had proved a source of some trouble to them, too, by remaining next door in spite of all their attempts to induce Uncle Drewe to turn them out. Yet, beyond this, and speaking seriously, What *was* Mrs. Jay? Nobody. What was Mr. Jay? Nobody either—unless an unqualified surgeon, who found it necessary to sell herbs in

his parlour window, and so vulgarise what otherwise would have been a very respectable row of houses, was somebody.

To this extent, on ordinary occasions, Mrs. Jay caught the notice of the Drewes. But on this grandest of all festivals, not even the thought that she and her husband, her pleasure, her anger, and all her belongings were nothing, could enter their minds. Wherefore, the merry-making went on, on this evening, merrily and untroubled.

There sat Mrs. Drewe by the window in the back drawing-room, smiling her most affable smile, and shaking her grey curls as she talked with Mr. Golding. Mr. Golding, an elderly gentleman, stood before her with a violin under his arm, gravely genial, and seeming to say, by his manner, "Money in the Funds, Money in the Funds," though his talk was of other matters. Beside Mrs. Drewe, that lady's maiden sister, Miss Elkinton, taking her pleasure somewhat severely. On the other side of this room, seated in a low easy chair, in such a position that the door quite hid him whenever the servant, entering with refreshments, threw it open, was Mr. Barton Drewe, silent and apart, as was ever the case with him, his face very placid and content as he bent it towards the dancers in the front drawing-room. While there, Amos Rearden stood near the piano, smiling and fiddling hard, and watching three couples who, with flushed faces and sparkling eyes, and with difficulty avoiding collision, whirled round and round in the confined space in answer to the strains he skillfully evoked. One of these couples was Helena's cousin, Frank, and graceful little Minnie Bell; another, Minnie's sister, Emily, and George Drewe; and the third, the handsome, dark-eyed Helena Drewe, and our friend Oliver Raymond.

The dance was to wind up the grand festival. The guests had come in the afternoon; croquet had been played—under difficulties—on the miserable grass-plot in the rear of the house; Oliver had "really enchanted" Miss Drewe, to use her own expression, by his singing, and she had enchanted him by her playing, as well as by her voice; dinner had been enjoyed; whist-parties had been formed; and now the whole affair (which "had gone off *beautifully*") was to be wound up by the dance.

That, too—or so Oliver thought; for Pleasure seems to her neophyte to have a gluttonous appetite for time—only too quickly came to an end; and our friend found himself, almost before he knew it, making his way home, with his friend Amos Rearden on his arm.

"Oliver, old fellow," Amos said, as they went—but Oliver scarcely heard, his excitement was still so great—"you have outdone yourself! I confess I did not think it was in you. Quite the accomplished gentleman, I vow—the lady's man, every inch—"

"Cease, unworthy flatterer!" laughed Raymond—pleased, nevertheless, at the delightful flattery.

"Cease!" echoed Rearden. "Why should I cease? I say, it's simply wonderful that, after a month of my poor coaching, you should have danced that waltz as you did to-night."

"Nonsense. The waltz is almost as easy as the polka, and you know how I go in for a thing when I resolve on mastering it. But under *your* teaching—"

"But, you rogue, you Beau Brummel!" Rearden went on, laughingly, "what did you find to say, to bring such blushes into Miss Drewe's fair cheeks, such sparkles in her eyes, as you sat at dinner—indeed, whenever you got a chance at all of whispering? What was it, you slyboots?"

"Doubtless, you'd like to know!"—reddening and laughing.

"Be careful, my boy—be careful!" warned the other, in a tone of playful gravity. "Mr. Golding, with money in the Funds, has his eyes on that lady. Duels are still heard of, you know. Then there's that American uncle—not a myth, as some pretend to think—who will yet enable Miss Helena to keep a carriage, unless my information is false. Beware of attempting to soar too high. But, seriously, what of Miss Vaughan? As a friend, you will allow this liberty. And, really—"

"Have I not said, many times," Oliver retorted, with some heat, "that Miss Vaughan is only my foster-cousin, and can be no more? Have you not agreed with me, that she and I are not suited in temperament?"

"True. But the uncle, Mr. Bradford. What will he say?"

"Am I to be sold? Has he any expectation that I will sell my affection for his kindness? Tut, tut! Let that matter drop. He has been more than a father to me, and I am grateful. He would have me marry his niece, no doubt, but he is too sensible to look for impossibilities. And surely this marriage is impossible. This half-estrangement, springing from the pettiest of quarrels, has lasted two months. That's sufficient. There's no love lost between—well, on *her* side, at least."

Oliver resolutely refused to speak any more of the matter, but wanted Amos to wind up the night with a game, there being half an hour yet. But Amos declined. It was time to be in bed. Besides (and his new morality did not sit ill upon him), it was dangerous when play began to grow on you. Ta, ta! Don't let it do that, old fellow.

This parting warning might have been given to the wind, as Rearden well knew; for Oliver could not (*would* not, perhaps) pass the tavern. Besides, his blood was rushing through his veins so fiercely that he must have some counter-acting excitement. And even as it was, when he at last came out again and went home to bed, he lay tossing restlessly, for sleep would not visit his brain. There was Helena's enchanting smile before him, her enchanting voice in his ears, and her dark eyes looking into his as she uttered again and again the parting words, while pressing his hand, "*Do* be sure to come again, and *soon*. We shall so look for you."

As to that enchanted and enchanting young lady, when her guests had all departed, her father gone to bed, and George not yet returned from seeing Emily home, quite a little discussion took place between her and her mother, as the two ladies awaited the young man. Yet, who shall say that the other enchanted one, in his present state of feelings, would have been any the less enchanted had he overheard it? He might, certainly have thought it strange that so much reference should be made to the probable amount of Mr. Golding's money; to the reasons why Mr. Golding did not make a certain proposal; and to the possibilities and probabilities attached to his—Oliver's—heirship to Mr. Bradford; strange, too, perhaps, that the ladies should be pleased at the thought of making Mr. Golding jealous, and that mysterious phrases about "playing one off against the other" should be uttered. But whatever the condition of Love's eyes may be, it is certain that those of Infatuation are blind, and so Oliver might not have seen anything but enchantment even in these things. O Simplicity, Simplicity! that leapest thy children astray—that tellest them the world is what it seems. We cannot choose but love thy child-like trust. Yet, in working us ill, how often dost thou rival our bitterest enemy! Is thy place indeed in this strange world, where the wisdom of the serpent is so needful?

General Baptist Association, Bradford.

I. MINISTERS' RECEPTION AND LIST REVISION COMMITTEE.—

1. This Committee for 1883 consists of the Revs. Jas. Maden, Dawson Burns, D.D., and W. Gray; Messrs. B. Baldwin, J. T. Mallet, and W. R. Wherry.

2. The Secretary is the Rev. James Maden, Old Basford, Nottingham.

3. Will each Conference Secretary please

- (a) Report to Mr. Maden all ministerial changes in his Conference area?
- (b) Inform every student or minister accepting a pastorate within his district of the requirements of this Committee, and forward his application to Mr. Maden?

N.B.—No name can be inserted in the List of Ministers without the sanction of this Committee, or of the Association. WATSON DYSON, Association Secretary.

II. BEDS.—Ministers and delegates requiring beds are requested to apply, not later than June 12th, to the Local Secretary, Mr. J. W. BRUNTON, 2, West Grove Street, Bradford, enclosing stamp (not envelope) for reply. The Committee do not engage to provide for applicants after the above date.

A New Chapel for Crewe.

FOR a long time it had been felt by General Baptists in Crewe, and the neighbourhood, that they ought to be represented in the rapidly rising town of Crewe. Acting on that feeling, a room was taken for the preaching of the gospel. Opening services were conducted by the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., on Feb. 26th, 1882. Considerable interest was awakened, and a church of eighteen members was formed on July 23rd, 1882, by the Rev. W. Underwood, D.D., of Burton-on-Trent. Though very small and weak as yet, the members, led by Mr. R. Pedley, J.P., and having understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do, resolved to arise and build. The Southern Conference readily waved its turn to nominate a site under the Unification Scheme, that Cheshire might take it up. Cheshire has done so, and now a site has been obtained in a good central position, and building operations have commenced, and before this number of the Magazine appears the memorial stones will have been laid. Of course the friends at Crewe are utterly unequal to this task in and of themselves. But the Home Mission has come to the rescue, and will contribute half the cost of the land and building, and will render liberal help in the support of a minister for four years. Mr. J. W. Chapman, of London, is the architect. The tender of Mr. W. Martin, builder, of Haslington, near Crewe, has been accepted. The estimated cost of land, chapel, and school, with fittings and furniture, is about £3,300. The chapel, when completed, will seat 640 persons. The friends associated with the place are chiefly of the artizan class, but they have, with the help of friends in the neighbourhood, promised about £400. The church, with the hearty approval of the Home Mission Committee, has given a cordial and unanimous invitation to the Rev. W. Lees, of Walsall, to undertake the pastorate, with all that it involves. Mr. Lees has accepted the invitation, and all who know the admirable work he did in connection with the new chapel at Vicarage Walk, Walsall, will need no assurance that he is just the man for the position.

Two things need to be well remembered in relation to this enterprise. The first is, that the friends at Crewe are few and weak, and it will sadly interfere with the success of the undertaking if they are weighted with debt. The second is, that the Home Mission likewise needs special help in order to bear its share of the undertaking, otherwise the Society will be seriously hindered in its operations for years to come. But if friends who can help will *look at the engraving* which appears among the advertisements, and if they will not overlook the appeal printed at the head thereof, all will be well, and the new chapel will be successfully launched.

Nor should it be forgotten that there is a way in which every member of the denomination can help in this matter. As yet only *one-tenth* of the churches have sent in their collections and subscriptions to the Home Mission for the current year. It is expected, therefore, that May will be practically the *Home Mission month*, and when the collection takes place all who greet it with unusual cheerfulness and liberality will, however small the gift, be strengthening the hands of the Home Mission for this, its second attempt to build for the denomination a new chapel. If it should happen that owing to an oversight, or to overcrowding, there should be no collection made for the Home Mission in *your* church, you need not be deprived of the privilege of being a Home Missionary. You have only to send a cheque, a postal order, or a few stamps to Mr. Harrison, 18, Wardwick, Derby, and if that gift should write you down "as one that loves his fellow men," like Abou Ben Adhem of ancient fame, you will need no worthier praise.

J. FLETCHER.

"WE should be wary what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men; how we spill the seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be committed, sometimes a martyrdom."—MILTON.

"WHEN you have lived longer in this world, and outlived the enthusiastic and pleasing illusions of youth, you will find your love and pity for the race increase tenfold, and your admiration and attachment to any particular party or opinion fall away altogether."—JOHN INGLESANT.

The Building Fund.

THE Association held at Derby last year saw the accomplishment of the object contemplated six years before—the raising of the capital of the Fund to £5,000. But with the progress of the years the needs of the denomination have been more fully and accurately learned. This sum, thought sufficient at that time, is proved to be utterly inadequate. Last year loans were asked for amounting to £3,000. The sum at the disposal of the Committee was only £1,200. During the year a very acceptable legacy has fallen into the Treasurer's hands. But though over £600, the applications could not have been met, even had the Committee been gifted with foresight enough to anticipate this handsome contribution. It is clear, therefore, that if the Fund is to meet the requirements of the churches, either the capital must be considerably increased, or the yearly income permanently enlarged by annual subscriptions and collections. The second of these is the more appropriate and easy method probably. It gives to subscribers and subscribing churches a direct and constant interest in the Fund and its operations; and at the same time continuously and permanently increases the capital. This, too, is the method sanctioned, adopted, and urged upon the attention of the churches by the last Association. At present, however, no response has been given either to this suggestion, or, with one or two exceptions, to the other made at the same time—that “churches which have not yet paid up their promised subscriptions” be earnestly advised to do so “during the next year.”

The necessity for increased interest and pecuniary help is shown by the condition of the Fund at the last Association. But it becomes more evident and pressing when the fact is stated, that to the applications deferred last year have been added so many others during the present year, that loans amounting to £1,550 are applied for—while others will no doubt reach the Secretary before the end of May. What can the Committee do to meet all these claims when they will have less than £1,200 at disposal? It must leave some wholly unprovided for, and others only partially aided. “What is that among so many?” Will not the liberal and well-to-do members of the churches come to the help of the Fund? Will not the churches give one collection to enable the Committee to deal freely with all who ask, and to the extent of their need? One or two subscribers in each church, and one good collection, would go far towards freeing the Fund from its present insufficiency. There is time for this to be done before the close of the financial year. Let it be attempted, and it will be accomplished. And with its accomplishment, churches struggling to be free from financial burdens will be aided in their efforts, and be successfully carried towards that paradise of churches—the state in which there is entire freedom from pecuniary burdens and unfettered scope for enlarged Christian enterprise.

WILLIAM BISHOP.

Notes.

I. THE EDITOR, REV. J. CLIFFORD, M.A., writing from Nice on the 10th of April, says, “I am better, much better, and enjoying this azure and almost unclouded sky, balmy air, and bright blue sea.” All our readers will rejoice to hear this. We all pray that he may soon return in vigorous health and bounding spirits.

II. THE FORTHCOMING ASSOCIATION.—The notices from the Association Secretary and from the Bradford Local Secretary, to be found on another page, are usually the first bugle sounds for the gathering of the clans. This month the Association Schedule will be sent out by the Secretary, Mr. Dyson, and churches should in the meantime revise their list of members. If it has not been done at the April church-meeting, the deacons would do well to go through the church-register, appoint visitors to doubtful cases, get in reports, and take action at

the May church-meeting, so that the returns may be as accurate as possible.

III. NEW SCHOOLS.—Under the head of Schools, in the Church Register department, we are glad to note that at *Arnold*, at *Denholme*, and at *Kirkby-in-Ashfield* the friends of Sunday schools are making earnest efforts to erect new buildings. We admire the faith, the courage, and the energy of these friends, and trust that they will not lack helpers in their arduous but beneficent work.

IV. TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A story is told of an African chief who said he *must* go to war, because he had a barrel of gunpowder which was spoiling. Those who protest against having their “intelligence” boiled down are reminded that the Editor's boiling apparatus has been left in our charge, and it must be used, otherwise it will rust. All communications should be written on *one side only* of each sheet sent. J. FLETCHER.

A French Medley.

I. HOLY THURSDAY IN PARIS.—Passing through Paris on our way to Nice, we dropped into the Madeleine on Holy Thursday morning. Many Parisians were present, and about a third of the way down the spacious edifice the eye was arrested by a scene of exquisite and pathetic loveliness. Flowers of all the colours of the rainbow, and in the richest profusion, were arranged on an extended and sloping platform in the shape of a huge cross, and in and about and around them numbers of candles were burning. At a little distance from the foot of the cross sat a man habited in black, with a white tippet over him, and in front of him a bronze cross about three feet long, and on it the bronze image of the crucified Christ. A little further off sat a boy dressed in the same way, with a similar crucifix. Man, woman, and child, one after another, came, kissed the head and feet of the image, deposited a coin in a plate close by, and passed on, the image being wiped with a handkerchief after each visit. This was continued all day: some of those who thus came being persons seen afterwards going through the same process at the Church of St. Roch.

Going altarwards, it was obvious that arrangements were being made for a further ceremony in a later part of the day. At two o'clock a large number gathered in the church, and a sermon was preached by the Abbé Long. Without a note, without a book, he stood before the crowd, and with impassioned earnestness and overflowing fervour, with every variety of gesture, and yet with pathetic grace, the Abbé discoursed for three quarters of an hour.

At the points where we had noticed preparations in the morning were placed thirteen youths, ranging from twelve to sixteen years of age. Six were on one side, and seven on the other. They wore loose white jackets and cerise skirts, and were seated on an elevated platform covered with green baize. A procession is seen wending its way to the altar, consisting, apparently, of three priests, attended by other officials. The priests are differently attired; the centre one, wearing a costly and magnificent robe, kneels in front of the high altar, and the robe is loosed and taken from his back; a towel is now handed to him, and with it he girds himself, approaches the youngest of the lads, and with water now supplied to him in a basin, gently pours a little on one foot, wipes it, kisses it, and passing on to the next youth repeats the process, and similarly with each of the

thirteen. This being ended a very large hot cross bun is given to each of the thirteen, followed by a bottle of wine, and something which had the appearance of a small coin.* As each gift was made, the youth kissed it, and placed it by his side on the platform. The procession then reformed and filed out amid singing. The priests being gone, the youths picked up their treasures and, at a given signal, carried them away. Scarcely were they out of sight when the workmen appeared, stripped the baize off the temporary platform, took down the woodwork, and every trace of the performance disappeared. That is the exposition given by the Romish Church at the Madeleine of the beautiful incident contained in the opening verses of the thirteenth of John.

II. SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS AT LYONS.—Within ear-shot of the Hotel d'Angleterre we had a noisy example of the French Sunday as it presents itself in the second city of the great Republic. The crowds began to assemble in the *Cours du Midi* soon after two o'clock, and went on increasing up to nine or ten. "All sorts and conditions of men," women, and children, were represented. To attract and interest the comers a doctor exhibited the celebrated Greek maxim over his show, "Know thyself," and for a small sum displayed models of the human frame in health and disease, in parts and in the whole. A little distance off was a "Madame Tassaud" with a wax Gamba on the stage, surrounded by wax copies of his doctors and friends. Beside him a man of wax "pulling" at a bell whenever the eloquent advocate of the treasures of the show required rest. Six different shooting galleries did a brisk trade; but the centre of attraction seemed to be the theatre, where *La Reine Indigo* was being acted. I asked whether this was exceptional; but was answered in a tone of surprise, "Oh no! this is the usual Sunday Amusement."

III. THE SUPREME CHARM OF THE HUMAN.—Why halt at Avignon? The town is old and decayed. Its fine fourteenth century gold is dim, and its magnificence departed. But it has tender, strong, and pathetic memories! And what is the present without the gentle, stirring past: and what any spot of earth dissociated from the passions and conflicts, hopes and struggles, of the soul of man! In yonder dull and repulsive Palace of the Popes what human interests crowd! In it *Rienzi*, the last of

* I have since learned that this was a franc.

the Tribune, was imprisoned, and soothed his great spirit by fellowship with the Bible, and the study of Livy. Brave hearted leader! The dreariest pile of stone flashes with a divine beauty when associated with thee! Here, too, Petrarch was a guest; and hard by, saw and loved Laura de Noves, and was so captivated by her beauty that he never ceased to chant her praises and commemorate her loveliness. Avignon, too, memorializes the Great Papal Schism of the fourteenth century, and in its palace, now a military barrack, witnesses to the exodus of the Papacy from its beloved Rome from 1305 to 1424. Shall I be forgiven, if I say that a richer memory allured me, in the early morning, in the face of a fierce wind, and by the side of the swiftly flowing Rhone, out of the town towards the lovely Cemetery in which repose the remains of one of England's clearest thinkers and ablest teachers, John Stuart Mill? To him my debt is large. His thinking has been one of the most quickening mental forces I have experienced, and his books have been a perennial refreshment and a manifold instruction. It was at Avignon in 1873 that he died, and the white marble sarcophagus on which he wrote his glowing admiration for his wife, and which now commemorates his own decease, was to me unspeakably more interesting than the Palace of the Popes, the Cathedral de Notre Dame des Doms, or the far-reaching expanse of country seen from the lofty Promenade overlooking the Rhone. Every true man does his part, and fills his place in the full life of humanity; but will not the work of that one thinker enrich humanity to a far larger degree than all the toils and struggles of all the 14th century Popes?

IV. FRENCH LOVE OF ORATORY.—The French admire eloquence, and rate oratorical force as one of the highest gifts. The man who can wield the pen takes lofty rank, but the supreme place in public esteem is reserved for orators. None have such imposing and magnificent funerals; none are so long and tenderly remembered. Starting from the words found on a stray leaf of an old newspaper, "April the 4th, 1791, the funeral of Mirabeau," a writer in to-day's *La République Française* records the names of some of the men France has delighted to honour with splendid funeral pageants during the last hundred years. The orators head the list. They always take precedence of the princes of the pen. General Foy, an orator, is amongst them; but not the brilliant Chateaubriand. Manuel, Lamarque, Godefroy, Cavaignac, and Garnier-Pagès, all orators, are

named, but neither Balzac nor Michelet. Vivid, too, is the contrast between Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc. Both were devoted patriots, took a leading part in the Provisional Government of 1848, were faithful Republicans, and were buried with éclat. but the outburst of enthusiastic affection elicited by L. Rollin far surpassed the manifestations of emotion at the decease of L. Blanc. The able writer could not compete with Rollin's magical power of rousing speech and of direct and impassioned appeal to the hearts of the people. And Gambetta! How he was loved! With what fervid eagerness men testified their regard! He, too, was the incomparable orator; the man of glowing speech, colouring and quickening with his patriotism his great *Sursum Corda* addressed to a discouraged and suffering people. Truly, says Edgar Quinet, "Books never have produced, and never will produce, a durable revolution, without the aid of public utterance. It is that, and that alone, that carries and communicates life." Nothing has quickened literature like Christianity; but Christianity was founded and established by "preaching." France is sure to retain her passionate admiration of eloquence, and her eagerness to honour the victors of the tribune! O that she might have a French Whitefield to captivate the warm hearts and quick intellect of her children to the intelligent and loving service of Him "who spake as never man spake."

V. FRANCE AND COLONIAL EXTENSION.—If straws show the drift of the stream, one need not be very acute to recognize the strongly developing passion of France for colonial possessions. The distinguished economist and state minister, M. Leon Say, in an address given recently at Lyons, referred, in terms of glowing eulogy, to the fructifying possessions of Great Britain abroad, and pointed out, in the language of rebuke, the past apathy of the French in creating colonial markets both for men and goods. The attitude of the French Government on the Congo, in the matters of Tunis and Madagascar, points in the same direction, and makes it incumbent upon the English Government to use all its moral influence in dissuading France from any and every unjust method of gratifying this natural and growing but perilous passion for new outlets for trade and commerce. It may be British self-sufficiency, but the facts of history show that, with all our defects and evils—and they are great enough—in the work of colonising the world our influence is far more likely to be just, progressive, and moral, than that of the French.

Church Register.

Information for the June number should be sent by the 15th of May to REV. J. FLETCHER,
322, Commercial Road, London, E.

CONFERENCES.

I. THE CHESHIRE CONFERENCE met at Whoelock Heath on Tuesday, March 27th. Morning service at 11. Preacher, Rev. S. Hirst. Business in the afternoon. The reports from the churches showed 40 baptized—a slight decrease upon last year. The following ministers were heartily welcomed into the Conference—Revs. P. Williams, Nantwich, and G. Towler, Audlem.—The newly-formed church at Crewe was received into the Conference. The prospects of the cause at Crewe are most bright and encouraging, especially since so able and good a man as Mr. Lees, of Walsall, has decided to accept the pastorate. Several of the brethren gave expression to their hearty sympathy and goodwill.

An important discussion took place on "the Desirability of Supporting our Denominational Institutions." It was introduced by the Rev. Z. T. Down. It is hoped that good results will follow, especially to the College.

Much regret was expressed at the absence of the Rev. Isaac Preston through illness. Since our gathering we have been called upon to mourn his death. The Conference has sustained a great loss. He was much beloved by all the churches, and looked up to by not a few. Our loss is his gain.

The Conference was favoured by the presence of the Rev. W. Lees, pastor-elect of Crewe.

It was decided to hold the next Conference at Audlem on the last Tuesday in September. Preacher, Rev. W. Lees.

The thanks of the brethren were enthusiastically accorded to the friends at Whoelock Heath for their abounding hospitality. Mr. R. Pedley J.P., ably conducted the proceedings.

In the evening a public meeting was held on behalf of our Home Mission. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Lees, Z. T. Down, and G. Walker. R. Bate, Esq., of Tarporley, presided. All the meetings were well attended, and much enthusiasm was displayed.

S. HIRST, Sec.

II. THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE held its Spring meetings at Haven Green Chapel, Ealing, W. April 4. Rev. C. Pearce, of Tring, presided. Business commenced at 3 p.m. with prayer by Mr. J. H. Holloway (Westbourne Park), and Rev. F. J. Bird.

1. *Rev. J. Clifford, M.A.*—A telegram expressive of sympathy from the Conference was despatched to Rev. J. Clifford, who is staying at Nice.*

2. *Rev. J. F. Smythe*, who has recently settled over the church at Berkhamstead, was publicly welcomed into the Conference.

3. *Special Cases.*—Rev. J. Fletcher reported concerning the chapel property at Honiton, and the Secretary concerning that at Downton.

4. *Rev. Giles Hester.*—It was stated in regard to the proposed annuity fund for Rev. Giles Hester, that about £630 have been given or promised towards the £1,000 asked for, and that trustees for the administration of the fund were in course of election. Upon the motion of Rev. C. Clark, seconded by Rev. J. F. Smythe, the action of the Committee was heartily approved and fully confirmed by the Conference.

5. *Denominational Boards.*—Upon the recommendation of the executive, brethren were appointed as follows to represent the Conference on Associational Committees: Board of Reference, J. Fletcher; Home Mission, W. J. Avery, G. W. McCree, and A. H. Moore (Ealing); Foreign Mission, R. P. Cook, and C. Pearce.

6. *Next Conference* to be held at Walsworth Road Chapel, Hitchin, on July 4th.

7. It was unanimously resolved, upon the motion of the Secretary, seconded by Rev. J. Batey, "That the following scheme for the formation of a Ladies' Auxiliary Home Missionary Association be submitted to the Home Mission committee, with a view to its adoption throughout the General Baptist Connection"

(a.) *Name.*—General Baptist Home Missionary Society (Ladies' Auxiliary).

(b.) *Object.*—To enlist the help of ladies in all our churches on behalf of the Home Missionary Society, as collectors, subscribers; and as workers, by means of sewing-meetings, etc.

(c.) *Membership.*—Open to subscribers of not less than one penny per week; life membership to subscribers of £5, either in one sum, or in five annual instalments of £1.

(d.) *Committees.*—The lady subscribers

* A reply was received by the Rev. C. Pearce, President of the Conference, from Mr. Clifford, expressive of warm gratitude for, and cordial appreciation of, the sympathy and good wishes of the brethren.

in each congregation shall form a committee to further the interests and carry out the objects of the auxiliary, under the sanction of the church.

(e.) *Executive.*—That there be an executive committee of ladies, who shall from time to time advise with the officers of the Home Mission as to the special work which shall be taken up by the auxiliary. The executive to have a minute and corresponding secretary, who shall be elected annually.

(f.) *Representatives.*—The auxiliary shall be represented on the Home Missionary Committee by such of its members as may from time to time be mutually agreed upon by the executive of the Auxiliary and the General Home Missionary Committee.

(g.) *Accounts.*—The accounts of the auxiliary shall be kept separate, in the regular books of the Home Missionary Society.

(h.) *Annual Meeting.*—That an annual meeting be arranged, to take place at the Association, to be conducted by ladies only.

8. *Personal Member.*—Rev. W. V. Young, late of the New Mill Baptist Church, Tring, was received as a personal member of the Conference, upon the motion of Revs. J. Fletcher and F. J. Bird.

9. *Vote of Sympathy.*—With reference to the recent death of Mr. W. Quiney, of Commercial Road Church, E., the following resolution, moved by Mr. W. Morgan (Praed Street), and seconded by Rev. J. Batey, was passed in silence, the Conference standing:—"That this Conference of General Baptist Churches desires to express its deep sense of loss in the death of Mr. W. Quiney, who was one of its oldest and most attached members. That we gratefully recognise the regularity of his attendance, his fidelity to General Baptist principles, and his faithful Christian character, and that in recording his decease we pray that we who have lost a member so loyal, that the church who has had taken from it a deacon so worthy, that the widow who has been bereaved of a husband so honoured, and the family who have lost a father so beloved, may find that God is able to make all grace abound, even converting this trial into an abundant blessing."

10. *Progress.*—It was resolved, upon the motion of Rev. J. Batey, seconded by Rev. R. P. Cook, "That this Conference hears with much pleasure of the effort of the friends at Landport to build a new church and schools, and very heartily commends the effort to the sympathy and help of the Connexion."

11. *Reports from Churches.*—The reports from the churches represented at the Conference were of a pleasing character, most of them supplying abundant matter for gratitude.

12. *Public Questions.*—Resolutions were passed unanimously as follows:—
(a.) Moved by Rev. C. Clark, and seconded by Mr. W. C. James (Paddington), "That this Conference, deploring the manifold evils which exist as the result of the sale of intoxicating liquors on the Lord's-day, heartily rejoices at the introduction of a measure to Parliament for the total closing of public-houses on that day, and urges upon the Government the duty of affording every facility they can command, so that such measure may speedily become law; and that copies of this resolution be sent to the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary." (b.) Moved by Rev. F. J. Bird, and seconded by Mr. E. C. Palmer (Portsmouth), "That, having regard to the importance of all measures for the public good being founded on principles of justice, morality, and religion, this Conference expresses its conviction that the Acts of Parliament known as the Contagious Diseases Acts (Women) are contrary to those principles, and earnestly implores Her Majesty's Government to facilitate their early repeal; and that copies of this resolution be sent to the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for War, and the Home Secretary."

The business session was closed with prayer by Rev. J. F. Smythe, and about a hundred friends sat down to tea in the lecture hall.

13. *Public Meeting.*—The President delivered his Inaugural Address at the evening meeting, subject:—"How to make the most and best of the evangelising power in our churches." Rev. R. P. Cook, Mr. Alfred Edwards (Ealing), Revs. W. V. Young, J. Batey, and C. Clark, took part in the subsequent discussion. Thanks were accorded to the President for his Address, to Mr. E. Cayford for his occupancy of the chair during 1882, and to the friends at Ealing for the kindness they had shown in entertaining the Conference.

W. J. AVERY, *Secretary.*

III. MIDLAND CONFERENCE.—The next Conference will be held at Coalville, on Wednesday, May 16th, (Whit-Wednesday). Devotional service at 11 a.m., after which the Rev. J. C. Forth, of Leicester, will preach. Afternoon session at 2.15. The Rev. C. W. Vick, of Loughborough, will preach in the evening.

J. SALISBURY, *Secretary.*

CHURCHES.

EPWORTH—Anniversary sermons March 18. Preacher, Rev. W. Orton. Collection on behalf of the Trust Funds. Attendance good. A public tea, at which over 170 sat down, in the Methodist New Connexion School-room, on Monday afternoon, the following ladies presiding at the trays:—Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. T. Ashmell, Mrs. G. Tonge, Mrs. J. A. Walker, Mrs. John Tonge, Mrs. J. E. Gibson, and the Misses Standing. A public meeting in the same place in the evening, Mr. Mayhew, of Misterton, in the chair. Addresses by Revs. W. Orton, S. P. Barker, J. Stutterd, and M. B. Stamp; Mr. Thornton, of Misterton, and Councillor Willey, of Retford. Thanks to all helpers were moved by Rev. W. M. Anderson, seconded by Mr. T. Ashmell, and heartily carried. Attendance large. Meeting lively and interesting.

HEANOR, Derby Road.—(1.) *Reopening Services.*—These took place March 18. Rev. E. Stevenson preached morning and evening, and Rev. C. W. Butler of East Wood, (Congregationalist), in the afternoon. The friends were glad to be able to worship in the chapel, after being deprived of that privilege for four months by the fire that took place on the first Sunday in Dec. last, after the morning service. Verily it was through providence that the entire buildings were not demolished. Had it been after the evening service there would not have been the least chance of preservation. The heating apparatus was the cause. The entire restoration has cost about £116. The disaster causing some alterations, the insurance has not met the amount by £45; but through the success of a recent effort we are able, within a few pounds, to cope with the deficit, although such a loss is hard to bear on account of the heavy debt.—(2.) *Concert.*—The annual concert was given in the lower hall on Good Friday, by the choir and children of the Sunday-school, conducted by Mr. J. Buxton. Mr. J. Lockton presided at the harmonium. In the afternoon upwards of 200 to tea. Net proceeds £14 15s. Mr. T. Woolley, of Long Eaton, presided. (3.) *Bazaar.*—A bazaar was opened in the Town Hall on Easter Tuesday. The proceedings commenced by singing, and Mr. W. Fletcher, of Stapleford, offered prayer. Mr. Baldwin, of Nottingham, gave a very suitable address. The pastor, Rev. E. Hilton, then called upon Mrs. W. Smith, of Mill Hay House, to open the bazaar. Mrs. Smith congratulated the ladies on the artistic taste which had been shown in the arrangement of the stalls, and after further words of congratulation

and encouragement declared the bazaar open. Sale commenced, and was resumed on Wednesday and Thursday. At the close £140 had been realized. This amount exceeded the expectations of the workers, as the bazaar had been got up within three months. Upwards of £30 worth of goods remain over for a future sale. The ladies of the church and congregation deserve praise for their energy and perseverance in raising so large a sum in so short a time. The deacons desire to express their cordial thanks to all friends who have in any way assisted them in their enterprise. The pastor commences his second year's ministry much encouraged by the success of the past, both financially and spiritually.

GRANTHAM.—Special anniversary services were conducted on April 8, by the Rev. D. C. Chapman, of Bacup, Lancashire, in connection with the Oxford Street Chapel, to appreciative congregations. The usual tea meeting was held on Monday, April 9, and the public meeting in the evening was presided over by Mr. Alderman Dickinson the first part, then by Mr. J. S. Chesterton, one of the deacons. Stirring addresses were given by the Revs. D. C. Chapman, J. J. Fitch (of Nottingham), W. Whitby and Mr. F. Houseman (Primitive Methodists), and Mr. Gibson, Secretary of the church. Collections not quite so good as last year.

LONDON, Bethnal Green Road.—We have only space to call attention to the advertisement about the Bazaar, to be opened by Lord Shaftesbury, on May 29. Our friends need help.

LONDON, Crouch End.—Anniversary sermons were preached on Sunday, March 11, by the Rev. J. Batey, and Mr. S. B. Newling, of the G. B. Preacher's Institute. On Good Friday a public tea was held, when 108 sat down. At the after-meeting two of the students and other friends gave addresses. Songs, solos, and recitations, were given at intervals. This, the first anniversary of the place since its adoption as a preaching station of the Institute, was a complete success both as to congregations and collections.

LONGTON.—A grand fancy fair was held March 15-18. It was opened by Alderman Edwards, in the absence of J. S. Balfour, Esq., M.P., whose Parliamentary duties detained him in London. Mr. Balfour sent a contribution of £20; Messrs. H. Coghill gave £25, W. M. Grose, £20, and R. Johnson, £15. Total receipts, £400.

LOURN, Eastgate.—On March 29th the members of the church and congregation arranged a very pleasant surprise for their pastor, Rev. C. Payne, and his family, to

celebrate the third anniversary of his second settlement among them. The programme included a social tea, a musical service, familiar talks, and a "surprise donation," consisting of the products of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdom. These "love tokens," as they were called, were of the most varied character, including wheat, tea, sugar, oranges, soap, sandstones, eggs, linen, silk, carpeting, wickerwork, and a handsome donation of silver and gold. Nearly every household was represented in these gifts. The "Familiar Talks" revealed a depth of affection for the pastor and his family more precious than the material gifts. Reference was frequently made to the unbroken harmony and the continuous and increasing growth the church has enjoyed during the present pastorate. The church, though small in numbers, is well organized, united, active, and benevolent. Its increased vitality and strength are attributed to the Head of the church.

MARKET HARBOUROUGH.—A public tea and meeting was held on Good Friday. Chairman, T. Scarborough, Esq. Special effort for the contemplated Chapel Renovation Fund. We need help very much.

NANTWICH.—The quarterly tea meeting was held on Tuesday, April 10, in the Baptist Sunday-school. About 50 sat down. Afterwards a meeting was presided over by the pastor, the Rev. P. Williams, who, after singing and prayer, referred more especially to the interesting and pleasing duty he had been asked to discharge that evening, namely, to present Miss Ann Fitton with an illuminated and framed address, and a purse containing ten sovereigns, in appreciation of her efficient and self-sacrificing labours in presiding at the harmonium for a period of eleven years. The address was signed on behalf of the church and congregation by the Rev. P. Williams, and Messrs. E. Birchall (treasurer), R. Forey (secretary), and J. Galley (deacon). Mrs. R. P. Cook, wife of the former pastor of the chapel, and now of London, made graceful reference to the kind way in which Miss Fitton had always discharged her duty in various matters affecting the interest of the cause. She had proved herself a most valuable worker, ready and willing to do all that she could. Miss Salisbury said she was exceedingly pleased to be there that evening, and to have taken a share along with Miss Birchall in collecting subscriptions for the testimonial.—Addresses were also delivered by Messrs. W. Johnson, R. Forey, J. Blount, T. J. Galley, S. Galley, and J. Gregory. During the evening several pieces were sung by the choir, consisting

of duets, solos, and anthems. Recitations were also given. The meeting was brought to a close by the doxology and benediction.

NORWICH, St. Clement's.—An enthusiastic tea and public meeting on April 12th, in celebration of the ninth anniversary of the present pastorate. The choir very efficiently rendered the Service of Song entitled "Bunyan's Holy War," the connective readings being given by Mr. W. Bampton Taylor, of Regent's Park College. The pastor also sang an Oriya solo. Short speeches were also given. H. Trevor, Esq., presided.

SUTTON BONNINGTON.—On Lord's-day March 4th, anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. Sharman, of Nottingham. Monday 5th, public tea meeting, after which H. Godkin, Esq., of Loughborough, gave his popular lecture, "A Century of Dissent." Collections at close. Mr. B. Baldwin in the chair.

THURLASTON.—March 11th, two sermons were preached by Mr. C. Farmer, of Derby. Collections for the chapel funds. At the close of the afternoon service several scholars were presented with bibles on their leaving the school. Weather bad, congregations good, collections liberal.

WHITWICK.—The anniversary was held on Easter Sunday, when two practical sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Askew, of Burton-on-Trent. On Monday, the annual tea meeting was held in the school-room, when a large company assembled. A public meeting afterwards in the chapel, under the presidency of the pastor, W. Slater. Stirring addresses were given by Revs. Hagen and Pickbourne, of Coalville, C. Haddon, of Bardon, and a cheering report by C. J. Church. Meeting hearty and enthusiastic. Net proceeds in advance of previous years.

SCHOOLS.

ARNOLD, near Nottingham.—On Tuesday, March 27, the ceremony of *Laying the Memorial Stones* of a new Sunday School Building in the above village, was performed by Mrs. J. Robinson, of "Pelham House," Sherwood, and Mrs. G. Brailsford, of Nottingham. The building will be two stories high and 51 feet two inches long, by 25 feet three inches wide, with eight class rooms and kitchen on the ground floor, and a *Large Lecture Hall* on the first floor, to accommodate 500 children. The architect is Mr. J. R. Swift, of Arnold. The school, numbering 300 children and 34 teachers, assembled at two o'clock, and marched in procession through the village to the site, singing *en route*. At three o'clock there was a large attendance of friends. After sing-

ing a hymn prayer was offered by Mr. W. Richardson, who afterwards read a short report, and Rev. J. R. Godfrey, of Bulwell, gave an appropriate address. The memorial stones were laid, offerings were placed thereon, and a collection was made amounting, altogether, to £103 14s. The children were treated with a large bun each, in commemoration of the event, and at 4.30 over 150 partook of an excellent tea in the British schools. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held in the "Ebenezer" Chapel, kindly lent by our New Connexion friends. Mr. Alderman Cropper presided, and after a very satisfactory report by Mr. Richardson, Secretary to the Building Committee, suitable and earnest addresses were given by Messrs. Godfrey, Mellors, and Sharman. The total of day's proceedings amounted to £120 17s. 8d. The Building Committee gratefully acknowledge the liberal donations from Nottingham gentlemen, and the sympathy and hearty co-operation received from numerous friends in Arnold and the vicinity. As stated last month the ultimate outlay in new school and chapel will be £2,000. It is a bold undertaking, and we trust that so good a beginning may be crowned with success. Such efforts as these should be encouraged to the utmost.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—A novel and interesting gathering took place on Good Friday. Some months before it had been decided to have a meeting of "Old Scholars." Plans were soon matured by an efficient committee. A circular of invitation was duly drawn up and sent out to the extent of several hundreds, and advertisements were inserted in the local papers. As the result nearly 600 assembled. They came from Manchester, Stalybridge, Rochdale, Littleborough, Bacup, Burnley, and Todmorden, on the one hand, and from Sowerby Bridge, West Vale, Halifax, Brighouse, Saltaire, Bradford, and Stockton-on-Tees, on the other. An excellent meat tea was served in the school-room from three to six o'clock, for which a collection was made at the tables. The pastor presided at the evening meeting in the chapel, and gave a cordial welcome to all. Addresses were given by the Superintendents of the school; also by Mr. Jackson of Saltaire, Mr. Worsick of Halifax, Mr. Jackson of Grimsworth, Mr. Greenwood of Littleborough, Mr. Webster of Manchester, and Mr. Pickles of Hebden Bridge, all of them old scholars of the Birchcliffe school. Special hymns were printed for the occasion, and the chapel choir got up a few choruses, all of which were well rendered; and this *long-to-be-remembered meeting* was brought to a close about nine o'clock by the pastor's prayer, and by the con-

gregation singing the old farewell hymn, beginning, "Farewell, my friends beloved," etc. All felt it to be a good time.

DENHOLME (Southgate).—The Memorial Stone of a New School was laid on Saturday, April 14, by E. Wadsworth, Esq., Cleckheaton. A procession of teachers, scholars, members, and friends, marched through the village, headed by the Denholme Brass Band. After going through the main street the procession halted in front of the school, and the ceremony of laying the stone commenced. The trowel and mallet were presented to Mr. Wadsworth by the pastor, who referred to the high esteem in which Mr. Wadsworth was held by the people of the village, and also to the £66 he himself had been able to collect, and which he laid on the memorial stone. Mr. Wadsworth spoke of the benefit likely to accrue in after life to those who in their youth had been accustomed to attend a Sunday-school. He also said that the Sunday-school supplied a want in education which Board Schools but very slightly touched, viz., "Teaching to the young the principles of the Christian religion." Mr. Wadsworth having laid the stone, presented to the New School Committee a cheque for £25. The Rev. W. Dyson then spoke on "The Claims of the Sunday-school upon public sympathy." After the service the people adjourned to the chapel to a meat tea. A public meeting was held in the evening, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. B. Wood, W. Gray, W. Hambly, and J. Phillips. The proceeds for the day were: Per Rev. J. Taylor's collecting, £66; laid on the stone, £3 17s. 6d.; E. Wadsworth, Esq., £25; collection at service, £4 11s. 8d.—Total £104 6s. 3d. The school is on the class-room system, having one large meeting-room on the ground floor, one smaller class-room, and a kitchen. Above there is a large assembly-hall 31 feet by 66 feet, capable of seating 400 people. Up each side there are class-rooms affording accommodation for nearly 300 scholars. The outlay will be a little over £1,200.

KILBOURNE, Derby.—School sermons were preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, (kindly lent for the occasion) by Mr. T. H. Bennett, of Derby. Collections, £10.

KIRKBY-IN-ASHFIELD.—The friends at Kirkby are bestirring themselves in the direction of a new school. They have long felt the need for this, but the land until recently was unobtainable. A site has now been purchased adjoining the chapel. Mr. E. Beastall has been appointed Treasurer, and the friends have £35 in hand towards the £250 they hope to raise.

MINISTERIAL.

ATKINSON, REV. J. H., of Friar Lane, Leicester, has received and accepted a most hearty and unanimous call to the pastorate of Richmond church, Liverpool, and will enter thereupon the first Sunday in June.

LEES, REV. W.—The *Walsall Free Press* of March 24th says: "The public will hear with surprise that the Rev. W. Lees has, after a pastorate extending over more than twenty years, tendered to his church his resignation. During Mr. Lees' residence in Walsall he has been closely identified with nearly every movement having for its object the improvement of the people, and on nearly every social and religious platform he has been found. He accepted a call to the Stafford Street Baptist chapel, when it was at its lowest ebb, where for many, many years the cause had only been just kept alive by the faithful adherence of a few attached worshippers, but under Mr. Lees' ministry it soon assumed a healthier phase, and entered upon a course of great prosperity. Mr. Lees has naturally made for himself a very large circle of friends, and his departure from the town next May will be very deeply regretted." Mr. Lees has accepted the hearty and unanimous invitation of the church at Crewe. We wish him every success in the arduous work which awaits him there.

PITTS, REV. G. F.—The public recognition of the Rev. G. F. Pitts (late of Sutterton) as pastor of the church at Gosberton, took place on April 9th. A tea meeting was held, attended by a large number of friends from each of the denominations in the village, and upwards of thirty from Sutterton. In the evening a public meeting was held in the cleaned and re-decorated chapel, presided over by Mr. W. Twelvetrees, who for thirty-five years has belonged to the church and laboured in the Sunday school. Earnest and kind words of welcome were spoken by the Revs. J. C. Jones, M.A. (Spalding), C. Riley (Pinchbeck), Mr. Boyer (Gosberton), Messrs. Taylor, Grey, and Atton (Spalding). The pastor returned thanks for their cordial and unanimous welcome, and expressed the hope that the kind words spoken would be remembered, the good advice given acted upon, and the bright hopes of future prosperity realised.

TOWLER, REV. G.—Mr. Towler (late of Long Sutton) having accepted the pastorate of the church at Audlem, the recognition services took place on Good Friday. As for many years the people

have had no opportunity of witnessing such a coremony, all the proceedings were marked by much enthusiasm. At three p.m. a sermon was preached by the Rev. P. Williams, who kindly undertook the service in place of the Rev. Isaac Preston, of Tarporley, who, to the great regret of all friends, was then too ill to be present. The introductory part of the service was taken by the Rev. T. Clark, of Market Drayton. The service was followed by a public tea, which was largely attended. In the evening R. Pedley, Esq., J.P., of Crewe, presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Towler; P. Williams, of Nantwich; T. Clark, of Market Drayton; and Messrs. Massie and Oaks, of Audlem. Taken altogether the meetings were amongst the most pleasant we have seen for some time, and afforded a good augury for Mr. Towler's future success.

WILD, REV. J., of Woodhouse Eaves, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to become pastor of the church at Market Harborough. He commences his labours on May 6th.

TEMPERANCE.

LOUTH, *Northgate*.—*Baptist Band of Hope*.—This Society, only recently formed, but numbering eighty members, gave its first entertainment on the 21st ult. Rev. E. H. Jackson presided. The school-room was packed, and the audience thoroughly testified their delight with the admirable way in which the young people gave their solos, duets, dialogues, &c.

BAPTISMS.

BIRCHCLIFFE.—Seven young men, by W. Gray.
 BOSTON.—Five, by J. Jolly, B.A.
 BOURNE.—Twelve, by G. H. Bennett.
Morton.—Four, "
 CARLTON.—Five, by W. Bown.
 COALVILLE.—Two, by F. Pickbourne.
 GRANTHAM.—One, by A. Gibson (deacon).
 GRIMSBY.—Four, by W. Orton.
 HITCHIN.—Sixteen, by F. J. Bird.
 KIMBERLEY.—Three, by W. Bown.
 LEICESTER, *Dover St.*.—Seven, by W. Evans.
 LINCOLN.—Eleven (two Wesleyans), by B. Wood, of Bradford.
 LONDON, *Bethnal Green Road*.—Four, by W. Harvey Smith.
 LONDON, *Commercial Road*.—Three, by J. Fletcher.
 LONDON, *Fraed Street*.—Five, by W. J. Avery.
 LOUTH, *Eastgate*.—Three, by C. Payne.
 MACCLESFIELD.—Seven, by Z. T. Down.
 MARKET HARBOUR.—Three, by W. Davison.
 MELBOURNE.—Three, by R. B. Wallace.
 NORWICH.—Six (two of another denomination), by G. Taylor.
 PETERBOROUGH.—Eight, by T. Barras.
 QUORNDON.—Five, by G. Anderson, of Chilwell College.
 STALYBRIDGE.—Two, by C. Rushby.
Dukinfield.—Two, (one an old lady nearly 70), by C. Rushby.
 SUTTON BONINGTON.—Nine, by W. Bown.
 WHITWICK.—Three, by W. Slater.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

MAY, 1883.

Contributions for the Foreign Missions.

It is particularly requested that all Contributions for the next Annual Report may be forwarded to the Treasurer or Secretary on or *before* the 31st of May, as the accounts for the year must be closed on that day.

In preparing their *Lists of Contributions* will the local Secretaries kindly enter (1) Public and Sacramental Collections; (2) Contributions by Adults; (3) by Juveniles. Sums under 5s. should be entered as "Small sums."

Nominations for the Committee.

LAY MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE.—Under the new regulations all the members of the Committee, consisting of twenty, retire every year. Sixteen are chosen by ballot at the Annual Members' Meeting, and four by the newly-elected sixteen.

Any subscriber, or subscribing church, may nominate any number of gentlemen to serve on the Committee. It is, however, very important that no one should be nominated who is not *known* to be willing to serve, if elected.

Nominations for the ballot must be in the hands of the Secretary, the Rev. W. Hill, Mission House, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, on or before the 5th day of June. No name can be received after that date.

MINISTERIAL MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE.—*New Regulation.*—"That in future each Conference, at its last meeting before the Association, shall nominate certain ministers in that Conference to represent it on the Foreign Mission Committee; it being understood that all ministers of subscribing churches shall be eligible to attend as heretofore, providing their expenses be not charged to the Society."

"That the number of ministerial members be sixteen, divided as follows: Midland Conference, 6; Yorkshire, 3; Lincolnshire, 2; London, 2; Warwickshire, 2; Cheshire, 1."

The attention of the Conferences is directed to the above regulation, and the Secretaries will oblige by sending the nominations as early as possible to the Secretary of the Foreign Mission.

Sunday-School Treat at Cuttack.

BY MISS BARRASS.

ON Monday, February 10th, we had our Oriya Sunday-school treat. The teachers and scholars, about 280 in number, met at 2.30 in the chapel compound, where two tents had been put up. One was for the girls, and in the other the provisions were kept ready for distribution. This year they did not have curry and rice, as at the last treat, but poorees—a native cake, something like a pancake—native sweets, English cake, and plantains. Those who wish to know what poorees are, and how they are made, must come in imagination to a small tent, at a little distance from the others. Here are five men, professional cooks, busy after their own fashion, which is not energetic. At the farthest end of the tent a fire is made in a hole in the ground, and over it a vessel filled with ghee, or clarified butter, presided over by the cook, a heathen man with a very solemn visage, and his hair tied in the orthodox little knob at the back. Next are two men sitting side by side, armed with rolling-pins, and in front of each is a tray, also a heap of flour in a cloth. Two more men complete the group—the first, sitting near the door-way, has a large basket of flour by his side, from which he takes a quantity and puts it on a brass plate before him; then he rubs a little ghee in the flour, mixes it with water into a paste, which, having worked sufficiently, he passes on to the next man, who holds the paste in his left hand, while with his right he pulls off little pieces, squeezes them into balls, and throws them on the cloth by the men with rolling-pins, who dip the pieces into flour, roll them a little, dip them in flour again, and roll them out into large thin cakes, then throw them to the cook, who puts several at once into the boiling ghee, and after two or three minutes takes them out with a kind of ladle, and a long stick—which stick I had suspicions also did service as a poker—then holding them over the ghee to drain, he throws them into a large basket. Having seen the whole process of pooree making, we have no wish to taste, especially as we saw that the men, who sat on the ground, had their knees or feet in the flour, as seemed most comfortable to them.

Returning to the tent, we had some time to wait before the poorees were ready. Meanwhile the boys were running races for sweets, and boys and girls flying after our superintendent, as he scattered sweets in all directions. When all was ready, the boys were seated on benches, arranged in two long rows in the shade by the chapel, while the girls were in a tent. They were very orderly, and waited patiently till their turn came. We, who looked after the girls, first carried round the poorees in a large basket, which took three of us to lift; they went two or three times round, and were followed by native sweets, and then English cake. One little girl, not contented with one piece at a time like the rest, seized two pieces of cake and put them in her cloth; but the teacher, who took it round, quietly put her hand in and took out both pieces, so that through trying to get two the little girl had none, to the amusement of her companions. Lastly, plantains were given to them, and when all had finished we went to the new school-room, where the prizes were to be distributed. The room was quite full. The prizes were books (Oriya and English), umbrellas of different colours (chiefly red and blue), knives, and pencils. Some of the girls had brass vessels, with which they were very pleased, especially one or two who are going to be married. The prizes were for those who had been most successful in the examination, which was held in conference week, two prizes in each class. The young man who took the first prize in the first class has now become a teacher; the girl who took the first prize has left the school to be married. There was also a prize for attendance in each class, and two conduct prizes, one for the best boy in the school, the other for the best girl, decided by the teachers. The attendance prize in the infant class was given to a little girl with roguish face and dimpled cheeks; her name is Soojorna, and she was very delighted to receive a tiny brass vessel as a reward. The meeting closed with singing and prayer, and they went away, looking forward to the continuation

of their treat on the following Wednesday, when a magic lantern was to be exhibited.

On Wednesday evening the magic lantern was exhibited in the school-room. Long before the time for opening, most of the scholars had arrived, but were not allowed to come in until six o'clock, when one door was opened with three to guard it, as all wanted to rush in at once. The smallest children were sent in first, and were seated in two rows on the mat in front, another row on the lowest forms, then a row of girls and a row of boys, according to size, so that the tallest were at the back. As it was only for the scholars, no others were allowed to come in until they were all seated, and then there was not room for many more. At 6.30 the proceedings commenced by several views of the Arctic Regions, Mr. Miller giving short explanations of each picture, and asking questions on the most familiar ones. There was also the history of Joseph, and the last picture of that set being Jacob and Joseph meeting, most of the boys began to make a sound of kissing, which the superintendent speedily checked. They were very ready to answer the questions on the different scenes, and when 'Daniel in the Lions' Den' appeared on the sheet, there was a chorus of voices offering information. At that point we sang one verse in English of 'Dare to be a Daniel.' Presently John Bunyan appeared, and there was a general shout of 'John Bunyan.' Scenes in his life followed, and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' At the first picture, the pilgrim's starting, we sang one verse of the Oriya translation of 'Whither pilgrims,' in which all joined at the top of their voices, as it is a very well-known hymn. The picture representing the pilgrims as they caught the first glimpse of the Celestial City was a beautiful one; we sang, while looking at it, another verse of an Oriya hymn. Towards the end some comic slides were shown, which caused great amusement, especially one of a boy in the act of throwing a snowball at a man walking in front of him, who, suddenly turning round, received it on his nose; also an old lady knitting with a high cap on her head, which a monkey, coming behind, twitched off, leaving her quite bald; and a mouse gnawing a candle, when a cat darted out and the mouse was gone, while the cat rolled its eyes round and round in a most laughable manner, only in this case the pupils of its eyes moved about, and, there being some little defect in the slide, the pupils kept running out of the eyes altogether, to the manifest delight of the audience. Perhaps the one that caused the most uproarious merriment was a huge ferocious tiger, which turned its eyes round and round, as if considering which boy or girl would make the daintiest morsel, at the same time opening its mouth and revealing a formidable row of teeth. Then came the Prince of Wales, and lastly the Queen, when we sang 'God save the Queen.' We finished by singing the doxology, and Mr. Miller closed with prayer. Then the doors were opened, and the room was soon cleared, all having undoubtedly enjoyed the evening immensely.

Our native school is increasing in numbers, about thirty new ones have come since the beginning of the year, and our superintendent is expecting others. There is no doubt it is greatly owing to his untiring efforts; he visits all the scholars himself, and sets apart two evenings in every week for that purpose. He throws himself with great enthusiasm into everything he undertakes, and, besides, is wonderfully patient and persevering, so that it is a great advantage to the school to have such a superintendent, as well as to the teachers, who all respect him."

A Visit to Choga.

BY REV. T. BAILEY.

BEFORE leaving Cuttack for Berhampore I had the pleasure, in company with Bro. Buckley, of a visit to Choga. This, as many of our friends know, is a purely native Christian settlement in one of the Tributary States, and is both of long standing and increasing importance. We left Cuttack on Saturday, Jan. 6th. The Irrigation works, which in other respects and in other parts of the district have proved so advantageous, have operated injuriously in regard to the journey here by increasing difficulties which were already numerous

enough. The anicut, by preventing the escape of the water, renders a ferry boat *always* necessary; whereas, formerly, the river was fordable during the greater part of the year, and on this occasion the stream had divided so that *two* boats were required, and we had to wait for one of these a considerable time. But once across the river and into the jungle how delightful the renewal of old experiences! how keen and brilliant the air is—how fresh and beautiful the tangle of trees, and shrubs, and flowers—and even the monotonous ditty of the bearers was soothing and restful after the weary grind of engines and screw, and rail and tram, and the never-ending hurry-scurry of so-called civilization. Our visit occurred at an auspicious season. The people were drinking deep into the joys of harvest. The crops had been unusually plentiful, and every threshing floor was filled with the kindly fruits of the earth. The people looked bright and prosperous, though, characteristically enough, the rajah, seeing the bountiful harvest, was largely increasing, and in some cases doubling, his demand for rent. We were conducted for quarters to the School-house, the bungalow being already too much occupied; and then came the pleasure of getting amongst the people again. Some have been unjustly accused, and wish to clear themselves; others are poor, and require help; and others, though not *very* poor, would still not object to a substantial New Year's gift. Some are sick and need medicine, and others have kindly enquiries to make as well as welcome information to give. One makes a handsome acknowledgment of wrong-doing, and seeks restoration to the church. The candidates standing over from former church-meetings are reported upon, and new names are mentioned. Two of the former were received on Sunday morning; and as the water was near and nothing to hinder they were forthwith baptized, and received into the church in the afternoon. All the services were to me intensely enjoyable, and appeared to be so to others too. In the evening there was a Bible-class and singing, and on the following morning various accounts had to be overhauled, and sundry balances to be disposed of, as well as the schools to be examined; the results of the latter being very satisfactory; and shortly after noon on Monday we left again for Cuttack, after a very pleasant, and I hope useful, visit. The people are simple, affectionate, and hearty; not perfect, but lovable and trustful, and of a kind it is pleasant to work amongst. May the Lord bless them with the blessing of Abraham and multiply them yet more exceedingly, that they may become a multitude of people.

Berhampore, Feb. 16th, 1883.

Notes of a Preaching Tour in Sambalpur.

Sambalpur, Nov. 24th, 1882.

MY DEAR BROTHER HILL,—We have just returned from a tour, so I will send you a few lines before I go out again, for it is difficult to find time and opportunity for writing whilst out on tour.

We left Sambalpur on Oct. 12th. I say we, for my dear wife and children accompanied me, as well as the senior preacher, Thoma. He, however, was suffering from lumbago, and this was much increased by the damp atmosphere (for we had heavy rain for a day and a night soon after we started), so that he had to return home, and Babu Daniel Das came out in his stead. We remained out nearly six weeks, getting home on Nov. 20th. During this time thirteen markets and very many villages were visited; whilst at most of the larger villages that lay in our track we remained a couple of days.

Our route lay first along the Raipur road as far as Sohela, a little more than forty miles from Sambalpur. Then we turned southwards to visit a large town named Bijipur, about ten miles from Sohela. Again we turned eastward, and thus continued our journey on a line nearly parallel to the Raipur road. As we visited villages on both sides of our way, we covered in this way a strip of country forty miles long by about thirty broad (or some 1,200 square miles).

Thirteen markets were attended; this includes two that were visited by Kols, whom we sent merely to sell books. Once two markets fell out on the same day; so we attended one, and we sent off two of our Kols (who carried

the tent) to the other. They seemed quite proud of their errand, and they sold thirteen copies of the gospel and two larger books. They reported that everybody wanted poetical books, and unfortunately just then our stock had run out. The second time they also sold a little; but the head master of the school opposed them, and dissuaded the people from buying. My two Kols were somewhat indignant at this. This Kol agency is one that I hope to make more use of in the future. The men seem reliable, and they have no prejudices to prevent them selling the books.

We disposed in one way or another of a goodly number of books and tracts—probably not less than 2,000. I took some 9,000 kauries, or shells, in payment for about 450 tracts; but in disposing of the shells we lost a little, for it was but rarely that we could get a pice for sixty shells. Sometimes we had to give eighty, but more generally seventy. The total of our sales reached very nearly thirty rupees. Surely all this seed will not be sown in vain.

We visited two places near together with names so similar in pronunciation that they are often confounded—Bârâgâdâ and Bârâhguda. The meanings of the names are widely different, however, for they may be freely rendered respectively, the house of the king, and the house of pigs. The latter name was not unsuitable, for the village was physically and morally very filthy. A brahmin there gloried in what should be their shame, and both he and the head man would certainly be included amongst those "fools" who "make a mock of sin."

There were many interesting incidents that we met with. In some cases the head men of villages received us very kindly indeed—in fact, treated us quite as friendly visitors—and in more than one instance I think it was for our work's sake. I had much talk with the head man of a village named Chakerkend, who seemed very much impressed by our message. Whilst at Sohela the schoolmaster, son of the head man, and three or four other young men, came repeatedly to my tent for conversation—the last time sitting till far into the night, listening and asking questions on *the* theme, the love of God for sinners. I hope we may hear more of these young men. But there was one incident that touched me almost to tears. Daniel was talking to a group of people in the village of Suktapali ("the dried up village"). Amongst them was an old man of the washerman caste, who was listening very attentively as Daniel was pointing out how sins might be forgiven, and forgiven now, at once. Old Lachman Seth jumped up, in spite of his years, and asked, "Is that for me?" and when answered in the affirmative, fairly danced and clapped his hands for joy. I believe it was the good Spirit's work, and that He has revealed to this babe in knowledge the things hidden from the wise and prudent. Afterwards, in talking to me, he said, "The people call me an 'old stump,' for I have no relatives, save my wife, living, and they say because I have no son to conduct my funeral rites, I shall be lost; but that is not true, is it?" He said he was one hundred years old; I should judge he is about seventy. He was very anxious to get hold of the name Jesus Christ, and was concerned because he could not pronounce it well. He asked me if there was any of the names that he had been used to that meant the same; so I mentioned one name that is used only to designate the *one* supreme God, Creator and Preserver of all, and told him to use that name, remembering that God had taken upon Him a human body, and in it had suffered and died for our sins. I said it did not matter so much about the name if we had regard to the right being. Some called Major M—the Deputy Commissioner, and some the Tillah Sahib, and some the Bara or Big Sahib—but they all meant the same individual. I cautioned him against the use of those names of Hindoo incarnations whose lives were full of sin, and who could not therefore be true incarnations of God. He seemed to understand much of what we said; but that Jesus Christ died for his sin, *that* was plain, and *that* he seized upon with joy. We shall try not to lose sight of him, and I hope may see him again soon. The people who stood round were much impressed with the old man's joy. I gave him a book, which he would get read to him—he could not see to read, though when we sang he tried his best to join with us in the chorus with which each verse ended. I must close my letter here or it will be too long for the Magazine. Pray for us. We shall reap, if we faint not.

Yours affectionately,

J. G. FIFE.

The Carnival in Rome.

THE Carnival in Rome has been and gone. It has been earlier this year than it has been since 1749. But this year's carnival has not only been early, it has been shorn of one of its principal and most objectionable features. Formerly each day's saturnalia finished, as far as the Corso was concerned, with a horse race. Half-a-dozen miserable looking hacks, without riders, were started from Piazza del Popolo, whence they ran the length of the Corso to Piazza Venezia, frightened by the crowds and urged by the goads which, suspended from their backs, flew up with every leap to descend before the next on to the flanks of the poor animals. Crowds of foreigners, especially English, came to see and to bet on this miserable race. Very often, as was natural in such a narrow street, there were serious accidents, and last year one or two persons were killed, and quite a number wounded, right under the eyes of the Queen. Out of evil good has come. The City Council, which is dominated by the Clericals, decided to put the horse races again on the programme of the Carnival, but the *Prefect*, who represents the Government, *vetoed* that part of the programme. The "Popolo Romano," pandering to the lowest tastes, seemed day by day to scream out its protests against the action of the Prefect, predicting all kinds of woes as the result of it. The sum of its reasoning seemed to be this: The Carnival depends on the horse-races, and Rome largely depends upon the Carnival, therefore prohibiting the horse-races the carnival is destroyed, and with the Carnival, Rome. With a little exaggeration its wail might have been represented by Byron's lines on the Coliseum, substituting Carnivele, or Horse Races, for Coliseum.

"While stands the Coliseum Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world."

But the Prefect stood firm, and Rome still stands; and even the Carnivale, after the first few days, which are generally needed to get up the necessary excitement, was what is called a success. Never before were there so many people in the Corso. There was the usual senseless throwing of so-called "coafetti" (lime) with shovels for three days, then the battle of flowers (the greater part of the flowers having no beauty, and being useless except to cause a smarting, and perhaps an injury, to the face against which they are hurled,) and on the last evening the *moccoletti*, the only part of the Carnival which is really pretty. The Carnival was, as usual, burnt in effigy at the close. The poor old fellow was brought on a high car in a grand procession to the place of cremation in the *Piazza del Popolo*, and the funeral pier was lit amid a tremendous cannonade, and a pyrotechnic display. "Nothing in life became him like the leaving of it." Henceforth, there were a few more hours of dancing and yelling at the theatres, and all was over. No, not all. The stabbing cases were not all over and forgotten. Neither was the business at the pawn shop—nor the misery in the family, nor the disorder in the state of health, nor a multitude of other evils. I wonder whether English people, who would be ashamed of acting at home as they do at Rome, will cease to be the chief upholders of this Carnival, which is denounced by most of the respectable Romans I have conversed with about it.

Now we are in *Lent*, and I am glad. After the orgies of the Carnival, the "faithful" go and confess, put ashes on their heads, and then commences a season of church going and sermon hearing, which may be turned to good account often by us who seek the spiritual well-being of the people.

N. H. SHAW.

HINDU IDOLATRY is the one chief cause of all the demoralization and degradation of India. It has consecrated and encouraged every conceivable form of licentiousness, falsehood, injustice, cruelty, robbery, and murder. It has taught the millions every possible iniquity by the example of their gods, but has not even given them a name for the sense of moral obligation in their speech.—*Hastie*.

The first Karen convert baptized by Dr. Judson led Quala to Christ, and Quala baptized more than 2,000 converts in less than three years.

Notes and Gleanings.

THE NEW CHAPEL AT KHOORDA.—We are glad to inform our friends that after many delays the new chapel at Khoorda was opened for the worship of God and the preaching of His Gospel on Monday, February 19th. The first service was a prayer-meeting, and was held at noon. At four p.m. J. Buckley preached from Zech. viii. 21, "Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord," etc. The attendance was pleasing. The opening services were continued on the following Sabbath, when Babu Duli Patra preached from Haggai ii. 9, "The glory of this latter house," etc., and Babu Shem Sahu from Rev. v. 12, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," etc. It is our prayer that it may be the spiritual birth-place of many; and that the promise to ancient Israel, referred to by one of the preachers, may be fulfilled in the experience of the church, "From this day will I bless you." J. B.

THE EUROPEAN PROTESTANT SCHOOL.—The second anniversary of the European Protestant School at Cuttack was held in the new school-room on Friday, March the 2nd. A. Smith, Esq., Commissioner of Orissa, presided, and after the distribution of the prizes delivered an appropriate address. An excellent report was read by the Secretary, Dr. Stewart, from which it appeared that forty boys and eighteen girls were now on the roll. Considering the limited number of the population from which the pupils are drawn, it was felt that this was a gratifying number, and it is pleasing to state that several additions have been made since the meeting. This was the first time the parents of the children and friends of the school had publicly met Mr. Young and Miss Bundy, and it was felt by all to be a cause for sincere congratulation that two such able and efficient teachers had been secured for the work of this important institution. The opening prayer was offered by the senior missionary, who also briefly addressed the children, and vindicated the undenominational character of the school. Several pieces were sung and played, and at the close all heartily united in "God save the Queen." It is our prayer that the school may prosper more and more. J. B.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.—During the past ten years the number of church members, or communicants, in India, has more than doubled. According to the Baptist *Handbook* the membership in Baptist Churches in the United Kingdom was, in 1872, 241,764; in 1882, 290,918. This is only *one-fifth* of the percentage of increase in India. At the Metropolitan Tabernacle the increase of membership was from 4,084 in 1871, to 5,621, but even this is far below the rate of progress in India during the same period.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.—We have lost the gift of tongues that was possessed in Apostolic days, but we have what is more than its equivalent, a power to them unknown, of multiplying copies of the Scriptures; we have the Bible in more tongues than ever they spoke. It was 500 years from the Septuagint to the Vulgate version, and even at the beginning of this century there were in existence only fifty translations of the Scriptures. Now there are 250, and the possibilities of multiplication of this wonder-working volume are unlimited. The Hoe printing-press can throw off 30,000 copies of the psalms in an hour, and in the same time it can print 2500 copies of the entire Bible. A single press can give the world four millions of Bibles in the same time that it would have taken the swiftest writer of the early church to make one. In Wicklyffe's time it would have taken five years' labour to earn a Bible; to-day three hours wages of the humblest working man will buy one. Never was the Gospel so diffused before; we live in the days long predicted,—when the angel flies in mid heaven "having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.—One of the signs of the breaking-up of old prejudices in India is the fact that a Mahratti lady of good position, not a Christian, is about to arrive in America, with the full approval of her husband, to pursue a thorough medical course with the intention of returning to practice medicine among her countrywomen.

CHILD MARRIAGES.—There are 21,000,000 widows in India, most of them the victims of child-marriage. These startling figures demonstrate the need of a reform in the marriage laws of our Indian Empire.

ACCORDING to the late census, no fewer than one hundred and thirty-two separate and distinct languages are spoken within the limits of the great British Empire of India.

Mission Services.

DURING the current year Mission Services have been held as follows:—

DATE.	PLACE.	DEPUTATION.
Jan. 17	Long Whatton	W. Hill.
" 21-22	Walsall, United	W. Hill, H. Wood.
" 28, 29	Burton-on-Trent and Overseal	W. Hill, T. R. Stevenson.
Feb. 4, 5	Kirkby and East Kirkby	H. Wood.
" 7	Peterborough, Juvenile	W. Hill.
" 11-12	Derby	W. Hill, H. Wood, and town minis-
" 19-20	Castle Donington and Weston	W. Hill, T. R. Stevenson. [ters.
" "	Swadlincote	H. Wood.
" "	Hugglescote and Coleorton	E. Carrington, W. Hill, H. Wood.
" "	Nottingham, United	J. C. Jones, M.A., S. S. Allsop, T.
" "	Sheepshed	Own supply. [Barrass.
" 25, 26	Leicester, United	H. Wood, T. R. Stevenson, and
Mar. 1	Nottingham, Daybrook, and Carrington	W. Hill. [town ministers.
" "	Leicester, Juvenile	W. Hill, H. Wood.
" 4, 5	Sawley	W. Hill, T. R. Stevenson.
" "	Measham	H. Wood.
" 11-12	Louth, United	H. Wood, W. Orton, J. Jolly, B.A.
" 15	Grimby	H. Wood.
" "	Nottingham, New Basford	W. Hill.
" "	Ilkeston, Queen Street	W. Hill.
" 18-19	Birmingham, Lombard Street	H. Wood.
" 20-21	Longford and Sowe	H. Wood, J. R. Parker.
" "	March and Chatteris	W. Hill.
" 25-27	Ibstock	H. Wood.
" "	Hose and Long Clawson	W. Hill.

In several other places services have been held where the churches have made their own arrangements. We are thankful to state that, in many instances, there appears quite a revival of the foreign missionary spirit, and that the congregations and contributions have been in excess of previous years. Especially is this the case where the ministers take a lively interest in the sacred cause. It is also noteworthy how home work and foreign work run hand in hand. There are apparent exceptions, of course; but, as a rule, it may be set down that a lack or decline of interest in foreign missions indicates a feeble or declining church, and *vice versa*.

Contributions

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from March 16th to April 15th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Grant of Bible Translation Society				Leeds, Wintoun Street			
for New Testament in Oriya	150	0	0	London—Richard Johnson, Esq.			
Alleghany Valley Dividend	35	10	11	Longford, Salem			
A Widow, towards the Mission Debt	1	0	0	Louth, Eastgate			
Billesdon	7	2	0	March—Mrs. Jones, for Cuttack			
Birmingham, Lombard Street	57	3	4	School-room			
Brinklow, Coventry—Mrs. Sutton	1	0	0	Nottingham, Stoney Street			
Bulwell—for W. and O.	0	10	0	Woodborough Road			
Castle Donington and Weston	4	4	6	Collected by Mrs. Barwick			
Chatteris	3	5	7	Carrington			
Grimby	8	13	1	New Lenton			
Hunstanton—Mrs. Mawby	0	13	6	Daybrook			
Ilkeston	0	17	11	Ripley			
Leeds, North Street	36	19	6				

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. EMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, Mission House, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards, may be obtained.

Bradford.

BY REV. B. WOOD.

AMONG many other peculiarities of Nonconformist church-life, one of the most prominent in the present day is the solution it presents of the problem how to combine and preserve the individual activity and responsibility of its multitudinous separate churches with that united action which gives strength and secures great success. At all events that is the problem which Independents and Baptists have grappled with; and the practical outcome of their efforts is beheld in the Annual Meetings of their ministers and delegates, such as, for ourselves, we are about to hold in the "leafy month of June" in the good old Yorkshire town of Bradford. And although the meetings will be presided over neither by Bishop nor Archbishop, though no representative of the State will, as such, have a place in the midst of them, and though no such high sounding names as Convocation, Synod, or General Assembly, will or can be applied to the assembled ministers and delegates of the General Baptist Association, yet they will not any the less, on those grounds, meet with a warm and hospitable and characteristically Yorkshire welcome when they pay their first visit to Bradford.

The town has always borne a good character for enterprise, heartiness, and hospitality; and, indeed, any one viewing it from either of the lines of railway by which it is approached will be quite ready to admit that it cannot be lacking in the material means of providing for and entertaining its visitors, however numerous and distinguished. It is, in fact, one of the great towns of the country; and, in proportion to its population, one of the very foremost in wealth.

The visitor should endeavour to get upon one of the hills by which it is indeed almost completely environed. One could suggest no more suitable point of view than the eminence on which old Airedale College still stands, from whence so many men of God have gone forth to do battle for the King of kings, and from thence to view the dense prospect which in every direction would meet his gaze. The town stretches from Undercliffe, the spot on which the spectator stands, down the hill side into the central valley, the site of Old Bradford, where the crowding hills had left but too narrow a space for the needs of population and industry; and whence, in consequence, the town has, during the last fifty years, spread in every direction up slopes, extending in one direction to Bowling, Wibsey, and Low Moor, with their extensive iron works and foundries; in another to Allerton, with its factories and tall chimneys; and in a third has spread itself out in the direction of Manningham into a fair and sumptuous suburb of villa residences and gardens. The prospect is attractive in many respects; while the thick mass of suspended smoke which overhangs the "hole" in which Old Bradford lies adds mystery as well as picturesque effectiveness to the scene. Manningham, and the Town Park in that quarter, looking bright and new and thriving, whereas the grimy masses of buildings,

close and crowded, in the centre of the town, with innumerable tall chimneys as dingy as the smoke they emit, suggest the other side of Bradford life, and hint at the fact, which its townsmen never forget, that "they all hang by the smoke of Bradford." A nearer view of the town will not greatly, if at all, disappoint expectations. It has several fine and handsome streets, built of that warm-coloured sandstone found in the neighbourhood, and which is infinitely superior in durability and appearance to anything that can be made out of brick. The Town Hall, St. George's Hall, the Exchange, containing a marble statue of Mr. Cobden, the Technical School, several churches and chapels, and many of the warehouses, are as fair specimens of modern architecture, and have been quite as costly, as any provincial town in the country can exhibit.

In the immediate neighbourhood are many places eminently deserving of a visit. Of course the four parks, Horton, Bowling, Lister, and Peel, will be visited, and then Saltaire, mill and town, the creation of the late Sir Titus Salt; Bingley, Keighley, picturesquely situated manufacturing places. From thence Haworth, the home of the Brontës, may be conveniently reached. Then there is Ilkley, now famous as a watering-place, and for the extreme beauty of its situation and healthiness of locality; and, to mention only one more, but the most charming of all, there are Bolton Abbey, woods and river. Among these the visitor will find himself far enough away from thoughts of this busy manufacturing and fast travelling age. Surely here all concern about woollens and worsteds, apacacs and mohairs, tops and noils, shorts and longs, and the subjects of perpetual interest in this centre of the woollen and worsted trade, will give place to romantic and poetic fancies touching the origin and history of the half ruinous Abbey, the wild and varied scenery of the upper parts of the Aire Valley, and the touching legends of the "Strid" and the "White Doe" of Rylstone, which Wordsworth has translated into immortal verse. A rapid inspection of even two or three of these interesting places, at this glorious season of the year, will attune the minds of ministers for the special duties of the meetings, and, perhaps, send rays of sunshine and glimmerings of golden fancies through their minds that will re-appear not many days hence in their sermons when they shall have returned home.

The history of Bradford, in the olden times, does not, to the general reader, contain anything of very special interest. The name means broad-ford; for once upon a time three streams from the hills around met in a broad deep river-ford in the centre of the town, near to what is now the Midland Railway Station, and close to the bank or eminence upon which the Parish Church stands. The town stood two irregular sieges in the civil wars. The old square tower of the Parish Church, now grim and repulsive looking, was then protected by sheets of wool, suspended by cords, against the shot of the Royalists; and in the struggle once the Yorkshire Roundheads were successful, and once had to yield to their assailants. The real history of the town is concerned with struggles of a much more peaceful kind, and of a much later date. One hundred years ago the population was not above 4,000; in 1879 it amounted to 190,000. Its rapid growth in wealth and population is entirely due to its progress in worsted manufacturing, aided as this was

by the proximity of the great Yorkshire coalfields, beds of magnesian limestone, and an abundant supply of excellent building stone. As good an idea of the rapid extension of the specific Bradford industry as could in a brief statement be made, is perhaps obtainable from the following statistical facts:—In 1842 the town exported yarns to the value of £637,000, and worsted tissues to the value of £4,194,000. In the year 1872 the amounts respectively were: yarns, £6,110,000; worsted tissues, £20,905,000; total value of exports in this one, but the staple branch of industry, £27,015,000. “The value of English and Colonial wool consumed in Bradford trade in one year has been estimated at £13,600,000; of alpaca and mohair, £1,500,000; and of cotton warps, £5,000,000; giving employment to 4,000,000 spindles and 160,000 looms; while the amount of business done in the merchandising of goods reached, during the same twelve months, to between £40,000,000 and £50,000,000 sterling. These estimates were made six years ago.”

While Bradford has thus made marvellous progress in one direction it has not been altogether lacking in others. Its Board Schools, higher and lower, are perhaps the best housed and taught anywhere in the country. Its new Technical School of Industry, opened last year by the Prince of Wales, with immense éclat, bids fair speedily to attain the dimensions and efficiency of a College. Its Grammar School, thanks to recent legislation and the watchful eye of its senior member of Parliament, the Right Honourable W. E. Forster, has risen from some fifty to 350 pupils, and has at the Universities quite a score of former “old boys.” The town has also a well conducted Infirmary, an Eye and Ear Hospital, Fever Hospital, and Mechanics’ Institute. Its Free Library, Church Institute, Covered Market, Tradesmen’s Home, two Temperance Halls, and two Cemeteries, are all places of interest.

That the trade of the country, and especially of Bradford, has long been bad, is too well-known to need any remark here; but we doubt not that, ere long, the sun of prosperity will arise and shine. Nay, already there are signs of his approach.

As it respects religious accommodation, attendance on public worship, and general morals, it may be said, without entering into details, which might be easily given, that Bradford will compare favourably with other large towns. The Church of England seems to be increasing in numbers and wealth, and influence; the Wesleyans, Independents, and Baptists, are about equal in strength, while the Primitives, Free Methodists, and Presbyterians, are only weak; but they are all healthy and prosperous. In their early history the Wesleyans were much persecuted in Bradford, and the celebrated John Nelson was imprisoned; but the prison, which was situated in Ivegate, and into which the writer has been, was long since taken down. In an area of nine miles we have three Colleges, viz., an Independent, a Wesleyan, and a Baptist, the Presidents and Tutors of which are very able men.

The General Baptists in Bradford are only a feeble folk; but this is principally owing to the fact that they have not been very long in the town, and to the position and character of their places of worship. Tetley Street Chapel, which was built the first, has been buried (until recently) in the centre of an Irish population of Roman Catholics, who have fought several battles in its neighbourhood on one Lord’s-day, one

of which was opposite its gates while the church was celebrating the Lord's Supper. One night, on a certain Lord's-day afternoon, continued an hour, and was never interrupted; the police of the neighbourhood, not being in force, dared not to interfere. The whole district has long been a disgrace to civilization. Since, however, Sunbridge Road was made matters are a little better; and no doubt they will improve. Bethel Chapel, Infirmary Street, is in a more eligible situation; but it is too small. If its friends were able, they should sell it, move to where the people have gone, and build premises worthy of the principles they so firmly hold.

The General Baptist Association has not met in Bradford before; hence we are very anxious that its meetings should be a success; and from the tried character of the inhabitants, and the friendship of other Christian denominations, we can promise a cordial welcome to all our visitors. May the God of our Israel carry all who may visit us to and fro in safety, and graciously bless all our gatherings.

A Prayer for Rest.

Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
 With great and gracious messages of love;
 But Thy ambassador is weary now,
 Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
 Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us
 In sending him; and cause him to lie down
 In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace;
 Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,
 And Thy upholding right encircle him,
 And, underneath, the everlasting arms
 Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
 Hushed like a little child, without one care,
 And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, O Master. He hath poured for us
 The wine of joy—and we have been refreshed.
 Now fill *his* chalice, give him sweet new draughts
 Of life and love with Thine own hand; be Thou
 His ministrant to-night, draw very near
 In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.
 Oh, speak to him. Thou knowest how to speak
 A word in season to Thy weary ones,
 And he is weary now; Thou lovest him—
 Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
 And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm
 Fall on his soul to-night. O Holy Dove,
 Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
 Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh
 The infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—
 Our Comforter! As gentlest touch will stay
 The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
 So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still
 Each over-straining throb, each pulsing pain.
 Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
 And let Thy holy music overflow
 With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

—F. R. HAVERGAL.

The Importance of Cultivating a Devotional Spirit.

I.—WHAT IS A DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT ?

THIS word, devotional, is popularly used in a very limited sense, as including but little more than prayer, and praise, and pious meditation. The phrase, devotional spirit, however, is sometimes used in a more comprehensive sense; as including all, and giving a colouring and character to all our exercises of mind and heart, of conscience and will. Law, in his "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," says, "Devotion is neither private nor public prayers; but prayers, whether public or private, are particular parts or instances of devotion. Devotion signifies a life given, or devoted, to God." It is in this wider sense that we intend to use the phrase,—a devotional spirit.

By a devotional spirit, then, we do not mean some one solitary grace of the Christian character; a grace standing out as distinctly from other graces as does faith, or hope, or love, or zeal; but we understand by it a certain something which permeates and gives a tone, a colouring and lustre, to the entire Christian life. Maclaren says, "Love is the fruitful mother of bright children. Her sons are Strength and Justice, and Self-control and Firmness, and Courage and Patience, and many more besides: and her daughters are Pity, with her sad eyes; and Gentleness, with her silvery voice; and Mercy, whose sweet face makes sunshine in the shade of death; and Humility, all unconscious of her loveliness; and linked hand in hand with these all the radiant band of sisters that men call virtues and graces." Here we are introduced to a noble and winsome family; but though all these are the bright children of love, it is the spirit of devotion which gives sadness to the eyes of Pity, and her silvery tone to the voice of Gentleness, and irradiates, as with a sunbeam, Mercy's sweet face, and gives to Humility her all-unconscious loveliness, and makes radiant all the virtues and graces of the Christian character. The devotional spirit is, to Christian character, what health is to our mental and physical nature; what harmony is to music; it is "the rainbow which gathers up and harmonizes all other qualities, and bends its divine beauty over the whole life of the Christian."

We have a beautiful example of this spirit in the character of Abraham. From the time of his call, with few exceptions, his whole life was a life given or devoted to God. Proof of this is seen in his prompt and self-denying obedience to the command to leave his country, his kindred, and his father's house, and to go out into an unknown, and even an un-named land. A more total self-surrender of a life to the plastic hand of God one cannot conceive. Other proofs of a heart weaned from earth are seen in his stranger and pilgrim life; in his courteous and disinterested conduct on the occasion of his separation from Lot; in his saintly, and well-nigh silent, journey to Mount Moriah to perform the almost incomprehensible, and almost impossible task of offering there his beloved Isaac as a burnt-offering, and in the God-

fearing arrangements he made for the marriage of his son. A more beautifully simple devotional spirit than that of Abraham's it would be difficult to find.

We have another example in David. With a few dark and painful exceptions, the motto of his life seems to have been, "I have set the Lord always before me." He did set the Lord before him at times and on occasions which would excite the sneer of the godless, but which ought to excite the admiration and imitation of the godly. This whilom shepherd boy, this nimble-fingered and skilful minstrel, this inspired poetical genius, whose odes range between the wild magnificence of an Oriental storm, and the plaintive tenderness of an orphan child, saw God, and realized the presence of God everywhere; and under the influence of that presence he tuned his harp, and sang his songs, a very Hebrew Orpheus, and smote the bear and the bearded lion, and rescued the palpitating lambs from their savage foes.

This spirit was specially seen in David on the field of Elah, in his encounter with the giant Goliath. David, at the wish of his father, visited the camp of Israel. At the time of his arrival the opposing armies were raising their shouts and taking up their positions for the day. While David was talking with his brothers, Goliath, clothed in complete armour, made his appearance, and challenged the Hebrews to settle their dispute by single combat. Not one dared to accept his challenge; all quailed at his appearance, and shrank from his approach. For forty days this giant had thus come forth and had hurled defiance at the armies of Saul. David's piety was shocked, and his indignation aroused, when he found that the challenge of this uncircumcised infidel had gone so long without acceptance; and, though taunted by his brother, he indignantly asked, "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" His words reached the ears of Saul, and he sent for him to his tent. A number of difficulties removed, Saul's armour was placed at David's disposal. David, however, preferred to meet his antagonist in the simple dress of a shepherd, rather than in the panoply of a warrior. So he went forth, with no helmet of brass upon his head, nor coat of mail upon his body, nor greaves of brass upon his legs, nor target of brass between his shoulders, nor iron-headed spear in his hand, nor a shield-bearer going before him. "Not in human armour boasting did he venture to the fight;" but going to a brook, he selected a few smooth stones, put them in his wallet, took his sling and staff in his hand, and thus equipped he was ready, and wishful, to meet the man whose voice and presence had filled the bravest warriors of Saul with dismay. When Goliath came forth to the encounter he looked hither and thither as if David was too small to be seen. Deeming him an antagonist unworthy of his great strength, he scornfully asked, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" And then, filled with rage, he cursed David by his gods, and threatened that, if he dared to approach him, he would give his flesh to the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field. But, unmoved by fear, this stripling listened to the giant's scorn, and threats, and curses. Though but a youth, realizing the Divine presence, conscious that he was vindicating the Divine honour, and trusting in the Divine arm, he replied, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I

come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day"—not, *I will*,—but, "This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand: and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the *host of the Philistines*,"—not only thine, but theirs,—“this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know,”—those of you who have never known it, and my own countrymen who seem to have forgotten it,—all “shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord’s, and he will give you into our hands.”

The result of the conflict is well known. David gloriously survived, Goliath ignominiously fell. Now what is it that surrounds, as with a halo of glory, the head of this youthful Hebrew? Is it not his spirit of devotion to his God?

Another beautiful illustration of this spirit is seen in the calm and unflinching reply of the three Hebrew captives to the blasphemous question of the proud and imperious Nebuchadnezzar. He had threatened, in regard to the image which he had set up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon, “If ye worship it not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace,” and had proudly asked, “Who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?” They replied, “O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not,” if in his inscrutable wisdom he should see well not to deliver us, “be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.”

This same spirit in Paul was all comprehensive and ever-abiding. His life, if any man’s ever was, was a life given or devoted to God. He lived as one who was in no respect his own, but another’s; and the service he rendered to that other was not the service of a slave, but the service of devoted love. So fully was the old Paul abnegated by him that he could say, “I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.” He knew that his whole body, soul, and spirit, belonged to Christ, and in spirit, as well as in the letter, he consecrated himself to Him.

But the brightest and most perfect example of this devotional spirit is seen in the character of “the man Christ Jesus.” His character was not lacking in a single excellency, nor His obedience in a single duty. Every act of His life reflected the glow of a devotional spirit. In His thoughts, words, miracles, teachings, sufferings, death, He referred everything to God. He did always those things which pleased Him. So all pervading was this spirit in Jesus that He could affirm, “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.” Perfect, therefore, was this spirit in Jesus.

From these illustrations it will be seen that a true devotional spirit is a spirit which *realizes* all that God is in Himself, and all that He is to us, and we are to Him, in and through Jesus Christ our Lord; that it is a spirit which gives a *reality* to all the doctrines, precepts, and promises of the word of God, making them, not a mere intellectual belief, but a living power in the heart; a spirit which yields an humble

but loving obedience to the Divine commands, and exercises a child-like dependence and trust amidst the most appalling dangers, and the most self-sacrificing duties of life; it is a spirit

“Which neither murmurs nor complains
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief and pain,
Still leans upon its God.

Which ever shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
Which when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

Which bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
Which sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

Which keeps unmoved the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed;”

and which gives us, even here and now, a rich foretaste of the “hallowed bliss of our eternal home.”

W. CHAPMAN.

Pen Pictures of Nonconformity,

FROM HENRY VIII TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

NO. XI.—THE STATE CHURCH, FAILING TO ARREST THE EDUCATIONAL WORK OF NONCONFORMITY, IMITATES IT.

IN our last pen-picture we left Joseph Lancaster and his fellow-nonconformists, like true sons of light, holding up the lamp of education for the benefit of the poor, in the principal towns of England. Around him we saw a crowd of Church dignitaries and the lesser clergy, not only disgusted with his noble attempt to enable every working man's child to read and write, but even violently opposing and vehemently abusing him. To the whole extent of their action in that direction, what were they but sons of darkness?

As if, however, they were not enough in themselves, they were assisted by daughters of bigotry. There was Mrs. Trimmer, who had produced several little books for the use of children, long since superseded by better work: she wrote thus to Dr. Bell—“I cannot see this Goliath of schismatics (Lancaster) bearing down all before him, and engrossing the instruction of the common people, without attempting to give him a little check.” With that design the good lady wrote a book to prove that Lancaster was worthy to be stoned for his impiety; that his system of instituting an order of merit in his schools would result in boys aspiring to be nobles of the land, and to take the place of the hereditary nobility; and that the very discipline of his schools would end in the raising of armies by the discontented poor, and thus endanger the superior classes. We should not have referred to the folly of the redoubtable Mrs. Trimmer but for the fact that she was

much belauded in her time, and not least, for this outrageous attack upon Lancaster. So deeply did the Church of England disgrace itself by applauding her ignorance, that the witty and sarcastic Sidney Smith wrote an essay on it in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which he gave Mrs. Trimmer a considerable trimming. Sydney Smith, though a bigoted Churchman, was also a shrewd observer, and saw that no good could come of abuse and libels heaped upon philanthropic men and their beneficial works. Hence, in his essay, he made the following important admissions, viz., That millions of Englishmen could not read a sign-post, or even spell their own names; that nothing had been done for them before the Nonconformist came to their rescue; that what the Nonconformist did was to give the world a new and striking light on the subject of education, and to spread knowledge, innocence, and order amongst the lowest of mankind. Of Mrs. Trimmer herself, the lively reviewer says, that she was a feeble and uncandid lady; that she begins with being cruel, and ends with being silly; and that she was too ignorant to be aware of the mischief she was doing. The chief misfortune Sidney Smith did not treat in the same outspoken way, but he saw it clearly enough: it was, that Mrs. Trimmer was followed by a host of clerical and other savages, who eagerly tried to tomahawk the great pioneer of English elementary education.

But while it was seen from the first by the few great men in the Established Church that calling Lancaster an apostate and a traitor would never effectually check the work he was doing, it required some little time to convince the numerous male and female Trimmers. For fifteen years they went on endeavouring to abuse one of the noblest and best of men out of his honourable enterprise. But when even their ignorance could no longer avoid the conclusion that resisting the idea of educating the poor was pretty much like resisting the tide, then, and only then, the cry became prevalent amongst them, that it was the province of the Church of England to educate the lower classes. We know only two or three illustrations of the evil tendency of a State Establishment of religion stronger than the gross obstruction which the State Church presented to the blessed work of educating the people, and that barefaced claim to monopolize the education of the poor which immediately followed its failure to prevent their being educated at all.

The consequence of the sudden change of front towards monopoly was the foundation of the National School Society in the year 1811. Lancaster's principle, which he so ardently and successfully advocated, was, that education ought not to be made a means of propagating the tenets of any party or sect. It was not his idea that children should have no religious training; he believed that the schoolmasters should really give the education they professed to give, and that Christian people should voluntarily provide religious instruction, without interfering with the work of the schools. The British and Foreign School Society was therefore founded upon the broadest and most unsectarian principles. The National Schools, on the other hand, were intensely sectarian; and the National Society made it a condition that all their scholars should learn the liturgy and catechism of the Church, and be compelled to attend the public worship of the Establishment on Sundays. The founders of that Society, including most of the bishops,

copied Lancaster's system; but their motives were very different from his. He worked for the benefit of the poor only; they were aiming to bolster up their State Establishment of religion. Hence, at the outset, we find them advancing the principle that if any education were to be given to the poor the State Church alone had the right to give it. When Dr. Bell first urged that something should be done to save the Establishment, he was utterly opposed to teaching the poor either to write or to understand arithmetic. The diffusion of knowledge amongst them he stigmatized as utopian. It might, he thought, be good from some points of view; but, under all the circumstances of their case, it was too absurd a scheme to be seriously entertained. He asserted that to teach the poor writing and arithmetic would be to confuse the distinctions of ranks and classes in society, and to make those who were doomed to the drudgery of daily labour discontented with their lot. These narrow ideas had to be abandoned because Lancaster's great success forced this author of the Church educational enterprise to consent that both writing and arithmetic should be taught. Thus it came about that from 1811 instruction was offered to all classes; and, for the reasons we have given, instead of opposing, we had the Church striving to get the education of the whole people under its exclusive control. It only remains to add to this instructive story the fact that the Church has done most of its educational work at the expense of the entire British public: it has had enormous grants from Parliament, which it has largely employed in making the school a feeder of the Establishment. But though the voluntary contributions of Churchmen to their own schools would never have sustained them if the State had not granted millions of money for building and annual support, the Government blue-books reveal the awkward truth that down to the time of the Elementary Education Act the Church schools were giving the poorest education of all the elementary schools in the land. By Government aid the Church had grasped at the work of educating the poor, after first opposing it, and then did her work so badly that England was being shamefully beaten by nations of the continent. Through the public taxes the Church was using Nonconformist money to teach the Catechism, etc., but she was teaching a smaller amount of reading, writing, and arithmetic, than any other state-aided schools in the whole country. Hence the need for a new system which should transfer the control of education from the parson to the people, and we now have it in what is known as the Board-School system. Thanks to the persistent opposition of the State Church we cannot yet boast a perfectly national and absolutely unsectarian system of instruction—but the School Board marks a beneficent change in the policy of elementary education in this realm. Wherever the people adopt it they acquire control over the education of their children; and confessedly it has, in numerous cases, liberated the young from parsonic domination; and nearly without exception it has considerably improved the quality of elementary teaching wherever it has been tried. It is destined to secure for every city, town, village, and hamlet of Britain, that undenominational education for attempting which the renowned Joseph Lancaster was once so bitterly opposed and so shamefully reviled.

EDWARD HALL JACKSON.

A Visit to Norway.

No. III.

BY REV. WILLIAM ORTON.

THE CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

THE Norwegians use the decimal coinage. In exchanging English money I received *oré* (*ora*) and *krones* (crowns). A *krone* is in value about one shilling and three halfpence, and one *krone* is equal to a hundred *oré*. The *oré* is a small bronze coin, and there are five-*oré* pieces, and ten, and twenty. The silver coins are half-*krones* and *krones* and two-*krone* pieces. There is also a paper currency from two *krones* upwards. Imagine a bank note of a smaller value than an English half-crown!

FJORD SCENERY.

It was a pleasant journey up the fjord to Skein. The conveyance was a light summer steamer, without bulwarks, and shaded by an awning. The day was bright, the water was as clear as crystal, and the scenery was varied and full of beauty. The steamer had scarcely left her moorings at Brevik before we found ourselves passing alongside a rocky coast of singular loveliness. The face of the rock was covered with narrow horizontal lines, that seemed as straight and as regular as if cut by the workman's tool; and the height, judging from the ships that nestled underneath, was scarcely less than from two to three hundred feet. As we glided onwards the appearance of the rock was continually changing. At one time it was a perpendicular wall; a little further on it seemed like a stately castle, with its battlements and towers; and then we saw its face covered with flowers and shrubs, and alive with birds, and along its summit lines of fir trees, which varied in height and form, and looked like an elegant fretwork on the blue sky. For more than a mile there was the rock on one side of our vessel and a dense forest on the other; but now the fjord widened and the view became more extensive. There were then within the range of vision ice-houses, and green patches of fjeld sloping down to the water's edge, and here and there a farmstead with land, which looked as if it had been stolen out of the surrounding forest; and then there were the rounded hills covered with trees, and the mountains in the dim distance, which looked bald and barren, as if beyond the reach of vegetation; and besides, every now and then we found ourselves passing the entrance to a "sound," which was the opening to another fjord. Our attention was thus kept awake, and our hearts were gladdened by new and ever-varied scenery.

DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.

The night was passed at Skein. Early next day we entered a large steamer to proceed to Hitterdal. The morning was dull. The rain fell at intervals, and there was not the bright sunshine of the previous day; but there was still greater variety in our experiences. The appearance of the waterway was constantly changing. At one time it was so narrow as to require the greatest care in navigation; at another it widened into a lake surrounded by forests; and every now and then a rocky coast stood in front of us, as if saying, "Hitherto shalt thou

come, but no further." But the difficulty invariably vanished when we came nearer to it, and a way opened up to us which in the distance we could not see. Is not this an illustration of many of our experiences in life? A new difficulty now arose that at one time must have appeared insurmountable. We arrived at a point where the vessel was thirty-four feet below the water on which it was needful to continue our journey. This difficulty, however, also vanished. A way was made for us through the Loveid canal. This canal consisted of a series of locks, cut and blasted out of the solid rock. Our steamer entered the first lock, and was slowly raised ten feet—and then into a second lock and a third and a fourth, so that in less than an hour we were sailing on a fjord thirty-four feet above the level on which we had been sailing before. This canal was spoken of as a triumph of engineering skill.

THE CHURCH IN THE ROCK.

After leaving the canal some miles behind us we came to one of the antiquities of Norway. There are not many ancient ruins in the country. The buildings are seldom strong enough to last many centuries, but St. Michael's Church has been able to outlive decay. It is an excavation. By immense labour it was scooped out of the solid rock. The only approach to it is by water, and up a narrow sloping ledge. All that could be seen from the boat was the hole far above the level of the water; but this hole is the entrance to a corridor twenty-eight yards in length, at the extremity of which is this curious old sanctuary. The church itself is oval in shape, and is fifty-six feet long and twenty-eight in height. Its date seems to be unknown, and the circumstances are forgotten which induced good men of the olden time to choose such a secluded place for the worship of God. Was this church made in the time when men, "of whom the world was not worthy," had to hide themselves in the "caves of the earth"? or was it formed to meet the wishes of hermits or monks who chose the most gloomy solitudes for meditation and prayer? A tradition lingers that a good priest, in the distant past, finding that his life was drawing near its close, could not be persuaded to leave a place that had become so sacred to him, and resolved to remain in the church till called away by death. Was it that he had been instructed, like Aaron, to "die there." Or was he like St. Jerome, who desired, when dying, to be carried to the church that he might take "the last sacrament" in the place where he had so often felt the presence of his Lord and Saviour?

NATIVE COSTUMES.

The steamer called at various stations on its route, and the exchange of passengers gave an opportunity of observing greater varieties of persons and dress than could otherwise have been seen. In the towns the people dress in the modern style. Some of their clothing is sent out from England, and in the windows may be seen the fashions from Paris and New York; but the country people are as distinct from these as the Highlanders in Scotland are from the dwellers in Edinburgh and Glasgow; and amongst those who live away from the towns the old manners and customs are still retained. Their clothes are home-made. They card and spin and weave the wool that comes from their own sheep. The skins of their own cattle are cured and tanned for domestic

use, and the shoemaker makes up the leather for the people in their own homes. At one of the railway stations we saw a shoemaker going to or from his work, with his bag on his back, his lasts thrown over his shoulder, and his clamp in his hand. The style of dress prepared in such circumstances must be homely, and yet there is an evident desire for show. An illustration of this was given in the case of an elderly woman that came on board at one of the landing-places. Her face was dark and somewhat wrinkled, but her hands were delicately shaped and scrupulously clean. On her head was tied a little dark shawl. She wore a short jacket. The skirt of her dress hung from a yoke on her shoulders, and the folds were gathered at the waist by a bright-coloured girdle. Her shoes were made in a fanciful style, and her stockings were of black cloth, richly embroidered in showy colours. Who was she? Was she a bonder's wife? Was she a country gentlewoman? The style of her dress was not unusual, for a young woman came on board with a similar dress, and several poor women with meaner dresses were attired in the same fashion. There was no fear that any of them would suffer through tight lacing. The men wore trousers that reached up to the armpits. Their jackets were so short that they barely covered the shoulders, and the facings were of light cloth cut into fanciful patterns, which looked very showy on the dark garments. It seemed to me that the country people were great admirers of gaudy colours in dress, and of fantastic ornaments. But perhaps such a taste is not peculiar to Norway!

WILD FLOWERS AND WATERFALLS.

At length the steamer reached the landing place at Hitterdal. There was the usual bustle, the strange costumes of the country people, and the carriages for hire. Of the various hotels we selected Thomason's, and, after ordering dinner, walked to the falls. The road lay partly through a pine forest, and on our route were various kinds of flowers and fruit. The flora is very much like that of our own country, and there was plenty of campion, crossweed, vetch, hawkweed, fumitory, knapweed, ragweed, harebell, toadflax, and some others. On our walk, too, we gathered wild strawberries and raspberries, which grow in abundance, as also do cranberries, barberries, and an amber-coloured mulberry. Of trees there are poplars and silver birch and a few oaks; but the trees that are most numerous by far are the pines, which seem to abound everywhere. But hark! There is a rumbling noise. It grows louder. We are near the falls. In the distance we see the spray rising. On we go, clambering over wet slimy slippery boulders, till we find ourselves on a roughly formed bridge, where there is a good opportunity of seeing. All things are in our favour. The rain has increased the volume of water. The sun is shining, and produces a perfect rainbow in the cloud of spray. The mighty stream rolls over the edge of the precipice, and falling on a projecting rock half-way down, makes a loud and continuous roar. The sight is grand—the interest awakened is sublime. What beauty is there! What mighty force! What a marvellous manifestation of Him from whom comes all the beauty and all the force which the universe contains! "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee."—Psalm cxiv. 10.

Twelve Papers for Young Men.

No. V.—MULTIPLIED PLEASURES.

A MODERN APPLICATION OF AN OLD COMMAND.

FROM a remarkable passage in the Book of Deuteronomy, it would appear that the great law-giver of Israel foresaw that his fickle countrymen would desire a change of government, and seek a king of their own. He therefore makes provision for such an emergency, and lays down certain principles on which a king of Israel must act. Among these we are told that "he shall not multiply horses to himself, nor cause the people to return to Egypt, to the end that he should multiply horses: forasmuch as the Lord hath said unto you, Ye shall henceforth return no more that way."* This command, it will be seen, does not absolutely preclude the king from employing these noble creatures; he would be at liberty to use them in his royal equipage and in the affairs of the state, but he was not to "multiply" them—not to set his heart on increasing their number.

It is an exceedingly interesting study to consider the early kings of Israel in the light of this command; but such a subject is outside the aim of this paper. Suffice it to be stated that David invariably, with one slight exception, destroyed all the horses he captured, while Solomon, on the other hand, increased their number to such an extent, that at one time he had forty thousand "stalls," that is, pairs of horses for chariots, and twelve thousand steeds for riding. For these he not only sent to Egypt, but to "all nations," and to this intercourse with idolatrous peoples may be attributed his spiritual weakness and the secret of his decay.

As previously observed, this ancient law discloses an important principle of life and conduct—a principle which may greatly assist young men in determining their position in regard to difficult and perplexing questions. It may be expressed thus: do not indulge any fancy or desire which, for its gratification, leads you into gay and worldly society. That should be the bound or limit beyond which we ought not to venture. Had Solomon and the later Jewish kings obeyed the spirit of this wise injunction, they would doubtless have escaped those snares and temptations which brought about their defeat and ruin.

Apply, then, this principle to the important subject of *recreation*. We must have our periods of pleasure as well as of work; our enjoyments as well as duties. There is no law against amusements, and directly plans and rules are imposed, the joy and benefits of recreation are largely diminished. Spontaneity is the very life and soul of amusement. Yet it must be admitted that while sharply defined rules are undesirable, there should be some controlling principle, some regulating power, in our sports and pastimes. This important desideratum is supplied in the words of the great law-giver of Israel. The people were not to allow any fondness for pageantry or display to cause them "to return to Egypt"; so long as they attended to this, there was no harm in the prancing steed or stately war-horse adorning their royal processions, but they were not so to indulge this desire in such a manner as would lead to intercourse with that nation, which represented the great world-

* Deu. xvii. 16.

spirit of the age. And this is precisely the way in which we should regard the subject of amusements.

There is no harm, as far as we are aware, in any of the ordinary English pastimes. Young men are perfectly at liberty to enjoy those pleasures which afford the most diversion and the greatest benefit; but always with this limitation—they are not to “multiply” them, not to indulge in them so as to make recourse to worldly society necessary. Directly our enjoyments lead us into the company of the gay, and bring us into fellowship with the profane, then decidedly they ought to be resolutely checked, if not altogether abandoned.

The evil of many amusements, which in themselves are lawful enough, lies in the questionable and hurtful accessories which surround them. And for this reason they ought to be avoided. It is very true that cricket, football, bicycle-riding, and the like, are all most healthful recreations, and as such should be encouraged; but is it not also a fact that these same innocent enjoyments often become perilous to one’s moral and spiritual well being. The private society or club, in which there are friendly and stimulating rivalries, increases, until recreation ceases to be its chief aim, and then follow the excitement and dangers of public matches. Those who live near the great centres of population watch with much anxiety the tendency of some of our popular sports—for it cannot be denied that many of the games as now played exert a most demoralizing influence over those who attend them. Take, for instance, that of “football.” Are not the *public* matches of this favourite recreation assuming the character of the race-course? Strong feeling, rough language, and open gambling, mark almost every largely attended encounter. In the face of these facts, it is the wisdom of Christian young men to keep away from such gatherings. No amusement should be sought amid surroundings so unquestionably wrong. We are not to go back to “Egypt” for the purpose of our pleasures. “Come out from among them, and be ye separate. Ye shall henceforth return no more that way.”

Of course, we are not debarred these healthful enjoyments; there is intrinsically no harm in any of them. We are cautioned only against excess. There may be nothing radically wrong in horse-racing, but Mr. R. W. Dale unhesitatingly remarks, “You cannot see the horses run without becoming a party to the gambling, and to the vices worse than gambling which races everywhere encourage.”* Most undoubtedly that is so! And the same argument applies to all *public* matches of a similar character. By your presence on such occasions, you not only countenance sinful practices, but incur serious personal risks; for true are the words of both pagan and Christian—“Evil communications corrupt good manners.”

The most innocent recreations may, by a gradual descent of abuse, become associated with great evils. Be on your guard! Do not “multiply” your pleasures! Indulge no desires which lead you into profane and worldly company? You have a nature, moral and spiritual, as well as physical, and should not neglect the higher in the interests of the lower. “Seek first the kingdom of God!” Strive after purity and usefulness of life, and in the ways of religion you shall find “a joy for ever.”

A. HAMPDEN LEE.

Twelve Talks with our Girls.

No. V.—A STORY OF LOVE.

IN Augustus Hare's "Winter at Mentone," written more than twenty years ago, occurs the following conversation between himself and one of the natives :—

"To whom do the upper classes in Mentone owe their general knowledge and intelligence about everything," I asked of her one day.

"Oh! to Mademoiselle Lenoir," was the reply.

"Where did they get their strong religious feeling and ready discernment of right and wrong?"

"It came from Mademoiselle Lenoir."

"What leads people to be so charitable in Mentone, and to take so much trouble to prevent any poverty among their poorer neighbours?"

"It is owing to Mademoiselle Lenoir."

"And how did this lady gain this great influence?"

"By love."

"Then how active and strong Mademoiselle Lenoir must be."

"No, Mademoiselle Lenoir has been bed-ridden for two years."

"How, then, has she been able to carry on all her good works?"

"By love."

"Is she very rich?"

"No, she is very poor indeed; she has scarcely anything."

"How does she live then?"

"Oh! Mademoiselle Lenoir lives on love."

After hearing all this I naturally longed to see this lady who had done so much for the place, who was so loving and so beloved, and whose sick chamber is like a shrine where people go for assistance and advice. Soon I had a message to say that she would be willing and able to receive me.

Twenty-two years ago Mademoiselle Lenoir, who had spent many years in Russia as a governess, came to Mentone intending only to spend a short time there. During the time she had intended to stay, however, she saw enough of the ignorance which prevailed, and its effects upon the character of the people, to touch her deeply. For herself, she was then young, strong, energetic, and highly educated. She had no particular object left in life, and her aged mother, the only near relative she had in the world, was willing to make a home with her wherever she wished, so she was determined to devote her life to a work which seemed to her to have been especially thrown in her way, when other occupations failed. When she arrived at Mentone, the upper classes were in a state of almost heathen darkness and ignorance; the men merely careless and mindless, the women engrossed with dress and frivolities, both without taste or acquirements; and her impression was that raising *their* minds through education would be the easiest and surest means of obtaining a good influence over the lower classes afterwards, and thus raising the standard both of intellect and morality throughout Mentone. So she opened a school, which at first contained only three pupils, but which all the young gentry of Mentone afterwards considered it their greatest happiness to attend. The foundation of all her teaching was love; and whilst she poured out the treasures of her own richly-stored mind to her scholars, love was the ruling principle of action, which it was her first object to instil. Her first pupils grew up around her

loving and honouring her. And, as mistresses of households, and mothers of families, they still found that their best friend and wisest counsellor was the gentle governess, who had watched over their youth. The peasants learnt, also, to honour one who had worked so great a change in the character of their superiors; the sick clung to her, whose experience and knowledge rendered her as useful as a physician, whilst her gentle voice and mother-like sweetness lightened the dreariness of the dark chamber, and fell like balm upon their sufferings; mourners came to her for sympathy, which no one else knew so well how to give; little children of former pupils sprung up around her and called her blessed. Even Florestan, the wicked Prince of Monaco, acknowledged her virtues, and on more than one occasion had recourse to her knowledge of the character of his subjects, of which he himself was utterly ignorant. He recognized his sense of her services by a pension; and when the avaricious Caroline, Princess of Monaco, who had always been opposed to this unusual display of generosity, suggested, on a public occasion, in hopes of drawing it back into the treasury, "that Mentone required more of Mademoiselle Lenoir than her strength would admit of, and that it would be a good thing for her if she would seek some sphere of usefulness which would be less fatiguing to her;" he was heard to reply sternly, "Caroline, it might be a good thing for Mademoiselle Lenoir if she were to give up Mentone; but it would be a bad thing indeed for Mentone if it were to lose Mademoiselle Lenoir."

Her mother died, and Mademoiselle Lenoir was left alone; yet not alone even in this world, for her former pupils clung around her like daughters, and when, two years ago, illness came upon her, with sufferings which death alone can terminate, three of them who knew the distress it would be to her if her work should fall to the ground voluntarily undertook to keep up her school in her name; and in the room adjoining her sick chamber, her teaching still continues through their instrumentality. For two hours only in the afternoon, an interval of the most terrible suffering, is Mademoiselle Lenoir still able to see people, or occupy herself as before, and then she sometimes still has the classes to her bedside, sometimes gives advice to their teachers, sometimes admits the poor, and occasionally receives visitors. Her pension ceased at the annexation, and she was left in a state of the greatest poverty; but she has rooms in the house of General Partonneaux, the father of one of her earliest pupils, and he and his children visit her daily, and lavish the same care upon her which they would bestow upon one of their own family. When I saw her she was half sitting up in her bed, supported by pillows, her face occasionally convulsed with pain, but yet bearing an expression of the most inexpressible sweetness, cheerfulness, and resignation. When young, she must have been very beautiful; and her manner is still so winning, that it is easy to understand how she has gained the influence which has made her so remarkable. Her room is full of prints and photographs, memorials of her former pupils and friends, and has a very cheerful appearance; but that which really makes you forget you are in a sick chamber, when you are with Mademoiselle Lenoir, is the inward joy and peace which beams from her eyes, and which no suffering or trial can destroy; and to her the Mentonese apply with truth their ancient proverb, "On camin ben non mai long," "to the one who walks well, the way is never long."

Friend or Foe?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER VI.—FURTHER FRIENDLY OFFICES.

It would be hard to find anybody who, knowing Amos Rearden, disliked him. Pleasant and gentlemanly in manners, clever, always merry, he seemed to attract everyone to his side. Essentially a pleasure lover, he would not let care wrinkle his brow, and so people who saw him and knew him—themselves haters of care—gladly sought his society. And not in outward appearance alone did his attractive qualities consist. His heart was really full of good intentions—so long as Temptation did not trouble him. More than one person had excellent reason to speak highly of his generosity—Joyce in particular, whom, on two occasions, he had taken for a few days' trip into the country, each time bearing all expenses himself. Was there a dispute on any point of paying? Rearden stopped it at once by producing the money. Was a fund being created for some one's assistance? Rearden's name was always on the list of subscribers. So, when a beggar asked for relief, Rearden, defying political economists, never turned him empty away; and when he chanced to go amongst children you might be sure they were always the richer for his visit.

But people in whose hearts the love of Pleasure reigns, seldom have room there for the love of Duty. High Principle is necessarily irksome to them, for it is a stern master, and often gives its faithful follower intense pain. Yet well-intentioned lovers of Pleasure do not, in the beginning, at least, openly flout Duty. Consistent in avoiding present troubles, they do not quarrel with it, but merrily jest it out of countenance. How few of them know the stern truth, that of their class the worst crimes and the lowest degradations are often born! Certainly, Rearden did not know this; or if he did he jested the knowledge away. In the beginning of his friendship with Oliver, and right through till the latter's quarrel with Miss Vaughan, the friendship had been real on his side as well as on Raymond's: Temptation had not troubled him. *Then* he would have scouted the thought of treachery. Presently Duty began to whisper in his ear—only to be jestingly silenced, alas! The quarrel showed Elsie was not Oliver's for certain, and how pleasant it was to think of her as free! Then, Blake's story and its confirmation put her in the light of an heiress—another very pleasant thing for thought to dwell upon. But the pleasantest of all was the possibility that this prize might stray within *his* reach. How could he remember his friend's fall, and loss, and ruin, when thought ran so much on his own exaltation, and gain, and fortune? Oh, the awful nature of some truths! How easily may a fairly honest heart, nursing devilish hopes, itself become devilish also. What more natural than that Rearden should presently become impatient that the prize did not stray to his hand quickly enough? What more to be expected than that he should presently try to direct its course?

That, simply stated, is what he now began to do—what he had begun to do, indeed, upon Miss Drewe's invitation to Oliver. He helped Oliver to acquire the art of dancing, as we know, seeing that it would increase the breach between him and Elsie, and would give him an increased appetite for pleasure. He secretly disbelieved in Helena and all her belongings, yet he praised her highly to his friend, and referred again and again to her prospects of a fortune. Since the party he harped on Miss Drewe's admiration for Oliver; constantly repeated his opinion that the latter and Elsie were unsuited; even tried to cheapen Miss Vaughan in his friend's eyes; and contrived meetings between Oliver and Helena as often as possible. And yet, with all this, little result was visible. Oliver and Elsie were politely distant; yet they were not enemies—something, on the contrary, might happen at any moment to reconcile them; while as to Oliver's proposing to Miss Drewe—well, it *might* happen, but it had not happened yet. Oliver had not even confessed his infatuation to anyone, save him.

No wonder that Rearden felt the worm of impatience now begin to gnaw unbearably. Of a truth, something must be done, and something decisive, perhaps even risky, if these hopes were to be realized. What should that something be? Time and chance alone could tell.

It was not long—it never is, in such cases—before time and chance (or was it the Evil One?) began to say what this something should be. Miss Drewe and her friend doted on balls, and always gracefully submitted to have their expenses paid for them. "Oliver, my boy," Rearden said, on one occasion, "Miss Drewe is dying to go to Mariton's Subscription Ball, but no one is gallant enough to take her, she says." This was said in Helena's presence, and of course Oliver swallowed the bait readily; seeming to like it so much, too, that a week or so later he took her and her friend to a second dance. "That Simon Wolfe," Amos said at another time, referring to a red-faced betting man often present in the billiard-room, "told me he had an infallible scheme for making any quantity of money, if anyone, not minding possible losses at first, would join him. He looks a villain," he added, with a laugh, "but you've found my first recommendation correct, haven't you? He hasn't been backward where you have won?" Oliver confessed that his friend was right, and after that was seen more frequently in Wolfe's society. "Joyce," the sub-manager said to that individual, shortly after the birthday party, "you're as good a player at billiards as I am—perhaps better. Now, business and other things prevent my always being present with the manager, teaching him. You, therefore, must take my place, which you can easily do, as he is not proud." Rearden did not think it necessary to add, as an additional reason, that if Raymond would ruin himself, people must not have it to say that his friend helped him.

As to all this pleasure-making, Oliver said little at home. His uncle seemed interested in nothing but his foot, which gave its owner little chance of thinking of anything else; while as to Elsie, his relations with her being strained, the two passed few words; but had it been otherwise he would not have been bound to give her an account of what he did. So he simply said nothing, and went on enjoying himself and seeing life.

But time and chance (or the Evil One) suggested to Rearden that here also a little in the way of that "something" might be done. So, while Oliver was abroad somewhere, Amos gradually began to make evening visits to Daisy Villa—on pretext of "dropping in as he passed," or seeing how Mr. Bradford was, or about some bills or other business, or to keep his employer company, as he must be very lonely. Once or twice he brought his violin (accidentally, he said), and the instrument being there Mr. Bradford desired an exhibition of his skill, and was so pleased with the exhibition that duets for violin and piano (Elsie at the piano) became a matter of course. Somehow, perhaps because of his blind belief in his friend, or of his own engagements, or of Rearden's ingenious way of saying next day, "what an enjoyable evening he had spent with Mr. Bradford and Miss Vaughan," Oliver never thought this strange at all. Wherefore it became the more easy to Rearden to take his friend's place at home. And while so engaged, what was easier than to drop a careless remark or two, now and then?—to pass a mysterious jest, with Miss Drewe for its subject; to regret that some people could not take pleasure without going to excess? And what did it matter if such remarks were not noticed at the time? Would they not come upon those who heard them, bye and bye, with the greater force, and perhaps with the more credit to him who made them?

Even at this point, had Rearden boldly looked at the great design of which every one of these several words and deeds was an integral part, he might have been restrained from further realizing it. But no. It was in his heart, hidden like the contents of a grave, even from himself. He saw only its results, as an executed scheme. So he would proceed with it. And Time and Chance (or the Evil One) helped him still further, of course.

On one of his visits to Daisy Villa, he found Mr. Bradford out with Mr. Weston, "for a limp," as the former termed it. The gout had made one of those mystic disappearances for which it is noted—to return, no doubt, with equal mystery, next day. Miss Vaughan was alone, and Rearden said he would await her uncle's return.

Amos seated himself beside the cheerful fire, and opposite to Elsie, who was

doing some needle-work. He smilingly made a few casual remarks, to which she replied in monosyllables. How beautiful she was! How musical her voice, how gentle and intelligent her sweet and lately saddened face! Who would think she could show passion? He knew her thoughts well enough. She could not treat him as an enemy, when her uncle and everyone else accepted him as a friend. But she *could* be strange and distant, and, though he could smile and be pleasant, he could not help being annoyed.

"I fear, Miss Vaughan," he said at last, gravely, "you have not forgiven me for the share I had in Oliver's breaking his pledge. I fear, too, you think I had a greater share in it than I really had. Is it not so?"

Elsie flushed slightly as she looked up. "I certainly think it was not a friendly part to lead him astray."

"I feared such were your thoughts, and have long desired an opportunity of speaking plainly of the matter," replied Amos quickly. "Believe me, Miss Vaughan, I had no more share in it than your uncle had. I did not urge him—I merely asked if he would take his uncle's advice. Was I so very wrong in doing that?"

"It would have been more like a friend to leave him alone," returned Elsie, without looking up.

"I admit that, Miss Vaughan—truly. I was in error there. And for that, and for being the indirect means of the estrangement between you, I sincerely ask your pardon. Will you forgive me?"

Elsie's blue eyes gazed keenly into his for a moment. Was he really honest? He seemed so; he returned her look without quailing. "If I have anything to forgive, I do so freely," she answered, quietly.

"Thank you—a thousand times! Oliver is foolish—he is going farther than I ever thought he could; but I promise to try my best to undo my unwise work. Even already I have warned him, over and over again, and have refused to join him in certain things. But he is hotheaded, as you know, and will have his own way. Nevertheless, if I can prevent it, he shall not go to any dangerous length. Of that I give you my word."

How could Elsie continue to doubt this frankly-spoken, earnest-looking young man? How could she resist the impulse to give him a gentler look, and show him she felt sorry for her past distance of manner, that now seemed to have been so unjust? Oliver was hotheaded, and no one could have successfully tempted him had he not been willing.

When at length the interview was interrupted by Mr. Bradford's return, Bearden saw Elsie's change towards him so plainly, that he felt no doubt that the directions of time and chance (or the other Agency) were the true ones for his purpose, and he exulted accordingly.

The Hurt Drinking does.

THE immeasurable spiritual ruin of drink cannot be even guessed at by consulting police records and the history of crime. It is most fatal to those finer and invisible qualities of a man that make him akin to the angels. A moderate drinker will sometimes resist his downward tendencies till past middle life. But when the recuperative powers of nature begin to give way under the effects of age and drink combined, he slips unconsciously into sottishness. His health is poor. He has headache or palpitation. He feels better as soon as he drinks. His fond and foolish son or daughter says, "Father, take a little wine,—some of mother's good currant wine; you know it always does you good." He yields to the temptation. He takes something stronger. He feels better for a little while; but alas, his neighbours perceive that to which he himself is blind. They see a worthy man who has led an upright, Christian life, rapidly sinking into a drunkard's looks and ways. So gradual has been the change that the victim only wakes up to his degradation and disgrace in eternity.—*Advance.*

Laying Memorial Stones at Crewe.

THE circulars sent out by the friends at Crewe, and the appeal on the engraving in last month's Magazine, have met, and will meet, we trust, with generous and hearty responses on the part of all our churches. The Memorial Stones of the New Chapel were laid under very favourable auspices on Tuesday, April 24th, in the presence of a large assembly, including the Rev. W. Gray, President of the Association, ministers from the surrounding district, and many ladies and gentlemen of the town. The first stone was laid by Rev. P. W. Grant, of Perth, the second by Mrs. Bury, of Macclesfield, the third by Mrs. Pedley, of Haslington, and the fourth by Rev. W. Lees, pastor-elect. Professor Goadby, B.A., then delivered an address on "The Rise and Progress of the General Baptist Denomination."

After tea a meeting was held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel (Hope Street), his worship the Mayor (Alderman Ainsworth, J.P.) presiding. As showing the appreciation this movement receives, nearly all the Nonconformist ministers of the town were present. Mr. R. Pedley, J.P., recounted the history of the church, and made a financial statement, showing promises to about £400, and proceeds of the afternoon ceremony, £165, which was increased by £20 before the close of the evening meeting.

The Mayor took a warm interest in the day's proceedings, and expressed his belief that in Crewe there was plenty of room for all of them, without any fear of elbowing one another out.

Rev. P. W. Grant spoke as an old friend of Mr. Lees.

Rev. A. W. Potts referred to the rapid growth and extension of Nonconformity in the town.

Rev. H. F. Griffin, of Victoria Street Baptist Church, said there was plenty of room in that part of the town for another church, and hoped that the two churches and their pastors would go hand in hand together, with no bickerings, no striving, no vain-glorying on either hand.

Rev. W. Lees referred to his labours in Walsall, where in twenty-three years his church had multiplied several times. He said he came to Crewe as a Christian first and a Baptist afterwards, and trusted that he should work peaceably with all the churches.

Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., congratulated the friends on the noble but difficult task they had before them.

The chapel will be in the early Gothic style, with wagon-shaped ceiling, boarded and varnished, the ceiling being ribbed with pitch pine mouldings and beams. There will be a large circular-tracery window in the front gable. The number of entrances will be three, opening into the vestibules and staircases. The whole of the joiners' work will be in pitch pine. The seats will be open benches. The building generally will be faced with red brick, with Grimshill stone dressings. The height internally will be about forty feet. The present seating accommodation will be for about 600 people, but the building is so arranged as to admit of subsequent enlargement to 750. School-rooms, class-rooms, and vestries will be erected at the back of the chapel.

Enterprises of this kind, which give our beloved denomination a worthy name and an honourable place in towns where we were before unknown, should call forth the most generous liberality of all our friends; and the Home Mission, whose aid renders such enterprises possible to a handful of church members, and that in the smallest of our Conferences, surely needs nothing more to commend it to every church in our borders.

"The collection will now be made"—won't it?

The friends at Crewe hope to have a bazaar about the third week in August in aid of the Building Fund.

J. FLETCHER.

A very precise person, remarking upon Shakespeare's line:

"The good men do is oft interred with their bones,"

carefully observes that this interment can generally take place without crowding the bones.—*Brooklyn Argus*.

The Association Programme.

BRADFORD, one of the most enterprising towns of an enterprising district, is the appointed home of our 114th Association, which will begin its work on the 18th of June.

We shall make a good start on MONDAY. A series of Committee Meetings in the afternoon; followed, at 6.45 by a *Devotional Service*, presided over by Rev. B. WOOD. This will be followed, at 7.30, by the Annual Meeting of the *College*. T. W. MARSHALL, Esq., of Loughborough, will take the chair, and addresses will be delivered by the Rev. PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN, D.D., of Airedale College, Bradford, (Chairman of the Congregational Union), and by the Rev. PRINCIPAL GOADBY, B.A., of the G. B. College, Nottingham.

While the men and women are enjoying the College Meeting, a *Service for Children* will be held in the Free Methodist Chapel, Westgate, conducted by Mr. S. D. RICKARDS, of London, to commence at 7 o'clock.

On TUESDAY, as usual, there will be a *Prayer Meeting* at 7.0 a.m.; Rev. A. FIRTH to preside. Address by Rev. S. H. FRYS. At 9.45 the Association will meet to hear the President's *Inaugural*, and to transact the usual Tuesday Morning's business. *Foreign Mission Committee* at 3.0 p.m., in Bethel Chapel, Infirmary Street. The Annual Public Meeting of the *Home Mission* will be held at 6.30. The ex-mayor of Bradford, Mr. Alderman HILL, will preside, and if Revs. J. FLETCHER (Sec.), J. H. ATKINSON, J. JOLLY, B.A., and W. LEES do not make an interesting meeting, they *ought* to do.

On WEDNESDAY we also begin at 7.0 a.m., with a *Devotional Meeting*, to be presided over by Rev. C. HOOD, and addressed by Rev. J. K. CHAPPELLE. At 9.0 the Sunday School Conference will be held in the Free Methodist Chapel, Westgate. Paper by Mr. C. W. PRATT, of Stoke-on-Trent, on "The increased responsibility resting upon the Church and the Sunday School, arising from improved education in our Day Schools." Mr. COCKROFT, of Allerton, to preside. Mr. BALDWIN, of Loughborough, to open the discussion. At 11.30 the *Association Sermon* will be preached at Hallfield Chapel by the Rev. C. CLARK. At 2.30 p.m. Rev. B. WOOD will preside at the *Lord's Supper*; and at 3.30 Rev. W. MARCH will read the *Circular Letter*, on "The Erasure Column in our Year Book," a subject for our most devout and earnest thought. At 6.30 the Annual Meeting of the *Foreign Missionary Society* will be held in Hallfield Chapel, fit place, seeing that JONATHAN MAKEPEACE was its first minister. The MAYOR of BRADFORD will preside, and addresses be given by Revs. T. R. STEVENSON, of Derby, C. W. SKEMP, of Bradford, and H. WOOD, of Orissa, concerning whom nothing needs be said.

On THURSDAY Business will begin at 9.30 a.m. The *Local Preachers' Conference* will be held at 2.15, in Bethel Chapel, Infirmary Street. Chairman, JOSEPH WALSHAW, Esq., of Halifax. Mr. T. ABELL will read a paper on "Evangelistic Work in Rural Districts, and the Agencies by which it should be accomplished." Rev. C. BARKER, of Fleet, will open the discussion. At 3.30 Business will be resumed at Tetley Street, and will be continued in the evening meeting at 6.30. Should the state of Business require it, there will be a further meeting on Friday, at 9.30 a.m.

All Meetings not otherwise announced, will be held at Tetley Street Chapel.

Following the course pursued last year, a programme with further details will be sent to any address for one *halfpenny stamp*, from

WATSON DYSON, *Secretary*.

N.B.—Local Secretary: Mr. J. W. BRUNTON, 3, West Grove, Bradford.

CHANCE v. INTELLIGENCE.—Kepler, the astronomer, was one day called by his wife, from his study of the natural forces, to dinner, and a salad was laid on the table. "Dost thou think," said he to his spouse, "that if leaves of lettuce and drops of oil and vinegar and fragments of hard-boiled eggs had been in circulation from eternity in chaos, that chance could have assembled them to-day to form a salad?" "Not as good a one as this," said his wife, "nor as well seasoned."

The General Baptist College.

THE premises comprising Chilwell College will cease to be in the possession of the General Baptists after Saturday, the 9th of June. The sum of £4,550 has been paid for the College since March 24th, the place being occupied in the meantime at a rent of four pounds per week. At Lady-day the house in the Forest Road, Nottingham, known as Sandy Knoll, which has been, since its erection twenty years ago, used as a high-class school, came into the possession of the General Baptist Board of Trustees, the price paid being £3,400. The Committee appointed by the Association met in very full numbers on Tuesday, May 8th, and decided to spend about £750 in reconstructive work and enlargements, to render the new premises suitable for collegiate purposes, inclusive of rooms for matron and servants, lecture room, library, common (or dining) room, and bedrooms and studies for the accommodation of fourteen students, some jointly and others separately. The large playground adjoining the Forest Road premises affords a very fine site for a tutor's residence. Mr. Booker has prepared plans, which the Committee approved of with hearty commendations. The erection of this residence will require almost a thousand pounds more than the Committee had for the old premises—taking all extras into account. The land, which is very expensive in that part of Nottingham, is now lying idle. The Congregational Institute, with its two tutors' residences, is opposite, on the other side the road, and it is believed that the value of the land constituting that site is now equal to what was given for the building and land together by the Congregational Committee. The Committee, looking at the tutors' residences in the Congregational Institute as something of a guide, reckon that a Principal's house would cost at least sixty pounds a year in that part of the town, and have expressed an opinion that it would be better to build on their own land, as the interest of a thousand pounds would be fifteen pounds a year less than such a rental. This question has been referred *in toto* to the Bradford Association, in the hope that the expense of a mortgage may be rendered unnecessary, it being stated that many active members of the Association have risen up who did not contribute to the effort made twenty years ago, when £3,000 was raised. Some of those who gave before have not yet finished their "giving" days.

R. F. GRIFFITHS.

A French Medley.

ENGLAND IN FRANCE.—It is astonishing to what a prodigious extent the British, who are all over the world—are in France. Smollet, writing of Nice, thrice lovely Nice, said, in 1763, "The town of Nice is wedged between a steep rock to the eastward and the river Paglion, which washes the walls to the West." Now there is a new Nice, still further to the West. But who made it? The initiative was given by the English when they constructed the magnificent *Promenade des Anglais*—one of the most beautiful promenades in the world. Who founded Cannes? It cannot be doubted that it passed from a dwarfed and unknown fishing village into one of the chief resorts of the fashionable world at the bidding of our Lord Brougham, whose monument adorns one of its squares, and whose memorial is conspicuous in its beautiful Cemetery. Exhaust the British element and influence from Mentone, and

you sap its life. Nor here only, but in Paris business, in French securities, in exports and imports, in manufactures, and in French thought and life, the English element is strong. In the *Crédit Lyonnais* of Nice, telegrams are chalked up day by day, recording the opinion of London newspapers on French politics. All day long these telegrams are read, and by all "sorts and conditions of men." France is extremely sensitive to British opinion, and to British example. The newspapers are replete with references to English precedents. Orators in the Chamber of Deputies, and preachers in their sermons, draw their illustrations and arguments from our institutions, history, and action; therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to form our opinions on the broad and sure basis of fact and truth, to model our institutions on the principles of justice and unselfishness, and to act for the largest good of the largest num-

ber of men—so that the influence of England in France may always be of a truly salutary and elevating character.

II. **ROME IN FRANCE.**—Is it an "intimation of immortality" that the work of the mighty Roman should be marked by such grandly enduring qualities, and that the signs of his rich genius, his finely drilled faculty, his tremendous capacity—capacity for thinking and also for doing—should exhibit their memorials in our own energetic and electric age? Southern France is rich in the relics of departed civilizations. Marseilles, the asylum of the refugees from the tyranny of Cyrus, became great in commerce and navigation, literature and art, in even pre-Roman times. Arles and Nîmes have immense amphitheatres, vividly reminding the traveller of the Coliseum at Rome; but the architectural and engineering genius of the Eternal City has left no more eloquent witness than the *Pont du Gard*, a bridge and aqueduct crossing the valley and the stream of the Gardon. It is a superlatively impressive sight from beneath, and from beyond, and from its topmost tier of arches. There are three tiers of arches, the lowest of six, supporting eleven of equal span in the central tier, surmounted by thirty-five of smaller size, these carrying a covered canal nearly seven feet in height, and four feet wide, and through which you may walk. It was built, it is said, by M. Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, B.C. 19, in order to carry water to the town of Nîmes, distant some fourteen miles. Stretching across the solitudes of a rocky valley, it proclaims, with an ineffable eloquence, the splendid resources of man!

III. **THE NUMBER OF THE CLERGY IN FRANCE.**—M. Flourens, the Director of Public Worship on behalf of the *State*—for Roman Catholicism is in France a *State*-supported religion—has just issued a statistical account of the Roman Catholic clergy in France. It is an interesting summary, published at an opportune moment. A great fight is being waged just now between clericalism and freedom (say some; others say atheism, others, tyranny,)—and it is important to know the strength of the antagonist. 55,385 persons hold different offices in the Church. 87 are bishops or archbishops; 182 are vicars-general; 751 are canons; 130 are bishops' secretaries; nearly 14,000 are parish priests, or vicars; and the curates number a little short of 30,000. The rest are composed of professors and secondary ecclesiastics. This

is a great and imposing army, and is destined to play a momentous part in the present and coming conflicts; but it must be remembered, it is an army of *leaders*, and has at its bidding thousands of devoted women, passionately attached to them and to the Romish Church; and it is vigorously, sedulously, and with an unwearied patience, drilling the childhood of the time. The anti-clericals will make a serious mistake if they despise the strength or acuteness of their enemies.

IV. **THE "MEDICALS" AND THE REPUBLIC.**—It is likely to go ill with an institution that arrays against itself the vast majority of the members of a profession whose functions are so eminently beneficial and salutary to society as those of the medical profession. Yet it seems as though the French Catholic Church had succeeded not only in repelling the doctors, but in converting them into active advocates and agents of the Republic. Healers of the body are the *natural* allies and capital helpers of the healers of souls. No human works are so thoroughly interwoven. The perfect physical health of society is one of the best auxiliaries to moral sanity; and moral sanity is a fine force in promoting good health. The "cleric" and the "doctor" ought, therefore, to work together: but in France, the medical body are Republicans almost to a man, and the clergy are Monarchists and Imperialists of the strongest dye. The clergy trammel education, and thrive on ignorance and superstition; the "medicals" promote "science," and agitate for an unfettered and widening education. Now in the conflict with the clergy no man is so capable an antagonist as the doctor. Has the priest access to the home? So has the doctor. Can the priest disseminate his imperialist literature? The doctor is not without a similar weapon. Is the priest always on the alert? The doctor is everybody's friend, trusted and respected, and his one voice counts for a hundred when the elections are given. Great is the force of the clergy in France; scarcely less is that of the medical profession.

V. **FRANCE AND HUMANITY.**—Harriet Martineau says, "The grand idea that nations, as well as individuals, are parts and proportions of one great, wondrous whole, has hardly yet passed the lips or pen of any but religious men and poets. And yet, it is the one great principle of the greatest religion which has ever enlightened the intellect and nourished the morals of mankind.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Notes.

I. REV. GILES HESTER.—The “fund” that is being raised to provide an annuity for Mr. Hester has not yet reached £700, and it was considered desirable to mention £1,000 as “the mark” when our effort began. As the list will be very soon closed, it is especially desirable that those friends and churches who have already promised contributions should forward them within the next three or four weeks to Mr. J. W. Garrett Pegg, Chesham House, Bucks, Treasurer to the Fund.

W. J. AVERY, *Secretary.*

II. NOTTINGHAM, *Hyson Green.*—The enterprising and praiseworthy effort of Mr. Silby and his friends at Hyson Green to erect a new chapel, is rapidly taking shape, and growing, we trust, as it well deserves to do, in popular favour. The stone-laying ceremony is fixed for Thursday afternoon, June 14th. The Broad Street and Mansfield Road churches are taking special interest in the event, and it is to be hoped that every church within reach will send its contingent of friends and funds to help on a work which is as *needy* as it is necessary.

III. LADIES AND THE ASSOCIATION.—We are desired to say, for the benefit of ladies who usually attend the Association, and who hope to grace the coming one with their presence, that if they have no acquaintances in Bradford, and are not otherwise provided for, they should write to Miss Wood, 26, Houghton Place, Bradford, by June 6th.

IV. MR. BRIGHT AT MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.—Multitudes, like ourselves, must have gratified the desire of years in hearing Mr. Bright at the great Liberation Meeting on the 2nd of May. It was the first time the right hon. gentleman had occupied the platform of the Society. His speech was a crushing indictment of the bishops as representatives of the Established Church in the House of Lords. But how deliberate, how measured his utterances! He might have been a judge on the bench. Justin McCarthy, speaking of him in connection with the Anti-Corn Law League, says,* “His style of speaking was exactly what a conventional demagogue's ought not to be. It was pure to austerity; it was stripped of all superfluous ornament. It never gushed or foamed. It never allowed itself to be mastered by passion. The first peculiarity that struck the listener was its superb self-restraint. The orator at his most powerful passages appeared as if he were rather keeping in his strength than taxing it with effort. His

* History of our own Times, vol. i., p. 342.

voice was for the most part calm and measured; he hardly ever indulged in much gesticulation. He never, under the pressure of whatever emotion, shouted or stormed. The fire of his eloquence was a white heat, intense, consuming, but never sparkling or spluttering.” What he was then he was on May 2nd. One couldn't help marvelling that such a style should exert such a power, and yet a combination of features gave it force. There was a deliberateness which never outran the slowest mind, a lucidity which made it perfectly easy to understand everything, a smartness here and there which added sauce to the solid dish of food, as when he said, in reference to the Affirmation Bill, that there were people who were more ready to worry a government than to honour God; and above all there was that about the whole attack which made you feel you were following a general no less skilful than bold, and one from whose toils there was no possible chance of escape. It was a speech all speakers will do well to study.

V. THE AFFIRMATION BILL.—The masterly speech on this subject given by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on Thursday, April 26th, has added new lustre to the splendid abilities and noble spirit of the worthiest statesman of our times. Pain and peril were in his path, both as an individual and as a party leader; but if these made it difficult to do justice, they magnify all the more the self-sacrificing spirit in which the attempt was made. Nothing could have been finer than the way in which he cut through the position of his adversaries, and showed that in trying to bar out atheism they left open the door to the far more mischievous and wide-spread agnosticism, and that in opposing Bradlaugh they were on the side of Voltaire. The speech should be read by every Nonconformist in the land. It is a plea for religious liberty which does honour to religion, and which, as it fetched tears to the eyes of Mr. Bradlaugh, will make the worst enemies of Christianity pause before they say that the spirit of its founder has ceased from among the sons of men.

VI. CLOSE AND OPEN FELLOWSHIP.—Mr J. Sharman, of Nottingham, read a paper at the last quarterly meeting of the Nottinghamshire Baptist Local Preachers' Association, on “The duty of the Baptist Churches in relation to Believers' Baptism and Open Fellowship.” The paper has been published by Dorry, of Nottingham. J. FLETCHER.

Reviews.

THE TRIPARTITE NATURE OF MAN; SPIRIT, SOUL, AND BODY. By J. B. Heard, M.A. Fifth Edition. *T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.*

This work has reached a fifth edition, and is widely accepted as an authoritative English exposition of a topic handled with great skill and fullness of learning by such German writers as Delitzsch and Beck. Since "no question emerges in Theology which has not previously emerged in Philosophy," the theme is and must be of perennial interest; and since on earth, and of the earth, no subject is of profounder significance than man, no sincere discussion of his manifold and complex nature can fail to attract and hold a large body of elect readers.

Mr. Heard's treatment of this theme proceeds on the basis that "there are two parts of human nature, the body and psyche, or sense and intellect, of which Aristotle knew as much as we do; and a third faculty, the *pneuma* of St. Paul, which lies wholly beyond the psychical man's horizon, and of which all that we know is to be gathered from one book—the Bible. Thus of the three forms of consciousness—sense, self, and God-consciousness—Philosophy can tell us of the two former, Revelation alone discovers to us the third and highest."

And what is this "third and highest?" It is "what the moralist describes as conscience—with this difference, that the unconverted conscience is only conscious of the law of God, not of the gracious character of the Law-giver, and when sincere is an 'excusing or accusing conscience,' not an approving. It is only when the conscience is quickened and converted, and when perfect love casts out fear, that the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the sons of God."

This definition is discussed with acuteness and wide research: and it is applied to such vital questions as man's differences from the brutes; the "Immortality of the Soul;" "the Intermediate State;" and "the Spiritual Body," with signal thoroughness and manifest skill. A masterly work—but the last word has yet to be spoken.

HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY OF EXPOSITION. THE LAMB OF GOD. By W. R. Nicol, M.A. *Macniven & Wallace.*

It was our privilege a short time since to commend to our readers a volume by this author on "the Incarnate Saviour." The

excellencies that gave such a subtle charm to that biography characterize this exposition of the allusions in the writings of the apostle John to Jesus Christ as "the Lamb of God." That figure holds a prominent place in the Johannine writings of the New Testament, being found no less than twenty-seven times. It is found in the opening of the fourth gospel, and recurs with suggestive emphasis and manifold significance in the apocalypse. Baur, indeed, treats it as one of the great dogmatic points in the interest of which the gospel was penned. With delicate sympathy and winning tenderness, sweet repose of style, and beauty of thought, Mr. Nicol treats of the figure in its different settings, and presents a book helpful at once to the intellect and the heart.

BIBLE CLASS PRIMERS.—THE KINGS OF JUDAH. By Professor Given, Ph.D. *Macniven & Wallace.*

The high level attained by the former works in this series is maintained throughout this production, rendering it a most compact, clear, and full statement of a period of Hebrew history concerning which confused and perplexed notions are far too common. Knowledge of the results of the best scholarship is not obtruded, but it moulds and qualifies assertions, and gives various signs of its useful presence. The skilled marshalling of facts, the separation of the occasions of events from their causes, and the neat framing of questions, give indications of practised tutorial ability of the highest value in such a series as this. These books are so cheap and serviceable that they ought to have free course in all our senior and young men's classes.

PRINCESS ALICE, AND OTHER POEMS. By W. H. Parker. *F. R. Webb, Basford.*

THE MONTHS, AND OTHER POEMS. By George Burden. *Marlborough & Co.*

The former work comprises selections from the writings of our G. B. friend; and we are interested to observe that it is published for the Sunday-school Bazaar at New Basford. Many of these compositions have been suggested by passing events, such as Wolsley's March on Tel-el-Kebir. The treatment is simple and energetic. The price is only ninepence; and those who purchase the book will be helping on a good work.

In the second production we have a collection of sonnets and reveries, vary-

ing in merit, but all thoroughly readable. The author, in his country rambles, evidently has his "senses exercised" to receive the many messages Nature has to communicate. It is with pleasure that we commend this little book as the work of another friend—and one well-known—within our own borders. W. J. A.

HAND-BOOKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES—ROMANS. By Principal Brown, D.D. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

THE merits of this exposition are brevity and compactness of statement, and aptness of practical suggestion. The introduction and the "Notes" appended to the exegesis will be of special service; but it is necessary to be careful in accepting the interpretation of controverted passages. Making an abatement for the marring effect of traditional and exploded theories, in certain special cases, the commentary may be commended to the leaders and students of our Bible classes.

INFANT BAPTISM DEMONSTRATED TO BE REASONABLE, HISTORICAL, AND SCRIPTURAL. By James Malcolm. Houlston & Son.

HERE is an argument put forward in catechetical form against Baptist teaching by a Scottish missionary of the Morrisonian school. The attempt is gallantly made to controvert the utterances of Dr. Landels, Revs. J. Batey (in "The English Baptists: their Distinctive Principles"), T. W. Medhurst, and others, but the result is meagre. As usual, vague sentiment is allowed to take the place of calm reasoning. Our opponents generally approach the discussion of this topic with a frantic air, like those who fight in a battle already lost, and the most probable effect of the book upon an impartial mind will be the confirmation of Baptist ideas. It is not too much to say that the author has, perhaps through inadvertence, sadly misrepresented us.

W. J. A.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. By James B. Allan. Stock.

SOME twenty, out of three hundred and fifty, pages in this book are devoted to the commendation of Spiritualism as "a blessed ally" of the Christian against infidelity. The Lord Jesus is referred to as the "Great Medium." The greater part of the book by far is, however, occupied with consolatory thoughts for the troubled, and admonitory suggestions for the sinner, based upon the twenty-third Psalm. To this little exception can be

taken; indeed the devout tone which prevails throughout we cannot fail to appreciate. But in regard to so covert a method of introducing spiritualistic delusions, perhaps the less said the better.

W. J. A.

THE OLD FASHIONED BOOK ON THE OLD FASHIONED RELIGION. By an Old Fashioned Man. Passmore & Alabaster.

THE aim of this little work is to refute Unitarian teaching, and the author's appeal is exclusively to Scripture. The references are very numerous; and although they are not always used with sound exegesis, the biblical student cannot but derive profit from considering them as they are here set forth. More regard seems to be had by this writer for the "fashion" than for the *essence* of truth, and that is the defect of his book.

W. J. A.

JUSTICE AND MERCY: A Sacred Poem. By Daniel Wilson. Halifax: John Wilson & Co.

ACCORDING to the author's preface "the subject of this work was suggested fifty years ago," and although he wrote the poem "at long intervals" during that period, no part of it has been published until now. We doubt not that this small volume, which gives a versified account of "Immanuel's" Mission, will be acceptable to many as a memorial of the worthy deacon so long identified with North Parade church. A brief memoir, and a capital photograph of the author, are attractive features in the book.

W. J. A.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND AND ITS WORK, 1882. Passmore & Alabaster.

SCARCELY any "report" of Christian work can be equal to this for tender interest and quiet inspiration. The authoress still patiently and cheerfully continues her beneficent work of furnishing books to poor ministers, and the spirit of sanctified suffering breathes through the pages of this record. Mr. Spurgeon's preface is sure to win the reader's attention.

W. J. A.

VERSIONS IN VERSE: SCRIPTURAL, CLASSICAL, ORIENTAL; with Miscellaneous Effusions. By George Small, M.A. Alexander & Shephard.

THIS is a collection of poems some of which were written in the author's youth, and others in maturer years. Hence, perhaps, the medley. The book represents a good deal of work; but one can

scarcely expect its readers to be profited in a corresponding degree. The poetry is generally bad, and the theology often rigid. But possibly the object with which the work was published (according to the author's preface) will be gained, and "his personal friends will find in it a pleasing memento" of himself.

W. J. A.

IMMORTALITY: WHENCE, AND FOR WHOM?

By G. Burford. *John Heywood.*

THIS is professedly an examination and confutation of an essay on the same subject by the Rev. W. Ker, Vicar of Tipton, whose "phase of Conditional Immortality" is described as "a purely human invention." Who shall speak after that?

W. J. A.

Church Register.

Information should be sent by the 18th of the month to 51, Porchester Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.

CONFERENCES.

I. **CHESHIRE CONFERENCE.**—The following appointments were made by the Conference held at Wheelock Heath on March 27th. Foreign Mission, Rev. Z. T. Downen; Home Mission, Mr. R. Pedley.
S. HIRST, Secretary.

II. **EASTERN CONFERENCE.**—The spring meetings were held at Wisbech on April 19th. In the morning brother Nichol, of Chatteris, preached to a goodly number of friends from 2 Cor. v. 14.

In the afternoon (brother Bentley presiding,) very gratifying reports from the churches were received, shewing 144 baptized, 41 candidates, and 41 received from other churches since last Conference. Whilst the numbers of received and candidates were unitedly one in excess of the corresponding period of 1881-2, the baptisms were more by 99.

Chilwell College.—The Secretary reported ten non-subscribing churches written to appealing for collections and subscriptions, with the result that five did not reply, two pleaded poverty, and three were favourable.

Case from Lincoln.—An appeal was read from this church asking the Conference to solicit the help of the Home Mission Committee in the building of new chapel and schools in this ancient city. The appeal was signed on behalf of the church by the well-known Thomas Cooper (one of the members), and by G. Hood, the Secretary, and set forth both the urgency of the case, and also the pleasing fact that already land adjoining the present premises had been secured by a member, and was to be generously presented to the church for the site. On the motion of brother Orton, seconded by brother Barrass, it was unanimously resolved, "That we present the case of the Lincoln church—with our heartiest commendation—to the General Home Mission Committee."

Home Mission.—The accounts were passed, the Treasurer thanked and re-appointed, and it was agreed that all monies in hand, with those that may yet come, be sent to the general Treasurer.

Representatives to the Home Mission Committee.—Brothers T. Barrass, S. H. Firks, J. Jolly, B.A., and J. C. Jones, M.A., were re-elected.

Foreign Mission.—Brothers J. C. Jones, M.A., and W. Orton, were re-elected.

Board of Reference.—J. C. Jones, M.A., re-elected.

Assistant Preachers' Association.—The President, Mr. W. R. Wherry, reported between 1,300 and 1,400 services held by the brethren at an outlay for expenses only—notwithstanding this, a balance of £25 2s. remains due to the Treasurer.

New Chapel at Gedney Hill.—A scheme for this was brought forward by Mr. Wherry, according to which an iron chapel, capable of seating 80 persons, was to be put up at a cost of not more than £100. The land for a site, in the centre of the village, has already been secured, and the Gedney Hill people having themselves raised £10 for the proposed chapel, will do more when building operations commence. Meanwhile the Conference agreed "to ask the churches to support a scheme for a new chapel at this village."

Arrangements for next Conference.—This to be held at Louth on Sept. 13th. Preacher, brother Bentley, of Wisbech; in case of failure, brother G. H. Bennett, of Bourne.

A Home Missionary Meeting in the evening; addresses by brethren Orton, Nichol, and Barker, with a collection for that object, brought the meetings to a close.

CHAS. BARKER, Sec.

III. The **MIDLAND CONFERENCE** met at Coalville, May 16. At 11 a.m. the Rev. J. C. Forth preached. Business in the afternoon.

A letter having been read by the Secretary from the Rev. J. H. Atkinson, late

of Leicester, resigning the office of Chairman, in consequence of his acceptance of the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Richmond Street, Liverpool, it was resolved that "whilst we greatly regret the resignation of Mr Atkinson, we, at the same time, express our cordial good wishes for his future happiness, and for his success in his new sphere of labour."

Mr. James Hill, of Derby, was appointed Chairman for the year.

The Revs. J. Maden and S. H. James were cordially welcomed into the Conference.

The following brethren were appointed to represent the Conference on the Denominational Committees:—

Home Mission.—R. F. Griffiths, W. H. Tetley, and W. Bishop.

Foreign Mission.—S. S. Allsop, E. Carington, and J. Maden.

Board of Reference.—T. Goadby, J. Salisbury, and James Hill.

The term of office of the Secretary having expired he was cordially thanked for the services rendered by him to the Conference during the last six years.

The Rev. R. Silby was appointed Secretary to the Conference for the next three years.

A resolution of deep sympathy with the Rev. E. Bott in his heavy affliction was passed.

An able paper was read by the Rev. W. R. Stevenson on "The Duty of our Churches towards lapsed members." After an interesting discussion the writer was heartily thanked, and also urged to forward the paper to the magazine.

The Rev. A. Firth, of Mansfield, was appointed to preach at the next Conference, to be held at Duffield, Oct. 16th.

Public service was conducted by the Rev. C. W. Vick, of Loughborough.

The Conference was exceedingly well attended and much interest was shown in all the services. J. SALISBURY, *Sec.*

IV. WARWICKSHIRE.—The Spring Conference was held at Salem Chapel, Longford, April 30. Papers were read by the Revs. A. T. Prout and L. H. Parsons, on "The Attitude of our Churches in relation to other denominations, with especial reference to the Salvation Army." A lively discussion followed, and the writers, after having been well and righteously bruised, were anointed with a vote of thanks.

In the afternoon, after devotional exercises, a hearty vote of welcome was passed in favour of the Rev. Willott Rice, of Wolvey, to whom, accordingly, the President gave the right hand of Conference fellowship.

The case of Austrey, Applesby, and Polesworth was reported upon by the President and by the Secretary on behalf of the Rev. G. Needham of Barton. It was resolved that the report be received, and that, under existing circumstances, the Conference is unable to take further action in the matter.

The case of Cinderbank was dealt with by the President, who very frankly, and in the best spirit, expressed regret at having exceeded the instructions of the Conference in the enlargement of the deputation to Cradley Heath, and sincerely hoped that any offence unwittingly caused would be forgiven and forgotten.

The President then delivered an address on "Home Mission Work," for which he was thanked.

The Revs. C. Hood and A. H. Lee were appointed to represent the Conference on the Foreign Mission Committee; the Revs. W. Lees and J. R. Parker to serve on the Home Mission Committee.

Reports from the churches showed: Gross gains, 112; gross losses, 50; candidates, 25; inquirers, 19.

The Rev. W. Lees was unanimously requested to retain office as President throughout 1883.

A cordial vote of sympathy with the Revs. J. R. Parker and D. Asquith, who were prevented by illness from attending the meetings of the Conference was very heartily passed.

Next Conference:—Place, Vicarage Walk, Walsall; Paper writer, Rev. J. R. Parker, or in case of failure, Rev. D. Asquith; Preacher, Rev. A. T. Prout; time, Monday, Oct. 15, unalterably.

Warm thanks for their kind attention to the comfort of their guests were accorded to the friends at Salem, and right well were they deserved. Dinner and tea were well served to goodly companies. The merry tea table showed how the Longford fare was enjoyed.

The Rev. D. Asquith being unable to fulfil his engagement as Conference preacher, his place was taken by the Rev. E. H. Cantrell, whose sermon was good grain out of the great Husbandman's barn. LL. H. PARSONS, *Secretary*.

CHURCHES.

ARNOLD.—Closing of the G. B. chapel. On April 22nd, two sermons by Rev. F. Todd. Collections for the New Chapel Building Fund. April 23rd, public tea and meeting in chapel for the last time. Addresses by J. Sharman, J. Burton, F. Shacklock, H. Trueman, and T. Gamble. The chapel was opened for worship on May 15, 1822.

BELPER—On April 16th one of the friends in connection with the chapel gave a tea and entertainment consisting of songs, recitations, readings, etc. The Sunday-school brass band gave two pieces. Mr. A. Swan, of Duffield, presided. A report was read of last year's work, from which it appeared (although a small church) they had raised over £160 by subscriptions, monthly teas, sale of work, suppers, entertainments, scholars brick money, and £2 from America, towards paying for land for a new chapel. The report thankfully acknowledged indebtedness to all friends both far and near who had in any way helped, and to God for his goodness. The meeting was successful, and about £5 was realized.

BIRMINGHAM, Longmore Street—Anniversary services April 29th. Sermons were preached by Revs. A. T. Prout and A. H. Collins, and in the afternoon the pastor gave an address to the young on "a Good Name." April 30th, tea at five o'clock. Amos Roe, Esq., presided at the meeting in the chapel. Speakers: A. H. Collins, J. J. Knight, J. E. Walflett, J. P. Warner, W. Cullins, and the pastor. The choir and ladies rendered willing aid at all the services, which were successful.

LONDON, Praed Street—On May 1st a very successful concert was given by the choir in aid of the New Organ Fund. The first part consisted of sacred music; the choir rendering the choruses "Then round about the stary throne" (Samson), "O Father whose almighty power" (Judas Maccabeus), and "God is a Spirit" (Bennett), with good effect. The solo vocalists, Mrs. Roe, Miss Easterbrook, Mr. James, and Mr. E. A. Baker, also gave songs which were much appreciated. The principal feature in the second part was the solo and chorus from Bennett's "May Queen," "With a laugh as we go round," by Miss Clara Clark, and the choir. The concert closed by the choir singing "Pin-suti's "Good Night." Mr. F. R. Kinkeed and Mr. W. J. Green were the accompanists, the former having also given very efficient aid by playing an organ and a pianoforte solo. Mr. H. Sampson conducted. Nett proceeds, £6.

LYNDHURST—The seventh anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. W. H. Payne. Sermons, May 13th.

MACCLESFIELD—Chapel anniversary services April 29 and 30. The Rev. Z. T. Downen, pastor, preached to very full congregations. Collections, £22 12s.—a substantial advance on the average. On Monday a goodly number took tea, and at the public meeting stirring and useful addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. J. Allen, B.A., (Congregationalist), J. B.

Maltby (Wesleyan), D. Round, and Z. T. Downen. The chair was occupied by J. Broadhead, Esq.

SCHOOLS.

LONDON, Commercial Road—On May 8th the school-room was re-opened after being closed two Sundays for renovation, at a cost of £85, by a tea and a symposium. The pastor presided, and among the speakers was Mr. Pago, deacon of a Freewill Baptist Church in New York.

PETERBOROUGH, Queen Street—Specially with a desire to stir up those of the scholars who are church members to take a personal interest in the work of the Sunday school, and with a hope that the meeting might result in the more intelligent apprehension of their duties as Christians, arrangements were made to hold a social meeting, to which the teachers, the deacons, and all those of the scholars who are church members should be invited. The meeting took place on Tuesday evening, May 1st. Eighty-five sat down to tea, which was kindly given by a friend. About twenty more came in time for the meeting. Rev. T. Barrass presided, and addresses were delivered on the following subjects: (1.) The cultivation of a loving spirit towards others. (2.) Our duties in every day life. (3.) Our duties in the class. (4.) Reverence in the worship of God. (5.) Necessity of private prayer and Bible study. These subjects were respectively dealt with by Messrs. Heath, Bonshor, Dickens, Dennison, and Burch, two of them being deacons, and three teachers. A hymn in harmony with the subject was sung after each address. After a few remarks from Mr. Jackson, the superintendent, and Mr. S. Coleman, the meeting was closed with singing and prayer. We cannot but think that the school must be benefited by the practical suggestions and earnest exhortations contained in the addresses. The number of the scholars who are church members is 61.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

ARNOLD—On May 6th, school sermons were preached by Mr. W. Richardson, of Nottingham, in the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. Crowded congregations. Collections, £18.

AUDLEM—The school sermons were preached by the pastor, Rev. G. Towler. Congregation overflowing in the evening. Collections 30 per cent. above last year.

BEDWORTH, Croxall Street—Preacher, Rev. J. Parker. Collections, £8.

BULWELL, Notts—May 6th. Proachers, Revs. W. Stone, of Leeds, and R. Silby,

of Hyson Green. Tea on Monday. Interesting meeting afterwards. Pastor in chair. Recitations, dialogues, and singing by the children. Proceeds, £18 13s. 6d.

DENHOLME.—May 13. Preacher, S. Warrington, of Sowerby Bridge. Collections, £30 7s.

LONGBORD, *Salem*.—Preacher, Rev. J. Parker. Collections, £30 2s. 6d. Much to the pleasure of his friends the Rev. J. Parker is able to occupy his pulpit again after his sudden and dangerous illness.

LONGTON.—May 20. Preacher, Rev. S. S. Allsop. Collections, £32.

NANTWICH.—Anniversary sermons, April 22nd, by Rev. Gethin Davies, B.A., Classical Tutor of Llangollen Colloge. Good congregations. Collections in excess of last year.

WALSGRAVE-ON-SOWE.—Preacher, Rev. J. Parker. Collections, £8.

OUR MINISTERS.

CAMP, REV. G., senior student of Chilton College, has received and accepted an invitation to the church at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire. He expects to commence his ministry on the first Sunday in June.

CLIFFORD, JOHN, M.A., after two months absence in the South of France, received a most enthusiastic "Welcome Home" at Westbourne Park Chapel, London, on Thursday, May 17th. The Rev. W. J. Avery presided, and addresses were given by various officers and members of the church. The Treasurer, Mr. T. Lilley, presented Mr. Clifford with 150 guineas in the name of the church and congregation. On the following evening the General Baptist Preachers' Institute entertained its President, Mr. Clifford, and presented him with an address and a beautiful marble timepiece.

WALSALL.—PRESENTATIONS TO THE REV. W. LEES.—On Saturday, May 12th, a crowded meeting was held in the large Temperance Hall to take farewell of the Rev. W. Lees. The chair was occupied by the Rev. F. G. Littlecot, Vicar of Rushall, who was supported by the Revs. N. Kelynack (Wesleyan), E. M. Fitzgerald (vicar of St. Paul's), W. Foster (Wesleyan), E. W. Johnson (curate of Butts, Walsall), A. Hampden Lee, &c., &c. The presentation, (which consisted of a beautifully illuminated address, suitably framed, and a massive marble timepiece, inlaid with coloured stone and gold) was handed to Mr. Lees in the name of the Gospel Temperance Union, of which he had been president. At the close of the meeting deafening cheers

were given for Mr. Lees by the 1,200 or more persons who were present.

On Sunday, the 13th of May, Mr. Lees preached farewell sermons in the Stafford Street chapel, and on the following Wednesday a farewell tea meeting was held in the adjoining school-rooms, when over two hundred of the friends met together. The evening meeting in the chapel was presided over by Mr. Councillor Marshall. Letters of apology were read from some of the clergy and ministers of the town. Suitable addresses were delivered by the Revs. A. A. Cole (Baptist), T. Hindsley (Independent), E. W. Cantrell, N. Kelynack (Wesleyan), and A. Hampden Lee. Mr. Marshall, in the name of the Stafford Street church, presented Mr. Lees with a Walsall-made purse of crocodile skin, containing forty sovereigns. The Rev. Hampden Lee, in the course of his address, referred to Mr. Lees' connection with the Vicarage Walk church, and said that a few of the friends there wished his speech to have a good peroration, so they asked him to conclude by handing a five pound note to Mr. Lees, as a further token of their affection and esteem. Mr. W. Oakley, Mr. S. S. Allsop, and other friends also took part in the Meeting.

BAPTISMS.

BRADFORD, *Tetley Street*.—Five, by B. Wood.
 DERBY, *Osmaston Road*.—Eight, by W. H. Tetley.
 GOSEBORTON.—Three, by G. F. Pitts.
 HITCHIN.—Seventeen, by F. J. Bird.
 KIRKBY, EAST.—Five young men, all from the Sunday-school, by G. Robinson.
 LEICESTER, *Carley Street*.—Thirteen, by J. C. Forth.
 LONDON, *Bethnal Green Road*.—Four, by W. H. Smith.
 LONDON, *Commercial Road*.—Two, by J. Fletcher.
 " *Praed Street*.—Three, by W. J. Avery.
 " *Haven Green*.—Six, by C. Clark.
 LYNDEURST.—One, by W. H. Payne.
 NANTWICH.—Five, by Price Williams.
 STALYBRIDGE.—Eight, by C. Rushby.
 TODMORDEN.—Two, by W. March.
 WALSALL, *Stafford Street*.—Eighteen, by W. Lees.

MARRIAGES.

BENNETT—NEEDHAM.—April 19th, 1883, at the Baptist Chapel, Ripley, by the Rev. B. Hackett, assisted by the father of the bride, the Rev. G. H. Bennett, of Bourne, Lincolnshire, to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. G. Needham, of Barton Fabis, Leicestershire, and one of the adopted children of Mr. and Mrs. Bembridge.

KIRKMAN—DEACON.—May 10, at the Baptist Chapel, Hugglescoote, by the Rev. H. Wood, Mr. Edward Kirkman, of Keyham, Leicestershire, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Deacon, of Hugglescoote Grange.

LEES—CARTWRIGHT.—May 17, in the Trinity Wesleyan Chapel, Walsall, by the Rev. N. Kelynack, assisted by the Rev. A. Hampden Lee, the Rev. W. Lees, late of the Stafford Street Baptist Church, and now of Crewe, to Harriet

Cartwright, Lady-missioner, Trinity Wesleyan Church, Walsall.

PINCHBECK—HAYWARD.—May 10, at the Baptist Chapel, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, by the Rev. J. Salisbury, M.A., assisted by the Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., Frederick, son of Mr. A. Pinchbeck, of Horncastle, to Emma Hayward, niece and adopted daughter of Mr. John Salisbury, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

WILLIAMSON—ROOS.—May 14, at Commercial Road Chapel, London, by Rev. J. Fletcher, Thos. D. Williamson, to Mary Cunegunda, only daughter of Gerardus Franciscus Roos.

OBITUARIES.

CHAPMAN, MRS. MART, widow of John Chapman, of London, formerly of Loughborough, (founder of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, and author of "The Cotton and Commerce of India"), entered into the endless rest on May 11th, 1883, in her 82nd year. Mrs. Chapman was the senior member of the church at Præd Street and Westbourne Park, having been in unbroken communion for about forty-seven years with that church, of which her husband had been one of the deacons. She was the last surviving member of the family of which the late John Wallis, of Lenton, and the Rev. Joseph Wallis, of Leicester, Tutor of the College, were loved and honoured members. J. W. C.

FOX, WILLIAM, of East Kirkby, was born Feb. 4, 1809, at Sutton-in-Ashfield, and died January 13, 1883. From his funeral sermon, preached by Rev. A. Firth, of Mansfield, and published by request, we learn that his paternal grandfather was for some time pastor of the church at Kegworth, and afterward at Nottingham. At the age of three he lost his mother. In early life he had to begin the stern hard battle of life. Some few years were spent in farm service; then he left it, and while yet young, learned to work in a stocking-frame. About this time he became acquainted with a staunch old General Baptist, Mr. John Garrett, father of the Mr. Garrett who laboured for God first at Crich, then at Salford. John Garrett induced Mr. Fox to come to the Sunday-school, taught him the alphabet by himself, and in this way he learned to read. At this time he attended the ministry of the Rev. Hardstaffe, and through his efforts he was converted and baptized more than fifty years ago (April 22nd, 1832), by the Rev. J. Burrows. He became a Sunday-school teacher, and an occasional local preacher. He called himself a "gap-stopper." In his preaching he was clear, definite, solid, good. He had a firm grip of truth. "He believed, and therefore spoke." He became a deacon; a useful, faithful, conscientious deacon. He was an earnest worker in the Temperance movement, and a staunch Nonconformist. In the year 1867 he commenced the General Baptist cause at East Kirkby by holding a Sunday-school and public services in a hired room, until the building of the present chapel. And as an evidence of his earnest work we have only to mention that the Sunday-school now consists of 200 scholars and teachers, and the church of 93 members. He was a General Baptist. The General Baptist of North Nottinghamshire. "He was a faithful man, and feared God above many." Jacob-like, he called his wife, children, and grandchildren together on the Wednesday evening before his death, and spoke words of parting which will not soon be forgotten.

"He fell asleep in Christ his Lord;

He gave to Him to keep

The soul His great love had redeemed,

Then calmly fell asleep."

KIDDALL, MRS. FRANCES ANN, the beloved wife of Mr. Geo. Kiddall, of Louth, was called to her heavenly home early on Sunday morning, Feb. 18th, 1883. For more than twenty-six years she had been a most valuable member of the Eastgate Baptist Church. In her Christian character and life, beauty and strength were most admirably blended. She was prudent in counsel, steadfast in service, and patient in suffering. A memorial sermon, was preached by her pastor from the phrase, "At home with the Lord," 2 Cor. v. 8 (Revised Version).

PARKER, MISS ANN, of Louth, after a lingering and painful affliction, entered on her rest April 1st, 1883, aged sixty-eight. For more than sixteen years she was a very faithful and beloved member of the Eastgate Church.

SHEPHERD, THOMAS.—The church at Castle Donington has sustained a great loss in the death of its eldest deacon, Thomas Shepherd, which took place April 5th, in the 84th year of his age. He was converted early in life, was baptized in the Trent, and joined the church at Castle Donington, where he remained till his death, his membership extending over sixty-four years. His whole life was a manifestation of unpretentious piety. About the year 1842 he was honoured with place in the diaconate, in which he purchased to himself a good degree, serving his Lord and the church, with much zeal and faithfulness. He took special interest in the spiritual welfare of the young. In his Bible class, which he conducted for several years, not a few "passed from death unto life." For their nurture and growth in grace he held class meetings and prayer meetings at five o'clock in the morning. Many in the town and neighbourhood cherish grateful recollections of his affectionate endeavours to promote their best interests. On Lord's-day evening, April 15, special reference was made to his life and death by the pastor, R. J. Beecly, who preached from the words suggested by the deceased just previously to his death, viz., 2 Tim. iv. 6-8. In his life he eminently adorned the gospel; throughout a long affliction he patiently endured as seeing him who is invisible; and "crossing the narrow stream of death," expressed many a longing to be "with Jesus, which is far better."

TENNANT, MARTHA, of Tetley Street Church, Bradford, a church which has been greatly thinned of late by death, was one of the oldest members, and one of the most steadfast. She was the widow of one of the first deacons of the church, who was himself one of the eleven members that constituted it at its commencement. He was a good man, and feared God above many. He early left our late sister with several children to bring up, an important duty which she has accomplished with the greatest credit. She was much attached to our principles, and in various ways supported them to the best of her ability. While able she was noted for her punctuality and regular attendance at the house of God, the services of which she loved exceedingly. She was a pillar in the church; one that was not to be moved. But to do justice to her character is impossible in the space at command. Suffice it to say that although she was far from being perfect, she was a good Christian woman, one who loved the Saviour, showed piety at home, and glorified her heavenly Father by the holy consistency of her life. She lived to a good old age, and died in peace, after a very short illness, in her 75th year. May her children, who call her blessed, meet her in the better land; and may all the members of our church, and all who may read these lines, follow her as she followed Christ. B. W.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

JUNE, 1883.

*The British and Foreign Bible Society and
the Baptists.*

IT will be known to many of our readers that for nearly fifty years the British and Foreign Bible Society has refused assistance to any versions of the New Testament Scriptures in which the word baptize was translated. For all these years—so far as the Bible Society's versions are concerned—the Scriptures have not been allowed to speak intelligibly upon the subject of baptism, and the heathen have been kept in ignorance respecting this divinely appointed ordinance. On several occasions the committee have been requested to modify the rule established in 1837, but without success. Recently, however, the question has again been brought before their attention, and a new rule has been passed upon the subject. The following extracts will enable our readers to see how the case now stands :

“Extract from Minutes of Editorial Sub-Committee of the
British and Foreign Bible Society of November 29, 1882 ;
Confirmed at General Committee of January 22, 1883.

“Presented a letter from Rev. S. W. Organe, dated Madras, September 1, forwarding proceedings of the committee of the Auxiliary Bible Society, from which it appears that the Rev. Dr. Jewett had resigned his membership of the Revision Committee, the Telugu Baptist Mission which appointed him having revoked his appointment. The committee accepted his resignation with a resolution of cordial thanks for his past services.

“Presented a letter from the Rev. Dr. Hay, dated London, November 27, referring to the difficulty which had arisen with reference to the terms used for *baptize* in the Telugu version, and expressing his great anxiety to avoid anything tending to sectarian controversy in the Word of God, and of the great necessity of minimizing differences of opinion in presence of the common foe ; and asking if it would not be possible to secure cordial co-operation, and the use of the same Bible, by simple transliterating the word *baptize* in the text, and allow their Baptist brethren to place in the margin, ‘Some translate by immerse.’

“(In view of the importance of the question to be decided, the committee engaged in special prayer led by Bishop Alford.)

“The Rev. Dr. Hay, being present on the eve of his departure, urged his views on the committee with a view to the supreme importance of having one version of the Scriptures for the use of all Telugu missionaries.

“Resolved, to recommend that, in accordance with the principle already adopted by this society, in certain cases, of printing alternative marginal readings, the Editorial Sub-Committee be at liberty in future issues of Scriptures in foreign tongues, to retain in the text either a neutral term, or the untranslated terms for *baptize* and *baptism*, and to place in the margin a reading or readings indicating the views of translators—*e.g.*, ‘Some translate immerse.’”

“(Signed)

WM. WRIGHT,

“Editorial Superintendent.”

The following Extract is from the Abstract of the Seventy-ninth Annual Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society presented at Exeter Hall, May 2nd, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair:—

“In bringing this report to a close, the committee would briefly advert to a step they have taken, which they trust may tend to the good of nations that are being brought out of heathenism, and to the closer fellowship of all concerned in mission work, whether abroad or at home.

“Letters received from India have shown that there was grave danger in the Telugu field of conflicting versions of the Scriptures being put forth, as has already been the case elsewhere, in consequence of a difference of opinion on the part of translators as to the right words to be employed in that language for expressing *baptize* and *baptism* in the New Testament.

“An earnest desire to avoid this calamity to the native church, and to secure to it the blessing of a single version accepted by all parties, has led your committee to review the whole subject.

“They have long felt anxious that nothing on their part should remain undone which might, without disturbing the conscientious views of others, enable their Baptist brethren to unite with them in the circulation of the same versions; and it has now appeared to them that a solution of the difficulty might be found in the adoption, where needed, of an alternative marginal rendering, stating that the Greek word which expresses this rite is by some translated *immerse*, the neutral or transferred term being itself retained in the text. The society would thus be carrying out a plan which is of frequent occurrence in the English Bible, and would simply be stating an undoubted fact.

“A resolution to the above effect has been passed and communicated to Translating Committees in India, in the hope that it may enable missionaries of various denominations to join in the use of one and the same version.

“Whatever be the immediate result, of this your committee are assured, that it was right for them to consider how far they could go towards securing united action, and that the question is now being

approached on both sides in a candid and brotherly spirit, which must issue in a deeper sympathy between those whose common aim it is to make known among men the living oracles of God."

In referring to the action of the committee in regard to the new rule, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his address in Exeter Hall, said: "I thank them very much for having put that word 'immersed' in the margin of the translations. I must say that I think they were justified in taking this step; and I do not doubt that this conciliation, based upon the real root meaning of the word, will have its effect."

Whether the new rule is to have a retrospective effect, or whether it is to apply to versions, that are hereafter prepared, we are not informed. While pleased at the concession, so far as it goes, we should like it to have gone a little further, and to have given translators power to place in the text, and not in the margin, "the real root meaning of the word." In the Oriya version the words *dubeta* and *duba*, which signify immerse and immersion, have been used, nor do we see now, how these words can be relegated to the margin, and the untranslated terms *baptize* and *baptism* be inserted in the text. If it could be shown that the words *dubeta* and *duba* were not faithful translations of the words baptize and baptism, the missionaries would, we feel sure, be willing to rectify the mistake forthwith. But to expect them to remove the correct Oriya words, which the natives *do understand*, and to insert in their places Greek words which they *do not*, appears to us altogether unreasonable. Were they to adopt such a course they would naturally be asked as to the reason why? Nor do we see how any reason could be assigned which would not leave the impression upon the minds of all right thinking men, whether Christians or heathens, that the missionaries had been tampering with the word of God.

Notes from Rome.

BY REV. N. H. SHAW.

BAPTISM AT ROME.

OUR past experience has rendered us extremely cautious in accepting candidates for church fellowship, and it is long since we ventured to add to our numbers. It was, therefore, a great pleasure to be able on Easter Sunday to baptize four brethren. Two of these are men considerably advanced in life; a third is a man of about forty, who has seen much service in the ranks of sin, but who now gives us much hope and comfort by his firmness and zeal; and the fourth is a Government employee, who, being more intelligent than the others, and not inferior to them in the various manifestations of sincerity, will, we hope, prove a useful acquisition to the good work. These friends have been for a long time under special instruction as catechumens, and their faith has been tried and proved in various ways. May they prove good soldiers of Christ.

The baptismal service was very impressive, and attended to in the most perfect order. We need many baptisms here to accustom the minds of the Romans to immersion. At present there is a dread of water among them which is quite pitiable. I have never found anywhere else such a hydrophobia, and all attempts to reply to the many predictions of evil as the result of wetting the skin, only convince Romans that there is a great difference between English people and themselves. There is no city in the world where water is more abundant, and there is no city where it is so little used. When our Baptist views prevail it will be a good thing for Rome, even hygienically.

There are many things connected with mission work in Rome which make the heart literally to ache, and a day like Easter Sunday, with its baptism, is a real balsam, strengthening and comforting us greatly. May the Lord grant us many more such. We cannot hope for them soon, but must work and wait, and the harvest time may be nearer than we think.

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

For centuries the Campagna around Rome has been neglected by its owners, and instead of producing food in abundance, as it might have done (for it is very fertile soil), it has been the breeding-ground of fever. Now, with the new order of things under the Italian Government, even this crying evil is attacked. The decree has gone forth that the Campagna is to be cultivated! The owners of the soil within a radius of ten kilometres round the city are to be allowed a certain time, after which, whether they will or not, their land must be made to produce food and not poison. They are ordered, within a certain date, to furnish a report of what land they have, and what they are doing or propose to do with it. Then, if the land is not cultivated by them, the Government will look after it. This is as it should be. Let the Government do its duty in this direction, and win the praise of all lovers of Italy; and meanwhile we missionaries will do what we can to rid the country of a greater evil still—the poison which affects not merely the bodies but the souls of man; a poison most malefic in its effects on the intellect and the conscience, on the whole moral, intellectual, and religious life of the nation.

EVEN THE POPE MOVES.

Ever since the temporal power of the Pope was taken from him, he has played the role of a prisoner in his splendid palace of eleven thousand rooms. It has often been affirmed that Leo XIII. would break through this absurdity if the Jesuits around him would permit it. Be that as it may, an astounding thing happened the other day. The Sistine Chapel at the Vatican was opened to the public while the Pope was present at the functions! No ticket of admission was required. The only requirement was that all should be dressed in black, and that ladies should be veiled, according to the custom on such occasions. The Romans could hardly believe this new order of things, and some of the journals threw doubt on it till it was a fact. I am told that but few persons availed themselves of the privilege accorded them, and that this advance of the Pope was strongly disapproved by the church dignitaries around him.

ANOTHER STRIKING SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Padre Curci, the eminent ex-Jesuit, is delivering addresses in Rome every Sunday. It will be remembered that Curci some time since published the New Testament in Italian, and wrote a very remarkable preface to it, saying that the great want of Italy was the Bible, and that it was the least known of all books to his countrymen. He has since published "*The New Italy and the Old Zealots*," in which he advocates a full recognition by the church (and for the church's ends) of the Italian Government and the new political order of things, and said some things which are very damaging to certain parties in the church. Padre Curci was expelled from the order of the Jesuits. His books are condemned and placed in the "index," and he humbly submits, himself remaining a true and reverent son of the church. He has been in Rome some time, preparing a new work for the press, and now is permitted to open his mouth in public. It is well known that Curci and the present Pope were formerly intimate friends, and it is generally believed that he is regarded now by the Pope and by Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's brother, with as much favour as the Jesuits and circumstances will allow. He has lectured hitherto four times in the little theatre called the Sala Sinibaldi because, as he explained at the first lecture, the churches were closed to him. Hitherto there has been little or nothing in his lectures which we evangelicals cannot cordially endorse. Curci is listened to by the elite of Rome, and his lecturing in such a manner is verily a sign of the times. It is too soon yet to pass a judgment on the lectures, but when they are finished I may have something to say about them to the readers of the *Observer*, as also about the other Lenten preachers and preachings.

OUR OWN WORK

proceeds with that quietness and regularity, at present, which is itself a hopeful feature. There is little taking place that is striking enough to report; but for that very reason our position is encouraging, as we have observed that the work which makes the greatest noise is not always the most satisfactory. In the midst of much that tries faith and patience and strength, it is comforting to know that some hear the word of God and believe it, and we hope to baptize several new converts in a few weeks.

THE MORALITY OF ROME.

The other day I met with some figures with respect to the percentage of illegitimate births in various cities of Europe. They occur in a pamphlet published by those curious people who are trying to identify the English people with the lost tribes of Israel. I don't know whence the figures are obtained, and have no means of verifying them. They are as follows:

In London, in 1851,	four out of 100 births were illegitimate.
„ Paris „ 1850,	48 „ 100 „ „ „
„ Brussels „ 1850,	53 „ 100 „ „ „
„ Monaco „ 1851,	91 „ 100 „ „ „
„ Vienna „ 1842,	118 „ 100 „ „ „
„ Rome „ 1842,	243 „ 100 „ „ „

If these figures are reliable, Rome sadly needs the gospel. I wonder whether the result would be at all modified by the same date being taken in each case.

Not Krishnu, but Christ.

SOME time ago, when our native brethren in Orissa were out on a preaching tour, a young Hindoo approached them and asked for a copy of *The Jewel Mine of Salvation*, a tract giving in metre the story of the gospel. He was asked how he knew anything about the tract, and in reply told the following story:—

About two years ago my father put a quantity of merchandise upon his bullocks' backs, and went on a three days' journey into the district to attend a market. While there he met a friend of his from another village in the opposite direction. This friend said to him, "I have three little books teaching a new religion." He showed them to my father, and my father asked him to give him one, and he did, and that was the book. When he got home he put away his bullocks, and washed his feet, and sat down to read his book, and that book perfectly bewitched my father. In a few days he had lost his appetite, and as he read the book, we noticed great big tears trickling down his cheeks, and he became altogether a changed man, his face looking so sorrowful and sad. We thought father was bewitched by that book, and we must burn the book and mix the ashes in water and give it to him to drink, to take the witches out of him; but he guarded the book, and we could not get at it. As he read, sirs, a still more wonderful change came over him: his tears dried up, his face became happy, and his appetite returned, and he took food as usual. But he would not go to the idol temple any more, and he would not have anything more to do with Hindooism or the Hindoo religion. Well, sirs, that father died a year ago; but when he was dying the Brahmans came and stood about the door and wanted to come in and get their presents, but father waved them away with his hand, and said, "No Brahmans are needed here—I need not your help," and he would not allow a Brahman to set foot inside his house. Then, when we saw the end was approaching, my mother, my brothers, and myself, gathered around, and said, "Father, you are dying—you are dying; do call on Krishnu, for you are dying." He looked up with a pleasant smile, and said, "My boy, I have a better name than that—the name of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, of whom I read in my little book; that is a better name than Krishnu." And my father died, sirs, with the name of Jesus Christ on his lips.

Questions for Consideration.

THE following *handbill* is published by the Church Missionary Society. As it is equally suitable to the supporters of all foreign missions, will our own friends let it have their prayerful perusal?

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—*Mark* xvi. 15.

For "the whole world lieth in wickedness."—*1 John* v. 19.

"Having no hope, and without God in the world."—*Eph.* ii. 12.

"Whoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"—*Rom.* x. 13-15.

You are earnestly requested to think out the meaning of the above words of God, and then to put to your heart, and make your heart answer, the following questions:—

- 1.—Do I owe any duty to the Heathen?
- 2.—Did not our blessed Lord and Master give this positive commandment to all His true disciples, "Go ye, and teach all nations"?
- 3.—Have I ever done anything to promote the eternal welfare of the Heathen?
- 4.—If I have not, is this right in me? Is it not, rather, disobedience to God's command?
- 5.—With what feelings shall I meet the Heathen at the Day of Judgment, when they cry aloud against me, that I lived on the earth when they did, that I knew the way to heaven, and yet that I never sent to tell them?
- 6.—Can I be a true Christian if I love not what God loves, and strive not to do what He commands?
- 7.—Can I be sincere in desiring that "God's way may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations," if I make no sacrifice of time, or money, or influence, to send Missionaries into all Heathen Nations?
- 8.—When I pray, "Thy kingdom come," do I mean what I say? And do I expect God to answer my petition?
- 9.—Did not Christ engage in Missionary work?
- 10.—Were not His disciples Missionaries?
- 11.—Do not the holy angels take an interest in Missionary work. *Luke* xv. 10.
- 12.—Ought any objections which the ignorance, or prejudice, or unbelief of man can urge against this great work of the Lord, hinder me from doing the utmost in my power, through the best channel I can find?
- 13.—Ought I not to plead for pardon, because of my heartlessness about the dying Heathens' souls?
- 14.—Ought I not now, without delay, to do what I can in this great work of God?
- 15.—Do I mean to do it?

May the love of Christ constrain us! May God the Holy Spirit show us all what is the will of God in this matter, and then give us willing hearts to try and carry it out!

The Promises are sure.

"Ask of Me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession."—*Psa.* ii. 8.

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."—*Isa.* liii. 11.

"I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him."—*Rev.* xiv. 6, 7.

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."—*Rev.* xi. 15.

To feel much for others and little for ourselves, to restrain our selfish and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitute the perfection of human nature.—*Adam Smith.*

The Inadequate Support of Foreign Missions.

MR. JOSEPH COOK, in a lecture, after his return from a journey round the world, says:—

“The Christian churches of the world should be satisfied with nothing less than sending out one ordained missionary for every fifty thousand of the accessible pagan population of the world.” “No church ought to call itself thoroughly aggressive and evangelical that does not expend, for the support of missions at large, at least one dollar for every five it expends on itself.” “At present these standards of effort are to be insisted on with the utmost urgency.”

“All that united Protestant Christendom together raises annually for missions would not pay the liquor bill of the United States for three days, nor that of the British Islands for two. At the opening of the century all Protestant Christendom expended only 250,000 dollars annually for missions. It expends to-day 7,500,000 dollars for that purpose. This is a large sum, you think. It is a bagatelle. The dissipations of Saratogas and Newports and Brightons would hardly find this sum worth mentioning in the hugeness of their expenses for self-gratification. The churches are penurious toward missions. We pride ourselves on having paid off great debts, and on having received some mighty legacies for missions; but I believe we shall be, as Ernest Renan says, ‘an amusing century to future centuries’; and one of the things that will amuse our successors on the planet will undoubtedly be our unwarranted self-complacency in this day of small things in missions. In China there is not an ordained missionary to-day for a million people. In the population accessible to the American Board there is as yet only one missionary for some 700,000 inhabitants. Modern Christendom has thrown one pebble into the great ocean of missionary effort, and stands with an amused childish conceit on the shore of history watching the wide ripples produced by that pebble, and supposes that it is reforming the world. Another century will sneer at us for our conceit and our penuriousness.”

A Hindoo on Protestant Missions.

THE HINDOO MAHARAJA of Mysore, to whose direct administration the four millions of Mysore, in South India, have this year been made over, made this significant reply to an address from the Protestant missionaries, who have been so successful in that province:—

I am sensible of the great good which your missionaries have always done, and feel sure will continue to do, in the cause of the moral and intellectual advancement of the people; and I sincerely sympathize in the great cause of female education which you have recently taken in hand. The righteous principles which govern your religion must always be conducive to good government and to the best interests of the people; and I beg to assure the missions of my support and sympathy in their valuable labours. I wish you every success in your disinterested and sacred work.

Notes and Gleanings.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Committee of the Missionary Society will be held at Bethel Chapel, Infirmary Street, on Tuesday, June 19th, at three o'clock.

THE ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING will be held in Hallfield Chapel, Manningham Lane. Chairman: The Worshipful the MAYOR OF BRADFORD. Speakers: Revs. C. W. SKEMP, of Bradford; H. WOOD, of Orissa, India; and T. R. STEVENSON, of Derby, late of Ceylon.

BAPTISM AT CUTTACK.—April 1st, seven were baptized by brother Shem Sahn.

CORRECTION.—The reader is requested to correct an inaccuracy on page 116 of the March Magazine as to the Architect of the new school building, Cuttack. H. Beck, Esq., was the Architect; and it may interest our friends to know that Mr. Beck is a native of Loughborough. J. B.

MR. MULHOLLAND, in a private note to the Secretary, writes:—

“The weather is getting very warm. Early work is now the order of the day. The Government Offices, European School, Printing Office, have the day's work done before some of my friends in Scotland are well out of bed. The men in the printing office start at six a.m., and leave off at noon. The other places mentioned do only four hours' work. What a curious world this is. You, in England, are closing all your doors and windows to keep out the cold; we, in Cuttack, are using the same appliances to keep out the heat. I am now writing (two p.m.) without coat and vest.

“Quite an invasion of snakes have taken place in our compound this week. Two got off; but one fell a prey to my stick last night. A large one got in a hole in the wall. The servants brought a kettle of boiling water and gave him a warm bath. Nay, they thought they would roast as well as boil him, and brought an armful of straw, which must have made his skin crack. We saw no more of that one.

“Last Sabbath morning I witnessed the first baptism in India. It was a very pleasing sight. I trust that the multitudes of heathen by which we are still surrounded may soon bow to the sceptre of King Jesus, and, like the seven last Sunday morning, publicly declare that they are His followers. We, a fortnight ago, had a Hindoo festival. It was sickening to look at it. When shall Christian Britain rise to the full responsibility of the final command of the Crucified One? I thought, while in the fatherland, that I knew what the call from the heathen world was, but I find that I had not half realized the sickening want. If your Committee could only ‘Come and see,’ I think the effect would be wondrous. The Lord waken up the churches from their criminal slumber.

“Mr. Young wishes me to remember him to you. He is still enjoying his usual good health, and liking the work.”

Contributions

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from April 16th to May 15th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Bradford—United—for W. and O.	0	12	0	London—by Masters H. E. and A. F.			
Dewsbury	28	15	0	Johnson	1	18	6
Fleet	5	16	0	Long Sutton	9	14	9
Hurstwood	2	2	4	Louth, Northgate	14	16	6
Ibstock	7	7	4	Lyndhurst	1	18	6
Landport	15	6	6	March	23	15	1
Leicester, Victoria Road	2	2	0	Nottingham, Hyson Green	9	10	4
Mrs. Bailey, for Zenana work	0	10	0	Peterborough	124	8	8
London, Commercial Road	49	18	6	Smalley and Kilburn	7	17	4
Crouch End	1	1	0	Spalding	11	15	8
Church Street—for W. & O.	5	0	0	Walsall, Stafford Street—for W. & O.	1	1	0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. BEMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, Mission House, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards, may be obtained.

Our Lapsed Members.*

BY REV. W. R. STEVENSON.

UNDER the head of "Lapsed Members" may be included those placed in the following columns of our Connexional Year Book:—1st, the Excluded, meaning thereby persons who, having fallen into sin, have been cut off from fellowship by a formal and solemn vote of the church; and, secondly, the Erased, a column which embraces two classes, namely, persons who, in accordance with their own request, have been allowed to withdraw from fellowship; and those who have, as it were, drifted away from us, until at length, without any other cause being assigned, their names have been removed from the Church Register.

In examining the statistics of our Connexion for the last three years I find the numbers included under these two heads of Excluded and Erased to be as follows:—

In 1880—Excluded, 139; Erased, 836; total, 975.

In 1881—Excluded, 126; Erased, 733; total, 859.

In 1882—Excluded, 115; Erased, 955; total, 1,070.

Looking at the entire numbers in membership, and taking the average of three years, I find the annual loss under the two heads named to be at the rate of about four in every hundred.

Now we must not be surprised or discouraged by the circumstance that we have lapsed members. Our Saviour seems to have intended to prepare the minds of His servants for this fact when He uttered the parable of the Sower. The seed which fell upon rocky ground, where there was not much depth of soil, and that which, after it had sprung up, was choked with thorns, both represent cases of lapsed members.

Probably it may be suggested by some that we should not have so many of these "lapsed" ones if greater care were taken in the admission of members in the first instance. But my impression is that our churches do not usually err very much in that direction. The cases, I think, are very few of persons received who were not apparently sincere and earnest at the time they offered themselves for fellowship; and it may be questioned on what scriptural grounds these, if to all human appearance believers on the Lord Jesus Christ, could have either been rejected, or had their term of trial indefinitely prolonged. The more common error is that of not paying sufficient attention to the teaching and training of converts after their union with the church, in order that instead of losing their interest in spiritual things they may be led to cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart.

But I apprehend that it was the wish of the last Conference, in regard to this paper, not that I should discuss the question how to prevent the lapse of members, but rather offer some suggestions as to our

* The substance of a paper read at the Midland Conference, Coalville, May 16, and printed by request.

duty to those who have actually lapsed. To this latter point, therefore, I shall more especially address myself, although we shall find in our discussion of the subject, that the two questions are so closely connected that it is very difficult to consider them altogether apart.

Let us take in succession various classes of "lapsed members."

1. The first I would name are those who have fallen through *strong drink*. Surely our duty to these is expressed in those well-known words of Paul, "Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, looking to thyself lest thou also be tempted." (Galatians vi. 1, Revised Version.) We must not lightly give them up as irreclaimable. The Temperance Reformation, which has of late happily awakened so much interest in the churches, at once points out to us the kind of method to employ, and affords encouragement in the performance of duty. We must try, without delay, to enlist our fallen friends in the Total Abstinence corps, and must be willing to strengthen their weakness by the influence of our own example. Nor this only; we must be prepared, through a succession of weeks, and perhaps even months, to expend much time, and sacrifice much ease and personal convenience in the Christ-like endeavour to reclaim them. Two instances may be cited illustrative of the spirit of self-sacrifice and perseverance in which this work should be undertaken. One is that of a man who occupied an influential position both in general society and in the Christian church, but who unhappily fell into drinking ways. This, then, was how his Christian friends acted. A little band of them agreed together to make his reclamation their special object. They remonstrated with him tenderly and faithfully. They persuaded him to take the total abstinence pledge. And (this is the chief point to which I wish to call attention) recognizing the fact that it was the man's social instincts which brought him into danger, they arranged amongst themselves that for a time he should never, in his leisure hours, be left wholly to himself. Now one friend made it his business to call upon him, and now another; they invited him to their homes, contrived friendly walks or drives together; in short, they took care both that his mind should be pleasantly occupied, and that his weak and wavering resolves of amendment should be strengthened by the influence of good companionship. At first, indeed, there were one or two discouraging relapses; but, in the end, perseverance in the work of Christian love triumphed. It is several years now since these circumstances occurred; but the good results remain to this day.

The other case I would mention is that of a man of the artisan class who had been a drunkard, but some years ago signed the pledge, became a Christian, and a member of the church. But after a time he fell, and fell, and fell again. His friends, however, would not give him up. They pleaded with and prayed for him; and their efforts were crowned with success. For two years now he has not merely been an abstainer, but a devoted Christian, and a useful and honourable member of society. He often says that it was the persistent perseverance of his Christian friends that won him.

Now this, dear brethren, is the spirit we ought to manifest towards those who have fallen through strong drink. It is the spirit of the good

Shepherd Himself; and if it were shewn oftener, though there might still be lapses, we should rejoice more frequently than we do over blessed cases of restoration.

2. Of a second class of "lapsed members" it is difficult to speak freely in a mixed assembly; but how to act for the best in regard to them has often been the occasion of anxious and painful thought to Christian pastors. I refer to young people, members of the church, who have been guilty of improper conduct before marriage. The question arises, What action ought the church to take in such cases? In former days exclusion was thought to be the only proper course; and probably in most places that is the practice still. But of late a disposition has been manifested to substitute for exclusion suspension from the privileges of church membership for six or twelve months. It has been felt that, apart from the action of the church, the guilty parties suffer considerably in various ways; and if, in addition, they suffer exclusion, the penalty for this sin seems disproportionate when compared with other breaches of the moral law. On the other hand the fact has been very properly recognised that church discipline of some kind ought to be exercised, both for the sake of the transgressors themselves, and in order that the standard of morality among Christians in relation to this matter may not be lowered. Suspension has, therefore, been considered by many to be a not unsuitable medium course.

But a question to be considered which has a bearing not only on this particular class of cases, but also on other "lapses," is this—Have we any right to exclude, or even suspend from the use of Christian ordinances, persons who give reasonable evidence of having repented of their sin, and been restored to fellowship with the Saviour? In the well-known instance at Corinth, referred to by the apostle Paul, where he enjoined exclusion, the case was that of a man who, so far from being penitent, gloried in his sin. But we may ask—What would the apostle have advised in the case of young people who, having, perhaps for years, maintained a good Christian character, have at length fallen, but who not only with tears lament their fall and tell you that they have confessed to God their sin and sought and obtained Divine forgiveness, but have also by marriage made all the atonement possible to society and one another? Would Paul, in such a case, have said, "Put away from among yourselves those wicked persons?" Would he not rather have made use of words similar to those already quoted, "Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness?" I do not think, that tested by results, in the class of cases now under consideration either exclusion or suspension has proved satisfactory. In my own experience as a pastor I scarcely remember a single instance in which the persons concerned did not leave their place of worship; frequently they failed to attach themselves to any other Christian congregation; and even where there was ultimate restoration it was not until a series of years had passed. The plan I should like to see tried is the following. When the pastor and officers of a church are made aware that a case of the kind spoken of has occurred, let them first, in a spirit of combined firmness and tenderness, enquire into the facts. If the persons in question resent enquiry, and shew no proper spirit of penitence, only one course seems

open to the church, that of exclusion. But (as will far more commonly happen, if the affair be dealt with not harshly, but with delicacy and seriousness,) if there be manifested by the transgressors a spirit of real contrition both for the sin against God and for the injury done to the cause of religion, and a wish be expressed by them that, if possible, they may be allowed to continue in fellowship, let these facts be duly reported. Let the church, then, pass a resolution to the effect that they accept their friends' expression of penitence, and desire them to continue their membership, trusting that for the future they will be enabled to maintain a conduct void of offence towards God and towards all men. It appears to me that this method of dealing with the fallen cannot be fairly charged with weakly conniving at sin; inasmuch as the matter *is* made one of anxious investigation and formal resolution,—discipline *is* exercised; at the same it seems in accordance with the spirit of Him who said to one fallen woman, "Go and sin no more," and to another, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace."

3. A third class of "lapsed members" consists of men who have failed in business. The same question as before arises, what action ought the church to take? And, in reply, it must be said, first, that no rule can be laid down applicable to all cases. In a country like our own, where trade and manufactures are subject to fluctuations not to be controlled by the individual, where even agriculture, as a means of livelihood, is often carried on amid great risks and difficulties, there will always be a certain number of failures in business in connection with which no lack of either industry or integrity is fairly chargeable. Each case, then, must be investigated by the officers of the church patiently, kindly, and, as far as possible, without prejudice. If a real want of integrity has been manifested, the honour of the church requires the exercise of stern discipline. But where there has been, apparently, no want of industry or of uprightness, but the cause of failure has been either misfortune, or even (one may say) a simple deficiency in business capacity,—which I apprehend is often an intellectual rather than a moral defect,—the treatment called for is surely different. If the person whose case is in question has held a prominent position in the church or Sunday-school, it will be fitting that he should resign his offices, and remain quietly in the shade until his brethren request him to resume them; but if he shew a right spirit I see no reason why he should not retain his membership. Let this, however, as in the last class of cases we were considering, be by a distinct resolution of the church.

4. A fourth class of "lapsed members" consists of Christian women, chiefly in the humbler walks of life, who have married non-Christian husbands. These poor women being involved in the cares of family-life, and finding no spiritual sympathy at home, and no desire on the part of their husbands to facilitate their attendance at the house of God, are, by and by, scarcely ever seen amongst us, and are at length practically lost to our membership.

It is often hard to say what is the duty of the church in such cases. On the one hand, it seems scarcely right to retain on our roll of members those who hardly ever even worship with us. On the other hand, to remove the name is often to break the last tie which binds to the church of Christ one who, though she has grievously erred in her life-

choice, still retains an attachment to her Christian friends, and is hoping some day to be able to associate with them as before. In regard to such cases no hard and fast line can be drawn; but, speaking generally, we may say that, whether their names be retained or not, such persons ought not to be lost sight of. They should be visited occasionally, should be encouraged to set their husbands a good example, to bring up their children for God, to attend chapel at least on special occasions, and to look forward to a time when they may be able to enjoy more frequent opportunities of social worship.

5. Another cause of serious numerical loss to our churches, and also of real lapse from a life of godliness, is the removal of members to other localities where they neglect to unite with other churches, and at length altogether lose their interest in Christ and His cause. Brethren will remember that this matter was discussed at the last meeting of the Association, and a plan was then agreed to which it was hoped would help to remedy the evil. But the most promising plans are worthless unless acted upon. Now I myself know of a number of members of General Baptist churches who have recently removed from other places to Nottingham, but I have not yet heard of one who has brought a letter of introduction, or of one in regard to whom any official notification has been sent to a Nottingham pastor. Let us hope that this has occurred simply because the plan has been so recently introduced. I trust that in future our pastors and leading friends will be wide awake, and willing to take trouble in this matter; otherwise, in these days of movement on the part of the English population, we shall, as a *Con-nexion*, suffer great leakage in our membership from this cause.

6. We must be very brief in our notice of two other classes of "lapsed members"; first, persons who, without being guilty of any act subjecting them to church censure, have gradually lost their interest in spiritual things; and, secondly, such as have become separated from us through misunderstanding or church quarrels. In regard to the former, all that can usually be done is to try the effect of affectionate and faithful remonstrance, especially if any circumstance, such as personal affliction or family bereavement has occurred to produce a softening of the heart and a disposition to listen to Christian pleadings. This, certainly, should be tried; but if it fails, we can only leave such to the teaching and discipline of a higher power.

In the instances of persons who have become separated from us by reason of offences, discretion will often be required in regard to the course to be taken. Sometimes nothing but time and the changes which time brings can heal the wound, and premature action would do more harm than good. In other cases a frank and earnest attempt at reconciliation would be successful.

But, in closing, I would express my conviction that we are all of us in danger of acquiescing too soon and too easily in the fact that a member has lapsed. And affectionately and respectfully I would suggest to the churches the following plan. At as early a period as convenient let the officers of each church hold a meeting for the express purpose of reviewing the cases of friends once in connection with them, but who have, unhappily, become "lapsed members." Let them make out a list of such as are within reach, and arrange for their visitation. Let the work

of restoration be made matter of earnest prayer as well as of thought and conference; and, at the proper time, let the church generally be taken into confidence and counsel on the subject. Let brethren not be discouraged even if some of these poor backsliders at first receive their overtures coldly; but remember, rather, the self-devotion and the perseverance of Him who came to seek and save the lost. We often take a great deal of pains with enquirers, and are very earnest in our efforts to lead men to God in the first instance; but I would ask, is not restoration as important every way as conversion? Indeed, in the case of Peter, Christ called it conversion. Let us remember the words of the apostle James in regard to this very subject. It was of a "lapsed member," and not of an unconverted heathen or Jew, that he was speaking when he said, "Brethren, if any of *you* do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Oh! to save from death the soul, not merely of a comparative stranger, but of one whom we have once rejoiced in as a brother or sister in Christ! How much thought, how much effort, how much self-denial, how much patient perseverance is not *that* worth! Dear friends, the more I reflect the more astonished I feel that we should in the past have been so forgetful of our duty in this matter. May the good Lord pardon His servants in this thing, and enable us to act a more Christ-like part in the coming days! Let me close with the following story told by Clement of Alexandria, and called by him "a genuine tradition of the Apostle John." It may shew, by example, the spirit in which it becomes us to seek the restoration of the lapsed.

Visiting a church in a city near Ephesus he noticed a handsome, spirited youth, toward whom he felt himself drawn so powerfully that he turned to the bishop of the congregation with these words, "I commit him to you before Christ and the congregation;" and at parting repeated his charge. The elder took the youth home, educated and watched over him, and finally baptized him. After a time, however, he abated in his solicitude and watchfulness, and the young man, too early freed from restraint, fell into bad company. He was led into lavish habits, renounced his Christian profession, and finally became captain of a band of robbers. Some time after the apostle again visited that city, and enquired of the pastor as to the youth with the care of whom he had been entrusted. The old man sighed heavily, and, with tears, replied, "He is dead!" "Dead?" said John, "in what way did he die?" "He is dead to God," responded the elder; "he became godless, and finally a robber." The apostle, when he heard this, with a loud cry, rent his clothing and smote his head, exclaiming, "To what a keeper have I committed the soul of my brother!" He took a horse and guide, and hastened to the spot where the band of robbers was to be found. Seized by their outguard he made no attempt to escape, but cried out, "I have come for this very purpose; take me to your captain." The young man, recognizing John as he approached, fled from a sense of shame; but the apostle, forgetting his age, hastened after him, exclaiming, "Why, my child, do you flee from me, from your father—an unarmed old man? Be not afraid. You yet have a hope of life. If needs be I will gladly die for you, as Christ died for us. Stop! Believe that Christ hath sent me." Hearing these words he first stands still, then

casts away his arms and begins trembling and weeping bitterly. The apostle approaching, speaks encouragingly to him, assures him of the hope of forgiveness from the Saviour; in short, ceases not until he has restored him to the church—an example of sincere repentance and genuine reformation.

Let us emulate the spirit of the disciple whom Jesus loved! Let us not allow lapsed ones to pass over into the world unprayed for and uncared for; but seek to restore them in the spirit of meekness, considering ourselves, lest we also be tempted.

A Visit to Norway.

No. IV.

BY REV. WILLIAM ORTON.

A BIRDS' FEAST.

ON returning from the Falls we saw a sign of the care the Norwegians take of "the fowls of the air." At the gable end of a barn was a pole, on the top of which was the skeleton of a sheaf of corn. It was a feast for the birds. The little creatures are in danger of perishing during the long winters, and various means are used to preserve them. On the trees, here and there, are seen blocks of wood with holes bored in them, which serve for shelter; and on Christmas Day, when the fire is blazing on the hearth, and the family is gathered round the farmer's table, the good man hoists one of his sheaves to the top of the pole that the birds also may share the festivities. We saw only the fragments of the feast, for the sheaf was well-nigh torn to pieces by the beaks and the claws of the feathered guests.

A RIDE TO CHURCH.

One of the sights of the district is Hitterdal church. It is said there is but one other of the same class. We found it to be about three miles from Thomasson's Hotel. On rising from the dinner-table we found, according to agreement, a driver with a pair of ponies ready to serve us; and we three took our seats in the carriage. The first part of the road looked a little dangerous. It was cut out on the face of a rock. At a considerable depth below was the fjord, and the only protection for the traveller was the huge blocks of stone which were placed at intervals of twelve or fifteen feet. We passed along safely, however, with the rocky mountain rising above us on one side, and the deep water on the other. It was interesting to look down from our elevation and see acres and acres of pine rafts afloat. The custom is to cut down the trees in the mountains, and having trimmed off their branches, to float them by hundreds and thousands down the fjords to send them to the places of shipment. After turning out of our narrow road we drove into the open country, and found many objects to awaken our interest. There were wild flowers in great variety, and fine specimens of the mountain ash, bright with its scarlet berries. The fences were such as are seldom seen, for they consisted of very light posts, or rather stakes, driven into the ground in pairs, and rails proportionately light laid in a diagonal form between the upright supports,

and tied together. On the road-side, ready for future use, was a snow-plough—a wooden machine with a pointed front, and the back part sufficiently wide to make a carriage-road through the snow—the value of which will be seen when it is known that last winter the ground was covered with snow from November to April to an average depth of eighteen inches. But now we are in sight of the church! What a curious structure! How solitary its position! What is its history? The style is Byzantine. The structure is entirely of pinewood, and is tastefully covered over with small pieces cut in the shape of cones, which have very much the appearance of plate armour. Outside is a burying-ground, with some good monuments; and within, the large cross over the communion table, some curious relics of painting and carving, and a book for visitors, which contains the names of persons from many lands—among the rest, Guiseppe Napoleon. Of course our names were added to the list, for the information of all who should come after us. A church was standing on the same site in the fourteenth century, and the present one, which is modern, is an exact reproduction of the original. At that time a frightful disease prevailed in the country, called the Black Death, and carried off two-thirds of the inhabitants, so that whole districts were depopulated. One of the churches was accidentally discovered after some centuries, and it seems probable that the population of this district died out at the same time, and that this is the reason why the church was left standing alone.

OVER A MOUNTAIN.

It was five o'clock. The most difficult part of our journey was now before us. We had just returned from the church, and we were about a five hours' ride distant from Kongsberg. It was over the mountain, the highest part of which is about sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The wisest thing to do was to hire a conveyance, which there is no difficulty in doing, for there are persons licensed to carry travellers on their journey, and the charges are according to a scale fixed by the Government. A pair of strong horses, with a phaeton, and a stalwart driver, were placed at our service. After leaving the hotel, with the good wishes of our host, and in the presence of a little company that assembled to witness our departure, we soon found ourselves rising to higher ground. The road was somewhat circuitous, and as we ascended higher and higher and higher, the most varied and charming scenery opened before us. Now our view was along an extensive valley; now down on the fjord, with its rich wooded surroundings; and now on to the distant mountains, which rose in great varieties of form—one of them, bathed in a blue mist, had the appearance of a tapering and lofty cone. Our progress seemed slow through the steepness of the road, and our driver knew how to use his horses with the greatest humanity. At length, however, we seemed to have risen above the world, and to be far away from the busy haunts of men. The place seemed a vast solitude, and the more so now the shadows of the pine trees were becoming very long upon the ground.

A SUMMER FARMSTEAD.

Here we heard a distant call which almost startled us. It was loud, and often repeated, and as it so suddenly broke the silence, and echoed and

reverberated through the forest, it seemed almost unearthly. It was a call to the goats and the cows which were scattered far and wide in search of their mountain pasture to come together to be milked, or to put themselves under the care of their keeper for the night. We had not proceeded far before our driver came to our side, and pointing, said, "Scæter, scæter," and we soon saw something which had the appearance of a human habitation. It was a plain wooden building, standing in a piece of grassy land surrounded by a forest. A "scæter" is a mountain farmstead. As soon as the pastures are ready, the cattle are driven up from the lowland for their summer's grazing, and are placed under the care of one person, usually a girl, who does the milking, makes the cheese and butter, and has a visit from the home once a week, when a supply is brought for her wants and the weekly produce is carried away.

A THUNDER-STORM.

We had not proceeded far beyond the "scæter" when a storm burst upon us. It was not without warning, for some time before the clouds began to gather, the wind to howl through the trees, and the thunder to mutter in the distance. It was evident then a storm was brewing; but now the rain began to fall in torrents, while the thunder was loud, and the vivid flashes of forked lightning shone with unusual brilliance in the gathering gloom. The head of the phaeton was lifted up, and an oilcloth covering fitted to rods was put over us, so that we were sheltered nearly as well as we could have been in a close carriage; and the driver was provided with macintosh, so that he felt no difficulty in continuing the journey. At length we arrived, after a drive of three hours, at a "station"—a farmhouse by the roadside, licensed to supply the wants of travellers. There we remained about half-an-hour, and then started afresh. It was now nearly dark. The rain was still falling. There were the same variations of thunder and lightning. The road seemed lonelier than ever, for there was no call to cattle, no "scæter" or any appearance of human dwelling, and, apparently, not another traveller out in that solitude on that dreary night. A feeling of anxiety stole over me, which I dared not whisper to my fellow-travellers. What if an accident should occur! What if the horses should fall, for we were over the brow of the mountain, and were rushing downwards at alarming speed! Or what if highwaymen were near! Who could wonder if robbers were lying in wait to attack unprotected travellers? Were not all the circumstances such as to favour deeds of darkness? Still, the driver was trusty, the horses were surefooted, and the rain was beginning to abate, so that we were able to look out and see, though but dimly, the trees and the road. After continuing our drive for about an hour longer we began to see lights far away in the valley below. This was a welcome relief; and though the way seemed long, we arrived at length at the outskirts of a town; and at 9.50 p.m. precisely, after a journey over the mountain of four hours and fifty minutes, we entered the "yeart" of the Hotel Victoria in Kongsberg. It was soon found that there was no lack of entertainment for man and beast; and on being ushered into a spacious room decorated with glass chandeliers and crimson curtains, at least one of the party could have sung "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

The Importance of Cultivating a Devotional Spirit.*

II.—THE DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT IS CAPABLE OF INDEFINITE CULTIVATION.

This word, cultivation, is used in two senses, viz., to increase and to improve; and the devotional spirit is capable of cultivation, in both these respects, *i.e.*, it is capable of increase in quantity, and of improvement in quality. We are all of us imperfect, and sadly lacking in the number of the graces of the Christian character; and so far as we fail in the number of our graces, we cannot but fail in our devotional spirit. Even in those graces in which we excel there may be room for improvement. Abraham failed, once and again, in his faith and strict truthfulness; and Moses failed in his meekness and Job in his patience, and Elijah in his courage, and David in his purity. We may be profuse in our prayers, and niggardly in our almsgiving; strong in our zeal, but weak in our prudence; warm in our love, but wavering in our faith. Vigorous and complete harmony in our graces is seldom attained. Our graces are more frequently mediocre in quality, and deficient in quantity. If, then, there is in us a capability of increase and improvement we ought, not only to know this, but set our hearts upon it. We must, however, be careful where we begin. We should fail in our attempts at cultivating the spirit of faith, and love, and zeal, so long as our zeal remains cold, our love lukewarm, and our faith feeble. To attempt to cultivate a devotional spirit, in these aspects of it, and under these circumstances, would be like trying to build without a foundation, and to start an enterprise without capital. Possessing the conditions, however, we may go forward in our work with every prospect of success. Our aim should be to lay on the altar of God every part of our possessions, whether mental, moral, or physical.

Capability of improvement in the animal and vegetable world has been widely recognized, and diligently and wisely exercised. In the vegetable world what strides have been made in the improvement of its products! From what do we derive our cereals? From common grasses. From what our choicest fruits and flowers? From the wild flowers of the field, and the sour fruits of our hedges; and we are indebted to the patient, wise, and hopeful culture of the gardener for their present size, and beauty, and richness. "Nature," says Goulbourn, "is everywhere a parable of grace." Wonderful, indeed, are the changes which have been effected by culture in the devotional spirit. In proof of this we need only to refer to the spirit of Peter in the hall of Pilate, and the same Peter before the Jewish Sanhedrim; the spirit of John at a certain Samaritan village, where he would have called down fire from heaven to consume the people, and the same John dismissing the congregations with the exhortation, "Little children, love one another;" and to the spirit of Paul the aged, when, in his prison-house at Rome, he expressed himself as occupying, what Arnot calls, "a delicious equilibrium," viz., a willingness to wait, although he was willing to go.

* Continued from page 208.

Capability of growth, then, may be predicated of the devotional spirit, as well as of every feature of the Christian character. This is a truth of which we need frequently to be reminded. We are all so apt to rest in present attainments, however small and imperfect. As a fire, this spirit, in most of us, is faint and feeble, and it needs that we should fan it into vigour; as a plant it is but imperfectly developed, and it needs to be brought under the influence of light and warmth, of air and moisture, to make it grow. Its motion is often languid, and it needs a spur. Its course may be obstructed by unfriendly influences, and it must vault over these or remove them out of the way. Grow it must, for the moment growth ceases, decay begins.

This growth may be slow, or it may be rapid; but even in those who have possessed it in the highest degree, it has not, like Jonah's gourd, been the product of a single night. Even in Jesus, in whom this spirit existed in perfection, we find that it was needful to nourish it with suitable aliment. By communion with the Father; by the exercise of His perfections and graces, Jesus kept up, in all its vigour, and beauty, and fruitfulness, His devotional spirit. And thus must we cultivate ours. It will not be by neglecting known duties, but by discharging them; not by shrinking from difficulties, but by facing and battling with them; not by talking about love, and faith, and hope, but by exercising them; not by formal, but by spiritual worship, that our devotional spirit will increase in power, and improve in beauty. By communion with God, by reading His word, by "not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of too many is;" by Christian conversation, by "patient continuance in well doing," by "looking to Jesus," and by submitting to the teaching and guidance of the Holy Spirit, shall we "abound in this grace also."

III.—THE IMPORTANCE OF CULTIVATING A DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT.

Without this spirit we cannot fulfil our baptismal obligations.

Those obligations are many, and are immensely important. Great numbers of so-called Baptists are as yet a long way from what they ought to be, and from what they *claim* to be. The attention of very many has been almost exclusively confined to the twin questions—the subjects and mode of baptism. The design of the ordinance—a far more comprehensive and important question—has been almost totally neglected. No class of religionists ought to be so Christ-like as Baptists, and no class would be so Christ-like if they only understood and practically realized the significance of the rite as taught in the New Testament. To be baptized *into*, not *in* but *into*, the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, is not, as many seem to understand it, merely to obey a command, or follow an example, but to take upon ourselves the obligation that our future lives shall be like the life of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Nothing short of this will be a fulfilment of our baptismal obligations. As Jesus gave Himself, His entire self, for us, so we should give ourselves, our entire selves to Him, and this not in the letter only but in the spirit. Until our lives are a reproduction of the life of Christ, we fall short of our baptismal obligations, and our devotional spirit fails in comprehensiveness and power.

Without a devotional spirit we shall lack the best evidence of our union with and interest in Christ.

It is this spirit which distinguishes a legal from an evangelical righteousness—a sham from a genuine Christian—a hireling from a son. To be Christ's, we must be like Christ, not only in what we do, but in the spirit in which we do it. A veneered, a mere surface Christianity, is no Christianity at all. Our characters must not be tinselled, but must be composed of virgin gold from their surface to their centre. Actions are not always a true index to character. Under a saintly exterior there may lurk the spirit of a devil. "A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain." Nothing could appear more amiable than the honeyed words and pious purpose of Herod, in his interview with the wise men, and yet murder was in his heart. Better have the spirit of Saul, the sincere enemy of Christ, than of Judas, the false friend. Better the spirit of the young man who went from Christ sorrowing, than of Ananias the hypocrite. It is not enough that our actions should be right and good; our spirit should accord with them. "There is a great difference," says Coleridge, "between an egg and an egg-shell, but at a distance they look remarkably alike." Whether our actions are pervaded by the devotional spirit or not, those about us cannot judge, at any rate, unerringly, but our own self-knowledge ought at least to be equal to this. It is only wilful blindness that can conceal from us our true selves. As many actions, right and beautiful in the abstract, may, on account of the vicious motives leading to their performance, be an abomination in the sight of God, how important is it that we should ascertain what manner of spirit we are of! Man looks on the outward appearance—God looks at the heart. God looks more at the quality than even at the quantity of our deeds. It is only by an intelligent, an unprejudiced judgment that we can distinguish the counterfeit from the genuine even in our own characters. Only to one inspired would Ananias and his wife have appeared less generous than Barnabas and others. Let us then ask ourselves not only what we do and say, but in what spirit we say and do these things.

A devotional spirit will have a powerful influence on our personal religious life.

Without this spirit our spiritual movement will be one, not so much of progression as of oscillation. We shall swing to and fro under the influence of other men's opinions and examples, instead of going forward in our own proper course. We shall just tinker and repair from time to time the slight made structure which, in the fervour of our first love, we hastily run up, but we shall neither strengthen its foundations, nor enlarge its plan, nor adorn its front, nor build it up heavenward. This spirit, however, will train even our spiritual senses to their distinctive work; and under the influence of this training our spiritual life, instead of being hesitating and uncertain, will be prompt and confident. A devotional spirit will give clearness to our spiritual sight, acuteness to the ear, sensitiveness to the touch and taste, music to the voice, and grace to the walk. It will give strength to our faith, warmth to our love, joy to our hope, quickness to our judgment, force to our will, and tenderness to our conscience, and will constrain to the performance of the noblest deeds.

A devotional spirit will powerfully influence us in our daily work, and in the choice of our amusements and recreations.

Only let us possess this spirit, and whether our work be above ground or under ground, in the field or behind the counter, in the parlour or the kitchen, in the factory or on the exchange, whether we are buyers or sellers, lawyers or surgeons, politicians or preachers, we shall always and everywhere be living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men. In our leisure hours and in our recreations, in fact—however some may sneer at the pretension—whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we shall do all to the glory of God.

What more need be said to show the importance of cultivating a devotional spirit, excepting that *only such a spirit will qualify us for the worship and service of the spirit land.*

Nothing invests our life with such solemn importance as the fact that earth is the training-place for heaven, and that precisely as we sow here we shall reap there. It is only one of a devotional spirit who is prepared for the angel-land, where all serve God day and night in His temple. Death to such a one will be not so much a change of state as a change of place. To such, as Macmillan beautifully says, "The day of death will be better than the day of birth, because death to him will be a higher and a nobler birth. The grave will be but the dressing-chamber in which he will put off his sordid and polluted garments, and put on his beautiful wedding robes. The attainments of this life will be carried into the future life; the holiness and knowledge which have been acquired amid many an earthly scene of trial and sorrow, will be transferred to heaven, and will form the starting-point from which the soul will commence anew its onward course toward infinite excellence and perfection. The continuity of the path will not be broken. It is no strange and unknown scene on which the just are issued at death. The sacred employments of life will continue without pause or interruption amid circumstances the most favourable and congenial. The river that hides itself for a time in the earth, and breaks forth at a distance with a greater volume and a wider channel, does not sever its connection with the former part of its course. The same fountains that poured their tribute into the parent stream continue to swell its prouder tide; the very flowers that grace its banks spring up in fairer valleys, beneath brighter skies, and diffuse a richer and more powerful fragrance. In the light of this consoling reflection, it is a matter, not of regret, but of congratulation, that life is rapidly rounding itself to its close." "What a superlatively grand and consoling idea is that of death," wrote John Foster to a friend. "Without this radiant idea, this delightful morning star, indicating that the luminary of eternity is about to rise, life would, to my view, darken into midnight melancholy. The expectation of living here, and living thus always, would be indeed a prospect of overwhelming despair. But thanks to that fatal decree that dooms us to die, thanks to that gospel which opens up the vista of an endless life, and thanks, above all, to that Saviour-friend who has promised to conduct all the faithful through the sacred trance of death into scenes of Paradise and everlasting delight."

W. CHAPMAN.

Twelve Prayers for Young Men.

No. VI.—CHARACTER.

“I AM worth nothing but money.” Such was the observation made by a rich man to a friend of mine a few weeks since. “I have nothing but my character.” So says the poor man, to whom honesty is everything. Which is the richer of the two? Shakespeare decides for us in his well-known lines—

“Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and may be slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.”

Character is something more than reputation. The latter is what a man *has*, Character is what a man *is*. Reputation may be compared to the binding of the book; Character to the subject matter that decides the merit of the book.

Nor must character be confounded with genius. If we keep our eyes open we need not live long in the world before we see men who are great in point of genius, but little in point of character. A well-known writer observes, “Genius commands admiration; character most secures respect. The former is more the product of brain power, the latter of heart power, and, in the long run, it is the heart that rules in life. Men of genius stand to society in the relation of its intellect, as men of character to its conscience; and while the former are admired, the latter are followed.”

Character is the product of our habits, whether they be of a virtuous or a vicious nature. These habits work themselves, so to speak, into the organic texture of the mind, and write themselves upon the table of the heart in all but indelible letters; and just as the icicle is transparent or otherwise according as the drops of water which compose it are pure or impure, so on the separate acts in which we indulge, and on habits we form, will depend the kind of character that will be associated with our name. He possessed the most transparent character ever witnessed by men, who lived so near to the fountain of all goodness, that, as the spirit He received in boundless measure crystallized into acts and habits, no particle of human impurity was suffered to have any place. It is in the imitation of Him whom God has thus set forth as our pattern that we shall obtain, according to the divine estimate, that good name which is better than precious ointment. Emerson has defined character as “moral order seen through the medium of our individual nature.” If we fail to form a character which shall be an expression of that symmetrical ideal which God would have every man realize, it must arise from the perversion of the passions, faculties, and moral sense with which, in our creation, we are endowed. The Creator's purpose is that in us conscience should be supreme, as the sun is supreme in the solar system, and the master supreme in the house; and that all our appetites and affections should be under the control of conscience. Such subordination of the lower to the higher world produces

in human life what subordination of the inferior to the superior produces in the solar system, and in the household, viz., (moral) order, which is heaven's first law. When this harmony is broken, and a man is moved to act from mere feeling and impulse and convenience; when he shapes his course not out of regard to conscience and the will of God, but from a consideration of what is agreeable and pleasant for the moment; when the first question of his life is "What do I like?" and the last, "What does God command?" we may as reasonably expect to find "character" as we shall expect to find order in that household where the servants have turned masters, or good government in that State where a restless faction of the community resort to dynamite rather than duty.

To shape for ourselves character which will make us the important factors in society it is possible to become, there must be, at the starting point, dedication of ourselves to God. Without this we shall be what the spirit of the age, and the society in which we live, make us. With these we shall be what truth and the eternal God can make us.

No observant man can feel satisfied with the product of character which the privileges of this century have yielded. Many of us had hoped that with increased wages and decreased hours of labour, greater facilities for mental and moral development, such as those which both the Church and State afford, the young men of the present generation would far supercede the generation past not only in intellectual culture, but also in the virtuousness of their life and strength of attachment to eternal truth. But the result is not as satisfactory as we had reasonably expected it would be. Drink and cigars, excursions and holidays, entertainments and profitless companions, have absorbed the time, and used up both money and mind that might have been invested at a much higher rate of interest. This mistake, which has had a most disastrous result upon the "character" of young men, might have been averted by an early surrender of their life and service to God. The base of our character is our nature, from which proceeds, as from a fountain, the currents of life; given, then, that the fountain be purified by being consecrated to God, the outcome will be pure, the life will be honourable and right and good. "Make the tree good and the fruit will be good." Our nature being purified, by a law of our being acts that harmonize with the law of God will become easier by repetition; by continually accustoming ourselves to the practise of them we shall ever acquire an aptness and an ease in the performance of them, until at length the new course of action will become natural to us. According to Bishop Butler the inclinations which rendered us averse to this course will grow weaker; the difficulties in it, not only the imaginary but the real ones too, will lessen; the reasons for such a course will offer themselves to our thoughts upon all occasions; and the least glimpse of them will be sufficient to make us go on in a line of action to which we have been accustomed. Practical principles will appear to grow stronger, absolutely in themselves, by exercise, as well as relatively with regard to contrary principles, which by being accustomed to submit will do so habitually, and without great difficulty; and thus at length a new character will be formed, suitable to us who are made for the highest service, and pleasing to God, whose will is our perfection.

J. JOLLY.

Twelve Talks with our Girls.

No. VI.—“PUT YOUR FEET DOWN FLAT.”

“PUT your feet down flat, and you will never fall, however slippery the ground may be,” said a friend to me many years ago, as I was slowly and timidly making my way over a long stretch of ice. How often since that time I have had occasion to feel grateful for that simple instruction, in which I have found an ethical as well as practical meaning! Have you ever, dear reader, observed the variety of ways in which people move about our treacherous streets? There is the jaunty maiden who “never will wear rubbers” over her trim, dainty shoes, so goes feeling her way along mincingly until she feels it with emphasis; then comes the eager-eyed business man, rushing through the crowd, in too mad a hurry to notice anything about him until he is brought violently face to face with an exemplification of the disagreeable proverb regarding undue haste; now approaches the poetical young man, only to be rudely aroused from his golden visions by a vulgar spectacle in which he himself is made to play the part of low-comedian; yonder advances the feeble old lady with faltering tread, timidly measuring every step, until her very fear prevents her from passing safely over the glassy surface; that affectionate couple, oblivious of all but themselves, are destined, soon or late, to awake to their cold, flat surroundings; here, again, is the scholarly man, looking as wise as Thales, following the example and meeting the deserved fate of that Greek philosopher, for his gaze is fixed so intently upon the sky that he is further assisted in his observations by a view of the heavenly bodies at mid-day. To all these unfortunates I would suggest the following simple rules:—I. Look where you are going.—II. Put your feet down flat.—III. Walk confidently.

And now, may we not apply these three rules to every walk of the higher life? We ought not to expose ourselves to any danger that we may avoid. It is safer to pass around it than to pass over it, but in any event we should be sure that our feet are “shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.” Our attention should be directed to the path beneath our feet. Our eyes should not wander too often to the cloudy skies above us, nor remain fixed too long upon either the future or the past. The way which we are treading demands our closest watchfulness. Its very smoothness may bring disaster to our unwary feet.

Doubt, indecision, and self-distrust are the chief causes of human downfall. Is there anything in which man fails oftener than in being firm? Says an author, “When temptation comes to us in any form, we should have firmness enough to say ‘No!’ decidedly and emphatically; not weakly and waveringly, as if the next answer would be ‘Yes!’ but a firm, decided negative which shuts off all further parleying.” Thus only can we maintain an upright carriage; thus only can we hold the ground upon which we stand.

Lastly, nothing inspires one with so much courage to go forward as a large amount of self-confidence—strength through Him who has said, “My strength is made perfect through weakness.” With such a helper, what may one not dare! Nothing is so fatal to spiritual progress as a lack of faith in one’s self. Our aim cannot be too high, our standard cannot be too perfect. We can do “all things” through Him who loves us. God has given angelic power to mortals. Let them not dishonour His gifts by neglect through self-distrust. JULIA H. THAYER.

The Needs and Prospects of English General Baptists.

NOTES OF OUR PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

AFTER giving a cordial welcome to the Assembly, the Rev. W. Orton said :—

We are the New Connexion of General Baptists. The name has been handed down to us from our fathers. The question with them was—Which of the existing churches represents most truly the mind of Christ? Taking the New Testament as their guide, they learned to say, “We believe that baptism is a burial, and that our Lord requires none but disciples to be baptized—we must be Baptists. We believe that the love of God is not confined within the limits of narrow creeds, but is as free as the air we breathe—we must, therefore, be General Baptists. We believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and we cannot hold fellowship with those who teach that He is less than divine, and we must, therefore, leave the Old Connexion and form ourselves into a New Connexion of General Baptists.” They were shut up to this course, as on another occasion Luther was when he said, “Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise, so help me God.” We, their successors, witness the same confession, and in doing so, believe we are best serving the eternal purpose of our Lord.

Our increase, as a denomination, is slow; indeed the *rate* is slower than at some former times in our history. But we are year by year adding to our numbers. A close inspection of the statistics gives reason to hope that the tide has now turned in our favour. If the increase is taken in decades it is found that the last—the eleventh decade—is the most prosperous ever known. The average per annum from 1850 to 1860 was only 102; but the average for 1870 to 1880 was 441; and the average during the past two years has been still higher—the additions in 1882 being 461, and in the previous year 670. While, therefore, we have reason to be humbled that our increase has not been greater, we have not to sit like Jeremiah in Jerusalem, pouring out our lamentations amid the ruins of our departed glory.

It may not be amiss to ask, however, whether our diminished progress has arisen in any degree from the prevalence of scepticism. The presence of icebergs lowers the temperature over a great breadth of sea; and so the prevalence of scepticism in the literature of popular writers may be the means of depressing the warmth and life of our churches.

Is there also less power in the ministry? It is evident there is a change. The science of theology has advanced. It is worth while to ask—Are we now giving due prominence to the cross? Are we preaching the old doctrines as clearly and as constantly as our fathers? It may be we need the admonition, “Hold fast the form of sound words,” “Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy,” &c. Are we

LOSING OUR DENOMINATIONAL ENTHUSIASM?

It may be some of our ancestors were not models of charity; but they were nevertheless honest men. They held with a firm grasp the truths

they believed. There was amongst them an enthusiasm—an *esprit de corps*—a pride in the Christian body to which they belonged, because they had no doubt that it was nearer than any other to the mind of Christ. Are we as valiant for the truth? Are we inclining to the surrender of positive beliefs, and to say, "It matters very little to what church you belong"? If it were so our love would be degenerating into laxity, and we should need to be called upon to "contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." And again it may be asked—Are we

NEGLECTING TO GATHER THE FRUIT?

The seed is not all lost. There is no room to doubt that if we plant and water, God giveth the increase. Is it not so, however, that when we have sown, others have come up and gathered the fruit? Are not our lambs often taken into other folds? And is it not a fact that hundreds, if not thousands, who have been trained in our families, taught in our Sunday schools, and blessed under our ministry, are constantly being enrolled in other churches? We ought to reap the fruit of our own labours, and to have these persons to labour *with us* in the gospel.

OUR NEEDS.

I was one day on board a ship that was becalmed. The sun was bright. The sea was smooth. The sails were all unfurled, but there was no progress, and indeed the vessel was slowly but surely drifting towards a rocky coast. At length there was a fluttering of the canvass; a fresh breeze was springing up; and impelled by the wind we were soon gliding swiftly over the waves. And so, in order to our progress as a denomination we must have a power which is not in ourselves—the power from on high. What manner of persons then must we be in order that this divine energy may work more mightily through us? We need

CONSECRATION TO CHRIST.

"Without me ye can do nothing." "I am the vine, ye are the branches." The sap never flows through a dead branch. The sun may warm it, the dews may moisten it, but it can never flourish without a vital union with the vine. The true spirit was that of Paul, who was fully consecrated to his Master, and he could say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." And there must be

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

In the museum of the Vatican is a statue called the Torso. It is only a fragment, but a blind artist made it his frequent study; and through the sense of touch became so well acquainted with its form and proportions, that the perfect figure rose in all its beauty before his mind. And in like manner we have to commune with Christ by means of the fragments of His life; and we may so know Him, by habitual communion, as to be charmed by His love and as to be conscious of His spirit within ourselves. And this will lead to

CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

Christ will be in us. This will be manifested in our daily lives. In proportion as it is, so those who care little for our profession, or our creed, and never take the trouble to enquire in what we are dis-

tinguished from other churches, cannot fail to be moved by our Christ-like spirit and actions. In order that streams of divine influence may flow through us more freely we need a greater resemblance to our Master. And we may then hope for

COMMUNICATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

We have opened up to us an unailing source of spiritual power. "Ask and ye shall receive." "He will give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." On the days preceding the day of Pentecost the disciples prayed, and there came down upon them the "power from on high"; and as the consequence they were inspired with new energy; many cried out, Men and brethren, what must we do? and there were added unto them daily those that were being saved.

OUR PROSPECTS.

If we only receive abundantly of the Spirit, our prospects were never brighter than they are this day. Our fathers could scarcely have dreamed a century ago that we, their successors, should have such means at command for Christian service as we have in 1883. We have our Boards, our Building Fund, our Local Preachers' Association, our Hymnals, our *Magazine* and *Missionary Observer*, our College, our Schools, our Home Mission, and such spheres for Foreign Missions as are not to be surpassed in all the world. If only the vast and valuable machinery we have be moved and animated by the divine Spirit, we may fully expect continued and increasing prosperity.

MEMORIES OF THE DEPARTED URGE US TO WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

We shall soon pass away. Some have departed since we met last year. Edward Bott rests from his labours. Isaac Preston has entered into the joy of his Lord. And we must not forget the good Richard Ingham who was once the pastor here, and some years ago went to his heavenly home. Some of our choicest treasures have already passed before us, and we shall ere long follow.

"O God! that I may see,
When morning breaks, the dear familiar faces
That are at home with Thee!"

A Song of Summer.

O THE brightness and the glory
Of the happy summer time,
Snatches of the light and beauty
Of a better, holier clime;
Clime of everlasting beauty,
Aye ineffably sublime!
O the sweetness of the summer,
With the scent of new-mown hay,
And the honeyed-breath of flowers
Strewn along our life's path-way;
Flowers which tell in words unspoken,
"Sip life's sweetness while, you may."
O the grandeur of the summer,
Bright with many a fairy scene,
Fairy dell, and fairy bower,

Trees and fields of living green:
Blessed rays of golden sunlight
Wreathe around the season's queen.
O the music of the summer,
Borne upon the balmy air,
Busy hum of insects mingling
With the birds' songs ev'rywhere;
And the breezes, joining, whisper,
"Earth is beauteous—earth is fair!"
O the lesson of the summer
That our God would have us know,
Of a land where dawns no autumn,
Never falls the winter's snow;
But where all is endless summer,
And where flowers eternal grow!

C. P. MITCHELL.

The Public Dedication of our Infants to God.

THE following letter raises a problem of special interest :—

“Why,” asks M. S. W., “is there so large a proportion of the Christian church still on the side of infant Baptism? This is a serious question, and one which it behoves us, as Baptists (*i.e.*, believers in the immersion of the disciples of Christ), to seriously consider. We do not arrogate to ourselves that we are more sincere, truth-loving Bible Christians than others; and yet we think we see our principles and practice so clearly and plainly laid down in the word of God, that we wonder so many do not interpret the scriptures as we do. But the fact remains, that after the lapse of more than eighteen centuries since our blessed Lord set us the example of voluntarily going down *into* the water to be baptized, the majority of Christians think that the sprinkling of a few drops of water on the face of an unconscious infant is sufficiently carrying out the command of the Master, when He said, ‘Go ye and teach (make disciples of) all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.’

“Now, without going into all Pædobaptist arguments, such as fulfilling our Saviour’s injunction, ‘Suffer the little children to come unto Me,’ &c., baptism in place of circumcision, &c., &c., do we not see that one reason for this ceremonial is to supply a want which is felt by Christian parents, that of some opportunity for the public dedication of their children to God? Every truly godly father and mother will consecrate their babe to God as soon as the precious gift is bestowed upon them; but there is a yearning of heart that those in the same religious communion should rejoice in their joy, and unite in prayer that the babe may indeed be baptized by the Holy Spirit. To meet this want, might not a service of this kind be introduced, where the infant (male or female) could be publicly dedicated to the Lord, and the prayers of the saints be asked that the little one might be trained for His glory. The duty of Christian parental teaching needs to be enforced—it is too often delegated to Sunday-school teachers, or neglected altogether. As a mother, I can say with humble gratitude that God has given grace to all my six children, who were dedicated to Him in infancy, so that at the ages of 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, and 19 years of age, they have, of their own accord, and after giving evidence of being truly in Christ Jesus, been buried with Him in baptism. A parent can have no greater joy than to see his children walking in the truth; and although we have no *command* for public infant dedication, it surely is no small matter to gratify the pious yearnings of the ‘Hannahs’ in our churches.”

The strongest objection to the general adoption of such a practice by our churches is the serious risk of substituting an act of that sort for the ordinance of baptism which our Lord Himself has instituted and commanded, and which the Apostles so strongly emphasised in their teaching. It would lead, so it is thought, to the abolition of believers’ baptism. Of course it *need* not; but as a matter of fact, it is contended that it would, and therefore ought to be strenuously resisted. History assures us that we are only safe so long as we restrict our ritual to the specific arrangements of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Is that so? Does history, on which this allegation rests, support that expectation?

I think not: for (1) infant dedication in connection with public worship has not been practised till within the last few years. A quarter of a century ago the idea of "infant baptism" being a *mere* dedication rarely found expression. Now it is common. But this change is not due to the introduction of "infant dedication," but to more accurate knowledge of the New Testament, a general recognition that Baptists practise a rite which is assuredly taught and enjoined by Jesus Christ and His apostles, and that Pædobaptism must find its defences in sentiment, church tradition, and "the fitness of things."

(2) So that if "infant dedication" were introduced by churches definitely and persistently teaching the obligation and privilege of *disciple-baptism*, there would be no danger of its usurping the place of baptism. It would always be regarded as the sole act of the *parents* and the worshipping assembly, and in no sense as the act of the dedicated babe.

But it is objected that we have no right to add to the ritual of the church.

That objection is too large. The admirers of Benjamin Keach relied upon it for the exclusion of singing from the assemblies of the saints. Dr. Begg stands upon it in order to resist the entrance of an organ into a Scotch kirk. Indeed, excepting the institutions of "baptism" and the "Lord's supper," our New Testament contains but one authoritative definition of Christian ritual; and there it appears as visiting the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world. We are left to the free promptings and wide experience of the spiritual life in the election of our modes and methods of conducting public worship.

Another, and a somewhat more valid, objection is that it might diminish the sense of parental obligation, and preclude domestic dedication. I am strongly averse to the modern tendency of multiplying occasions for public worship at the expense of family worship. The true unit of life is the family, the most sacred of temples is the home, and the true priest is the head of the family. It is said to be one of the many condemnations of Church of England ritualism, that it pulls down the family altar, and substitutes the Church priest for the father or mother. Were there any real danger of diminishing the sense of parental obligation by taking the general congregation into a partnership of prayer and service, then it ought not to be incurred. But is there any such risk? Would not the addresses given, the atmosphere created, the emotions stirred, all serve to invest the new-born babe with a spiritual beauty, to augment its claims on the moral thoughtfulness of those whose joy it is to hold the solemn relationship of parentage, and so secure a fuller dedication to the FIRST and CHIEF TASK of mother and father, that of "training their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Personally I have long felt that there is great force in the reason urged by M. S. W., and in my position as pastor have for many years adopted the practice of holding a brief "family service," for praise to the God of all our life, the dedication of the newly-received gift to

divine service, and prayer for blessings on the enlarged home. These occasions have been helpful and refreshing, and have served in some slight sense to link the church with one of the most pathetic and far-reaching events in our chequered and educating domestic experience. But why, I have asked, why should the link consist only of the pastor and his wife, with that home? Would it not be a good thing for all our "brethren and companions" to share in the solemnities of such a service?

JOHN CLIFFORD.

The late Rev. Edward Bott.

IN our Magazine for 1854, there is an account, on page eighty-nine, of a meeting of the Midland Conference held Dec. 27, 1853, at Stoney Street Chapel, Nottingham; and the first paragraph states that "a practical and faithful sermon was delivered by Mr. Bott, of Barton, from Romans x. 17. There was a fair attendance at this service."

That day, that preacher, and that sermon, I have never forgotten. It was my introduction to the organized life of the General Baptist denomination. I was only a boy, with confused yearnings and conflicting hopes and fears, but the sweetly persuasive tones, penetrating tenderness and earnest appeals of the preacher of that morning, quickened into a fuller life the desire to be "sent" as a preacher of the word; and they seem to repeat themselves with undiminished energy in the chambers of memory now, as I think of this "father" in our Israel, in his present realization of the purity and joy and service that are for us still a large hope and a patient endeavour.

The preacher was then in the meridian of his power. For more than twelve years he had faithfully ministered to the large church scattered through the villages of Leake and Wymeswold, Rempstone and Wysall; and afterwards for four years to the community dwelling on the bracing heights of Heptonstall Slack, in Yorkshire; but at that time he had the honour of being the pastor of Barton Fabis, our "Mother-Church," rich in hallowed memories and inspiring associations. There he laboured till 1865, when he received and accepted an invitation to Tarporley, in Cheshire. His last charge, extending to eight years, was at Sutterton, in Lincolnshire, and closed in 1877, when he sought relief from pastoral responsibility, and retired to Leicester, carrying with him the recollections clustering about forty years of public service, the affection of many beloved friends, and the warm fraternal regard of his brethren in the ministry.

At the good age of seventy-one, and on the 29th of May, our friend and fellow-worker passed to the fuller service, stronger life, and purer worship of the home of our Father on high.

"The Apostle slept; a light shone in the
prison,
An angel touched his side;
'Arise,' he said, and quickly he hath
risen,
His fettered arms untied.

So, when the Christian's eyelid droops
and closes
In nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he re-
poses
To wako him up to life."

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Friend or Foe?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER VII.—CHANGES.

SAYE in exceptional cases, character and habit are inseparable. By seeing one, we can determine the other; for if the one be good, the other cannot be bad. When shall we, so dull and blind, learn more than half of this truth? Character declines, habit declines also. When shall we see equal truth in the reverse? Not before Experience has taken us in her iron grip and flogged the knowledge into us? Happy we, if we receive so excellent correction, and it bring repentance; happier if, fighting and conquering our dulness and blindness, we render such correction unnecessary.

Raymond's change of habit had not yet brought down upon him the chastising hand of Experience; he had not studied the change; he had not fought his dulness: wherefore, neither this knowledge nor this repentance was his; wherefore, also, his character was proceeding in its change.

This change of habit was not slight. Until the evening, late in August, when we were introduced to him, his chief pleasure had been in his daily work. Proud of his position as Mr. Bradford's chief, he had formed nearly every habit with reference to his being worthy of that position. Punctual as the clock, keen in buying, just in selling, strict in ruling his subordinates, he showed an example in habit which few city men, knowing him, did not heartily admire. As to his recreation, he seldom needed to go abroad. To say nothing of those innocent, cosy little games of cribbage with his uncle, or chess with Elsie, or whist with all three; of those merry tennis-parties; of those evenings with Shakespeare or Tennyson, when he, an excellent reader, so often delighted himself and his hearers—to say nothing of these, of the calm walks with Elsie in the beautiful Park so near; of his talks with her over old times, the glad present, or the rosy future, or of the many other simple, but no less real pleasures of those times; how many golden-winged hours had he spent in the workshop he had built himself at the end of the garden! With what quiet gladness he had sung amongst his tools and shavings! There it was, that he had turned out the pretty mahogany fret-work reading-desks, and the many little ornaments you saw in the sitting and other rooms. In that place had been made the ingenious cases in which stood, now silent for ever, those happy comrades of other days, Snow and Pop; there, Oliver had made the rustic seats scattered about the garden; there, he had designed and turned out the parts of the arbour that concealed the workshop; and there he had achieved the masterpiece of which he was pardonably proud, the beautiful inlaid workbox, a gift to Elsie on her twenty-first birthday.

In these simple habits one may see Oliver's character, as those about him saw it. Rising in the morning with a song in his heart, he was high-spirited and merry all day. Looking into his open face, you instantly felt you could trust him to any extent. Even the assistants at the shops and the warehouse, forgetting his Spartan rule, and remembering his appreciation of duty well done, regarded him with affection and admiration. As for Mr. Bradford, he thought the world contained no one approaching his adopted nephew. "What!" he said, one day when Mr. Weston, remembering that the whole business, including cheques and monies, was entirely under the young fellow's control, hinted at the possibility that Oliver had a little too much freedom—"he trusted too much! he led astray! First expect the skies to fall. I would trust that boy with my life and honour, not to mention my fortune."

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

might well have been the prayer on Oliver's behalf just now, for he did not know how great was the change in him since that August evening. He knew that his habits and character had changed, no doubt; but he did not know to

what extent. Taxed with his danger, he would have asserted his possession of "a will of his own, which should keep him from excess." He knew he was a drinker; but little use your telling him he was not quite a moderate one; that his taste for the deadly stuff was growing stronger with every week that passed. He knew he was entranced by the play at the tavern (not entirely connected with billiards), but not that his day's duties were growing irksome because they kept night and its pleasures at a distance. He knew that he liked Rearden more than ever; that the frequenters of the billiard-room were congenial society; that his mind was constantly comparing Helena Drewe with Elsie Vaughan; that his workshop was dismal now, and would be were it still summer; that the pure atmosphere of home, the quiet game, the book, the walk, were all things that had lost their charm for him. But what use your telling him that Rearden's influence was growing mesmeric? that the accursed excitement of the billiard-room was mastering him; that Elsie, beside the flashing Helena who had fascinated him in a month, was growing insipid; and that the charm of those things which now attracted him was a charm as deadly as that which the bird sees in the serpent's eye? What use, alas! Ah for that giftie now, *now*, to spare him the last means of awakening, the finger of scorn and the whip of bitter grief!

Strangely enough, yet not strange to him who knows the world, the change gave general satisfaction. To Rearden first, for reasons which we too clearly see. To the Drewes—to whom Rearden, often in Oliver's presence, made many smiling excuses for his friend's strict "religiousness and simplicity"—because they saw he was trying to conform to their standard of opinion. To the assistants, who smiled to each other, "Our smart young manager is getting quite gay, isn't he?" and exulted to think that his rule was now, and would be in the future, so much easier. To Mr. Bradford, who said: "Ah!" he's seeing his way about a bit; he'll be the better business-man, by and bye, for the knowledge of the world he'll gain." And to all those to whose lives Oliver's had been so superior in its simple purity.

So far, the satisfaction was general. But there was one, standing aside and hiding her heart from everyone about her, who knew better than to rejoice.

Poor Elsie! Pride is a hard taskmistress to those who serve her, and Elsie had soon discovered that. For a few weeks after the quarrel she had found it easy to hold up her head scornfully. She had not sulked; she was better bred than that; but in the freezing politeness and quiet disdain which she never forgot to show him, she had expressed to Oliver, as well as she could have done it in words, the defiance her heart cherished. Once—and but once—Oliver had proposed chess, when they were alone; she remembered afterwards that his manner at the time seemed gentler, seemed to tell of a wish that the gulf between them might be filled in or bridged. But she had declined, freezingly, and he had gone out—where, she knew only too well.

But Pride is no victor where earnest Love is his opponent: the change soon came.

Elsie had retired to her bed-room one night in December, but not to sleep. She sat before her open window—the night being unseasonably close, and she feeling hot and feverish—thinking and listening. The clock of St. Philip's Church had struck twelve some time, and Oliver had not yet come home—an event getting to be so common now as not to awaken surprise. She would wait for him—she would fling pride to the winds, for she could bear it no longer. Had he ceased to care for her? Why was he so cruel, so cruel! Three months, and not a smile, not a loving word from him. Ah, she was being hardly punished for those few foolish words in the beginning! Why had she not been wise, as any girl, worthy of being loved, would have been. Had she been gentle with him, had she been patient, had she but quietly, lovingly persuaded him—Ah, how different things might have been now! She rose and paced the room, the tears flowing fast. What was wretched pride where peace was concerned. And this Miss Drewe, so often and so mysteriously alluded to by Rearden—Who was she? Hark! Oliver is at the door.

A moment more and they are met in the hall: Oliver holding a candle he has just lit, she gazing wistfully into his face. His hand is before the candle, so that he stands in deep shadow; and standing so, he might suggest to an

imaginative mind some strange thing of dread—some being that had come from regions of darkness, and had brought with him a mantle of nether gloom which no light could dispel. And the fancy might be but increased by a glance at the pale girl before him, with the full rays of light playing on her face and form, and revealing the grief and yearning in her manner—as though she were an angel come to plead, and to point out one remaining hope.

“Oliver,” she says, putting a hand on his arm, and speaking in a low, trembling whisper—while the shadow-rings about her eyes increase as she bends forward, intensifying the appeal in her gaze—“Oliver, I want you to forgive me. I have been wrong—unkind—but—I—I want you to forgive me. I confess it all, Oliver—only—forgive me”—

The sentences are uttered brokenly, and the tears are blinding her, so that she cannot see clearly. In another moment she will have placed her head upon his breast and be sobbing out her repentance there. But a horror, entering into her heart as she gets a clear look at him before her, arrests her intention. What is it? What is this new expression in his face? Why does he look at her in that strange way?

Raymond staggers forward, nearly dropping the candle. Steadying himself, he smiles at Elsie—not his old bright smile, but one that will not bear description—and attempts to take her hand. But Elsie shrinks from him now as if he were a leper, and his touch contagion. And no wonder. She has never before been face to face with the transforming and unspeakable demon that now looks through Oliver’s eyes.

Raymond evidently sees the change in Elsie, for his expression suddenly changes from playfulness to anger. He is about to speak; but before he can do so, she has turned, has flown up the stairs like a hunted spirit, has entered her room and locked herself in, and has flung herself on her bed, burying her face in her hands. She has been swift in all this—swift as the wind—but she has not been able to outrun the wild, mocking laugh that followed her. And she may bury her head deep, deep in the pillow, and try thereby to shut out the horrible echoes, but she can never bury it deep enough.

“My God, my God! forgive me for my share in this—forgive, forgive!”

But while the prayer is moaned forth, while the sound of footsteps stumbling upstairs comes muffled to her ears, there is a hollow voice in her heart, like a voice from a tomb, seeming to mutter, Too late! Too late!

Change without Relief.

No great benefit can be reasonably expected from a change which does not involve complete or very considerable relief. Busy men go away with cares on their minds, and wonder they are not the better for their holiday. They do not perceive that they fail to release the mind from its tension. Unless a man can leave his troubles at home, it is little use for him to go abroad. What generally happens is an augmentation of anxiety. There is the feeling that something has been left undone before setting out, or a harassing misgiving that all will not go well during his absence. Feelings like these will spoil the best holiday, and deprive it of its power to replenish the exhausted stock of energy. Another mistake made is to preserve close communication with a place of business during the period of nominal relaxation. If letters and business papers are passing between the absentee and the scene of his accustomed labour, it is impossible that his mental faculties can enjoy that perfect relief which is essential to their recuperation. Better, if need be, shorten the time of absence, so that it may be complete while it lasts. The body is so closely associated with, or so entirely pervaded by, the mind, and so immediately under its influence through the nervous system, that even physical improvement is impossible, except to the least emotional and most stolid of temperaments, unless the change obtained during a holiday tour involves and includes perfect relief from mental tension. To secure this relief should be one of the objects kept principally in view by the working members of a population which labours chiefly with its brains.—*The Lancet*.

Forward Movements.—New Chapels & Schools.

I.—ARNOLD.

THE memorial stones of the New Chapel were laid June 9, those of the school being laid two months ago. The latter building is now nearly complete.* The new chapel is being built on the site of the 1822 chapel. The architect is Mr. John R. Swift, of Arnold, and the style early Italian. It accommodates 450 persons, and is 46 feet long by 36 feet *inside*. The cost of chapel and school is £2,000. The builders are Messrs. Smith and Greaves, of Arnold.

Mr. W. Richardson (Sec. of the Building Committee) read an address, and traced the history of the General Baptist body, stating that in 1770 they were men of broad views, Liberal politics, and New Testament practice. At the present time they had 30,000 members, with 190 places of worship; but their friends, the American Baptists, numbered two and a half millions. Grateful reference was made to Mr. Hatherly, who, sixty years ago, was brave enough to convey that plot of ground to them on which the chapel was built in 1822, and enlarged in 1845. Mr. J. Burton presented a silver trowel to Mr. J. Sharman (President of the Notts. Baptist Preachers' Association), who then laid the first memorial stone, and bore witness, based on half a century's knowledge of Arnold, to the work done, and to the fact that the new chapel was really needed. Silver trowels were presented to Messrs. W. Richardson, J. Gamble, and J. L. Young, by Messrs. J. Lawrance, T. Kirk, and W. Bowen, respectively, and they laid the remaining three memorial stones.

A public tea was provided in the British School-room, and in the evening a public meeting was held in the same school-room. W. Richardson presided, and addresses were given by Messrs. E. Foulkes Griffiths, G. H. James, J. Sharman, J. L. Young, W. Bowen, J. Gamble, J. Burton, and J. Lawrance. Collections, £92 7s. 0d.

II.—COALVILLE.

Chapel and schools thoroughly renovated. New gas fittings and new heating apparatus have been secured, a new harmonium has been purchased, and £147 realized towards a cost of £230. The painting and decorating was entrusted to Mr. D. Orgill, of Measham, to whom great credit is due for the efficient and tasteful manner in which the work is carried out. The plain glass in windows at ends of chapel being replaced by tinted glass, which is considered a great improvement. The heating apparatus was entrusted to Mr. W. D. Stableford, and is successfully accomplished upon an improved principle. The chapel looks remarkably well, and is greatly admired. Successful re-opening services have been conducted by the Revs. J. C. Jones, M.A., J. Thew, and G. Barker.

III.—GEDNEY HILL.

Land has been secured for a new chapel in the centre of this village, plans prepared and discussed, and the contract for building a useful edifice accepted, and the FOUNDATION STONE will be laid on or about the first of July. This good work is under the direction of our *Local Preachers' Association* of the Eastern Conference, and help in it will be gladly welcomed by the Treasurer, Mr. W. R. Wherry, of Bourne, or the Secretary, Mr. T. P. Allatt, of Haconby. Such enterprise as this ought to be abundantly encouraged. The cost will be about £350.

The last anniversary services in the old chapel were conducted May 20th by Mr. T. Wilcox, of Dyke. Tea and public meeting followed on the 21st, and addresses were given by Messrs. T. Wilcox, T. Newbold, and the Conference Secretary, T. P. Allatt.

III.—HYSON GREEN.

THE memorial stones of a commodious chapel in Palin Street, between Birkin Avenue and Radford Road, Hyson Green, were laid with auspices most encouraging and indicative of future success. Rev. R. Silby, the pastor, conducted the proceedings, and there were present—Mr. Councillor

* Cf. *G. B. Mag.*, 1883, p. 190.

Bayley, Mr. A. Brownsword, Revs. Prof. Goadby, J. J. Fitch, W. R. Stevenson, M.A., J. R. Godfrey, W. Chapman, J. Maden, J. B. Nichols, R. F. Griffiths, Messrs. C. Forth, T. Green (Secretary), J. B. Shaw (Treasurer), Horace Walker, C. Walker, W. B. Baggalley, C. Pilkington, J. Shepherd.

Mr. THOMAS GREEN, the secretary of the Building Committee, read the statement of the origin of the movement as follows:—It is now nearly four years since we first talked seriously about building a new chapel. The matter was then allowed to rest for 14 months, when more vigorous efforts were made to secure a site, the idea being to obtain one while the land was in the market, and to build a chapel when we were in a position to do so. But the great increase of population which in 1871 was 3,685 had risen in 1881 to 6,708, and has since even more rapidly increased, and the consequent increase of attendance at worship has compelled us to begin to build. We see the increase of population demands that we should build a larger and more convenient place of worship than we now possess, and we do not for a moment fear but that when it is erected the support we shall receive from the increased congregation will enable us to carry on the work successfully. Our present chapel is uncomfortably crowded on Sunday evenings, and doubtless many are waiting for the new one before identifying themselves with us. As an evidence of the spirit in which the ministrations of our pastor, the Rev. R. Silby, are appreciated by the new population, I may mention the fact that during the year we have received into church fellowship upwards of twenty members, all of whom have come from various parts of the country to reside in Hyson Green, and of course the congregation has increased in a similar manner from the same source. The Sunday-school was never in a more flourishing condition. The school-rooms are very much overcrowded; in fact, if we had inspectors visiting our Sunday schools as at day schools, very serious complaints would be made of our arrangements. It is to remedy this state of things, and to provide for future generations, that we are building these premises. The number of scholars now on the roll is 315; taught by a staff of 39 teachers. The site cost £660. The chapel when completed, with galleries at sides and one end, will accommodate about 635 adults, that at present proposed being for 500. Its greatest internal dimensions are 68ft. in length, 39ft. in width, and 35ft. in height. The seating will be of pitch pine. The ceiling will be vaulted with ribs and white deal boarding. There will be two stone staircases, with separate entrances, giving access to the galleries, and a large centre entrance with access to both ground floor and galleries. Two vestries are provided and a large platform in which will be the baptistry, and which will also be used as a choir platform. The front gable will rise 44ft. above the pavement in Palin Street, and the tower about 75ft. above same street to top of iron finial. At present, however, it is not intended to complete the side galleries and the tower staircase. The school premises consist chiefly of two school-rooms, one 48ft. by 24ft. and the other 26ft. by 19ft., which may be made into one large L shaped room by opening coiling partitions. In addition there is a separate room for infants, 20ft. by 14ft., and three other class-rooms, one of which can be opened so as to form a gallery to the smaller schoolroom. A fourth class-room can be formed in the unfinished tower staircase. One of the staircases will communicate with the school-room, from which also separate access to the chapel galleries has been provided. The building will be faced on all sides with Bulwell red brick, with Bath stone dressings, and the windows will be glazed with tinted cathedral rolled plate glass. The architect (Mr. J. W. Chapman, of London), has selected Early English Gothic as the basis of his design, but necessarily has had to modify many points to suit the practical requirements of the congregation. Mr. J. R. Morrison, contractor, of Hyson Green, is the builder, and Mr. G. M. Jay is the clerk of the works.

Mr. J. B. SHAW, the treasurer, submitted the financial statement. Total gifts £1,535 10s. 11d. Cost of site and building £4,600.

The four stones were laid by Mr. Councillor Bayley, ex-sheriff; Mr. A. Brownsword for Broad Street Church; Mr. Forth for Mansfield Road; and Mr. T. Green for Hyson Green Church.

In the evening a public meeting was held in Tennyson Street Chapel, the Mayor (Ald. Lindley) presiding. There were also present Revs. Dr. Paton, R. Silby, Professor Goadby, B.A., E. Medley, B.A., J. F. Makepeace; Messrs. R.

F. Griffiths, J. T. Mallet, and A. Brownsword, and there was a good audience. Mr. Green read the financial results of the day as follows:—Mr. Bayley, £20; Mr. A. Bradley, £25; Mansfield Road, £12; Broad Street, £52 10s.; their own church, £60 7s. 9d.; other friends, £23 4s. 4d.; trays, £21 15s.; grand total, without the proceeds of the tea, £214 17s. 1d.; made up since to £235.

V.—ILKESTON.

Entirely new school-rooms, with class-rooms attached, have been built at the back of the chapel, and a portion of the chapel has been taken in to the Sunday-school building. A large gallery has been placed round the chapel, a new floor has been put in, and new and modern seats have been provided. The exterior has been changed by the removal of the two old porches, and the erection of one large porch to face the main street, with separate entrances for each side of the chapel and the two sides of the gallery. Mr. R. Argile, of Ripley, is the architect. The total cost is £1,090, of which £600 remain to be obtained.

A sermon was preached May 3rd by the Rev. J. H. Hollowell. A tea, to which some three hundred sat down, was generously given by Councillors Bennett and Keys, of Derby. Public meeting in the evening. The choir of Broad Street Chapel, Nottingham, gave their services. Mr. W. Hunt, of Nottingham, took the chair. Mr. Knott, Revs. T. R. Stevenson, J. J. Fitch, W. H. Tetley, and J. Maden, gave addresses.

Mr. W. Smith, on behalf of the class taught for many years by Miss Weatherhogg—now Mrs. Perriam—presented to her a tea service. He further, on behalf of the members of the congregation and Sunday school, presented a purse of money to the pastor, wishing for him and his wife many years of wedded happiness. Mr. Perriam's response showed how much he appreciated these unexpected gifts.

The re-opening services were continued by Revs. E. Varley, May 6th; T. R. Stevenson, May 20th; and W. E. Stevenson, M.A., May 27th.

Scraps from the Editor's Waste-Basket.

I. THANKS.—So many cordial congratulations and good wishes have been forwarded to me on my return to my work,—some of them soaring into verse, others expressed in eloquent prose, and all overflowing with kindly feeling, that I must avail myself of this corner to express my sincere gratitude to my many friends. "Thanks, a thousand thanks, to all." The friendships of life are a large part of its sunshine: and of all medicine for the weary and worn, none is more refreshing or stimulating than the love of those we love.

II. WENDOVER.—The pastor, Rev. J. H. Callaway, says, "The present condition of this place of worship, after two centuries of memorable history, compel the church and congregation to appeal to friends in order to repair and repew. It is much needed, and yet too heavy a burden for us. The difficulties of rural Nonconformity are greater than ever. We need £150, and all we have promised at home is £25. How can we start for another century without setting the house in order? For the sake of the brave workers of bygone times, for the sake of our denomination, and, above all, for the sake of the Christ of the Lollards and

Puritans who worshipped here before us, help us." This call for help needs no echoing. It is clear, distinct, and reasonable, and will surely meet with a large response. This ancient rural church must not be suffered to be fettered with a debt!

III. KIRKBY WOODHOUSE.—GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.—Mr. T. Allgood reports "a gracious revival now proceeding in our old church. The awakening commenced from a sermon preached by Mr. T. Lawrence, about two months ago, from Prov. xxii. 1. The soul stirring appeal at the close of the discourse produced an indescribable feeling throughout the audience, and several friends came out of the congregation and sought pardon through a crucified Saviour. Since then the good work has continued with increasing ardour, and on Sunday, June 3, the writer had the great joy of baptizing ten (six males and four females). The venerable the Rev. Thomas Yates, of Newthorpe, preached, and received the newly-baptized into fellowship, with three who have been restored into church fellowship. Many more show every outward sign of 'the new birth.' A large increase is confidently expected. Our

earnest prayer is, may the Lord give His servants grace and wisdom to lead the lambs whom He has so graciously intrusted to their care."

IV. THE ANGLICAN CHURCH A PROP OF THE TORY PARTY.—The *Spectator*, the organ of the Broad Church section of our State Church, referring to Mr. Bright's speech at the Liberation Society's meeting says, "Mr. Bright's speech on the Establishment proves to demonstration that the Established Church has never been a reforming influence in the State," and adds, "*In our own time, the Church has been one of the props of the Tory party, and, so far as we can judge, it is likely to remain a prop of the Tory party as long as it exists.*" That unwilling confession deserves to be remembered. It signalizes the undeniable fact that, save in most exceptional circumstances, State Churches foster national stagnation, maintain the supremacy of class-interests, restrict liberty, and are the foes of brotherhood, liberty, and progress. Was the astute and vitriolic Bishop of Peterborough aware of this when, from his *political* place in the House of Lords, he made his political

speech in denunciation of the action of Nonconformists on behalf of Liberal principles? As if Nonconformists could act for any other than *Liberal* principles whilst Tory principles mean a State Church, monopoly of representation in Parliament, and general stagnation.

V. SATURDAY SECTARIANISM.—Why is it that we have such an exhibition of Sectarianism every Saturday in the *Daily News* column of "Preachers for tomorrow?" Could not the preachers be designated and the places named without affixing to them the label of Baptist, Congregationalist, etc.? The Anglican Church preachers are put at the top of the list without such a mark. Why cannot the same measure be applied to those that follow? I have spent five holiday Sundays in London within the last few years, and have attended churches Anglican and Presbyterian, Baptist and Independent, Unitarian and Methodist, and I did not, in the *fifteen* services, hear a solitary sectarian word from a single preacher. If we have so little of the "sectarian" on the Sunday, why need we have it flaunted before the world in a daily newspaper on a Saturday?

Reviews.

ALEXANDER DUFF. By Thomas Smith, D.D. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

VALUABLE as is the biography of this great Indian Apostle by Dr. George Smith, this addition to the series of "men worth remembering" forms a most useful, and in many respects an original contribution, and will serve to quicken that missionary enthusiasm which is the spring of the work most needed in our age. Dr. Duff is a fine theme. His great and simple nature, his clear conceptions of, and wise means for, securing the far-off issues of his work, his passionate love of India, his grand resolve and irrepressible heroism, make a captivating study; and Dr. Thomas Smith has done his work with a directness, conciseness, and energy, that adds to the magnetism of the man. Our school libraries ought to have this on their shelves. It would be a wise economy, in the interest of missions, to distribute this volume far and near.

THE CLERICAL LIBRARY. Pulpit Prayers. By Eminent Preachers. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

It is asserted by some, with what degree of truth we cannot say, that it is chiefly in the matter of "Free Prayer" our Nonconformist churches are weak. Our ex-

perience is restricted, and perhaps exceptional, but it certainly does not sustain the allegation. But whether true or false, aid ought to come to us from a volume of prayers like this. The collection lacks variety; and about some there is a stiffness and a want of glow, as if the suppliant had the reporter in sight; but most are simple in language, comprehensive in range of petition, and glow with faith, yearning, and adoration. On no account to be taken as patterns, yet preachers may find real profit in communion with them.

THE CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST. Additional Tunes. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

DR. ALLON is increasing the obligations of the Free Churches to him by his wise and persistent efforts to improve their psalmody, and to carry the "Congregational Psalmist" to the highest point of perfection. This is a most valuable addition, and will doubtless be taken into use at once. It contains 149 tunes, and carries the number of the C. P. up to 649. The additions are mainly from composers of the highest repute, and are specially adapted to the "hymns peculiar in metre or expression" with which our hymn-literature has recently been enriched.

WAYSIDE TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS
By E. W. W. *Sunday School Union.*
SUCH "talks" as these will make Sunday afternoon at home pass pleasantly and profitably. With sweet simplicity and profuse illustration E. W. W. chats on such themes as "Addled Eggs," "The Ugly Bulb," "Finger-Posts;" and deduces, in a cheery way, many useful "morals" from them. Sabbath-school and home libraries will be richer in attraction and interest by adding this volume.

TRACTS FOR DISTRIBUTION.—The Weekly Tract Society is just now making special grants of its tracts at one-third of

the published price; thus:—A parcel of tracts containing 1,000, which is usually issued at 15s., can be bought for 5s., and half the quantity for 2s. 6d. As all the tracts issued by the Society are short, pithy, four-page narratives, specially addressed to working people in simple language, tract distributors should avail themselves of the opportunity of securing early parcels while they can be obtained under this arrangement, as the number to be distributed at this rate is very limited. Application should be made to the Manager of the Weekly Tract Society, 62, Paternoster Row, London.

Church Register.

Information should be sent by the 16th of the month to 51, Porchester Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.

CONFERENCES.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.—The *Midsummer Meetings* will be held at Hitchin, on Wednesday, July 4. Business at 10.15 a.m. At 12.15 p.m. Rev. J. Fletcher will read a paper on "Association Reminders." Dinner at 1.30, price 1s. 6d. The afternoon will be free for recreation. Tea at 5.0, price 6d. Public worship at 7.0, and sermon by Rev. Charles Clark.

W. J. AVERY, *Secretary.*

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE.—The Whitsuntide Conference was held at Enon Chapel, Burnley, May 16. The morning service was opened by the Rev. W. Hambley, and the Rev. R. Heyworth preached on "Christ's Transfiguration."

The afternoon session was commenced at two o'clock, when the President, Rev. J. K. Chappelle, delivered an address on "Religious Enthusiasm." A discussion followed, in which a number of brethren joined heartily, and thanked the president for his timely words.

The Rev. D. S. Williams, late of Pontycolle College, and now of Infirmary Street, Bradford, was welcomed into the Conference.

Reports showed a nett gain of 31, and 26 candidates.

The following were elected as delegates to the Denominational Committees:
Home Mission: Rev. J. Dearden, W. Gray.—*Foreign Mission:* Rev. W. Dyson.
Board of Reference:—Rev. J. Parkinson.

(1) *Christian Membership of Churches.*—It was proposed, "That in the opinion of this Conference it is inconsistent in churches designating Baptist to admit into church membership unbaptized persons."

This resolution was freely and ably discussed, but not adopted. The discussion will be resumed at the next Conference.

(2.) "That this Conference desires to record its unabated confidence in Her Majesty's Government in their arduous services, and in their desire to remove all disabilities from persons elected by their constituents, and who, in the recasting of legislation, have undergone many irritating and annoying disappointments; and trust they will still go forward with true liberal measures until such Acts of Parliament are passed as they believe to be essential to the welfare of the United Kingdom."

(3.) "That this Conference regards the opening of public-houses on Sundays as a means of greatly increasing intemperance, immorality and crime, and urges Her Majesty's Government to give prompt and special attention to some form of legislation which shall prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors in licensed houses and clubs on the Lord's-day."

The public meeting in the evening was addressed by Rev. D. McCallum (Chairman), W. Sharman, W. March, J. E. Barton, and Mr. B. Midgley.

Next Conference.—Place: Stalybridge. Preacher: Rev. D. McCallum. Speakers: Revs. J. Lawton, G. Eales, M.A., J. Turner, and Mr. G. Scott. J. T. ROBERTS, *Sec.*

CHURCHES.

CONINGSBY.—June 10th, sermons were preached in connection with the pastor's anniversary by Mr. W. Smith, of Ilkeston (father of the pastor). Baptism after the evening service. On the following day a successful tea and public meeting was

held. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Sexton, W. Smith, and A. H. Smith (pastor). The increase in the church during the year has been greater than for fourteen years past.

DERBY, St. Mary's Gate.—The anniversary sermons were preached on May 27th and 29th by Revs. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, and J. Jackson Wray, of Whitefield Tabernacle. The attendance was good on each occasion. Proceeds, including profit of tea meeting, £68 12s.

GULTEAM GOAT.—Well-attended tent services were held, June 3, by Mr. C. Dring, and the next day a tea and public meeting was held. Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., presided, and Messrs. G. H. Bennett, W. R. Wherry, and D. Crampton, gave addresses.

TYDD ST. GILES.—Anniversary sermons were preached, May 20, by Mr. W. R. Wherry, to large congregations. Mr. Bateman, of St. Mary's, presided at the public meeting the next day, and addresses were given by Messrs. W. R. Wherry and D. Crampton.

WENDOVER.—On Thursday, June 7th, the anniversary services here were more than usually interesting. After the tea the pastor, Rev. J. H. Callaway, introduced Mr. Marshalsey as chairman, and Revs. R. Keyworth, Cook and R. Johnston (Wesleyans) of Aylesbury, with Rev. C. Pearce and W. V. Young of Tring, as speakers for the meeting. The pastor gave a brief history of the meeting-house and tenants.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

CONINGSBY.—May 27. Preacher, the pastor (A. H. Smith). Crowded congregations. The following day the annual tea meeting was held, after which a service, entitled "Alone in London," was given by the children and choir. Collections were in excess of past years.

GAMBLESIDE.—May 27. Preacher, Prof. Goadby, B.A. Colls., £32 2s. 6d.

GOSBERTON.—June 13. Preacher, Rev. G. F. Pitts. In the afternoon Mr. B. Richardson read the report, and the pastor gave an address, and distributed a large collection of prize books to the children. The annual treat was on the Thursday following. The pastor presided at the evening meeting, and Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., and Messrs. Atton and Taylor, gave addresses. Collections, £14 10s. 5d.

GRANTHAM.—June 10. Preacher, Mr. W. R. Wherry, of Bourne. A children's service in the afternoon, with an address by Mr. Wherry. Tea and public meeting on June 11. S. L. Williamson, Esq., J.P., presided. Addressees were given by Revs.

J. Wright, W. Whithy, the pastor, D. C. Chapman, and Mr. A. Gibson. Collections good, and services the best we have ever held.

HITCHIN, Walsworth Road.—May 27. Preachers, Rev. J. H. Atkinson, of Liverpool morning and evening, Rev. A. McIntosh in the afternoon. On Monday evening Rev. J. H. Atkinson gave an interesting talk on his recent visit to Switzerland. Collections, £15 12s.

NORWICH.—June 10. Preacher, S. D. Rickards, Esq., and an address by Rev. G. A. Wheeler. On Monday night a special service for the young was conducted; and on Tuesday night a paper was read on the "Value of Individual dealing with our Scholars," by Mr. Rickards, followed by a free discussion, in which several officers and members of the Norwich S. S. Union took part, the President of the Union, G. White, Esq., occupying the chair. Very cheering results attended the special service for the young; and throughout the services were highly gratifying.

SUTTON ST. JAMES.—May 27. Preacher, Mr. J. T. Atton. Large congregations. Monday public meeting, and addresses by the Rev. C. Barker, Mr. Dowse, and other friends.

WHITWICK.—June 3. Preacher, Rev. W. Slater. Collections, £14 7s. Six scholars have joined the church during the year.

OUR MINISTERS.

CHAPMAN, REV. D. C., late of Acre Mill, Bacup, has received and accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Oxford Street, Grantham, and commenced his labours on the first Sunday in June.

NOBLE, Mr. B., one of our senior students, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church at Measham and Netherseal, and will begin his work on the first of July.

WILD, REV. J., late of Woodhouse Eaves, was recognized as the pastor of the church at Market Harborough, May 28th. Mr. G. Emery presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. E. Morris, E. Stevenson, and J. C. Forth. The Lay Preachers' Association, which has rendered valuable service to the church for several years, was represented by Mr. Herring. Mr. Cotes spoke most hopefully on behalf of the church. The minister enters upon his work with a strong will, bright hopes and true aims. The time, the "set time," for the establishment of a vigorous and aggressive church at Market Harborough has now come.

BAPTISMS.

BOURNE.—Nine, by G. H. Bennett.
 COALVILLE.—Five, by F. Piokbourne.
 DERRY, *St. Mary's Gate*.—Nine, by T. R. Stevenson.
 DUFFIELD.—Thirteen, by T. Abell.
 EAST KIRKBY.—Nineteen, by G. Robinson.
 ISLEHAM.—Nine, by W. L. Stevenson, in the river, in the presence of about 2,000 people.
 KIRBY WOODHOUSE.—Ten, by T. Allgood.
 LOUGHBOROUGH, *Baxter Gate*.—Two, from the school, by C. Savage.
 LOUTH, *Eastgate*.—One, by C. Payne.
 „ *Northgate*.—Six, by E. H. Jackson, (three of them were the entire family of one of the deacons).
 NOTTINGHAM, *Woodborough Road*.—Six, by Rev. G. H. James.
 SPALDING.—Three, by J. C. Jones.
 SPOKE-ON-TRENT.—Eighteen, by S. Hirst, (fourteen from the Pastor's Christian Band).
 SWADLINCOTE.—Four, by E. Carrington.

MARRIAGE.

CARTWRIGHT—ELEY.—June 12, at Swadlincote Baptist Chapel, by the Rev. E. Carrington, Robert Cartwright, to Agnes Maria, only daughter of George Eley, of Swadlincote.

OBITUARIES.

BOOT, MISS MARY JANE, was grand-daughter of the Rev. Robert Smith, one of the most energetic and successful of the early General Baptist preachers of the New Connexion, under whose ministry in Nottingham, both Stoney Street and Broad Street chapels were erected. She was thus, until recently, a link connecting the present generation with one that has now become almost historic. But Miss Boot was eminent not only for her ancestry, but also for her personal qualities. Though a true woman, kind and sympathetic when occasion called for the exercise of those qualities, she was specially remarkable for independence and force of character. She was no "reed shaken with the wind," but thought for herself, and was most firm in her adherence to her convictions of duty. Having in early life adopted teaching as her profession she was for many years mistress of a girls' school in Nottingham conducted on the British system, retiring from it at length amidst general regret, on its management being transferred to the School Board of the town.

Miss Boot was a member of the church in Broad Street, having been baptized about 38 years ago, under the ministry of the Rev. James Fernyhough, for whom as her first pastor she retained to the end of life a great regard. As a church member she was for a long period active and useful, visiting the poor and sick, collecting subscriptions, and herself contributing liberally according to her means. During the pastorate of the present writer she was chosen with three other Christian ladies, to act as a deaconess, and, though modestly declining the title, in this capacity rendered the church good services. But for the past few years broken health confined Miss Boot very much to her home, and at length a severe attack of bronchitis supervening on general weakness somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly removed her from us. She "fell asleep" on April 23rd, aged 66 years, and was interred in the General Cemetery, Nottingham, amidst a large concourse of sorrowing friends, the writer of this notice officiating on the occasion. Miss Boot's native steadfastness of character manifested itself in the

firmness of her friendships. One who was her pastor for nearly five and twenty years, and her friend for a still longer period, would offer this last tribute of affectionate regard to the memory of an intelligent, upright, noble-hearted Christian woman, who was ever loyal and true to him and his.

W. R. S.

FLOYD, RICHARD, died at Sherwood Rise, at the residence of his daughter, having been a member of the church at Arnold for more than thirty-four years, and a deacon for more than fifteen years. His end was peace.

LEWIS, ELIZABETH, became a disciple of Christ, and united herself with His people at the early age of fifteen. For more than forty years of her Christian life she was a consistent member of the Dover Street Church, Leicester. For many years she has had the unspeakable joy of seeing all her children walking in the truth, three being members with her of the same church, and one of a sister church in the town. Her long and painful illness was borne with singular calmness and patience, while she looked forward to her departure with an assured hope which nothing but the grace of God could give and sustain. She manifestly realized the Saviour's promise to His suffering servant, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Though her life had been marked by heavy trial, and her last days were full of pain, she never tired of bearing witness to the goodness of God. She fell asleep, April 15th, in the 65th year of her age, and was interred in the Leicester Cemetery April 19th, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

G. P.

RUSSELL, MRS., of Sibley, who passed to her heavenly rest on March 9th last, was known and beloved by a large circle of friends in and around Leicester. For nearly forty years she was a devoted and active member of the church at Archdeacon Lane; and though she removed, with her husband, to Sibley in her last years, she regarded the church in Leicester as her chief home. She was the daughter of the late Mr. Hall, who was one of the first subscribers to the fund for purchasing the ground on which the first chapel stood in Archdeacon Lane, and who remained in connection with the church till his death. His daughter joined the church in 1835. Two years previously she had been married to Mr. Russell, a steadfast adherent of the church for fifty years, and for a large part of that time an active deacon and useful Sunday-school teacher. During the whole of her married life Mrs. R. gave herself enthusiastically and constantly to religious work, notwithstanding the care of a large family. She was especially active in the Dorcas and Benevolent Societies, and in visiting and counselling young converts. When she removed to Sibley she took a deep interest in the cause in that village, and sought by every means at her command to increase and extend its usefulness. Nothing gave her greater and more manifest delight than to see the church prosper, and its services attended by large and interested congregations. As early as 1881 she had received premonitory warnings that the end must sooner or later come. A paralytic stroke was followed by a long illness. She never recovered her former vigour, though she retained much of her cheerfulness and characteristic good spirits. On Feb. 24, however, another and fatal stroke prostrated her, and she never rallied from it. But her mind was calm, and her assurance of eternal life unflinching. She "knew in whom she had believed." On March 9th she quietly fell asleep, leaving us an example of consistent, earnest Christian character, full of stimulus to good-doing.

W. B.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

JULY, 1883.

Home and Foreign Missions.

BY REV. J. BUCKLEY, D.D.

ARE we not doing too much for Foreign Missions? Would it not be better to divert some of the funds appropriated to foreign work, and devote them to the home field? One sometimes reads or hears questions of this kind. Some would unhesitatingly give an affirmative reply, while others who would scarcely be able to go so far, have a lurking suspicion, though, as I deem on altogether inadequate grounds, that the work abroad has a disproportionate share of attention. I commend to the candid consideration of all such the following thoughts. Only let me premise that Home and Foreign Missions should never be placed in opposition to each other; and never will be by the judicious advocates of either. The work of Christ in every land is one work. It is to preach the gospel of Christ, sweetly constrained by His love, and joyfully anticipating the recompense of reward in His blessed presence. It is to convert sinners from the error of their ways and to save souls from death. It is to multiply the triumphs of Emmanuel, so that He may go forth "conquering and to conquer." Without Christ we can do nothing either at home or abroad: but if Christ be with us, and give testimony to the word of His grace, we shall, wherever we labour, have the assured persuasion that our labour is not in vain in the Lord. Never let us forget that the work is one.

Now I ask all my readers to note that *the work of Christ at home has received an immense impetus from the efforts to send the gospel to the ends of the earth.* The evidence of this is far too abundant to be given in a brief article like this; but let us go back to the establishment of the Baptist Mission ninety years ago. One of the first objections which Andrew Fuller and the noble band associated with him had to meet when they talked of a mission to the heathen was, "You had far better go to the dark corners of our own land, where there are multitudes as really heathens as the inhabitants of India or Africa; go and preach the gospel to them." "We cannot admit," they replied, "that this is any objection to sending the gospel to distant lands;" but, they added, that since they had resolved on sending missionaries to the heathen, they had thought more and felt more about those at home who were without Christ; and under the impulse of quickened zeal and devotedness, when

they had sent Thomas and Carey to India, they were stirred up to make new and special efforts to extend the kingdom of Christ at home. Nor was this all. Before there had been time to hear of success in India, yea, before they had heard of the arrival of the missionaries, they felt that the establishment of the mission had been a remarkable blessing to their own souls. "I bless God," wrote Andrew Fuller in his diary, "that this work has been a means of reviving my own soul. If nothing else comes of it, I and many others have derived spiritual advantage." But something else did come of it, and something very interesting and important—something too that will be seen much more clearly by the bright light of eternity than amid the shadows of time. On this aspect of the case, however, all-important as it is, I do not now dwell. The point I wish to enforce is, that all who laboured to send the truth abroad were, whether pastors or people, alike richly blessed at home. And even Christians of the Mr. Fearing and Mr. Despondency class who were always sighing and groaning, and who if ever they took their harps from the willows, began to sing the doleful lines,

" 'Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love the Lord, or no,
 Am I His, or am I not? "

even these, amid the blessed influences engendered by a great and noble enterprize, strangely forgot, for a time at least, their doubts and fears. How could they doubt whether they loved the Lord or no while they were striving and praying for the extension of His kingdom? In His name they now felt that they could rejoice all the day, and in His righteousness they were exalted.

The history of our own connexion furnishes pleasing evidence of the happy influence exerted by foreign work on the churches at home. We had no Home Mission till *after* the Foreign Mission had been established, and its first missionaries sent out. It will perhaps be said, we, or rather our fathers, had an Itinerant Fund; very true, but what was the work it did? and what the monies at its disposal? I have just gone over the old accounts for seven years of this Itinerant Fund, and find that the amount realized from *all* the churches during these years varied from £32 9s. 3d. to £92 13s. 11d., the average being a little over £55! *Before* the establishment of the Foreign Mission there were no vigorous, enterprising, united efforts by the associated churches to extend the gospel at home. Only the year before its establishment (*i.e.* 1815) the Association considered the question, "Is it not the duty of our connexion to form and support an Itineracy, or Home Mission, the object of which shall be to diffuse the light of the gospel in the darkest parts of this kingdom?" And what does the reader suppose was the answer? "In the present state of the connexion we think it is not."* Evidently it was a time of deep and general depression in our churches: the ministers were few, and very inadequately supported: the churches were discouraged, some of them disunited, and most of them lacking enterprise; but there were some who sighed and hoped and prayed for better days. Accordingly a special day of humiliation was appointed and was held at Wood Gate, Loughborough, in 1815. On this important day many salutary counsels and warnings were given by holy

* Minutes of Association for 1815, p. 15.

and faithful men who have long been with God; and a memorable sermon was preached by one of the fathers* from the text, "By whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small." (Amos vii. 5.) Now let the reader mark. "Jacob" began to revive amongst us as soon as Bampton and Peggs were sent to India. It was an epoch in our connexional history. It was the beginning of brighter days; and the new enterprise at once took hold of the heart of the churches as no former project had done—a hold which after the lapse of threescore years it still retains and well deserves. Its influence on the churches was most blessed. They had begun to do something for Christ abroad, and they felt that they *must* do more at home. The very next month our Home Mission was established; † and its first secretary—the late Mr. Frederick Deacon—in commending it to the support of the churches observed, "We would not have you alarmed with the idea that the society we now advocate and support will injure the Foreign Mission. We would not have her considered as the *rival*, but we wish to introduce her to your notice as the *lovely sister* of that invaluable institution, which so justly claims your anxious solicitude, and though not invested with her peerless and commanding beauties, is not the less entitled to your admiration and cordial esteem for her domestic attractions. Whilst the one boldly aspires to the conversion of the idolatrous Hindoos from the abominations and cruelties of paganism to the worship of the everlasting God, and the practice of the benign precepts of the lowly Jesus, the other modestly solicits your assistance in the equally important task of reclaiming British heathens from the error of their ways, and inducing them to become followers of the Lamb. Instead of proving injurious, she joyfully anticipates that one happy result of her endeavours will be a most material augmentation of her sister's resources, by bringing numbers into the church at home, who will join their efforts with those of her present friends; nor can she doubt but that their united exertions will prove in some degree instrumental in accelerating that glorious day, when the Redeemer shall have the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.

One other illustration I must give. When the Freewill Baptist Mission was established in the United States, grumblers were found, like those who had opposed the formation of the Baptist Mission, and they were met in the same way. "O, we have plenty of heathen at home," they said; "let us preach the gospel first to them." "Very good," said David Marks, and the good men associated with him, "we will have a home mission too, and you shall have the opportunity of proving your faith by your works." And so their Home Mission was established; but I more than question whether its funds were much aided by these objectors—for you may as soon expect grapes from thorns as liberal subscriptions from grumblers of this class.

Again. *The warmest friends of Foreign Missions have been the most zealous labourers in the home field.* The founders of the London Missionary Society—Rowland Hill, Dr. Waugh, David Bogue, George Burder, and others—were surely not unknown or undistinguished in evangelistic work at the close of the last century. The enlightened

* Rev. Robert Smith.

† Bampton and Peggs embarked May 26th, 1821, and the Home Mission was formed at the Association at Loughborough which commenced June 26th, 1821.

and earnest men that founded the Church Missionary Society—Simeon, Wilberforce, Venn, Thomas Scott, and others like-minded—were at least as anxious for the conversion of sinners at home as any of those who frowned on the new enterprise. Andrew Fuller, the first Secretary of the Baptist Mission, fought as valiantly against infidelity, and opposed as vigorously the false teachers in his own section of the Baptist denomination as any of his brethren who looked doubtfully on the mission in India. John Gregory Pike, the first Secretary of our own beloved Mission, was second to none of his brethren in diligent and successful labour with the pen and the tongue in furthering the good work at home. But why refer to these examples, which might be greatly multiplied, and which every impartial reader must admit to be perfectly conclusive. There is a much higher example. The apostle Paul “magnified his office” as the apostle of the Gentiles; but none of the apostles of the circumcision expressed their agonizing solicitude for the conversion of Israel in language so tender and touching as his. “I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh. Brethren, my heart’s desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved,” was the language of the missionary apostle.

*Our Foreign Mission has been in a thousand ways a blessing to the churches at home; and no sorer calamity could befall the connexion than a declension of missionary zeal and devotedness, for be sure of this, that every benevolent and worthy object would decline with it. What a blessing the Mission has been to our Sabbath-schools! Hundreds of little friends, while collecting for its funds, have learnt the important lesson so desirable to learn in the morning of life, that we should not live to ourselves. The holy cause is one that blesses—yea, twice blesses—all its friends, young or old. Collectors and subscribers alike share in the benefit when they support it for Christ’s sake. It may be compared to the precious stone spoken of in the Book of Proverbs—“Whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth.” Turn the precious jewel as you will, it sparkles with beauty and brightness. Its primary object is to bless those who are thousands of miles away; but in accordance with the gracious principles that mark the divine administration, it cannot do this without richly blessing all its friends and helpers at home. In sending the light of life to those who are sitting in darkness, they rejoice themselves in receiving more of its brightness. Missionary deputations, too, have often been a blessing to the churches visited, especially, it may be added, to those churches which are at the extremities of the connexion, and which are rarely visited except for this purpose. You have welcomed to your homes and your hearts missionaries, when driven by ill health from their loved spheres of labour. It has been very encouraging and cheering to *them*, and they have returned to their distant homes in the east with hallowed and grateful recollections of your Christian kindness; but has the benefit been all on their side? Have you no grateful memories of social Christian intercourse—of*

“Chosen sacred hours,
And burning words that uttered all the soul”?

Have not the churches to which you belong rejoiced in the benefit?
Have not careless ones been aroused, wanderers from the fold brought

back, and the working members of the church received a healthy stimulus? Have not your Sabbath-schools been the better for the missionary information which the children have received? I could answer these questions in part, but perhaps it is best that every reader should answer them for himself. I know that an incalculable amount of good was done in various churches by the annual visits of the first Secretary; and let us hope that the former days were not better than these, not forgetting, however, that every true man does the work allotted to him according to the gifts with which the gracious Master has endowed him.

In the life of the Rev. Richard Knill there is a singularly interesting narrative of good effected by special missionary services in Leeds before he left for India in 1815. Sorely against his will it was suggested that he should be ordained at Leeds, and when his tutor, Dr. Bogue, mentioned this, and asked him what he had to say to it, he felt disappointed, and replied, "My old pastor and his people wish me to be ordained at Bideford, and"— "And," said the Doctor, interrupting him, "you would naturally like to go; but you are public property now. We must sacrifice personal feeling if we wish to be extensively useful." On further consideration he expressed his cordial approval of the proposal. The services were deeply solemn and impressive. He remained a week or two in the neighbourhood of Leeds, preaching in the different chapels; and it is said "that great effects were produced in different congregations, and that many persons were added to the churches, who continued to adorn their profession." One important result of that visit was brought to the knowledge of Mr. Knill thirty-three years after in a singular manner. When attending a public meeting at Ludlow in 1849, one of the speakers, the Rev. Samuel Tillotson, a superintendent preacher in one of the branches of Wesleyanism, introduced into his speech the following account of his conversion:—"A great feeling of delight had been produced in my native town by a missionary being ordained there. I was a stout lad, and a bold blasphemer. One of my uncles was a godly man, a deacon of Mr. Eccles' church. He said, 'Samuel, there is a young man in town who is going abroad to preach to the black people, and he is to take leave this evening by preaching to the young; thou must go lad.' The chapel was very much crowded; but, being a strong fellow, I pushed my way, and got where I thought I should have a full view of him. We were all expectation. At last he made his way to the pulpit stairs. I watched him up into the pulpit. He was a tall, thin, pale young man. I thought, 'Is he going to the heathen? Then I shall never see him more; I will listen.' He read, and prayed, and then gave out his text, 'There is a lad here.' There God met with my soul; I yielded myself unto him. Next Sunday morning I went to a Sunday-school, and asked if they would have me for a teacher. They complied; and I soon began to pray in the school. Then I set up prayer in my father's family. Next they made me an exhorter; and God blessed me to the conversion of my own father and brother. I have now been a regular preacher in our body for thirty years, and God has smiled on my labours. I owe it all to that sermon. I have never seen the preacher since, and perhaps I may never see him; but I shall have a glorious tale to tell him when we meet in heaven."

"Little did Samuel Tillotson think," said Mr. Knill, in afterwards referring to this incident, "that the once tall, pale, thin young man, was sitting near while he was giving that narration. Time had greatly changed my appearance. He had never seen me but on that occasion, and when I introduced myself to him in the midst of the meeting, the shock was electrical." Mr. Knill's reflection on this interesting circumstance may well be added, "It has often struck me since that ministers may expect strange greetings in heaven from those whom they never saw on earth, but who have received good from their labours."

Notes from Rome.

BY REV. N. H. SHAW.

"THIS people that the priest—the scum of hell—the priest alone has been able to deprave, corrupt, brutalize, to such a degree as to change the greatest of all people into the most miserable abject and lost people on the earth."—Garibaldi in "*Clelia, or the Rule of the Monk*."

EVANGELICALS IN ITALY.

RECENTLY the Minister of Agriculture, the Honourable Sig. Berti, has, with the aid of a well-known Italian Evangelical minister in Rome, been preparing statistics of the Evangelicals in Italy. These statistics are not yet published; but I have been able to learn the result of the enquiries, which is to the effect that in Italy there are to-day 20,000 members of Evangelical churches. This number does not include, however, either the Waldensians of the valleys, or the members of foreign churches, such as English, Scotch, German, or American. Adding all these, the number would ascend to 58,000. I have been informed that these figures give only the number of the *members* of churches, and not *mere adherents*.

I am told that these numbers seemed very few to the compilers of the statistics. They had expected greater things, and one of them remarked to an Evangelical minister: "Why, you are *just* as numerous as the deaf and dumb!" To me these figures are encouraging. When we reflect that the Evangelicals have had to act with so many restrictions on their liberty, it is consoling to know that there are so many. But men of the world cannot believe in the potency of invisible influences. No reform seems real to them which does not at once assume national proportions, and come in with the sound of the trumpet. They have yet to learn the meaning of the parable of the leaven, and that "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation."

A POOR FAMILY.

As a sample of some of the work which we have to do, and of Roman wants that should be met by the Christian church, let me relate the following. A poor family came to live near to us consisting of a man and his wife with five children, the youngest being a babe at the breast. The husband and father was employed by the city authorities as a street-sweeper, and the elder boys, of the age of about eight and ten, went out at night searching in rubbish heaps for anything that might add a centesimo to the family's scanty income. Four of the children were sent to our Sunday-school, but in such a state of rags and nudity that for mere decency's sake we were forced to partially clothe them before we could let them appear among the other children. They seemed nice children, and enjoyed coming to school. They soon learned a number of hymns; and it was good to listen to their sweet voices giving utterance to Christian sentiments. The mother came regularly to Mrs. Shaw's class, and seemed to take great interest in what was read and said to the women. Alas, the father fell ill and was removed to the hospital. The family, being without any means of support, we had to feed them day by day, hoping that the poor man would soon be well again. One day, it was Sunday, the poor woman went to the

hospital to visit her husband, whom she had not seen since Friday, but on her arrival she found the bed empty, and was told that her husband was dead and buried. She turned away in sorrow and bewilderment, and on leaving the hospital swooned, the babe falling from her arms on the steps. We comforted the poor creature as well as we knew how, telling her of Him who is the friend of the widow and fatherless; but at such times words seem poor things, at least to them that speak them. O for riches with which to do something for such families, in the name and in the service of our Lord! There is no "workhouse" here to which to send such families. The landlord turned out the poor woman and her children when the period expired for which the rent was paid, and for two or three nights they lay on the floor of a neighbour's house. Then we made up a bed for them in our school-room, and found them food until it should be decided what to do for them. Providence led us to a lady who undertook to receive and care for the two elder boys, and we had decided to do the same for the little girl, although it was a great embarrassment for us because our house is not large enough for even our own family, our servant having to go out to sleep. At length the above mentioned lady found that she could take the little girl also. She also paid for a costly instrument necessary to save the life of the youngest boy who was rickety. The poor woman was incapable of doing anything except working in the fields—she could neither earn her living by sewing, washing, nor cleaning. So she was sent off to Ferentino, where she has an aged mother, and where she may maintain herself and her two youngest children, and the other three children are happily and Christianly provided for, and may become good and useful disciples of Jesus Christ.

There is much of similar work to be done here; but to do it we have need of suitable apartments, and we hope something will be done to provide them.

Missionary Facts and Principles.

1. The heathen are conscious of sin. Their religious works contain affecting confessions of sin and yearnings for deliverance.
2. The heathen feel the need of some satisfaction to be made for their sins. They have devised many penances, asceticisms, and self-tortures. These fail to break the bondage. They do not give the conscience peace.
3. The heathen need a Divine Deliverer; One who can make the satisfaction, and inspire the peace.
4. There is a command in the New Testament to go and disciple all the heathen nations in the name of this deliverer.
5. This command emanates from the supreme authority. It is from the lips of Christ Himself.
6. This command is addressed to all Christians, in every age, until every human being is converted. He who said, "Go, preach to every creature," added, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The command and the promise reach unto the end.
7. The missionary spirit is the spirit of Christ. The soul, or the church, that does not possess it, is dead.
8. If we love the person of Christ, we shall desire that His glory shall fill all lands.
9. If we love the truth of Christ, we shall be intent upon its proclamation, till every false religion is vanquished by it.
10. We are not Jews, but Gentiles. Our lineage is heathen. The missionary enterprise rescued us from paganism. Gratitude for our own emancipation and love for our brethren, the heathen of all countries, should move us with a mighty impulse to engage in the missionary work.
11. Success is certain. The Lord has promised it. The apostles illustrated it. Those twelve men were missionaries. In their time Rome, with her military force, ruled the bodies of men; and Greece, with her philosophy, ruled

their spirits. Both arose in enmity to the Cross. The little band of apostles did not fear or falter. They conquered both.

12. We ourselves are the offspring of the missionary enterprise. To turn against it is like a man's turning against his own mother.

13. Duty, love, success: these are three magic words. Let us grasp the ideas they suggest, and pray and work for all men, at home and abroad, until the Church absorbs the whole world, and rises up into the millennial glory.

H. M. SCUDDER, D.D.

Notes and Gleamings.

CUTTACK.—May 6th, five were baptized by Damodar Mahanty.

MONEY ORDERS FOR FOREIGN COUNTRIES.—I have had the pleasure of receiving, per Money Order, for the Orphanage, from a dear old friend in England, £5, which realized 62 Rupees 5 annas. The Post Office now affords every facility for sending money to India, and also to other countries. Why do not Christians more largely avail themselves of facilities greater than have ever before been enjoyed?

ORISSA TRACT SOCIETY.—I am thankful to report that I have just received for our Tract operations £20 15s. 10d.—the equivalent of 100 dollars—from Rev. Dr. J. M. STEVENSON, Secretary of the American Tract Society. This will be a great help. J. B.

Contributions

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from May 16th to Audit, 1883.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
New Zealand dividend	6	2	5	London, Church Street	18	12	11
Mr. S. Brooks' legacy	5	0	0	" Easing	80	1	10
Miss Wakerley—for Rome	5	0	0	" Prsed Street	48	9	11
Ashby	32	7	10	" Westbourne Park	131	15	6
Barton and Barlestone	5	12	6	Longford, Union Place	4	9	1
Bedworth	3	15	9	Longton	5	3	2
Berkhamsted	15	11	8	Loughborough, Baxter Gate	27	12	0
Boston	49	3	6	" Wood Gate	13	2	6
Bourne	46	2	9	" " for orphans	10	0	0
Broughton—Mr. W. Underwood	10	0	0	Maltby	14	14	8
Bulwell	0	18	8	Mansfield—for W. and O.	0	10	0
Burnley, Enon	18	3	0	Measham	9	15	9
Castle Donington	20	2	6	Melbourne	36	18	6
Chellaston	7	13	6	Morton, near Bourne	6	12	10
Chesham	54	8	4	Norwich	25	11	3
Coningsby	7	15	0	Nottingham, Mansfield Road	50	16	3
Cropstone	1	1	0	" New Basford	16	12	1
Derby, Osmaston Road	44	4	6	" Prospect Place	13	17	6
" St. Mary's Gate	67	10	9	Pinchbeck	2	6	6
" Pear Tree	4	7	2	Quorndon and Woodhouse	6	0	4
" Watson Street	2	0	0	Ramsgate	0	10	0
Duffield	9	5	0	Retford	13	1	10
Earl Shilton	2	4	7	Sawley	9	1	10
Exeter—E. C. Pike	0	10	6	Sheffield	61	9	11
Ford	16	3	0	Spalding	24	16	6
Halifax	53	3	4	Sutterton	5	4	6
Hathern	0	16	6	Swadlincote	27	3	0
Heptonstall Slack	23	1	8	Torquay	1	1	0
Hinckley	5	14	4	Tring	0	5	0
Hitchin	36	15	3	Wendover	3	12	3
Hose	7	0	0	West Vale	1	1	0
Ialeham	3	3	0	Whittlesea	2	8	0
Leicester	2	10	0	Windley	2	5	4
" Friar Lane	2	10	0	Wirksworth	0	18	6
Lincoln	21	5	0	Wisbech	46	18	0

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. BEMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, Mission House, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards, may be obtained.

The Bradford Association.

EACH Association has its own distinctive features. Every year similar circulars are issued, and a similar summary appears in this Magazine. The same routine of business, the same round of public engagements, the same urgent appeals, and the same felicitous addresses. Reporters go over the old ground, note particulars, and detail names and resolutions. Nothing special arrests the attention of even the most careful reader. "These annual gatherings are much alike," he thinks. But, indeed, they are greatly different. A charm of novelty is potent, spite of all the stereotyped arrangements. How should it be otherwise? Given, keen observation, astute thoughtfulness and eloquent speech, inventive minds and loving hearts in fellowship, good things are sure to be said, fresh interest must kindle, originality and versatility combining to produce much that is new, pleasing and instructive.

It will be seen, from the following outline, that "the usual" happened at Bradford almost invariably. Meetings of the usual type, at the usual times, and for the usual purposes. Reports and resolutions, and votes of thanks, in the usual order, and with the usual unanimity and applause. But even some of the oldest amongst the delegates declared *they* never heard such speeches! such a sermon! or met with so much kindness! And they laughed at each new humorous illustration, yes, as heartily as the youthful did; and sometimes, when tender memories were revived, while solemn searching words were spoken, or hymns were sung, or prayers were offered, they felt, it may be, a strange sweet feeling of restfulness or hope, but were never bored by a wearisome repetitiousness. Though programmes and reports are year by year necessarily almost identical, the better half that is never told—a something which printer's ink is incapable of reproducing—ensures variety and freshness, and gives to each General Baptist Association a stamp and a character essentially and distinctively its own.

I. THE BUSINESS SESSION.

The Rev. Watson Dyson presented the Annual Statement, which excited very mingled feelings. 1,344 believers had been baptized, 671 had been received, 111 had been restored, but, owing to the large number of erasures, he had no increase to report. There was, however, no lack of inspiring news. Several chapels had been built, many great improvements had been made. Unity and hopefulness prevailed pretty generally. Registers were receiving *much* attention—indeed this fact accounted for the neutralisation of an entire year's gains. In one case over 200 names had been taken off at a single sweep. The temperance movement was growing rapidly, and had evidently found in the denomination a soil in which it would luxuriate. But while many cheering signs were recognized with gratitude, there were probably few who did not feel that cause enough exists for prayerful thought and increased activity.

The COLLEGE was prominent for hours; and proposed arrangements, in view of its speedy removal to Nottingham, provoked the brethren to no small amount of talk, love, and good works. Questions were asked in due course, and with much gravity. The Rev. W. Evans gave the answers; a spirit of lucidity characterising all his utterances. His admirable efforts to clear away mystification were at length

rewarded. The scheme, as framed in Committee, was adopted, with its every detail, and partly worked out upon the spot! Towards the sum of £1,100 needed, in addition to the amount for which the Chilwell property has been sold, for the erection of a Tutor's house, and the purchase of new college furniture, over £400 were at once promised, our friend Mr. C. Roberts, of Sydenham, leading the way with £100. Let each church contribute in proportion to its ability, and a sum in excess of that required will soon be in the hands of the Treasurer. Fifteen students have been pursuing their studies with commendable diligence during the past year, and five have settled in their first pastorates, with the best wishes of their Tutors and the unqualified approval and hearty sympathy of the entire denomination.

The Secretary of the Home Mission, always alert to discover some new thing likely to be helpful to the cause he has at heart, has found, or hopes to find, devoted workers amongst the godly women. His plan, as published in the May number of this Magazine, was received with some little merriment, but its practicability no one questioned, its going qualities all acknowledged. Ladies everywhere! form yourselves into working circles, collect subscriptions, make or beg goods that can easily be converted into cash. Your labours will revive many a drooping interest, encourage and strengthen many a debt-burdened church. You will serve Christ and His cause, obtain denominational status, and have your own meeting at the next Association. Yes, there will *then* be something absolutely new! With grace and beauty, as well as wisdom on the platform, audiences are bound to be appreciative, and collections will be correspondingly large.

The Building Fund has received a handsome legacy by the will of the late Mr. John Edwards, of London. A number of churches have now the use between them of over £5,000; and the operation of this agency is so beneficial all round, that *one* collection each year is sought from every General Baptist congregation.

The Board of Publication offered £250 from the profits of their year's work for the benefit of the Association.

The Board of Reference has done much to facilitate the settlement of pastors in new spheres of labour. The Board of Arbitration has been singularly free from care. Such peace and harmony prevail that its services have been unsought.

Two resolutions relating to baptism were passed. The first converts into a printed rule the fixed custom of the Committee, that every student for the ministry must be a baptized member of some Baptist church. The second is only an acknowledgment of the notorious fact, that the Sixth Article in the declaration of faith published in the Year Book has ceased to be the practice of all our churches. The following "Note" will henceforth be appended to its foot, "The Association adopted Open Communion in 1875. Most of the churches have Free Communion, and some of them practise Open Fellowship."

A Baptist Union department was formed, of which Rev. W. J. Avery was appointed Secretary. The special object of this new department is to stimulate throughout the churches interest in the Baptist Union "Annuity" and "Augmentation" Funds. £50, a portion of the profit accruing from sales of the Baptist Hymnal, was voted to the B. U. Annuity Fund. A series of resolutions were passed in favour of the

Sunday closing of public-houses, the Corrupt Practices Bill, the assimilation of the borough and county franchise, and the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. In fact, quite a large amount of business was done by this 114th Association of General Baptists, some of whose prompt methods might be adopted advantageously by much more august assemblies.

II.—PUBLIC SERVICES.

These were well attended, and much enjoyed. The President's Address was an honest attempt to account for the slowness of our denomination's growth, and a pleasing forecast of great successes to be realized by a consecrated ministry, a devout spirit, and earnest evangelical preaching. The Rev. W. March's "Letter" on "the Erasure Column," crammed full of the results of painstaking labour, and replete with wise suggestions; the report of the Home Missionary Secretary, so smart, good humoured and anecdotal; the paper read at the School Conference by Mr. Pratt, indicating the means by which teaching power may be made effective; Prof. Goadby's description of the sort of ministry required by the age; the speeches at the Home and Foreign Missionary Meetings; these, and other samples of the word-lore and oratory produced at Bradford, appear, or will do so, in the Year Book or the pages of this Magazine. The Children's Service was conducted by Mr. Rickards. Those who ventured to the College meeting through the rain were rewarded by Mr. Marshall's historical sketch, and Professor Fairbairn's eulogium upon a trained and educated pulpit. Mr. Alderman Hill referred, at the Home Missionary Meeting, to the decadence of morality amongst the young, and our duty in relation to the rudeness, vulgarity, and unchaste behaviour of many who attend our Sunday-schools. The Sermon by Rev. C. Clark contained passages of exceeding beauty, delivered with much pathos and power. The Local Preachers' Conference will lead, it is hoped, to an increasingly earnest style of gospel preaching in the rural districts.

A Memorable Meeting was held on the Friday morning. The Mayor entertained the delegates to breakfast in the magnificent Town Hall. Having enjoyed a sumptuous repast, the brethren retired to the Council Chamber, and speeches were delivered by Revs. W. Orton, W. Dyson, W. R. Stevenson, M.A., J. C. Jones, M.A., E. H. Jackson, and Mr. Marshall. All were grateful for the advances of religious liberty which had secured the honours of mayoralty for nonconformists, and made such a gathering possible. All acknowledged heartily the abounding hospitality of the good people of Bradford.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the kindness of Rev. B. Wood, Mr. Brunton, sen., and Mr. Brunton, jun., and the friends who worship in Tetley Street Chapel. They spared no pains to ensure the comfort of their numerous visitors, and they deserve our heartiest thanks.

And now, to put the most important item in a postscript. The Home Mission will require an additional £200 this year from the churches to meet its numerous engagements; £1,000 must come to hand for the College if the new Nottingham Establishment is to be completed in all respects satisfactorily; the Foreign Mission has a large deficit, and its operations cannot be curtailed. What a powerful stimulus these facts supply! Shall we not witness more generous liberality, and hear good news next year at Loughborough?

A. C. PERRIAM.

The Work and Want of the Home Mission.*

On these annual occasions you have, in previous years, listened to the voice of the charmer, Mr. Clifford. With logic the most convincing, and enthusiasm the most glowing, he has made you feel, that of all institutions under the sun, the General Baptist Home Mission is the one which ought to stand first in your affections, and foremost in your collections. A year or two ago, I remember, he gave you a revised version of a well-known passage, "seek first the prosperity of the Home Mission, and all other denominational things shall be added unto you." He then went on to say, "that is my creed; and I mean to preach till it is yours. That is my text and sermon; and I will go on declaring it till I see text and sermon both embodied in a Home Missionary Institution not second in force and serviceableness to any other Society belonging to 'the General Baptist Federation.'" In my simplicity I cheered those words, partly because they seemed to me to prophecy and guarantee that, until the Home Mission contributions came to equal those of the Foreign Mission, Mr. C. would keep on preaching as he was then doing, by means of an annual statement at the Association Home Mission Meeting. Instead of that, he brought his sermon to sixthly, and then suddenly vacated his pulpit, and left the text and the unfinished sermon to me. For you are not to understand that the desired end has been attained. You are not to suppose that the Home Mission has become the richest and most powerful of our denominational institutions. It ought to be, of course, and if the enthusiasm generated at these meetings could only have been stored up like electric force, and then applied without loss of energy to each of our churches, out of weakness our Home Mission Society might long, ere this, have been made strong.

That it is not stronger than we find it to-day, arises from no want of knowledge on your part as to the pressing and urgent needs of the institution, but because you have unfortunately missed, to a large extent, the happiness of which that knowledge is the key, as it is written, "if ye *know* these things, happy are ye if ye *do* them." Nevertheless, until our churches rise to the occasion, and until our Home Mission is raised to a pedestal of popularity which, if equalled, cannot be surpassed, it shall be the aim of this organization to deserve your heartiest sympathy, and to be worthy of your most generous support.

The work your Committee are doing in various parts of the country, if it makes no noise, is nevertheless as vital to some of our churches as the breath of heaven to ourselves, and where it is not absolutely essential to maintain life, it cheers, and blesses, and inspires, as sunshine fills the invalid with hope and joy.

THE HOME MISSION IS SUNSHINE.

At *Leeds* (Wintoun Street) for instance, the church would doubtless live and move and have its being, if it received no aid from the Home Mission; but the appeal that church has made to us shows most clearly that, in granting temporary aid, we are bestowing a boon which is wel-

* Statement made at the Annual Meeting, held at Bradford, June 19th. Mr. Alderman Hill, of Bradford, in the chair.

come as the light of morn to those who have had to sit in darkness. A similar case was the one at *Coventry* (Gosford Street). If ever a church needed the hand of sympathy and help it was the church at Coventry. Misfortune had come upon the people, and their distress was very great. But without losing heart they battled manfully with their difficulties, and sought the help of the Home Mission for one year. Their request was granted, and not in vain, for it helped them out of their distress. The church is now peaceful, hopeful, and not without tokens of spiritual prosperity. A new harmonium has been purchased; the chapel has undergone a much-needed renovation, at a cost of £215, and about two-thirds of this sum have been raised. To say the least, it is very doubtful whether the church would have been able to do this had the Home Mission withheld its aid. The report just to hand says, "Will you thank the Home Mission for the grant made twelve months ago. . . . It inspired hope in the people here, and out of that hope success has come."

Congleton is in a state of transition at the present time. The chapel has just become the property of the Home Mission, and we hope shortly to see the place in a more prosperous condition.

The church at *Nantwich* is fast approaching a condition of independence. Next year they will be able to run alone, for their numbers are increasing, and having adopted the Baptist Hymnal, what wonder if they *sing* themselves out of all their difficulties!

Market Harborough has just entered upon what we trust will prove a fresh and more aggressive career, whilst *Walsall* (Vicarage Walk),

THE FIRSTBORN OF THE UNIFICATION SCHEME,

and the beginning of its strength, having become independent of the church at Stafford Street, has now entered into new financial arrangements with the Home Mission. The friends there agree to take over £1,200 of the debt still remaining on the building, the Home Mission easing their burden by a gradually decreasing grant for a term of years. At present they are very inadequately supplied with Sunday-school accommodation, but this defect they are earnestly endeavouring to remedy. They have about £300 towards the School Building Fund, and have managed, in other respects, to pay their way, notwithstanding the losses they have been called to sustain in the recent removal of valued workers and contributors. Nor is this all. They have divided £8 between the College and the Home Mission, and they have collected for our Foreign Missionary Society no less than £42 6s. 5d.

THE HOME MISSION IS THE FRIEND OF THE FOREIGN.

When Home Mission churches give like this in their very infancy to the cause of Foreign Missions, it seems to me that all who love the work of Foreign Missions should lend their heartiest help to the strengthening of their work at home. I mean help in the shape of £ s. d. It would not be a bad thing indeed if, at our Foreign Missionary meetings a resolution were moved, seconded, and carried, on this wise, "That inasmuch as the Home Mission Society, in establishing new churches, thereby creates valuable allies for the Foreign Mission Society, this meeting hereby resolves to do all it can to secure collections and subscriptions for the General Baptist Home Mission."

The church at *Swadlincote* affords another illustration of how the Home Mission aids the Foreign. During last year this church has raised more for the College than for the Home Mission itself, and over *five* times more for the Foreign Mission than for either. So you see the Home Mission brings good tidings of great joy both to Chilwell and Orissa. Let it be noted, therefore, that if you want the College to flourish, and the heathen to be saved, you must on no account neglect the Home Mission. We have special pleasure in mentioning *Swadlincote* this year, because it sends its final report, and henceforth goes free of the Home Mission. The report tells of the happiest relations between pastor and people; speaks of healthy life in all departments of church work; and if it be with just a little fear and trembling, the friends rejoice at the prospect of entire independence. "During the sixteen years of our existence as a church," says the report, "we cannot have raised less than £2,000 for our chapel property;" and if another testimony be needed to the value of this Society, we have it in the full and frank acknowledgment which their report makes of the assistance and encouragement our help has afforded in all their toils.

Longton, too, has the happiness this year to "declare off" the Home Mission. In doing so their letter says, "we can never sufficiently express our gratitude to the Home Mission for the valuable and liberal help received, and hope to help the Home Mission to do similar work in other places." *Longton*, like *Swadlincote*, you will remember, was one of those churches taken over from the Midland Conference at the time the Unification Scheme was launched in 1877. Not a single hitch has occurred in our dealings with those churches from that time to this; and it should be reassuring to our Conferences to find that the children they have thus brought to our crèche to be nursed, have now grown strong enough to start life for themselves, and that they do it with heartiest gratitude to, and warmest affection for, the Mission which has nursed them into health and strength.

A CAPITAL PIECE OF NEW WORK

has been undertaken at *Hyson Green, Nottingham*, under the pastorate of Rev. B. Silby. All who know that neighbourhood, and the immense increase of population which the last few years have witnessed, will say that these people, in obtaining a site and beginning to build, have understanding of the times to know what General Baptists ought to do. Worshipping in a very unsuitable and badly situated building, this church of one hundred members has undertaken the responsibility of raising some £4,600 for land, chapel, and schools. They are helping themselves right nobly, and we have resolved to help them to some extent in meeting the interest on the money they have to borrow. It is just one of those enterprises which everybody says ought to be undertaken, but which, for want of such encouragement as we propose to give, fall through, and end in a sigh. A feeble church feels the need, and has the desire to become strong by stepping into the place of healing, but alas! alas! the story of Bethesda is repeated. The longing and helpless one finds no man to put him into the pool, and so another steps down before him. We do not want *Hyson Green* to suffer a fate like that, and so we have determined to give them a friendly hand.

THE POVERTY OF THE HOME MISSION.

Nothing but sheer impecuniosity prevents us from doing this more frequently. It is necessary to say this, because there are other churches who are ready to say to us, you are lending help to Walsall, to Crewe, to Hyson Green, etc.; why can't you help us? The answer is contained in the question itself. Simply because we have helped a few churches we cannot help more. Our funds are exhausted, and we are over head and ears in debt. Believe me, brethren, it is no pleasure to your Committee to turn a deaf ear to the wail of want which comes up from one church or another every time we meet. Had we a full purse it would be our delight to minister to the wants of all. Do you remember the anecdote of Foote the humourist? His mother wrote to him saying,

“Dear Sam,—I am in prison for debt: come and assist your loving mother,
“E FOOTE.”

To which he replied—

“Dear Mother,—So am I, which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,
SAM. FOOTE.”

You may take that as a parody on the case of the Home Mission. We are deep in debt. When churches cry to us for help we have to say that we are as badly off as they are, and that instead of helping others we need more help ourselves. Brethren, we must raise more money; and when I say *brethren*, that term must be taken as on Sundays, to include the ladies.

THE LADIES TO THE RESCUE.

Last year the ladies rendered us splendid and never-to-be-forgotten service in providing the Bazaar; but then, to tell the real truth, we need a Bazaar every year, or at any rate we need every year the amount of money realized by the Bazaar last year. It was a most welcome help to us, and it galvanized us into an extra spasm of life; but unless the *regular* income of our Society be greatly increased, we shall be doomed for long years to come to an invalid condition.

Unless something unusual takes place, unless, for instance, there should be a shower of anonymous friends who, like the one from the region of Birchcliffe, gave £50 not long ago, it will be many a long year before we are free from Walsall; and yet, as you know, we are already pledged to a right worthy enterprise of a similar kind at *Crewe*.

NEW CHAPEL AT CREWE.

In that prosperous Cheshire town we have a mere handful of General Baptists. Most of them are only artizans; but seeing an opening in the rapid growth of the town for establishing a General Baptist cause, they have banded themselves into a church. Led by Mr. Pedley, and backed by the hearty concurrence of the Cheshire Conference, they exchanged turn with the Southern Conference for the nomination of a site. The Home Mission Committee cordially agreed, and already a capital building is going up, to cost, in the first instance, over £3,000.

In this case the Home Mission agrees to pay half the cost of land and building, and to render substantial aid for about four years in the

maintenance of a pastor, that pastor being the veteran minister who rendered such splendid service in launching our first new chapel at Walsall (the Rev. W. Lees). These are

EXTRAORDINARY EFFORTS

for a Society like ours, and such efforts should be largely supplemented by extraordinary gifts. Brethren, treat the circulars which come to you on this matter as the most sacred things that fall into your hands. When so many of the churches *never* take up a collection for the Home Mission from year's end to year's end, there must be hundreds, if not thousands of pounds, waiting to be diverted into the Home Mission channel.

We know, in part, that this is so, from the fact that a few friends, being impatient of the slowness of their churches to make collections, beg us to accept their personal contributions. May the Lord multiply the number!

In the course of the discussion which arose in the Magazine about the matter of last year's Association Letter, one of the controversialists made an inquiry something like this, "How is it that we have not had greater success as a denomination, seeing that we claim to be so sound in doctrine, and so scriptural in practice?" The answer to that question is not to be found in our attitude towards baptism, but in our attitude towards the Home Mission. The Home Mission is our *one* organization which has for its avowed object the increase of the churches of our own faith and order in our own country.

THE HOME MISSION NEEDS BETTER SUPPORT.

How are we supporting it? The great majority of our churches are not supporting it at all.

We've waited long, we're waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.

If every church would make a collection for the Home Mission, or if only two-thirds of the churches made collections, its income could at once be doubled, and its work proportionately increased. This must be done. If we mean that our denomination should occupy a more prominent position among other religious bodies, we must give a more prominent position to the Home Mission. If we mean to occupy a foremost place, we must give this Society the foremost place in our thoughts, and in our benevolence. Not until this is done shall we make any appreciable advance; but when it is, and when we can put up every year, or every two years, a chapel like the one at *Dewsbury*, or the one at *Longton*, or the one at *Walsall*, or the one which is now going up at *Crewe*, then will our College thrive, and our Foreign Mission prosper; then shall our light rise in obscurity, and our darkness be as the noonday, and in us shall the prophecy be fulfilled, "a little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation."

J. FLETCHER.

Encouragements to Home Evangelization.*

WE find encouragement in the spot chosen for the carrying out of our benevolent design. This Mission aims at bringing the people of England to know the Lord; and doing this is something like Elijah putting the salt into the fountain of the bitter waters that ran through the plains of Jericho. The fountain made pure, the streams became pure. Put light and truth into the fountain at home, and sweetness and light will be conveyed in streams of influence throughout the world; for there is no country where the influence of England is not felt. Take her language; is it not spoken more or less all over the world? Her ships: do they not sail over every sea? Her flag: does it not float in every breeze? Convert England then, and you have found the moral fulcrum by means of which, with the lever of truth, you may roll the world round to God.

I find another encouragement in the benefit home evangelization has been to our country. England before home evangelization, and England since, represent two very different conditions of things. Mr. Hall, the hard brain-worker, who was born in the year 1800, about the birth-time of modern missions, has just published a book giving the reminiscence of a long life, and among other things he tells us how brutality was rampant everywhere; that in two successive Parliaments a certain John Gulley, a renowned prize-fighter, and who grew rich through the spoils of the ring, was returned at the head of the poll as member for Pontefract. And he tells us, also, how on one occasion in London he saw a well-dressed young woman, thirty years of age, sold for half a crown and a pint of porter. But bad as things were in the State, he tells us that the corruptions in the church were equally bad. He himself was christened by a clergyman who was so deeply involved in debt that he had a tunnel made from the church to the rectory adjoining to save himself from falling into the hands of the bailiffs. He tells us that his own clergyman frequently conducted service in his hunting coat, covered by his cassock, so that as soon as service was over he might mount and meet the hounds. But, sir, that was the age of church-rates! That was the day when the rector might be a Nimrod, a ramrod, a fishing-rod, or all three if he liked. That was the day of the test and corporation act; when you, sir, could not occupy your aldermanic chair, nor your Mr. Illingworth have taken his seat in Parliament, unless you had declared yourselves, by word and deed, members of the Established Church; but home evangelization is sweeping the whole list of mischiefs away, church-rates and all.

I find encouragement again for urging the support of this Mission because of the truth it has to tell. Dr. Fairbairn tells us that the difference between Christianity and other religions is, that other religions have arisen out of men's search for God; Christianity has risen out of God's search for man; and the glory of this Mission is that it has not to go and flap death warrants in the face of the people, and bid them spend their life in a weary search for an unknown God; but to bid them trust in a living father, who has sought and found them as the shepherd found the sheep, and the woman the silver, and to express this truth in the practical resolve, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee." We have to go to men who are wearying themselves in the vain search for happiness as our scientists went to the dwellers on the banks

* From the Address by Rev. J. JOLLY, B.A.

of the Caspian sea, wandering in the dark and shivering in the cold, and as they showed them that just under their feet were the warm naphtha springs which, if they would tap, would give them both light and heat; we, too, have to tell men that the word of salvation is nigh them, in their mouth and in their heart, which, if they believe, will produce light in the mind, and love in the soul, and holiness in the life, and safety in the prospect of death.

And this is the Mission for the church as well as the world. Orissa has recently been asking for half as many more men, and half as much more money. Increase this Mission to twice what it is, and you can answer both. The College, now changing its locale, and needing more money, as it will have greater privileges for its men, can be supplied with men and money too if you help home evangelization.

Atheism, always big and blatant, is now bigger and more blatant than heretofore, because men have made a martyr of its champion; but support this Mission, and you will be doing something to wither its poisonous flower before it runs to seed, by the spread of that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

David's last prayer was, "Let the whole earth be filled with the glory of the Lord;" this is the first and the last prayer of every Christian man. Support this Mission, and the key note of Christianity, which is enlargement, shall be struck again, and louder still shall the music roll; and to the ends of our land its glad sound shall be heard, and men shall bring their incense to Him who ought to be feared, and where now He is ignored Christ shall reign King of kings, and Lord of lords.

The Need for Home Missions.*

WHEN an apostle speaks of a divine philanthropy as he does in one of his epistles, we do not believe that it is less complete, less perfect, less true to its nature and character, than our noblest powers of human philanthropy. Nay, rather we believe that it is a love of man in the widest sense. We take the Lord's divine figure—we say that Humanity is God's silver; lost it may be, bruised and battered it may be, marred and trampled underfoot it may be, the image and superscription of God it may be well nigh obliterated by sin and superstition, but it is humanity still—it is silver still—it is God's silver still, and it is of worth to God, and of worth to His Son; of such worth that He has given His Son to save it, to regenerate it, to bring it back to God, to restore the divine image in its face, and the heavenly paradise in its heart.

Now if this be a fact concerning the spirit and work of Jesus Christ, and if we believe this fact as we profess to do, then is it not the paramount and pressing duty of every one of us to give emphasis to this fact in our own life and work? Fidelity to our Christian and denominational principles requires that we should be missionary. Not merely sustain a mission, but be missionary. Every church in the denomination should be, in the highest sense, a missionary church, and every member of every church should be a missionary.

We cannot all give personal service in the missionary enterprise abroad. The only thing that the great majority of us can do is to consecrate to that work material gifts; but to this missionary enterprise at

* From the address by Rev. J. H. ATKINSON.

home we can consecrate both personal service and material gifts; and thus we ought to do, for there is a sad need of both. More than two millions of souls are living in the rural districts alone, in open and sad neglect of what we are pleased to call the means of grace.

But the necessity for home missionary work will appear even greater if we consider the condition of our large towns and cities. We have but to look around us, and we shall find that there is in every town and city gross ignorance of religious truth, and often an entire indifference to all religion. Intemperance is still undermining the foundations of our social life, desolating whole households, plunging sons into crime, daughters into vice, widows into black despair, and hurling thousands of drunkards every year into a premature grave. Lust, in its most unblushing form, is still stalking through our streets; and atheism, of a kind, was never more prevalent. Verily this is not the day for any relaxing of Christian effort in our own Jerusalem and Judea. In all the ranks of life, in all classes of society, we may find precious souls in peril, and an all absorbing passion should take possession of us to rescue the perishing, and care for the dying. In the very condition of our land we have one of the strongest arguments for home missionary enterprise. England, Christian England, as we proudly call our country, has yet to be won to Christ. Fellow workers in the great harvest-field of the world, shall we seek to win England for the Lord? It may be won—it shall be won; won by other hands and hearts, if ours refuse to labour.

Plutarch, describing the scenes in connection with the Spartan festivals, represents the groups as coming up bearing banners. The old men carry a banner, on the front of which is written, "Triumphant in battle;" then the middle-aged come up, bearing a banner, and on the front of it they have inscribed, "Try us, our courage is not gone;" and then the young come up, with their waving banner, and on the front is this, "The palm remains for us alone." We have old men among us to-day who have been triumphant in battle. The rich heritage of blessing into which we have entered has been handed down to us by them. Let their names be had in loving remembrance. We have middle-aged men among us, bronzed and scarred by exposure and battle. Sometimes they are smitten down, yet never destroyed. They say again, "Try us: our courage is not gone." And we have young men among us—for you the palm remains. A glorious work is before you—a work worthy of your highest ambition; a work that appeals to your purest patriotism, your strongest affections, and your truest Christianity. Pledge yourselves to this work.

But let us remember that this work will not be accomplished by murmuring about its difficulties, nor by reviling its opponents, nor by annoying our comrades: not by muttered shibboleths, nor by a pompous ritual, nor by mere mechanical organizations. But, as our fathers before us accomplished their work, by faith and hope, and zeal and prayer, let us be loyal to our King; let us have a burning zeal kindled and sustained by constant fellowship with Jesus; let us be wholly consecrated to His service; let us ever be our best, and do our best. Then, when our working day is over—be that long or short, far off or near—it will matter not, for the King will say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

United Effort in Home Mission Work.*

THE Home Mission common! Are we so foolish as to despise things because they are common? No. The fresh morning breeze which sweeps over the Yorkshire hills, and rushes through the valleys, is common, but none the less refreshing. The light of the morning is common, but nevertheless "It is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun." Water is common, yet all know that it is essential to our existence. The stately oak is common; but who does not like to sit under its shadow on a hot day in summer. Now it seems that our Home Mission is to our denomination what these objects in nature are to the physical nature of us all. It is as a healthy refreshing breeze from heaven. It is a light from God sent to penetrate the moral darkness of those who sit in the region and shadow of death. It is like the prophet's river, bearing life, fertility, and beauty all along its course. It is like a tree springing from a small sapling, but in its growth it is spreading its branches over a few English counties, and has a large fruitful bough in Walsall, and is stretching out another in the rapidly growing town of Crewe. We may ask, What is the definite aim of our Home Mission? In reply, its grand beneficent aim is to carry out the redemptive scheme of Jesus Christ, a purpose that can be carried out either by individual effort or by united co-operation. Andrew was a home missionary when alone he went forth from the presence of Christ, found his brother Peter, "and brought him to Jesus." So was Philip, and the woman of Samaria, and the man of Gadara. But more successfully can this special work be carried out by united and well organized effort. Jesus sent forth His disciples two by two. The church at Antioch sent forth Barnabas and Paul. "Two are better than one," says the wise man. A single straw is easily broken, but straws multiplied are strong. A single rill can do little, but a few streams united make the wheel go round. The miller built the mill. The wheel was large. A single stream flowed, but it was too feeble to move it round. Six small streams were united, the volume of water increased—"The wheel went round, and the corn was ground." It is a parable. The six Conferences were single streams, and were too weak a force to make our Home Mission go. "The Unification Scheme" united all, and now the work is moving forward.

Our chief object at present is to call attention to our work at Crewe. The returned missionary is expected to say something about his field of labour in foreign lands. Now that you have raised me to the dignity of a "Home Missionary," and sent me forth to build a chapel and raise another church for Christ in Crewe, it is proper that I should say a few words on that point. There is an infant church in Crewe, its membership is twenty-five. It is like a little Moses—a beautiful, smiling, hopeful child. You have engaged me as nurse. With watchful care and good training this child of hope may grow, so that in some future day he may become one of the deliverers of our country from the bondage and oppression of sin and woe.

* From the address by Rev. W. LEES.

Twelve Papers for Young Men.

VII.—DEFINITE AIMS.

EARLY years are a dream-land of fiction, later years a groan of dissatisfaction. Few fully awake to the sublime possibilities of life until some bitter disappointment rouses them from slumber, when, alas! it is often too late to achieve a noble destiny. Many follow a will o' the wisp through the best years of life. An unrestrained fancy paints enchanting pleasures and possessions, and builds castles in the air; and these creations of the imagination are permitted to fill the thoughts, to intoxicate the reason, and to lure the soul from electing a fixed and definite aim to engage the energies and opportunities of life. The regrets of riper years mainly arise from the lack of a definite aim in life.

A definite aim is a fixed and settled intention which a person places before him as the one end and purpose of his existence. To it he directs all his faculties and activities; for it he organizes and works all his surroundings. By it he measures all things, and accounts them useful or useless as they assist or further its attainment. His all-devouring purpose animates and dominates the whole of his life. Everything pales before it, everything is sacrificed at its shrine. It moulds his thoughts, colours his talk, and shapes his conduct. We cannot help having aims toward which we direct our life with more or less resoluteness. What we should like to do and be, involuntarily images itself within us and raises anticipations and desires. A thousand things bid for our attention and claim to be worthy of pursuit; and amid these competitive attractions a definite aim is indispensable to a noble and useful life. Without it existence is a fluctuating, unconnected, inconsistent succession of acts. Man becomes the play of circumstances, the creature and slave of whatever may catch his fancy for the moment. But given a definite purpose, and all the thoughts and acts of life are grouped and pointed with meaning. Eyeless labour, aimless toiling, can never make life either valuable or beautiful. To carve a statue or paint a picture the artist must have an ideal in his mind: indeed you cannot even build a shoe or create a coat without a definite aim. And as in all handicrafts and arts an aim is indispensable, so also in producing a noble life.

The selection of life's aim is a task of great difficulty and perplexity. It comes at a period when the young man has but slender experience, little knowledge of his talents, and when many gilded allurements appeal to the senses and imagination. It comes at the age when there is great danger of conscience being out-voted by pleasure, passion usurping the place of principle, and the love of wealth and distinction taking the place of love to duty and God. Yet it is the most important decision of life, and will send an influence through the whole career. And if at any time man needs calm and clear thought, cool and unbiassed judgment, stern and uncorrupted conscience, it is surely when he chooses the definite aim of his life. The responsibility of choice rests with himself, and though he may derive light from the counsel and experience of others, he himself must throw the die that will decide his destiny. Hence it becomes him to sit down and count the cost before

attempting to build. All the possibilities of life should be carefully ascertained and calculated, and his own ability and fitness calmly considered. Adopt no aim rashly, for upon your choice momentous issues hang.

The aim of life should be definite. No young man should be ever changing his purpose. It is never done but with disadvantage. It subjects one to the charge of fickleness. Success mainly depends on stability of purpose and settled intention. Be cautious in selecting your aim; but when once fixed let nothing turn you aside. The character of man is partly formed by the aim he has in view: it fixes that which was before unfixed, gives resoluteness to that which was undetermined, suppresses many traits that were partially formed, and calls others into vigorous and permanent existence. To alter the aim is a revolution in the character, and involves great danger of disaster and ruin.

The aim of life should be worthy of your nature and destiny. Life's grandeur or worthlessness largely depends upon the worthiness of the end you propose to yourself. Enjoyment is the aim many set before them: a very natural thing: but sought simply for itself it can never be attained. "Happiness never comes to the man who consciously seeks it; it must come unsought if it is to come at all." And if it could be gained by pursuit, we should find it insufficient to satisfy our whole nature. We must have some higher aim: if we do not, we inevitably suffer in our own estimation; we lose self-respect; we feel something like self-contempt. Pursuits that are perfectly proper in creatures destitute of reason, may be very culpable in a being who has higher and nobler capabilities. A lofty aim will raise a man to a higher plane, and at the same time serve to develop his faculties. If it be difficult of achievement the more bracing will be its influence. To grapple with difficulties enriches the personality, and enhances the wealth of life. "It is wonderful how even the apparent casualties of life seem to bow to a spirit that will not bow to them, and yield to assist a design, after having in vain attempted to frustrate it." Never lower your aim for the sake of ease: such an expedient is unwise and dangerous. Let the aim be possible of attainment, and the loftier the better.

Your aim should be one that is capable of retaining its sway over you. Do not allow yourself to be beguiled by glittering ambitions. Place before your mind an end that will furnish inspiration and raise anticipation in years yet to come. Aim at something that will commend itself when the fires of youthful passion are extinct—something that will be of real service—something that will promote the happiness and interest of your fellow-man, and the glory of God. Do not be discouraged by the humbleness of your surroundings, or undervalue the materials at your command. Some of the noblest lives have been wrought out of the lowliest conditions. A poor apprentice conceived the idea of making a stained window of the waste bits of coloured glass his master had thrown away as useless. He carefully fitted the tiny remnants together, and the result of his patient endeavour is one of the finest pieces of artistic skill that adorn a Cathedral. "Thy ideal is in thyself," says Carlyle, "thy condition is but the stuff to shape that same ideal out of."

But whatever your aim, avoid dishonourable ways to gain it. While your aims are noble, beware of taking short cuts to reach them. Use

no means that are ignoble or unjust. To succeed in your purpose, but at the cost of honour, or truth, or justice, is no gain: it is real loss. It is better to fail in your pursuit: better to have life a dishevelled mass—ininitely better, than to sacrifice or imperil manhood and its higher interests.

Of course man's chief aim is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever—an aim which cannot be accomplished unless pride be chastened, selfishness cast out, and the heart purified. Self-conquest and submission to God are indispensable conditions of success in all noble aims whatever. “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.”

GEORGE EALES.

Twelve Talks with our Girls.

No. VII.—“CHARMING GIRLS.”

I ALWAYS tell my girls—and I have several of them—it is their duty to be as charming as they can. Just as roses and lilies are created to give pleasure by their graceful form, many-hued colours, and attractive fragrance; not less than to afford instruction by their wonderful structure and interesting history, so girlhood ought to diffuse a sunny delight in home and school, soothe the rugged brow of care, relieve the burdens of the aged, inspire and attract love, and minister freshness and joy wherever it goes. Girls ought to be charming!

“Yes, yes,” said my eldest daughter, who is in the habit of expressing herself with some energy and directness, “that's well enough as far as it goes—but that's not far. If you happen to have a ‘nose’ that will assert its upward tendency, teeth that protrude as if they were a survival of the chimpanzee stage of evolution, lips as thick as a negro's, eyes as dull and leaden as a November sky, and a skin that *will* blotch, do what you will, then, ma! its all—I was going to say—nonsense. Roses and lilies are *made* charming, and they can't help it; and if we girls are not made charming, its of no use.

“No, no! Jenny, it is of use, and of great use. One of the most winsome girls I ever knew was exactly of that sort; or, to speak with becoming restraint, one whose features were very homely indeed; but she was always sweet in temper, quick in sympathy, vivacious but self-controlled in manner, graceful in movement, neat in her dress, and altogether most charming. When I first saw her I felt a little chilled by her shyness; but now her early life is one of my most pleasant memories, and her present friendship I appreciate as above all price.”

“And beside,” chimed in Ruth, “you know, Jenny, there is Florry Windsor, as pretty a girl as you could wish to see, and yet nobody likes her. Why I heard our Fred say last week, ‘She has a lovely face, and doesn't she know it, too?’ And what a temper she carries! She's merry enough at a party, while she has her own way; but I know it's anything but plain sailing at home when she's on deck.”

“Just so, my girls; in a really charming girlhood you must have much more than good looks and well-fitting dresses. Indeed, it depends more on what *you make yourselves*, than on what you are made. You may have a clear complexion and a bright eye, a graceful figure and a lady-like bearing; and these are gifts to be grateful for, and to be used

to make life brighter and purer ; but you must remember, these no more make a charming girl, than gilt edges make a good book, or a splendid dinner service a rich and nourishing repast. Take care of your bodies by all means. The face is often, though not always, a sign of character ; and cleanly habits, true temperance, and inward purity, preserve and develop personal charms ; but you may robe yourselves in the best fashion, and regularly use Pears's soap and the Magnolia Balm, Rimmel's scents and Duval's cosmetics, Fox's eye pencils and Touzeau Saunders's face-powders, and yet be as 'ugly' and repulsive as the Greek Hecate you were reading about the other day. The true charm comes from within. It is the radiance of an inward goodness, the attractive and appropriate vesture of a spiritual beauty. It is the spell created by a spirit free from self-will and self-seeking, quick in detecting and anticipating the needs of others, kindly in judging the erring and the unfortunate, sympathetic and loving, wise and generous towards all. It is, in a word, the magnetic charm of a woman filled with the grace and goodness of Christ Jesus. Lola Montez, a woman who lectured on 'Beautiful Women' more than twenty years ago, said, 'I know of no art which can atone for the defect of an unpolished mind and an unlovely heart. That charming activity of soul, that spiritual energy which gives animation, grace, and living light to the animal frame, is, after all, the real source of woman's beauty. It is that which gives eloquence to the language of her eyes, which gives the sweetest expression to her face, and lights up her whole *personnel* as if her very body thought.'

"But never forget, girls, that you must show all your charms *at Home* if you are to be able to use them elsewhere. You cannot be untidy and unclean, disorderly and discontented, slatternly and selfish, ill-tempered and ill-bred all the morning, and then shine at night as if you were a revived Lady Blessington, or one of the three Sheridans, known as the 'Three Graces of England.' You must be charming all day long, and brighten the common-places of life with your cultivated intelligence and good sense, sunny cheerfulness and heroic patience, complete trust and unconquerable hope ; and having triumphed in the home, the school, or the sphere of daily work, and endeared to your hearts father and mother, brother and sister, visitor and serving-maid, fellow-student and companion in toil, you will take high rank as 'charming girls,' and grow into loving and loved, good and useful women." LOUISA F. SEYMOUR.

A Nature Song.

I CANNOT tell what ye say green leaves ;
I cannot tell what ye say ;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a Word in you this day.

I cannot tell what ye say, rosy rocks ;
I cannot tell what ye say ;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a Word in you this day.

I cannot tell what ye say, brown streams ;
I cannot tell what ye say ;
But I know in you too, a spirit doth live,
And a Word in you this day.

THE WORD'S ANSWER.

Oh! rose is the colour of love and youth,
And green is the colour of faith and
truth,

And brown of the fruitful clay.
The earth is fruitful, and faithful and
young,

And her bridal morn shall rise ere
long ;

And you shall know what the rocks and
the streams,

And the laughing green woods say !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A Visit to Norway.

No. V.

BY REV. WILLIAM ORTON.

THE VICTORIA.

ON the return of day we were able to make a survey of our surroundings. The hotel was of wood. There was a low stone wall on which the building rested, and red tiles on the roof; but with these exceptions the structure was entirely ligneous. The yard into which we had driven on the previous night by the dim light of a lantern, we now saw to be a spacious quadrangle, formed of stabling, carriage-houses, kitchens, offices of various kinds, and the back of the hotel. The entrance to the house was up a broad long flight of wooden steps, which landed on a balcony. This ran almost the length of the building, and though by no means elegant in its appearance, was rendered beautiful by a display of plants and flowers. Immediately within was a reading-room, with a supply of newspapers, and among many which were unreadable it was pleasant to find the weekly edition of the *Times*, with the latest news from England. There was a spacious dining-room with an elevation at at one extremity, that served, as occasion required, for a platform, a stage, or an orchestra; and beyond this room, separated by a rich heavy curtain, was a drawing-room with some pretence to decoration. On the wall, duly framed and glazed, was an autograph letter signed "Guiseppe Napoleon," who some years ago was staying at the Victoria. We saw no hostess in the hotel, unless she appeared in the guise of a waitress, which we strongly suspected; but our host was a valuable acquisition to our little circle. He had lived in England, and was for some years in the family of the Rev. Dr. Blunt, at whose house he learned to know Dr. Vaughan, Dr. Farrar, and other persons of eminence.

KONGSBERG.

The town contains about 4,000 inhabitants. The houses generally are of the ordinary Norwegian type, with their low wooden walls, and their gaily curtained windows; though there are also some residences that are more substantial, and have some pretence to architectural beauty. These, however, have the appearance of faded grandeur, for the town has seen better days. A century ago it stood high in royal favour, and was not unfrequently visited by the king and his court. The splendour of former days has now departed, and our host spoke of it as "a decaying town." But all is not in decay, for the ornamental trees still flourish, and the fountain in the square sparkles as brilliantly as ever in the sunlight, and the water near the town bridge dashes over the rocks and throws off its cloud of spray as grandly as when it was daily seen by royal eyes. It is cheering thus to be reminded that in this world of change some things may continue the same—that there is "a kingdom that cannot be moved;" that though "the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, yet that the word of the Lord abideth for ever;" and that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

THE CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARD.

The church is in the centre of the town. It stands in a spacious ground surrounded by substantial iron railings, and is an object of unusual interest. Its first appearance is somewhat disappointing, for it has nothing of the elegance and the quaint beauty of Hitterdal, and is of red brick, with but little external ornament, yet it is considered one of the finest churches in Norway. The building was commenced by Christian IV. of Sweden, and was finished by his son and successor to the throne in 1761, and the rich decorations of the interior are a worthy memorial of the two kings. The form is nearly square. There is a gallery on three sides. The seats are of dark oak, and on one side are curious stalls. In the front of the gallery, opposite to the pulpit, is the royal pew, with a front of white and gold, and a canopy adorned with the royal arms, and fitted up within with all the taste and luxury a monarch could desire; yet the whiteness is soiled, the gold is tarnished, and the crimson seats have lost their rich crimson glow. One of the most remarkable features of the church is its pictorial ornamentation. It is rich in paintings, and such paintings as awaken memories of some of the finest Italian basilicas. The dome-like ceiling is covered with the Transfiguration, and around the building are effective illustrations of the miracles, and of other scenes in the life of our Lord. The graveyard is kept with great care. There is scarcely a grave on which flowers are not planted; and there are, in many of the grave-spaces, seats for the comfort of mourners when they visit the graves of those whom they loved. I sat on one of these seats for a little while, and thought how it would gratify the loving heart to be so near the sacred spot, and call up in imagination the form and features that exist now in memory only, and live over again, even for a little while, the joys of other days. And this reminded me of the annual visits of the Queen and royal family of England to the mausoleum in which the good Prince Consort lies; and again my thoughts rose to that precious memorial appointed by our Lord which so often helps to raise us above ourselves, and stir up our most hallowed feelings by awakening memories of Himself in His hours of deepest sorrow. Who of us would willingly disregard His words, "Do this in remembrance of me?"

A DRIVE TO THE LABROFOS.

A "fos" is a waterfall, The Labrofos is said to be one of the finest in this part of Norway. The depth of the fall is 140 feet, and there is, especially after the rains, a large volume of water. The distance from Kongsberg is about six miles, and we were conveyed thither by a pair of ponies in charge of a youth. The road was, for the most part, an ascending one; and we passed through forest and fjeld, with some pleasant scenery now and then unexpectedly opening up to view. The roads are generally in good order; and the traveller can scarcely pass along without seeing, at irregular distances, what appear to be mile-posts. They are about four feet in height, and are hooded at the top, having under this cover an inscription. The question arose, What could these objects be? They were not to guide the wayfarer—they were not monuments to the departed—they were not stations for prayer, like the crucifix in popish countries, or like the roadside temples in pagan lands. What could they be? When speculations were fruitless,

we found, on inquiry, that these posts marked the distances on the road which the neighbouring occupiers of land had to keep in repair. Each man is responsible for the condition of his own allotment of the roadway, and very well the plan seems to answer.

On approaching the "fos" we came to a mill. It was a large establishment. The machinery was worked by the falling water. There were offices, and there were men going about in the quiet way so common in Norway, and packages standing directed ready to be sent away, and the sound of the machinery was mingling with the sound of the fall. What was the work done here? It was a paper-mill; and it was interesting to learn that the paper was manufactured from wood. We picked up specimens and brought away, but the process of paper-making we did not see.

The fall itself was not seen by us to great advantage. The sky became overcast—there was a drizzling rain—the stones were slippery and dangerous—and therefore, though we saw a marvellous manifestation of power, yet there was less of the beautiful than we had seen at a fall of less repute at Hitterdal, which we saw when the sun was shining, and the rainbow lighted up the cloud of spray.

THE SILVER-MINES.

About five miles from Kongsberg are the famous silver-mines. They are the property of the government, and yield an income of £22,000 a year. It is usual for travellers to pay a visit to this store of wealth; but as our time was limited, and as we were told there was very little more to interest the visitor than in a stone-quarry or a coal-mine, we preferred to pay a visit to the smelting works. Our first business was to obtain permission to see the show-room. We were received courteously by an officer, who unlocked the door and conducted us into the room where the silvery treasure was carefully kept. Our guide spoke English imperfectly; but he did his best to make us understand everything. "Here," said he, "is silver in the ore; here it is reduced to powder ready for the process of washing; here are globules of silver formed by dropping in a molten state into water; here are curious formations of silver found in cavities of the rock; and here are bars of pure silver ready for use, each bar being worth at least £50 sterling." We were then conducted to the works, where we saw the silver in various stages of preparation. We saw a furnace at work—the blast produced by water power—the bright stream of metal flowing in a state of intense heat, and the vaults in which the unprepared silver was stored. The visit was full of interest, and was suggestive of some things it will be well for all of us to bear in mind.

First. Of the universal Proprietor. There is One who has said, "The silver is mine;" so that whether it is threading its way through the dark rocks, or worn as ornaments, or turned into the current coin of the realm, He is the owner of all. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

Secondly. It was suggestive of His care of us in trial. The silver is preserved with care. It is intended that not a particle shall be lost. And so, when the furnace of our trial is fiercest, we may be cheered to bear in mind that "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

Thirdly. It was suggested that we need not be surprised to find an inferior mixture in the treasures that are sent by the Giver of all good. The silver is seldom found pure. It is usually in combination with quartz, copper pyrites, and other substances, from which the precious metal must be separated by human skill and labour. So it is with our best treasures, even with the Gospel itself. As, said the apostle, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

And, finally, one can scarcely fail to be reminded that out of most unpromising materials there may come products of great value. Nothing could be more unpromising than the granite-like rocks, or the dark coloured dust, in which are buried the particles of silver; and yet from these are produced metal of unsullied purity, and forms of fairylike beauty. So a rough child may become an eminent man; an imperfect disciple may develop into Christlike goodness; a vile body may be so changed as to become like Christ's glorious body. "It doth not appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Our College.

THE alterations in the new building at Nottingham are going on briskly. It is hoped that the premises will be ready for occupation early in September. Meanwhile, circulars are being sent to all the churches asking earnestly for funds. £400 were promised at Bradford. At least £1,100 more will be wanted.

The denomination is larger and more vigorous than it was in 1860-61. Then about £3,000 were given freely. It cannot be difficult to get half that amount now. Will ministers and church secretaries, when they receive the circulars, *put the subject down upon the agenda for the next church meeting*—appoint some one who is enthusiastic about the College to collect subscriptions—promises (to extend over twelve months, or even longer,) and ready money, and forward to the Treasurer, T. W. Marshall, Esq., Loughborough, or to the secretaries. These details, then, might be announced from the pulpit, so that friends would know how to give their donation. If this be done, and done with the vigour which the case deserves, the denomination will be able to rejoice at the next Association in good College premises free of debt, and the funds of this most important of denominational institutions in a healthy and satisfactory condition.

INTEMPERANCE IMPEACHED.

DR. CHALMERS arraigned intemperance in the following words: "Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. I charge it as the cause of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion that disgrace and afflict the land. I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in the deluge which swept over the highest hill-tops, engulfing the world, of which but eight were saved. As compared with other vices, it may be said of this, 'Saul hath slain his thousands, but this David his ten thousands.'"

The Crewe Bazaar.

WE are very anxious that our forthcoming bazaar, to be held in Crewe, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 13th, 14th, and 15th of September next, should prove, in every way, a great success. To secure this object we desire, as far as we possibly can, to awaken a deep and practical interest in every reader of our Magazine. Probably most of them are aware that we are now engaged in building a commodious chapel and good schools in Crewe. This effort is the second in connection with our denominational "Unification Scheme." The church in Crewe is young, and the members are few, and, however willing, are not able to do "great things." The building, with land, will cost £3,500. The Home Mission Committee has generously offered £1,500, leaving us to raise at least £2,000.

Now we are persuaded that a large debt remaining upon the infant church would be simply ruinous at the outset. We therefore appeal most earnestly to our ministers, leaders, and members of all our churches to do their best to help us to avert such a calamity. We are hoping for a good supply of useful and ornamental articles, including a Cheshire cheese stall; but unless we can secure purchasers from a distance, we fear the bazaar will not realize all we desire.

It has been suggested by the President of our Home Mission Committee (and his idea is a good one) that at least fifty friends might come and spend £5 each. We will provide them with comfortable beds for one, two, or three nights, according to the length of their stay. Friends who cannot attend themselves might send their pastors or other representatives to make purchases for them. We have fixed on the above dates in order to afford visitors to the bazaar an opportunity of seeing the COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SHOW, which will be held in Crewe, on Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th of September. This, with other attractions in the neighbourhood, would, we hope, make the visit a very enjoyable holiday.

Friends who intend favouring us with their presence and help will please give an early intimation of the same either to Rev. W. Lees, Swiss Cottage, Nantwich Road, Crewe; or to R. Pedley, Esq., J.P., Winterly House, near Crewe.

To the above attractive statement by the pastor, the Rev. W. Lees, we only need add that this new work is progressing in a very satisfactory way, and gives promise of large results in the new buildings. This enterprise deserves and will repay the best help of the whole denomination.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

ACCORDING to the Rev. Joseph Cook, in his recent lecture in Boston, the seven modern wonders of the world are (1) speed of intercommunication throughout the world; (2) the self-reformation of the hermit nations, such as Japan, which in twenty-five years has made greater changes than any other nation; (3) the rapid parallel advancement of education and democracy the world over; (4) the world-wide unity of civilization, as seen in the relationships between nations; (5) the triumph of Christianity; (6) the current fulfilment of Biblical prophecy; and (7) the establishment on a sure basis of a scientific supernaturalism.

Friend or Foe ?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER VIII.—WHISPERS.

THAT night was a painful one for Elsie. For an hour or two, feeling unable to sleep, she sat up, alone in the moonlight, watching, and thinking, and weeping. Then she went to bed—but still only to watch and weep and think; to toss and turn in agony of spirit; to hear again and again that strange, dreadful laugh; and to condemn herself with ever-increasing vehemence, as the main cause of the horrible thing she had seen. And so the night passed, until at length the dawn broke, with that grey, cold, cheerless aspect which early morning ever has to the unsleeping eyes of grief. Then, almost exhausted from want of rest, with head and heart aching, and eyes swollen with the many tears they had shed, she arose, shed more tears—passionate, burning tears!—as she poured out a long and earnest prayer, and descended to wait for Oliver. He would not be as he was last night, and she would again humble herself—yes, to the very dust!—if she could but atone in some degree for her folly, and—and—help to turn him out of the terrible course he was pursuing. "My God! give me power over my pride," she moaned, as she busied herself in the breakfast-room, where Mary had just lit the fire.

Mr. Bradford had not of late come down to breakfast, on account of his foot, and Oliver had many times since the quarrel gone straight off to business, or had merely taken a hasty cup of coffee, intending to get the meal at the warehouse or on the way thither. Elsie, on this occasion, thinking he would most likely hurry away, after last night, with greater precipitancy than ever—cooked him a nice chop with her own hands, and when his light footstep sounded at last on the stairs, there was a beautiful breakfast awaiting him.

"Oliver, you will stay this morning, won't you? It is late, I know, but breakfast is quite ready." He was out in the hall, putting on his topcoat; she had come up from the breakfast-room, and was speaking to him so gently, in a way so unlike her late one, that Oliver turned and looked hard at her. He had cause to be surprised, not only because of the change in her manner. Her eyes were not wont to be so red and swollen, her cheeks were not usually so pale and wan. And she, too, as she returned his gaze for a moment, had ample reason to share his wonder. Where was the old bright, frank face she had known in the past? Surely *this* one, with its dark, almost shrinking expression, which seemed to be hiding some secret that must never be discovered—surely *this* was not Oliver's face! Surely these haggard lines in it, these bloodshot eyes, were not his. It was only by an effort that she suppressed the impulse to shrink away from him.

"I shall not stay this morning, thank you," Oliver answered, coldly, and placed his hat on his head.

"At least come downstairs, Oliver," Elsie returned—pleadingly now—"I want to speak to you."

"Oh, certainly." They descended to the breakfast-room.

"Why not stay? It is quite ready—" Elsie was about to ring for Mary, when Oliver put up his hand.

"Is that what you have to say? I shall get my breakfast at the warehouse."

Elsie burst into tears.

"Why are you so cruel to me, Oliver! You know I am sorry for what I have done—you know I want you to forgive me!" The words broke from her—she did not stay to consider them. But Oliver only looked coldly on, not softened by the pretty head bowed in grief and penitence. Surely, no man, unless restrained by a sense of guilt or an absence of love, could have remained so cold in presence of such pleading and beautiful sorrow. And what man could plead absence of love in such a presence?

Elsie looked up again, the tears streaming down her face.

"Let the past be forgotten," she said, her lips tremulous with feeling, her eyes yearning for peace. Again she would have fallen on his breast, and been as humble as a little child, had he shown her the least encouragement. But he stood silent, looking anywhere but into her eyes. And as he stood so, he thought of Helena and her fascinating beauty, of Rearden's words, of—what else? That was only known to himself. But if it was anything pleasant, it is strange that he should have almost scowled as he turned on his heel impatiently.

"The past can never be forgotten," he said.

"It can, Oliver—it can, if we try. My sin quickly bore its bitter fruit in last night, but——"

"I do not need reminding of last night," he interrupted, turning towards her haughtily.

"Forgive me, Oliver—I meant not to refer to it. But I should think you would need no reminding if you lived for a thousand years." Flesh and blood could not suffer it; all her good resolutions were scattered to the winds by that haughty glance, and again pride gleamed out from those clear blue eyes.

At this moment Mr. Bradford entered the room; they had been so engrossed in each other that his approach had been quite unheard.

"Most extraordinary!" the new-comer cried, with a jolly expression on his face—"gout almost entirely gone again. Look here!" And by way of illustrating his words, Mr. Bradford marched several times up and down the room, with the mere ghost of his old halt. "What do you think of that, eh? But"—stopping and looking at Elsie and Oliver—"you have not been quarrelling again have you? What a curious pair you are. Come, come!" He seized a hand of each, and would have joined them, had not both been hastily and firmly withdrawn. Mr. Bradford looked at the young people in surprise, seeming to realize for the first time that their difference, whatever it was, was a really serious one. "Well, well," he said, turning away and ringing the bell, "if you will have it out you will, I suppose. But you're both very silly."

"I shall come up to the city by-and-by," he said, as Oliver—still refusing to stay to breakfast—was about to go, "and I shall see what tricks you've been up to, lately. So beware!" Did Oliver turn pale? No one could have said, for, with a faint attempt to smile, and some remark about being glad to see him there again, he said good morning, and was gone.

"What have you been doing with him of late, eh, Elsie?" Mr. Bradford asked, as he and his niece, for the first time for a long while, together sat over their breakfast. "There's certainly something come over him lately, which I cannot understand at all. He seems to brood. You don't mean to say you have had a really serious quarrel, do you? Why—what's the matter with the child! what's the matter, Elsie?"

No answer—only heavy sobs, that shook the bowed figure opposite, and seemed to come from a breaking heart.

"Elsie, my darling!"—he rose, and almost with the gentleness of a woman took the pretty head between his hands—"Elsie! what is it? Come, tell your old uncle, my dear. What's the matter? Has Oliver been unkind to you?"

Elsie suddenly rose, and breaking into a wild passion of grief, buried her head in her uncle's breast. "Oh, uncle, it's all my fault—my fault!" she cried, between her sobs. "I drove him to it, and now, now it is too late. He will not listen to me, and I deserve it."

Mr. Bradford thought he saw what she meant. "There, there!" he said, gently patting her head, "put away your fears, my dear. I'll see that it comes right. You've shown a little temper, and of course he doesn't like it. But leave him to me—leave him to me. I'll bring him round, depend on it."

Elsie made a great effort to master her emotion, and succeeded in some measure. Whatever she did, she must not tell of last night, even if she should be misunderstood. So she dried her tears for the time, repressed all indication that her principal dread was not for herself but for Oliver, and began to wonder at this second mysterious disappearance of her uncle's gout, and to rejoice with him.

On the evening of that day there might have been heard strange whisperings amongst the assistants at the warehouse. For weeks and months the vans with "Bradford and Co., wholesale grocers," written on them, had gone up and

down that ancient Black Swan Yard in Bishopsgate, without the master being there to direct them; for weeks and months the warehouse—two or three private houses, bought cheap at the suggestion of smart Amos Rearden, and altered so as to be as well fitted to the needs of the business as the finest building erected on purpose—had not known the tread of the head of the firm. But at last his round, kind, British face had appeared there again—all the jollier, some said, for the long absence. Coming in the afternoon, he had walked about, as if proud of being able to do so again, with only a slight limp; had smiled round on his hands, and kindly greeted them as they, almost every one, expressed their pleasure at seeing him there once more; had talked with one or two customers who happened to drop in on business; had gone over with them to the old-fashioned tavern opposite—three hundred years old, some said that tavern was—to take a glass of ale, and talk over trade; and at last had entered the counting-house, where Mr. Raymond was—still with that dark, brooding look on his face, which had made him, this last week or so, so different from what he had always been. Then, all at once, a change seemed to come over things, like the change that comes over a sunny landscape when heavy clouds suddenly come up. Mr. Bradford, after some time, came out of the counting house again, with an angry frown on his face. "Where is Mr. Rearden?" he asked, in a stern tone. Mr. Rearden, who was superintending the loading of two vans, quickly came forward, and with his chief, returned to the office. Then, as one or two of the assistants could see, something unpleasant went on; Mr. Bradford spoke angrily, and in a high voice, and was evidently directing his anger against his nephew, while he pointed to the books and asked: "What do you mean by letting them get into this confusion?" Then a long and gloomy discussion had taken place, in lower tones, so that those outside could not hear what was being said, while Rearden seemed to be trying to prevent a quarrel between the nephew and uncle. Finally, Mr. Bradford had come out in a passion, and, saying he would put the books into the hands of a firm of auditors to-morrow, for he might be on the brink of bankruptcy for all he knew, went home.

What did all this mean? What had the manager been doing? No one knew, no one could guess. But the whispers and the questions went about that evening, and everyone, remembering Raymond's late goings on, was prepared for something strange.

The Decay of Preaching.

THE *Chicago Advance* devotes a leader to Mr. MAHAFFY'S book on "The Decay of Modern Preaching," and says:—

"The burden of this Dublin Professor's charge, that the day for preaching has mostly gone by, is stuff and nonsense. Never, since the world began bearing on its bosom beneath the infinitely pitying eye of God its burden of immortal human souls, was there ever greater need of, or more inspiring opportunities for true preaching, by the living voice of the men of God, than there is to-day; and that, too, in poor distracted Ireland as well as in this vast America. Modern society has not outgrown, it is not likely to outgrow, the sacred Preacher. Times have changed, no doubt; but not so as to leave less necessity for that consecrated personal leadership, instruction, argument, appeal, instant enforcement, the inspiration and propulsion of the many under the oratorical spell of one man whose heart and brain and entire nature shall be set burning with God's own thought, presence, love and communicated power, in the supreme sacrament of true gospel preaching, which transforms truth into character. Say that the preacher's calling is more exacting than ever; granted; but so is the popular need of it. The only thing that is true in the book referred to is, that the preaching of the time should be *suited* to the time. And in demanding this, on the part of our theological seminaries, and then of the ministers themselves, however exactingly, there will be no injustice. Only, let it be remembered, the *main* part of our religious necessities are such as are common to all ages, to all days, and to men in all places."

France and England; Madagascar and the Suez Canal.

Nothing impressed us more strongly, in our recent travels in France, than the signs of impatient haste on the part of the French people to create a Colonial Empire rivalling that of Great Britain. The topic recurred with startling frequency in the daily papers, not only of Paris, but of Lyons, Marseilles, and Nice, and received considerable impulse from the speech of M. Leon Say. If an Englishman suggested possibilities of peril he was told that the conquerors of India and the rulers of Australia have no right to speak. The retort is largely deserved. We have had our rage for annexation, and are not yet wholly free of it; but we are the better, and not the worse qualified to utter a warning word. Few nations, even the most civilized, give a high rank to conscience in their political enterprises, and France is least of all likely to accord it imperial sway. France is "Romanized," and Romanism is weakest in the direction of the conscience. Romanism does not lack money or music, eloquence or æstheticism, policy or philanthropy; but it never has created a high conscientiousness either in individual or public life. Events in Tunis, on the Congo, and now, alas! in Madagascar, show that France has little conscience to hold her back from unjust methods of colonization. Tamatave has been bombarded and seized, and it is to be feared violations of international law have been committed. The response of the French Minister, so far, is all that could be desired, and the appointment of M. Waddington as the French Minister to England is itself a pledge that so far as the ministry of M. Jules Ferry is concerned we have nothing to fear. But, we are sure, it is of the utmost urgency that our Government should watch the colonial department of France, and not be satisfied with plausible words, but strenuously resist any satisfaction of the present national passion for annexation at the expense of justice to other nations, and the rights of inferior races.* We must not be jealous, nor even sensitive, but we ought to infuse, as far as we can, a spirit of fairness and brotherhood into the efforts of the French people to extend their colonial activity.

The difficulty of discharging this important mission is not diminished, but seriously increased, by the questions which have arisen about a

SECOND SUEZ CANAL.

Our position in this matter is instructive. In the days of Palmerstonian idolatry, practical England pured contempt on the project of M. de Lesseps, and refused to be bamboozled by a scheme so palpably absurd as that projected by M. de Lesseps. We are a practical people, a most practical people! French idealists must not imagine that we are to be caught by their dreams of Channel Tunnels and Suez and Panama Canals! As in our churches we suffer stagnation and corruption for want of a little far-seeing sympathy and courageous venture, so we have tied our hands by our folly in reference to the first Suez Canal.

But have we? Has M. de Lesseps possession of the monopoly he claims? That is the first question, and it is a question on which we cannot get a satisfactory answer. The Law Officers of the Crown and the Chancellor of the Exchequer hold that he has, and that therefore it is our wisdom to make the best terms we can get, and be content. Sir Hardinge Giffard disputes the French engineer's claim. So the lawyers differ. They must differ. Their occupation is gone, or nearly so, when differences cease to be possible or plausible. We hope the Government lawyers are wrong; but if they are right we had better suffer in our commerce, in our prestige, in our influence, than attempt in the slightest degree to force the hand of M. de Lesseps. At this juncture in the history of France it is of unspeakable importance we should not suffer our actions to bear the slightest taint of injustice.

We need not be apprehensive of collision with France. Germany, Austria, and Italy are one, and though they do not "menace" France, their unity pro-

* *O. G. B. Mag.*, 1863, p. 186.

claims her "isolation." Russia is not likely to seek an alliance with the Republic. With England, therefore, France will seek to be on good terms; and if our present Government is retained in its place, and will exert its whole influence in favour of justice and right and native races, peace and good-will may be maintained; but if so great a calamity is in store for us as the return of the Conservatives to power, then—well, then!—the deluge!

JOHN CLIFFORD.

ScrapS from the Editor's Waste-Basket.

I. OUR YEAR BOOK.—Our friends who were not able to attend the Bradford Association are looking anxiously for the "Year Book;" for, valuable as are the reports in the papers, and the summary in our *Magazine*, we are not content till we have "read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested" the authoritative statements of the churches, the figures in the statistical and financial columns, the "cases submitted," and the resolutions passed in our Annual Assembly. Nor does attendance at the "Association" weaken desire to see ourselves "in print;" therefore, we are glad to say, from the advance sheets just to hand, that the record is capitally rendered by our Secretary, the Rev. W. Dyson, both in that which is new and that which is old. We have glanced at it with a joy that whets desire to know its full significance as an index to our "state," as a denomination, in 1883.

II. CUTTING THE LEAVES OF THE MAGAZINE.—A. B. C., a "shrewd man of business," we suspect, who has made his fortune two or three times over, and is arranging to give large sums to our denominational societies, instead of committing the unforgivable sin of leaving his property to be an offence and a snare to those who follow him, writes to us to say, "One thing thou lackest, viz., that of seeing the necessity of cutting the leaves of the *G. B. Magazine*." We wish that any one of the "units," even the highest, fairly represented what we know to be "lacking;" but, alas! we must ascend to the "tens," and even beyond, to set out in figures our editorial defects. This, at least, may be said, that many years ago we attempted to arrange for the cutting of the leaves of the Magazine, but were assured, on good authority, that for the sake of those who bind the Magazine—not a small number by any means—it was desirable to leave the pages uncut, so that the work, when bound, might not be robbed of a proper margin. Yet so desirable are we of being "read" rather than being seemingly when "bound," that we will make a fresh attempt, so as, in the words of our friend and well-wisher, to

"remove every hindrance out of the way, so that such a good twopenny worth may have an additional inducement of being read." We are truly grateful to A. B. C., and beg to assure him that if his wish is not complied with, it will be only because it is found better for the majority of the readers, to act otherwise.

III. OUR SENIOR STUDENT.—We are glad to report that Mr. F. Cunliffe, the "Senior" in our College, has just passed the Matriculation Examination in the London University, and is thereby entitled to the benefits of the Pegg Scholarship. He is in the *first* class. We heartily congratulate him, the College which has nourished him, and the Todmorden Church, and hereby bid him, in the name of many, a cheering "God speed."

IV. CRITICISM DISARMED.—Our Home Mission Secretary, Rev. J. Fletcher, writes:—"A member of the Home Mission Committee sends a handsome personal subscription 'to meet the criticism of those who think that all members of the Committee should belong to subscribing churches.' We commend this as a most admirable way of meeting criticism, and at the same time of meeting the urgent needs of the Home Mission."

V. ANNUITY FUND FOR REV. GILES HESTER.—Our readers are referred to a notice in the advertising sheet of this month's *Magazine*. The decision arrived at in the Association renders it very desirable that "the Fund" should be made as large as possible. Every additional contribution now forthcoming, will go towards securing Mr. Hester a further share in the Baptist Union Annuity Fund. As soon as the account is closed a duly-audited balance sheet will appear in these pages, according to the resolution passed at Bradford.

VI. THE LATE REV. W. GRIFFITHS.—At the beginning of the "fifties" great was the talk amongst young Christians in the midlands, as well as elsewhere, concerning the famous Methodist Three—"DUNN, EVERETT, and GRIFFITHS." They were fighting a good fight, and creating the movements in favour of Re-

form which have done so much to alter and extend the later Methodism. The Rev. J. Everott departed this life some years back. Not long since the venerable Samuel Dunn, looking hale and hearty, said to us, after a sermon, "Sixty years ago I preached from that text." At our Derby Association in 1882 the Rev. W. Griffiths listened eagerly to the discussion on Church Membership." Especially an apostle of Freedom, he was really courageous, often vehement, always kind and true, and his name will be treasured with affection, not only by the Methodist Free Churches, but by lovers of a free and individual religion everywhere.

VII. "WORKING" MEN AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.—The Bishop of Winchester reports in the *Times* that working men have ceased to attend church or chapel except in the small proportion of one in fifty. The statement ought to arrest attention. Is it true? Who is the working man? The terms are so vague that they convey no accurate idea. So far as we know, facts are strongly against the Bishop if he refers to the classes supposed to live on weekly wages. But it is undeniable that men are conspicuous by their absence from some places of worship. Nor is it a wonder. Seven causes close the door of places of worship against men. (1.) Want of brightness and inspiration in song, prayer, and sermon. (2.) Want of variety and freshness of method in worship. Dreary monotony and false dignity so overload life that it fails to communicate thought or emotion, light or impulse. (3.) The use of obsolete words instead of the language of everyday life. (4.) The inculcation of some "doctrinal forms" of faith. They have had their day, but they have not yet ceased to be, and they repel living men. (5.) The inculcation of healthy "doctrines" in a hard, dry, and abstract way, instead of with the "authority" of living conviction, the glow of personal experience, and the sympathy of practical life. (6.) Want of width and compass in the ideal of religious life. Business, politics, pleasure, art, science, are treated as *secular* things, and the religious education of man is conducted on the narrow lines of a special type of religious fervour and religious faith. Christianity is all inclusive. To it no thing, no sphere of man's life, is alien or unclean. (7.) But, worst of all, a caste spirit manifests itself in the presence of the Father of all men, and in the worship of Christ, the Brother and Saviour of all. Not the preacher only: but the church and congregations are largely in fault. It is easy to blame the men for their absence: it is wiser to re-

form ourselves and to seek the recreating power of the Spirit of God. Where churches and chapels are genuine helpers of men in their best life, men will come.

VIII. LIBERAL CANDIDATES AND DISESTABLISHMENT.—The *Liberator* says that "Mr. Roo, the new member for Derby, declared himself, in his address, as being in favour of disestablishing and disendowing the remaining established churches. Mr. Sydney Buxton, the new member for Peterborough, in his address, said:—'Though not desirous of seeing the matter unduly hurried on, I should, when the question was ripe for decision, vote in favour of disestablishment.' Mr. Strawbridge, the other Liberal candidate, said:—'As a Radical I am in favour of the separation of Church and State. Mr. Ince, the new member for Hastings, is also a Liberationist.

IX. THE "REPORTER" IN PARLIAMENT.—A writer whose initials, J. C. M., indicate a high literary authority, risks the assertion that "the publication of debates has ruined Parliament," but follows it up with a series of cogent, if not completely convincing proofs. It makes, he says, "the bores and lovers of mischief masters of the situation," provokes men to speak not for the despatch of business, but merely for the gratification of a constituency, the soothing of an irritated vanity, or the deliberate and determined arrest of all progressive legislation. So be it: but what then? Is the "reporter" to be suppressed? Shall the nation forego the education and deepening of its political life because a few "bores" and lovers of mischief cannot be controlled? Scarcely. The remedy is far otherwise. Parliament should at once cease its "murder of the innocents." Sessions should be prolonged till measures felt to be urgent by the Government are settled; and it would be found forthwith that "talk" would diminish, and business despatched with far greater rapidity. At present the mere possibility of extinguishing legislation by the iteration of jejune platitudes is a prize premium on infinite talk. Not the expulsion of the "Reporter," then, but the prevention of the yearly holocaust of attempted legislative measures, is "the one thing needful" for the great National Talking House at Westminster.

X. GENIUS GETTING TO WORK.—Mrs Carlyle, writing of her husband's efforts to get a quiet working-room, says:—"Up went all the carpets which my own hands had nailed down, in rushed the troop of incarnate demons, bricklayers, joiners, whitewashers, &c., whose noise and dirt and dawdling had so lately

driven me to despair. Down went a partition in one room, up went a new chimney in another. Helen, instead of exerting herself to stave the torrent of confusion, seemed to be struck (no wonder) with temporary idiocy; and my husband himself, at sight of the uproar he had raised, was all but wringing his hands and tearing his hair, like the German wizard servant who had learnt magic enough to make the broomstick carry water for him, but had not the counter spell to stop it. Myself could have sat down and cried, so little strength or spirit I had left to front the pressure of my circumstances. But crying makes no way; so I went about sweeping and dusting as an example to Helen; and held my peace as an example to my husband, who verily, as Mazzini says of him, 'loves silence somewhat platonically.' It was got through in the end, this new hubbub; but when my husband proceeded to occupy his new study, he found that he could not write in it any more than beside the piano; 'it was all so strange to him!' The fact is, the thing he has got to write—his long projected life of Cromwell—is no joke, and no sort of room can make it easy, and he has been ever since shifting about in the saddest way from one room to another, like a sort of domestic wandering Jew. He had now a fair chance, however, of getting a settlement effected in the original library, the young lady next door having promised to abstain religiously from playing till two o'clock, when the worst of his day's work is over. Generous young lady! But it must be confessed the seductive letter he wrote to her the other day was enough to have gained the heart of a stone. Alas! one can make fun of all this on paper, but in practice it is anything but fun, I can assure you. There is no help for it, however—a man cannot hold his genius as a sinecure."

XI. *THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SUNDAY.*—"The constitution of the brain is such that it must have its time of repose. Periodicity is stamped upon it. Nor is it enough that it is awake and in action by day, and in the silence of the night obtains rest and repose; that same periodicity which belongs to it as a whole belongs to all its constituent parts. One portion of it cannot be called into incessant activity without the risk of injury. Its different regions, devoted to different functions, must have their separate times of rest. The excitement of one part must be coincident with a pause in the action of another. The Sabbath is a boon to all classes of men; for in whatever position of life we may

be placed, it is needful for us to have an opportunity of rest. No man can, for any length of time, pursue one avocation or one train of thought without mental, and, therefore, bodily injury—nay, without insanity."—*DR. JOHN W. DRAPER.*

XII. *STATE-CHURCHISM* is essentially the mediæval idea of political society, in which Christendom was one—one church and one political state, summed up in the person of the Pope, who was the world-priest, and in that of the Emperor, who was the world-king. Protestantism broke up the unity of Christendom beyond recovery, and it must go on till the mediæval state-church is non-existent, and its place is occupied by the catholic brotherhood of all believers in Christ, drawn together by spiritual affinities, and made strong in their union by spiritual service to humanity.

XIII. *PASSION IN PREACHING.*—*J. C. MORISON* says: "The artist, the writer, and even the philosopher, equally need passion to do great work." *RUSKIN* writes: "Coldness and want of passion in a picture are not signs of its accuracy, but of the paucity of its statements." *VOLTAIRE* said: "Pour faire de bons vers, il faut avoir le diable au corps." And yet how many cultured preachers are afraid of the presence and power of deep passion, and reckon a frigid decorum the sign of a superior range of intellect! If preachers would sit at the feet of some of their fellow-workers in art, literature, and science, they might sometimes be severely rebuked, but certainly they might gain lessons of imperishable value.

XIV. *CHRIST AND MOHAMMED.*—The *Koran* teaches that "Marching about morning and evening to fight for religion is better than the world and all that is in it." *CHRIST* says, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence." "To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world that I should bear witness to the truth."

XV. *WHAT DO YE MORE THAN OTHERS?*—"What living thing for the good of mankind has emanated from the Free Religious ranks of Boston for the past twenty years?" That is the question put by *DR. ADLER* on his resignation of the presidency of the Free Religious Association of Boston. It is the right question. A community that does nothing for civil righteousness and practical morality is only in the way; and it becomes a wrong to mankind to maintain it in its place.

Reviews.

ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D. HIS LIFE AND LABOURS. By his son, Edward Judson. Hodder & Stoughton.

Of all the modern apostles of Jesus Christ, no one takes rank higher than the originator of *American Foreign Missions*, the messenger of the gospel to the Burmese. Every apostolic quality shone in him with arresting brilliance. His self-depreciating humility was only matched by his massive patience, and his intense and glowing devotion to his work was only surpassed by the grandeur of his faith and the sublimity of his heroism. He is the Paul of this century. Roused to a sense of the wide and urgent needs of the heathen world by reading Buchanan's "Star in the East," he became forthwith a missionary for life. Starting out as the missionary of the Congregational Board of Foreign Missions—a Board called into existence by him and his companions—so faithful was he to his convictions that when the Baptist Idea took possession of him as he journeyed to his post in the East, he dared all obloquy and shame by making known his convictions, and offering himself to the Baptists. This gave rise to the American Baptist Foreign Missions. He left America in 1812, and never saw it again till 1845. He gave the Burmese the Bible in their own tongue, and "laid the foundations of Christianity deep down in the Burmese heart, where they could never be washed away. Such a life, and such a work, glorify God and honour humanity.

Judson's biography ought to be read by all ministers and missionaries, and Christian workers. It is full of spiritual nourishment. It will shame us in our selfish ease, and goad us out of our indolence, reanimate our courage, feed our faith, fire our enthusiasms, and sustain our patient toil. It ought to make "missionaries," and would if young men of grit and "go" would suffer themselves to receive its impulse.

Lovers of Foreign Missions would do well to send the volume to all our Colleges engaged in training men for the ministry.

PRESENT DAY TRACTS.—THE AGE AND ORIGIN OF MAN GEOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED. By S. R. Pattison, F.G.S., and Dr. F. Pfaff. *Rel. Tract Society.*

In a brief space, and with luminous order, Mr Pattison has stated the chief points in the evidence on which rests the answer to the question, "How old is

man?" The answer is that "the exact age of man on the earth is not ascertainable by science; but science shows to us a number of converging probabilities which point to his first appearance, along with great minds, about eight thousand years ago; and certainly not in indefinite ages before that."

This conclusion is agreeable to historic evidence. The annals of Babylon go back to B.C. 3800; Egyptian history may carry us to 4000 B.C.; and the Bible, according to the Septuagint, goes back 7517 years.

This position is supported by facts and reasonings of Dr. Pfaff on the origin of man; and it is further maintained that man appeared suddenly—that traces of transition from the ape to the man do not exist—and that the most ancient man known to us is not essentially different from the now living men.

The Religious Tract Society is rendering most effective service to truth by such calm, temperate, and able expositions of truth.

HOURS WITH THE BIBLE. Vol. V. By C. Geikie, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

DR. GEIKIE'S motto is the wish expressed by Dr. Arnold "for a true, comprehensive, POPULAR HANDBOOK TO THE BIBLE, keeping back none of the counsel of God, lowering no truth, chilling no lofty or spiritual sentiment, yet neither silly, fanatical, nor sectarian." The far-seeing and broad-minded Rugby teacher could scarcely have wished this work better done. The style is easy, flowing, and clear. The thrilling facts of Hebrew story are set forth in an orderly, vivid, and impressive method; critical, and other difficulties, are decisively handled in the text, objections and differences being dealt with in extensive and helpful notes. The information is full and varied, and the illustrations are varied. A quiet glow of spiritual fervour completes the qualities which render this work a POPULAR HANDBOOK TO THE BIBLE.

"The Decline and Fall" of Judah would be a fit title for a volume which carries us over the period from Hezekiah to the first years of the exile. It is a pathetic picture, crowded with figures of tragic interest: the faithless monarch, the heroic and eloquent statesman-prophet Isaiah; the impassioned and tearful Jeremiah, protesting and pleading, rebuking and proaching, now gladdened with the return under Josiah, then dejected as the

gloom thickens and the corruption spreads under his successors; the perplexed but spiritually victorious Habakkuk; the man of wide travel and many visions, Ezekiel; the crash of the invading Babylonians, and the mournful march of the expatriated people to a land of strangers and oppressors.

These, and kindred themes, are handled in the masterly manner we have characterized in speaking of previous volumes—a manner that will insure a large circulation, and an abiding utility.

SUNSET GLEAMS: OR, PROGRESS FROM DOUBT TO FAITH. By A. D. Schæffer. Translated by F. A. Froer. *E. Stock.*

IN the form of an old man's Journal, the author has described, in a most pleasing and interesting manner, the movements of a soul, wearied and oppressed by the body, perplexed with the conflicting facts of daily life, led into the light of the Word, the peace of faith, the life of love, and the bright hope of a future progressive blessedness. The hope is only of "conditional immortality," and yet it embraces the faithful and affectionate dog as well as the aspiring and great-souled man. To the aged this Journal will be medicine and food; whilst it will aid the young in forming thought and shaping a useful life.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM. Selected and arranged by J. G. *Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.*

ANOTHER book of extracts, "arranged for the benefit and use of preachers, S. S. teachers, speakers, and general readers!" "Still they come, they come!" and this one differs but little from many others—except, perhaps, in its strong paper and binding, and general excellence from the publisher's point of view. The selections are exceedingly good; but it is a defect not to give the *place* in the author where it may be found. Often it is necessary not only to have the words of an author, but some conception of the spirit in which he used them.

LITTLE GLORY'S MISSION.—FOUND AT LAST.—UNSPOKEN ADDRESSES. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

THESE three books form a series by the popular author of "Daisy Snowflake's Secret." The first is a charming story of the useful life of an orphan girl who becomes a Christian nurse, and in that

office lifts the load of care and lightens the spirit of the sufferer by her own cheerful and sunny goodness. The second is a Temperance Tale, rich in pathos and pungent in appeal. Four practical and timely addresses are found in the third. This shilling series will find many readers, and an extensive sphere of service.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? An eightfold answer. By John Clifford, M.A., LL.B. *London: Marlborough & Co.; Griffiths & Co.*

"HERE is abundant evidence of wide and careful reading, along with that real proof of learning, simplicity. For young men and women, as well as for all who think truly and earnestly of life's possibilities and dangers, this is a most precious word in season. Christian men of means would do well indeed to buy large quantities, and give them away. To many it would be as the bracing mountain air after a sultry desert, or as the bright life-inspiring sunshine after thick and dark November fog. Published at eightpence, it is another example of the truth that books would be ill judged by their prices."—*The Methodist.*

EUDOKIA; THE ANGEL'S SONG. By Theophilus, M.A. *Stock.*

THIS is a pitiable book; as full of prejudice as an egg is full of meat, and written in a spirit sincere enough in all likelihood, but narrow and blind. It is a denunciation of the Revised Version of the New Testament as vehement as it is false. That Revision is not faultless, as few human products are; but that it is an immense and unspeakable gain on its predecessor no competent and fair-minded person will deny. Readers who do not wish to waste their money and time will not buy "Eudokia."

BIBLE HELPS; OR, AIDS TO BIBLE STUDENTS. By G. T. Gillingham. *Stock.*

THIS is formed on the lines of the Bible Hand-book of Dr. Angus, and is intended for young people. It is impossible to prepare a work on such a theme without saying much that is of value. But since this work contains "information" the young would have to unlearn, repeats the misconceptions and mistakes of previous writers, and proceeds on principles which make difficulty instead of mastering it, it is not to be commended.

Church Register.

Information should be sent by the 16th of the month to 51, Porchester Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.

CONFERENCES.

THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE held its midsummer meetings at Walsworth Road Chapel, Hitchin, July 4th. Rev F. J. Bird took the chair. Business commenced at 10.15 a.m.

1. *Deputation.*—Rev. J. A. Brinkworth, of Saffron Walden, spoke on behalf of the G. B. Assembly, and a resolution of welcome was carried unanimously.

2. *Reports from Churches.*—The letters sent to the Association were read, and they indicated a pleasing degree of prosperity throughout the Conference. This report is not, however, borne out by the statistics, which are now suffering from the neglect of some churches to revise their rolls of membership in past years. Particulars will be found in our forthcoming *G. B. Year Book*.

3. *Annual Meetings.*—The next Conference will be held at Commercial Road Chapel, E., on Monday, November 5.

4. *G. B. Building Fund.*—“That we hereby appoint Rev. W. J. Avery to solicit and receive subscriptions and donations for this Fund within the area of this Conference, in accordance with the resolution passed by the Association at Bradford.”

5. *Deputation to America.*—Resolved upon the motion of Rev. R. P. Cooke and G. W. McCree, “That having regard to the urgent request of our Free Baptist Brethren in the United States for the appointment of a British delegate to their forthcoming Triennial Conference at Minneapolis, we very cordially urge our brother, Rev. J. Clifford, to accept the appointment of the Association, believing that his visit will prove a means of strengthening the fraternal bonds already existing, and of increasing the service to be rendered to the cause of Christ by the concerted action of the two sections of our denomination, especially in the department of our denominational literature.”

6. *Baptist Total Abstinence Association.*—Resolved, “That this Conference respectfully represents to the council of the Baptist Union the importance of the work of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, and requests that in all future sessional arrangements an appropriate place in the programme of the Union be found for its meetings.”

7. *Public Questions.*—Resolutions were unanimously passed in favour of (a) immediate legislation on the principle of

Local Option, and (b) the Bill for the Prevention of Corrupt Practices at Elections.

8. *“Association Reminders.”*—At 12.15 Rev. J. Fletcher read a paper on this subject, for which he received the cordial thanks of the Conference.

9. *Hospitality.*—Over sixty friends met at the dinner table, where the following resolution, moved by Mr. John H. Holloway and seconded by Mr. W. Morgan, was carried with acclamation, “That our best thanks be given to the friends at Hitchin for the exceedingly kind manner in which they have received the Conference to-day, and the ample provision they have made for our enjoyment. We congratulate them upon the prosperity of their church work, and the return of their pastor to health, praying that together, he and they may share the joy of increased Christian usefulness.”

The afternoon was spent in the beautiful grounds of Messrs. Alfred Ransom and F. Seeböhm. Mr. Seeböhm entertained the forty visitors to Hitchin with tea upon his lawn, at the close of which appreciative remarks were exchanged.

Public Worship was opened at 7.0 p.m., by Revs. F. J. Bird and R. P. Cook, and Rev. Charles Clark preached an eloquent sermon to a good congregation from Gal. vi. 14. W. J. AVERY, Sec.

CHAPELS.

AUSTREY.—The chapel at Austrey having undergone renovation and repairs, re-opening services were held, July 8. Rev. A. G. Everett preached, and on the following day presided at a meeting, which was addressed by Messrs. G. Marshall, Deacon, Houseman, Brown, Clamp, and Scarrott.

GREAT GRIMSBY.—The 14th anniversary of the church in Freeman Street, was observed on May 27th and 28th. On Sunday sermons were preached by the Rev. Charles Payne, of Louth, and on Monday a public meeting was held in the Temperance Hall. The Mayor, W. Jackson, Esq., presided. Proceeds, £45.

HUCKNALL TORKARD.—The church here is making an effort to reduce the chapel debt of £1500 by £500. Monday, June 25th, 1883, was devoted to this purpose. At 1.30, a sale of goods was opened in the Public Hall. At three o'clock, Rev. J. A. Mitchell, B.A., preached. At five o'clock, a public tea was provided in the Public Hall, which was numerously

attended. At seven o'clock, Rev. A. Maclaren, D.D., preached to a large congregation. Donations, collections, and sale, realized £270—a sum greatly exceeding our most sanguine expectations. For this very encouraging result we are indebted to the liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Nall, of the Grange, Papplewick, their family and friends. £50 more is promised toward the remaining £220, leaving £180 to be raised by the church, toward which consummation any contribution would be thankfully received by the pastor, W. Chapman, Hucknall Torkard, near Nottingham.

LEICESTER, *Carley Street*.—A bazaar in aid of the building fund of the chapel recently opened was held on June 7th, 8th, and 9th. The total receipts were £341.

NANTWICH.—On Tuesday, July 10, the quarterly social tea meeting was held, followed by a public meeting. Rev. Price Williams (pastor) presided. Addresses were given by the pastor and Mr. T. J. Galley. Mr. R. Forey (Secretary) read the half yearly report.

NEW FLETON—*Memorial Stones*.—As extensive alterations are being made in the chapel at New Fletton, which belongs to the church in Queen Street, Peterborough, memorial stones were laid there on July 10th, by Messrs. W. Heath, and W. R. Wherry, of Bourn, and Revs. R. Y. Roberts, and T. Barrass. A tea meeting was held in Queen Street School Room, and a public meeting after, which was addressed by Revs. R. Y. Roberts, H. W. Turner, B.A., J. A. Jones, and the pastor. The clear amount raised during the day was over £27. The entire outlay will be about £500. Towards this we have in gifts and promises £290, and are very anxious to open free of debt.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

BACUP.—Preacher, Rev. J. E. Barton. Address to parents and scholars by Rev. R. Heyworth. Collections, £30.

BURNLEY, *Enon*.—June 17. Preachers: morning, J. Aitkin, Esq., of Barrowden; afternoon and evening, the pastor, Rev. Duncan McCallum. Colls., £101 19s.

ISLEHAM.—June 24th. Preacher, the pastor, Rev. W. L. Stevenson. Collections good.

LYDGATE, *Todmorden*.—July 1st. Preachers, Mr. E. Haley, of Halifax, and Rev. R. F. Griffiths. Colls., £51 2s. 6d.

SAWLEY.—June 17th. Preacher, Mr. F. Mantle, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Collections, £28 2s. 3d.

SHORE.—June 17. Preacher, Rev. C. Williams. Collections, £84.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—June 24. Preacher, Rev. W. Bishop. Collections, £32.

MINISTERIAL.

LONGFORD, *Union Place*.—On Monday, June 18, a tea and public meeting was held to celebrate the sixth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. H. J. HODSON. At the public meeting addresses were delivered by the Revs. D. Asquith, L. Elliott, and J. R. Parker. A purse containing several pounds was presented to the Rev. H. J. Hodson, from the members of his church and congregation, as a token of their esteem for him as their pastor.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—On July 9th, the second anniversary of Rev. S. HIRST's settlement was commemorated by a meeting of the church and congregation. After tea the chair was taken by Mr. J. Taylor, one of the deacons, and addresses were given by Messrs. C. W. Pratt, D. Lewis, J. Morton, and the pastor.

TAYLOR, Mr. W. B., son of the Rev. G. Taylor, of Norwich, and late student of Regent's Park College, has accepted the cordial invitation of the Chesham church to become their pastor, and hopes to commence his ministry September 3rd.

WOOD, REV. HENRY, recently our missionary in Orissa, is now available for pastoral work. His address is Hugglescote, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

BAPTISMS.

BIRMINGHAM, *Longmore Street*.—Four, by A. T. Prout.

DERBY, *Osmaston Road*.—Twelve, by W. H. Tetley.

EAST KIRBY.—Twenty, by G. Robinson.

HALIFAX.—Five by W. Dyson (one an Anglican).

HITCHIN.—Eight, by J. F. Bird.

KIRBY WOODHOUSE.—Eleven, by S. Harvey.

KIRBY-IN-ASHFIELD.—Three, by T. Tomlinson.

LEEDS, *Wintoun Street*.—Six, by W. Sharman.

LEICESTER, *Carley St.*—Eleven, by J. C. Forth.

LONDON, *Commercial Rd.*—Four, by J. Fletcher.

Westbourne Park.—Seven, by J. Clifford.

MACCLESFIELD.—Five, by Z. T. Downen.

PETERBOROUGH.—Four, by T. Barrass (three of them remain with the Methodists).

SAWLEY.—Two, by A. Rollaston.

SWADLINCOTE.—July 15, seven, by J. Cholerton; July 18, five, by E. Carrington.

MARRIAGE.

FOSTER—BRADFELD.—June 27th, at Upwell Church, Norfolk, by Rev. R. D. R. Cowen, John Edward, only son of the late Rev. Edward Foster, of Leicester and Wendover, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. William Bradfield, of Upwell.

OBITUARY.

BURNS.—May 10th, at Kerville, Kerr Co., U. S. A., Jabez William, aged 28, youngest son of George Burns, and grandson of the late Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., of Porteus Road, Paddington, London, W. 1 Chron. iv. 10.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

AUGUST, 1883.

The Annual Meetings.

THE Annual Meetings of the Society were held at Bradford during the week of the Association. On the Tuesday afternoon the *Annual Committee Meeting* was held in Infirmary Street Chapel; Mr. W. R. Wherry, of Bourne, occupied the chair. The Secretary presented the report, which was taken as read, and the Treasurer submitted the Cash Statement. As regards business matters of general interest the following may be mentioned.

MR. AND MRS. WOOD'S RETURN AND RETIREMENT.—The letters relating to this subject, together with the minute of the Committee, will be found in the *Missionary Observer* for November and December, 1882. At the Annual Meeting, at Bradford, it was agreed that Mr. Wood's salary be continued until the end of the year; but that, with the view of securing the pastorate of a church—in which he has the hearty wishes of the Committee—he be set free from serving the Mission as deputation.

REPORT OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.—The Treasurer having informed the Committee in February last, that the present expenditure of the Society was about £500 per annum in excess of the income, the Sub-Committee was appointed to investigate and report. This Committee held several meetings—carefully examined and compared the receipts and expenditure of the past ten years—and presented their report at the Annual Meeting, at Bradford, whereupon it was resolved:—

1. That the Sub-Committee be thanked for the able and exhaustive report they have presented.

2. That as we require an addition of at least £500 per annum to maintain our present operations, and as no material reduction in the expenditure can be made without serious injury to the Mission, we agree, as ministers and representatives, to use our endeavours to augment the annual income of the Society by at least the amount required.

ORGANIZATION COMMITTEE.—The Sub-Committee, appointed to promote organization among the churches for Mission purposes, reported to the Annual Meeting as follows:—

Your Committee have held two meetings during the past year, and on one or other of these occasions the whole of the churches in the denomination have passed under review. Reports have been received and considered, and where thought desirable the churches have been communicated with.

They are pleased to be able to state that most of the churches show by constant and increased subscriptions, that interest in Mission work is not diminishing; at the same time they regret to say that many are not doing what your Committee venture to think they could and ought to do, and others are doing absolutely nothing. This state of things appears to them to rise from two causes:—(1.) Inability though numerical or financial weakness. (2.) Want of proper organization. To this latter cause they wish most earnestly to call the attention of pastors, deacons, and representatives, being sure that where the claims of the Mission are faithfully represented, and opportunities given to the congregations to subscribe, a liberal response will follow.

Your Committee have further to report that the Subscription List shows no striking variation from the average of former years. Out of a total of 190 churches, 93 reports an increase, 43 a decrease, and from 48 churches, including 11 of over 100 members, they have received no report. The average for subscribing churches is 2s. 9½d. per member.

THE COMMITTEE, for the years 1883-4, is as follows:—the ministerial members being nominated by the Conferences of which they are members.

ALLSOP, Rev. S. S., *Burton-on-Trent*.
BALDWIN, Mr. B., *Loughborough*.
BANNISTER, Mr. J., *Burton-on-Trent*.
BARWICK, Mr. E., *Nottingham*.
BEXON, Mr. A., *Nottingham*.
CARRINGTON, Rev. E., *Swadlincote*.
COLMAN, Mr. S. C., *Peterborough*.
COOK, Mr. T., *Leicester*.
COOK, Rev. R. P., *London*.
DEAN, Mr. G., *Derby*.
DOWEN, Rev. Z. T., *Macclesfield*.
DYSON, Rev. W., *Halifax*.
ELLIS, Mr. E. C., *Derby*.
FITCH, Rev. J. J., *Nottingham*.
FORTH, Rev. J. C., *Leicester*.
GOODLIFFE, Mr. A., *Nottingham*.
HALEY, Mr. E., *Halifax*.
HARRISON, Mr. T. H., *Derby*.

HILL, Mr. H., *Nottingham*.
HOOD, Rev. E., *Coventry*.
HUNT, Mr. W., *Nottingham*.
JONES, Rev. J. C., M.A., *Spalding*.
LAWTON, Rev. J., *Heptonstall Slack*.
LEE, Rev. A. H., *Walsall*.
MADEN, Rev. J., *Old Basford*.
MARCH, Rev. W., *Todmorden*.
MARSHALL, Mr. T. W., *Loughborough*.
ORTON, Rev. W., *Grimby*.
PEARCE, Rev. C., *Tring*.
RICKARDS, Mr. S. D., *London*.
ROBERTS, Mr. C., *Peterborough*.
SALISBURY, Rev. J., M.A., *Hinckley*.
STARKEY, Mr. J. H., *Wirksworth*.
WHERRY, Mr. W. R., *Bourne*.
WILFORD, Mr. J., *Leicester*.
WINKS, Mr. J. G., *Leicester*.

The Annual Public Meeting was held on Wednesday evening in Hallfield Chapel, Manningham Lane, and was largely attended. After singing a hymn, prayer was offered by the Rev. J. J. Fitch, of Nottingham. The Mayor of Bradford (Alderman F. Priestman), presided, and stated that it gave him great pleasure to preside of that meeting, as he belonged to the Society of Friends, which also had a Foreign Mission Association, and therefore they had a common ground. Reference was then made to Orissa and Madagascar, after which the Secretary read brief extracts from the report, and the Treasurer made the annual financial statement. Interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. R. Stevenson, of Derby, C. W. Skemp, of Bradford, and H. Wood, of Orissa.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE TREASURER.

The following is the statement made by the Treasurer, Mr. W. B. Bembridge. He said:—

I am pleased that the report of the Secretary precedes my Financial Statement, and that you hear of the work done before you hear the report of the ways and means. I think his report is in every way gratifying and satisfactory, and I most heartily wish that mine was more in harmony with his. I am sorry to report that the shadow of a deficit still beclouds and darkens the horizon of our finance, and produces a depression which obstructs the enthusiastic prosecu-

tion of our work. This, however, I am very thankful to say, that our increasing deficiency is not the result of a decreasing revenue: it is only the result of what is possibly a too great liberality in our executive, who are so very anxious—and *laudably* anxious—to extend our operations in India and Rome, that in their zeal they have over-estimated the income of the last three years, and pushed too far the doctrine of some good men, who say, “Send out your men, increase your stations, have faith in God, and the money will be sure to come.” Well, Sir! we have taken their advice, but, to my regret, it was not good advice, for the money has not come—at any rate in equal proportions—and hence I appear before you with a considerable deficit for so small a Society, and have, along with my statement, to make the appeal, like many other treasurers, for an increased income of at least £500 per year, and I trust my appeal will not be in vain, but that after the eloquence and pathos, and powerful inspirations, that we are expecting from those around me, we may be moved to a more constant advocacy of Mission work at home, to a renewed diligence, an increased zeal, and to a liberality which is only bounded and restrained by the impossibility of giving more to the Lord and Master of us all.

My Financial Statement is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Ordinary Contributions from the Churches and Individuals ...	3202	12	4
Special ditto for School, Orphans, Native Preachers, Bible-women— for New School-room at Cuttack, and for Rome ...	559	14	8
Grant from Bible Translation Society (for which our special thanks are given) ...	150	0	0
Received from Legacies, Dividends, Interest, &c. ...	526	5	3
Transferred from Capital Account ...	600	0	0
Amount contributed in India and from Mission Press ...	3350	8	3
Amount received and collected in Rome, by Rev. N. H. Shaw ...	189	14	5
Total ...	£8578	14	11

Our Disbursements are the following:—

	£	s.	d.
There was a balance due to the Bank last year of ...	831	9	6
Paid to Missionaries and their Children, with Passages to and from Orissa and Rome ...	1495	9	7
Itinerary, Incidentals, &c. ...	145	12	2
Paid to Native Preachers, Bible-women, and Scripture Readers ...	543	9	8
Paid to Schools and Orphans in Orissa ...	222	13	8
Mission College, Students, Books, Tracts, &c. ...	320	0	0
Contributions to New School-room in Cuttack ...	269	5	10
Paid Rome Missionary and Evangelists, and sundry expenses ...	567	7	9
Paid in England as Annuities, Pensions, &c. ...	439	6	9
Do. do. for Agency, Deputations, &c. ...	313	18	1
Missionaries in England ...	256	4	0
Paid in England for Publications, Collecting Books, Boxes, &c., Expenses of Mission House, and other Incidentals ...	308	0	7
Disbursements in India by the Missionaries ...	3350	8	3
Total ...	9113	5	10
Our Income being but ...	8578	14	11
Leaves a Balance due to the Bank, as shown, of ...	534	10	11

It should be remembered, that in transferring £600 from Capital Account this year, to Current Account, our real deficit is no less than £1,134 10s. 11d., or £303 more than last year, notwithstanding that the amount of Legacies had been more than an average, namely—£285, as against £10 last year.

This, to me is a very serious deficit, to have been created within three years; and it has seriously engaged the attention of the General Committee during these Association meetings.

But I am still not only hopeful, but confident, that the cloud which overshadows us can and will be removed. The fact is, our Executive have been suffering lately from a form of heart-disease, which we may call an *enlargement*

of that vital organ. It is not that we are less able to help, or less willing, for during the last four years there has been steady increase of income; and this year, in Orissa and Rome, and in England, there have been increased gifts to the amount of £262 10s. 3d., independent of legacies. But the heart of your Committee is larger even than your increasing purse, and their sympathies than their means. Well! brethren, the only way out of the difficulty that I see is this—to increase the size of the purse, and make it correspond to the size of their heart. We cannot go back from our engagements—we cannot withdraw our men—we cannot give up our stations—we cannot proclaim ourselves exhausted, in face of all the priestcraft of Rome, and the brahminical power in Orissa. Certainly not! Nor need we, brethren. The real fact is, we are not fully developed: and it is for our ministers, our deacons, and our churches, at once to *organize*, to rally to the Mission standard, and to “*come up to the help of the Lord,*” etc. I do not wish to be long; but, with such a deficit, you must allow me a few minutes to express my thought about this matter, and to remind some of our friends how much of this financial obstruction lies at their door. Our balance due to the bank may be readily turned into a surplus, if some of our churches, both large and small, will only take the trouble to look into the Report of 1882. We have churches, who are doing right nobly and well for us all round. Foreign Mission, Home Mission, College, Building Fund, and Special Fund—all share in their bountiful beneficence; while others, if they do anything, do the smallest possible amount to be called denominational churches at all. This I also find, that those churches who best help us, really help themselves, and enjoy the most peace, prosperity, and true Christian life. Now, I do not wish to complain of any church if it is doing its best; but I do wish to stimulate those who are not. We have churches in this grand county of York who are satisfied to give us an average of 4d., 10d., 10½d., and 1s. 2d. per member per annum. We have in and about Nottingham, churches who are satisfied—I suppose they are satisfied, or they would do better—who give us 1s., 1s. 5d., and 1s. 9d. per member. We have one church in Warwickshire, of more than 200 members, whose contributions are *nil*, and another that only averages 5d. per member; while even in London, the great centre of civilization and commercial enterprise, one church gives us 1s. 3d. per member, and another 2s. 8½d. Now I think there is some one to blame in such churches—either the minister, or deacons, or collectors, or somebody—for sure I am they can and ought to do more; and while in the villages of Leicestershire and Cheshire and Lincolnshire, in the cities of Lincoln and Peterborough, and in the towns of Beeston, Castle Donington, Burton-on-Trent, Walsall (*Vicarage Walk*), Birmingham (*Lombard Street*), Leicester (*Carley Street*), at Bourne, and at Ripley, the average is 4/-, 4/6, 5/-, 5/6, 6/-, 6/6, 8/-, 10/-, 12/-, 30/-, and 35/- per member. I say it is not just to those who do so well, to know that by the indifference or feeble sympathy, or even lukewarmness, of others, this deficit, so ugly and hurtful, has practically been allowed to grow. Why, Sir, in a word, we have eighteen churches, containing 6,166 members, who give us but £528 2s. 3d., as against eighteen other churches, containing 3,415 members, little more than half the number, who give us £796 8s. 2d. Surely, then, it must appear that there can be no great difficulty in raising our income by £500 per annum. These eighteen churches, with their 6,166 members, can do it. If the 3,415 members give you an average contribution of 4s. 8d. each, why should not the former give you 4s. 8d. each? If they do, what will happen? Why, just this, as where they now give you £528 2s. 3d., they will then give you £1,266 10s. 8d., or an increase of £738 8s. 5d. to our income, Who, then, shall say we cannot do more for the Foreign Mission?

I have now well-nigh done. Allow me only to add, that if the ministers, or deacons, or collectors of any of these churches are pricked in their consciences, or doubt my word or my figures, or need our help in organizing for an increased income, I shall be most happy to do my best, and I am sure the Secretary will to encourage and instruct them in a renewed effort to increase our funds, Brethren! something must be done, and you are the men to do it. The deficit is really correctly stated over £1,000; and we must, for our credit's sake, for the prosperity of the Mission; in the interests of humanity, of civilization, and of the Saviour's kingdom—nay, for Christ's sake—we must secure its redemption, and further income, for increased aggressive power!

Extracts from the Sixty-Sixth Annual Report.

THE Committee of the GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, in submitting the SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT, are thankful to state that the work of the Mission has been steadily pursued during the past year. They are also pleased to add that, both in Orissa and Rome, at the head quarters of Juggernath worship, and of Papal power, the labours of their brethren and sisters have been attended with the Divine blessing.

ORISSA.

The work of the Society in Orissa has, during the year, been carried on in its manifold departments. *Preaching the Gospel in the vernacular* has always been regarded as of the highest importance. In bazaars and markets, in fairs and festivals, in crowded cities and in solitary hamlets, the people have heard, in their own tongue, the story of God's love.

The printed Gospel, in many languages, has been scattered far and wide, and in places where no missionary has ever been, the entrance of God's word has given light. In a village beyond Sambalpur, Mr. Pike was surprised that the people were familiar with the name of Jesus; and on asking how they obtained their knowledge—as no missionary had been there before—he was informed that it was from a book which was brought from Pooree twenty years ago. The tract, being in a dilapidated condition, was exchanged for a new one, which would also testify of Christ.

To the *preparation of Scriptures, tracts, and a Christian literature*, earnest attention has been given by the different brethren. Dr. Buckley is engaged in preparing a marginal reference Bible in Oriya, a work which will be of great service to the native Christians.

Into the *Mission Press*, Mr. Mulholland has thrown considerable energy. Finding that printing by the old hand-press was too slow, he sent for a modern printing machine, which was made to order, and dispatched to India. In trying, however, to get printing machinery into Orissa, there seems strange misfortune. For instance, a machine purchased some years ago by Mr. Brooks, after it had been safely conveyed from England, was lost in a river in Orissa on its way to Cuttack; and on Tuesday last, June 12th, tidings came to hand that the British India Steamship *Chinsura*, in which the new machine—a double crown "Wharfedale"—was being conveyed from Calcutta to Orissa, had been stranded near to False Point. Whether the machine will be recovered from the wreck is not known at present, but fortunately it was insured for £146, the amount it cost.

In the Educational Department of the Mission great activity prevails. At no former period were there so many opportunities for gaining access to the young as in the present day. And knowing the vast importance of this branch of Mission work, your brethren and sisters are doing all they can to bring the rising race under Christian instruction and influence. For this purpose, not only do they keep up the old *village schools*, in which an elementary education is given, but *schools of a higher class* have also been established both for natives and Europeans—for girls as well as for boys. *Sunday-Schools*, too, have become more popular, are better conducted, and are exerting an immense power for

good. *Zenana visitation* and *education* are also carried on by Miss Packer and Miss Barrass with encouraging signs of success. In entering a native gentleman's house one day, Miss Packer was surprised to find that, from the principal room, all the household gods had been removed, and that on the walls had been written the words recorded in Jeremiah x. 11—"The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens." To put in their place the master of the house applied for some illuminated texts of Scripture, which have been sent out from England. In the *orphan asylums* the benevolent work of former years has been continued, and in these institutions the fatherless and motherless have been cared for and trained both for earth and heaven. To visit the houses of the poorer classes *native Bible-women* are being employed, and are doing a work which only females can accomplish.

The new School-rooms at Cuttack, for which appeals were made last year, have been erected and occupied. They are said to be admirably adapted for their purpose, and quite an ornament to the station. But, instead of costing only £1,000, as was at first supposed, they have cost over £1,500. The generous friend in Cuttack, however, who offered £500, has given twice that amount, so that the buildings are free from debt.

Thus is the work of the Mission being carried vigorously forward in its manifold departments, evangelistic and educational. Further details of these operations will be found in the reports from the various Stations.

NATIVE MINISTERS.

The number of native ministers is the same as last year; George Das, whose ministry commenced in 1867, has been removed by death, and Bharasa Mahanty, who has completed his college course, has been added to the list.

STATISTICS.

STATISTICS OF CHURCHES FOR THE YEAR.—The statistics for the year, from April 1st, 1882, to March 31st, 1883, are as follows:—

Increase—by baptism, 53; by reception, 7; by restoration, 11; Total increase, 71.

Decrease—by removal, 10; by exclusion, 9; by death, 15; Total decrease, 34. Nett increase, 37.

The GENERAL STATISTICS of the Mission at the present time, March 31st, 1883, are as follows:—

English Missionaries (male and female)	16
Native Ministers	22
Ministerial Students	5
Mission Stations	16
Mission Chapels	14
Mission Churches	9
Church Members	1175
Total Native Christian Community	3064
Total number baptized since the commencement of the Mission	1896

Erun (who was a Telegu), the first native to confess Christ, was baptized by Mr. Bampton at Berhampore, December 25th, 1827. Gunga Dhor, a high caste brahmin, the first Oriya convert, was baptized in the Mahanuddi at Cuttack by Mr. Lacey, March 23rd, 1828.

ROME.

Rome, as the Capital of United Italy, increases in size and importance every day. Garibaldi, writing in 1870, said: "Rome that had once two millions of inhabitants, now contains scarcely two hundred and ten thousand." If we might believe some ancient authorities, Rome under the empire contained many more than two millions of people, but Gibbon does not favour these large numbers. In the winter of 1878, when our present missionary first set foot in Rome, the population was variously estimated at from 225,000 to 250,000, and when the last census was taken on Dec. 31st, 1881, the numbers had increased to 300,467 persons, the number of families being 53,235. Large numbers of great *Palazzi*, or blocks of houses, are still being planned and built (it is said that English capital is largely employed in these works), especially on the Esquiline, and stretching towards the Campagna; in fact, a new Rome is springing up there, which, together with the improvements of the older streets, makes the city unrecognizable to those who have not visited it within the last ten years. Immense sums of money are being spent on improvements, and there is a manifest desire, and on the part of some an expressed intention, to make Rome, even as a modern city, equal to any one of the capitals of Europe.

The religious provision for Rome, if it were only of a suitable kind, would appear to be ample. It is said that there are 365 churches, one for every day of the year. Many of these are large, handsome, and richly endowed. It is not easy to state correctly just now the number of priests connected with these churches, but correct statistics are preparing. Suffice it to say that their name is "*legion*."

But nearly the whole of this vast machinery is employed to degrade men, dishonour God, and destroy spiritual religion. There is no place on the face of the whole earth where missionary labours are more necessary than in the city which has been regarded as the capital and centre of Christendom. To preach the gospel to the neglected and ill-used people of Rome, missions have been established in different parts of the city by the Waldensians, the Italian Free Church, the Methodists, and the Baptists. For particulars as to the work in Rome see the report, which concludes as follows:—

In this report there is only an account of a *part* of the work of the Mission. Much of the work and of the influence of the Mission cannot be put into a report. We are sometimes very impatient, but, on the whole, we have great reason for thankfulness and hope. We are saturating many minds with Christian ideas, and one day the result will be evident. We could do much more—ah! how much more?—if we had the means. Would that God would put it into the hearts of those who have money to help us in so altering our property, that we may be able to care for the sick and orphaned children! The need is great. Who will help us in this matter? We want also a good Bible-woman to go among the women at their houses. And when shall we extend our operations in Rome and in other parts of Italy? Our Lord has much work that wants doing in this famous land. There are splendid openings for it. There is no part of the Mission-field more interesting or more needy. And the money—it is in the pockets of the Lord's people!

Notes and Gleanings.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY will, it is expected, be ready before the end of July. Will the friends receiving copies of the Report be good enough to see that they are distributed forthwith, according to the instructions given, or that they are made over to the proper persons for this purpose. The Report will be found to contain a great amount of instructive and interesting information, and it is hoped that its contents will not only be perused and pondered by the friends of the Mission generally, but that our ministers especially will endeavour to turn it to the best account in the interests of the Mission.

Particularly would we call attention to what is said in the Report with reference to the state of the funds, to the necessity of an increase in the annual income by at least £500, and to the resolution on the subject at the Annual Committee meeting.

BAPTISMS.

BERHAMPORE.—*Two* young persons were baptized at Padre Polli on Lord's-day, June 10th.

CUTTACK.—*Five* were baptized at Cuttack, by Damoda, May 6th; and *six*, by Shem Sahu, on June 3rd.

Mission Services

HAVE been held, since the publication of the last list, as follows:—

DATE.	PLACE.	DEPUTATION.
April 1	Loughborough, Baxter Gate	H. Wood.
" 8, 9	Coningsby	W. Hill.
"	Boston	H. Wood.
" 15, 16	Hinckley	W. Hill.
"	Peterborough, Fletton, and Stanground ..	W. Hill and H. Wood.
"	Lincoln	W. Orton.
" 22—25	London	T. R. Stevenson, W. Hill, and H.
" 30	Wisbech	H. Wood. [Wood.
May, 6, 7	Spalding	"
" 13	Smalley and Kilburn	W. Hill.
"	Berkhamsted, Chesham, Ford, & Wendover	H. Wood.
" 20	Nottingham, Prospect Place	W. Hill.
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The Increased Responsibility resting upon the Church and the Sunday-School arising from the Improved Education given in Day-Schools.*

BY C. W. PRATT.

DOES the church realize that there *is* any responsibility resting upon her with regard to the young? I have sometimes felt inclined to doubt whether she does. Some of her members do; but in how many churches is the most important and difficult work of training the children left almost entirely in the hands of the young and inexperienced, whose well-nigh only qualification sometimes seems to be their earnest zeal. But this work demands the wisdom and experience, and the patience and self-control, of mature life. In the Romish church it is not left in the hands of novices, but is assigned to Jesuit priests and others of great experience, who have undergone long and special training. The foregoing remarks were always true, but their force has been increased a thousand-fold by the altered conditions under which we now live and work; and increased responsibility rests upon the church and the school, arising from, first, the advanced starting point and the improved material on which we have to work; second, the greater danger of the children arising from the sceptical spirit of the age; and, third, the greater danger arising from the tendency to secularize the teaching in day-schools.

I. *The advanced starting point and the improved material on which we have to work.*

When Raikes, of immortal memory, first attempted to gather the children of the slums into his schools, reading and writing were rare accomplishments, and his scholars were almost as ignorant of the Bible as of Homer. It was something to keep them for a few hours under some kind of discipline, to place the means of acquiring knowledge within their reach, and to familiarize their minds with some of the simpler facts and teachings of holy writ. And when the Education Act of 1870 came into operation, the percentage of those who could neither read nor write was still very considerable, and the number of those who never entered a school except on the Lord's-day was very great; and those who devoted a portion of the day to teaching the children to read, and even to write, were to be commended. But all this is changed, and soon there will be very few indeed whose knowledge does not extend far beyond the elementary acquirements of reading and writing. Mathematics and science, Latin and French, music and drawing and philosophy, as well as history, geography, grammar, and English composition are being taught in our Board schools; and many of our scholars in everything but knowledge of the world and experimental Christianity—we fear sometimes even in these,—are far ahead of some of their teachers. We believe that the Lord has entrusted the conversion of the world to His church, and that the Sunday-school is an organization of the church for the more effectual

* Read at the Sunday School Conference of the General Baptist Association, Bradford, June 20th, 1883.

carrying out of this grand mission. Prevention is better than cure—and not only better, but far easier. We want to claim the *lives* of the children for God. Let us go about it in the spirit of our race, sanctified, and be ahead of the world and the devil, and in the territory of child's soul—the realm of the flesh—let us, without delay, set up the banner of our Christ. We must instil into their young hearts and minds right principles, sure thoughts, and holy desires. The failure of Sunday-schools in the past has been almost as conspicuous as the success. Whilst they have brought many into the church, how many have been allowed to slip through their hands and drift away. The drudgery of teaching to read will no longer be ours—or at least only in the case of the youngest scholars, and that we shall share with the day-school. This will enable us to enter at once upon, and throw all our energies into, the great work of the church and school—informing the mind, directing the judgment, winning the affections, influencing the will, and bringing the whole nature of our scholars from their earliest years into full sympathy with and subjection to the mind and will of Christ. It might seem at first sight that our work would be rendered easier; and so, in some respects, it undoubtedly, is; but it is evident that our teaching must be adapted to the altered conditions, and it is to be feared that many of our teachers will be found unequal to the greater demands made upon them.

II.—*The greater danger of the children arising from the sceptical spirit of the age.*

This is a thinking age. If there be not much *original* there is yet a great deal of *independent* thought. The voice of authority is hushed by the queries of reason. This is a doubting age, and although the heart, and not so much the head, is the source of much unbelief, we must beware of, by the ill-founded dogmatism of our teaching, awakening or feeding the latent doubts of our scholars. This reading, thinking, reasoning, doubting, is very much a result of the improved teaching in our day-schools. The precision and clearness of definition and demonstration in secular learning turns many a young mind into a critic whom we little suspect of harbouring such thoughts and feelings; and probably in every class of a dozen boys of average intelligence and education one will be found who has a latent tendency to scepticism which our teaching will either nurture or train to high and holy service in the Master's cause. It is not for us to waste time in idly lamenting the changed conditions around us, but, discerning the signs of the times, to seek to turn everything to account in the glorious mission in which we are engaged. We remember asking one of the first fruits of the Board school system—a child of some eight years—the meaning of “to create,” and in a moment, and without hesitation, came the answer, “To make something out of nothing.” Whilst the educational system of the country is developing the intellectual part of their nature, it is the church's duty to seek to develop the spiritual faculties of the children. It will be necessary for our teachers to dig deeply into the mines of God's word. No superficial acquaintance with its truths will suffice. We fear that too many teachers are not Bible students. There are some who, though able to throw the light of science on the pathway of life, and to sound the depths of ocean, have little grasp of Bible

doctrine. A Sunday-school teacher can and ought to do more than a minister in training his scholars in the facts and doctrines of scripture; and if teachers had done their duty in this respect there would now have been less ignorance than there is of the fundamental truths of revelation. Dear fellow teachers, the coming generation is in our hands to-day to mould as we will; to-morrow our power to influence it will be gone; but remember this, it will be very much what we make it.

III. *The greater danger arising from the tendency to secularize the teaching in day-schools.*

But there is a desire in some quarters to exclude the Bible altogether from day-schools; and where such is the case the responsibility of the Sunday-school will include the teaching of the facts of scripture. Very few families amongst the working classes have family prayer, and very few fathers or mothers carry out the command of Deut. vi. 7 and Eph. vi. 4. It is undoubtedly an advantage for Bible history and topography, manners and customs, to be taught in our day-schools, for the time at our disposal in the Sunday-school is so limited we seem to need it all to unfold the spiritual teaching of the word, and for direct effort to lead our children to the Saviour. It is here that the Scripture Union comes to our aid; and whilst our scholars generally should be invited to join it, young Christians specially should be urged to become members, and it should be worked in connection with the Young Christians' Band. By its aid the habit of daily systematic study of God's word will be fostered, and a far better acquaintance with scripture secured. We must remember that secular education will not do our work for us. "Education," said the late Earl Russell, "will not change the heart; it will only turn rascals into educated rascals." When the eyes of the mind are opened they will behold the evil as well as the good, and, alas, the former is too often brought most prominently and continuously before their view. When the hunger of the soul is awakened it will devour whatever is within its reach, without always discriminating between that which is good for food and that which, though pleasing to the taste, is harmful.

But, of course, the chief value of such a paper as this is not so much to raise the clarion cry of warning as to endeavour to indicate some means of meeting this increased responsibility. *We require* (1) *a superior class of teachers and a higher standard of teaching*; (2) a greater hold on the every-day life of our scholars; (3) better schools and furniture; (4) more cultivated singing; and (5) improved discipline.

(1.) If the standard of our scholars' ability and acquirements be raised, so must that of their teachers; and the teacher *must* be ahead of the scholar. Many a teacher has trained himself at the expense of his scholars. Many a weary and profitless hour have the scholars spent whilst their teacher was learning to teach. We know a teacher—and we fear there are many such—who even taught himself to *read* by the aid of his scholars, some of whom were far more proficient in that art than himself. The teacher who is not in advance of his scholars cannot instruct and will fail to interest them, will lose their respect, and will have but little influence over them. We want the intellect, education, and culture of our churches in the school, and we must have it. Where are the young men and women of our churches upon whose

training hundreds of pounds have been spent, and who have been surrounded by refinement from their infancy? All honour to those who, lacking these advantages, have undertaken the work, and often done it so nobly and so well. Had it not been for the working classes (as they are sometimes termed) Sunday-schools had never covered the length and breadth of this land. Thank God, future generations of this same working class will not be handicapped in their efforts for God and men as their fathers have been; yet can we expect that, as the tide of education advances, even they will always keep abreast of it? Is the instinct of *duty* less strong in our middle-class families? Do they feel less the responsibility of imparting to others of those advantages which God has so richly showered upon them?

But we must not look to certain classes of the community alone for our recruits. All must take their share in the grand work; and amongst the best preparations for engaging in it we would suggest, first, *Teachers' Training Classes*. We must grow our own teachers. Those who have passed through our schools, other things being equal, prove the best teachers. But we must remember that an ordinary Sunday-school class is not, and does not profess to be, a teachers' training class. It is not simply the facts and doctrines of scripture, nor yet the evidences of Christianity, but the art of teaching which they need to learn ere they can become efficient teachers. There is more method and system in the teaching of our day-schools, and there must be also in our Sunday-schools. "Formerly," says one, "children were brought together *en masse*, like a promiscuous gathering of empty bottles. Bucketsfull of very doubtful liquor were poured upon them. If drops of information dribbled into the boy mind, it was more good luck than good management." These training classes may be held in the week, and should be presided over by the minister, or, better still, where such can be obtained, by an experienced and skilful Sunday-school veteran. If the teachers cannot be brought together in the week, and there be a sufficient number of them, they may teach on alternate Sundays, spending the intervening one in studying the following Sunday's lesson in such a training class. But we do not advocate this plan where the other can be adopted, as a regular teacher for a class is best; and it is not every school which is well enough supplied with teachers to allow of it.

Another pressing need of the present and immediate future is *Teachers' Examinations*, whereby their efforts shall be stimulated and their attainments tested. This is really often more important than the scholars' examinations now almost universal, for the scholars are examined in scripture, as in other subjects, elsewhere, but the teachers are not. In some schools in our large towns now the services of such teachers only are accepted as have passed the Sunday School Union Examinations, and it would be well for our schools if this or a similar test were made universal. The standard is not high—certainly not higher than the requirements of an efficient teacher.

Before passing from this part of my subject, let me plead earnestly for the establishment of a children's service, a young Christians' band conducted by the minister, a scripture union, and an adult Bible class in connection with *every school*, as necessary portions of the education

of our scholars and younger teachers. The first named trains our scholars in the habit of attendance at the means of grace, often bringing them to decision, and is a good school for teachers; the second is the true connecting-link, so often talked about and sighed after, between the school and the church—the scripture union being a most valuable adjunct to the band; and the last named enables us to retain our hold of those not converted in their passage through the school when they come to imagine themselves too old or too big to remain any longer in it.

(2.) Then we require a *greater hold on the every-day life of our scholars*. We want more of the social element in our schools. I do not refer to penny readings, comic concerts, and nigger entertainments; but the teacher needs to draw nearer to his scholars with friendship, sympathy, encouragement, and advice. Our scholars must not be made to feel that the school is an admirable institution devoted to their spiritual instruction, but that for sympathy in all mundane affairs and for companionship they must go elsewhere. I know the teachers' time is much occupied—and it is to be doubted if the higher class of teachers for which we have been pleading will have as much leisure as their humbler brethren,—but cannot a teacher occasionally visit the homes of his scholars? cannot he recognize them in the street? may he not sometimes devote an afternoon to a walk with them? can he not encourage them to bring their difficulties to him, or come to him in their troubles? And may not the school provide lectures at once interesting and instructive, concerts of a worthy character, in which the scholars may take part, scripture examinations, industrial and horticultural exhibitions, and cricket and football clubs, which shall do much to employ profitably the spare hours of the young people? This is a reading age, too, and free libraries have not taken the place of the school library, so do not let us neglect the latter. We cannot be with our scholars all the week through, but the books with which we supply them will be their constant companions.

(3.) With regard to *our schools and their furnishing* we have much to learn from our American cousins. And I think this comes fairly within our subject, for the improved education includes that of the eye and ear and taste. The dark underground school-rooms, the uncomfortable forms and benches must give place to rooms light and airy, comfortably and attractively furnished, or they will compare most unfavourably with the Board and other schools to which our scholars are accustomed. The hour in school must be made, both to teacher and scholar, an agreeable one, and not a semi-martyrdom. Rev. W. Taylor (the Californian Evangelist) once said that he did not believe in a genuine work of God without plenty of oxygen, and, suiting the action to the word, knocked out the panes of some windows that were not made to open. How can we expect the light of heaven to penetrate the hearts of those from whose eyes we exclude the light of earth? The importance of class-rooms, too, can hardly be over-estimated—especially for senior and infant classes. How difficult, in some cases almost impossible, it is to teach in a large school crowded with scholars of all ages and sizes. An experienced teacher may succeed in securing the attention of his scholars, and conveying some information to their

minds, and even in making some impression upon their hearts; but what can the poor novice do in the midst of a babel which drowns his voice, deafens and stupifies him, with his scholars looking in all directions and constantly finding some fresh object of interest other than the lesson? Where class-rooms are impracticable we would suggest the dividing of the school-room by means of iron rods and curtains. This plan serves the purpose of deadening sound and confining the attention, combines the advantages of one large room and class-rooms, and has the merit of being inexpensive. But all this requires money! How many churches spend freely their thousands of pounds over the sanctuary, but dole out a few hundreds for the school. And even then, in Staffordshire—I do not know how it is with you more enlightened people in Yorkshire—the school is expected to pay good interest, in the form of rent, on the money expended in its behalf. Too often have the elders and deacons of our churches held aloof from the school—sometimes they have even been found amongst its opponents; but we trust that this is fast becoming a thing of the past. Many schools—in some cases it may be like the churches to which they belong and of which they form a part—are conducted on the most old-fashioned principles; but we must keep pace with the times, and imbibe all that is healthy and true in the spirit of the age, sanctifying and ennobling it.

(4.) *More cultivated singing.* An improvement, too, is needed in our service of song; and now that singing is taught in many day-schools this should be easier of attainment. I shall not attempt to enlarge upon this branch of my theme, not being myself possessed of any great musical gifts, but would refer you to the capital article by Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., in the May number of the *General Baptist Magazine*, contenting myself with the remark that more care needs to be bestowed on the selection both of hymns and tunes.

(5.) Yet once more, *improved discipline*, the discipline in our schools, must be improved; and this should be easier when we have to deal with scholars who are under strict discipline during the rest of the week. In allocating our scholars we should enquire their standard in the day-school, and be guided partly by that in deciding as to the class in which they shall be placed. In all things let us work in connection with the day-schools, taking up the work where they leave it.

In conclusion, we want greater *spiritual power*. In proportion as our work is elevated from the mechanical into the spiritual realm will this need be felt. In the days that are gone, a man who had taught his scholars to read could go home with the assurance that he had *done something* by placing God's word within their reach; but the teacher will often work now with the consciousness that his scholars are being taught the letter of scripture in the day-school better than he can teach it. I sometimes doubt, when I hear the need and desire for "more teaching power" expressed, whether those who make use of that expression mean by it more of the power of the great Teacher, by His Spirit speaking through them. Depend upon it, dear fellow teachers, we shall need that power more than ever if we must keep abreast of the times and of our work! Let us believe, and act upon, the warning voice wafted to us down the ages—"Without me ye can do nothing."

Among a Strange People.*

If ever you should visit that part of Asia which is sandwiched between Russia on the north, and China on the south, you will find it a strange land, inhabited by a strange people, having strange manners and customs.

Would you like to make acquaintance with them? Nothing is easier. Introductions are not wanted. There is a cluster of tents pitched yonder upon the plain. Suppose we ride up to them. It is only necessary to mind two things. One is to approach the *front* of the tents rather than the back or the side; and the other is to "beware of dogs." The best way is when nearly there to shout *nohoi!* (dog), when all the dogs of the place—and savage brutes some of them are—will be quite ready to rush at you and discuss your clothes and limbs. Of course you will keep them off as well as you can with whip or stick till the people come out and restrain them. You may then dismount if on horseback, hobble your horse, and enter any tent you please. The snuff bottle will be handed to you, sometimes with nothing in it, but you will smell of it all the same, and politely hand it back. If you don't know Mongol, don't speak it. The language of signs will answer every purpose. A few bows and gracious smiles will be understood. The people will take for granted that you are thirsty, and will have some tea for you in a few minutes. This you will be sure to accept, and drink to your heart's content. Unless there is sickness in the home, or there has been a very recent addition to the family, or something else equally prohibitory, there is hardly a tent in all Mongolia where the traveller cannot enter, and have tea given to him without any charge whatever. If you are travelling, and have your own provision, the "pot and ladle" will be placed at your service, or in nine cases out of ten your food will be cooked for you, and the leavings of the meal will be deemed ample remuneration for any trouble your hosts may have taken.

The dress of the people is, in some respects, very convenient. The outer garment of both men and women is an ample cloak, which reaches from the neck to the ground, having sleeves so roomy that the arms may be withdrawn from them at pleasure. Under cover of such a cloak one may dress and undress in complete privacy, even in the midst of a crowded tent. Covered by it the Mongol rises in the morning, and sinking down under it he finds shelter at night. Washing is not a very extensive operation. It is usually confined to hands and face. A shirt or a handkerchief will do duty for a towel; but girls frequently manage to dry themselves by passing the hands over the face and sucking the collected moisture from them with the mouth. A lady's hair, when dressed, will need no further attention for a month, such are the virtues of Mongolian *glue*. A bright dress, a profusion of silver ornaments for the head, a rich fur cap, and an abundance of red coral beads, make the figure striking, and without doubt lend grace to beauty. Among the men, the fur cap is sometimes so valuable as to be worth all the other clothes put together. The well-to-do wear splendid robes, with massive silver ornaments hanging from the belt. But nothing marks the quality of the man so much as the quality of his snuff-bottle. If that be poor,

* Among the Mongols. By Rev. J. Gilmour, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

he is nobody ; but if it be a beautifully finished article, made out of a costly stone, the man who owns it must be a man of worth.

The country is, on the whole, poor and sparsely peopled. Beggars abound. The religious system, which fosters and encourages indiscriminate almsgiving, manufactures them in multitudes. Some on foot, some on horseback, some in companies, having camels and a tent, scour the country, and prosper. There is another side, however, to the picture. The time comes when they can beg no more. The market-place at Urga, which is the Rome of the Mongols, becomes the last home of vast numbers. There they lie on the open, stony ground, exposed to all the winds that blow, unsheltered from the elements save by pieces of old felt and miserable rags. They subsist on such things as charity throws in their way, till they can hold out no longer. Some morning their place will be empty. In a ravine not far away you will find all that is left of them when the dogs of the city have picked their bones.

The religion of the Mongols is Buddhism. Their priests are called Lamas. The question of becoming a Lama is seldom a matter of free choice. It is decided by parents and guardians, when the child is but six or ten years old. A red coat and a shaven head mark his consecration to the office ; and he grows up to live, if he can, on the superstition or piety of the people. When he cannot do that he takes to work ; but having no family to support, he has no inducement to work very hard. The country swarms with these men. You find them everywhere, of all ages, of all conditions, of all characters, good, bad, and indifferent, but mostly bad. They include, probably, sixty per cent. of the male population, which is a number out of all proportion to the needs of the nation, and therefore a curse and an incubus upon the prosperity of the people. Strictly speaking the Lamas ought to be Teetotallers, but most of them drink as much "mare's-milk whiskey" as they can get. Being priests you would expect them to be educated men. As a matter of fact not one in twenty can read, and yet these men are both the ministers and the doctors of the land. The people are excessively religious. They are everlastingly saying prayers and counting beads. But how hollow and unmeaning the religion is ! Their worship is the hollowest formality. With them the mere performance of religious acts is religion. Nor does it make any difference if the religious duty be done by proxy. Thus some worthless whiskey-loving Mongol will put out his devotions as people in this country put out their washing. If he has ten books to get through in the year, by way of obtaining merit, he is not obliged to read them himself, he can send for a Lama to do it for him. Nay, he may send for ten if he likes, and let them all begin at once and gabble away each at a different volume, and the merit will be all the same as if he had read the ten volumes himself.

They have also a system of *praying-made-easy*. In connection with the temples, and at the corners of busy streets in the large towns, praying wheels are fixed. The cylinders are supposed to be filled inside, as they are covered outside, with prayers, and the people as they pass will give a turn to the machine, and thus acquire as much merit by setting it in motion as if they had offered up all the prayers it contains. Some Lamas have a self-acting arrangement which is greatly in advance of this. A sort of paper drum is suspended near the ceiling over the fire ;

the hot air sets it in motion, and keeps it going, and thus the prayers of its fortunate possessor are being said, however the Lama may be engaged.

It cannot be expected that a religion so mechanical will bring forth much practical godliness. Nor does it. Those who ought to be its brightest examples are not ashamed to lie and to steal, and under such a system it is found possible to live in open and unblushing wickedness, and yet at the same time to enjoy all the consolations of religion. Not that the system is intended to produce these effects. Buddhism has many admirable features. It lays stress, like Christianity, on the spirit and the motive by which religious actions are inspired; but there is abundant evidence to show that in practice its lofty ideals are completely ignored.

Christianity is immeasurably superior, both in faith and works; but at present the Mongols are too proud of their own religion to change it even for that of Jesus Christ. They are like the lad in one of their own fables, who, having learnt to bore pearls, so prided himself on that poor attainment that he learnt nothing more, and therefore fell far behind his companions. Having learnt Buddhism, they feel no need of learning Christianity. They have mastered the fable, but they have still need to master its moral, which is, "don't be too proud of any attainment, and always be diligent to learn more." J. FLETCHER.

Harvest Hymn.

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among her garnered
sheaves;

Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favours old yet ever new!
O blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom
on;

We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us, with our rugged soil,
The power to make it Eden fair,
And richer fruit to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's
arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And by these altars wreathed with
flowers,

And fields of fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My Bark is Wafted.

My bark is wafted on the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the roaring of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land! safe to the land!
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—DEAN ALFORD.

Twelve Papers for Young Men.

No. VIII.—SELF-RELIANCE.

CONCERNING no virtue do men boast more, and possess less, than of self-reliance. The blind enthusiasm with which political, religious, and other popular leaders are followed, and the unswerving fidelity with which the customs and the fashions of the day are observed, are indications that this principle is largely lacking among us. Its absence is conspicuous everywhere. Railways and tramways save us the trouble of walking. Ready-made goods are most in demand. To think is often too much trouble. We prefer the truth to come to us tied up in neat little bundles of logical propositions. Emerson says—"The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its (society's) aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs."

The effect of all this is most disastrous, especially in young men. Imbecility and weakness inevitably follow in the train of utter dependence. It is an unnatural state. Nature never so provides for us that we can enjoy her gifts without in some way earning them. She gives us corn—but we must grind it. She provides coal and other useful minerals—but we must dig for them. The Creator has wisely designed that we should help ourselves. By being made dependent on our own exertions, we not only provide for our immediate wants, but we thereby develop our faculties, and become richer in what we *are* as well as in what we obtain. The blacksmith not only earns bread by the daily use of his hammer, but a strong arm likewise. Work brings capacity; activity's reward is power. On the other hand, laziness and disuse result in degeneration and weakness. .

Religion, more especially, demands self-reliance in its adherents. No man can believe for another, or act for another. Life in this respect is solitary. Alone the soul must fight its own battles, or be defeated; alone must conquer its evil tendencies, or be overcome by them; alone must cross the river of death, and alone stand before the unerring Judge, to be judged of the deeds done in the body. Everyone must bear the result of his own work—hence the importance of acting for ourselves.

Yet, strange as it may seem, nowhere is the want of self-reliance more manifest than in the religious sphere. There seems to be a craving in the human heart for a cheap religion. We have read somewhere of a foreign professor who related his experience in some such words as the following:—"I used to be concerned about religion; but religion is a great subject. I was very busy—there was little time to settle it for myself. A Protestant, my attention was called to the Roman Catholic religion. It suited my case; and instead of dabbling in religion for myself, I put myself into its hands. Once a year," he added, "I go to mass." This may seem an extreme case, but there are hundreds of a similar kind. Many are content to subscribe to the doctrines believed by their fathers or taught by their ministers without any personal investigation into the same. Our fathers have, without doubt, left us a splendid inheritance of faith and thought. The

doctrines they held were of the highest value to them, and of the greatest service to the age in which they lived; but they were valuable and serviceable because they had been won by deep searchings and hard struggles in the presence of the great necessities that surrounded them. We shall show real appreciation of their work only by carrying it forward in their spirit. Their acquisitions are almost valueless for us, unless they help us to make greater acquisitions for ourselves. Our ministers may be sound in theology, spiritual in life, and efficient in their work, but we ought not to allow them to do our thinking. Those who depend for spiritual food upon the sermons they hear are making spiritual paupers of themselves. The sanctuary is little better than a religious poor-house to those who rely on its ordinances for the supply of their religious needs. If we are to be healthy in spiritual life, manly in character, heroic in service, we must "work out our own salvation," think for ourselves, and act according to our convictions.

But the want of self-reliance not only reduces us to a state of religious pauperism—it brings moral and spiritual decrepitude. There are fishes that have lived in dark caves until they have lost the faculty of sight. They found no use for their eyes, and so nature took them away. So if the mind and heart fail to fulfil their functions, they will in time lose the capacity for doing so. This seems to be what our Lord meant to teach by the parable of the talents. Use is profitable in every way; disuse is unprofitable—it is worse, it robs us of our faculties. "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

But along with self-reliance there must be firm faith in God. Whoever strives to attain excellence of character and life, independent of God, has found the surest way of missing it. Every faculty of our being gains its fullest and freest exercise when consecrated to God. The true pathway of self-reliance is the one trod by Him who is our example in all that is manly, and who yet can say, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." Those who have done the most for the welfare of the human family have possessed in a large degree that self-reliance that draws upon God's infinite might for support. We think of Paul, self-reliant indeed, but only through the grace of God that was with him. Luther stands forth against the world's pomp and power in the strength of the simple prayer, "God help me." Cromwell goes forth in his conflict with tyranny and oppression in the might of the Lord of hosts, and his compatriots "waxed valiant in fight" because they were true to their God. True Christian chivalry in any cause whatever is only to be attained on the same lines. We need such a trust in God as will help us to realize our responsibility, and at the same time impart the necessary inspiration and energy for duty.

Let us be original. Let us be true—true to ourselves, and true to our God. Self-reliant work, through Christ, will enlarge and ennoble our character, enrich the world, and honour God.

"The world wants men—large-hearted, manly men;
And heaven wants souls—fresh and capacious souls;
It wants fresh souls—not mean and shrivelled ones;
It wants fresh souls—my brother, give it thine."

E. CARRINGTON.

Twelve Talks with our Girls.

NO. VIII.—PLAN IN LIFE.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—I want to say a few words to you this month on the subject of Plan and Purpose in Life. Nothing can be more painful to a thoughtful mind than to see the aimless way in which many girls and young women allow the best years of their lives to drift away. To eat, to sleep, to dress, to be amused, seem to be the end and aim of their existence. Yet they are not happy, because they have no absorbing interest in life. Why should not every girl set before herself some distinct plan, just as her brothers do? Very few would have the moral courage to reply in so many words; but if they did, the answer would be, "We hope to marry, and therefore there is no use in turning our attention to any occupation."

Every girl, I suppose, hopes and believes that she will marry as soon as she is old enough. I have no objection to these sanguine expectations provided they were certain of fulfilment; but I do feel that very serious evils often arise when a girl stakes her future prospects entirely on this contingency. It becomes her chief business to get a husband (a very undesirable aim for any woman); and if she should fail, she is a disappointed, perhaps even an embittered woman, feeling that she has missed the great object of her existence.

You ask, "What, then, would you have us do?" My answer is: Whatever your circumstances may be, cultivate your natural gifts to the uttermost, and determine, in some way, to make yourself useful to others. You know that the Jewish law compelled every youth to learn some trade which he might be able to follow if circumstances required. It would be well if every English girl were wise enough to master some branch of knowledge, some business, or some kind of handicraft—it matters little *what* so long as you determine to know something *thoroughly*. I speak strongly, because I have seen so much misery in families which might have been greatly mitigated if only the girls had been taught to be self-reliant. Many, through reverses of fortune, become useless burdens on their friends simply because they have never fitted themselves to do any effective work in the world. Let me tell you of two instances which have come under my own observation.

A gentleman with a large and apparently prosperous business brought up his family of daughters in habits of the greatest extravagance and utter helplessness. After awhile there came a crash, and ruin stared them in the face. Not one of those girls could do anything to retrieve their disasters. Eventually two of them obtained very inferior positions, not by their merits, but through the benevolent exertions of those who had known them in happier days.

A Christian man of my acquaintance, in the same line of business, expended a very large sum on the education of his daughters, while, at the same time, they were trained to practise the strictest personal economy. People wondered that so unostentatious a man should spend thus freely, even lavishly, on education; but subsequent events proved the wisdom of his conduct. The business gradually declined, owing to circumstances which I need not advert to, and now those three girls

and the mother (herself an educated woman) largely contribute to the maintenance of the family by their exertions.

Take an old maid's word for it, dear girls, it is very sweet to be independent; and sweeter still to be able to help others. By all means marry if you see clearly that such is God's will for you. I would not grudge you "life's crowning bliss:" but, I fear me, all marriages are *not* made in heaven. One has heard occasionally of a woman marrying "for a home." It is to obviate such a sad necessity that I appeal to you thus. Even if you do marry, circumstances may still make it necessary that at some time you should work both for yourself and others. A friend of mine has maintained an invalid husband and a family of children for several years by her own efforts. Must it not be infinitely happier to toil for those whom you love than to be dependent on charity, however kindly bestowed?

For your own sakes, I beg you, set before yourselves some useful work which you will try to accomplish. It will impart a new interest to your life, and save you from morbid introspection and sentimental day-dreams. The brightest and happiest, as well as the most useful women I have known, have been those whose lives have been most occupied in work for others. I am not ambitious to see you doctors, lawyers, and M.P.'s; but I do long to see the day when every English girl, from the lowest to the highest, will determine to make the best possible use of every talent lent her by the Master. And if it should never be needful that you should work for gain, still the knowledge you have acquired may be used for the benefit of others, and so, like mercy, may be "twice blessed."

I conclude with a few weighty sentences from a thoughtful writer on woman's work.* "Every creature God has made is, without exception, bound to the utmost development which circumstances render possible of every power given. The true measure of every woman's education must be the capacities God has given her, regulated in their development by circumstances and opportunities no less of His appointing. Her aim must be, to be to the utmost that which God has made her to be: no more, for she cannot: no less, for she dare not. God has an individual ideal, an individual purpose and plan for every man and woman; and it is only in asking, each of us humbly, earnestly, and in simple faith, that there is for each a distinct answer, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do?' that we can any of us find the key to our life's problem, the clue to our life's work."

But I most explicitly desire to state my conviction that every girl should *first* learn to make herself useful at home, and should NEVER leave home-duties neglected to take up self-imposed duties elsewhere. Only after these are fulfilled, there is generally a margin of time which ought to be usefully employed in securing the sweet and abiding good of *personal independence*.

MARIE COMPSTON.

"If in hours of clear reason we should speak the severest truth, we should say that WE HAD NEVER MADE A SACRIFICE. In those hours, the mind seems so great that nothing can be taken from us that seems much."—Emerson—*Spiritual Laws*, p. 99.

* The King's Daughters. By Annie Harwood.

Mosquitoes.

“WHEN I was a child I thought as a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child.” When I was a young man I wrote as a young man. My pen was both poetic and prolific. Poetic, not because I courted the Muses, but I patronized those who did. Articles in magazines were plentifully garnished with quotations from minstrels ancient and modern. All that is over now. It was, I suppose, a phase through which one had to pass. A mild craze for verse attacks you, just as you, at an earlier period, experience visitations of whooping-cough, measles, and scarlatina. I was too prolific. “’Tis pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print.” I look with wonder at the number of sermons with which I favoured editors, and the miscellaneous contributions which were made to sundry and divers serials. Alas! I sinned against modesty: no doubt about that. Life is short; and, unless your productions are unusually fresh and forcible, they should, as a point of conscience and good taste, be consigned to appropriate oblivion. However, it is a thing of the past. The demands of a congregation in a busy town, and the duties of one’s own family, don’t leave much leisure for literary work, even if the disposition to prosecute it continued.

But there are exceptions to every rule. Now and then I venture to put in a brief appearance as magazine contributor. I am moved to do so now. An old fellow-student and valued friend is often at my elbow, and he has been “at” me repeatedly to write on—what do you think?—Ministerial Annoyances. It is a fruitful theme. Please understand me: I am not thinking of serious, considerable trials. Of course, all people have those sooner or later: “every man shall bear his own burden.” How true the apostle’s words are! If by the time we are forty we don’t give up envying others, we are hopeless simpletons, and for the following reason:—observation ought to have taught us that in looking with longing eye on the lot of a fellow-creature we never see all. There is a side hidden from us, and a shady side too. Only a few weeks ago I was in London. One afternoon I had to hurry off that I might catch a train into Hertfordshire in order to attend a meeting. As the omnibus rattled down Gray’s Inn Lane I saw a sight which made my blood boil. A wretched object in the shape of a man was dragging a miserable-looking woman by the hair of her head. They had struggled until sheer agony had forced her to submit, and she was pulled by him into a dirty court. Interference on my part was out of the question, for I had no time to lose. Well, the evening but one after, having returned to town, I went to a certain place of amusement. The audience interested me as well as the performance. A trio whom I noticed in the best seats, fashionably dressed, and evidently belonging to the Upper Ten, considerably interfered with my enjoyment. By the aid of an opera-glass I soon understood the “situation.” There was a young wife and her sister, the picture of anxiety and chagrin on account of the gentleman whom I took to be her husband. He was unmistakably intoxicated, and persisted in annoying his companions both by his remarks and gestures. The two incidents brought home to me very impressively the universality of trouble.

Minor vexations, and those pertaining to "the cloth," are what I want to dwell on now. They are like mosquitoes. People who have been far east or west talk about the beatific delights of those tiny but irritating insects, and assure us that they "are enough to knock the meekness out of "Moses himself, that they are. You sit near the door of your bungalow in India, after the day's work is over, awfully tired, almost used up, wishful to have a quiet and soothing smoke. Plague on the creature: here comes a tormentor, lashing at your neck, attacking your hands, and even stabbing you through your pantaloons. Or, you go to bed, lifting the net-curtains warily and rapidly in order to afford the foe no chance of invasion, and you lie down. Mercy on us! just when you are dozing off there is an ominous sound, a shrill, small piping sort of noise. Ah! sleep will be impossible until the author of that aggravating music is arrested and slain. There is no help for it; you and your beloved madam must get a lamp, 'shake off dull sloth,' and search diligently for the intruder, inflicting on it capital punishment." Well, pastors have mosquito-troubles which, though not big, are quite large enough to damage their equanimity and comfort.

For instance: it were a consummation devoutly to be wished that *callers* would be rather more considerate. It is desperately trying to have one's time clipped up and spoiled thus. Good folk knock at the door, send in their card, seat themselves comfortably in the drawing-room, and talk, talk, talk about nothing at all until the clerical listener is almost frenzied. Only to think of it: you are in the middle of a sermon, it is of real importance that you should stick close to it when the door-bell or knocker sounds the knell of doom. It is too bad. I wonder how some people imagine discourses are made. They must have extremely original notions as to the process. Do they believe that they are composed as quickly as they are delivered? If they don't, they should show their faith by their works, and not drone, dawdle, and drive away the preacher's valuable time. Some reverend brother of whom we heard had a conspicuous cardboard on his study wall to this effect, "*Make your visit short.*" Another did better: he had *only a single chair in his room*. Of course it was given to the visitor, he standing meanwhile. Humanity prevented the interview from being a protracted one. Most seriously let it be said: don't hinder your minister. Call on him on Monday or Tuesday. Avoid the end of the week. To put in an appearance on Friday or Saturday, coolly expressing the hope that you are not intruding, is sheer, unmitigated cruelty to animals.

I come now to *the post*. It is rather harrassing to many of us. Three times a day, commonly, the official in blue and red replenishes one's box. All manner of things, good, bad, and indifferent, are stuffed in. A considerable proportion is absolutely useless. One of the best friends that I have is under my study-table. A cat? No: try again. Not a dog? Not a dog, sir. No: it is a certain receptacle commonly known as the waste-paper basket. Blessings on it, say I. "There the wicked cease from troubling," and the weak too. Braggings advertisements, interminable begging appeals, goody-goody little books and tracts and leaflets sent by people who never get beyond the spiritual cradle and religious perambulator—all find their level there. But what I wanted more especially to say was this:—*the cost of replies* is not always

provided by the right persons. Do you see? I am requested to preach school-sermons, or deliver a lecture, or attend a meeting, and the worthy friend who compliments me by the invitation forgets to enclose a stamp. Now one penny is not much, but half a dozen in the course of as many days is coming it rather too strong. It would be convenient if this matter were borne in mind by secretaries and deacons.

Deacons, I say, and the word irresistibly suggests thoughts which merit a little attention. To many a poor fellow it is associated with mosquito-attacks vexatious and irritating. Don't misunderstand me. I indulge in no wholesale condemnations. Far from it. On the contrary, deacons are often most estimable men. They are a power for good—true helpers both to pastor and people. All honour to them! Pleasant, indeed, are the memories which one has of some. Better friends could not be. But others are—otherwise. To wit: would it not be a gain all round if some would, even though it cost them a very violent effort, bring themselves to believe that to be a deacon is not incompatible with being a gentleman. It really is not. You may be a faithful office-bearer and yet be courteous, respectful, and well-behaved to your pastor. It is possible: it actually is. But certain brethren, if we must judge by their conduct, appear dubious on this score. At any rate, they have an unfortunate knack of acting as if they were. Power and office always prove and test people. And they are too much for not a few. Their heads are turned by the immense dignity and responsibility which fall to their lot. As private members they managed very creditably; but after they are elected they put on airs, and set themselves up as a sort of committee of vigilance whose function it is to undertake the general management of the pastor. He is expected to consult them, sitting in solemn conclave, about all his extra engagements on Sundays; every pulpit-notice must be laid before them ere it is announced; and, unless he puts his foot firmly down on the shameful practice, he will be treated to a considerable and habitual amount of advice offered, in meeting assembled of the diaconate, as to the right conduct of prayer meetings, church meetings, tea meetings, and meetings in general.

The thing is preposterous, and ought to be suppressed at any cost. A minister had better cut off his right arm than surrender his independence to such individuals as those just described. It is enough not only to annoy him, but to set, sooner or later, the whole of his church by the ears. As to holding up our hands and opening wide our eyes in astonishment because "young people go over to the church," the reason is not always very far to seek. In the establishment a clergyman is treated as a gentleman, but in one or two Nonconformist communions there appears to be both wide-spread ignorance and indifference as to what a gentleman is.

Very often the mischief is done by the way in which men are put into office. A deacon should be, first, business-like; secondly, courteous; and thirdly, consistent. These are the three prime qualifications. However consistent he may be, if he muddles accounts, possesses no financial skill, and has nothing approaching administrative ability, he is unsuitable. So, on the other hand, though he be a splendid financier and capital tactician, if his repute in business or the

home is somewhat shady, he ought to be passed over. In like manner he has no right, human or divine, to be coarse, rude, and ill-behaved. But are these qualifications never ignored? The diaconate is *made a reward* of pecuniary liberality, or long membership, or, I grieve to add, superior social position. A man begins his commercial career as a green-grocer; he sticks to trade and, deservedly, prospers; new premises for business are obtained; a private house in the suburbs is added; a horse and "conveyance" are set up. What follows? Why, of course, he must be made a deacon. Dissenting churches are republics, and radicals are often more obsequious to money and success than any, therefore our flourishing friend comes into office with a swinging majority. What an absurdity!

Moreover, if my observation and experience teach anything at all, it is that few officers are preferable to many. "Too many irons in the fire" do harm. Small committees are vastly more useful than large ones. Mr. Spurgeon's idea of the matter is worth attention. He says that he likes a committee consisting of three persons—himself and two others; one of the latter ill in bed, and the other out of town. Numbers are a source of weakness in the management of ecclesiastical business. And let me be allowed to add that this applies to meetings also. To have many is a preposterous mistake. Mischiefs are bound to come of it. Imagine seventy-six deacons' meetings a year! "Yes, yes, nothing *but* imagination," you reply. I beg your pardon. A case is pretty well known of a church whose deacons met every Sunday morning after the service; also they had one evening in each month, and likewise half an hour before the church meeting began! I need scarcely say that these sage rulers in Israel always approved of solemn counsels to the young touching the sin of wasting and the importance of improving time!

S. G. WINSLOW.

Enough of the Bible to Poison a Parish.

A PROTESTANT little girl being asked by a priest to attend his religious instruction, refused, saying it was against her father's wishes.

The priest said she should obey him, not her father.

"Oh, sir, we are taught in the Bible—'Honour thy father and thy mother.'"

"You have no business to read the Bible," said the priest.

"But, sir, our Saviour said, in John v. 39, 'Search the Scriptures.'"

"That was only to the Jews, and not to children, and you don't understand it," said the priest.

"But, sir, St. Paul said to Timothy, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures.'—2 Tim. iii. 15.

"O," said the priest, "Timothy was then being trained to be a bishop, and was taught by the authorities of the church."

"O, no sir," said the child; "he was taught by his mother and his grandmother."

On this the priest turned her away, saying she "knew enough of the Bible to poison a parish."

A Visit to Norway.

No. VI.

BY REV. WILLIAM ORTON.

WE are away to the metropolis. The distance is about ninety miles. It is five o'clock. The sun is shining after the rain. As the train glides out of the station we take our last glimpse of Kongsberg. On we pass through fjeld and forest—now entering unexpectedly into a tunnel, and then passing out on the face of a rocky mountain, at one time shut in by pine trees, and at another admiring a fjord spreading out its bright waters far below the level on which we are travelling, and looking like a mirror set in a framework of trees and towns and lofty hills. How pleasant, too, to see the white mists creeping about the mountains, here lying at the foot, there lingering half-way up, and yonder rising above the summit like a pillar of cloud!

A CORN-FIELD.

Here is a patch of corn-field. The crop is cut. But what are those strange objects standing at even distances from each other, and looking like bears reared on their haunches? They are sheaves of corn piled up to dry. Long stakes are driven into the ground, and on these are impaled about a dozen sheaves one over another, with all the heads in one direction, and the lowest of them raised at least a foot above the soil. It appears to be a capital method of carrying on the drying process, and may perhaps be usefully adopted by some of our corn-growers at home.

A TRADING TOWN.

But we are approaching a large town. It is Drammen, one of the greatest trading towns in Norway. All is bustle. The people are evidently of a superior grade, and are moving about with an energy not previously seen. Along the water's edge there are piles of timber as far as the eye can see. Yonder is a bridge of several arches; near to this are the masts of many trading ships, and not far from these are Government offices and large hotels, and a substantial looking church; and still further away are the forests of dark pine-trees, lighted up by the golden rays of the setting sun. Onward we go, however; and after travelling five hours we see many lights twinkling in the darkness, and while the clock is striking ten we are gliding into the city of Christiania, where we soon find a capital home in the Hotel Scandinavia.

CHRISTIANIA.

We are now in the metropolis of Norway. The city has 113,000 inhabitants. The buildings are not of wood, as in other places, but are substantial structures of brick and stone. The streets are wide—the shops are good—the market-place is a spacious square, with a large plain-looking church on one side, and on the other sides lofty buildings, evidently houses of business. The public buildings are all new, for Trondjem was the ancient capital, and in that ancient city are some things to interest the antiquary, but Christiania is of more recent days, and its general appearance is that of a modern European city.

AIDS TO TEMPERANCE.

A visitor cannot fail to observe the Pavilions. These are erected in thoroughfares and open spaces for the sale of unintoxicating drinks. They are elegant little structures, octagonal in shape, and gaily painted so as to attract the attention of passers by. In each one of them is standing a person neatly dressed as a waiter; and here, without any delay, and at a trifling cost, the thirsty can be supplied with pleasant and refreshing beverages in which lurks no hidden danger. The rulers of Norway are in advance of our own in discouraging habits of intemperance. The inns are fewer, and are intended to be houses of refreshment rather than drinking saloons. The sale of spirits in such houses is forbidden, and even the light beer which is sold is sold only at certain specified hours unless supplied with other things that are more substantial. The shops where spirits are sold are under strict supervision, and are found only in the larger towns, so that at least one of the temptations to drunkenness is taken out of the way. It is sad, however, to know that, in spite of such restrictions, there are many cases of intemperance. It is rumoured that there are numerous evasions of these wholesome laws; and it was for us to see one handsome young woman who was unable to preserve her equilibrium, and also a cabman who was driving in a manner which no man in his sober senses would ever do. Still the aim of the statesmen to check the terrible evil is praiseworthy, and deserves the attention of statesmen nearer home.

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSES.

One of the principal buildings in Christiania is the Stoerting-house. Here the representatives of the people meet for the transaction of business. It is a modern structure, with some pretension to taste, but is very insignificant compared with the Palace of Westminster. Still it has a substantial look, and the interior is well-adorned with carving and crimson and gold. There are one hundred and twelve members of the Stoerting, who are divided into the upper and the lower house. The election is annual, and the session seldom occupies more than one month in the year. The constitution is nominally a limited monarchy under Oscar II., of Sweden; but the government is virtually republican, and the rulers seem to pride themselves in setting aside, as far as possible, the Royal authority. A while ago a message was received from the King asking for a grant of money for his son on the occasion of his marriage, but the grant was not made. Even the power of veto—which is almost the last shred of regal power that remains—is now in dispute. It is admitted by the Norwegians that when a measure has duly passed both houses, the King may refuse to allow it to become law—that he may do this a second time—but if the same measure pass the Stoerting a third time the right of veto ceases, and the bill becomes law in spite of the Royal Will. If this matter be decided against the King, the government will be a monarchy only in name. The struggle cannot fail to be eagerly watched by all who take an interest in the national changes which are taking place; and, in the meantime, it is comforting to know that there is “a kingdom that cannot be moved,” and there is a monarch of whom we may sing, “and He shall reign for ever and ever.”

THE ROYAL PALACE.

The most conspicuous building is the Schloss. This is the Winter Palace of the King. It stands on elevated ground; and though not to be compared with Windsor Castle, yet, nevertheless, has an imposing appearance. In front of it is a fine equestrian statue of Charles XII. The sentinels on duty were less soldierly in their appearance than our Guards; but it seems that in Norway there are no professional soldiers. All the men are trained to arms, and are compelled to render three years service in the army. On approaching the palace the question arose, "Shall we ask permission to see it?" and it was decided that there could be no impropriety in asking, and that I should make the request; so approaching an officer I communicated to him, in a manner which was to him intelligible, that we were desirous of seeing the Palace. After inquiring who we were, he conducted us to an entrance, and in a little while a soldier came to our aid. We felt ourselves to be highly favoured. Our guide was most attentive. He took us leisurely through all the state-rooms, and explained as much as he was able. It was pleasant to feast the eyes on such splendour; but it is not possible to describe the spacious rooms, the rich furniture, the portraits and the historical paintings, and the thousand other treasures which were shewn to us. After conducting us through one of the handsomest suites of rooms in Europe our guide led us out on the roof, where we were favoured with a grand view. The city lay at our feet; the docks and the spacious fjord were beyond, while on the other side were the Park and suburbs, and a rich country running up to the distant mountains. One of our own poets has said,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"

and our visit to the Schloss will be a source of undying pleasure; and yet how poor is a royal palace compared with the glory which is reserved in heaven for us. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things prepared for them that love Him."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The gallery was closed. It is open only on certain days in the week, and, alas! this was not one of them. It was hard to see the huge doors closed firmly against us; and the more so as this was the only opportunity in our lives. We thought within ourselves what we should do, and determined to find the Curator, and present to him a silver key. In a little while we found ourselves walking among some of the Art Treasures of Norway, and in the end we were amply repaid for the labour and cost. The collection of paintings was small compared with some of the collections in Italy, but some of them were works of considerable merit, and others had an historical interest peculiarly their own. There were some fine representations of Norwegian scenery; there was also an allegorical painting which reminded one of Gustave Dore's "Triumph of Truth;" and there were scripture pieces and battle scenes, and illustrations of national events in considerable number. The painting that interested me most of all was that of the famous preacher of his time, Hans Neillson Hougar. He may be described as the Whitfield of Norway. He is represented by the artist as preaching

in a cottage. The light falls on his benevolent face, and the cottagers are drinking in, with manifest earnestness, the gospel he is proclaiming. It is a spirit-stirring picture, and it would be strange to dwell long on the scene without catching something of the Christ-like spirit of that noble evangelist. Many years have passed away since he was called from a life of toil and sorrow to his rest and his reward, but his name is still a household word, and is as ointment poured forth, "The memory of the just shall be blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM.

The museum we found full of treasures. There were fine specimens of stone knives, of early iron implements, of ancient pottery and carving, with unnumbered curiosities of nature and art. There was great wealth in the department of Natural History, and specially in specimens of monsters of the deep. The greatest curiosity of all, however, was "The Viking Ship." A wooden building has been erected for the exhibition of this alone. This ship was dug out of the ground about two years previous at Gokstad, and is believed to be at least one thousand years old. It is of black oak, is clinker-built, and is about eighty-seven feet in length. One peculiarity is, that the rudder is fixed at the side of the ship. The shape is such as to shew that it was intended for fast sailing; and it has not only masts, but a bench and oars for rowing. The armour found on board is ranged in order along the bulwarks, and consists of strong rusty spears, and shields of wood strengthened with rivets and bosses of iron. At the same time were found, besides, many other things which are shewn to visitors, cooking utensils, beds, and skeletons of animals and of men. This ship is regarded by antiquaries, and especially those who take an interest in naval architecture and history, as a peculiar treasure; but there is difference of opinion respecting it. There is no doubt it belonged to one of the great Vikings. A Viking is literally an inhabitant of a creek; and the Vikings were sea rovers, or rather sea robbers, who came out with their well-armed vessels to capture merchantmen, and to take spoil from the towns on the sea-coast. They were terrible men, whose calling was to rob and murder, and get gain and glory. The "Viking Ship" belonged to one of these men; but the question is, how did it find its way in that perfect state into the solid earth? Did it sink in the sea and become embedded in the mud, and has the water since retired? Or was there the solemn interment of the famous owner, who was laid in his own ship as the most appropriate mausoleum? and was he laid there "in the sure and certain hope" that the spears and shields and all the rest of the things the vessel contained would be ready for his use in the life beyond? It may be so, but no one can tell. There are secrets there which cannot be discovered. If that ship could speak, who can conceive what stories it could tell of storm, and sea-fighting, and cruelty, and wrong? But the doers of the deed have been covered up in that strange sarcophagus for a thousand years, and their doings will never be known till that day when "all secrets shall be revealed." Is it not a solemn thing that the reckoning-day will come to all—that "the graves shall be opened," and "the sea give up its dead"—and that "we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ that we may receive according to that we have done in the body, whether it be good or bad."

Edward Bott—In Memoriam.

OUR lately-deceased brother, whose head of snowy whiteness we shall behold no more with the inhabitants of the world, deserves a better tribute of remembrance than our pen can pay. He was born at Belton, a small Leicestershire village, within near sight from Charnwood Forest, and which includes the liberty of Grace Dieu, where a priory for nuns was founded in the reign of Henry III. This little village has had great fame, and some infamy, as the scene of an annual horse fair—the rendezvous of vagabond vendors, whose tricky traffic has imposed on many a simple and many a sapient customer. Belton Fair had once a date which dominated over a wide surrounding district, and most other events were reckoned as occurring so long before, or after it. Here Edward Bott passed his boyhood until he was old enough to learn a business. In 1825, at the age of thirteen only, he was apprenticed to a watch and clock maker, first at Nottingham, afterwards at Loughborough: an age sufficiently early for the proper growth and health of the whole body, but, as it used to be considered, almost too late for the fingers to become duly expert in the nicer parts of so intricate a handicraft. On removing to Loughborough, he became connected with our then only Sunday-school, in Woodgate, and attended the ministry of Mr. Stevenson, in Barter Gate. Here he received good impressions, and often went away from the public services to weep and pray in private. He anxiously waited for some one to guide him to a better understanding of the Scriptures, and to assist him in his inquiries after the way of peace. A Sunday-school teacher—then our bosom friend—kindly noticed him, and led him into the light. In the spring of 1829 he was baptized in his eighteenth year, having meanwhile become a teacher in the Sunday-school. After “engaging” at prayer meetings he began to practice speaking, and the composition of sermons. Encouraged by the good opinions of contemporaries, and older friends, he undertook a preaching service in a neighbouring village. This was followed by other successful efforts, and he was advised to seek admission into the Education Society, in order to be trained for the regular ministry. Having preceded him at the same place by one year, our former intimacy became closer, and for two more years we lived and studied together. So cordial and confidential was our fellowship that when the time for our separation came we felt that, whatever might be our mutual regrets, we had no personal misunderstandings to correct, and no disagreements to reconcile.

After his course of three years and a half in the Loughborough Institution he was invited to the ministry by one of the nearest vacant churches—that at Leake and Wymeswold, where he had often “supplied” while a student, and where he was “fully known.” Some churches cannot think of anything so void of interest and excitement as the choice of a pastor from amongst those with whom they have long been familiar. If they can get a man from a great distance, of whom they have heard little more than the name, and of whom they know nothing better than his own boldness has made notable, the presumption is that he must be from heaven, and he is received “as an angel of God.” It is mentioned, as a commendation of Timothy to the Philippians, that they “knew the proof of him.” And Paul justified his line of action toward the Corinthians, because he had taken it in order that he “might know the proof of them.” The going out of many false prophets into the world rendered it necessary for each believer and every church to “try the spirits.” Such prophets disarm suspicion, and conciliate esteem, by coming in sheep’s clothing; but after gaining access, if tempted to reveal themselves, they are discovered to be “ravening wolves.” Nothing but good attended Mr. Bott’s Election to his first pastorate, and after holding the office ten years and a half he resigned it, and removed, without a stain on his character, or the reproach of anything but human frailty in his arduous ministry. For arduous it was in those days of abundant labour, the people being widely scattered, the meeting houses numerous, and the services being three on the Lord’s-day, and about as many more in the course of almost every week.

From Leake and Wymeswold he went to Hepstonstall Slack to succeed the lamented Mr. Butler. There he stayed a little over four years, but never feeling

firmly rooted in that hilly region, and receiving a call from Barton to become co-pastor with Mr. Cotton, whom he had known at the Loughborough Academy, he accepted it, and in December, 1852, took up his residence hard by the home of her whom we, of the Midland General Baptist societies, acknowledge as "the mother of us all." There a commodious house was built for him at the church's expense, and here he continued nearly twelve years. He might have prolonged his stay but for the occurrence of one of the hardest trials of his life. The removal of his colleague created the need for another. The man who took most with the congregations was the least worthy of their preference; for while full of words, and of the self-confidence which too often captivates, he was soon found to be empty of both solid learning and sound morality. This event disturbed Mr. Bott's position, as well as distressed his mind; and made him wishful to find another sphere, which he might fill alone, without either the envy or the hindrance incident to the having of a co-adjutor. He found an agreeable change in Cheshire, at the town where Matthew Henry, by the stumbling of his horse, met with the fall which proved fatal to his precious life. At Tarporley, he remained between five and six years, when his health not being good he relinquished his place—leaving many friends to regret his departure. For a time he hesitated to undertake another charge, but was persuaded to make trial of one comparatively easy, which was offered to him at Sutterton, in Lincolnshire. For eight more years he was enabled to persevere in pastoral work, and to complete the number of forty years from the beginning. He then went to live in Leicester, to be near his only son, as well as to enjoy the abundant privileges which that town affords. There he had many opportunities of occasional preaching which he improved when health permitted; but his strength failing him, he left the town for the sake of the purer air of the country, and in Sep. 1882, settled at Syston. No improvement followed. A severe attack of jaundice, speedily followed by dropsy, with its aqueous burden, fell upon him, and at the end of May—the month of his birth—he closed his course of seventy-one years. Another coincidence may be named. His first attempt to preach was made at Barrow-upon-Soar, in 1833; his last sermon was preached there in Nov. 1882. He was interred in Leicester Cemetery by Mr. Evans, of Dover Street, the brethren, W. Bishop and J. C. Forth taking part in the service.

As a minister Mr. Bott was not ambitious of power or publicity, he aspired most of all to be faithful and useful. For a man holding a public office like him, whom "the God of Israel separated, to bring the people near to himself; to do the service of the Lord; and to stand before the congregation to minister unto them," Mr. Bott lived as privately and as noiselessly as was perhaps possible. Though he attended public gatherings, and denominational assemblies, such as conferences and associations, his voice was rarely heard therein. He was a silent and self-contained man: ever diffident, sometimes nervous, and always more ready to get behind for secrecy, than to come to the fore for shew, and the exercise of debating and declaiming skill. In private life he was a model of propriety—orderly in his habits—moderate in his desires—sparing in the use of what is costly—economical in spending an income which was never large, and contented to forego indulgences which many men, and some ministers, consider allowable or necessary. He was fortunate, soon after his first settlement as a pastor, in finding a wife whose tastes and manners were in agreement with his own. So that he always had a comfortable and pleasant home, which the poor of his flock could not reasonably begrudge him, and which the more wealthy were not ashamed to visit. If all men were more like him mediocrity would no longer be reputed mean, and that which is ordinary would become respectable. His life was an illustration of the letter and the spirit of the Apostolic precept: "Let no man despise thee." W. UNDERWOOD.

"PARASITES OF THEIR OWN CIGARS," is the suggestive name coined by Ruskin for the young men of the fashionable modern world. Not *men*, but *parasites*—parasites of the ignoble pipe. Smokers may study their now designation with interest and profit. It is as full of meaning as a good egg of meat; and is it not as true as it is instructive?

Friend or Foe?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BLOW FALLS.

MR. BRADFORD prided himself on being a man of his word. What he said he would do, he did—often, right or wrong. When, therefore, stock having been taken, two gentlemen came some days later to the warehouse, no one was surprised. But he himself was not present when they came. Getting excited on the day of his visit, he had taken liberties with his foot, and had gone home only to go to bed, and be confined to it ever since.

During the week, Oliver Raymond saw little of his uncle, or Elsie. The latter made several attempts to speak to him, but failed; for, his manner grown more brooding, almost morose, indeed, he cut her short with a hasty word, and was gone. So the week went on; Elsie feeling some great dread pressing on her heart; Mr. Bradford in bed, too ill to think of business or anything else; Oliver going about with a gloomy face, rushing off early in the morning, coming home long past midnight.

One night, when the auditors were expected to finish their work on the morrow, Raymond was seated with Rearden in the latter's lodgings. They were both talking in very low tones, and, while Rearden's face wore an extremely anxious look, that of his companion seemed to be one of growing desperation.

"Well," says Rearden at last, poking the fire thoughtfully, "you say you come for advice. But, really, I do not see what advice I can give. It seems to have gone too far. But you have not yet told me how it has come about that you are in this dangerous position? Of course, I have guessed something was wrong for some time; but you have lately been mysterious, somewhat, and so I could only guess."

"You showed me a telegram," Oliver answered, with something like anger in his eyes, "that week Joyce went to S— to bury his aunt, and sometime ago you told me of a scheme which Wolfe had for winning at horse-racing"——

"What!" cried Rearden, speaking in a voice high enough to drown a knock at the front door, and the sound of the person being let in, "surely you don't mean to say you took either the telegram or my recommendation of Wolfe seriously!"

"But I did," returned Oliver, with increasing anger. "You did not say they were not to be taken seriously, when you recommended them."

"Have you come here to put the blame of your difficulty on me, Raymond?"

Oliver gazed in surprise at his companion. The latter's changed tone and manner was something quite new. "I mean to say, Rearden, that but for your suggestions in those two matters, I should have confined my speculations to my own money, and not risked Mr. Bradford's."

"Risked Mr. Bradford's! Have you been doing that, then?"

"I have. God forgive me!"

Rearden rose, with a pale but determined face.

"Mr. Raymond," he said, sternly, "you and I must henceforth part company. I did not dream things were taking such a turn as this, or we should have parted before. From now, we do not know each other."

There was a light rap at the door at this moment, but they were too excited to heed it.

"What do you mean, Rearden?" Oliver asked, unable to believe his ears.

"What I say. We must part; save as business and our relative positions may bring us together. I have a good name, and I mean to keep it. I do not know, indeed, that I shall find myself able to continue to hold my present position under you"——

"Is this your friendship?"

"I can have no friendship with one who—who so far forgets himself as you have done, according to your own words. I thought you possessed sufficient principle and honour to avoid"——

"Principle and honour!" Oliver's eyes gleamed with an ominous light, and his breath came short and fast.

"Keep your hands off!" warned Rearden, turning pale and taking a step back. "And get out of my place, I want no disturbance here."

Oliver's excitement suddenly fled, the angry light left his eyes, his former despairing look returned, and groaning as he hung his head, "I deserve it: it is all my fault!" dashed out of the room and into the street. Rearden followed to the front door, and, after opening and closing it, became aware that Joyce was in the passage.

"I have knocked three times," said the latter, in explanation. "I was just going away again, when the manager rushed out. What's the matter?"

"Matter enough," answered Rearden, with a strange look of mingled exultation and excitement on his face. They re-entered the room, and then Rearden told his companion of what had passed between Oliver and himself.

For sometime the two talked together, Rearden with difficulty concealing his satisfaction, Joyce very grave and really sorry. At last, the subject becoming exhausted, the usual game at cards was proposed. In this, a little later, they were interrupted by Rearden's landlady tapping at the door, and Joyce was left alone while his friend went downstairs.

"I can't help thinking," Joyce mused, "that my friend Amos could be a villain if he had the opportunity. He jeers me because I've been at the Gospel Hall lately, and people who jeer at religion are very often scoundrels. Has he been helping Raymond to go wrong? Shouldn't be surprised. Why did he praise Wolfe and his schemes—for he's done that, in my presence, to the manager, when he knows he's a vagabond?" Joyce had taken out his wooden pipe and filled it, and now picked out of the fender a little ball of paper, intending to get a light with it at the fire. But, as he spread it open, some writing on it caught his attention, and he began to examine it more closely. It was a leaf from Rearden's pocket-book, as some notes in that gentleman's hand on one side proved, while on the other—and this it was that Joyce noticed so particularly—was the name "Oliver Raymond," repeated from the top of the page to the bottom.

"This is a curious thing, now," Joyce muttered, observing how like Oliver's signature the lower copies of his name were, while the top ones were bad imitations. "Looks as if someone had been practising to commit forgery." The approach of Rearden at this moment made Joyce quickly put the leaf in his pocket, after which he leisurely proceeded to get a light with something else.

"Nothing like making yourself useful to your landlady," Bearden said, lightly, as he sat down to resume the game. "She'll always think twice before she gives you notice."

"Didn't you tell the manager, when you showed him that telegram from S—," Joyce said, a little latter—he had some thoughts in his mind which he felt compelled to express—"that I sent it to you in fun?"

"Of course not. I got you to send it in order that that supreme scamp, Wolfe, might be taken in fairly, for once, Raymond would have let the secret out, most likely. As it is, it has avenged many a robbery Wolfe has committed, for it has crippled him, financially."

"Him," said Joyce, with some sarcasm. "I go down into the midst of a racing district; you get me to send you a telegram 'to have some fun with Wolfe,' as you say, in which I praise the very worst horse in the race, and say he will certainly win. Then you show the telegram to the manager, and he goes and ruins himself through betting on the false advice it contains." Joyce is all the while looking sarcastically at his comrade. But he grows more serious as he continues: "to tell you the truth, Rearden, I think you have acted shabbily."

Rearden seems, for a moment, in doubt as to whether he shall be angry or not, and looks curiously at Joyce. Then he laughs, though there is harshness in his mirth.

"I know, my friend," he says, "that you are inclined to religion, though you won't own it. But take my advice, put those thoughts away. They're very well for old people and simple ones, but won't do if you mean getting on. If someone is fool enough to throw away a first-class chance, someone else will profit by his folly. I didn't tell Raymond to bet on the horse—he did it of his own free will. And if there is to be a change of managers, I don't see that you can grumble. We are friends now, you and I, and it lies with you whether we

remain so. Certainly, I think I could make your place a better one than it is now, if you are sensible."

Joyce said no more on that subject—presently, indeed, he began to laugh, and try to forget. Who of us shall through the first stone at him? Who of us has not ignored the "still small voice," at some time or other, tempted to do so by a meaner object than the near prospect of a cosy home of our own, shared by the one we loved?

The morrow quickly came, and with its evening the strange whisperings, the ominous rumours that had been flying about all the week, crystallized into one word, which hardly anyone dared to utter, but which found a place in every mind. Then, on that very morning, came the news that Nos. 440 and 441, Bishopsgate—the two leading shops of the firm—had been burned to the ground, and that the manager had let the insurance lapse, so that not a penny for the grand buildings or the splendid stock could be recovered. How it all got about, no one knew; but everyone knew—or felt—that evening, that the firm of "Bradford and Co." was tottering to its fall.

But where was the manager all that day? Since the morning, no one had seen him. The sub-manager worked hard, bustling about here and there, with swift movements and grave face, but Raymond was invisible. Had he disappeared? If he had, it would, perhaps, have been better for him.

But late that night, he might have been seen by the bedside of his chief, with red cheeks and flaming eyes; with a beautiful girl standing at a distance, regarding him with horror; with Mr. Bradford turning his eyes away from him, and saying, in low tones:

"Oliver, Oliver! I have been a father to you, and you have brought me to ruin. May God forgive you, as I do!"

And then, maddened by thought, by the expression of the white, girlish face, once lit up by the light of love for him, and by the tones of his adopted uncle, the last scene of this dreadful day may have been witnessed when, crying out that he could not ask for pardon he did not deserve, and wildly saying, good-bye for ever, he rushed out of the room and the house—into the world, with a brand like that of Cain upon him.

Forward Movements—New Chapels & Schools.

I.—NOTTINGHAM, NEW BASFORD.—MEMORIAL STONES.

NEW School-rooms are now being built in connection with the church at New Basford, of which Rev. W. E. Stevenson, M.A., is pastor. The site is an excellent one, in the new street lately formed by an extension of Duke Street. The building will comprise one large room, ten class-rooms for elder scholars, and an infant class-room, the estimated cost being £1,800. On the afternoon of Saturday, July 21, Memorial-stones were laid by L. Lindley, Esq., Mayor of Nottingham; Ald. Goldschmidt, J.P.; Mrs. Philip H. Stevenson, Mr. L. A. Clark of New Basford, and Mr. M. Chadbourne. Tea was provided in the old school-rooms, and in the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, when Mr. Councillor Baines presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Maden, W. M. Briggs, E. F. Griffiths; J. P. Ford, Esq., Sheriff of Nottingham, and other friends. By the gifts laid upon the stones, and the subsequent meeting, £150 were realised,—£35 of this sum being given or collected by Sunday scholars. Much enthusiasm characterised the proceedings; and for the generous sympathy they have met with, and all that they have been enabled to accomplish so far in this important undertaking, the friends at New Basford desire to thank God and take courage.

II.—ALLETON, SANDY LANE.

THE Mayor of Bradford, Alderman F. Priestman, laid the memorial-stone of a new chapel at Sandy Lane, Allerton, August 4. The new chapel is being built at the back of the site on which the old chapel stood. The old building was erected in 1824; but owing to its extremely dilapidated condition it was resolved to pull it down and build a more commodious chapel, with much larger frontage. It will be a rectangular building, with gable entrance and a frontage of eighteen yards from the pavement. At the entrance there will be a vestibule, with stair-

case on either side leading to the galleries, and at the rear the usual vestries for ministers and deacons, organ loft, and singers' gallery. The pews above and below will be arranged in amphitheatre form. Sitting accommodation will be provided for 450; pews and all the woodwork of pitch pine. The work is being carried out under the direction of Mr. Jarvis Benn, architect, Denholme. Mr. Chas. Sowden presided on Saturday, and amongst those present were the Revs. Watson Dyson, B. Wood, J. Taylor, formerly pastor of the church; H. C. Atkinson, J. Maylard, and W. Hambly. Mr. E. Cockcroft (Secretary to the Building Committee) made a brief statement, and hoped that they would be able to open the new chapel free of debt.—The Chairman presented the Mayor with a very handsome ivory handled silver trowel and mallet, and in a few minutes he had accomplished the work of laying the stone. He had very great pleasure in giving a cheque of £25. Addresses were afterwards delivered by the Revs. Watson Dyson, J. Taylor, Mr. J. Greenwood, Mr. T. Robertshaw, Mr. T. Baines, and others.—A public tea meeting was afterwards held in the school-room, and about 300 persons sat down. The tea was followed by a public meeting, over which Alderman Isaac Smith, of Bradford, was to have presided, but he was unable to be present. Accompanying a letter of apology for his absence was a cheque for £20.

Scraps from the Editor's Waste-Basket.

I. **SPIRITUAL ENERGY OUR FIRST NEED.**—The holidays are nearing their end. We are renewed in body, renovated in energy, and have already sent our thoughts forward to the work of the coming season. The sound of preparations for fuller service is in the air. We are "pressing forward." Reflection has shown us how little we have done to bring the world to Christ, and we have urged the prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." "One thing is needful"—what Goethe, in his talk with Eckermann, calls "the transfiguring force of moral energy," the creative spiritual power that floods old methods with new life, and invents new modes of doing vital work, that masters all agents, and pours along all instruments its fervid streams of man-impelling enthusiasm. It is thus we fill an empty chapel, re-consecrate a church, invigorate a dormant neighbourhood, and compel the souls of men to the Saviour. That is our first need, and it is *our* fault, and not Christ's, if it is not bountifully supplied.

II. **LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.**—One of our pastors sends the following extract of a letter received from a member absent for six months:—"Your letter of introduction to the church at Doal has been very useful. It was the means of a very nice chat with the pastor, who made both of us very welcome." This is one of several instances of advantage from the use of the books provided by the Association. Will our *members* take care to ask for the introductory letter, and pastors who meditate on the "erasure column" adopt this means of keeping the figures in that column down?

III. **ROBERT MOFFAT**, the typical missionary, has passed to his reward, and received the joy-filled welcome to the home of God from Africaner, the converted Namaqua chief, and from hundreds of redeemed Bechuanas. He was a thorough man, a thorough Christian, a thorough missionary; possessed of a mighty "faith," that seized with avidity the highest of vocations and urged him forward in sublime self-abandoning devotion to his calling; of an abounding masterful courage; of fathomless patience in toil; and of unflagging consecration. Would that our young men by the hundred would catch his enthusiasm and evince his heroism both at home and abroad.

IV. **ANOTHER STEP FORWARD.**—The Bill for the *Prohibition of the Payment of Wages in Public Houses* has received the royal assent, and is now the law of the land. Mr. Samuel Morley has by this measure pushed the Temperance Reformation a step forward, and made it easier for many men to take their money home to their wives and children. When the man who has just received his week's wages can get home without passing a dozen public houses, and, indeed without passing one, the homes of old England will be merrier, and the lives of England's wives and children brighter and healthier.

V. **THE GREAT NATIONAL GASOMETER.**—The Principal of Carnarvon Collego is an interesting survival of the "dark ages," and deserves to be studied with the same curious interest as an old M.S. furnished by Mr. Shapira, or a "flint implement" of the savage epoch. According to the report of H. Richard, M.P.,

he is capable of writing, "Dissenting societies are not churches at all, but clubs"; and again, with a refinement of eloquence and a copiousness of figure which merit special eulogy, he adds—"Dissenting ministers are merely gas-taps, unconnected with the main. Their ministrations can have no more value than grace without meat, a shell without the kernel, or a knife without the blade." The gas-tap theory of a dissenting ministry is charming; but scarcely so charming as the reverend Principal himself, who is connected with the great national gasometer, and is a specimen of what a dissenting minister's "ministrations" might develop into if only he would consent to use the gas manufactured at Westminster. Not that this is the worst product. Time was when little besides suffocating marsh gas came from this same source, and everything that was free, and noble, and manly, was poisoned by its deadly fumes. But judging by this Carnarvon light, the "gas" is still far from the requisite purity and strength. Evidently he cannot see his way to respectful speech and gentlemanly behaviour, and somehow or other the bishops are mostly in the dark when questions of humanity and justice are to be settled at Westminster—not even one of them being able the other day to record his vote for the abolition of the brutalities of "pigeon shooting matches"; whilst the Archbishop of Canterbury has declared the "eastward position is legal"—this ordinarily clear-sighted person not being able to see that the decision of the Courts is exactly contrary. If this is what comes of being connected with the main, it is evidently a good thing for the nation that there are some "ministrations"—more than half of those carried on in the kingdom— independent of the impure and inadequate supply of the great national gasometer.

VI. MR. GLADSTONE'S APPEAL FOR IRELAND.—Saturday night, August 18th, will be memorable in the great statesman's history, for a speech, so lofty in tone, rich in pathos, fervid in true feeling, and Christian in its intelligence and spirit, that nothing better was said on the following Sunday in any of the churches or chapels of the land. It is matchlessly beautiful in its thorough manliness, essential chivalry, and intense sympathy. It was an appeal to the Irish party of antipathies and defiances and insults; but it was not impatient or vehement, retaliatory or weak, but full of compacted manly strength and Christian tenderness. Alas! it had little

effect on those to whom it was addressed; but the measure of its worth is no more in that than in the puerile misinterpretations and false charges of the incapable soul that loaded his pen with sneers in the evening *Globe* of the following Monday.

VII. IMPORTANT PETITION AGAINST THE OPIUM TRADE.—Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P., has presented to the House of Commons a petition against the Opium Trade signed by nearly ALL (231) the Protestant Missionaries in China, which begins thus:—

"The petition of the undersigned Missionaries and Ministers of the Gospel in China humbly sheweth:

"That opium is a great evil to China, and that the baneful effects of its use cannot be easily overstated. It enslaves its victim, squanders his substance, destroys his health, weakens his mental powers, lessens his self-esteem, deadens his conscience, unfits him for his duties, and leads to his steady descent, morally, socially, and physically."

After pointing out the connection of the British Government with the trade, its rapid increase, and that of the native growth of opium, the injury done to commerce and to the work of Christian Missionaries, &c., the petition concludes with the following prayer:—

"Your petitioners therefore humbly pray that your Honourable House will early consider this question with the utmost care, take measures to remove from the British treaty with China the clause legalizing the opium trade, and restrict the growth of the poppy in India within the narrowest possible limits. Your Honourable House will thus leave China free to deal with the gigantic evil which is eating out her strength, and will at the same time remove a great hindrance to legitimate commerce, and to the spread of the Christian religion in this country. We also implore your Honourable House so to legislate as to prevent opium from becoming as great a scourge to the native races of India and Burma as it is to the Chinese; for our knowledge of the evil done to the Chinese leads us to feel the most justifiable alarm, lest other races should be brought to suffer like them from the curse of opium."

VIII. LITERARY HONOURS.—In the examination lists of the Whitworth Scholarship the name of W. Ernest Dalby, son of Mrs. Dalby, matron of the College, appears *second* in the honour list. This entitles him to a scholarship of £75 per annum for two years. His brother, Frank Dalby, has recently passed the Cambridge Junior Local Examination with honours in the second class.

Reviews.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND MEDITATIONS: OR, FLOWERS FROM A PURITAN'S GARDEN, DISTILLED AND DISPENSED. By C. H. Spurgeon. *Passmore & Alabaster.*

SIMILES, metaphors, and parables carry a long life. They are the teaching of exhaustless and abiding Nature, and of the permanent elements in human life, and appear in different nations and in different ages with perennial freshness. Much of the charm of the gospels is in their wealth of illustration, and the teacher that has the greatest facility in originating or gathering metaphor has the readiest access to, and the widest influence on the minds of men. Thomas Mantou, through whose exposition of *James* we travelled with real pleasure and lasting profit twenty years ago, was such a teacher, and Mr. Spurgeon has in this volume given a new setting to the expositor's similes, expanded and moralized upon them, infused a devotional element into them, and made a book charming in its figures, racy and stirring in its appeal, and devout and practical in its spirit. It is easy to imagine with what delight Mr. Spurgeon's skilled hand treats such sayings as the following—"The key rusteth that is seldom turned in the lock," "It is easier to crush the egg than to kill the serpent," "There is a time for the trumpet as well as the pipe," "When the sun is gone all the candles in the world cannot make it day."

THE DISRUPTION, AND OTHER STORIES. By W. Nicolson, M.A. *Stock, London; Gemmell, Edinburgh.*

THE "other stories" are "*Dr. Chalmers*"—an address on the occasion of his centenary, brief but full, eulogistic but discriminating, sympathetic but strong; "*John Bunyan*"—an old and familiar theme treated with vivacity and vigour; "*Savonarola*"—a translation of Dr. Karl Hase's account of the great Florentine Reformer, and a "gom of purest ray serene"; "*Suedenborg*"—a critical essay extending over one hundred and fifty pages, marked by singular penetration, firmness of grip, and soundness of judgment on the life and work of that great allegorizing genius, old bachelor, industrious metallurgist, poet, theologian, and seer; "*The Theology of Experience*"—a rendering into English of a richly suggestive paper by Dr. Franz Therman; and forming, along with "*The Philosophy of Religious Revival*" (an essay which undeniably merits the high epithet of a

philosophy) and "*Christian Science*," a fine exposition and a complete defence of Christianity in its attitude towards science.

The essay which gives the name to the volume is not the best or fullest, but it fixes with accuracy the place of the "disruption" in the historical development of Scottish life, and interprets its promise for the future. The wide learning, strong thinking, and extremely high ability characterizing these essays render them nourishing in an exceptional degree.

BAPTIST WORTHIES.—ROBERT HALL. By W. Landels, D.D. *Baptist Tract Society.*

THE sixth sketch in "the series of distinguished men who have held and advocated the principles of the Baptist denomination" is devoted to the character and career of Robert Hall. The incidents of his history are related in a simple and attractive style; the qualities of his character, his undoubted oratorical genius, agonizing work, genuine humility, transparent sincerity, and penetrative earnestness, are set forth with discrimination and ability. Hall is compared with Chalmers, Irving, and Punshon, in sentences full of good sense; and the general estimate of Hall's work is formed with care and stated with wise restraint. Our young friends should secure all the numbers of this cheap and useful series.

THE TREASURY: A COMPANION TUNE BOOK TO "PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME," WITH ADDITIONAL CHANTS, &c. Compiled and edited by Joseph B. Mead. *Haddon & Co.*

MR. MEAD is to be cordially congratulated on achieving a triple success in a difficult work—that of concentrating "the excellencies of all standard collections" of church and domestic music in one volume; of setting in sweet and tuneful harmonies the "favourites" of religious song; and in wedding to words of varying strain and feeling, appropriate and expressive tunes. The range of choice is very extensive, and the collection is adequate to every variety of metre. Brightness, fulness, ease, and sweetness are the features that will commend the "Treasury" whenever it is used alone, and some of its high-class compositions will render it a valuable supplement to others already in use. Its price will doubtless facilitate its use to a large degree.

THE BAPTISTS AND QUAKERS IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. 1560-1700. By J. Jackson Goadby, F.G.S. *Fisher Unwin.*

THIS is not so much a "bye-path" in Baptist history as a full description of the course Baptists took in Northamptonshire from 1560 to 1700. There can be no doubt it is the result of immense labour; and to us Baptists "of the General sort" it is of "particular" interest—for that our religious ancestors had "an early foothold in the county is beyond question. Moulton (of which William Carey was once pastor) and Peterborough are churches of that order which date back to the days of the Commonwealth, and there is every reason for supposing that other churches besides those existed at that period." Very much curious and rare information is collected in this pamphlet. We offer hearty thanks to the author for this most valuable contribution to Baptist history.

CHOICE SAYINGS. BEING NOTES OF EXPOSITION OF THE SCRIPTURES. By Robert C. Chapman. London: *Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.*

THE following extracts show the character and quality of this book:—"To be a true witness for Jesus, I must be much in His company, hear His voice, and observe His ways. How can we know the character of one with whom we have but little intercourse?" "Every wish that the Holy Ghost breathes into the soul of a believer is a voice which enters into the ear of God. We ought to go to God with our matters as altogether His." "As a vessel takes its shape from the mould, so should our will be formed in the mould of the will of God: then shall we have everything our own way." As a book of "morning thoughts" or suggestions for meditation it is fitted to do real good to many minds.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FACES. By G. Wilson McCree. *National Temperance League, 337, Strand, London.*

IT was high time a true word was spoken on behalf of the Christian principle and Christian motive of the founders and early workers in the great temperance reformation. This hurrying age forgets its benefactors; and applauds with echoing shouts any new worker who has audacity enough, not merely to claim the credit of the harvest of a half century, but also to traduce the character of the brave men who ploughed the soil amid the sneers and contempt of the onlookers, and sowed temperance seed amid wintry storms of neglect and opposition. Canon

Wilberforce and R. T. Booth are good men; but they are not the first *Christian* teetotalers by tens of thousands—and though it is good of them to come in and help carry the harvest, there is no need to misrepresent the workers of twenty, and thirty, and forty years ago. We are sorry it should be necessary for Mr. McCree to state this, but since it is necessary we welcome his pamphlet, and urge its extensive circulation as a matter of justice to those who are gone, and of inspiration and help for those who must still carry on the fight against the intemperance of the land.

THE PULPIT TREASURY. Edited by J. Sanderson, D.D. *E. B. Trent, 757, Broadway, New York.*

A BETTER monthly for preachers and students we have not seen; nor is it likely that one can be conducted on a better method. It reaches a singularly high range of inspiring and suggestive power, presents a beautiful combination of exposition and sermon, of biography and debate, of practical hints and devotional fervour. A wide circulation in this country would be a large and increasing benefit. It deserves unstinted commendation.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. By C. Stanford, D.D. *Macniven & Wallace, Edinburgh.*

ALTHOUGH one of the most familiar themes, yet the fresh thinking, spiritual fervour, wide reading, quick sympathy, and rare power of concise expression of Dr. Stanford issue in an exposition attractive for its sparkling vivacity and vigorous freshness, and rich in stimulus for faith and hope and prayer. "The Household Library of Exposition" can scarcely have a more helpful member.

THE NUMBER "SEVEN" IN SCRIPTURE. Compiled by S. A. Blackwood, C.B. *Morgan & Scott.*

THIS is not an exposition, but a compilation of all the passages in the Testaments in which the number seven occurs. Mr. Blackwood says: "We must surely acknowledge that a Divine design has caused this particular number to be so frequently employed, and to enter into the composition of the books of the Bible,—books written by so many hands and at such various periods. Whatever other object the Divine Author of the Bible may have had in view in making such frequent use of the number, it seems to be generally believed, for one thing at least, that it was intended to convey the idea of completeness, or perfection. Its first employment on the occasion of the completed work of crea-

tion is strongly in favour of this presumption." It is matter of literary interest that the number occurs so frequently; and in some few instances it adds to the suggestiveness of the passage cited to notice this fact; but to assert that it is "intentional," in most cases is unintentional trifling with scripture—*e.g.*, the "seven together" in the New Testament, and seven citations of Psalm cx. 1, etc., etc.

GREAT PREACHERS AND FAMOUS ORATORS. By G. Wilson M'Cree. *Stock;* and *Winks & Son.*

Is a pleasant and interesting talk on such men as George Whitfield, Robert Hall, James Sherman, and Dean Stanley amongst the preachers; and Daniel O'Connell, George Thompson, John Bright, and W. E. Gladstone amongst orators.

Church Register.

Information should be sent by the 16th of the month to 51, Porchester Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.

CONFERENCES.

The **EASTERN CONFERENCE** meets at Louth on Thursday, Sept. 13th. Rev. J. Bentley will preach at 11 a.m., in Northgate Chapel. The representatives will meet at two in the same place. A public meeting will be held in the evening in **EASTGATE CHAPEL** in support of the **HOME MISSION.** Chairman, Rev. Wm. Orton. Speakers: Revs. J. C. Jones, M.A., J. Jolly, B.A., T. Barrass, and S. H. Firks. **C. BARKER, Sec.**

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

EDGESIDE.—July 29. Preacher, Rev. W. March. Collections, £34.

BIRMINGHAM, Longmore Street.—July 22 and 23. Preacher, Rev. Carey Hood, of Coventry. Mr. Terrill gave an address to parents and scholars in the afternoon. On the Monday a tea meeting was held, followed by a public meeting. W. J. Nichols, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. C. Hood and E. W. Cantrell, and others.

CHAPELS.

HALIFAX.—The friends at North Parade have raised a fund and sent their pastor, Rev. Watson Dyson, for a tour to Switzerland and the Rhine for a month. The party consists of six, all from North Parade Church.

HEADCORN.—We have just succeeded in clearing off the debt on our new school, built less than twelve months ago, and our little cause is being gradually consolidated. On Sunday the baptism of eight, a larger number than ever before known in Headcorn, created great interest.

LONGFORD, Salem.—The chapel, which has been closed for six weeks for painting, decorating, and other improvements, was re-opened Aug. 12th, when the Rev. Jno. R. Parker preached. Collections, £16 13s. The cost of the improvements amounted to £180, and from what has been received by friends of the pastor, and raised by friends connected with the place, a very small amount will be deficient. Mr. Punshon, an architect of Coventry, made the drawings, and Mr. Watts, of Longford, superintended the work, which has been done well, and which is greatly admired by all who have seen it. This commodious village sanctuary reflects the highest credit upon the people.

MINISTERIAL.

CANTRELL, REV. E. W., has removed to Chilwell Place, St. Paul's Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.

RUSHBY, REV. C.—On Aug. 11 a meeting was held to commemorate the marriage of the pastor, Rev. C. Rushby, of Stalybridge, with Miss L. A. Smith, of Ashby. After tea, the Chairman, Mr. T. Hardy, alluded to the meeting held more than two years ago to welcome Mr. Rushby. They were now gathered together to welcome Mrs. Rushby. He asked them to do it in the grand old Lancashire fashion. Mr. John Broadhurst (the oldest male member) said, they could not allow this opportunity to pass without showing their love and esteem in a practical way. On behalf of the church and congregation he asked Mr. Rushby to accept the pianoforte on the platform as a memento of the occasion. Although the instrument was a valuable one, it only represented a small part of the love and esteem in which he was held. The inscription, engraved on solid silver, said no more than all felt. Mr. G. Hopwood, on behalf of the young men, presented an illuminated address on vellum, handsomely framed. Words of

welcome were given by Messrs. B. Brooks, J. G. Shaw, W. Hadfield, and J. Brooks. After the pastor had responded, the chairman said a larger or more enthusiastic meeting he had never seen in the history of the church.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

SHEFFIELD, Cemetery Road.—The first anniversary sermons in connection with the Band of Hope were preached, Aug. 12, by Rev. B. Wood. On Monday evening Rev. B. Wood lectured on "Why do you drink it; or, the Great Mockery," Councillor J. C. Clegg presiding. The services were of a successful and encouraging character.

BAPTISMS.

DERBY, Osmaston Road.—Fourteen, by W. H. Tetley.
DERBY, St. Mary's Gate.—Ten, by T. R. Stevenson.
DEWSBURY.—Two, by G. Eales.
EAST KIRKBY.—Seven, by G. Robinson.
HEADCORN.—Eight, by J. A. Andrews.
HITCHIN.—Five, by F. J. Bird.
KIRKBY WOODHOUSE.—July 29, thirteen, by S. Harvey (two Wesleyans). August 12, eight, by A. Shacklock (one Wesleyan).
LONDON, Bethnal Green Road.—Eleven, by W. H. Smith.
LONDON, Church Street.—Two, by R. P. Cook.
 " *Praed Street.*—Eight, by W. J. Avery.
LOUGHBOROUGH, Wood Gate.—Two, by C. W. Vick.
MOSSLEY.—One, by J. Whitehead.
NOTTINGHAM, New Basford.—Four, by W. R. Stevenson.
NCNEATON.—Three, by D. Asquith.

MARRIAGE.

BARKER—SCARR.—Ang. 18th, at Wellington Road Chapel, Todmorden, by Rev. F. Cunliffe, Mr. Alfred Barker, of Hulme, Manchester, to Miss Betsy Scarr, of Todmorden.

OBITUARIES.

BURTON, HARRIET, relict of the late Thomas Burton, minister of the Asterby and Donington churches, passed to her eternal rest on the 22nd of July. For the long period of sixty-five years she had been an honourable and consistent member of Northgate Church, Louth. She had never been known to be absent at other places of worship when her own was open. Her influence as wife and mother was very great, and her children and grandchildren bless her memory for the cheerful and holy example she set them, some of whom mainly through her loving words were led to the Saviour. Of her it may truly be said, "She hath done what she could."

HALL, ALFRED, an old and worthy member of the church at Osmaston Road, Derby, died at his post on the morning of Thursday, June 28th. A native of Loughborough, and connected with a good General Baptist family there, he became a resident in Derby many years ago, entering the service of Mr. Johnson, watchmaker and jeweller, and remaining in that service for a period of over

thirty years. He was a good man, kind, gentle, and faithful in his daily life. His genial temper and obliging disposition gave him great favour with all the people with whom he had to do. His church membership was all that could be desired, consistent, earnest, and sincere. In the domestic circle he was greatly beloved; in his daily business he was thoroughly trusted and esteemed, and all who knew him admired his fidelity and respected him for his personal worth. His end, though sudden, was peaceful; and amid the sorrowful regrets of many friends his mortal ashes were laid to rest in the Old Cemetery at Derby, on Monday morning, the second of July.

SANBY.—At Southport, on the 23rd July, Mr. Kemp Sanby, late of Linden Mount, Mapperley Road, Nottingham. Mr. S. was for some years a member and a deacon of the church at Woodborough Road, but he will be more generally known and remembered by the older ministers and friends as the leading deacon of the then united churches of Fleet and Long Sutton when under the pastoral care of his father-in-law, the Rev. Thomas Rogers. His sons desire to record, with gratitude to God, his peaceful and painless departure, in his 88th year. Just before entering into rest he repeated, with his usual distinctness and deliberation, the lines—

"Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;"

and lastly—

"Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing."

He was interred at Southport, beside the remains of his only daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Hill Halford, whose decease was noticed in these columns, only a few months since.

WHERRY, JANE ELIZABETH, died at Peterborough, June 27th, 1888, after a very prolonged illness, borne with exemplary patience. She was the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Halford, and the grand-daught, on the maternal side, of the late Rev. J. Binns, pastor of the church at Bourne. She was brought up in a Christian home, and was led to consecrate herself to the Lord in early life. She was baptized and received into the fellowship of the church, at Whittlesea, and gave herself to active Christian labour. She was united in marriage to the late Mr. John Wherry, and sympathized with him in his desires and efforts to promote the spiritual good of the neighbourhood in which he resided. She never seemed to grudge any labour that she could do for Christ, and always gave a hospitable welcome to pastors and Christian friends who visited her home. The prosperity of the cause of Christ was a source of abundant joy to her. She was sorely tried by domestic bereavement. About ten years ago Mrs. Wherry was received into Queen Street Church, Peterborough. Her desire was still to work for Christ, but He called her to suffer; and for many years, her sufferings were heavy. It was a sore privation to her not to be able to attend "the services of the sanctuary," but she was divinely sustained. She remembered, with joy, past privileges, and derived both pleasure and profit from the hymns with which she was familiar, and the word of God which was her delight. To the last she retained her confidence in the Lord Jesus, and her hope of a home above; and in relation to her many sufferings, was heard to say, "He hath done all things well." She died at the age of 73 years, and was interred in Peterborough Cemetery. Her funeral sermon was preached by her pastor, from Psalm lxxii. 26.

T. BARRASS.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

The Needs of the Mission once more.

In letters received from India and Italy regret and disappointment are expressed that, at the recent Association at Bradford, there appeared no immediate prospect of the mission staff being reinforced. Nor ought this regret and disappointment to be wondered at when we remember the vastness and the necessities of the mission-fields, the fewness of the labourers, together with the earnest and repeated cries of our brethren for help. To begin with Italy. There we have for this vast, benighted, and priest-ridden country, only one English brother, and that without anyone preparing to strengthen his hands, or carry on his work, in the event of sickness or death. Moreover, even Mr. Shaw is not able, simply for the want of funds, to utilize his strength, or to spend his energies to the best advantage. He is like a workman sent forth without an ample supply of tools, or a soldier without an ample supply of weapons or ammunition. In other words, he is deputed to do our work and the Lord's, while the "sword and trowel" with which error is to be destroyed, and the temple of truth erected, are withheld, or cannot be effectively used. In a private letter to the Secretary, dated the 14th of August, Mr. Shaw observes:—

"I note the effort to raise the income of the Society; but unless the facts of the case are in some way persistently pressed on the attention of the churches, our people will soon forget them. I am sad as I think of the slow rate of progress this forbodes for Italy. But we must do something. I cannot be content to be here limiting my efforts to so small a field. It is too expensive for the Mission, and the reverse of economical. I shall have to write fully on this subject ere long. If I had a seaside station I could utilize my time during the summer months better. Moreover, if I had another £100 per annum I could establish such a station, pay rent of locale, and engage another evangelist."

Then, in turning to Orissa, with its *nine millions* of people, we find that our entire English staff, apart from ladies, consists of only seven missionaries; and that Mr. Pike, who is in great need of rest and

change, after ten years of faithful service, is about to return to England on furlough. With his return, moreover, the immense districts of Ganjam, Pooree, and Sambalpur, will be left with only one English brother in each, without anyone else being available to take a place which may be rendered vacant. Even supposing, however, that, in the good providence of God, the lives and health of these brethren should be spared, we consider it a great mistake for a brother to be left alone in a large district, in a country like India. Into countries and among peoples with a climate and civilization similar to their own, our Divine Master sent forth His disciples *two and two*. And, after many years of experience and observation, we are satisfied that it would be a wise policy for modern missionary societies to pursue a similar course. What it is for a brother to be alone in a large district in India, only those who have tried it are able to realize. Missionaries, it should be borne in mind, are not angels, but men, with human weaknesses and wants. And to live alone, in a country where, for months together, the heat is so intense and oppressive that breathing is well nigh impossible; in a country where cholera, small-pox, fevers, and other deadly diseases prevail; where a man is almost cut off from the comfort and stimulus of civilized life; and where the whole atmosphere seems heavily charged with moral and spiritual poison; to live *alone*, we say, in a country like this, and to keep up a man's physical, mental, and spiritual vigour, is no easy matter. Under such trying circumstances no wonder that a brother should be depressed, both in body and in mind; and when so depressed, with no one to say, "cheer up," or, "come on," that he should feel unequal to encounter the sneers and scoffs of an idolatrous crowd or rabble, and so be tempted to remain at home. On the ground, therefore, of economy and efficiency, we deem it most desirable that men should go forth, not alone, but *two and two*. Woe to a man, and woe to a mission, when the man that falleth is alone!

But even to maintain our present mission-staff and stations the funds of the Society are unequal. Gladly would the Committee endeavour to augment both forthwith if the churches would only provide the means. Nor is this, as has been shown over and over again, an unreasonable request. One penny per week per member, from each of our churches, would more than supply the sum required to maintain the Mission in its present state. It would enable the Committee to respond to the repeated and urgent calls for help. Whether the additional £500 per annum shall be raised or not depends very much with our ministers. If they will only take the matter up earnestly, prayerfully, and as in the sight of God; if they will occasionally preach and pray about mission work; if they will arrange for the solicitation and collection of weekly, quarterly, or annual subscriptions,—in church, in congregation, and in school,—and will see to it that the work is systematically carried on, then we are quite certain that the needed money will be forthcoming; and that the hands of our brethren in India and Italy will be strengthened.

Extracts from Indian Letters.

In a letter to the Secretary Miss Bundy writes :—

Dear Mr. Hill,—You will think me long in writing to you, but I know you were well supplied with Cuttack information for some time after our arrival, so thought I would wait until your other correspondents are writing less frequently. So much has been written about our school that very little is left for me to say, but I may add, that it is still prosperous, and I find great pleasure in my work, as I believe the other teachers do in theirs. We began early school three weeks ago, commencing at a quarter-to-seven a.m., and finishing at eleven a.m. That is for English studies, for of course music lessons cannot be given during those short hours, so other times have to be arranged for them. You will be glad to hear that since my arrival I have enjoyed my usual good health, and so far have not felt much inconvenienced by the heat, although we are on the verge of May, and you know better than I do what that means. But then you also know that we do not feel the maximum heat here any more than the maximum cold in England. The one great question, “How

shall we keep ourselves cool?” having been successfully met, in the shape of double doors, and other means with which you are acquainted. Then, too, the cool breeze in the evening is very enjoyable.

Last Sunday week I witnessed, for the first time, a tropical storm. We were in chapel, and Dr. Buckley was preaching. A few flashes of lightning, followed by distant thunder, did not alarm us. But, suddenly, the whole chapel was filled with lightning, accompanied simultaneously with a tremendous crash, as if the whole building were about to fall on our heads. This, for an instant, brought many to their feet. Then came a moment of silence, when the throbbing of our hearts plainly told us that we were in the land of the living, and it was a great relief to find that all were safe. Dr. Buckley, with that calmness and majesty that characterize him, continued his sermon, referring to the wonderful works of God. When the service was over we dispersed with thankful hearts that we had thus been preserved in the moment of danger.

Under date of the 18th of July, writing from Cuttack, Dr. Buckley observes :—

It will gratify our friends to know that the Mission English School for native boys is prospering as to numbers beyond our expectations. It has only been established two months, and the number on the roll is already seventy-five, and this number is likely to be increased. An engagement has been made for six months with a Hindoo gentleman, who, it is hoped, will prove a competent headmaster, and as our funds do not at present admit of our paying more than one master, gratuitous, but very valuable assistance continues to be rendered by three native preachers, Shem Sahu, Sada Sebo Prahara, and Gideon Mahanty.

Mr. Young, in addition to his work at the Protestant School, devotes an hour daily to one of the classes. This is a very important help, and inspires much confidence in the management. As I have said before, we are anxious to do all we can ourselves, but we shall need help from home to carry on the school efficiently.

The European School continues to prosper, and few country stations in India have such educational advantages as are now happily afforded at Cuttack.

We expect to baptize several from our English congregation next month.

Mr. Mulholland has forwarded several letters in which reference is made to work in the bazaar. Though not written for publication, friends will be interested with the following extracts. Mr. M. writes :—

You will be pleased to know that I have made a start in Bazaar work. The idea has occurred to me that a printer's band might be formed to do some work in this direction. I consulted my men (some of whom are good singers), and they seemed delighted at the idea. They do the singing. The native brethren

(among whom is your old friend Sada Sebo) do the speaking. Bro. Young (my fellow-labourer and fellow-countryman) and myself do what we can, by giving away tracts at the close, to any who really wish them. The native brethren are all the better for a European brake, for they are continually being drawn into

personal discussion, not edifying to the rest of the congregation. When it is getting too warm, I stop the flow of eloquence and sing a hymn, which brings the people back to the speaking point. I do long to be able to tell them, in their own tongue, the glad story of the Cross. What an interesting congregation one gets in the bazaar. What a study to watch the countenance of each individual. On the face of the Brahmin you see wonder, curiosity, and scorn, blended together. The lower castes are equally interested. All the body, but especially the head, combines to give assent to some of the propositions of the preacher. His "ha! ha!" tell that he has fully understood the remark. But I must add that he shows his dissent in an equally manifest way. Fifty are speaking at the same time. Last night we had the amusing scene of our native preacher doing his best to make clear the claims of Christ, while right over his shoulder there was a Hindoo jesticulating over the merits of Hinduism. But Christ is preached. The Almighty Word is declared, and as true as yon burning sun rises in the East, so the darkness of idolatry, in every form, must fly away before the cheering healthy rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Oh, for the full blaze of His longed-for beams! One interesting fact I must not forget. Right opposite we saw several women peering out through a sort of lattice. Who can tell but the Word may, in a quiet way, open their hearts as it did that of Lydia. One thing presses itself upon the heart of everyone willing to face the truth—"the land is not yet possessed."—nay, not much more than the fringe has been touched. Walk or drive through the bazaars, and the sickening conviction presses you at every point that you are in the midst of a people sitting in darkness. I have written to my friends in Scotland, (I might add in tears.) of the awful reality of heathenism. I may be told that I shall get used to it. God forbid that I

should get so used to it that I can view it with indifference. The world stands aghast at Nero fiddling while Rome was burning. Why, sir, a greater, immensely greater, crime is being committed by Christian Britain at this hour—India perishes, helplessly perishes, and the hand is not stretched out to help. But let not the churches think they can be blameless in this matter. The parting command of the risen Saviour is resting on them. It cannot be shaken off. To attempt to do so is to have the candlestick removed, because they refuse to shine out. Bro. Young saw that sight, so often heard of at home, viz., two poor creatures measuring their length to Pooree. How far they had come he knew not—possibly two hundred or three hundred miles,—but they had yet a journey of fifty miles to travel in this weary way. They were travel-stained in the extreme; but what must have been the state of their darkened, sin-laden minds. Their weary eyes were lifted time after time to heaven, as if in appeal to the Unknown God. Is it possible that all this journey would be completed without some one, Philip like, preaching to them Jesus.

In all this, I am not under-estimating or despising what has been done. But I maintain that, the means at the disposal of the Mission are miserably inadequate. It would be encouraging to know that there was the prospect of this unhealthy state of matters being remedied, but from your last meeting, hope almost gives place to despair. A continually failing exchequer is very discouraging, but help will come. The work is the Lord's and must go on. The General Baptists may fail to do their duty, but help will come from some other quarter. But, such assistance will throw a dark shade over the General Baptists as having failed to act up to the high convictions of their worthy predecessors. Men who believed that they had a Gospel meant for all—and that a grave responsibility rested upon them to give it out.

Letter to Mr. Bailey.

THE following letter was addressed by the Rev. W. B. Ottley, M.A., the late chaplain of Berhampore, to Mr. Bailey. Though not intended for publication, we see nothing in it that need be withheld, and, as it expresses the opinions of one outside the mission circle, we think it will be interesting to our readers. The writer, we have known for many years, ever since he came as chaplain (the first appointed) to Berhampore, in the year 1856. His attachment to his church and his dislike to

nonconformity has been unmistakable, but his bearing towards the members of the Mission has ever been courteous and gentlemanly. Having completed his term of service he is now entitled to a pension of £365 per annum—payable out of the Indian revenue. As a full chaplain his pay and allowances were about 10,000 rupees, or at 2s., £1,000 per year. As he was the first, so we hoped he would be the last chaplain of Berhampore; but since his retirement a junior chaplain has been appointed. We have reason, however, to believe that Lord Ripon has recommended the withdrawal of state support from all government chaplains; and we trust that the unjust regulation, which takes the taxes contributed by Hindoos and Mahomedans for the support of Christianity, will soon be entirely and for ever abolished.

Berhampore, 4th May, 1883.

My dear Mr. Bailey,—I have not ceased thinking of the agreeable meeting which you allowed me the privilege of attending on Saturday last; and can assure you that I came away feeling benefited and improved by what I saw and heard, and slept unusually well afterwards. The gathering appeared to me to be considerable, and it was pleasing to see a crowd of young men (there were some, indeed, who had passed the verge of youth—others yet children) so attentive, and evidently impressed by the papers read, and all else that was done.

The female portion of the assembly—even to little girls—particularly surprised me for their unflagging attention to the proceedings of a meeting which, though interesting all through, was of no short duration. Very small children were, I believe, hushed in sleep—somewhere out of view, and not incommoding their parents.

I hope I can truly say that, though we do not move on the same line (the convictions of us both, alas! strongly hindering it), I rejoiced to behold “your order” and discipline, and felt what a good leaf—yea, how *many* leaves—I could take out of your book, for the improvement of myself and others more especially with me.

My own edification derived from the meeting would have been greater had I kept up my knowledge of the Oriya language—I should, indeed, have *increased* it—but alas! I have lost ground rather considerably. I began to learn Oriya, as you know, rather late in life; but there was a time when I read it with the greatest ease—striving to give every letter its full force with every nasal

sound and aspirate. I may say, moreover, that I love the language for its great simplicity and freedom from irregularities and the beauty of many of its words. And here let me presume to add that I was charmed with the way in which you acquitted yourself in that language, speaking it with sweet fluency, and making all your utterances so sweetly persuasive—a style which, I think I may say, I desiderate in many Oriyas themselves. Surely you ought to have had the thanks of the meeting for your conduct in the chair, which left nothing to be desired. But never mind; I am persuaded all present must have felt how kind you were.

Before you invited the young preacher, Balunki, to speak, I had observed him with interest, and marked then his sedateness and retiring pleasing modesty. It was he, I think, who led in our aged friend, and placed him between Daniel Mahanty and myself.

The next speaker, Niladra Naik, who once did me the favour to call, had had, of course, more experience, and seemed to employ a persuasive eloquence in tone and gesture. Our ancient friend's, Daniel Mahanty's, strong and prevailing voice was known to me before.

I have yet one word to add. I think you told me that the meeting of Saturday was held to commemorate the anniversary of a society for mutual improvement, established by some of your young men. Let me say, then, that, if there be any fund supporting the said society, I should be delighted to be allowed to make a slender contribution to it.

Believe me,

yours faithfully,

W. B. OTTLEY.

“To plead the heathen at home as a reason for not sending the gospel to the heathen abroad, is a plea for exemption and indulgence on the ground of our own neglect and sin. It is like the murderer of his father asking the Judge to have pity on his orphanhood.”—*Phillips Brooks*.

The Earthquake in the Island of Ischia.

FROM REV. N. H. SHAW.

WE are in the midst of the dead season. At the beginning of it all Italy was talking of the cholera in Egypt, and of its possible coming here. But on and after the 28th of July we forgot that danger, all our thoughts being monopolized by the appalling disaster of Casamicciola. Ischia, of which Casamicciola was the capital, is a small island near to Naples, and has been from time immemorial a great centre of volcanic action. In 1881 an earthquake overthrew a great part of Casamicciola, but since then nothing extraordinary occurred till the night of Saturday, the 28th of July. Then a shock was suddenly felt accompanied by a rumbling noise, and a few persons realizing the danger were able to escape. But there was no escape for the mass of the inhabitants. Down fell the houses, the churches, the hotels full of visitors and the theatre, and formed one indescribable heap of ruins. What took place afterwards has been fully narrated in the English newspaper, but no description could do justice to the horrors of that night, and of days and nights which succeeded it. Soldiers were ordered from Rome to dig, and extricate those who were buried alive. (Would that soldiers might be always employed in saving instead of destroying men!) The minister of public works hurried also from Rome to superintend the work; and best of all, the King himself who was in the North of Italy hastened to the scene of the disaster. After a railway journey of twenty-four hours to Naples he refused to rest, but insisted on embarking at once for the ill fated-island. Arrived there, he persisted in walking over the scene of the disaster, speaking words of sympathy to the survivors, and encouraging the excavators. For seven hours the King walked about under the burning beams of a July sun. He was begged by his ministers to rest and avoid the danger, but he replied nobly: "Where others can go, I will go." And on being further importuned he seemed angry, and silenced all with the words: "*Comando io*," which are equivalent to: I command, or, I am master. No wonder that when the good King left the island the poor people did not know how to contain their enthusiasm. They rushed into the water as if they could not part with him, and cried as they invoked on him the blessings of the saints: "You are our father! You are our father!"

No wonder, either, that the King was deeply moved. He proceeded to Naples, where he visited the wounded in the hospitals (they were crowded, and many of the churches had to be used as hospitals too, the principal street in Naples was full of wounded people borne on biers) conversing with the patients one by one, and listening to their sad complaints. Probably many who have been rescued would have been left for dead if it had not been for the energy which the King's presence and exhortations required. His conduct on this occasion recalls that of his brave father, Victor Emmanuel, at the time when the cholera was committing such ravages in Genoa. The hospitals were full, and the deaths were being counted by hundreds. There was a panic, and the population of Genoa not yet smitten with the disease was fleeing from the city in terror, when the brave King descended suddenly from Turin, went the round of the hospitals, and not only talking with the patients, but silently rebuked and checked the cowardice of the panic-stricken ones by taking in his own the blue hands of the sick and dying. Where is the republican who would not take off his hat to such a King? And King Humbert seems to inherit his father's good qualities. He has already given 100,000 liras (equal to £4,000) to the relief fund. Subscriptions are opened everywhere. I need not say that collections are being made in the Evangelical Churches. The Pope has sent 20,000 lire, and a journal has had, what some will call the bad taste to remark, that he gave the same sum about the same time as a wedding present to a relative of his. What will seem somewhat incongruous to many English is that theatrical performances (for the most part comedies), concerts, and other entertainments, are being got up, and crowded on behalf of the relief fund.

These awful accidents are permitted for wise ends. It is to be hoped that our boasted science will enable us to predict them with certainty, so that the

loss of life in the future may be avoided. It seems that if only a little more care had been taken, even the inhabitants of Casamicciola might have been saved, for there were not wanting premonitory indications of the catastrophe: as it is, what an awful emphasis is given to the facts of our mortality, and the uncertainty of our life here. Facts which we all admit, and all forget. More than 5,000 people suddenly hurried into eternity! How eloquent ought such facts to be to us who labour to save men, and indeed to us all, emphasizing as they do the words of our Saviour: "Be ye therefore ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh!"

The Pope is unwell. Some say he has the fever. Others attribute the illness to the disappointment he has suffered as the result of the correspondence with Germany.

Letter from Dr. James L. Phillips.

WE have received several communications from the Rev. Dr. J. L. Phillips, (the worthy successor of his devoted father, the late Dr. Phillips,) for which we have not yet been able to find space. Like our own, the Free Baptist Mission in Northern Orissa and Southern Bengal is very much in want of men, and the number is still further reduced. Dr. Phillips, writes:

Midnapore, July 14, 1883.

My dear brother Hill,—Changes seem to be our lot in this field. On the 11th inst. Dr. and Mrs. Bachelor, accompanied by their daughter, left us for home. They will sail from Calcutta on the 19th, in the *City of Calcutta*, for London. Some of the readers of the *General Baptist Magazine* or the *Missionary Observer*, have known Dr. Bachelor's name for many years in connection with this Mission. The party may spend a few weeks in Palestine *en route*; but this will depend upon what they learn at Port Said regarding the cholera rumour which has reached us. Should this prove to be a false report, our friends may spend the approaching winter in Palestine, and go on to America in the spring.

Dr. Bachelor was one of our earliest missionaries. He entered this field in 1840, and his first station was Balasore, in Orissa. He opened a Dispensary there, and first introduced chloroform into the province, by using it for surgical operations. He prepared a small medical work in the Oriya language, which was afterwards translated into Bengali; and he trained a class of young men for medical practice, who afterwards rendered efficient aid in several parts of Bengal. Dr. Bachelor's chief work has been medical, and he has been permitted to devote many years thus uninterruptedly to this department of missionary service. For twenty years, a furlough of three years excepted, he has kept up our Mission Dispensary in this city, and thus relieved the sufferings of many thousands of the poor.

Mrs. Bachelor and Miss Bachelor, have been engaged in Zenana work. Both Dr. and Mrs. Bachelor have the hope of resuming their labours in India.

The last mail brings us good news. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, of New York, have been accepted by the committee, and will sail for India in September. Mrs. Griffin was Miss Cilley, and spent three years here, so has acquired a fair knowledge of the Bengali language. Others may accompany them. We are greatly needing help in this large district, and also in our section of the Orissa field. With kindest regards, affectionately yours,

JAS. L. PHILLIPS.

THE REAL LIFE.—There is but one true, real, and right life for rational beings; only one life worth living, and worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And that is the eternal life which was before all worlds, and will be after all are passed away—and that is neither more nor less than a good life; a life of good feelings, good thoughts, good words, good deeds—the life of Christ and of God.—*Kingsley.*

The Divine Method in Mission Work.

THE known world of Christ's time was, to the means of communicating, not much different, perhaps, from the known world of our day to our means of communication. The area has immensely broadened, but the means of access are proportionately increased. The lesson for us is the significant one that the gospel should be preached speedily unto all the races—the leaven should be planted at once in all the great centres of heathendom. Long will it be before the whole lump is leavened, even so. Delay not to put it where it may begin its work.

But the ever ready protest is,—“There is so much to be done at home—there is wickedness enough here; finish off one land first; let Christianity show one nation carried up to perfection, to silence all cavils.” Over against all such man-made notions we put the second chapter of Acts, and, indeed, the entire record of the Acts, and say this book is as good for method as for doctrine. The argument was as good then as now, and the Holy Spirit inaugurated an entirely different policy, and set his seal upon that blessed and rapid diffusion, which filled Northern Africa, Arabia, Asia Minor, and distant parts, East and West, with churches of the faith once delivered to the saints.

Now, even more than then, does the close neighbourhood of all peoples on all the face of the earth forbid the idea of perfecting one race till all are put on the track of mental and moral, social and political elevation.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

Notes and Gleanings.

THE ANNUAL REPORT was ready and sent out on the 1st of August. The Secretary will be pleased, on the receipt of names and addresses, to send one or more copies where it is thought they would serve the interests of the Mission. On receiving the Report, will our friends read it, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

A SEED OF EVIL-DOERS IN ITALY.—The *Civiltà Cattolica*, a prominent journal in Italy, in reviewing the recent supplement which the Alsatian deputy, the Abbé Winterer, has issued to his work upon modern Socialism, which he published about four years since, draws a terrible picture of the dangers of modern society, from the irreligious classes. After making considerable allowance for much that it says, we fear that there is a very large substratum of truth in its warning. There are, it appears, two societies bearing the titles of “*Società della mala vita*,”* and the “*Società del mal fare*,” one being at Naples, and the other at Genoa. Their very names give credence to the *Civiltà's* statement, that the young men who are enrolled in them take oath never to attend any sacred worship, but to do all the harm they can, both to men and things, not omitting their own parents.

The greatest luxury of superfluous wealth is in giving it away.

The worst education that teaches self-denial is better than the best that teaches everything else and not that.—*John Sterling.*

It is said that about nine-tenths of the money raised by the church is given by one-tenth of the members.

All I have, God gave me; so all I have is still His, and I want to use it to His glory.

* “Society of the bad, or wicked life,” and the “Society of ill-doing.”

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. BEMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, Mission House, 63, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards, may be obtained.

General Baptists in 1883.

LIKE most of the vital Christian churches of our day, the General Baptists of England have accepted and obeyed a specially divine summons to attend to the direction of the Apostle Paul. "Try your own selves, whether ye are in the faith; *prove your own selves.*"

The President of our Association, in his recent address, pathetically lamented our slow progress, and strenuously sought to account for it. Mr. March, in the "the Annual Letter to the Churches," turned the clear light of a faithful scrutiny on the "Erasure List," and revealed gaping defects and urgent necessities. Our "Articles of Religion," unspeakably in advance of most productions of that kind, in their tone and temper, emphasis and substance, brevity and breadth, have received an authoritative appendix of some little value, although it is merely a register of facts accomplished years ago. Moreover the churches generally betray an access of solicitude about their condition. The "reports" in the Year Book give signs of an intense self-consciousness, a pained feeling of proved incapacity, a fretful impatience with slender achievements, an eagerness for practical guidance, and a deepening determination, if only the means can be obtained, to overtake the actual work God gives us to do, in and for our own generation. It is a good omen that when "the Spirit saith to the churches," as He does now, "Prove your own selves whether ye are in the faith," our ear is open to hear, and our heart ready to obey His voice.

But is it *really* a good omen? Is all this introspection good? The healthiest moods of life give the fewest signs of a dominant self-analysis. When men sit with a finger on the pulse, and an ear listening to the resonance of the breathing lung, they are within a few paces of the coffin, or are already buried in the grave of a morbid and palpitating nervousness. The nation that is actually achieving great victories, and is passionately dedicated to noble works, is deaf to the appeals for examining committees and investigating commissioners. The churches at Jerusalem, and Antioch, and Rome, did some of their best work before the "reporter" was born, or a gospel was written.

Nevertheless *grown* nations, grown churches, and grown men, require to "prove themselves" whether they are in the faith with which they started, true to the ideals that gave them birth, faithful to the original inspirations out of which they sprang into being, and continuously adjusting their vital forces to the changing necessities of the work they have to do, and the conditions to which they are exposed. Degeneration is as true a law of life as Regeneration. We may sink to the lowest or rise to the highest. *The organism that fails to develop, fails to keep what it has got, and certainly, if not swiftly, deteriorates.* Churches that will not grow must die; therefore "it is wise to talk with our past hours," and ask them what rebukes they have to administer, what failures to record, what methods of action we must forget and leave behind, and in what new lines we must stretch forward "so that we may press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

One thing is as certain as it is gratifying—"we are in the faith;" in the faith of the New Testament, and are as much attached to it and to our federation which expresses it and works for it as ever. We are not in the faith of Augustine; we never were. Nor in that of Calvin, and never shall be. But we are in the faith as it stands developed in the writings of James and Peter, Paul and John, and is found in the Greek fathers, men nearer to the apostolic faith than Augustine or Calvin, and, if we may say so, is summarized in our "Articles of Religion;" and we hold it as tenaciously, and practise it as earnestly, and in the same large charity, as our fathers. We are not, as they were not (and we never shall be), rigid systematizers; for it does not seem to us that Christ Jesus came into the world to make a dead machine, and to make it most abundantly mechanical; but to give life, and to give it so abundantly that it will (to talk after the manner of Spencer) "continuously adjust" itself to its "external relations."

"We are a "peculiar people," akin to the Church of England in our Protestantism, to Particular Baptists in our conception of Baptism, to Congregationalists in our church polity, and yet with more than a "dash of Presbyterianism" in the temper of our church relations; similar to the Quakers in our preference for simplicity and the thoroughness of our dependence on the Spirit, and as broad as the Wesleyans in our exposition of the sacrifice of Christ, and yet in our traditions and spirit we are (if we may borrow a word from politics) Christian Radicals. Our eyes are in the future. We have been pioneers. Our ancestors were the first to claim, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, full and absolute "liberty of conscience;" and we cling not only to the capital doctrine, but also to the pioneer position. What is being called "New Theology" in some quarters is largely an adoption of the cautious temper of our fathers as to all creeds, an acceptance of their emphasis in doctrine, and a fresh expression of the "three great universalities" of our brief and broad creed.

But though we are *in the faith*, the figures representing our condition and progress declare that our faith ought to prove itself by better and greater works than those we are now doing. In New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the United States, General Baptists are making cheering progress (and together with those in India and England number not less than 180,000), but at home our rate of increase is painfully slow. The facts cited in Mr. March's letter, together with the Church "Reports," reveal a mournful condition. We seem to be in the agonies of an erasure fever. One church has "somewhat" revised its list; a second promises to do it "thoroughly;" a third is keeping a "strict hand and a firm eye" on its church list; others have resolved, at all costs, to be true; others have paid the full price, and are rejoicing in the truth. We are not alone in this fever. I see in the lists of the London Baptist Association, "erasures" for 104, 119, 163, 204, besides others running far towards three figures; and it is to be feared that the same features mark the condition of other churches.

Brothers, let us make a "clean breast of it" in this year of justice 1883, and start 1884 with justice for a line, and righteousness for a plummet. But we shall only do this when (1) we keep a non-resident or "irregular" list of church members who are not reported in our

returns to the Association; (2) deduct at least three per cent. for those who are on the point of falling out of the lists; and (3) make a conscience of understating rather than overstating our church strength.* Literal accuracy runs greater risk of being false than a numerical understatement.

But supposing we have "squared our accounts," the question recurs—What is the exact meaning of these erasures? We must not take a false alarm. There is no doubt the loss is mainly one of figures, and rarely one of souls. It is a change in book-keeping, and not in the drift and trend of the Christian life. Mr. Spurgeon's erasure list is typical. Compiled on the same plan as others it would contain 122 names; but forty-five are set down as *having joined other churches without letters*, and fifteen have emigrated, and may have joined churches abroad. These facts suggest a way of accounting for about one half of the erasures. They join other churches without "letters."

Again, these large erasures are chiefly in the *town churches*, and are generally found associated with a change of pastorate. The fact is, denominationalism, though not dead, is "sleeping;" and in our busy towns few persons, I fear, elect their religious home on the grounds of identity with the church in its view of baptism, or its creed on the "Atonement." It is the *preacher* who fills the vision. Moral and social affinities sway the choice, and not doctrine. Of course all this is very bad. Men and women ought to support their "views" by attending a chapel whose seats are a penance, the singing an affliction, the atmosphere below zero, and the preacher a—well—not one of the best. But "ought," in this case, stands for nothing. The preacher determines the audience, and when the preacher goes the "erasure" list, sooner or later, witnesses to the change. And this without any blame whatever to the new preacher. For many have attended his predecessor from the force of old associations, travelling a considerable distance to have the impulse of hallowed friendships, and the force of continued spiritual impact from the same centre; but that is all changed; and though the new be also the abler man, and has many advantages springing from his later advent amongst men, yet he must be an altogether exceptional preacher if he is able to foreclose a large exodus of those members who reside at a distance from his place of ministry, or who have risen during the period, partly by the aid of his forerunner, into a "higher social grade."

While, then, we bear the fires of our erasure fever bravely, and resolve to be accurate for evermore, yet as it does not improve a man's digestion to tell his age to the minute, nor add tone and vigour to his body to get his exact height and weight, so correct statistics will not save mankind, or add fresh life to our churches. We must fairly face the fact that we are not doing the work God has set us, and for the doing of which He has saved us by His Son. Neither in village nor in town are we advancing. It is regarded as inevitable that we should be stagnant in the villages. The "promising young people" still seek the busier scenes of life, and the social forces play against us with terrific energy; and so for a long time we have been grateful if we could hold our ground. But, just now, we are failing in the towns as well. Take twenty of those in which we are planted, and in seven of them the

* Cf. G. B. Magazine, 1882, pp. 107, 148.

advance of the year is represented by units, and only in thirteen have we made any numerical headway at all, and that not much. We are spending large sums of money, and rendering great service to the spiritual well-being of those towns in many ways, but we are not increasing our working forces, although in all of them the population is rapidly mounting up. This ought not to be, and must not be.

What, then, must be done? (1.) It goes without saying, that we need more spiritual life, a stronger love of souls, a clearer vision of truth, a heartier devotion to Christ and His kingdom, and a spirit of thoroughgoing self-sacrifice. O that God would pour out His Spirit abundantly upon us!

(2.) But our needs are in other respects not all alike. In some directions we require a little more self-restraint in the management of church affairs; greater courtesy and forbearance; a winning gentleness and conquering meekness; less dictation from men of strength; more consideration for the weak; kinder speech, and a greater willingness to be anything for the sake of "edifying the church."

(3.) Some churches would begin a new and better career by uniting together and inviting a man to direct their spiritual activities, and nourish their spiritual fervour. What they cannot do alone, or only do miserably, they might do effectively together.

(4.) *Special Services* might be introduced into some churches with great advantage. The Year Book bears witness to the advantage of "Services for the Young," conducted in different parts of the denomination by our friend Mr. S. D. Rickards. There are towns and villages that should not let November close without a "special effort," preceded by special prayer, and pervaded by a pure and living spirit.

(5.) In other quarters it is necessary to recollect that spiritual progress has material limits. We are still in the body: and the "body" of a church is the edifice in which it worships. Mr. Spurgeon's numbers will not go much higher than they are now, save as they embrace worshippers in other buildings than the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The capacity of the building fixes the limit for the *numerical* growth of the churches. We have more than a dozen churches in sight of that limit; and unless they create off-shoots, or build larger chapels, they will add nothing to the figures of the denomination. This requires immediate and practical attention.

(6.) Would not a little more *freeness* in giving money be the beginning of a spiritual revival in some cases? The machinery is clogged for want of this golden oil. Workers are fettered. The minister is chafed and hindered. Efforts are dwarfed because the outflow of generosity is so pinched and narrow. "Freely ye have received, freely give," saith the Spirit to the churches. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

(7.) Suffer me to say again, we need more interest in our organic life. Secretaries of Conferences should not be mere recording clerks; but along with the President, Vice-President, and Committee, should exercise an affectionate *episcopal* care over all the churches in the district, encouraging the feeble, aiding the tempted and tried with counsel and sympathy, and rejoicing with the prosperous. Specially should the non-reporting churches be kindly visited. Silence is suspicious. Co-opera-

ting with the Local Preachers' Association in this work, the Conferences might save churches from suffering, and from peril of extinction.

Might not the Conferences also more nourishingly feed the denominational enthusiasm for the *Building Fund, the College, and the Home and Foreign Missions*. The Building Fund might easily be increased. Certain persons give *as they are asked*, feeling sure that they are not likely to be allowed to forget any good work, and all you have to do is to ask often enough. The Building Fund should be placed on the list of the Church's Agent for denominational work, and these waiting friends have the opportunity of aiding one of our most valuable societies. Reinforcements to our working staff in Orissa and Rome are urgently needed, the College never had a stronger plea, and our Home Mission work ought to be extended a hundredfold. All along the line we require more giving: larger gifts from those who give, and the number of givers greatly increased. The wealth of the nation has increased immensely, and we cannot believe it has gone to every other Christian body, and left the General Baptists without its benediction. When will our churches reap their full share of the nation's prosperity?

(8.) Another and final point I will mention. We must pay more attention to preaching. The best preaching has the golden key to the immediate future. Phillipps Brooks says, "The better men will always conquer the better cause. I suppose no cause could be so good that sustained by bad men, and opposed by any error whose champions were men of spotless lives, it would not fall. The truth must conquer; but it must first embody itself in goodness." The best preaching can only be given by the BEST MEN. Robert Collyer, one of the ablest of the preachers of America, was asked the other day what he believed to be the key to success in the ministry; and he answered promptly and heartily, "Live, live!" Indeed it is the key to any real human or divine success. "Live, live" a large life, full and quick in its sympathies, ever going deeper and deeper in its contact with men, and soaring higher and higher in its communion with God; rich and cultured, active and growing, receiving and giving out, well-read in the past, alert in eye for the present, large in hope of the future; steeped in love, strong in grip, clear in vision, and brave in deed; a Christ-like life, noble, pure, helpful, self-sacrificing, magnetizing lost souls. Even Lord Carnarvon, and no one will imagine him forgetful of the dignities, says, "any modification which would infuse new life into the too conventional and formal character of our sermons is desirable."

May the Lord Himself give us of His fulness, and grace for grace, so that from end to end of our General Baptist churches, abroad and at home, we may have His life, and have it more abundantly!

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE CHRISTIAN TEMPER — "A readiness to part with our dearest comforts, when required for the sake of Christ, is that temper which the Lord requires of all His disciples, and which the gospel effectually produceth in all those in whom it savingly takes place."—*Dan Taylor*.

"Unkind expressions injure rather than serve the cause of truth."—*Dan Taylor*.

The Value of a Capable and Competent Ministry.*

BY REV. THOMAS GOADBY, B.A.

OWING to our entering next Session, at Nottingham, in connexion with an important centre of University teaching, upon a new era in the history of the College, the matter of ways and means has become increasingly important, and calls for a preliminary remark. Our income from ordinary sources during the past year has been less than the expenditure, and our treasury shows a considerable, if diminished, deficit. In my visits to the churches I have frequently to ask for liberal congregational collections: once in my Report I dwelt upon the desirability of strengthening our subscription list, in which the larger sums are conspicuously few. Allow me now to urge upon our friends the importance and need of *endowments* for college purposes. All the greater and more influential colleges of the world are endowed, some of them heavily. There are Lectureships, and Fellowships, and Scholarships, and liberal investments for Professors chairs. The training of medical men, of soldiers, of civil servants, of bishops and clergy, and even of noblemen and princes is in part dependent upon endowments. The reason is obvious. Trade fluctuates, supply and demand waver uncertainly, liberality is to some extent an unknown and always a variable quantity; but education is the slow process of years, and should be calmly, steadily, uninterruptedly pursued. The principle of endowments is, I venture to think, sometimes repudiated by us to our disadvantage, and with no apparent consistency. We lose much; and we do not save our logic, our rhetoric, or our conscience. We build chapels and pay for them, and they are endowments. We build schools and pay for them, and they are endowments. We build ministers houses and secure college premises, and pay for them, and they are endowments. It is well known that some of us would never have had a University training at all but for endowments, and in any case that training would not have been possible in the form in which it actually fell to our lot but for endowments. The whole educational system of the country is now based in large measure upon the principle, or what is equivalent to the principle, of endowments, and "private venture" schools are going to the wall. The conditions under which education is conducted, and the standard of efficiency in teaching—and I may say this with gratitude and emphasis in Bradford—have been very considerably improved and raised by the judicious use of subsidies and endowments. Let us, then, allow it to be well understood in the right quarter, let us make it widely known amongst our friends, that we welcome, that we seek, that we need, that we will endeavour, as we obtain them, wisely to use endowments for purposes connected with the education of the Christian ministry. There can surely be no better, more patriotic, more philanthropic, more religious employment of wealth than to aid the training and promote the efficiency of the ministry of the gospel of Christ.

With the growing needs of our churches and of the world, our people have always enough to do to keep all their agencies at work.

* Address at Bradford at the Public Meeting on behalf of the College.

The objection "there are so many things" is no doubt often a miserable and lame excuse covering want of interest or selfish parsimony, but it is true nevertheless. There *are* so many things, and the wonder is that our activities connected with all kinds of philanthropic work, and reaching to the ends of the earth, confronting us every week of our lives, and sometimes every day of the week, are so well sustained as they are. But it is the miracle of prompt Christian liberality, or the conjuring of ready Christian zeal. I have seen in a fair a spangled acrobat with five or six golden balls, performing the astonishing feat of keeping them all in the air at once. The acrobat—forgive the comparison—is a type of modern Nonconformist enterprise. There they go, all up, and all kept up,—Foreign Mission, Home Mission, College, Building Fund, School, Minister, and the like! And the wonder is not that now and then one falls to the ground, endangering the whole game, but that some how the fallen ball gets dexterously picked up again, and by quick movements affecting the whole series, all of them glitter and dance again gaily in the air.

It is because we are interested in these religious movements that we sustain them, and with lack of interest the sustenance would cease. But why should we not be even more deeper and profoundly interested than we are in the training of a competent and capable ministry? Is there any religious institution that has in it greater value and richer blessing for the churches, or that has done nobler service for the whole Christian commonwealth and for the world at large? For what is a capable and competent ministry? There is, first of all, Christian character as a basis. We begin there. If that be wanting, all is wanting which constitutes a sure foundation. Religious character, the love of God, of man, sympathy and fellowship with Christ, practical godliness, pure, brave, noble, devout life,—all this is indispensable. Then there is adequate knowledge of the message and word of salvation; what it is, how it came, through what modifications, misapprehensions, perversions it has passed, how it has recovered its simplicity and purity, what is its central theme and inspiration, how it meets our need to-day. Then there is adequate knowledge of human nature and human life: what men have been and are, what they think about, how they think, what they need, and how to reach them and do them good. Then, finally, grace and ability to use this knowledge in order to help, bless and save men. This is a capable and competent ministry. It gathers up and concentrates in itself the piety of the saint, the fervour and enthusiasm of the prophet, the zeal of evangelist and apostle, and it blends them harmoniously with the wisdom of the philosopher, the eloquence of the statesman, and the power of work and practical sagacity of the man of affairs. In other words, the capable and competent Christian minister is one who lives in thought all along the ages of Time, sees down into the deep heart of man, and away into the Infinite Future, and living also face to face with God and with our present-day world, grasps and wields the eternal forces by which the better character and life of men and the kingdom of God are upbuilt. Such a ministry has incomparable value for the church and for the whole circle of humanity. It is a veritable witness of the power of Christian truth, a conspicuous exhibition to mankind of what the word and grace of God can do for human nature, a living example of Christian charac-

ter and manhood. Including in its ranks, in considerable proportion in every age, men of light and leading, the ministry of the church has already left a splendid record in the history of civilization, and the glory is not yet on the wane. God has never blessed humanity copiously and abundantly but by raising up men and sending them forth in His name to do His work,—men of piety and faith, men of grace and culture, men of God; and the man Christ Jesus stands in the annals of Time as the unique and unparalleled divine yet human benefactor of our race. For it is not books or pictures, it is not alembics, crucibles, steam engines or telegraphs, it is not newspapers, legislation or school-drill, that are going to save the world, but at the back of all, and as the strength and inspiration of all, manhood, Christian manhood, manhood that reflects the glory and diffuses the spirit and preaches the salvation of Jesus Christ.

Furthermore, a capable and competent ministry knows how to interpret to the men of the present time the eternal truth of God. That truth is of inexhaustible fulness and wealth. No age has yet grasped it in all its wide circumference, or penetrated to its profound and infinite depths. Men can only see and touch what they have the power to see and touch, and human power is limited, but grows by experience. In all ages, and in almost all apprehensions of Truth, there may be deliverance from sorrow and selfishness, from secularity and sin; in all ages, and almost all apprehensions of Truth, we may see that salvation is found; but the point of view, the ideas of men, the modes of thought and expression shift and change. The men of to-day do not live in the same intellectual atmosphere or the same social and political world as the men of past centuries. It is really another heaven that overarches us, another horizon that encircles us, another earth that lies at our feet. We have our special ways of looking at things, our own conceptions of man and governments, of the universe and human history, and, so to speak, our own coinage and currency of thought. The gospel and truth of God do not change, but man does, and his apprehension and view of things. The gospel of Christ, in all its fulness and power, must be a larger and more wondrous revelation to us than it was to the monks of the dark ages, to the schoolmen and Reformers of subsequent times. The idea that a minister is an automaton who gets off a lesson from a book nearly two thousand years old and mechanically repeats it, is confessedly not a sound and worthy idea. Nor is it sound and worthy to think of him as best fulfilling the functions of his office when he reiterates the commonplaces of a venerable systematic theology, and speaks to the men of to-day in terms that were vital and current three or four centuries back. We must not confound loyalty to the eternal truth of God with loyalty to the forms and terms of thought of mediæval or Reformation times. The gospel of Christ must be preached in the nineteenth century in the language of the nineteenth century, and its divine and imperishable truths must be taught in their relation to the forms of thought of the nineteenth century. It is the miracle of Pentecost in its deeper sense that we need repeating to-day. Every man conditioned as he is by the age in which he is born, more or less the child of his time, must hear in his own tongue wherein he is born the wonderful works of God. A capable and competent ministry, the ministry of its own age, speaks the language of its own age, thinks accord-

ing to the best thought of its own age, and translates the everlasting gospel of Christ into the coinage and currency of its time. Thus its hold upon the hearts of men never ceases; its interpenetration of the thoughts of men never ceases; its regenerative work amid the play of the forces that make up the history of the world never ceases.

What is it, I would ask, in corroboration of this position, what is it that gives such exceptional power to Moody's evangelistic addresses and Spurgeon's evangelical preaching? Is it the scholastic mould of their theology? Is it the ceaseless unwearied reiteration of the common-places of a venerated dogmatism about an infallible book, about eternal decrees, about imputed sin and imputed righteousness, about unconditional election and eternal reprobation? Not at all. It is the vigorous and racy translation of the great imperishable truths of God's love and mercy, of man's need of redemption and Christ's power and readiness to give it, into the English vernacular: the translation of the old gospel into the common conceptions and ideas and language of the people they address. There is in each of them a splendid faculty of illustration, and in their preaching a wealth of imagery and anecdote drawn from familiar and everyday experiences. The strains of the old divine, eternal melody, are there; but they make their music on the common strings with which the world is strung. In other words, the old heavy shekels of the sanctuary and the schools,—an interesting and curious study for the theological numismatologist,—are changed into the lighter and more portable pence and shillings of the common currency of to-day.

This is what the minister who is capable and competent ever does, though not with their exceptional power and genius. But it is necessary to do it *all round*, not simply with respect to the familiar ideas of every-day life, but also with respect to the new point of view, the new conceptions with which modern science and modern criticism are making us familiar. Our present way of looking at the universe and at human history will not allow us to regard the kosmos as a great autocratic realm dominated by imperial decrees like a Roman or a Russian Empire; nor will it allow us to determine and measure our religious beliefs, our spiritual experiences and life, by legal fictions or devices especially invented in the practice of certain law-courts and the settlement of private disputes between man and man centuries ago. A higher generalization has been reached, and the moral government of God, in our modern way of looking at it, and God's spiritual dealings with man, far transcend the working and aims of national human governments. The great truths of the gospel are read more and more in the light, and uplifted into the sphere of the higher moral and spiritual relations. Christian doctrines are grouped and systematised round the person and work and teaching of Christ, whose mission and gospel are great spiritual facts in the moral history of mankind, the divine flower and fruit of the grand historic life of the world; and the truth and grace of God are taught as the eternal power by which the individual life, and social life, and the great life of our race, may be lifted up to the divine ideal, and transfigured and saved by the divine salvation. The ministry that thus stands among men in living connection with the best thought and life of the times, and preaches to men in their own tongue the wonderful

grace of God, the capable and competent ministry, is sure of a hearing, and sure, by God's help, of success, is of untold worth to the church, and an unspeakable blessing to mankind.

For such a ministry, being a living present-day ministry, forms a powerful check against the secularisation of humanity—one of the special and pressing perils of our time. Free and growing commerce, the inventions of physical science, the wider and readier intercourse of nations, tend to multiply material resources and increase worldly prosperity. With advancing intelligence, greater sobriety, higher morality, there is yet creeping over Europe, and especially over the populations of great cities, a growing spirit of secularity. The net and drag devotion of men which called down the fervid denunciations of the prophet, is a temptation to-day. Utilitarianism in philosophy, and a one-sided cultivation of physical science, favour it. The mad race for riches in which Christian virtues are often recklessly ignored, and every weight of modesty, truthfulness, honesty, self-respect, is sometimes laid aside; the vulgar love of display in certain wealthy circles, and the persistent, irrepressible impudence of blatant advertising in which the weaker side of human nature is laid hold of for paltry pelf by quacks and adventurers, by leading journals and even prominent tradesmen and manufacturers,—all these are only so many unhappy and lamentable proofs of it. To “sacrifice to our net and burn incense to our drag because by them our portion is fat and our meat plenteous,” is one at least of the dangers and perils to which our modern age, in its science as well as its business and popular life, is peculiarly exposed. Were this secularity to spread, the gains of the loftier thought and chivalrous aspiration, the high moral culture of centuries would be imperilled; and civilization, instead of advancing to its goal of full spiritual manhood, of nobler character, purer motives, and gentler life, would become only a hard, refined, and selfish barbarism. Now a cultured, enthusiastic, Christian ministry, with its prophet-like moral fervour and poetic religious sensibility, with its high moral ideals and gracious spirit and Christ-like character and aims, breaks in upon this secularizing tendency at least once a week, and contributes a strong and powerful counter influence that makes for the spiritualization and ennoblement of mankind. In speaking with prosperous business men I have often been struck with the fact that all the best part of their experience comes of their connection with an earnest, stimulating, and elevating ministry. Almost the only poetry and philosophy of their life, nearly all their susceptibility to the finer sentiments and emotions, as well as the cherishing of those mighty hopes and impulses that make us men, are associated with the ministry of the word of God. Of what large and incalculable value to civilization is this counteraction of the secularising tendency of too much of our daily life by a capable and competent Christian ministry!

If, then, our witness for eternal truth, our apprehension of its essential principles, our salvation from the perilous tendencies of modern life, all our better spiritual and human interests, are dependent now and here in large measure upon the ministry of the gospel, let that ministry be estimated not simply as a means of future, invisible, and other worldly good, but as indispensable to the progress of humanity, and the enrichment and ennobling of our present life. It is only the living

voice of living Christian men that can effectually, by God's grace, promote the perfection and happiness, the full salvation of mankind. Our churches devoutly desire this end; it is for them to help to strengthen and make more efficient the appointed means to it. Architecture, however classical or chaste, will not secure it; psalmody and organ music that take the prisoned soul and lap it in Elysium will not suffice; God's truth and grace in Christ Jesus set forth by living and competent men is the chief divinely-appointed means. Let us value and seek to make more powerful and effective this ministry of man's salvation. Let us not begrudge its cost. It is worth more than money can measure, or figures can tell. Sometime back I saw an estimate of the cost per annum of our Baptist Colleges. "£20,000 a year," was the astonished exclamation, "for the education of the Baptist ministry!" Why this astonishment? How much, I would ask, is spent annually in bricks and mortar, in stones and stained glass, in all the elaborate adornments, at which our fathers would have stood aghast, for our modern Baptist sanctuaries? Four times as much was spent last year, and an enormous sum besides in paying off old debts. Yet architecture, however beautiful, cannot preach the gospel of God's love, and declare Christ's salvation, as the living voice of the living preacher can. Instead of astonishment at the cost of the ministry, I rather sympathize with the preacher who deplored that so much money had been spent upon the edifice in which he ministered that his own poor frail human body was hardly sufficiently relieved from painful anxiety about its maintenance and up-building; and as he saw the costly structure towering to heaven, and considered his own resources, could not at times but sigh, "O God, that stones should be so dear and flesh and blood so cheap." As you consider, then, who are the men whose words have touched your highest sympathies, and awakened your best aspirations, and filled life for you with its richest and most abiding good; as you contemplate what the history of the churches we represent would have been—if indeed they could have had a worthy history or an existence at all—without our early preachers and evangelists, without the founders of our great institutions and the inspirers and organizers of our denominational activity; as you look still wider and imagine what aspect the history of our country would have presented, and the history of the world, without its great religious teachers and guides, without Chrysostom and Augustine, without Luther and Calvin, without Knox and Latimer and Jeremy Taylor, without John Howe, John Bunyan, and Robert Hall, without Wesley and Whitfield, and a whole host of equal or lesser lights that have filled our heavens with their radiancy, you will concede, I doubt not, that no pains can be too great, no liberality too munificent, no devotion too lavish, which are needful and necessary on our part to perpetuate the succession and maintain the efficiency, from age to age, of a godly, enthusiastic, capable and competent ministry of the gospel of Christ.

THE FAITH THAT SAVES.—"The degree of faith in the gospel which is necessary to salvation, is so to believe the sum and substance of it, by which He is represented as a complete and compassionate Saviour, perfectly able and entirely ready and willing to receive me, make me happy, for His own sake, that my mind is hereby brought to rest upon Him, and place my confidence in Him, without any recommendation or worthiness whatever."—*Dan Taylor*.

A Visit to Norway.

No. VII.

BY REV. WILLIAM ORTON.

FAREWELL TO CHRISTIANIA.

It is eleven o'clock. The evening is calm and the stars are bright. We are on board the *Arendal*—a fine steamer bound for Bergen, with a complement of passengers. A large number of persons have come to say farewell to their departing friends. And now, for the last time, the bell rings, the gangway is taken up, and there is such bowing and waving of handkerchiefs, and other demonstrations of affection, as are surely seen nowhere else in such perfection as in Norway. As we glide away we see the city by night, and the reflections of countless lamps glimmering in the clear water, and the white mansions of the suburbs just visible amid the dark foliage that surrounds them; and, by degrees, these become more and more dim, till we see nothing but the foam in the wake of the vessel, and the outline of the shore and the stars. We remained awhile on deck, and looked on the scene with wonder and delight, till, wearied with the toils of the day, we, like others, went down to our cabin and sought the relief of

“Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

CONVERSATIONS ON THE JOURNEY.

The early morning was pleasant. The scenery was varied, and every few miles brought us within sight of objects of new interest. Here is dense forest; there rocks of fantastic shapes jutting out of the water; further on the grass sloping down to the water’s edge, with the mountains in the distance veiled in mist; and then a town, with its piles of timber on its quays, and its vessels in the docks. The passengers now came from their cabins one by one, and as Norsk was to me an unknown tongue, it was pleasant to find some who could converse in English; especially one, a gentleman of education, who had lived ten years in Kent. It seemed to give him pleasure to tell me what I desired to know, and it may be well to recall some of his sayings.

“The sun only just disappears below the horizon in the middle of summer, and we can sit outside the house and read the newspaper at midnight.”

“The people of Norway are very well educated. There is in operation the system of Board Schools, and the attendance is compulsory. The children are instructed in the doctrines of the Lutheran Church, and are required to pass an examination in religious knowledge. They are then presented for confirmation, and are received at their first communion; and until then no boy or girl is considered fit to take a situation, or to enter into any engagement for life.”

“There are Sunday-schools. They are not, however, schools for children. These receive their religious education in the day-schools, and the Sunday-schools are for adults who desire an increase of religious knowledge. The instructions are given by the school-master, who is paid for his services; and, as a rule, the Sunday-schools are well attended.”

Time would fail to tell of other things said; of the fog that settled

down upon us for a time and stopped our progress ; of the fine, old town of Laurvic, where we halted ; and of the General and his staff who became our fellow-passengers, whose attendant band favoured us with the stirring strains of martial music. And now we sweep round a rocky headland, and find ourselves once more, after twelve hours on the water, passing the lighthouse, and entering into Langesund.

OUR SHIP'S CARGO.

We are on board the *Mangerton*. The cargo is ready. Four hundred tons of ice are in the hold. There are many persons in Norway who may be called cultivators of ice. The ice is taken from fresh water lakes. Some of these lakes are natural, and others artificial. In visiting the Rambergs I walked through a field which had produced a crop of hay in summer, and was afterwards to be flooded to produce ice in the winter. The ice requires great care: the water must be pure, the frozen surface must be swept clean of snow, which checks the freezing process ; and the ice must be cut and stored when it has attained the proper thickness, about eighteen inches. An ice-plough is then used to cut furrows about twelve inches apart, and then men are employed with hand-saws to obtain blocks of the requisite size, and to slide them down an inclined plane to the icehouses. In favourable seasons two crops of ice can be obtained from the same lakes. The ice is supplied by contract at six shillings per ton and upwards, and is conveyed to England, France, Germany, and sometimes even to America.

THE VESSEL BECALMED.

The time for our departure had come. The anchor was heaved to the song "Homeward Bound," and we were taken out under the care of a pilot into the open-sea. There was, however, no wind. There was scarcely a ripple on the water. The sails hung idly down. We could see in the distance other vessels whose sails were filled, and a steamer gliding smoothly along leaving its black trail of smoke behind ; but we were able to make no progress ; indeed the captain said we were fast drifting towards the rocky coast. Two flags, therefore, were hoisted as signals, and soon the tug came to our help, and towed us into a current of wind, when we sailed gallantly along. Do we not all need to catch the breezes of the Spirit, that we may sail over the ocean of life to our heavenly home ?

A GALE.

There had been a rough night. The morning was cloudy. We were still two hundred miles from home. The wind and tide were against us, and at ten a.m. a gale commenced. The wind was furious ; the water rolled in huge masses. The vessel was kept as near as possible to the wind, but she was tossed about like a cork ; sometimes rolling on her side till the water swept the deck, and sometimes dipping her prow into the sea. The man who steered the vessel had to be tied fast to the wheel ; and those of us who were in the cabin had to hold firmly by something firmer than ourselves. This state of things continued, with occasional abatement, during fourteen long hours. It was an awful time. There was no escape. It seemed to me almost certain that the sea would be our grave. But I was cheered by knowing that God was there ; that He would do what was best, and that I knew whom I had

believed. It was sweet, then, to have a conscious interest in a loving and Almighty Saviour. At midnight the gale ceased; and though the sea was rough for hours afterwards, we knew the danger was past.

NEARING HOME.

It was now the ninth day since we left the port. There was a desire for home. It was toward eight in the evening when it was said, "There's Flamborough Light." At first we doubted. There were lights on fishing vessels, and this might be one of them. At length it was seen to change—to appear and disappear at regular intervals, and we knew then that it was a revolving light, and that it must be Flamborough. Oh how eagerly we watched it, and longed for the day. At length the day dawned, and the Spurn lighthouse was seen; and the pilot came on board with the latest news; and the steamer had us in tow; and we observed the vessels outward bound, and the distant tower and town, and about nine o'clock in the morning we found ourselves in Grimsby Dock—safe at home.

"There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;

Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around."

Mosquito Curtains.

THE minor vexations and irritations of life are too widely felt by all who share its responsibilities to allow anyone to remain unsympathetic on this score. These insect stings are everywhere, and when pastors of churches wax hot and indignant at the special inflictions which come upon them in virtue of their office, they have especial claim to attention. Our meed of sympathy will, however, necessarily be regulated by manifested conditions. For instance, constitutional liability to mosquito attacks makes a man a proper object of sympathy; but where susceptibility is the result of careless regimen and improper diet, and suffering follows as the result of neglect of ordinary precautions, advice may perhaps be fully as serviceable as sympathy.

Pastors and teachers occasionally write or speak as though they had never read the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Doubtless they do themselves injustice. Moreover, I do not propose here to dwell upon these deeper questions of the spiritual life. I desire to lay handy for our brethren one or two considerations bearing on the external relationships of church life with which they may, if they will, curtain themselves around.

First, their office does not, in the purpose of God's providence, place them out of the reach of the disciplinary influence which the discharge of the social relationships is intended to exert. A refractory church member is not worse to deal with than an insubordinate son, and a self-willed servant may try a man's patience to the full as much as an officious deacon. If every Christian man's character ought to be equal to the test and strain of the relationships into which he is brought, surely pre-eminently the Christian pastor ought strongly and patiently

to bear it. Let a man realize this, and his enemy will disappear. The thorn in the flesh may remain, but there will not be the venomous sting.

Second. Official relationship in the church is secondary in privilege and importance to personal membership. To be a simple member of a Christian church is the highest dignity a man can sustain. The sentiment of brotherhood towards his fellow members must, then, be the deepest in the heart of an enlightened pastor, and he will demand nothing at their hands which is inconsistent with that sentiment. He will welcome, rather than resent, evidences of interest in the welfare of the church, whether in the conduct of its services or the direction of its energies; and within the limits of the law of Christ, will scrupulously respect the free expression of opinion on all points, wisely deferring thereto where the rights of others are implicated, and where no question of principle is involved. The autocratic sentiment, claiming the undisputed initiative in the ordering of worship, government, or work, cannot be safely indulged in by ordinary men, and where cherished, must lead to endless mortification.

Third. Whatever superadded dignity or importance comes to the pastor of a church in virtue of his office is shared in degree by each of his fellow officers, whether so-called elders or deacons. The qualifications of the bishop and the deacon, as given in the Epistle to Timothy—and I prefer an authorised statement—are so similar that they show at least that the offices are cognate. Moreover, the deacon as well as the pastor represents the body; together, they constitute its executive. A due recognition of the position and claims of his fellow officers by the pastor is necessary to the enjoyment of personal peace and comfort. Those officers may be small men. Some deacons are. So are some pastors. It is for the strong to help the weak, not to despise them. Some may be wholly unfit. The more need that they should be met, and opposed if need be, on legitimate grounds. Their heads may be turned by the immense dignity and responsibility that fall to their lot. Yet one would suppose that the higher the promotion the greater the danger, and speaking for myself, as an unofficial church member, as far as my observation has gone, pastors are not less liable than deacons to fall under this misfortune. It must be demanded that recrimination, if it exist, shall cease, that frank recognition be bestowed, and that mutual forbearance be cherished.

Fourth. A bona fide acceptance of congregationalism as a principle, by congregational church pastors, is essential to its smooth working. True enough, too often, our church life is a burlesque; but to grow frantic over it, and in hopeless impatience to decry church meetings, and deacons' meetings, and everything that is distinctive of our order, will not mend matters. Here is a more excellent way. In one of our largest and most prosperous churches, the deacons, twelve I believe in number, systematically and regularly meet with the pastor for half an hour before each Lord's-day morning service for the purpose of prayer. I need not say that in that church, deacons' meetings, whatever their object, are not found to be too numerous, or wasteful of time. Moreover, let it not be forgotten that in no system may the true dignity of the pastoral office find higher expression, for even in rough and uncultured soil true elevation of character will find its opportunity.

H. W. EARP.

Twelve Hayers for Young Men.

IX.—HOW MEN HAVE RISEN.

ACCORDING to a foreign author, "the greatest men have belonged to lowly, poor, or obscure families." This is no modern idea. The Jews long ago embodied it in one of their Talmudic sayings, which runs thus: "Honour the sons of the poor; it is they who bring science into splendour." It is very easy to find ample justification for statements of this kind. We have only to call up at random a list of those who, in this and other lands, have become famous in their different spheres, to find how frequently the child of humble parentage and lowly calling has risen from the lowest lot to the loftiest place. Columbus, the discoverer of America, was only a weaver, and the son of a weaver. Claude Lorrain, the painter, was a pastry-cook. Cervantes, author of *Don Quixote*, served as a common soldier. Demosthenes, the orator, was the son of a cutler. The comic poet, Terence, was a slave. Virgil was the son of a potter, and Horace of a shop-keeper. John Howard, the philanthropist, was an apprentice to a grocer. Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer. Dr. Samuel Johnson was the son of a bookseller, and "Rare" Ben Johnson worked for a time as a bricklayer. Whitfield, with his "blue apron and snuffers," helped his father and mother in a public house at Gloucester. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Rear-Admiral of England, began his naval career as a cabin-boy; and Robert Burns followed the plough, even as David, the Hebrew bard, kept his father's sheep.

In many cases, too, it appears that those who afterwards became famous gave no particular promise in their youth. As a matter of fact many of them were far more remarkable for dullness than genius. Like Goldsmith, who used to speak of himself as "a plant that flowered late," they let the spring go by without sign of leaf or bud. The Duke of Wellington, so far from giving promise of future greatness in his early life, gave his mother much anxiety, for she imagined him a dunce. The same verdict was pronounced on Sir Walter Scott by his professor at the University. Byron, too, was a most unwilling pupil, and one who sorely tried the patience of his teacher. Probably in these cases the mind refused to display its powers under the bondage of routine, as some birds refuse to sing when brought into captivity. In other cases the want of the necessary stimulus appears to have left the powers of the soul latent and unmoved. So it was with Sir Isaac Newton, "who stood at the bottom of the lowest form but one in the school," but afterwards being moved to outrival a boy above him with whom he had fought, he became so successful as to reach very speedily the first place in the class. Alfieri, the eminent tragic poet of Italy, gave no indications in his early days of the talent he afterwards displayed. In his youth he learned next to nothing; but at forty-eight he mastered Greek and translated several languages, and he confessed that love made him a poet.

In Curran it was a steadfast determination and a resolute will that made out of the awkward, ungainly, stuttering lad, one of the finest orators at the Bar, and in the House of Commons.

This last is perhaps the surest path to success. Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "if you have genius, industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply its place." It would be folly to imagine that even in men of genius greatness is obtained without effort. That which it is very easy to read is often very hard to write. Charles Dickens wrote from Genoa to his friend and biographer, John Forster, respecting "The Chimes," and said, "This book has made my face white in a foreign land. My cheeks which were beginning to fill out have sunk again; my eyes have grown unusual large, my hair is very lank, and the head inside the hair is hot and giddy. Read the scene at the end of the third part twice. I wouldn't write it twice for something." It was the same with his readings. He didn't make £33,000 by them in two years without undergoing a fearful strain of physical and mental toil. "You have no idea," says he, "how I worked at them. Feeling it necessary, as their reputation widened, that they should be better than at first, I have *learnt them all*, so as to have no mechanical drawback in looking after the words." Of the reading from "Dombey" he says, "I learnt that like the rest, and did it to myself often twice a day, with exactly the same pains as at night, over, and over, and over again." I know that Macaulay says in one of his letters to his sister, "in general I have found that the success of my writings has been in proportion to the care with which they have been written," but this must not be misunderstood. It should be read side by side with the words of Thackeray. "He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description."

Harriet Martineau sneers at Gibbon in the words, "selfish, vain, unhappy man! He studied law a year for the sake of writing one chapter." Quite so, but then he so wrote that not only the chapter but the whole book is immortal. He is said to have written the first chapter of the "Decline and Fall" three times before he was pleased with it, and he was twelve years in completing the whole work.

The works of the great masters in literature, art, and music, live because their authors threw so much of their own life into them. A famous composer being complimented on the ease and grace of his melodies, exclaimed, "Ah! with what difficulty is this ease acquired!" Another composer, Mozart, said, "It is a very great error to suppose that my art has been very easily acquired. I assure you, that there is scarcely anyone who has so worked at the study of composition as I have. You could hardly mention any famous composer, whose writings I have not diligently and repeatedly studied throughout." But here we must stop. Surely these examples are sufficient to show that *work, hard work*, is the way to success in any and in every sphere:—

"Who's born to sloth? To some we find
The ploughman's annual toil assigned;
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;
While some, of genius more refined,
With heart and tongue assist mankind.
In every work, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all."

J. FLETCHER.

The Ninth Talk with our Girls.

I.—A GIRL OF THE PAST.

THE subject of our sketch is MISS JANE REDMILE, of Dyke, known familiarly as "Aunt Jane;" first, doubtless, by her own relatives, but in late years she was Aunt Jane beyond the circle of her own family. The name conjures up to those who knew her a quaint figure in homely garb, oft seen on errands of mercy, or attending the sanctuary she loved so well, and where she had been a constant church member for over sixty-five years. The soul that animated that stooping form was of another mould from the men and women of everyday life. She lived to be old, and bent, and grey, but it was with a long life spent in the service of all things good and true, in a generous love of her brothers and sisters, as she called mankind, and in a thoughtfulness of spirit that had planted its sacred "Hall Mark" on the happy placid face. She could neither strive nor cry, but the unobtrusive, gentle influence of her life was potent for good. Referring everything directly to God's will, she raised the standard of every discussion on which she entered, and made for herself unconsciously, a position as representing heaven and all heavenly things to those with whom she came in contact, for which many would be humbly thankful as they ask for power to embody in their own lives something of her spirit.

In the first year of this century, on May the 10th, our subject was born into a position of few advantages. Her parents belonged to the small yeoman class, having a small holding at Dyke, near Bourne, Kingsley's "Brun," of Hereward the Wake, last opponent of Norman William, the Lincolnshire Fens and Flats hard by, Crowland Monks, that he tells of all gone long since. Rheumatism and ague not gone, nor greatly moved as yet by drainage done or projected across these Fens. And up into the hilly woodland country, on the other side, the parents journeyed on market days, taking to the towns, butter, eggs, fowls, ducks, and geese, managing to live honestly, and to take a pride in paying their way, but having little to spare there for luxury, no tolerance at all for anything short of utmost industry and thrift.

Education did not want for appreciation, but the opportunities for getting it were few. Universal cheap schools were distant. Meanwhile, there was much to think of beside schooling. Five more children added to the family, devolved on the eldest girl that best of all education, when the strength is not overcharged, the training of others. Spare moments had to be given to assistance in the actual bread-winning; no "lap of luxury" conditions, but better, the example of parents actuated by high integrity, and holding a lofty code of honour. They had something of the stern rugged Puritan spirit, especially on the mother's side; loving truth and honesty; hating untruth; finding it hard to be patient with the world's conventional shams and unrealities.

With such surroundings, and thrown in on her own reflections, more than is usual with young people, it is not surprising that her thoughts turned early to the "eternal verities." The heart was opened to the promptings of the Spirit that lighteneth every man with a gradual development, she became a decided, high-toned, pious girl. She found

a congenial spiritual home under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Binns, at the General Baptist Church, Bourne; and the girl of eighteen, thoughtful and demure beyond her years, joined its membership on her birthday, for a life-long share in its duties and privileges. The Sunday-school found in her one of its chief supporters, and through life she maintained her interest in it.

The deepening of thought and strengthening of character had not been attained without struggle—she had come face to face with difficulties, there had come hard times. A law-suit threatened to deprive them of their home, causing anxieties and expense. Now, too, the bread-winner was stricken down. A well was being sunk in which he was adjusting a charge of powder for blasting when the explosion took place before he could retire from the danger. In a moment—on that 13th of November, 1817, Jane, seventeen years old about—the head was taken from the family,—not by death. After lingering long in uncertainty, it was found that life was spared, but its power was gone, the eye-sight being hopelessly lost, henceforth the wife and mother must be the leader, and Jane we may well fancy a notable prop and comfort. Fourteen weeks the courageous woman had tended her stricken husband without taking a night's rest. Now she must lead in the bread-winning and face the world for her little ones; here was need for work and prayer and stout hearts; but the mother was a woman of a thousand—energetic, decisive—a little woman with a big nerve and will; whilst she attended markets, Jane attended to the home, became a mother to the children, one of these was three years old, another but three months. A shop was opened to help to supply the family needs; much work, little rest and many anxieties, but the fight with adversity was resolutely carried on. Nor was the wear and tear of "the needed discipline of life" allowed to come between the soul and its God, nor His Church neglected. Twice on the Sabbath to school and service two miles away, and back again to the duties of home. Character forming, resolutions strengthening, self-denial constantly practised, that she might give to objects she had at heart. Sugar was dispensed with that one penny might be saved weekly for the Mission. Precursing the larger attempt to live on dry bread only that the savings might go to similar objects, an attempt that signally failed, as might be anticipated, nature putting in her protest in a way that was unmistakable, she was attempting too much for her strength already, and to reduce the fuel was NOT the way to make the engine go faster. She was full of projects to make or save for some good object, or of useful service to those about her. Down work was then in vogue, if she could do this in bed, getting a few hours from sleep each night, surely here would be a mine of wealth. For some time it was carried on and some pounds made; when found out this was forbidden for fear the bed should be set on fire. If the maternal injunctions were obeyed does not appear, but mother nature has a way of getting herself obeyed, first or last. Continuous work by day is not consistent with added work by night, especially when the conditions are invited to sleep. Jane must sleep, and did sleep, but the busy fingers still went on at the down work; dreams came, the original goose weaver of the down feathers got into the dream, what so fitting for a goose as that he should be plucked, certainly he should be plucked: and on went the fingers, plucking,

plucking. Unfortunately no real goose was there, only a ghostly dream goose, represented tangibly by the garment she had been making. When she woke all her work had been pulled to pieces. Shame and mortification to have wasted the precious hours thus, but at least the lost work should be recovered; she was determined to fill it up again, but sleep was over-mastering; the dream of plucking the goose returned, she undid her work the second time. Mother Nature gets her behests obeyed, and therefore the fight against such odds had to be given up.*

BENJAMIN WYLES.

(Continued in our next.)

John Ruskin and his Home.

HE is a genial man, slight in body, with kind blue eyes and sunny face. He is shy in manner, but his friends think he is the best talker that can be found in the four corners of the earth. He is devoted to his home, and is one of the hardest workers.

His house is at Brantwood, Coniston, in the north of England. It is on a hill that slopes down to a beautiful lake. Near by is a wood in which a clearance has been made, and seats placed on either side of a laughing, leaping stream. The views are among the most beautiful in England. His kitchen-garden is brightened by rows of roses, and the meadow is sown with yellow primroses and violets, and no cattle are allowed to crop the winsome things. A great orchard is pink with apple blossoms in the spring. The rowers on the lake are picturesque. Sometimes a red-coated soldier gleams by, sometimes a party of young girls. The Coniston people love "the gentleman that writes books" at Brantwood, and never forget the Christmas feasts, when the great professor speaks a few kind words to every child in the room.

The house itself is a two-story, rambling structure, nestled under the hills. It was "bought without seeing" ten years ago. All the principal rooms look out upon the lake. The walls of his sleeping-room are quite covered with drawings from Turner, and the "turret-room" next to this is so designed that Mr. Ruskin may see the country all about him, and lose no effect of the splendid sunrises and sunsets on the lake. As he is always up at work before sunrise when in health, he never misses the beauty.

The drawing-room, the place of meeting for the household in the evening, where chess, music, and reading aloud are enjoyed—Mr. Ruskin often reading from Walter Scott's novels,—has many Turners on the wall, and some pictures by Prout and William Hunt, all in water-colours. The furniture is old fashioned, but not antique, much of it coming from his father's old home. It is not æsthetic, as the word is now understood. The dining-room walls are quite covered with oil paintings. On one side are three family portraits—those of his parents, and one of himself at three years of age, a pretty child with

* Our readers should purchase the Memorial sketch, from which this is taken. It is a gem of purest ray serene, and its lustre ought to be flashed into every General Baptist home. It is published by *Weeks, Thomas, & Co., Liverpool.*

yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad, light blue sash and blue shoes to match. Here are beautiful paintings by Titian and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The study is a complete and artistic workshop. On either side of the fireplace, over which is a beautiful sketch of Lake Geneva, are large bookcases, one filled with books, and the other with antiquities and minerals, which are in velvet-lined drawers. Many Turners are hung about the room. On a massive piece of chalcedony is Mr. Ruskin's motto, "To-day."—*Wide Awake.*

Free Will.*

DEDICATED TO THE "VETERANS."

YEARS have come, and the years have gone,

With a steady, even, onward flow,
Still many a love, and many a form
Troop out from the misty long ago;
That long ago where our treasures lie
Beside the shore of the faded years,
Whose glowing morn and cloudless sky
Are dimly seen thro' a mist of tears.

The brave of heart, and the valiant arm
That wielded the gleaming sword of truth,
The voice that sounded the sure alarm,
The silvered brow, and the eye of youth,
The feet that moved at the Master's call,
On missions of mercy, to and fro,
Nor heeded the dread partition wall
That reared itself in that long ago.

They taught in the olden, mythical time,
That man had never a sure estate,
That the soul's sweet rest, that wealth sublime,
Was bound in the iron bands of fate;
The Gracious Father had wisely planned,
Ere this wond'rous earth came into space,
What none but Himself might understand,—
The weal or woe of the human race.

Buffalo, August 2nd, 1883.

That His fiat made the sentence sure,—
A hell for you and a heaven for me,—
That we all must patiently endure,
Nor ever question the wise decree;
But lo, as the years came gliding on,
With their songs of joy, so sweet and still,
There came, as the star of a fairer morn,
That sweetest of songs, "*Man's Own Free Will.*"

And the winds caught up the glad refrain,
And the mountains gave it to the sea,
Far over the breast of the billowy main,
The chorus resounded, that man is free.
And now on the pinions of every wind,
This message of love is floating still,—
The song of gladness for all mankind,—
"God's boundless mercy, and man's free will."

O watchmen, that stand in the glimmering light
And gaze on the picture of human woe,
Breathe tenderest words thro' the fading night,
Prophesy peace as you walk to and fro;
Tell the listening world of a Saviour's love,
Of His life divine for a sinful race,
And point to the soul's sweet home above,
Its native land and its resting place;—
But dearest and sweetest the message still,
That savors of mercy and man's free will.

J. W. BARKER.

* Our Friends the Free Will, or Free Baptists of America, have just held a series of meetings at OCEAN PARK,—a denominational "Watering place," taken by the leaders of the denomination, and used largely by its members. This song was composed for the meeting of "Veterans."

Bradford—once more.*

THE following information will interest our friends, who saw so much to admire in the Town Hall of Bradford, on the occasion of their entertainment therein by "the most worshipful the Mayor."

The Tower, twenty-three feet square and 200 in height, is, in most respects, a reproduction of the celebrated Campanile of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence; and it is rather curious that the position of the Bradford Tower in the valley very much resembles the position of the original in the valley of the Arno.

The figures, thirty-five in number, which occupy niches on a level with the third floor of the building, are each seven feet in height. They are said to represent, faithfully, the Sovereigns of England, commencing with William I., as they actually existed in costume, figure, and physique.

The picture which arrests attention at the foot of the principal staircase, illustrates the legend of the Wild Boar of Cliffe Wood, whose tongueless head was chosen to represent the crest of the town. It is five feet by four, and portrays the Council Chamber of the King. The celebrated hero who killed the boar is in the act of exhibiting the animal's tongue to His Majesty as proof of his title to the proffered reward. Behind him skulks the villain with the boar's head, who meant to cheat the hero of his due. Ladies and gentlemen of the Court look on with interest.

The Mayor's Reception Room is illuminated with mottoes, of which the following are among the more striking: "Labor omnia vincit." "Labour is pleasure." "Laborare est orare." "Get your spindle and distaff ready, and God will send you flax." "Salvation and greeting to you all." "Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast." "God speed ye plough, and send us corne enough."

The Court Room is probably the finest in the kingdom. Richly stained glass windows in the ceiling contain representations of Justice, Faith, Fortitude, and Mercy; and carefully executed figures of the Arts and Sciences, Commerce, Navigation, Agriculture, and Industry.

The great clock strikes the hours upon a tenor bell of nearly four and a half tons, with a hammer weighing about three cwt. The thirteen bells form the largest peal ever cast in Europe, and are at present fitted with barrels which play twenty-one tunes. An ivory key-board, similar to that of a piano, can easily be attached, so that the bells may be played upon by the fingers in the same way that an organ is played. The clock and carillons have cost about £5,000.

The total cost of the building has been as nearly as possible £100,000; this is exclusive of the value of the site, which is estimated, at the present time, to be worth at least £40,000 more.

A. C. PERRIAM.

* From an elaborate paper kindly forwarded by the esteemed Town Clerk of Bradford.

A Personal Witness.

THE *Outlook*, in a review of "Is Life worth Living? an Eightfold Answer," says:—

"Mr. Clifford's answer to 'the primal difficulty of believing in God at all, and in Him as knowable and lovable,' as well as in the doctrine of immortality, is given so briefly and pointedly that we offer no apology for quoting it entire. It is evidently the answer of one who has worked out the problem in his own experience:—

"(1.) I was obliged to admit that Christianity is here; it is part of the life, of the best and worthiest life of the day. That I could not deny. It is moreover a historical fact. It is as undeniably in the third century as it is in the last; and in the second as it is in the nineteenth. There is no more denying that, than there is the splendid sun of the mid-day heaven. And its corruptions notwithstanding, it is a glorious history, a history of slow but real progress, and must have an adequate cause.

"(2.) I found a new type of character in that second century; and by the side of it 'the gospels.' Those 'gospels' give credible evidence of being the product of the earlier century; and they trace this new and prolonged effect to the man Christ Jesus. THAT MAN IS SINLESS. This was the startling phenomenon. No one could be more pitiful to sinners; no one more sensitive to infirmity; and yet 'He did no sin.' He tells others to repent; but never repents Himself; to pray for forgiveness; but never asks for it Himself. It seemed to me He was not as other men are; and therefore could not have come here as other men did. His holiness is supernatural. He must be supernatural.

"(3.) Seeing what Christ was, I could not but trust Him, and trusting Him I could not but welcome His words when He said 'Let not your heart be troubled, believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you:' and I found that His words were 'spirit and life,' and He became to me 'the way, the truth, and the life.'

"(4.) Faith in God and immortality became a delight. The love of God became joy and strength, and the service of men for God's sake an unspeakable privilege.

"(5.) And now after more than twenty years' experience I cannot be brought by any process to doubt the efficiency of that method. It is part of my life. It is my solace now. Again and again I have suggested this same method to men and women who have been exiled in the Egypt of scepticism, and they have found it 'a pillar of fire by night and cloud by day.' Roman Catholics, driven into scepticism by the false and unchristian representation of Christ given by that Church, have laid hold of this thread and travelled out of subterranean gloom into the light of day. And I proclaim it now; with an invincible faith in the Master's word, 'no man cometh to the FATHER but by ME,' and moreover, that no man cometh to the life most worth living save by the same Redeemer and Helper and Guide."

MAKE DISTINCTIONS.

DISTINGUISH between desiring a thing and merely deeming it desirable. You admit that a pure religious experience is desirable, but do you really desire it? Distinguish also between prejudice against a thing and disapproval of the particular means and methods that may be used to gain it. All men are not opposed to revivals whose judgment is against certain revivalistic tactics. Distinguish, too, between a sin, which implies guilt, and an error, which does not. Distinguish between wilful rejection of the truth and the doubtings of an honest mind. Almost everything in this world may be, at times, mistaken for something else. Be on your guard. Be not misled. Make distinctions. Draw them carefully and finely. Between two things that look alike there may, nevertheless, be all the difference between the true and the false, life and death, heaven and hell. In reference to such things, pray God you may do no injustice to yourself, nor to another.—*Morning Star*.

Friend or Foe?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER X.—THE OUTCAST.

It is surprising with what speed ill news travels, and how mysteriously it finds its way about. Within a few days, everybody seemed to know that "Bradford & Co.," that promising firm, was about to go through the Court. And with the acquisition of this knowledge, everybody, of course, knew the causes of the failure. It was not alone that "that heartless, ungrateful manager" had absconded with such a large sum of money; the firm was young—only established about a year and a half,—had worked on too small a profit to pay itself; had felt the dreadful depression in trade lately; and so on: much of which was true, and much false. Amongst those who knew all this were, of course, the Drewes; and, wonderful to say, those worthy people, Helena particularly, suddenly found that they were not at all surprised at Raymond's conduct; they had half expected it, somehow, all along. But perhaps the fact that Mr. Golding had at last made the desired proposal, had something to do with this.

Whatever outside people said or thought, the blow was a really crushing one—more violent, indeed, than it had at first seemed. Heavy bills were due at Christmas, now very near; the two shops that had been burnt were worth all the rest put together; through carelessness, the manager had bought huge quantities of stock, some unsaleable, and some rotting in the warehouse from want of being sold; expensive alterations and improvements had been made in the warehouse and the shops; and two debtors, after being allowed to run up giant bills, had decamped. Debt, debt, everywhere, and very little to meet it with. The case could not have been much worse than it was.

In all this confusion and failure, Rearden came forward, as Mr. Bradford and Mr. Weston thought, nobly. There *must* be something left out of the wreck, he said. If Mr. Bradford would accept, he would work his hardest to utilize that little to the greatest advantage, and what few pounds he possessed should go to help. Even Elsie, whose good opinion he had not yet quite won, could not avoid admiring him for his conduct, and for the disinterested way in which he spoke and made his offers.

The worst remained behind, however. Mr. Bradford thought that, with the few hundreds he had at the bank, he could at least be equal to his debts—which should be met, he said, if he sold everything but the coat on his back. Then came the intelligence that the account had been overdrawn to the extent of five hundred pounds! Within the last fortnight two sums, one of three hundred, the other five hundred, had been withdrawn, the cheques signed, as usual, "Oliver Raymond." Mr. Weston and Elsie were present when Mr. Bradford, sitting in his arm-chair with his foot bandaged, received this news from Rearden. Elsie went pale as death. Mr. Weston—who had hitherto tried to find excuses for Oliver, and to soften his friend's anger against him—burst out: "The unmitigated scoundrel!" While Mr. Bradford really forgot himself so far as to utter an oath, and all but jumped up from his chair. Rearden stood and looked on gravely; nor could the closest observer have seen anything like the light of triumph in his eyes.

"A common thief and forger!" cried Mr. Bradford, purple with rage. "This is the accursed villain I have made a son of! This is the return he makes"—

Elsie here came forward, her face white, but fixed with resolution. "Uncle," she said, with quivering lips, her eyes gleaming with a new light, "you wrong Oliver." She spoke in unnaturally steady tones, whose steadiness only betrayed the concentrated passion she was holding in check. "I will never believe he has robbed you. He has done wrong, but he is no thief; and if I hunt England through I will bring him to disprove this charge!" And, having uttered the impulsive words, she flew out of the room, and a little later out of the house.

Such is woman's love—mysterious, wonderful, divine! Conquering Pride, destroying Wrath, rising in strength and in divinity as the misfortunes of its object increase, and clinging to it the more, the more the world hates it. Surely, this is one of the noblest and sweetest gifts of God to men!

What reasonable, old-fashioned weather! How thick the snow lies; how it clings to every ledge on the fronts of the houses—to the railings, to the window-sills, to the door-handles; how softly it hoods the dimly-burning gas-lamps; in what clouds the flakes sweep round the corner and along the street; in what heaps they pile themselves against the doors! Glorious Christmas weather! Come from the window and let us draw close round the fire. This is the time for ghost-stories. Hark! how the wind whistles; with what a ghostly sound it moans in the chimney!

Alas! for the outcasts in such seasonable weather. Alas! for him who has cast himself out, not from warmth and food alone, but also from love, from sympathy, from friends, from very Hope! Who is this that passes with bent figure, so swiftly and shiveringly; on whose face the lamp-light shows, momentarily, such gaunt despair? Though the wind howls out here in the dark street, bearing along its whirling snow, there is evidence in the bright warmth that shines on the window-blinds, and in the sounds of merry laughter and sweet music that reach our ears, that the sons and daughters of men, shutting out the cold and the storm, have shut themselves in with Peace, and Mirth, and Warmth, Friendship, and Gladness. Is not he of the bent figure about to do likewise? Does he not feel some of the cheer and brightness of this joyous Christmas-season? Alas, we have met him before. Had we not caught that glimpse of his face, with its lines of suffering, its hunger and fear and remorse, we should still know there could be no cheer for him. No. He must crawl through the storm, silently, almost like a thief, open yonder door, and, passing along the dark passage into which, from the parlour, come some of the sounds of music and merrymaking, glide upstairs to that ill-furnished, dismal room which has been his home for more than a week, and hide himself there, like a rat in his hole.

No wonder that, when he has lit his candle, and for a few moments has paced up and down, casting a weird shadow on the wall as he passes and repasses—no wonder that he stops suddenly, and looks round, almost with madness in his eyes. The sense of utter desolation must be strongest just now, when the sounds of laughter and music come faintly to his ears.

“O God of heaven, it is unbearable! Have mercy—have mercy upon me!” A terrible cry, mingling with that merriment. No wonder he flings himself, groaning, on the bed, and strives to stifle the mocking sounds—to stifle consciousness itself. . . .

An hour passes, the sounds of laughter and happiness still ascend to that dismal room; the candle on the table burns lower and lower; but the figure on the bed moves not. Another hour; the mirth increases; the storm rages as fiercely as ever without; the candle has flickered its life away; and still, in the semi-darkness, the figure lies there, breathing heavily. Sleep on, unhappy one, and dream, if thou canst, that Warmth, and Love, and Peace, have not deserted thee.

Unhappy, even in his dreams! Why must he go again through this horrible week? Alas! not even sleep—perhaps not the grave itself—can give us refuge from haunting memory. For a moment, he is again the child of peace; his step is light; his eye merry; his heart hopeful. How sweet is that musical voice, that speaks to him so gently! how like an angel's her blue, truthful eyes. Everybody is his friend, everything works in his favour, and ever near him there seem to be two bright forms, floating on airy wings, watching him and whispering, “BE TRUE”—

Suddenly the scene changes. He moves about with a clouded forehead; his bosom friend spurns him; the blue eyes burn with scorn. He is an outcast! everybody is his foe, everything mocks him. Hungry, desolate, he walks the streets from morning till night, the worm at his heart ever growing more maddening. Why do people look at him like *that*? do they know? They must, for

every eye gleams with an accusation. It is Sunday—how the bells ring out! How happy people seem—fathers, and mothers, and children, even the wretched poor who take their dinner to the bakehouse. He is now passing a church; a moment's hesitation, then he has crept up to the door; is listening there to the throbbing, exulting music within. He would go on, but cannot—he must stop, though the mingling tones of the organ and voices of the congregation, rising and falling in one grand volume of sound, mocked him a thousand times more than they do.

"Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing."

He cannot stay here! and low his head must hang as he dashes away, for the accusing eyes must not see these blinding tears. . . .

A churchyard! How white gleam the "storied urns" and beautiful monuments of woe. How pure and holy seems the dazzling robe covering the earth; how the streaming flakes whirl about his figure, seeming to keep time to those wild bells ringing out their Christmas-morning Halleluia. Mock on, ye bells, and tell of joy and hope—when there is no more joy and hope in the whole world! Mock on! ye cannot do more than break the heart. And here prostrate beneath the falling snow, the Christmas bells ringing joy-peals from a score of tongues, he lies now, upon a grave, the stone of which bears the motto:

"BE TRUE TO JESUS CHRIST!"

Grim Reality again. Tap, tap, tap. The troubled dreamer starts from his sleep and opens the door. A woman's figure, in black and deeply veiled, enters; the veil is lifted, and he just catches a glimpse of a white, stricken face, when she would sink to the ground but for his arm that bears her up. "Elsie!" he cries. Is this a part of his terrible dream?

No, no—*this* is no dream. To hear that sweet voice—how like the voice of an angel of mercy, now!—pouring out sorrow, confession, appeal, hope, in one burning stream of words; to look into that upturned face, which he had hardly dared hope to see again—*this, this* is no dream, thank God! Yet, why does he hide his face in his hands, even in the semi-darkness? Rather, how can *he*, outcast, ingrate, wretch as he is, look into those pure eyes?

There are many and bitter tears shed in that room during the next half-hour. At length, standing before her, he takes her hand—yet holding himself aloof, as though his touch were contamination to her—and says:

"May God bless you, Elsie. I have been an unutterable coward to run away. But I will return again, as you ask, though it be only to receive my just punishment. I thank you for your trust, Elsie: I am not guilty of this charge. Come."

A PLEA FOR OLD TESTAMENT STUDY.

A RIGHT understanding of the historical genesis of Christianity is at once the problem of Biblical scholarship and the necessary presupposition for the effective use of scripture in the church. To know what Christianity is, not merely in its power for the individual soul, which, God be thanked, requires no scientific study, but as a power in history still stored with all the principles that are needful for the regeneration of society, we must study it in its birth from the old dispensation. In this sense the Old Testament is the key to the New, and no church which loses sight of this fact, and is content merely to read the law and the prophets by the aid of the gospel, without also reading the gospel by the aid of independent historical study of the old dispensation, can hope to attain that thorough comprehension of the fundamental significance of Christianity which is the first condition for successful dealing with the religious problems of our day. It is this necessity which is the practical justification for those labours of modern historical students of the Old Testament which are so often slighted as if they had no value for actual religious life.

—DR. W. ROBERTSON SMITH.

Scraps from the Editor's Waste-Basket.

I. THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION has met this year at Southport. More than 2,800 tickets were sold, and the enthusiastic interest of the people of Southport and the neighbourhood reached an exceptionally high degree. Professor Cayley's address was one of special ability and special knowledge. It was the work of a specialist from beginning to end. Not one in a dozen understood it who heard it, and numbers failed to hear it. Never have we seen a more impressive illustration of "shooting," as the phrase goes, "over the heads" of an audience than in this utterance from the chair of the British Association. We are glad to see that increasing prominence is being given to an Association "Sunday" in the town where the Parliament of Science is held, and that it is dedicated to the utterances of some of the most cultivated and accomplished preachers of the day; a prophecy, we will hope, of that complete absorption and utilization of Science by Christianity which is surely not far off.

II. THE MONTH OF CONGRESSES AND OF UNION MEETINGS is upon us. The Church of the State presents an appetising programme at Reading. The Independents will discuss vital themes at Sheffield; and the Baptists will congregate at that great Free Church centre, Leicester. With Baptists, Foreign Missions, as usual, lead the way, and absorb the forepart of the engagements of the week. On Wednesday the Union begins its own work, and we General Baptists are a portion of the Union. We were in at the beginning, and have been along the whole course. Of late, as everybody knows, the Union has changed its front to a large extent, and is rapidly becoming a BAPTIST HOME MISSION Organization. From that part of its work "Generals" are shut out; but we feel we ought to do our utmost for the "Annuity," "Augmentation" and "Education" Funds, and therefore we have, at our recent Assembly—remembering that what is everybody's work is likely to be treated as if it were nobody's!—created a Baptist Union department, of which the Rev. W. J. Avery is Secretary. Will the churches generously respond to his appeals? It is to be feared that in this, as in other matters, we have not done all we ought. Since we have no reason for belonging to the Union except to aid in its work, we ought to do that as far as we possibly can.

III. ACCURATE STATISTICS of our churches are necessary, amongst other reasons, for the safety of those "dear" men in the nation who do everything by the elate, and reckon up church-members and their obligations as farmers do sheep. "So many heads, so much money;" and whose strongest appeals are framed on such lines as these: "If" (what a gigantic potentiality that is!) If only—and how could we ask less?—"If only each member would give one penny a week, that would be £100,000 per annum, and we would engage to convert the world (on the slate) in the space of five years, three months, and twenty days." It is perhaps cruel to remind these Christian statisticians, that other societies than those they plead for exist; that a little work has to be done for the world in other ways than by societies; and that churches and individuals differ indescribably in their giving power; but at least we might take care that a large percentage of "dummies" in our returns should not introduce confusion into their arithmetical calculations.

IV. WENDOVER.—A letter reaches me too late for insertion in full from the pastor (J. H. Callaway) of the church at Wendover, Bucks, renewing his appeal for help in the renovation of the home of this ancient church, and reciting some of the features of its long and chequered history. Friends who, in the holidays, have lost sight of this request, would do well to send their aid at once to the brethren at Wendover. They are too feeble to do the work unassisted, and they should not be burdened with debt for these most necessary repairs.

V. THE MOSQUITO QUESTION.—Several communications have come to hand concerning Rev. S. G. Winslow's paper on this subject. I have only been able to make room for one in this issue.

VI. NEW COMERS.—We may learn to give a cordial welcome to new converts and new comers in the church. Ananias went as soon as he was sent, and said, "Brother Saul." Oh, how these words must have thrilled the heart of the blinded one! And how much he would be pained when, on his first appearance as a disciple at Jerusalem, the members or the mother church stood aloof from him, and treated him with coldness. Blessings on thee, Barnabas, for taking him then so warmly by the hand! Thou wast always a son of consolation, but

never didst thou prove thy right to that name more convincingly than when thou stood'st the friend of the suspected and avoided Paul! But is there not here an example for us? How many, especially in our large cities, come and go to and from our churches for weeks, it may be even for months, without anyone speaking to them a cheering word! We may say, indeed, that they ought to make themselves known, and introduce themselves through some of the evangelical associations to its members; and this, to some extent, is true; but the first advance should be by the church; and it seems to me that every congregation should have a Barnabas committee, composed of some of its kindest members, who should undertake this Christ-like service. . . . We knew a good Christian lady who went to her pastor for the addresses of those who were received from time to time into the church, that she might personally call upon them, and congratulate them on the stand which they had made. There was a deaconess without the name! If there were more like her in all our churches, these spiritual societies would become more like "households of faith."—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

VII. **THE BEAUTIFUL AND BENEFICENT MINISTRY OF THE WEAK AND SUFFERING.**—Robert J. Burdette, the genial humorist of the Burlington *Hankeye*, lately gave up an intended visit to Chautauqua Lake,

on account of the invalid wife he is nursing at Nantucket, and in his letter of excuse he wrote: "Her little serene highness is in utter helplessness, unable to stand alone; for years she has been unable to walk, her helpless hands folded in her lap. She must be dressed, carried about, cared for like a baby, suffering from countless pains and aches, day and night; and I cannot leave her, even for a few days. Her life has been a fountain of strength to me. In her long years I have never seen the look of pain out of her eyes, and for more than half so long I have seen her sitting in patient helplessness, and I have never heard a complaining murmur from her lips, while she has served as those who only stand and wait, never doubting the wisdom and the goodness of the Father whose hand has been laid upon her heavily. The beautiful patience of her life has been a constant rebuke to my own impatience, and in her sufferings I have seen and known and believed the 'love that knows no fear,' and the faith that 'knows no doubt.'" Let the feeble and suffering be of good cheer. Their unseen ministry is dear at once to God and men.

VIII. **"PREACHING WITHOUT PAPER** is one thing, and the right thing; preaching without preparation is another thing, and an altogether wrong thing."—*J. S. Blackie.*

Reviews.

PRESBYTERIANISM. By Rev. J. Macpherson, M.A. *Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.*

In this addition to the valuable series of "Handbooks for Bible Classes" we have a useful description of the principles and methods, offices and Courts, of the Presbyterian Churches, references to the literature on the subject of Presbyterianism, and explanations of the relations of the Presbyterian Church Idea to the Prelatical and Congregational conceptions. The book is not without mistake on matters of fact, but is especially marred by the domination of an oppressive mechanism, as though Christ, in creating a New Society, had merely constructed a dead machine, or built up an edifice of lifeless stones. The author ignores the changes going on in Presbyterianism wherever it is vital; is oblivious, apparently, of the moulding influence of the *Zeitgeist* on the forms of the church's life, and is not free of the hoary error

which isolates the divine action into separate grooves of human experience. Making abatement for these grave defects, our readers will find in this book a helpful guide in the study of a form of Christian life and activity which has an inspiring history, and is still one of the renewing forces of the world.

NEW STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.
By a Graduate of Oxford. *Stock.*

New Studies in Christian Theology are always desirable; and, fortunately for us, they are inevitable. Man is essentially a student, and the best work of other men is not enough for him. He must enquire for himself. But new studies should always be conducted on true, if not old principles, or the conclusions reached will be false, in whole or in part. The Oxford Graduate starts with a false principle, and assumes that the Bible is not to be investigated as any ordinary book belonging

to the same section of world literature, and produced under similar natural conditions; and therefore his results are often fanciful, unreal, and unsatisfying. Thus the "names" of persons in the genealogical lists of Matthew and Luke are not intended to give any natural pedigree, but are "of purely spiritual significance, and were never intended to represent existent individuals, but only purely spiritual qualities and principles." So long as the Bible is treated in this way, it will be a book apart from the actual life of man, a branch in the total unity of the full revelation of God, a set of texts for pleasant and curious speculations, but not a history of the highest manifestation of God to the sons of men.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? AN EIGHT-FOLD ANSWER. By J. Clifford, M.A. *Marlborough & Co.*

"THE answers of Moses, Elijah, Solomon, and Paul, are treated of in succeeding discourses, marked by much thoughtfulness and great literary freshness, force, and beauty. The sixth sermon is a tender and beautiful one, discussing the 'meaning and mystery of pain' . . .

"Mr. Clifford shows not only a marked acquaintance with the various schools of modern thought and the discoveries of modern science, but is himself evidently a man of ripe culture, in whom scholarship has not quenched enthusiasm.

"We know of no reply to the question, 'Is life worth living?' equal to this within the compass of the same number of pages; nor of any book more fitted to be helpful to such as are troubled with doubt concerning the manifold mysteries of life."—*The Outlook*, Aug. 24.

A FOURTH edition is now in the press, with a new Preface, containing the answer of M. Renan to the question of the worth of life.

A HANDBOOK OF REVEALED THEOLOGY. By Rev. John Stock, LL.D. *Elliott Stock.*

A FOURTH edition of a work of this character in such a theologically transitional period, is a strong witness to its value, and a proof of some weight that "Calvinism" and "Strict Communion" are not "dead," even though, as many think, they are sleeping their last sleep. Twenty-two years ago Mr. Spurgeon—while not endorsing all Dr. Stock's teaching—gave this volume warm praise. The church has moved in the interval, and though Dr. Stock's comprehensive and well arranged treatise is an able representation of one of the modes of

theological thinking a quarter of a century ago, this book loses much of its aptness for this generation by the obsolete character of much of its language, and its want of vital relation to, and vigorous handling of, the insistent questions of the souls of men. To a man who has made his own "handbook" to revealed theology the book might be commended without much risk; but we should have grave fears of peril to young men starting their theological thinking under Dr. Stock's guidance.

BOOTH OF THE BLUE RIBBON MOVEMENT; OR, THE FACTORY BOY WHO BECAME A TEMPERANCE EVANGELIST. By Ernest Blackwell. *Passmore & Alabaster.*

WE have read the story of this earnest and successful advocate of Temperance with real interest. It is full of incident, of difficulties bravely faced, and of harvests of success splendidly reaped. The Christianity of the Blue Ribbon Movement, and the History of the Temperance Reformation, are made to turn on the life of R. T. Booth as a pivot; and credit is accorded to the workers of past times, though had it been done with greater zest and heartiness, the work would have lost none of its interest or value. We rejoice in the toil and in its triumphs, and commend the story to all interested in the welfare of humanity.

DICTIONARY AND CONCORDANCE OF BIBLE WORDS AND SYNONYMS. By Robert Young, LL.D. *Edinburgh: G. A. Young & Co.*

By this effort Dr. Young exhibits the use and meaning "of 10,000 Greek and English words occurring in upwards of 80,000 passages of the New Testament," and so enables the student to discover how the original Greek is variously rendered in our version, how the same word in our version is the translation of a different one in the original, and to detect shades of significance by comparison of parallel places. We have tested the work at a number of points, and can heartily commend it as sure to be of real and extensive use.

NEED I BE BAPTIZED? A Leaflet. Price 1s. 8d. per 100, or 3d. a dozen.

"FOR an admirable reply to the question, 'Need I be baptized?' we commend our readers to the leaflet of Rev. J. Clifford, M.A. So long as neglect of the commandment of our Lord continues, the question will have to be answered with new and fresh reasoning. As in warfare, improved weapons are needed, and old

arms cease to avail, so in the conflict of truth and error. However excellently the teaching of Scripture has been stated and enforced, each generation requires it to be put afresh, suited to its own peculiarities of thought. Mr. Clifford is abreast of his age, and we thank him for re-stating the old truth in a modern form. All good Baptists ought to have a packet of this leaflet, and occasionally put one in a letter to a friend."—*Freeman*.

THE PRESENT TRUTH. By C. H. Spurgeon. *Passmore & Alabaster*.

THIS is the third in the series of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons of which "Types and Emblems," and "Trumpet Calls to Christian Energy" are the first and second. Like their predecessors, and indeed like all the productions of the Metropolitan Tabernacle preacher, the sermons of this volume are simple and direct in conception, aptly and richly illustrated, loaded with contagious earnestness, rousing in appeal, and, if we may say it, "Spurgeonic" in their theology.

POEMS, SACRED AND SECULAR. By John Moon. *W. Poole, Paternoster Row*.

THIS is a collection of pleasant rhymes on a vast variety of topics interesting to

"working people," composed by one who knew them well and worked for them long. This proof of unabated interest in such work will aid in realizing the ends for which the writer has long lived—the salvation and elevation of the "working classes."

EVANGEL ECHOES. By Messrs. Fullarton and Smith. *Passmore & Alabaster*.

THIS is a collection of Psalms, Solos, and Songs, as used by the Evangelists, Messrs. Fullarton and Smith, in their work. Many of them are original, and are bright, easy, and stirring, and are well suited to the meetings for which the work is compiled.

SCRIPTURE BAPTISM is a pictorial representation of an immersion scene; citations from the scriptures, and from authors such as Dean Stanley, John Wesley, and Dr. Doddridge, make an appropriate border, and will probably be as effective in persuading the observer to be baptized as the picture itself. I suppose it is undeniable that baptism does not lend itself very well to artistic representation, and therefore the success achieved in this instance is matter of special commendation.

Church Register.

Information should be sent by the 16th of the month to 51, Porchester Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.

CONFERENCES.

CHESHIRE CONFERENCE will meet at Audlem, on Tuesday, Oct. 9th. Morning service at eleven. Preacher, Rev. W. Lees, of Crewe. *S. HERST, Sec.*

MIDLAND CONFERENCE.—The next Conference will take place at DUFFIELD on Tuesday, Oct. 16. Devotional Service, with Sermon by Rev. A. Firth, at 11 a.m. Business Session, with paper by R. F. Griffiths on the question, "Is a Baptist Church Admissible?" at 2.15 p.m.

ROBERT SILBY, Sec.

THE EASTERN met at Louth, Sept. 13th. In the morning brother Bentley, of Wisbech, preached from Luke ii. 52. The Reports from the Churches shewed 55 baptized, 23 candidates, 27 received from other churches, since last Conference.

Gedney Hill.—Brother Bennett (in the absence of Mr. Wherry) reported the progress of the new chapel. Amount realized at stone laying, £42. Liabilities still very great, calling for the practical sym-

pathy of the churches. Chapel opening to take place, if possible, on Oct. 10 next.

Pulpit Supply for Weak Churches.—The church at *Fornsett* to be advised to seek needed help from brother Taylor of Norwich. Brother Orton was thanked for his recent visit to *Kirton Lindsey* and hopeful report; and was requested to repeat the visit, and give advice as then deemed best.

Grouping of Village Churches.—A recommendation was made "that the present Committee, consisting of brethren J. C. Jones, W. R. Wherry, and C. Barker, rouse itself and again urgently press this matter of grouping wherever practicable.

Building Fund.—The attention of Conference having been called to the Association Minute, "That some person be appointed, by each Conference, to solicit and receive subscriptions," etc., brother Orton was appointed to do the work.

Evangelistic Work.—A conversation took place upon this important subject, when it was resolved, "that the ministers present hereby express their willing-

noss to render service—each in his own neighbourhood—whenever possible, upon receiving expressions of desire for such help.

SKEGNESS.—Mr. Jolly introduced the question, "What action ought the Conference to take towards putting up a Baptist chapel, or otherwise helping to build a Union Church?" Mr. Jackson thereupon offered to accompany Mr. Jolly to visit, enquire concerning the number of Baptists, with prospect of aid, etc., and report to the Spring Conference. The offer was accepted.

Arrangements for ensuing Conferences.—Places: for the spring, March; autumn, Grimsby. The preacher at March to be brother Bennett. Brother Payne was also requested to read a paper on "American Church Life" in the afternoon.

Home Missionary Meeting.—This was held in Eastgate Chapel in the evening, the President of the Association occupying the chair, and addresses being given by brethren Barrass, Jolly, and Bennett. A collection for the Home Mission funds brought a good, but somewhat thinly-attended Conference to a close.

CHAS. BARKER, *Secretary.*

THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE CONFERENCE assembled at Stalybridge, Sept. 12. Revs. S. H. Booth preached at 10.30, G. Eales, M.A., conducting the devotional part of the service.

The afternoon session commenced at two o'clock, and the Conference gave a hearty welcome to the Revs. S. A. Booth and W. J. Avery, who were present as a deputation on behalf of the Baptist Union Funds. Their addresses were listened to with great interest, and we trust will have a practical result.

The Conference resolved, "that we strongly recommend the Funds of the Baptist Union to the sympathy and support of the churches, and that the Secretary of the Conference be requested to act in concert with Revs. S. H. Booth and W. J. Avery in receiving subscriptions.

A proposal to vote £5 from the Conference Fund to the Annuity Fund was unanimously agreed to.

The Rev. S. H. Booth was then very heartily thanked for his sermon in the morning. It was subsequently resolved that a circular embodying a digest of the statements made by Messrs. Booth and Avery be forwarded to the churches.

The churches reported a gain of sixty-three members.

The Secretary tendered his resignation in consequence of his removal to Luton; and it was resolved, "that we much re-

gret the removal of our brother, Rev. J. T. Roberts, from this district, and the vacation of his office as Secretary which it necessitates; and, in accepting his resignation, we thank him for his services, and desire that the divine blessing may rest upon him wherever he may be able to render service in the Master's cause.

The Rev. W. Gray was re-elected as Secretary.

The Rev. G. Eales, M.A., having accepted a call to Friar Lane, Leicester, it was resolved, "That we much regret the departure of Rev. G. Eales, M.A., from this Conference, and express our best wishes for his welfare and usefulness in his new settlement at Leicester."

It was decided, after a brief discussion, to postpone the consideration of the question, raised in a former Conference, on the expediency of admitting unbaptized persons into our churches to an indefinite period.

J. T. ROBERTS, *Sec.*

LEICESTER AND LEICESTERSHIRE BAPTIST PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE fifteenth Annual Conference was held on Sept. 6th, at Barrow-on-Soar, Mr. J. Thornton presiding. The president said, there were two millions of the inhabitants of rural districts living without the means of grace, and contended that the present system of public worship was not sufficient to reach them.

After tea the Rev. C. W. Vick presided at a large meeting, and there were also present Messrs. J. Thornton, G. Payne, T. D. Briggs, W. Hill, H. Hammond, J. Dawley, J. T. Harvey, S. Curtis (Whetstone), M. Lovett (Sutton Bonington), T. Hunt (Mountsorrel), Russell, and W. Herring (Sec.) The Report stated that on April 27, 1868, five lay preachers formed themselves into what was now called "The Leicester and Leicestershire Baptist Preachers' Association." Since then seventy-six members had been enrolled, but as fifteen years in the history of any association brought many changes, that had naturally been their experience—some of their members in the ministry, some in the mission field, and others in foreign lands. At present they numbered twenty-seven in-town, and fourteen out-town members, making a total of forty-one. Their financial position was not a very serious one, as their expenses were small and liabilities few, and were fully met by an annual subscription from the members of not less than 1s. The association supplied twenty village pulpits. A gentleman had given twenty-

three vols. towards the establishment of a library in connection with the association.

CHURCHES.

BERKHAMPTSTEAD.—The chapel has been thoroughly restored, at a cost of upwards of £100. The pastor, Rev. J. F. Smythe, preached at the re-opening, Sept. 9. An "Old Scholar" sent £10.

CREWE.—Our Bazaar was opened, Sept. 13, by J. Clifford. Results, £202.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

MACCLESFIELD.—Preacher, Rev. Alex. and/or Pitt, of Liverpool. Collections, £33, £2 more than last year. The annual Flower Service was held Aug. 26. The gifts of flowers were numerous. The Rev. Z. T. Down preached, and the congregations were large and appreciative.

BIRMINGHAM, Lombard Street.—Sept. 16. Preachers, J. Clifford and W. F. Clarkson, B.A. Tea and public meeting on Monday. Chairman, R. Argyll, Esq. Very good report read by the secretary, W. Taylor, Speakers, J. Clifford, A. Mursell, and A. T. Prout. The pecuniary and moral results exceptionally good.

GREAT GRIMSBY.—Aug. 29. Preacher, Rev. C. Barker. The Service of Song, "Little Dot," was given in the afternoon. Public meeting on the Monday. Rev. W. Orton presided, and addresses by Rev. C. Barker, and Messrs. Green, Jeffs, Lachman, and others. Colls., £20 18s. 3d.

MINISTERIAL.

CARRINGTON, REV. E., of Swadlincote, has accepted an invitation to Sheffield, and will commence his ministry there in the month of November.

CHAPMAN, REV. D. C.—Recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. D. C. Chapman as pastor of the Oxford Street Church, Grantham, was held Sept. 9. Preacher, morning and evening, the pastor; afternoon, the Rev. F. Standfast. On Tuesday, Sept. 11, a public tea and meeting was held, the Ex-Mayor, Mr. Alderman Slater, presided. The charge to the pastor was given by the Rev. J. J. Fitch, and to the church by the Rev. J. Maden, of Old Basford. Addresses were given by the secretary of the church, Mr. A. Gibson, and the pastor; also the Revs. F. Standfast, J. F. Parr, F. W. B. Weekes, G. D. Thompson, and Mr. J. S. Chesterton. Services very successful and encouraging.

EALES, REV. G., M.A., of Dewsbury, begins his pastoral work at Friar Lane, Leicester, Oct. 7.

FITCH, REV. J. J., of Broad Street, Nottingham, has accepted the pastorate of the church Houghton Street, Southport, and commences his work there in October.

ROBERTS, REV. J. T., is now residing at Hitchin Road, Luton.

TAYLOR, REV. W. BAMPTON.—On the occasion of his leaving Norwich for his new sphere of labour at Chesham, Bucks, Mr. W. B. Taylor preached a farewell sermon, Aug. 26. A farewell tea was given on the 30th. Henry Trevor, Esq., presided at the after-meeting. Revs. G. S. Barrett, B.A., J. Percival, G. Taylor, J. Way, Messrs. Dakin, Smith, and Weyer, took part. A. Kent, Esq., presented a testimonial, consisting of several useful articles, and a purse of £40, the gift of the congregation, and of other Christian friends, as an expression of their good will, and high appreciation of the service Mr. Taylor has rendered during the repeated and serious illness of his father. Mr. Taylor responded in suitable terms.

BAPTISMS.

BIRMINGHAM, Lombard Street.—Aug. 26, two, by E. W. Cantrell.

DENHOLME.—Sept. 2, three, by J. Taylor.

GRANTHAM.—Two, by D. C. Chapman.

LONDON, Commercial Road.—Six, by J. Fletcher.

" Church Street.—Four, by R. P. Cook.

" Wellington Road.—Nine, by E. H. Ellis.

" Westbourne Pk.—Three, by J. Clifford.

LONGFORD, Union Place.—Four, by H. J. Hodson.

TODMORDEN, Wellington Road.—Aug. 29, one, by W. March.

WALSALL, Vicarage Walk.—Five, by A. H. Lee.

WHITWICK.—One, by W. Slater.

OBITUARIES.

EARP.—Sept. 15th, after a protracted affliction, John Earp, of the Church House, Melbourne, in the 60th year of his age.

FRANKS, WILLIAM, well known for many years as a local preacher and deacon in connection with the church at Fleet, and pleasantly and particularly remembered by many now, both in and out of the district, as superintendent of the school and *General Overseer* at the branch chapel at Gedney Broadgate almost from its commencement, fell asleep in Jesus somewhat suddenly on Wednesday, Aug. 22, 1883, at the age of sixty-five. Notwithstanding his naturally desponding temperament his influence for good was real and widespread, as was most abundantly made manifest by the large numbers who gathered both to pay respect at the grave, and after to hear his funeral sermon from Rev. xiv. 13. Sorrowing friends who mourn his loss, and feel it will be difficult to fill up the gap his translation has caused, will put up a tablet in the branch chapel in loving memory; but his best memorial will be in living souls concerning many of whom he was able while to say, "Ye are our epistles." C. B.

ERRATUM.—The Obituary Notice of *Hall*, Alfred, in our last issue, should be **HULL**, Alfred.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

OCTOBER, 1883.

Notes of Preaching Tours.

WE received from several of the brethren notes of preaching tours for which we were unable to find space in the Annual Report. The following may be regarded, therefore, as supplementary, and will be found interesting and encouraging both for private reading and at missionary prayer meetings. Mr. Vaughan, respecting a tour in the district of Pooree, writes:—

I have just returned from a three weeks' preaching tour, and will now send a short account of it. We left Piplee on the 9th of November, and as the ground was too damp for tent life, remained in Government Bungalows, here and there, for a few days. After leaving our brethren at Bonamalipore, we went to Bali-patna, attended the market there, and visited some large villages in the neighbourhood. Whilst staying there, two youths, one of whom is learning English, came for conversation; and were very desirous of knowing what "Jesus Christ's religion" really is. We had much talk with them, found them intelligent, and were pleased to hear that they had read "Jagannath Tested," and were quite prepared to admit the soundness of its conclusions. These lads were very frank; and it was clear that Hinduism had no strong hold upon their judgment. There was no disposition to defend idolatry in these villages; but an old Brahman, who knows a little Sanscrit, followed us to the market, and other places, and favoured us with no little abuse.

A MARKET.

We afterwards went to an exceedingly large market, and had an excellent opportunity of speaking; hence resolved

to visit it a second time. The first day we disposed of one rupee ten annas' worth of books, and on the second occasion disposed of a good number. One of the preachers walked a considerable distance to this market a third time, and was tolerably successful. Many books purchased at this place will find an entrance into villages to which we could not go. Near this market is the tomb of an old Byragge, who is said to have cured many people. Two men went from Pooree to test his claims, one of whom bound his leg and falsely told the Byragge that he had a bad sore on it. The old man replied, "If there is a sore, it will soon get better; if there is no sore, there will be one." The bandage was removed, and the tempter found to his dismay that there was a deep gash on his leg! This old man's son still receives the homage of the people for his father's sake, but is not considered so clever as his sire. We had some conversation with him, but were grieved with the blasphemy of his pantheism. His father's fame is spread widely in those parts.

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL.

We pitched our tent near to a Government aided school of fifty-two lads, all of whom learn English. We heard the

boys read, and had much talk with the three masters. They were very pleasant, and quite disposed to think favourably of Christianity. I found that the head master had an English Bible, and had read from Genesis to Numbers, underlining the principal verses. He had not commenced the New Testament, but promised to do so at once. I was pleased to meet a reader of the English Bible in such an out-of-the-way place, and the more to find that he was marking important passages. The teachers encouraged the boys to take our books, hence we sold a goodly number, including an English Testament and some Bengalee Tracts. In the village near, we had conversation with a respectable Hindu, who also knew some English. He attempted to spiritualise and refine everything objectionable in his religion, but admitted that he and his friends of the same cast of mind, were forced to go with the crowd, and to observe customs the evil of which he was ready to admit.

UNWELCOME.

We spent one day at a large village, where a rich Zamindar and his brothers resided. They have built a large two-storied house, and have made some beautiful gardens. We called to see them on our arrival, but were unsuccessful, hence went again. After standing for some few minutes, I was asked to sit down on the bare floor, which, as there were chairs to hand, I declined. I offered a New Testament, which was

received very reluctantly. The brothers were evidently wealthy men, but strangely devoid of good manners. I afterwards learnt, that their father had been fined a large sum, many years ago, for unjust behaviour towards some tenants, who had become Christians. I am told, also, that some Bibles were formerly burnt in the village: I trust the New Testament I gave may be reserved for a better end. One of the brothers had a stentorian voice, which I heard for a considerable time after leaving the house. I was reminded by one of them that if I wished to speak to the people the public road was the place, hence did not weary them with a long stay. This is the first time I have been treated with disrespect by wealthy men: as a rule all classes are exceedingly polite. We were well received in the village, and our day's visit was quite a success. Probably we should have ensured a better welcome if we had taken our tents; but as I merely rode a pony, and partook of a meal in a shady grove, returning on the eve of the same day to my tent; and as our preacher did not travel by palkey, there was no special reason for according it to us. As is my wont, I politely declined to answer the frequently recurring question as to the amount of my salary (though I stated the price of my pony); hence, doubtless, the Zemindar found it no easy matter to settle the social position of a sahib who merely came to preach in the villages. May the Lord constrain him to read the New Testament we left, and bless its perusal to highest ends.

Mr. Heberlet has sent an account of a journey from Cuttack to Berhampore in order to take over charge of the station from Mr. Wood on his departure for England. After giving a description of the journey by the canal and river to False Point, and thence by sea to Gopalpore, Mr Heberlet remarks:—

The journey over I must tell you something of what I saw at Berhampore. The first Saturday I was asked to attend the meeting of a "Young Men's Association," a thing not long started by the junior native preacher, Balunki Padhan. About fifteen were present, young men and lads; some of whom were Hindus who came occasionally to hear and see. A short address on "Covetousness" was delivered by one of the members, after which each one present delivered himself of a text or moral axiom. Singing and prayer, of course, formed part of the meeting, and I was requested to preside and address them the next Saturday, which I did. One feature of the proceedings amused me somewhat. After the address some

one gets up and says, "*According to our practice* it is fitting that we give thanks and praise for the excellent address to which we have just listened!" How often does this principle govern the action of more august assemblies who do not as frankly confess to it! The next day, Sunday, the services, morning and afternoon, were conducted by two young candidates for the ministry. Their applications were considered by the Conference, but "not entertained." The following Sabbath the morning service was taken by the senior deacon, Babu Daniel Mahanty, who gave us a nice sermon; and I preached in the afternoon. On the next and last Sunday of my stay the ordinance was administered, the

pastor. Niladri Naik, prosiding. I had been present at the officers' meeting in preparation for the church meeting the previous Tuesday, and was pleased to observe the way in which the native brethren managed the business.

Meanwhile I had paid a visit to Russel Oondah. Travelling in a kind of waggon (the body of a shigram fastened on to a common country cart), I went half way the first night, spent the day under a tree, and got to the station early the following morning. During the day I made the acquaintance of our people, and went round inspecting the native town. Russel Oondah is very nicely situated on a bit of high land surrounded by rice fields, a small river flowing by it. In the midst of this high ground a mighty rock rises up to the height of perhaps 120 feet, and all round this, at its foot, the houses are built; the native town on one side of it, and the European quarter on the other. I was very favourably impressed with the extremely clean look of the place, and having come from Sambalpur, where brahmans and temples abound, could not help noticing how few sacred threads were visible, and that no temple graced the parts I saw—the principal quarters. My guide told me that there was a temple in another part, and that there were many brahmans in the district. I saw the piece of land that the Mission retains for a house to be put there so soon as the churches shall be stirred up to come to our help with reinforcements to strengthen existing stations and occupy new ones. The native preacher there is an old man, and not vigorous, so that the care of the small Christian community is almost burden enough for him. Here is a place from which the cry seems to come loudly, "Come over and help!" Who will respond? Leaving again in the afternoon I returned to Berhampore as I had come. Another day I paid a visit to Padri Polli, going in the morning and returning in the evening. This is a nice Christian settlement. Among the people are to be found illustrations of the proverb, "He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread;" and of its opposite, "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger." The native preacher, at the time of my visit, was the son of one of the first preachers, who more than thirty years ago assisted in establishing the settlement. The chapel is conspicuous from afar, being "set on a hill;" and having its foundation on a rock, it constantly preaches two parables of deep meaning. A thoughtful observer will, however, gather another lesson; that the "tried

stone" *alone* affords a "sure foundation." The great stone upon which this chapel stands is seamed with fissures holding only soft earth, and up these the white ants have made their way, and are now at work, destroying the woodwork of the building. Is it not a good sermon this chapel preaches, though there is "no speech nor language?"

On the last Sunday morning of my stay in Berhampore, after the morning service, I exhibited in the chapel a set of eighteen diagrams of the "Life of Christ." The whole congregation remained to the exhibition, and followed the narrative, familiar as it was, with the deepest interest. One morning I examined the scholars of the mission day-school for the children of the Christian community, and the little ones (they are all small children), acquitted themselves satisfactorily—some were bright intelligent little ones.

On the 7th of November, I started for Cuttack again by road, and arrived there on the 17th, having preached in the villages by the way. I have more than once had to refer to the interest excited in many places by the exhibition of a set of diagrams from the Tract Society of the "Life of Christ," and on this journey also I found them most useful. They serve to fix the attention of the people and give them a more intelligent understanding of the narrative; which will also thus be more impressed on the memory. The large village of Rumbah, through which the road runs, has along its course excellent places for preaching, and I had a fine congregation as I exhibited the diagrams, preached and argued. Beginning here, I preached and worked in the villages daily to the end of my journey, and had no lack of people to see the pictures and listen, and then discuss. As an exceptional thing I mention the fact that after exhibiting and preaching to a good congregation at a large village that I visited from the Tanghi bungalow no one offered any objection or remark; and as the evening was wearing on, I took this as an intimation that my work was done, and retired without the usual controversy. At Khoordah, however, many put themselves forward to champion the cause of Hinduism, and the discussion was long and animated.

I will close my story by relating a small adventure that befell me the last stage but one from Cuttack. My plan was to travel very early in the morning, so as to get over my daily stage by, or before, sunrise; but on this occasion I started so early that I had finished a ten-

mile walk before the dawn. I had not long set out from the bungalow, with a man to carry the lantern before me, as it was dark, and we had advanced perhaps a mile, when a peculiar grunting noise close to the road on the right apprised us of the presence of some animal there. A few steps farther on a similar noise proceeded from the left, and yet nearer to us. As I stopped to see from whence it proceeded, a shapeless black mass on the side of the road resolved itself into a bear that sat looking at me as I held the light toward it. I shook the lantern in its eyes, and as it began to move off, followed it in order to frighten it away. It stood and looked back once more, but then again foretook the road and began to shriek and grumble a little way off, as if highly offended. At this point, some other travellers came up, and after venting its displeasure by a

little more growling and grumbling it departed, and we pursued our way in peace.

My absence from Cuttack extended over just five weeks; and I was very glad to become acquainted with the southern portion of the field which has been confided to our care in the province of Orissa. May God hasten the time when a bountiful harvest of souls shall be gathered in through its utmost length and breadth, the fruit of what we now sow in tears, and we shall come again rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us. Amen.

Friends! you that read these lines, will you not help together by prayer for us, that you may the more heartily share our rejoicing when the times of refreshing shall come? as come they assuredly shall, for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it.

In reference to a journey in the Central Provinces of India, Mr. Pike writes:—

We left Sambalpur on Saturday, Feb. 3rd, and pitched our camp some fourteen miles distant. Bala Krishna, the new young brother appointed to Sambalpur, and Moni Swaye, a colporteur from the Cuttack side, and whom I had borrowed for cold season work, were my companions. We had Sunday and Monday for preaching in all the adjoining villages, and we sold over a rupee and eight annas' worth of books, which we thought a very good start, we being near to town and the people mostly supplied. On the following Tuesday we moved camp two or three miles in order to attend Gourpalli market. Here, too, books went well. On Wednesday we started on the

BAMRA RAJAH'S NEW HIGH ROAD,

a marvel of jungle engineering, and which certainly does the rajah much credit. Every few hundred feet there are nullahs to be bridged, and sometimes frightful precipices. They are bridged by massive logs of wood, used so extravagantly, as though wood were worth nothing, though I think each small bridge would be a fortune to a wood-chopping brigade in a large town. Very comfortably we trotted along this road; but I thought, wait a little till the white ants have had time to work, and till two or three rains have washed down these nullahs, and then every bridge will be a man-trap. They will require much trouble and vigilance on the part of the native overseers, if they are to be kept safe. Query—will they get it?

Our next camp was at a little

KHOND VILLAGE

named Bhadrana. As we prepared to visit it the preacher remarked, "It is no use taking books, as the people are Khonds and cannot read." I replied, "My experience of the Khonds is, if there is only one man in a village who can spell out five words, that one will be sure to buy a book." It turned out as I said; only two could read a very little, but they both took several books, and we left them hard at work spelling them out.

Our next camp was rather a large village, and we began to realize how eager the people were for books. Nearly all who could read besieged me for them. We now left the rajah's road and turned northward, my object being to visit the Tahsildar of Kuchinda, a Sambalpur babu, who has much sympathy with us, and who would be able to point out which were the most important towns and villages in the Bamra rajuary. On our way the first hamlet at which we camped had only two houses, but still we sold four annas' worth of books. We reached

KUCHINDA

rather late for the market. The Tahsildar was exceedingly kind, insisting on not only supplying my wants and those of the native brethren, but also providing for all the tent coolies, cartmen, and servants as well. He also showed, by a few kindly words in the market, that he

thoroughly sympathized with our Mission. Would that he had the full courage of his convictions! Would that he could give up all for Christ! As we pray for him let us ask—Are we giving up all for Christ? we who have tasted of His love. When the whole church gets on this plain of self-denial we shall no longer ask in vain for missionaries or money.

We had intended returning immediately from Kuchinda and spending the most of our time in Bamra, Talchere, and Rehrakol; but we heard of

IMPORTANT MARKETS

in the neighbourhood from people who attended Kuchinda. They said, "If you will come to our market, many will buy books." Accordingly the next four days were taken up in visiting Malidhi, Kolabira, Lehera, and Laikera, four markets situated at the four corners of a square, whose sides were severally six miles long. Upwards of thirteen rupees' worth of books were sold on these four days.

Again we determined to bend our steps towards Bamra, and again we were earnestly entreated to go still further northward and in the direction of Gang-

pur. We yielded, and found in every village willing hearers and ready purchasers of our books.

A NIGHT SCARE.

We were encamped at a place called Berabahal, at the edge of a jungle and near a sheet of water. In the middle of the night we were awakened by a strange hubbub in camp. My pony was making a great noise, and doing his best to break away from his picket, and the cart bullocks were running to each other for company. I rushed to the door of the tent to see what was the matter, and there within a couple of hundred feet of where I stood was a herd of wild boar, twenty or thirty at least, and some huge fellows amongst them. Beyond them, at a little distance, our coolies were sleeping under a tree. This prevented me firing with ball; but I ventured to send a charge of shot into their midst, when they all scampered off, and we returned to sleep.

It was at this place that four men came in the evening for conversation on religion. Two of these were Mohammedans and two Hindoos. They seemed to be earnest, and took several books.

Extract from a Widow's Letter.

THE following is an extract from a private letter to the Secretary. It was not intended for publication, but as it is from one—a *widow*—who, with her late beloved husband, has spent forty years of faithful service in Orissa, we venture to give it, in the hope that others may be animated by the spirit which it breathes. Our sister writes:—

My spirit is stirred within me, and I feel that I must write and tell you how my heart aches that as yet there seems no special response to all the appeals that have been made in reference to the low state of the funds of our beloved Mission. I do not wish to condemn any one; and God forbid that I should judge unjustly. But the thought will force itself upon me that our churches are not doing what they could for His sacred cause. There are two questions that every individual Christian should ask him and herself, namely, "How much owest thou to thy Lord?" and, "Am I giving according as the Lord has prospered me?" If we answer these faithfully our own hearts will at once condemn us, and the result will be we shall be humbled in the sight of our Lord, and in the spirit of the great apostle our cry will be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The

money would then soon pour into the coffers of the church, and at home and abroad His blessed cause would be extended. It is a great mistake to think that a love for missions and giving to them weakens the cause at home. No, when the Christian prays and acts the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," the whole world is embraced, and his and her heart and hands are ready to aid every effort made to bring about its fulfilment. Yes, and we should not only give of our substance, but individual life would be laid on the Lord's altar, and men would come forward and say, "Here am I, send me." The hearts of our beloved brethren and sisters in Orissa and Rome would then be cheered, and there would be no need for the constant cry, "Come over and help us."

I am very glad to see that Mr. Mulholland and Young are interesting them-

selves in bazaar preaching, and the efforts they are making. The Lord crown all with His blessing. *I know one* who went as long as he felt he had strength to go, and attend to his other duties as well. Very fragrant to my mind is the remembrance of those days when dear brother Lacey, and dear Sutton, and afterwards brother Stubbins, with dear old Gunca, and Rama Chundra and Bamadeb, all went regularly. Many

times have I watched them go with my beloved husband, and have wished them in my heart "*God speed.*" All, with the exception of brother Stubbins, are now in the "better land," and have received from their beloved Master the "Well done." Life has changed with me since those days; but I thank my dear Lord that I still *love* His blessed cause, and the *beloved hand* in Orissa. I am only removed in body.

Extracts from Letters.

In a recent private letter the Rev. W. Miller writes :

Yesterday I had a letter from Choga stating that a young man, a carpenter, who had come to the village and wished to be a Christian, was surrounded by his friends, with a large number of people; they attempted, after all other measures had failed, to carry him off by force—this our people prevented. It having been rumoured that the rajah's police were coming to take him off, a letter was sent asking for the preacher to return at once.

The Mahout, whose case I have, I think, mentioned, is now here, and wishes to be baptized. He came in from his Math in a nice palkee, with eight bearers and a servant, and has with him more than 1,000 rupees in cash and ornaments. He has read the New Testament, in Sanscrit, from beginning to end, and has clear ideas of the way of salvation. Of course his knowledge is not perfect. He says, "I did not obtain my knowledge through preaching, but exclusively from the perusal of God's Word." His Math is a large one, and has a good deal of land, and some 100 bharans of paddy. The consequences of a profession of Christ have been clearly set before him. He expresses himself as perfectly indifferent as to these, and his determination to obey the truth. Should he prove steadfast and consistent, he may do much good. He is a very good Sanscrit scholar. He is more

familiar with it than any other language. A number of the brethren will see him this evening. He is now the guest of Hurree Kruna—Ram Chundra's son-in-law. He has disciples in Cuttack, some of whom are rich men. It does indeed seem marvellous that a man of his position and habits should be anxious to come out. We cannot but rejoice with fear and trembling. While at Pooree I received three letters from him in regard to his coming to Cuttack.

You will be interested to hear that we have a son of Hugh Miller's now in Cuttack. He is a Major of the Regiment. His wife and he are Christians—members of the Free Church. They were at our last Sunday evening service, and at our prayer meeting last evening. The doctor of the regiment—a Bengali—is also a member of the Free Church. He attends our Sunday evening service very regularly. He is a nice man, and exceedingly kind to any of our people who ask his help in illness. He and Mr. Young dined with us on Sunday evening after the service. We had lots of singing, which all enjoyed.

The Car Festival is to be held on the 7th of July. I intend to go to Kendrapara. A party will go to Dekanal, and two brethren join our Piplee friends. I am thankful to say we are all pretty well.

New Sunday-School Rooms, Cuttack.

The following circular has been received from Cuttack :—

Cuttack, June 12th, 1883.

The Missionaries, in publishing the following list, gladly embrace the opportunity it furnishes of expressing their obligations to all who have helped in this good work, and are confident that it will gratify all the subscribers at a distance to know that the building has now been used for six months for the

Oriya and English Sabbath-schools, and has contributed greatly to the convenience both of teachers and scholars. It is also used during the week for the European Protestant School, for which it is every way adapted.

The accounts of receipts and expenditure have been carefully examined by the Rev. A. H. Young, M.A., and found correct. On the first inst. there was a balance due to the Treasurer of Rs. 6-6; but the account is not yet closed, as some other sums have to be received and paid. We feel, however, that it is a time to thank God and take courage. In behalf of the Mission,

JOHN BUCKLEY, *Treasurer.*

Subscriptions to New Sunday-School Rooms, Cuttack.

	Rs.	As.	P.		Rs.	As.	P.
A Friend	10,027	4	7	J. MacMillan, Esq.	60	0	0
Received from Rev. W. Hill, Secretary of Society	5,461	7	6	Dr. B. Gupta	10	0	0
Received from Friends at Peter- borough, per Miss Barrass	50	0	0	Dr. W. F. Thomas	25	0	0
F. Bond, Esq.	200	0	0	G. S. Adshed, Esq.	5	0	0
W. Fiddian, Esq., G.S.	100	0	0	A Friend, for a special object.			
Rev J. Buckley	120	0	0	Appropriated to building of the wall	500	0	0
" W. Miller	100	0	0	Babu A. C. Dass	30	0	0
" J. G. Pike	25	0	0	" Sutyannund Jacheck	10	0	0
" P. E. Heberlet	25	0	0	" J. S. Rout	15	0	0
Mr. Brooks (deceased)	50	0	0	" Sada Sebo Praharaaj	5	8	0
A Friend (V. J.)	25	0	0	" J. D.	4	0	0
" (P. A.)	25	0	0	" Hurree Krishnoo Das	22	0	0
Friend (C. G.)	40	0	0	" Bhagaban Behara	2	0	0
Collected by a Friend	12	0	0	" Philip Naik	15	0	0
Collected by another Friend,—				" Shem Sundara	5	0	0
A. Hough, Esq.	25	0	0	" Paul Singh	3	0	0
A. A. F. Davis, Esq.	20	0	0	" Ghanu Shyam Naik	6	0	0
Miss Cochran	10	0	0	" Bidadhor Mahapatra	8	0	0
Mrs. Cunningham	11	0	0	Sums under Rs. 2	6	0	0
A Friend, Lucknow	3	0	0	Collected by Babus Hurree Krishnoo Das, Philip Naik, and Banchanidhi Mahapatra	12	8	6
Babu Shem Sundar	5	0	0				
	74	0	0				
					Rs. 17,073	12	7

The Pope and History.

FROM REV. N. H. SHAW.

NATURALLY there has been much talk in Italy recently about the Pope's recent letter to three of his Cardinals, recommending a study of history. The Pope says that his predecessors and the church have not been fairly represented. He will have histories written to confute present histories; and he promises to place the manuscripts of the Vatican at the use of those who shall gird themselves to the task. The Liberal journals have, of course, all commented on this letter. They want to know if the Pope will grant the same privileges to all writers, whether they write in favour of the papacy or against it. They might spare themselves such questions. The papacy does not like *clear* light, but only light of its own colour.

There is another question: If these new writers of history are to read up on one side only, of what value will their histories be? If on the other hand they are to read up fairly on all sides, what becomes of the index of condemned books?

It is clear to those of us who know what the Catholic pulpit and press have said, and do say, in the name of history, that we shall soon be face to face with an old foe much invigorated—viz., falsehood in the form of history. Romanism is audacious. It believes that men will in time accept any absurdity for truth, if only it be forcibly asserted and sufficiently repeated. We have heard from Roman pulpits such statements as these: that the papacy has always been the bulwark of the liberties of the people; that the Roman Catholic church has never persecuted; that, as the result of Protestantism, England and Germany are immersed in vice and sensualism; and that Luther and the Reformers were given up to every abominable vice, and sought to overthrow the rule of the church that they might be unrestrained in their sensualism.

What can we expect if men who talk thus are set to write history?

Notes and Gleanings.

COMMITTEE MEETING.—The next Meeting of the Committee will be held on Tuesday, October 2nd, at Friar Lane School Room, Leicester, at three o'clock. All pastors of subscribing churches are eligible to attend.

BAPTISM AT CUTTACK.—Four were baptized from our English congregation on Lord's-day evening, August 19th, and another was anxious in the same way to confess her Lord, and had been accepted by the church, but was prevented by sickness. Doubtless she did well that it was in her heart. It was a solemn and impressive service. Mr. Miller administered the ordinance, and J. Buckley preached from Exodus xii. 26-27 in connection with Colossians ii. 12.

WORK INCREASING.—Our work at Cuttack in English is increasing. We have recently commenced a *juvenile service* on the Sabbath morning, after the close of the Oriya service. It appears likely to be well attended, and we cannot but anticipate much good from it. We shall be much helped in this important effort by some of our fellow workers in the good cause.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Our readers have probably observed in the papers, that a great International Exhibition will be held in Calcutta in December next, and it may interest them to know that the Inspector of Schools applied to Mrs. Buckley for some lace to be sent from the Orphanage. The articles sent were much admired by the few that saw them before they were forwarded.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—I am much obliged to the trustees of the Baptist Hymnal for their thoughtful kindness in presenting me with a very nice copy; and in behalf of the brethren here I have pleasure in expressing our united thanks for the beautiful copy sent for pulpit use. J. B.

PREACH THE GOSPEL, is the great commission of Christ; preaching the gospel is the mighty engine for demolishing the kingdom of Satan; preaching the gospel is the grand instrument for erecting the kingdom of the Lord.—*Hugh Stowell.*

A MISSIONARY IN INDIA was once interrupted by a Brahmin, who said, "According to what you say, it was the devil who tempted man to sin. It is unjust, therefore, to punish man." "I will answer you," said the missionary, "with a story. A lame and a blind man were permitted by a fruit-grower to reside in his orchard. The presence of the fruit soon proved too much for them. But how were they to reach it? The lame man mounted on the blind man's shoulders, and thus they reached the trees. When the owner came, he accused them of the theft. 'Alas!' said the lame man, 'I could not go to the trees.' 'And I,' said the blind man, 'cannot even see the fruit.' 'No,' said the owner, 'but both together you managed to rob the orchard, and therefore you shall be punished together.' For the same reason God will punish both Satan and man."

Contributions

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from July 16th to September 15th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Association Collection at Bradford ..	25	14	6	Allerton, Bethel	3	16	0
Legacy of late Thos. Rofe, Esq., of				" Central	7	16	6
Chatham	13	10	0	Caversham—E. West, Esq. .. .	5	0	0
Dividends—				London, Borough Road .. .	5	10	0
Great Western of Canada .. .	14	13	9	" East Finchley .. .	6	0	0
Great Indian Peninsular .. .	12	4	9	Loughborough, Wood Gate .. .	11	13	6
Queensland	11	15	0	Market Harborough—G. Emery, Esq.	5	5	0
Adelaide	14	13	9	Manchester—Thos. Horsfield, Esq. .	2	0	0
New Zealand	6	2	5				

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. BEMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, Mission House, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards, may be obtained.

The Luther Commemoration.

THE "*Outlook*" gives a translation from the "*Eglise Libre*" of the following timely, well-balanced, and inspiring article. Within the space, the few words of this gifted historian form the most sensible and salutary contribution we have yet seen.

Luther was born at Eisleben, November 13th [10th], 1483. Protestant Germany has determined to make the anniversary a great occasion. In all the countries of the world the churches which sprang out of the Reformation will join in the jubilee. They have good cause: there is no date so glorious in all modern history, because, in fact, from that date modern history, from many points of view, begins.

Whatever may be our religious opinions, we must recognize that in order to close the epoch of the Middle Ages the "Reformation" was no less necessary than the "Revival of Letters." From one point of view it is matter for regret that the unity of belief and of worship was broken at the sixteenth century; and yet we cannot fail to recognize the fact that the birth of liberty—liberty in all spheres, and first of all in that of the spirit of man—could not take place till the day when a decisive blow was struck at that very unity which pressed with such a heavy weight on the human race, and crushed out all individuality. Catholicism herself has not lost in vain one part of the world. Since the beginning of the terrible struggle to which she found herself committed she has gained a moral vitality, an intellectual vigour which she could never have known had she kept that sort of universal monarchy which was at once benumbing and corrupting her throughout. What more barren, what more fatal than the embrace of a religious autocracy and of a State despotism? The path of social progress was thrown wide open from the day when the religious conscience, rising in rebellion against these two tyrannies, claimed her rights and went resolutely forward, both to win and to consecrate them.

Let us recognize, then, without questioning, the invaluable services which the Renaissance has rendered to culture, that it would not have been strong enough of itself to wrest the human spirit from the dominion of scholasticism. It was not enough for men to find a bewitching delight in the wonders retrieved from the genius of the past; what was wanted was the creation of a current which should sweep away the old idols. But the source of such renovating currents springs only in the very depths of the soul of man. Whether we like it or not, it is none the less certainly the fact that it is only great religious movements that have strength enough to inaugurate a new era in history. That is why, in some sense, and taking a broad view of it, all the friends of liberty can unite at the jubilee of the great originator of that reform; for it has benefitted even its most pronounced opponents, as can be seen by comparing the state of Catholicism towards the close of the sixteenth century with what it was a century earlier, at a time when the enslavement of men's minds was equalled only by the corruption of their

morals, and when all that the world had left of noble and holy souls fretted away in longings that were impotent to produce reform.

The jubilee of Luther, which has just begun, has already raised some rather lively debates in Germany. Not one of the sections of German Protestantism has been willing to stand aloof from this great ceremony. The advanced section, which has substituted for the ancient Reformation confessions of faith certain philosophic notions which are in reality the denial of those confessions, has announced that in Luther it will magnify most of all the great insurgent, the more or less conscious emancipator of modern thought. It is in this sense that the town council of Berlin has expressed itself. The members of the orthodox section have protested earnestly against such an interpretation. They have declared that to them the true Luther belongs, and that they will do honour in him to the religious reformer. We shall catch the echoes of these discussions yet again throughout the celebration of the jubilee which will not reach its climax till the 10th of November.

For ourselves, we are of opinion that no one can be denied the right of choosing what he likes best in the great anniversary, so long as the great past is not distorted by party spirit, and so long as history is not falsified. The freethinker of the 19th century has perfectly good ground to proclaim that Luther, just because he ruptured religious unity for the sake of liberty of conscience, has contributed powerfully to set knowledge and thought in all directions free from the yoke of intolerance; but he would be beyond his rights if he were to seek to efface in Luther the man of positive and militant (*vaillante*) faith; for the Reformation without faith is not the Reformation at all. In like manner the evangelical Protestant has abundant justification for laying hold of that higher element, and bringing into prominence all that the Church owes to Luther for his beliefs and for his piety; but he has no right to stifle the great cry for liberty sent up by the Reformer as a mighty tribune of the Christian people. We say this just by way of reminder to the religious party called the "old Lutherans," who smother under the letter which has waxed old the free spirit of Luther, claiming all the while that they have secured it fast in the words of their old standards as you might keep an eagle in a cage! They have made a mummy of him. They don't like it when you get him out of their little vestry (*sacristie*) and bring him into the fresh air. We are all aware that in fact there is nothing more dangerous for mummies of all sorts. The Ultramontane party in Germany has not been content with merely keeping quiet. They have shown the most violent hostility to the jubilee, and have seized the opportunity to heap the vilest outrages on the memory of the Reformer.

It remains none the less the fact that, broadly understood, the jubilee of Luther is in every respect worthy to call forth a universal sympathy. It has no mere national significance. Although Luther belongs first of all to Germany—in fact may be regarded as its representative ideal in the sixteenth century; for he possesses all the characteristics of the race carried to their highest development, he belongs none the less to all humanity as one of her most glorious sons, clothed with the only sovereignty which is of divine right, that moral sovereignty which exerts its influence over a generation, and sends out

its beams beyond the frontiers of the land which was its cradle. Let us not forget that the jubilee of a reformer must not be like the canonization of a saint. It is not a question of Luther's apotheosis. He had his grave faults, his narrownesses, his hardness, his want of consistency; he made more than one serious mistake.

Nevertheless, he remains great among the greatest. There are none but writers of sectarian history, or newspaper editors of such fanatical devotion to their cause as to seek to diminish or soil his memory by attributing to the basest motives—to a monkish quarrel or a degraded luxury—the origin of one of the grandest movements of history.

This son of a poor miner, grown in a few years to be a moral power which makes the Pope grow pale, and an emperor calling himself Charles V. give ground before the word which he aims at him in the Diet of Worms, a word at once humble and proud, motto of all holy insurrections of conscience against brute force; "I can take no other stand; God be my help"—(*Ich kann nicht anders*). This poor little monk, loaded with the chains of a servile devotion, who suddenly shakes them off and breaks them, and draws after him thousands of souls as he scatters out to the four winds of heaven a Divine word, long become a forgotten old text, but graven on his very heart in letters of fire, "The just shall live by faith;"—this popular orator without equal, who makes his thoughts live in a masculine and graphic style, itself a veritable creation; this bold champion who never tires, and whose pen is more terrible than a sword against the authorities of the past, as quick at building up as at pulling down, as he proved by the ecclesiastical edifice he created under which so many generations have found shelter—if greatness is not here, where are we to look for it? If after that people think they can make him less by taunting him with his home, which never ceased to be pure, and had a touching poetry of his own, then, despite some sallies of a spirit of fun which we should have liked to suppress, we scarcely care at all. We blame everything in him that merits blame or criticism, his harshness towards the people in the peasants' war, his culpable indulgence towards the Landgrave of Hesse, his obstinacy in rejecting the hand of Zwingle in the question of the sacraments. We recognize that in the second part of his life he shewed far too much reaction from the noble boldness of the first part. In spite of some portions of it that can never die, his conception of religion cannot satisfy us.

The nineteenth century has as much right as the sixteenth to go back to the springs of Christianity and to divide the water at its source. What remains great, and deserves to be celebrated about Luther, is first of all the spirit of his work, much greater than the work itself, since it is that spirit which authorises all the corrections and all the extensions of it. In the next place it is the man himself, with his genius, his fire, his incomparable might. In these things lies the interest of this jubilee.

ED. DE PRESSENSÉ.

THE PENALTY OF LOW ATMS—"To the end of men's struggles a penalty will remain for those who sink from the ranks of the heroes into the crowd for whom the heroes fight and die."—*G. Eliot*.

The Baptist Union at Leicester.

THE Autumnal Session of 1883 has been interesting in many ways. There was considerable attraction beforehand in the place of meeting, in the topics selected for discussion, and in the men appointed to introduce them. General Baptists were in their "own country," and accordingly came up in strong force. And when the meetings were over, so far as one could judge, nearly every hopeful anticipation had been justified. From the first we were in a "breezy" atmosphere. But that meant mischief only to the cobwebs of theology and ecclesiasticism. There were signs of mental healthfulness, of moral susceptibility, and of spiritual glow, that will put the recent gathering into favourable comparison with any of its predecessors.

My personal observation commenced at noon on the Tuesday, hence the reception given by the Mayor, on the previous evening, to our representatives, and the stirring incidents with which it was characterized, are only matters of report to me. The same must be said of the Missionary Sermon to young men, and the Missionary Breakfast next morning. Victoria Church was filled to hear Dr. Allon's sermon at midday. The discourse was a plea for Christian work abroad, marked by all that sympathy with his theme, that force of argument, and that grace of expression, which have contributed to the influence and fame of the Islington pastor. It was an effective sally on the part of the Doctor, when claiming the *dicta* of physical science for their analogy to spiritual facts, he designated the Fall of man a "reversion of type." But we should have liked it better if the sermon had been more relieved with humour and illustration. As it was, an hour or more of strained attention to a subject under so elaborate a treatment, appeared rather too much for people whose dinner hour had passed.

The Public Missionary Meeting, in the Temperance Hall at night, was sympathetic and enthusiastic. The three speakers were missionaries, representing India, China, and West Africa; and it cannot be doubted that the exclusion of home-workers from the platform on such an occasion is, as a rule, desirable. It was very pleasing to hear Mr. Smith of Delhi say that a purely native church was wanted in India, and it was gradually coming about. "It is the natives of India who must be the means of converting India." Fifteen years ago Norman Macleod advocated this view in the Scottish Established Church after his visit to the East, and found little sympathy.

The Union keeps up the practice, which has been abandoned by our own Association, of holding early morning services. Those who rose at six o'clock on the Wednesday morning to hear Mr. Platten's sermon at Dover Street Chapel were well rewarded. As the preacher described, from Rev. i. 17, 18, John's vision of his Master, and unfolded "the eternal relation of Christ (1) to the soul, and (2) to the churches," there was such a blending of pathos, poetry, and power, as to produce an impression that will not soon be lost. Mr. Chown's address, at the first sitting of the Session, was conceived and executed in the happiest style. But the interest of the assembly deepened when Mr. Benwell Bird's paper, "The Changes now passing over Religious Thought," came on

for discussion. The paper itself was a splendid attempt "to please everybody," and we had the proverbial result. In the conversation that ensued the chief advantage was of a negative sort. Spurgeonism found no spokesman; and a sugar-coated Calvinism had no exponent. The energetic brother who entered a protest on behalf of mechanical theology is an M.A. of Glasgow University, but his bellicose bearing only provoked the laughter of his hearers. All the talking was vague at the best; but it is surely gratifying to feel that Baptists are releasing themselves from the old cast-iron creeds that "put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear!" What is most wanted now is a *positive* utterance to define the Baptist position, and represent truly the liberal spirit that is abroad. As I heard it remarked at Leicester, our denomination has had no one to speak on its behalf in a strain similar to that adopted by Dr. Dale and Dr. Fairbairn in the Congregational Union. But time is on the side of Truth.

In the evening we had two papers on questions of Church Fellowship, the former of which was sadly too long. Worse still, it failed in grip of the most vital elements that make against the entrance of many Christians into church membership to-day. Mr. Skerry's paper had the merit of reviving interest, and it enforced practical considerations. Dr. Green and Mr. W. R. Stevenson did much to make the discussion profitable; but it declined as the time for closing approached, and many things that ought to have been said were left unsaid, because, as it appeared to me, after so long a day, delegates were in a state of physical exhaustion.

Thursday commenced with "British and Irish Home Mission" business, of which nothing need be said here, except perhaps a word in reference to the Secretary of the Union, who came more prominently before the assembly in this department of its work than in any other. Mr. Booth's explicit statement showed how thoroughly conscientious he is in his work; and this, with the kind spirit he uniformly manifests, entitles him to the closest sympathy and loyal support of *all* Baptists. Then came Mr. W. Payne's paper on "Church Finance," which every deacon ought to read. It is very refreshing to hear a layman speak at such times, and when one of so distinguished ability as this deacon from Clapton Downs introduces the subject, nothing is left to be desired—save the adoption of the principles enunciated.

Victoria Church was filled to crowding as the hour came for Dr. Stanford's address on "Family Religion." I have heard this master of word-painting many times, but never have I heard him speak to finer effect than on this occasion. The mingled tenderness, beauty and strength, with which he addressed us, gave a charm to his counsels that cannot fail to affect those beneficently who attempt to work them out. The closing passage was very realistic and touching. It gave the speaker's reminiscences of days long ago spent in Charnwood Forest, which to him "now are but as yesterday," and his words had the solemnizing effect of making the congregation feel how soon the years are gone in which parents have most influence over their children.

In the afternoon there was a brief sitting of the Session to receive reports upon the "Union Funds." Our editor has already called attention

to the lapsed privilege of General Baptists with regard to the "Annuity" and "Augmentation" Funds. I would beg for careful attention to the statements that will soon be sent out in my name, acting, as I do, on behalf of our Association in the matter. General Baptist Ministers are provident men, judging from the rate at which they are entering for the benefits of the Annuity Fund, so that our churches *ought* to contribute liberally to the increase of the capital sum out of which the benevolent allowance has to be paid. The work done now, will be done once for all. There is similar reason for our support of the Augmentation Fund. This by the way.

The Session closed with two large public meetings on Thursday evening. That held in the Temperance Hall, for working men, seems to have been the more popular, where Mr. Arthur Mursell delivered an oration of great power and real purpose.

One cannot be altogether pleased with the circumstance that the first full day (Tuesday), is monopolized by the Foreign Missionary Society, so that the Union proper does not commence its work before Wednesday morning. That is, however, an instance of age taking precedence, I suppose.

It only remains for me to remark on the excellent arrangements made by the Local Committee for the comfort and enjoyment of their guests. The work they had to do must have been prodigious; but it was done with a zeal and cheerfulness which went far to give the Autumnal Session of 1883 the grateful memory in which it is, and long will be enshrined.

W. J. AVERY.

Unanswered Yet?

UNANSWERED yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock;
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Pen Pictures of Nonconformity,

FROM HENRY VIII. TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

NO. XII.—NONCONFORMITY ADVANCES TOWARDS RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.

UNTIL very recent times clergymen of the State Church were the only persons legally competent to perform a marriage service for dissenters in England. Foreigners were either perplexed, or they laughed to see the citizens of Freedom's own island reduced to the alternative of permanent single blessedness, or of abject submission to the government mode of associating religion with weddings. Foreigners were still more surprised when told that English couples who wished to elude the injustice of our marriage laws had only to travel to Scotland; they saw that prosperous people were practically free, and that, after all, it was only the poor who were deprived of liberty to choose how they would solemnize their marital unions. However many of the poor handed a protest to the clergyman; and that is not to be wondered at when we remember that there are very indelicate expressions in the Prayer Book Marriage Service, for numbers of poor people object to that kind of thing both at their weddings and at all other times, whether from the lips of a clergyman or anyone else. It must be said that Quakers were not obliged to hear those expressions; but then no Government has ever been able to make Quakers accept religious forms which they did not approve, so they were permitted to get married in their own meeting-houses. Howbeit about the year 1836 it dawned upon the legislative mind, that however pleasant it might be to parsons to domineer over free-born Britons, this foolish forcing of one marriage ceremony upon most of the English people was making Government look very ridiculous. Then the rights of man were once more recognised, and thus we are able to state (though with no great amount of pride as to the number) that the comparative liberty enjoyed by British brides and bridegrooms is now actually forty-seven years old. But as if to show that it was easier for the Commons to pass the new law than for parsons to enter into the spirit of liberty, during the major portion of the brief period of freedom, numerous clergymen were wont to insinuate that all was not right unless weddings were celebrated by them. One of them told the late George Dawson, of Birmingham, that he was not properly married because he was wedded in a Nonconformist chapel. "Well then," said he, "what am I?" Said the parson, "You are only joined together." "All right!" said Mr. Dawson, "as a practical man that will do very well for me." Of late years, even that feeble opposition has nearly ceased, and parsons, including most of those who are the very last to find out anything, have discovered that people can get really married without them, and that nothing serious happened in connection with the Dissenters Marriage Act, excepting that a great nation became somewhat more free than it was before.

None too soon boroughs like Sheffield and Manchester advanced another question by resisting the imposition of church-rates; in fact they voted the shabby and insulting exaction right out of their midst. In other places, as Leicester, Churchmen were putting inoffensive high-principled Nonconformists in the common gaol for refusing to pay

church-rates, and thus managed to add a strong feeling of exasperation to the keen sense of injustice which had existed for generations. But when, in one town, churchwardens had the audacity to deny the right of a majority of the ratepayers to refuse a rate for the church, they provoked a national contest which could never terminate except with the extinction of all power in the one sect to compel others to support it.

But oh! what arguments those who believed in compulsory religious rates preached and printed for our edification. How excellent and pious was their system of fines and imprisonment they would show us if we would but look. And, right up to the moment when Nonconformity won another victory for English liberty, how surely could they prove the wickedness of our resistance, if only we would listen. Here is a story exhibiting a fossil church argument which, by the way, was a living specimen less than fifteen years ago. A parson reproved one of his parishioners for not paying church-rates; to whom the parishioner replied, that he had never used the church, and that he supported a place of worship which was free from Government control. "O! but," said the parson, "the church is always there, and you can come to it whenever you like, therefore you ought to pay." Now that parishioner was a barber, and soon after the conversation he sent to the parson a small bill for shaving, etc. On this the parson came to him in high dudgeon demanding to know what the bill meant, and saying, "I have never been in your shop in my life: how dare you charge me for what I do not owe?" "Why," said the barber, "my shop is always open; you can come to it anytime you please, and I'll shave you when you do." But into the limbus to which church-rates have been relegated, shoals of such rubbishing argument have tumbled, and the men who so solemnly urged them a few years since would be ashamed to repeat them to-day. Nonconformity is never ashamed to repeat its unanswerable logic on that, or on any other question, and this is only one of many differences between it and State Churchism. Our fearless and righteous policy has not only freed this country from the disgrace of having a certain sect within it, selling the citizens' chairs, spoons, cradles, etc., to keep its synagogues and its priests' Sunday-ropes in repair, but that policy has educated and elevated the sect itself. Now that for the astonishing period of fifteen years Englishmen have been released from legal compulsion to pay for churches they did not use, the former opponents of liberty have come to see that we were perfectly right all the time; and not a churchman can be found to propose that freemen should once more go to gaol for not supporting somebody else's religion as well as their own. The protection of poor men's pockets is good; the extension of freedom is better; but, after all, the superlative advantage is the solid improvement we have wrought in the morals of the great mass of our Episcopalian fellow countrymen.

There was another thing at which our foreign critics used to wonder very much. They saw that though we had Universities belonging to the whole nation, yet only that part of the nation which was willing to sign the Thirty-nine Articles was allowed to improve its mind at them. It seemed utterly absurd that, so far as the Government could control the chief seats of learning, only one sect should have the chance to be learned. To speak with accuracy, no Nonconformists were permitted to study at Oxford; and though at Cambridge they might become students,

even there it was never acknowledged that they had learned anything. No matter how successful and accomplished a Nonconformist became, he could not take his degree, while a comparatively ignorant Churchman could obtain a degree with very little difficulty. This naturally excited the merriment and scorn of French and German Universities; but State-Churchmen considered it quite proper and admirable down to a few years ago. Still it could not continue unless freedom and justice happened to die. Hence, in 1854, Oxford admitted Dissenters to its Colleges, and Cambridge agreed that men who deserved degrees must have them, even when they were only Nonconformists. The Universities became thus suddenly liberal at the authoritative order of the Houses of Parliament, which had been gradually enlightened by the excluded Dissenters.

But there were valuable prizes called Fellowships in the Universities, and the rule was to give them to the most learned men, but not if they happened to be Dissenters. Consequently every now and then the most deserving man being a Nonconformist would get punished by seeing his Fellowship (worth perhaps £300 a year) given to a less learned man who happened to be a Churchman. We were told this was all right, and assured that nothing fairer could be done, till in 1871 Parliament, unable to tolerate such a reproach to national justice diminished the unfairness to a considerable extent. Twenty-one years have elapsed since it became possible for a Nonconformist to win the highest mathematical honour which Cambridge can confer, the Senior Wranglership. (It may be said, in passing, that in consequence of modifications recently adopted, the mathematical giants of Cambridge may cease to be known as Wranglers). But out of the twenty-one years during which all comers have been free to compete for the chief distinction of the University, it has been won by Dissenters no less than thirteen times; and if we include a son of Nonconformist parents, who probably is a Dissenter himself, we can say that Nonconformists have beaten Churchmen in the race for the Senior Wranglership fourteen times out of twenty-one. Thus the Nonconformists have proved that though far inferior to the Churchmen in numbers, they are sometimes superior to them in intellect. Doubtless this was one of the bad things which Churchmen thought ought to be prevented. But in any case they could not be allowed to go on shutting Nonconformists out of the national seats of learning, and, at the same time, taunting them with their dissenting ignorance; so another great triumph was gained for Religious Equality, and the mental wealth of the nation is increased, while the Universities are delivered from miserable regulations under which their best prizes were awarded to second best men.

Another advance claims but a brief reference now because every one remembers all about it. Till the year 1880 the State Church steadily resisted Nonconformist appeals for equality in the church-yard. The clergy, for the most part, seemed resolved to make the dead bodies of Nonconformists their lawful prey wherever a parish grave-yard was the only place of burial. Then, also, in all our public cemeteries there was a palpable line of division which showed that the State Church carried its exclusive prejudices into the last resting-place of friends and neighbours. The Burials Act of 1880 is not without defects, but it rescues mourners from clerical domination so far as choice of minister and ser-

vice are concerned, and it practically annihilates the whole difference between consecrated and unconsecrated ground in all places of interment. It extends English freedom, which before had been excluded by the fences of thousands of burial-grounds, which grounds are now truly consecrated by its presence. Fourteen thousand clergy signed petitions against, and otherwise strenuously opposed the rights of their fellow Christians at the brink of the grave, but henceforth few of them all will even dream of thrusting unwelcome services upon bereaved families.

The extinction of one injustice after another is, in every instance, a promise and a prophecy. Inequalities once overthrown are fallen for ever, and those which remain stand weaker than before. Probably the generation which is to witness the full enfranchisement of religion in this realm is already born; and certainly it is time for religious equality, which has figured long prophetically, to make its grand transition, and occupy a permanent place in history.

E. HALL JACKSON.

In a Railway Carriage in Italy.

FROM REV. N. H. SHAW, OF ROME.

IN travelling to and fro by railway, an opportunity now and then presents itself of preaching the gospel in a quiet way. Just to convey an idea of the class of minds we have to deal with, and some of the difficulties we meet with in Italy, I venture to relate what took place a few weeks ago.

It is Saturday evening, and as I enter the train at Civitavecchia bound for a journey of fifty miles to Rome, I find myself in the company of two fellow travellers. One to my left seems about forty-five years of age, of the artisan type, but possessing, as I afterwards find, more than the average of the intelligence of his class. He has come from Pisa, and we will call him the Pisan. The other is seated opposite to me, he is about forty years old, and his dress and general appearance show that he belongs to that stratum of society called very respectable. I begin to judge of him with an eye to evangelization, and I am bound to decide that he looks intelligent, perhaps he will be reasonable? perhaps good? Sometime passes during which I am occupied in reading. Observing that my friend opposite, whom we will call the Genoese (as he informs us he has come from Genoa), has nothing to occupy his mind, and looks somewhat uncomfortable in consequence, I offer him a copy of the Gospel according to Luke, asking him if he would like to read. He takes it, and thanks me; but after looking at the title page he hands it back to me, with an appearance of annoyance and contempt, remarking that such books are not for him.

"Why so?" I ask.

"Because it is a Protestant book, and I am a Catholic."

"But what makes you think it is a Protestant book?"

"It bears the name of Giovanni Diodati, and I see it was printed in London."

"Do you, then, suppose that Diodati's translation is not faithful to the original?"

"Certainly: he was a Protestant."

"You perhaps read Greek?"

"No."

"Then how do you come to judge of Diodati's work, and to condemn it?"

"O! it is not for me to judge; it is for me always to accept the teachings of the church. Protestant books are condemned by the church, and Catholics do not read them."

"Pray, don't let us be carried away by a word. It is easy to call a thing protestant, and to hate it; but is it reasonable to do so? The term protestant is a wide one, and covers things and men bad or good. The greatest protestant to-day is the Pope, for he is continually protesting. There are Protestants who are *only* protestants; but I claim to be a Christian. My Christianity is founded on the truths contained in this book, which I should like to persuade you to read, in order that you might judge of the truth and worth of its contents."

"No, no! it is not for us to judge at all. We leave that to those who are capable of it."

"But, my dear sir, are we not compelled to judge? Does not our nature impel us to it? Does not the fact that God has endowed us with reason bind us to use our reason? And if you do not read and judge for yourself, consider, I pray you, the position you put yourself in. The priest tells you he is to judge for you, and that you have simply to leave yourself in his hands. You may do that perhaps reasonably after enquiring into the priests authority, but not before. If you leave yourself in the priest's hands without first assuring yourself of his authority, do you not place yourself on a level with the brutes? And if, as a reasonable man, you wish to know the nature and limits of the priest's or the church's authority, where should you go to but the Holy Scriptures, from which Catholics believe they derive their faith."

"But your Bible is a Protestant book."

"My dear sir, don't delude yourself into supposing that there is a great difference between the version of Diodati and that of Archbishop Martini. It is only in a few particulars that you will find a radical difference. I prefer Diodati's version to Martini's because it is much better, being a careful translation of the original, whereas Martini's version is only a translation of a translation; but the two versions are *substantially* the same."

"But we are forbidden by the church to read such books as these, and that is enough for me."

"But you acknowledge that we ought to obey Jesus Christ?"

"Certainly!"

"Very well then, Jesus says here, 'Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me.'"

"But I suppose it is Diodati who says that."

"No, the version of Martini, though different in form, amounts to the same thing; certainly an approval of the study of the scriptures. Now if Jesus Christ says, 'Search the scriptures,' and certain men say, 'Don't search them,' can we doubt as to whom we should obey?"

“No: but it perhaps does not mean that we should do this ourselves. Practically, we search the scriptures if some one else does it for us.”

“Now just let us look such an idea in the face. If the King of Italy, or the Pope, should distribute in this carriage copies of some document containing his will, and having a great importance for us, and were to say to us, ‘Read, and carefully study this,’ would it be obedience on our part, or even reasonable, for us to say, ‘We won’t trouble ourselves to read the document. We will leave it to some one else to read it and tell us just what he thinks well of its contents?’”

“No: I confess it would not.”

I thought I had scored a point here, but I could not persuade my friend to read. This is only a small part of what was said on both sides. My friend got very angry once or twice, and said some very insulting things, but I was enabled to keep calm, and I hope reasoned not without effect. Suddenly, however, this Genoese managed to get rid of his part of the discussion by declaring, somewhat testily, that he did not like to be compelled to talk on such subjects in the presence of other people.

At which remark our Pisan companion exclaimed, “You need not be afraid of me, for I am quite indifferent to such subjects.” Then he began to express, very volubly, his opinions, which were a strange mixture of wisdom and folly, knowledge and ignorance, logic and unreason. He denounced the Pope and priests as impostors, and quoted history in a way that made our Genoese friend look very uncomfortable, giving point to his satire sometimes by apt quotations from the poetry of Giusti.

I was pleased to see that I had now to talk with one who would at least attempt to reason, and who was not unreasonable, although inclined to be wild. By this time several labourers had entered the compartment, and also a man and his wife belonging to the intelligent classes. We were in for a warm and interesting discussion; and I thought I detected in the face of the Genoese signs of surprise and gratification as he saw how modern scepticism could be successfully answered by one in my position, when by one in his position it could not be answered at all.

After a discussion of many other things, our Pisan friend attacked the divinity of Jesus Christ. According to him Jesus Christ was a great and noble reformer, but He was not divine, and never gave Himself out for such. It was easy for me to meet that assertion with the words and actions of Christ, and to demonstrate that either Christ was God, or He was not good. To all this the labourers listened with rapt attention, the lady frequently nodded approval, her husband responding with a few questions, which were answered to his satisfaction, and my Catholic Genoese friend looked pleased.

But then arose the question of the trustworthiness of the gospels and epistles from which I quoted. The Pisan was as ignorant of them as the rest, and he supposed that they were *church* writings of no worth. He classed the Evangelists and the Apostle Paul together with popes and priests as a set of imposters who said and wrote what they did to cheat the world and get money. I then narrated the principal facts of Paul’s life, and showed how utterly absurd was the supposition that

such a man was actuated by anything but a firm conviction and a reasonable one of the truth.

But it was getting time, I thought, to leave controversy, if possible, and set forth the gospel in its most simple form, and my Pisan friend soon gave me an opportunity. He had asserted that when Jesus was challenged to come down from the cross, He, if divine, ought to have accepted the challenge, as by so doing He would have rendered unbelief impossible, and would thus have accomplished His object of reforming and converting men.

I replied showing that it was unreasonable to suppose that such a miracle would have had the result desired; but my chief answer was that Christ did not come to reform and convert men in the first instance, but that He came *on purpose* to DIE for them, and so render their reform and conversion possible; and that the challenge was an absurd and satanic invitation to Him to abandon the very work He had come from Heaven to accomplish. Here again I had the approbation of all but the Pisan; who, however, did not reply, and I proceeded to set forth the purpose of God in Christ as unfolded by Christ's sufferings. What I said amounted to a little sermon on the text, "God so loved the world," etc.

When I finished there was perfect silence for awhile, and so ended the discussion. Not, however, without an incident worthy of recording. We were in the dark. The lamp which served for our compartment and three others was indeed burning, but so dimly that it threatened to go out. We could not see each other's faces, and could only just distinguish each other's forms. It was unpleasant, and there were many complaints. The Genoese lit matches one after the other to make a temporary blaze. Then the Pisan took out out of his bag a little wax taper, lit it, and stuck it on the wooden seat, and it gave light to the whole compartment. All seemed grateful for the light. I remarked to the Genoese that what we had done was to me a parable.

"Indeed: what is the parable?"

"Why, that central light is Catholicism. It should give light to all, but it leaves us in miserable darkness. But we can be independent of it, lighting up for ourselves the candle of the gospel, and see what a comfort it is!"

"Bellissimo! mi piace molto!" exclaims my Genoese (*i.e.*, Beautiful! I like that). The other travellers call out: "What has he been saying?"

I had to repeat it, and all shouted "Bellissimo!" But the wind blew very strong through the carriage, and I had to protect our little light with my hand. One of the party exclaims, amid much merriment: "I fear the gospel (l'evangelo) will be blown out or be exhausted."

"No," I reply, "you will see that it will last as long as we need it. It will continue to light us until we get into the great blaze of the terminus—and herein is another parable."

And so it did, giving its last flicker just as the train rushed into the station with its blaze of gas light. And so we separated, wishing each other *felice notte*, perhaps never to see each other again in this world. But who can say that that conversation of three hours duration was in vain?

Twelve Papers for Young Men.

X.—THE START FOR MANHOOD.*

THE Manhood of Men : what is it and how is it attained ?

Within the Houses of Parliament there is a standard measure of length, built into the walls, available for anybody's use, and infallible, within these realms, beyond all question, as the criterion of linear measurement. Is there any such standard of moral manhood built into any observable life ? And is it available for everybody's use ? If so, it is undeniably most desirable to know where it is and how to use it.

Supposing we know what a man is according to the highest ideal—what qualities are in him, how they are put together, and harmonized and balanced so as to make perfection—can we be equally certain as to the best *methods* for incorporating these qualities in our life, and attaining, without fail and at the earliest possible moment, this exalted level of human excellence ? To shew a lame and impotent man the goal is not to bring him to it. Allowing that we see the goal, have we strength to reach it ?

A third question : Does that set of forces comprehensively and vaguely labelled *civilization* aid or hinder in the attainment and development of manhood ? Mr. Mark Pattison has told us within the last week that the wheels of our material civilisation crush out of us poetic feeling and sensibility, and thereby diminish the value of life. Poetry and religion are so closely akin that one may fittingly ask whether these same destructive wheels crush out of us our capacities for becoming in all respects and in the face of all difficulties, real, full-minded, and full-hearted men ?

These are practical questions and terribly urgent for most reflective young men, and therefore require the most frank and courageous investigation. For 30 years and more I have been thinking about them and trying, with all the light I could get and the energy I could command, to help others to think rightly about them ; indeed, I may say in the scientific language of the day I have conducted a prolonged "experiment," mainly within myself, but partly by observation of others, for the purpose of determining the truest solution of the problem of man's manhood. I have looked north and south, east and west, and I have found but one answer that has given a never-broken satisfaction, a pure and refulgent joy. That answer I hope to give you in this course of sermons : and yet I say to you in all sincerity that if now I had offered me another answer covering a wider field, yielding a richer promise of spiritual and enduring success, and altogether giving stronger evidences of truth, I would—indeed, I *must*, by force of the very training I have received from the Master of my life, prefer it, elect it, and follow it withersoever it or its Revealer might lead.

But to me at present it is as incontrovertible as that two and two make four, (1) that Jesus Christ, Son of God and Son of Man, is the

* Paragraphs from a sermon in the *Christian Commonwealth* of October 18th, 1883, which also contains a Portrait of Mr. D. L. Moody, a Sermon by Dr. Maclaren, News of the Churches, a serial story, etc. Price One Penny. The second sermon of this course—Does "Labour" block the way to Manhood?—appears in the issue for Oct. 25th.

true standard of perfect manhood, built irremovably into our abiding and progressive humanity; (2) that He who incarnates the ideal also gives the moral impact, the inspiration, the power by which we attain it, and that, (3) schooled by His loving wisdom, and drilled in his winsome methods, instead of the forces of modern civilization becoming a hindrance, they may not only be mastered, but positively made into eye and tongue, foot and hand, by means of which we may attain our coveted goal, use fully the agencies round about us, and more quickly secure the broader ends for which this manhood itself has been revealed to us as the grand possibility of our brief and troubled life.

* * * * *

Glance for a moment at His matchless manhood. To me it always seems like Nature, simple and strong, steadfast and calm, not explaining itself, but moving forward with a grand and exhaustless fullness. It is like the refulgent richness of the earth in the full summer-tide of her glories, bracing as the air of mountain summits, fresh as the perennial streams, and transparently pure as the morning light. We know Him as we know it; but never fully and out and out. One man studies the stars and introduces us to their society, makes us acquainted with their kinship with our planet, and reads in their history the possible career of our home. Another interprets the story of the rocks, and tells how our world has grown. A third is in his laboratory disentangling the forces around us, telling us their significance, and multiplying in countless forms their applicability to our needs. So is it with the manhood of Christ Jesus. Paul sets it out in its grand missionary enthusiasm, in its burning ardour and Divine daring, in its philosophical grip of truth and its conquest of the foes of righteousness. John expresses it in its tender winsomeness, "sweet reasonableness," and power to bathe us with an atmosphere of love. James reveals it in its blended freedom and order, a law demanding obedience, and yet a law of liberty, to be freely chosen and loyally served in a spontaneous love. But *all* the men down the centuries, our apostles, and confessors, and martyrs, and saints, have revealed to us only bits, mere fragments of the inexhaustible manhood of Jesus Christ. For it is with His manhood as with the universe. Christ grows with our growing knowledge. The clearer and more capable our vision, the more there is to be seen. We thought we knew it some time ago, as it said to us, Be brave and always brave, and we stood upright and dared the world, the flesh, and the devil, strengthened by the word of Christ. But it came to us again when a valued friend had bruised and wounded us in our most cherished interests, and the voice of the suffering, crucified Man said: Forgive, and always forgive. But no; in an instant we struck out our revengeful hand. And it was not till a fresh sense of our own need of forgiveness had arisen within us, and the waters of penitence had cleansed our vision, that we learned that "forgiveness" is also a part of the manhood of Christ. It is so always, "Growth in grace is a growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Start for this idea, and start at once. Make it yours now. As air rushes into a vacuum, so into a heart that is untenanted by this expanding and inspiring hope; by this conviction that a self-centred life is a folly and a sin, and by this ideal of manhood—*i.e.*, by Christ Jesus—money or fame, business or profession, push in with irresistible force.

Accept Christ; trust Him; suffer Him to fashion you according to His will, and you will be able to say to Him—

“O Friend, my bosom said,
Through Thee above the sky is arched,
Through Thee the rose is red;
All things through Thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in Thy worth.
Me, too, Thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are, through Thy friendship, fair.”

JOHN CLIFFORD.

The Tenth Talk with our Girls.

II.—A GIRL OF THE PAST.*

SUCH care and industry was certain, sooner or later, to have its effect. The other children, too, were growing up. Soon the eldest daughter found an opportunity of leaving home. She took a shop in the East-gate, Bourne, and started business. Here, whilst active in work for her own support, the welfare of her neighbours lay near her heart. She became a teetotaler so that she could the more consistently persuade drunkards to take the pledge. At this time temperance had all its laurels yet to win as a public force. Ignorance was rife; books hardly to be had. Couldn't this be helped? A circulating library was bought, and she acted as librarian. The wave of agitation for the abolition of slavery in the colonies was rising, and had her enthusiastic support. Steps were taken that may be said to have coloured all her after life. One way was pre-eminent above others by which she might know God's will: this was the study of the Scriptures. How could this be carried out so effectually as by learning to read the sacred books in the original tongues, in which they were written and spoken? She would learn Greek and Hebrew. Effort, doubtless, would be involved; work generally thought considerable by men enjoying the advantages of college life; but she, the village shop-keeper, with little leisure, in labours more abundant, must make the attempt. Such help as could be got she gladly availed herself of. Patience, and a strong will, can do much. Soon the New Testament was read in its original Greek, and the Old Testament in Hebrew.

During this time she was saving money for an object that had long been on her mind. The condition of the village of Morton had attracted the attention of herself and friends; it appeared shut up to moral and spiritual darkness. Religious services had been held in cottages, or in the open-air, but had been firmly opposed. Whenever the evangelisers obtained a room for preaching, they were soon deprived of it. In the open-air brick-bats and rotten eggs were pitted against the ministers of the gospel of peace. Jane's quiet tactics "bided their time;" most of the land in the place was held by opponents, but there were one or two lots that might possibly become obtainable some day, and the money went on

* Continued from page 380.

saving. One morning she heard that a small property was for sale. She was ready. She walked over and bought it, and returned to her work resolved to remove there and foster the getting the gospel into Morton. She was left in no uncertainty as to the propriety of the step; the indications of Providence are often plain to the eye that is clear to read them. On her return she found a "discharge" of the premises she occupied. "So you see I went out, and was thrust out," she remarked.

But the battle was not won in a day; the matter grew; a room in a small house was inadequate for the numbers who came; a chapel must be built; land for it was offered to the "church," but others had not her enthusiasm; caution, rather than enterprise, ruled; they would have nothing to do with any pecuniary responsibility, the burden must still be her own; she accepted it. With limited means she built a chapel in 1846. The spiritual results through the succeeding years were an abundant reward. Her cherished wish attained in regard to Morton it might have been expected that comparative rest and ease would follow, but her parents health failing she had to leave the place and return to Dyke. At home her vigour found its natural outlet in care for her father and mother; both were getting into years, one was not strong, the other blind: she took the post of leader: the shop was removed to better premises. Here for many years she maintained a day-school; and here, as at Morton, built a small chapel.

Both at Dyke and Morton the material places of worship, and still more the improved moral and spiritual conditions of the people, attest the value of Miss Redmile's pioneer efforts. In the various surrounding villages, at Edenham, Hackonby, Cawthorpe, Tongue End, and Stainfield, where the favourable disposition of residents, or the visits of herself or others could be brought to bear, she would endeavour to spread the knowledge of the Saviour. She was well-known, and access was free to her anywhere.

The recognition she met, and confidence placed in her, was not the result of any repression of her own strong convictions. The good in opponents was to be acknowledged, but never at the cost of condoning the evil. Her large-heartedness was real. But there was nothing in her of the sham charity that can be wide because it has no preferences, to which one thing and another is pretty much alike. She was a Christian, and wanted everybody to be so with her; she was a dissenter, and whilst her charity extended to all, she would be a *political* dissenter. That a church should be ruled by the secular power she couldn't understand; that it should be supported through the tax-gatherer was a grievous anomaly.

Neither was her interest in public questions at the cost of home and family. Christian duties were not undertaken whilst things nearer home were left undone. No trace of the public spiritedness that can mind everybody's business but its own. Never a trace of the shadow of Dickens's Mrs. Jellaby possible with her. What she was outside she was at home, the outward life being but an expansion of the life at home.

There is not much to record of the remaining years at Dyke. About fifteen years before her death she retired from business and removed to Bourne. Frugal and industrious habits had provided more than sufficient for her small wants. It was life's afternoon—the evening drawing

near: she would enjoy it with her Bible, her tracts, and books, and think, whilst thinking power remained. A small house was chosen, and in it she lived alone some years, no servant to interrupt her. Was not the Master with her? The urging of friends to live with someone of her relations who would care for her were quite useless. What more could she want? She needed little—her wants were soon attended to; then her reading and meditating over her patchwork. Patchwork was her amusement; quilts, cushions, slowly built up of small hexagons, Bible never far off, sometimes in shape of the Greek Testament, sometimes an old black letter "Breeches" edition. Indoor occupations, frequently varied with excursions in which she literally followed in the path of Him who went about doing good. Old friends were looked up; many an aged pilgrim encouraged by the friendly helpful word, often by the helpful gift. Debts she would pay for others that the cause of Christ might not have a reproach cast on it, services of which none were ever cognisant except those immediately concerned; they were done for one who had taught that the left hand should not know what the right hand did; and the spirit of His injunctions would be best met, she believed, by actual secrecy wherever that was attainable, if not counter-indicated by direct good otherwise to be achieved.

During the quiet retirement of this time, her ideas developed in a direction in which such a thing is not very common late in life. She had, most of her life, been troubled as to the fate of the heathen abroad, and the uninstructed at home. Questions would arise: What is the lot of those who, knowing not God, still live, as far as can be seen, up to the small light they have? Surely they are not punished for their circumstances? And again, what is the *duration* of the punishment of the wicked? The "orthodox" teaching on these and kindred subjects she had been familiar with all her life; but the more she thought, the less certain she felt of its truth. Her knowledge of the original showed her that much of the glib talk of shallow men on these solemn themes was based on words that appeared to her misinterpreted. Sometimes words had come to have meanings attached to them not contemplated at the time of their use. What was the character of future punishment? Merely penal? or disciplinary? Would not God be honoured more by the latter than the former? She mused, and "dared to hope" that it might be that none

"Should perish in a fruitless fire;"

Still it was no subject to ventilate, no one must be "unsettled" by her doubts or thoughts. About the same time a series of articles appeared weekly in a religious newspaper* on these themes, ably advocating the views of their respective writers. These led to conversation with one who, she found, was as far as herself from being settled in the accepted dogmas. They met on Sunday afternoons, for some time, to converse about these matters; both were seeking light, both were solemnly impressed with the necessity of unlearning much they had been taught to receive as the teaching of scripture. If the scriptures did not teach that the unsaved existed in everlasting torments, what was their teaching? The various theories were had under review on these Sunday afternoons. As difficulties were discussed, hopes brightened; and if

* The Christian World.

certainly was not attained, as the word is ordinarily used, perhaps something else was. Something perhaps even more important than the solution of the hidden mysteries. These may remain hidden if the great lessons of hope in the Divine power and implicit trust in the Divine goodness are learned. Of those Sunday afternoons it is said it was good to be there, to learn how the most earnest search after truth may combine with the most reverent trust; to remember her patient thought and unswerving faith; her confidence that the God of all will do right; her thankful appreciation of whatever made for consolation, because it told of hope for all mankind, for the . . . trust that, somehow, good will be the final goal of ill.

“That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When He has made the pile complete.”

Whatever may be our personal views, may we not ask the question that Tennyson asks in the following verse?

“The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have?
The likest God within the soul.”

(Concluded in our next.)

Friend or Foe?

A SEQUEL TO “OLIVER RAYMOND.”

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER XI.—SURPRISES.

THAT Christmas evening Mr. Bradford sat alone in the pretty sitting-room of Daisy Villa—alone, saving the presence of the Ogre, Bankruptcy, which was staring him triumphantly in the eyes. A pleasant companion that, on Christmas night! How it seemed to grin, and point out the blunders of his victim. “You remember that summer afternoon,” the Ogre asked, “when you brought out that bottle of old crusted port? Ha, ha!” and he mocked again. “You remember how you left that young fellow entirely at the mercy of his youth and inexperience? Now, if you had but kept your eye on your books, you might still have been safe! But I shall drive you out—into the street, into the cold, into the *workhouse*—ha, ha!” and the demon seemed to shriek in triumph. Nice Christmas company, truly! What would the victim have given to be free from that gouty foot, which held him to be taunted and tortured.

Ha! a knock, sudden and startling. Welcome—though it be but a pack of wolfish creditors.

In another moment the grey-haired Mr. Weston has burst into the room, leading a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, with bronzed face, heavy brown beard, and merry grey eyes.

“Now, sir!” cries Mr. Weston to the stranger—but he stops suddenly, looking round the room. He is evidently very excited. “Where is Miss Vaughan?” he asks of his friend. The latter replies that Joyce came a little while ago, and they both went out together, he doesn’t know where. “Do you know this—this—man?” Mr. Weston continues. He is very nearly saying villain. The stranger suddenly throws off his merry air, advancing with outstretched hand to Mr. Weston.

“Forgive me,” he says, in a deep rich voice, “forgive me for this levity. I have been cruising all about the country for a month, trying to overhaul the

Vaughans, when suddenly you clap me on the shoulder, and swear you will make me do Miss Vaughan justice. God knows, I have been praying for the moment when I could do that justice. Where is my friend Vaughan?"

"You killed him!" bluntly rejoined the other.

"God forgive me! Is he dead?"

"I suppose you have been so busy, that even in twelve years you could not spare ten minutes to write and know," angrily retorts Mr. Weston.

"Written! I have written a hundred times, and the letters, after six months, and sometimes a year, have come back to me. Weston, believe me, as the heavens are above, I have rued that miserable piece of work, and have always looked forward to the moment when I could undo it, if possible." Mr. Weston is silent, his thoughts being busy with the time when Alfred Vaughan fled from the scene of his failure, leaving no trace behind.

Mr. Bradford has forgotten, for a moment, the presence of his ogre; but he cannot understand the scene before him, until his friend, grown calmer, asks him if he does not remember Mr. Grant, whom he often met when visiting at the Vaughans', years before. And then much explanation is made, on all sides; Mr. Weston fixing his eyes on the visitor as he tells how Vaughan and his wife died, and how Elsie would be begging her bread if it were not for her uncle, and seeming to wonder whether Grant is really honest; Mr. Bradford saying little, but thinking much—of his own troubles; Grant looking very downcast. Then there is another knocking at the door, and the servant admits Rearden and Joyce. Does Amos turn pale, as he gazes so keenly at the stranger? He does not hide the fact that he recognizes him, but goes up at once and puts out his hand, which Grant takes rather coldly.

"Thought we'd come round and keep you company a little!" Rearden says, turning to Mr. Bradford; but I had no idea of meeting so old a friend as Captain Grant. I had the pleasure," he added, in explanation, "of sailing under him for sometime. How strangely people sometimes meet!"

More explaining; talks of old times; increasing sadness on Grant's part, and confidence on Mr. Weston's; Mr. Bradford becoming less and less self-absorb as wine circulates; and all the time many and frequent questions as to what can have become of Elsie. At last, as Joyce, who has seemed all along by his manner to know something about it, is going to say something, there is another knock and ring.

It is Elsie, followed by a gaunt, shabby-looking, pale young man, the ghost of Oliver Raymond as he was.

Mr. Bradford's brow grows black as a thunder-cloud, as also does Mr. Weston's, as, seeing Raymond, the former asks:

"So you've come back, have you? I don't want a thief and forger in my presence. Therefore, the sooner you leave again!"

"Oliver is no thief and forger, uncle!" cries Elsie, with flashing eyes. "He says so!"

"What! have you been to bring him here? Do you defend him who has robbed you of your home and your bread? Still cling to a robber!"

"Uncle—Mr. Bradford," says Oliver—how hollow is his voice!—"I have heard this story from Elsie, and vow, before my God, that I know nothing of it. I have done wrong, terrible wrong, I know; but not that. I have returned now, partly at Elsie's urgent desire, partly for shame at my cowardice in running away, to!"

Mr. Bradford uttered something much like an oath. "What effrontery is this!" he cried, passionately. "What do you mean by denying this thing? Isn't it enough to bring me and that girl to the workhouse, without coming here, after your booty is spent, and flinging insults in my teeth? By the heavens above, you shall repent ever coming back. I meant to let you go; but this is too much, and the law shall take its course. Joyce, call me a policeman, at once!"

"Uncle, uncle!" cried Elsie, in sudden wild terror. But the other was roused, and, like an angry bull-dog, was not to be easily turned from the object on which he had fastened. "Get a policeman!" he fairly roared, seeing Joyce hesitate, while he put Elsie rather roughly from him, when she flung herself at his feet.

Oliver stood erect, but with bowed head, like one who meant to take his just punishment, whatever it might be, calmly and meekly. Rearden, grown very

pale, stood silent, like Captain Grant and Mr. Weston, as if awaiting the upshot of the strange scene.

"Uncle, uncle, have mercy—have mercy!" cried Elsie, seeming to lose all self-restraint in presence of the terrible prospect before Oliver—"He is not guilty—I am sure"—

"Be silent girl—you don't know what you are talking about. The fellow is a common thief. I suppose," he added, looking at Oliver with an angry sneer, "You mean to infer that your friend, or someone else, must have forged those cheques, eh?"

Oliver calmly returned the gaze of the other. "I accuse Rearden of nothing," he said, quietly, "except giving me unwholesome advice. Whom else can I accuse? You will not believe me, I fear, but God knows I am ignorant of your meaning"—

"Will you stand there and lie to my face, sir?" roared Mr. Bradford, growing livid with rage. "You unmitigated scoundrel! have I been fostering a hypocrite as well as a villain"—

"Mr. Bradford"—Rearden here came forward—"pray keep yourself calm, sir. Anger is useless in any case. Will you not let me persuade you to forego this matter? Let me plead for one who was my friend."

Elsie, on being repulsed by her uncle, had risen and gone to Oliver's side, where she stood with her hand pressed to her heart, looking round from one to another with hopeless eyes and white despairing face. On hearing the voice of Rearden, of whose presence she had seemed quite unconscious till now, she suddenly fired up. "There is the author of all this mischief!" she cried, pointing at him, "that is the man that should go to prison. If it hadn't been for him"—

"Silence!" growled her uncle, roughly.

At this moment Joyce entered, followed by a policeman. The latter was quiet and business-like, as usual with his brotherhood; but the former seemed strangely pale and excited, and he looked round the room nervously.

"Take that man away," said Mr. Bradford to the policeman, pointing to Oliver. "I charge him with embezzlement."

"Let me say one word before I go?" Oliver uttered the words with white lips, and took a step forward. "I came here to work, if you would let me, and make good, as far as I could, the mischief I have done; but, I repeat, I have no knowledge of any forged cheques"—

The policeman here interrupted with the usual warning; but he, in his turn, was interrupted by Joyce, who, paler perhaps than anybody else present, said:

"Mr. Bradford, I feel that I should be criminal if I did not speak now. If anyone is guilty of forgery, it is not Mr. Raymond. During the week he has been away I have, at Miss Elsie's request, been trying to find him, and I found him this afternoon, starving. But I have here a proof"—taking from his breast a pocket-book, and from that a slip of paper—"that foul play, or something much like it, has been going on somewhere. It is a leaf from Mr. Rearden's pocket-book"—all eyes here turned on Rearden, who starts visibly—"and I found it in his room. It is covered with the name of Mr. Raymond, as if someone had been trying to copy his signature. But more than that, I to-day received confirmation of a suspicion I have long had, namely, that goods have been sent by Mr. Rearden to at least two customers, for which no money has been paid into the firm, and for which there is nothing to show in the books. This I can prove through one of the carmen and others." He hesitated a moment, but added: "I hope, sir, you will forgive me for not speaking before, but I had only suspicions; and besides, I—I—have just married, and—but whatever risk I run I cannot stand and see one whom I believe innocent in almost every way taken to prison." Joyce closed his excited and hurried speech with a defiant look at Rearden, and seemed very glad to have finished.

This put an entirely new face on matters. Mr. Bradford looked at Rearden as if he would read his very heart; Mr. Weston was astounded, as well he might be, having been used to look upon Rearden as not only the smartest and keenest business fellow, but also the most honest one, he had ever met. Captain Grant continued a spectator of the little drama, muttering once to himself: "Repeating his old games, eh;" while to the pale cheeks of Elsie and Oliver, as they

stood side by side, came a little flush, like a herald of hope, and their eyes grew brighter.

Oliver Raymond was not the one who went with the policeman to prison. He spent that night beneath the roof of Daisy Villa, awake, yet dreaming; dreaming, yet awake.

Mr. Bradford, too, had his dreams—dreams of that Ogre, who had grinned and mocked in his face. And awaking, he seemed only to be dreaming still. Was it true? or was it all a fairy tale? Had someone suddenly appeared from across the sea, strong enough to bind that monster in chains? He looked round upon his room—the familiar walls and ceiling, and furniture, grown dear in the prospect of his being driven from them. No. It was *real*. Captain Grant had brought Elsie a fortune; Elsie had given it up for her uncle's use. Do you wonder, O reader, if the strong man turned his face to the wall, and wept?

General Baptist Gospel Mission and Preachers' Institute, London.*

THE second annual meeting was held at Westbourne Park Chapel, Oct. 8th. After tea J. Clifford, the President, took the chair, and W. J. Avery, as Secretary, made his statement. Classes were held (weekly) at Westbourne Park on thirty-four evenings during the past session, and out of a membership of thirty students there was an average attendance of fifteen. Lectures were given by J. Clifford on (1) "Biblical Interpretation" and (2) "Preaching," by Rev. E. P. Cook on "English Composition," and by Rev. J. Batey on "How and what to preach." Rev. G. W. M'Cree has conducted some Biblical studies, Dr. Burns has directed a comparative study of the Authorized and Revised Versions of 1 Timothy, and J. Clifford has introduced the critical reading of Dr. Miller's "Fetich in Theology." The "sermon class" has also been continued with very great interest. An examination, conducted by Mr. A. H. Moore (Ealing), Revs. J. Fletcher, E. P. Cook, and G. W. M'Cree, has resulted thus:—Papers on the lectures, &c.: *Mr. F. E. Miller* (Westbourne Park), first prize; *Mr. J. Tinkler* (Crouch End), second prize. Sermons: *Mr. F. E. Miller*, first prize; *Mr. F. Staniland* (Westbourne Park), second prize; *Mr. Staniland* also taking the prize for "sermon outline." With reference to the sermons, Mr. M'Cree reports:—"I can speak most highly of them. The men who prepared them must be individually marked by many of the best characteristics of good preachers." The students have delivered upwards of sixty sermons at Crouch End Chapel, under the superintendence of Mr. Batey, and have rendered acceptable service to many other churches on Sundays. They have also conducted open-air preaching, and week-evening services in some of our chapels. Mr. James Whitford (Praed Street) has just passed out of the Institute into our College at Nottingham, and two or three other members are contemplating the same course.

Mr. Batey, the Treasurer, reported an income of £21 5s. 2d., whilst the expenditure (inclusive of £10 voted to the Crouch End Chapel Building Fund) has been £17 0s. 9d.

Addresses were given by Revs. Dr. Burns, W. Harvey Smith, and W. Bampton Taylor (Chesham); Messrs. R. Lacey, J. Lawrance, F. Staniland, and J. Tinkler (students).

It is now proposed to organize the Institute in connection with the Southern Conference according to the scheme printed on page 30 of the current General Baptist Year Book, and entitled "Local Preachers and the Conferences." It has hitherto been under the management of the London Ministers' Fraternal Association. Any Conference or Local Preachers' Association that desires further information as to the working of this "Institute," will have it readily supplied on application to the Secretary.

* Cf. *General Baptist Magazine*, Nov. 1882, p. 427.

New Chapels and Schools.

I.—ARNOLD.

The village is situated four miles north of Nottingham, and one mile from Daybrook Station on the Great Northern Railway.

The Chapel is 48½ feet long, 39 feet wide, and 23½ feet high to the ceiling. The walls are faced with copper-mould bricks, neatly pointed with white putty. The front windows have stone dressings, with label mould and blue brick band over same. The front door stands between stone pilasters, with moulded panels and moulded cornice above. The chapel is lighted by means of fourteen semi-circular-headed windows. The front doors open into the vestibule, from which other doors conduct into the chapel. The platform stands in a recess at the far end of the chapel, being well lighted from the roof. There is a gallery across the front end, extending about thirteen feet into the chapel, being reached by means of two staircases from the vestibule. The woodwork generally is of best red deal; but the pulpit front and the gallery front are of pitch pine. The whole of the woodwork is stained and varnished. The chapel is lighted by means of three chandeliers from the ceiling, and by wall brackets under the gallery. Special care has been taken to insure efficient ventilation. The baptismistry is immediately in front of the pulpit. Both the chapel and schools are heated by means of a hot-water apparatus, fitted with valves, so that both can be heated either separately or together. Behind the chapel two vestries are provided. The style of architecture adopted is free Italian. The chapel provides sitting accommodation for 350 persons. Cost: land, chapel, schools, furniture, etc., £2,400. Contractors: Messrs. Smith and Greaves of Arnold. Architect: John R. Swift of London.

The opening services of the chapel begin November 4th, those of the new school being held July 8th. Messrs. R. F. Griffiths and J. Burton preached. On Monday, July 16, a free tea was given to the scholars to commemorate the event. A public tea was afterwards provided for teachers and friends. In the evening the Rev. J. J. Fitch preached. Collections, £11 11s.

II.—BURTON-ON-TRENT.

A local paper says the building is a decided ornament to that part of the town, and the work has been consummately carried out by the contractors. Both externally and internally it has a very pleasing appearance, and it has been built to accommodate over eight hundred people, or about double the number of the old chapel. Internally it will be found that the acoustic properties are perfect, for the preacher may be distinctly heard in any part of the edifice. What is equally valuable is the fact that the preacher cannot be hidden from any member of the congregation, for in the chapel proper there is not a single pillar or column, the only pillars really being hidden in the screen which divides the vestibule from the actual interior. The seats are open and are comfortable, and each one is covered with a blue rug—a very pleasing change from the pitch-pine which has been used about the building. There are three galleries, with open fronts sloping inwards, and, though not apparently joined together, they are connected by means of porches.

The chapel has been designed upon the basis of the English Gothic of the thirteenth century; necessarily modified, however, in many respects to suit the present nonconformist ritual, which differs so widely from that of the mediæval church. Still, the characteristic details of that style have been preserved in windows, doorways, mouldings, and elsewhere, every part of which has received the personal attention of the architect, so that, it is said, a hundred and twenty separate drawings are required for a building of this description. The plan of the chapel is cruciform. The square die at the intersection of the nave and transepts is 32 feet on each side. The total internal length of the nave is 90 feet, and the breadth across the transepts is 75 feet. Externally the building is of red brick, with dressings of Ancaster stone and moulded brick, the roof being covered with Broseley tiles, fixed on with copper nails. The intersection of the roofs of nave and transepts is marked with a *fièche* of wood and tile, rising to a height of 90 feet above the pavement. On the front in New Street

there are, on the ground floor, four deeply-recessed windows, lighting the end vestibule and under the gallery, and above these a large tracery window, which finds its counterparts in similar windows in the gables of the transepts. The two principal entrances are each nine feet wide, besides which there are separate entrances to the staircases and the vestries: in all six separate external doorways, so that the means of egress are ample. Every door, which is closed during service, is made to open outwards, a precaution, the necessity for which was painfully exemplified by the accident at Sunderland. The staircases are of Robin Hood York stone, partly supported on iron carriages and arranged in short flights with no winders. The rise being easy, this form of staircase presents the best type for a public building. The landings are of iron and concrete. Passing to the inside of the chapel, we find several features of interest. Entering by the principal entrance we come into a spacious and very light vestibule paved with tiles, in which is inserted the text, "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion." This vestibule is separated from the body of the chapel by a screen of pitch-pine, glazed with clear plate-glass. Late comers (for such there are in every congregation), will find themselves comfortably accommodated in this vestibule and be able to see through the clear glass when they can, with the least disturbance, take their seat in the chapel; but, on the other hand, they will be at once detected should they disturb the congregation by talking or walking about. Passing through the screen we notice the pulpit platform and screen behind it, which are designed *tout ensemble*, with pitch-pine panel work of Gothic tracery and carving. Parts of this wood are remarkable for beauty of grain, resembling satinwood more than pitch-pine. It is intended to place the new organ on the top of this tracery screen, the woodwork of the organ case being already in its place on each side of a large tracery window. The seats nearest the pulpit are arranged in polygons round the preacher, and a very noticeable feature is that the floor slopes at both ends of the chapel and not only at the entrance end. This, the architect informed us, he had done in several other chapels in London and elsewhere with success, the object being to bring the preacher and congregation nearer together. It is, however, obviously an arrangement which cannot be carried out without very great care, otherwise the people in front would interfere with those behind. This fault, however, is not observable in the new chapel, as the architect has worked out this slope of the floor and the pitch of the galleries upon definite principles, based upon what is known as the late Mr. Scott Russell's "isacoustic curve." The result of this and other arrangements is that every person in the congregation can see and hear the preacher distinctly. The whole of the woodwork is executed in pitch-pine. The lower parts of the walls internally are of Cliff's glazed coloured bricks, and the upper parts of red brick. The windows are glazed with cathedral-tinted rolled plate-glass in leadwork of special designs. The ceiling is of a Gothic barrel shape, of white wood, with pitch-pine rib and mouldings. The gas lighting is affected by five "Taj" lamps pendant from the ceilings. These powerful lights are from the works of the well-known Mr. Sugg, of Westminster. The centre light is equal to 300 sperm candles, and the four others to 150 candles each. The lights under the galleries are also of Sugg's patent. Warming is by low-pressure hot water, carried out under the architect's direction by Messrs. Messenger and Co., of Loughborough, in such a manner that fresh air from the outside will be admitted to the building and warmed on its way. Care has been taken to provide efficient ventilation by means of vertical tubes and by the air shafts of the heating apparatus. There are, in addition, two powerful water-spray "Æolus" ventilators, similar to those used so successfully at the fisheries exhibition. The outlet for the heated air is provided by shafts in the roof, the principal shaft, situated in the *fièche*, being three feet six inches diameter. The architect is Mr. J. Wallis Chapman, 11, Sutherland Gardens, Harrow Road, London, who has had a large experience in this class of work in London and in various parts of the country. The contractors for the whole of the works were Messrs. Lowe and Sons, and their own admirable work has been well enforced by that of other contractors who has been associated with them, viz., Messrs. Pickering for the plumbers', painters', and glaziers' work, and Messrs. Mason for the carpenter and joiners' work (whose foreman, Mr. Rice, has helped materially by his care and skilled workmanship). The Committee was fortunate in securing the services of Mr.

Reading as the clerk of works, an office which he has discharged with great care and unflinching courtesy.

The opening sermons were preached by Rev. H. S. Brown, on Tuesday, September 18th; J. Clifford, September 23rd; C. Clark, of Haven Green, Ealing, September 30th, who also gave a brilliant lecture on Monday, October 1st. On the 7th October the pastor S. S. Allsop preached from Haggai ii. 9 in the morning, and from John iii. 16 in the evening. The Lord's Supper was celebrated in the evening, when an unusually large number of communicants were present. Four friends were welcomed to the church, and received the right hand of fellowship. An interesting feature of this day's services was the presentation of a handsome pulpit Bible by the Sunday scholars for use in the new sanctuary. The total amount raised by the opening services, which were conducted by the Rev. E. Stevenson on October 14th, has been £250. The cost of the whole building is about £5,500, towards which something like £4000 has been raised. The friends are highly pleased with the new sanctuary.

III.—EAST END FINCHLEY, LONDON.

The East Finchley Baptists now assembling in the iron chapel, Long Lane, held a successful bazaar of three days at the close of last month. The opening ceremony at the Lecture Hall, East Finchley, was under the presidency of the Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., of Camden Road, who urged the necessity of the present effort to build a new sanctuary from the fact that within another decade that locality would present long lines of villa residences, and for whose future residents provision must now be made. John Clifford and the Rev. John Chadwick expressed their hearty sympathy and confidence in the work under the pastor, Rev. Robert Finch. A fine freehold site is already secured. Our friends greatly need help. Who will give it?

IV.—NEW FLETON, PETERBOROUGH.

The chapel at New Fletton having been closed for some time for extensive alterations and for the erection of school and class-rooms, was reopened on September 18th, when the Rev. W. Orton, of Grimsby, preached in the afternoon and evening. Tea was provided, and about three hundred persons were present. On the following Lord's-day the Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., of Spalding, preached. The congregations at all the services were good. The entire cost of alterations is over £500; and the sum obtained from all sources is nearly £350.

V.—SUTTERTON.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the church was held on Sunday, Oct. 7, the Rev. J. Young being the preacher. On the following day a sale of goods on behalf of the funds for building the New Schools took place. £300 have been raised, and about £100 remains of debt, Mr. Faulkner generously offering £50 if the remaining sum is contributed. Afterwards Councillor Weightman presided at a platform meeting. Mr. Faulkner said late in the last century Rev. John Bissill, with his father and family, founded the Sutterton General Baptist Community. In their graveyard lay the remains of Dan Taylor's daughter, the wife of Rev. John Bissill, and of the widow of the Rev. W. Bampton, one of the first missionaries sent out to India. In the year 1795 or 6 the Bissill family removed from Kingston, Leicestershire, to Sutterton. They first held services in a cottage, but the congregations so increased that they built a chapel at a cost of £281 3s. 6d., and paid for it all by 1807, four years after it was opened. The congregations continued to increase, and in 1826 the old chapel was pulled down, and a larger one (the present building) was erected. The Rev. John Bissill was the pastor of this church until the year 1837. For thirty-five years he preached without fee, stipend or reward. The ministers from that time to the present were—Mr. Goldworthy, sixteen years; Mr. Wood, six; Mr. Cholerton, six; Mr. Taylor, four; Mr. Bott, eight; Mr. Pitts, five; and great good resulted from their ministrations. They were now without a pastor, but he hoped that their heavenly Father would send them a faithful minister; and that the members of the church would be consistent, and daily pray for God's help and blessing on their little community. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. J. Jolly, B.A., W. Sexton, J. Bayne, and J. Young.

Mr. Gladstone's Library.

If Mr. Gladstone were given to the adorning of his house with inscriptions, he would have had written over the door of the library, "Abandon conversation, ye who enter here." Without the inscription, the injunction is understood. If people hanker after conversation, there are plenty of rooms adjoining where they may enjoy themselves. In the library, it is understood, you read or write, but do not talk.

The library has three windows and two fire-places, and is built about with book-cases. Here and in other rooms there are stored over 10,000 volumes, of which theological works form an appreciable proportion. These are collected in one particular corner of the room. Separate departments are assigned to the works of Homer, Shakspeare, and Dante. Unlike most lovers of books, Mr. Gladstone is not selfish in his affection. Since there is no public library near at hand, the library at Hawarden Castle is open to borrowers, no further security being taken than the entry in a book of the name of the borrower, with the date of the transaction. There are three writing-tables in the library, each having its distinct work assigned to it. At one Mr. Gladstone seats himself when engaged in political work; the second is reserved for literary labour and Homeric studies; the third is Mrs. Gladstone's. "It is," Mr. Gladstone remarks, with a mournful smile, and a wistful glance at the desk where *Juventus Mundi* was written, "a long time since I sat there." In a corner of the room stands an ax, a present from Nottingham, its long and narrow blade contrasting strikingly with the American pattern, which Mr. Gladstone prefers, and is accustomed to use. In the library the Premier spends nearly the whole of such portion of the day as is occupied within-doors. Here, with the busts of Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Canning, Cobden, and Homer looking down upon him from the book-cases, and with his old friend Tennyson glancing out from the large bronze medallion which lies on a table near, Mr. Gladstone has thought out an Irish Church Bill, two Irish Land Bills, and many Budgets.

The work each succeeding morning brings to the Premier is enormous in quantity and universal in interest. Human energies, however colossal, would fail to grapple with it unless assisted by method. Mr. Gladstone is as methodical as he is energetic, and no day departs without having its work fully accomplished. His correspondence, both private and official, is enormous, and is dealt with on a very simple plan. The secretary opens his letters, reads them, and indorses on the back of each the name of the writer and the purport of his epistle, this last undertaking being accomplished within a space that would surprise the writer, who has probably covered three or four folios. Mr. Gladstone sees everything, and indicates the nature of the reply, where reply appears to be necessary. If the letter be specially important, or peculiarly interesting, he reads it himself. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he is satisfied with glancing at the *precis*. Before he resumed office his irrepresible energy found some outlet in conducting his correspondence with his own hand. Any bore or ninny-hammer who cared to invest a penny postage stamp, could draw from the great man a post-card written in the well-known hand-writing, and with even more familiar signature. Now, Mr. Gladstone avails himself much more fully of the services of his secretaries, and though he writes many letters in the day, they stand in infinitesimal proportion to those that are sent out in his name. One device he has hit upon is calculated to soothe the feeling of his innumerable correspondents. He had a note in his own hand-writing lithographed, in which he begs to thank his correspondent for his favour, and remains his faithfully, W. E. Gladstone. This is so well done that the unsuspecting correspondent, not familiar with the appearance of lithography, may cherish the note under the impression that it has been written especially to him by the great minister.

W. H. LUCY, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A PLASTIC WORLD.—Emerson says, "As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it."

Scrap from the Editor's Waste-Basket.

I. WHAT ABOUT OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1884? is the question that has been asked again and again since I tendered my resignation to our Association in June last. I am glad to be able to report that our PUBLICATION BOARD met last month, and decided to commit the editorship of our denominational organ to the care of the REV. W. R. STEVENSON, M.A., of NOTTINGHAM, and the REV. J. FLETCHER, of LONDON. These brethren have accepted office, and will begin work with the January issue. It would be presumption on my part to write a line in commendation of my beloved tutor, the Rev. W. R. Stevenson. I sat at his "elbow" with unespeakable profit twenty-six years ago, and shall be glad to hear the rustle of his editorial pen across the page, as indeed shall we all. He is as respected and loved as he is extensively known amongst us. As to my friend and neighbour, Mr. Fletcher, it is generally understood I had arranged to leave him any threads of my scanty editorial mantle that still hung together. He has won his "spurs" amongst us as editor of our *Almanack*, Secretary of the Association, and Secretary of the Home Mission, and will take a good degree, I doubt not, in this new position. In leaving the editorial chair after fourteen years' occupancy—which is, I may add, quite large enough for two peaceably disposed persons to sit in with comfort—I beg to express my unfeigned and ardent desire for the increased usefulness of our "Magazine," and for the happiness and joy of the new editors in their work. Let us all do our utmost for an institution more than ever necessary for, and more than ever rich in promise of good to, our organic life.

II. OUR COLLEGE.—The Rev. C. W. Vick writes to say the COLLEGE COMMITTEE will meet at the College, Forest Road, Nottingham, Tuesday, Nov. 27th, at twelve o'clock, and that subscribing ministers and ministers of subscribing churches are eligible to attend.

A student says—"We are all taking classes at University College. . . . The University classes are a great treat. The professors undoubtedly know how to work their students well." "We are all very pleased with our new College. It is a great improvement on the old." Evidently "the men" are in high delight with their new conditions, and are

determined to make the most of them and the best of themselves for their great work. And I am sure I may add, the one prayer of the churches, deep and full, is that they may be really "men of God" and able ministers of the New Testament. May the richest blessings attend our College work.

III. A SILVER WEDDING.—I have received so many congratulations and good wishes on the completion of the *twenty-fifth* year of my pastorate that I must avail myself of this corner to return my thanks. It is a joy unspeakable and full of promise to look back on a ministry of such duration and delight; and I accept the wishes of my many friends as signs of the immense debt I owe to their sympathy and generous help. I shall never forget the cordiality with which my appeals for advancing work have been received. Not a few have desired that the "silver" may turn into "gold." Perhaps that is too much to expect. The insurance authorities only allow a man at forty-seven to hope for an addition of twenty-three years; but when I recollect that my grandmother lived to within a few months of a hundred, and looked quite as robust as I do, and that I have an uncle who is nearing eighty, and preaches two sermons a Sunday, and "feels as fresh as ever," I think I may, perhaps, behold "the glimpses of the moon" in 1908!! But the old Colledge-day refrain, now hackneyed, comes to my ear, and reminds me

"He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best," etc.,

and I say—"Yes, let us fill this day with good work, and leave all our morrows with God." It is in that spirit we are celebrating "our silver wedding." The ladies of the church have resolved to obtain a £1,000 at a BAZAAR for the reduction of the debt on our Westbourne Park Home. "That Bazaar" is to be held the first week in DECEMBER.

May I say a word for it and them? If it were intended that when we have freed ourselves from debt we should sit still and "enjoy ourselves," I would not ask for a penny; but since we mean advance, and still further advance in work for the salvation of men and the glory of God, I make bold to appeal to all who know us and love us, to come to our help. I am sure many of my friends will be glad to share in this work. Will

you send to me anything saleable, stockings and boots for the feet; bonnets, caps, and hats for the head; ties, collars, and brooches for the neck; woollens for the outside man; fruits, cheese, etc., for the inside; books for the study, and furniture for all the rooms, in fact anything that is convertible into cash, or the cash itself? Yours in love, and thanks, and expectation,
JOHN CLIFFORD.

IV. THE SUNDAY PRAYER MEETING AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT SOUTHPORT.—As I parted with a valued friend at Southport I said, "Send me five lines about the prayer-meeting." The following is his response:—"The devotional meeting of the British Association on Sunday afternoon was enjoyable, well attended, and pervaded by deep spiritual feeling. Dr. Gladstone was apparently chief prompter, and seemed anxious, as the time got near, to find out supporters amongst the audience. The president of the geographical section was in the chair. After a prayer and scripture read by the mayor (Matt. xi. 20—30) an address followed by Professor Dawson, who said, 'Such meetings are most pleasing to Christian men. Four weeks ago I attended just such another four thousand miles away in Minneapolis. Whilst the gospel is hidden from the wise and prudent, it is revealed to babes; let us be babes to receive it, and we babes may rejoice in it.' He pointed out the characteristics of two men who stood pre-eminent amongst the preachers of Christianity—Paul and Luke. They were men of scientific mind; probably deeply read in the wisdom of their time; probably laymen, without office in the church; their position and work typical of that of the Christian scientists of *this* day. It was a great work. The talk about science being opposed to religion was *nonsense*. The scientists would have a great service put upon them in three ways: (1) To manifest the unity of truth, to interpret and drive home the truth that the God of nature was the God of revelation. (2) To manifest a *calm* faith in Christianity, whilst churches were putting forth varying views and phases of Christianity, and often differing about minor points, it would be the province of the scientific mind to hold firm and set forth the essentials, whilst being comparatively indifferent to the accidental circumstances and minor conditions. (3) To be students of the scriptures with the same scientific accuracy and care that they applied to nature. The whole of scripture formed *one* revelation; but its varied books embodied a systematic

development of God's plan, in the same way that geologists sought to understand the development of His plan in the material earth. As a student he had wished to take up some Semitic language, and he chose Hebrew. For years the New Testament had been his one Greek classic, and the more he studied both, the more deeply convinced he was of the unity of God's intentions and teachings, and of the practical value, comfort, and hope of the revelation brought to us.

"After a most devout and beautiful prayer from Dr. Gladstone, Professor Hull, of Dublin, expressed his joy in meeting so many of the Association members, and said it would show the error of the prejudices of the church against the Association. Such prejudices had been expressed here—fears that it would be a meeting of sceptics, and faith be unsettled. But they were *believers*, not only in nature, but in revelation, and science would be more and more identified with religion. In that alone was our lasting satisfaction and hope of everlasting life. Scientists who were Christian men should be ready to show it for the encouragement of young men—many of whom were in the region of doubt and hesitancy—drawn to religion, yet afraid to accept and avow it through fear that science might involve its refutation.

"Psalm xix. was read by Mr. Warrington, and remarks were made on it by Canon Clarke about the psalmist's awe at nature's works—greater wonder at revelation, and self-abasement in view of his own unworthiness. Meeting closed with all repeating the Lord's Prayer standing."

V. "THE BITTER CRY OF OUTCAST LONDON" is one of the saddest revelations recently made of our fearful metropolitan sea of misery, vice, and crime. Alas! it is an "old, old story"; but it comes like a flash of lightning across a gloom-filled sky, and will arrest the jaded attention of London at least for a few minutes. Indeed we cannot bear to look at this grim problem in all its hugeness long.

"These things must not be thought on
After these ways; so, it will make us mad."

"Entire courts," says this pamphlet, "are filled with thieves, prostitutes, and liberated convicts. In one street are thirty-five houses, thirty-two of which are known to be houses of ill fame. In another district are forty-three of these houses and 428 fallen women and girls, many of them not more than twelve years of age." Drink riots upon and feeds the ghastly misery of these pesti-

lential slums. "In the district of Euston Road is one publichouse to every hundred people, counting men, women, and children. Immediately around one chapel in Orange Street, Leicester Square, are one hundred gin palaces, most of them very large." But it is mammon that urges many of these crowds into these glittering saloons; for these poor people come "out of the best paying property in London." Creatures called men are making fifty and sixty per cent. out of the miserable and fetid holes they let to the poor—holes in which chastity and decency are impossible, and where nought but the worst vices can thrive. "Rights of property," indeed! The phrase is a delusion and a lie. Our duty is to use our strength to protect the weak from fleecing speculators, to re-house the poor, to terminate the reign of "drink," and to give the souls of men at least one bare chance of finding their real welfare in this brief life. Christianity waits to receive its triumphant application to the removal of the miseries and healing of the wounds of our social life.

VI. THE CHIEF SECRET OF MR. GLADSTONE'S POWER has been specified with commendable clearness and admirable sympathy by Mr. Edward Clarke, member for Plymouth. He said: "When he comes into the House of Commons it does not matter who is speaking, Mr. Gladstone is always anxious to understand what it is that is being said to the House, and to realise what the speaker is saying and meaning." "However humble the position of the member speaking, however little his authority in political life, Mr. Gladstone strives to realise his meaning, and is evidently anxious to hear what every member of the House can contribute to its information, or to the arguments on the question in debate." "His mind is always in a state of intense activity." He is marked by the "singular earnestness with which he strives to realize what is being said either for him or against him in any part of the House." Those words of a political opponent deserve to be perpetuated as a witness to the broad sympathies, intense interest in all that is human, splendid self-suppression, and vehement energy of the greatest statesman of modern times.

VII. THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE LUTHER COMMEMORATION. — "An English Churchman" calls attention, in the *Times*, to the fact that the Free Church of Scotland has sent a representative bearing cordial greetings to the German nation on the occasion of the Luther celebration, and that sympathetic

messages have been sent by the Reformed Churches in other lands. And he innocently asks, "Is it too much to hope that the Archbishop of Canterbury—the head of the Reformed Church of England—will not be found wanting in expressing the sympathy of the great communion over which his Grace presides?" We say innocently, because the writer apparently does not know, or forgets, that there is a party in the Church of England—and a growing party—which scoffs at the Reformation and the Reformers, and Reformation ideas—which thinks with Dr. Littledale that "we are bound to reject Protestantism as a delusion," and exclaims with the Rev. A. E. Wilmhurst, "God defend us from Protestantism!"—which calls the leading English and Scottish Reformers "a set of miscreants"; their work "an abomination," and their memory "detestable," (Dr. Littledale), and exultingly declares that "Protestantism as a religion is on its deathbed," (Rev. A. Wagner). Is it not a great deal "too much to hope" that such men would be parties to a participation in the Luther commemoration by the Church of England?—*The Liberator*.

VIII. ELECTRICITY IN THE KITCHEN.— Professor Ayrton says, "What the future of electrical locomotion might be who could say? At present much household work was done by hand, simply because there were no easily worked machines for doing it. The old knife beard had given way to the rotary knife-cleaner, but even that required a certain amount of grinding to give the knives a polish, so that for large establishments a knife-cleaner boy was still necessary. The blacking of boots, the blacking of grates, the cleaning of doorsteps, etc., were all done in a most laborious way by hand, judging from the smutty appearance of Sarah Anne after the process. Now there could be no doubt that very shortly electricity would be supplied, as gas was now, to houses for lighting purposes, and when this had been accomplished, the same ways that conveyed the electricity for lighting would be employed to convey the power to work electric motors to turn rotary knife-cleaners, to turn a wheel for the blacking of boots, and a small motor carrying a brush would simply be passed by the servant all over the grate for the purpose of giving it a good black polish. The black lead brush would then be taken off, and replaced by the blacking brush for the boots, and later on in the day a rotary flannel would officiate for the door steps."

Reviews.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY IN THE ANCIENT CHURCH. By Dr. G. Uhlhorn. *T. & T. Clark.*

This is a masterpiece. As a portion of Christian evidence it constitutes an impregnable defence of the faith of Christ, and arrays in a form fitted to carry irremovable conviction to this practical age that Christianity has been the regenerator of the world, and still is the force that gives the greatest promise of the final abolition of all evils from the lives of men. As history it is an inspiring study, rich in facts concerning the broadest welfare of the world, the relief of the necessitous, the saving—the complete and life-long saving of the lost—from sin, and from abject and weakening dependence on others, and the methods and results of charitable work. Policies of working for the relief of suffering are exhibited in the light of their issues, and can be judged by their fruits. Out of all comes the conclusion that the function of the true church is to be a refuge for the oppressed, a healer of the suffering, and a saviour of men.

THE CLERICAL LIBRARY. Outline Sermons to Children. With numerous anecdotes. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

It is a suggestive and promising feature of our time that "sermons to children" are on the increase, and so much so that it gives promise of success for a volume of this kind. Preaching to children will always depend, for its effectiveness, largely on the "manner" of the man, *i.e.*, really on what he himself *is*; but help in suggestion, in illustration and in anecdote, is very necessary even for the ablest; for preaching to children is the highest style of our art. Most cordially do we, therefore, welcome this volume; and whilst we should have been pleased to see other names of signal repute in the list of contributors to these sermons; yet we are sure no preacher will fail to find his reward in the inspiring companionship of these outlines.

CHRISTIAN MANHOOD. A Sermon to Young Men. By Charles W. Vick. *Leicester: Winks & Son.*

This is the First Annual Sermon preached on behalf of the Loughborough Young Men's Christian and Literary Association on Sunday evening, October 14. We are not surprised the preacher should have been requested to print it. It is a manly

word on the manliest of themes. It is persuasive in tone, true in its principles, clear and pungent in style, and aglow with sympathy. "A living seed," it ought to be planted in many a young mind; and wherever it gains "good ground," it will bring forth fruit a hundredfold. It is a pure joy to us to receive and commend this "first published sermon" of the Woodgate pastor.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By William M. Thayer. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

THE author of the "Life of Garfield" finds in Washington's history abundant material exactly suited to his spirit, ability, and aims, and consequently produces a work in which the principles of progress, based on goodness of character and energy and perseverance, are livingly embodied. The work is written for youth, and is calculated to inspire worthy ambitions, nourish a steadfast integrity, and develop a blended gentleness and strength, sincerity and enthusiasm. It is a capital addition to our biographical stores; and its circulation and study will add to the moral forces of the world.

LUTHER ANECDOTES: MEMORABLE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF MARTIN LUTHER. By Dr. Macaulay. *Religious Tract Society.*

OF Luther Literature none is more revealing than his "table talk" and characteristic "doings" in the grave crises, and in the special events of his life. They are autobiographical, and form the very cream of Luther's history. Dr. Macaulay's book is rich in interest. Every page is vital. Luther lives in it—and we feel the impulses of his strong and noble and pure nature. Let our readers get this volume—it will render them admirable help in the Luther Commemoration.

BAPTIST WORTHIES. By Dr. Landels. *Baptist Tract Society.*

THE first volume of these memorials of distinguished Baptists is now complete, and contains Roger Williams, John Milton, John Bunyan, Andrew Fuller, William Carey, and Robert Hall. We have warmly commended these lectures for their flowing eloquence, Christian fervour, and sterling worth, as they appeared in their serial form; and now we suggest that this volume be placed in all our school and home libraries forthwith. It richly merits such a place.

Church Register.

Information should be sent by the 18th of the month to 51, Porchester Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.

CONFERENCES.

CHESHIRE CONFERENCE held its half yearly meeting at Audlem on Oct. 9. A goodly number of delegates and friends gathered from the various churches. Morning service at eleven. After the scriptures had been read and prayer offered by the Secretary, the Rev. W. Lees, of Crewe, preached a powerful and appropriate sermon from Rev. ii. 10.

The afternoon session commenced at 2.40, the Rev. G. Towler, of Audlem, presiding, and brother Williams, of Nantwich, leading in prayer.

The Chairman, on behalf of the brethren, gave a most hearty welcome to the Rev. W. Lees, who, since our last meeting, has settled over the new cause at Crewe.

The reports from the churches, on the whole, were satisfactory; though one would like to hear better news from some of our village churches. Baptized since last Conference, 39; candidates, 13.

Mr. Pedley was appointed collector for this district on behalf of the G. B. Building Fund. The Secretary was instructed to send a letter to each church recommending them to make collections, or give subscriptions, to the above fund.

Rev. W. Lees was appointed our representative on the Ministerial Board.

The Conference gave its attention to an appeal made on behalf of the Baptist Union Annuity and Augmentation Funds. It was resolved, that the Secretary, acting in concert with Mr. Avery, correspond with the churches for the purpose of arranging public meetings with a view of advocating the claims of the above funds.

The following brethren were added to the Conference Committee: Revs. W. Lees and P. Williams.

It was arranged to hold the next Conference at Crewe on the day of the opening of the new chapel.

The Revs. W. Lees received the cordial thanks of his brethren for his morning's discourse. Also the friends at Audlem were thanked for their kind hospitality.

In the evening a home missionary meeting was held in the chapel. Rev. G. Towler was chairman. Speakers: Revs. W. Lees, P. Williams, W. Skelly, and Mr. J. Brittain. One who was present says the speeches were varied, vigorous, and vital. S. HIRST, Secretary.

MIDLAND CONFERENCE, held at Duffield, Oct. 16. J. Hill, Esq., presided. Sermon preached by Rev. A. Firth: text, John ix. 4.

Baptist Union Department.—Revs. J. P. Chowd and W. J. Avery explained the objects and advocated the claims of the Baptist Union Funds. Resolved: "That this Conference, after hearing the appeals on behalf of the Annuity, Augmentation, and Education Funds, very earnestly urges our churches to render all the aid it may be in their power to afford; and requests Rev. W. H. Tetley, in conjunction with Mr. Avery, to obtain collections, subscriptions, and donations within the limits of this Conference."

Rev. R. F. Griffiths read his paper on the question, "Is a Baptist Church Admissible?" Discussion thereon followed.

Appointments.—Rev. C. Springthorpe to be Chairman for 1884. Rev. A. Firth to be Collector for Building Fund. Rev. F. Pickbourne to be preacher at next Conference.

Conferences for 1884 to be held at Ilkeston (Queen Street) in the spring; Barton at Whitsuntide; and Burton-on-Trent (Zion) in autumn.

Votes of thanks were accorded to the preacher, who was asked to forward his sermon to the Editor of the Magazine; the writer of the paper, the chairman, and the friends at Duffield for their splendid hospitality.

A public meeting in the evening was presided over by T. H. Harrison, Esq., and able addresses given by Revs. A. C. Perriam, T. R. Stevenson, and W. H. Tetley. R. SILBY, Sec.

CHAPEL ANNIVERSARIES.

CLAYTON.—September 30th. Preacher, Rev. W. Hamby, pastor, to full congregations. Collections, £11 16s. 3d.

COALVILLE.—Our anniversary services Sept. 30th. Preacher, Rev. W. Stott. On the following Monday a capital tea was provided, followed, in the evening, by a most interesting lecture by H. Godkin, Esq., of Loughborough, entitled, "Between the Books." Proceeds amounted to £28 11s. 4d.

HITCHIN.—Oct. 14, 15. Preacher, Rev. J. H. Blako, of Luton. About 190 to tea on Monday. At the public meeting after-

wards, at which W. Newman, Esq., of Bedford, presided, addresses were delivered by Revs. A. McIntosh, J. Fletcher F. G. Marchant, and F. J. Bird (pastor). Mr. J. Perry (treasurer) read a financial statement. Total proceeds of the services, £68 18s. 5½d., made up as follows: 212½ trays of 5s. each contributed; public collections, £14 5s. 8d.; profit from tea, £1 10s. Included in these items were liberal donations from former church members, and other outside friends interested in the work. After meeting deficiencies in the past year's account, a balance in hand remained of nearly £15.

LOUTH, *Eastgate*.—Sept. 30. The Rev. C. Payne, preached in the morning, and conducted a song service on "The Joys of Salvation" in the evening. A public tea was provided on the Monday, after which the choir gave a Cantata, entitled, "The Pilgrim Fathers." Collections and tea yielded £20 5s. 1d. It was altogether the most successful anniversary held for many years.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.

LONGFORD, *Union Place*.—Sept. 30th. The chapel was tastefully decorated, and the services well attended. Preachers, Revs. D. Asquith and Rev. H. J. Hodson (pastor). On the following day a tea and public meeting were held, after which the fruits, flowers, and vegetables were sold. Proceeds, £5 8s.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

STALYBRIDGE.—Sept. 16. Preachers: morning, children's service, by the pastor, Rev. C. Rushby; afternoon and evening, Rev. G. W. M'Cree. On Monday evening the Rev. G. W. M'Cree gave a lecture, subject, "Facts, Fictions, and Follies," which was much appreciated. Collections and donations, £34.

MINISTERIAL.

EALDES, REV. G., M.A.—The farewell meeting in connection with his Dewsbury pastorate took place under the presidency of Joshua Mitchell, Esq., addresses being given by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Barraclough on behalf of the Gospel Temperance Union; Mr. J. Helmshaw of the Dewsbury District Band of Hope Union; Mr. Scaife, of the Christian Band, who presented an address; the Revs. W. Sharman, and G. Eales. The Chairman said, "Mr. Eales was leaving Dewsbury after

spending four years of a very useful life amongst them. In leaving them he left a church much larger than he came to, and the congregations were very much better. He had baptized a good many, and had received between fifty and sixty into church fellowship. It was with sadness they parted from him," but with the wish that "every possible blessing might attend him in the town of Leicester."

GILBERT, REV. E., has been compelled, owing to failing health, to resign the pastorate of the Desford church. At a meeting, held on Sept. 22, of the members and friends, his resignation was accepted, and his wise and earnest teaching was suitably acknowledged. Resolutions of sympathy and heartfelt wishes for his future were passed. Mr. Gilbert's present address is 34, Avon Street, Leicester.

ROBINSON, REV. G.—On Monday, Sept. 24th, services were held in connection with the recognition of Rev. G. Robinson as pastor of the Hugglescote church. At the afternoon meeting Rev. W. Chapman presided. The other ministers present and assisting were Revs. H. Wood, E. Stevenson, and O. W. Vick. Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., gave the charge to the new minister. In the evening, at seven, a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. H. Dennis. The following ministers took part, Revs. C. Haddon, E. Stevenson, F. Pickbourne, G. H. Bennett, J. Watmough, and W. Chapman. Rev. W. Evans delivered the charge to the church. The attendance at each service was good, the evening meeting being particularly well attended.

STONE, REV. W., was publicly welcomed as the pastor of the church at Vale, near Todmorden, Sept. 8. Cicero Smith, Esq., presided, and addresses were given by Revs. D. McCallum, J. G. Barton, W. Gray, W. March, J. Dearden, the pastor, W. Stone, and Messrs. S. Sutcliffe, H. Greenwood, and T. Marshall. It was a most spirited and encouraging meeting.

BAPTISMS.

BARTON.—Seven, by J. Hubbard.
 DESFORD.—Two, by J. Hubbard.
 DEWSBURY.—Four, by G. Eales.
 FLEET.—Four, by C. Barker.
 LOUGHBOROUGH, *Baxter Gate*.—Two, by C. Savage.

MARRIAGE.

ISHERWOOD—BRADLEY.—Sept. 26, at St. George's Street Chapel, Macclesfield, by the Rev. Z. T. Down, Robert Henry Isherwood, to Elizabeth Bradley, both of Poynton.

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

The Committee Meeting at Leicester.

At a Meeting of the Committee, held at Friar Lane Chapel, Leicester, on Tuesday, October 2nd, the question of increasing the funds of the Society was again considered. In the end it was

Resolved that this question be referred to the Organization Committee, with the earnest request that they will adopt measures to secure an addition of at least £500 per annum to the ordinary income of the Society.

In their report to the annual meeting at the Association, the Finance Committee stated that at least an additional income of £500 per annum was needed to maintain the present operations of the Mission, and that as no material reduction of expenditure could be made without serious injury to the Mission, the only alternative was to increase the Society's income.

Under these circumstances we trust that the churches, without waiting for any further suggestions or appeals, will at once proceed to make arrangements for increasing the amount of their contributions to the funds of the Society. A minister informs us that, after looking over the subscription lists in the Report, he determined upon a personal canvass among the members of his own church and congregation. He says that with very little difficulty he has succeeded in obtaining several new subscribers, and had also induced several old subscribers to double, and more than double, their subscriptions. In this and other ways he hopes to increase the contributions of his church from twenty to thirty per cent. We trust that others will go and do likewise, as we are satisfied that in foreign as well as in home work very much depends upon the minister. Where he leads the people will generally follow.

In some churches the plan has been adopted of putting into each pew printed circulars or slips of paper, and asking the occupant to state how much he or she will subscribe weekly, monthly, quarterly, or annually to the Society. In any plan the great thing is to see that it is systematically carried out. Without this the best arranged plans are sure to fail.

Since the above meeting was held we have received £2 10s. from a widow (being the balance of £5) towards the Mission debt; and since

commencing this article we have received the following letter from an old friend of the Mission, now a member of the Salvation Army. She writes :—

“ October 17th, 1883.

“ I have just been reading the financial report of your Treasurer, and it grieves me. I am only a poor Salvationist, doing what I can for the heathen at home, but I will be as good as a penny per week to bring about “ *Thy kingdom come* ” in Orissa. By the by, I wonder if the members of the General Baptist Churches offer that prayer. If so, may God forgive those 6,166 members who only contribute £528 2s. 3d. per annum to bring about this glorious event in India and Rome.

“ Allow me, sir, to suggest to these dear friends, and to those who, much worse still, are doing nothing at all—*the conscientious giving up of some article of finery or luxury, and send the price thereof straight away to you.* Let it be done as unto the Lord, and then I dare prophecy that within the next month you shall receive the balance due of £1,266 10s. 8d. Let every member of your churches read 2 Cor. viii on their knees before God their judge, and *listen to what the Lord shall say unto them.* Then you will have no longer to complain of an exhausted exchequer.

“ Don't forget your motto, “ Attempt great things for God ” and “ expect great things from God. ” May the Lord help each one to be faithful.

“ A WELL WISHER.

“ P.S.—I enclose 4s. 4d., about the price of a feather, and less than the cost of a box of cigars. I am quite sure every member (with the exception of a very rare case) might give you a penny per week, or more, without hurting themselves or their church, or depriving their pastor of his rightful share in their bounty. God bless you all.”

The Missionary Meetings at Leicester.

No one who had the privilege of being present will soon forget the soul stirring statements and appeals which were made at the Baptist Missionary Meetings at Leicester. From the reports which have appeared in the papers it will be seen that the Committee, so far from being discouraged by debt and deficit, have actually determined to send out fourteen missionaries to China; and that friends in Bristol have promised two thousand guineas towards their outfit and passage. Towards their support, and in order to strengthen the staff in other fields, the Committee have decided to ask for an increase in the annual income of £15,000. Most sincerely do we trust that to this appeal there will be a generous response, in which case the sum required will easily be raised. In concluded his most excellent speech at the missionary breakfast, the Rev. E. GLOVER, of Bristol, said :—

“ All may not be convinced, for some people need a tremendous amount of demonstration to prove to them that anybody is their neighbour. But there are gracious hearts that find it easily proved, and that find the nearness of need and the power to help it a sufficient proof that the man who wants it is his neighbour. Am I right? Somebody says, ‘ God always gives funds where He wants work to be done. ’ I may not have the experience some people may have in this direction, but I should be inclined to say the very opposite of that—God never gives the money before we want it to do the work. Have you ever the power before you have the duty, or in the supreme moment of its acceptance and its discharge? ‘ Stretch forth thine hand, ’ says Christ to us, as it is withered to-day, and does not look as though it were competent to stretch out and save those needing our help. Shall we say our hand is withered? It is; and it will not be sound before you stretch it forth; but in the moment of

supreme effort the power will come. Had Moses the power to invade Egypt when he had nothing but a wife and an ass, and two sons, and the rod of God in his hand? Had he? Ah, no! God's calls are always to something quite above us and quite beyond us. We have not strength, nor patience, nor meekness for any work before we do it, but in the attempting of it. So to-day I say, God never does give funds before you want them. What have we to do, then, when these funds are insufficient? Not lessen the work, but enlarge the giving. I know the state of trade; I do not think my congregation is at all as wealthy as it was twenty years ago. What of that? We must make up for poorer purses with larger hearts. Anyhow, there is God's call. It is the greatest dignity that can be conferred upon us to have such a high calling in Christ Jesus. If through fear we fall back further we shall lose our present power, and therefore hope; but if humbly, tremblingly, we endeavour to follow where God leads, then this high calling will itself work wonders for us. Our wings will become like the wings of the dove; our efforts will work power to love and power to labour. In one man's lifetime, that of my own father, the West Indies have been lifted from heathenism to spiritual life like that of England; a large part of Madagascar has been won for Christ; and to-day more than 100,000 members in India are on the list of Christian churches. We here take forty-five years to double our members, but the church of Christ is doubling itself every ten years in India; and if my little child lives to be my father's age she will see India as Christian as England is to-day. China in 1845 had six converts, it now has 20,000. God is at work. If we had ears to ear we should hear Him say, 'Behold I make all things new,' and our eyes would see the spring-tide afresh on this wintry world. We must change our missionary text, and instead of making it 'A thousand years are as one day,' we must make it 'One day is as a thousand years.' God grant we may have the manhood, the tenderness of heart, the allegiance, the love to take our share in this work. We must give sacrifices to this work; nothing, or else that cost us something. Either cold or hot; do not give what you can spare. If you do not give more than that, give nothing. The sacred hand of Christ demands a larger gift. So much gold out of somebody is so much grace into him—so much grace unto our churches. Let us do it. I am glad there has been no asking of contributions at this meeting, partly because I think that fifty men who could get up and say, 'I will give £10,' will, if they take till to-morrow, get up and say, 'I will give £20.' We want you to put your thought and conscience to it. If it is worthy of your help, help it: if it is not, refrain. I trust that if, as I believe we have, we are enjoying the loving hand of God, I hope that we will have grace to follow Him."

On Board the Mission Boat "Herald."

MR. MILLER has furnished the following account of a trip on the Mission Boat "Herald," which he took in July last. By means of the boat journeys can be taken in the rainy season, and which, without it, would be impracticable. Were the means forthcoming it is most desirable to have the boat bottom coppered, as every time it is taken into salt water it gets covered with barnacles, and these have to be knocked off, or the boat would be destroyed. Should any friends feel moved to render valuable service to the "Herald" by providing sheets of copper, we shall be glad to communicate with them on the subject. Mr. Miller writes:—

"Herald," Martsaghur Canal,
July 12th, 1883.

We are now on our way home after attending the Car Festival at Kendarapura, and visiting the New Location, as well as the Jumbo Station. Ghanu Paul and one of the students, with Doolee

Patra, are with me. The latter is in poor health, and I thought the trip might do him good. We left Cuttack on the 4th inst., and had to go a considerable distance up the river before attempting to cross—the river being so high, and current so strong. The anicut is a source of

danger—to get carried over in a boat like ours would be certain destruction—we were, therefore, thankful to get into the canal, and to reach Kendarapara early next afternoon. This place has much improved and enlarged since I was last here. The canal has rendered it very accessible, and much benefited the town in many respects. The streets are in good condition, the people seem well to do. There being a Magistrate's as well as Munsif's Court here, people from all the large districts skirting the sea come here in large numbers. It presents a most inviting and important place for a mission station, and ought to be occupied at once—but, alas! where are the men!

The most influential zemindar here is very kindly-disposed, and is well spoken of as considerate to his ryots, and very kind to the poor. He placed a palkee and bearers at my service to attend the festival, and in other ways was very kind. On the occasion of my son Fred being at Kendarapara with me, he shewed him great kindness, and took him round in his buggy to see the sights of the place. He listened thoughtfully to what was said about the Lord Jesus, and received the books that were offered. He has a cousin also a zemindar who resides at Kendarapara, a rich man, but a most bigoted Hindu, spending immense sums on the entertainment of boisnobs, etc., who called in large numbers, and are fed etc., as long as they like to stay. There is no stint to the quantity of gunga supplied to these reputed holy men, who spend most of their time under the influence of powerful narcotics.

We preached and conversed with the people in several parts of the town, and had, on the whole, a good hearing. There is only one Christian family here, a policeman, his wife and three children. At two p.m. our labours at the festival commenced, and continued to 6.30 p.m. Happily we got possession of a large shed within a few yards of the car, and here the people surrounded us, and the interest was kept up to the last. At the commencement a brahmin of the temple seemed determined to oppose, and said some very provoking things as Ghanu spoke. I reminded him that his conduct was such as to lay himself open to a breach of the Penal Code. This had the desired effect; the brahmin retired, and did not again annoy us. Many heard well, and doubtless retired wiser and more thoughtful than when they came. Oh that they may be turned from darkness to light, and the power of Satan unto God. In consequence of the rain the attend-

ance was comparatively small, as was the case at Pooree.

We did not reach Hough Patna before two p.m. on Lord's-day. At four o'clock we had service in one of the houses, which was crammed full. We found two of the people down with fever. The others were well. Unhappily the head man and another had gone to Choga, not supposing I should come so soon. All were contented and hopeful in regard to the place. The trees I had planted on my former visit had grown and seemed healthy. These, with a row of cocoa nut trees, planted this time, in the centre of the village road, will give the place a pretty appearance when they grow up. An embankment to keep out salt water, which did so much harm last year, had been put up, and has done good service—the work will be completed next dry season. A considerable quantity of land not required by our people has been let to some ryots, whose homes are fourteen miles away. They have put up houses on our land, where they will remain with their cattle, etc., until the crops are realized. For miles all along the right bank of the canal the country was under water, the houses and trees of the villages being alone visible. Our land and village are on the left bank, and escaped the floods. These floods have driven tigers on to our side of the canal; and not long ago a fine bullock was seized at midday, while grazing on the canal bank, and killed by a tiger. A few days before our arrival another bullock was grazing a few feet from the canal, when a monster alligator suddenly appeared, seized the animal, and drew it under water immediately. This is, of course, a great loss to the owners, and makes our people careful when bathing in the canal. I, on my former visits, always had a bath, but on this occasion felt afraid. Early one morn- as the "Herald" was nearing Martsaghur, a jackal, in the act of swimming from one bank of the canal to another, was seized midway by an alligator, and disappeared instantly. So much for the dangers of these parts.

From Hough Patna we went on to Jumboo. Two of the lock-keepers are our people, and are married—one of them has four children. We had a service with them. As their houses are very damp and unhealthy they have decided to build at Hough Patna, and have their families there, four miles away.

We then crossed the river, which has a depth of some thirty or forty feet, to the Jumboo Island. After ascending to the top of the telegraph office—a lofty and substantial building, now unoccu-

pod—we had a splendid view of the anchorage, shipping, Hookyctollah, the top of Falsopoint Lighthouse, the Bay, with all the surrounding dense jungle. All this was quite new to my companions, who had never been here before. We then visited the postmaster, native doctor, and other persons in Government employ here. The former brought out a Testament in English, which he much prizes, and reads regularly, with the names of brother Piko and Heberlet on the front page—they gave it to him at Kontilloo, where he was then stationed. He seems a thoughtful young man, and was much pleased to see us. The Jumboo head lock-keeper has a strange history. He is a Bengali brahmin; was taken to the banks of the Ganges to die, and was

left as dead by his friends; he somehow recovered, but dare not return to his home, as he was really dead as far as his friends were concerned. He became an outcast, and came to Orissa. I am sorry to say his narrow escape from death does not seem to have benefited him much, morally.

Cuttack, 18th July—We got home last Thursday at noon, thankful to find all well. Our Choga carpenter I referred to has obtained his freedom, though every possible means was tried to get him to give up Christ. I am sorry to say cholera is bad in some parts of Cuttack. The fall of rain has been unusually large so far. Thanks for the news of the Association.

Notes from the Pooree District.

BY REV. J. VAUGHAN.

IN concluding notes of a tour which were published in the last *Observer*, Mr Vaughan gives the following "sundries." He writes:—

We are endeavouring to build

A ZAYAT OR BOOK-ROOM

in the Piplee Bazaar, where Scriptures, Tracts, and other Christian books in Oriya, Hindustanee, Bengalee, and English, may be sold. We also hope to have much conversation there, and to preach from the door, as our friends do in Cuttack. I went to measure the land a day or two ago, and hope to build at the close of the cold season's itineracy, so as to open the room before the pilgrims come in May.

OUR TWO BIBLE WOMEN

are working well, and have experienced scarcely any difficulty in obtaining access to Hindoo females. They are staid, respectable women, and the five months' work accomplished has been encouraging.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE POEM

has lately been written by a hindoo in Cuttack, advocating widow marriage among the higher castes. It very pathetically describes the bracelets being taken off the wrists of the child when news is brought from a distance of the death of her boy-husband, with whom she has probably not exchanged ten words in her life. The cruelty of refusing her to marry again is insisted upon, and proof from the Hindu shastes that widow-

marriage is not proscribed, educed. It is well written, admirably adapted for its purpose, sold at one anna, and hence widely circulated. It is a sign of the times, and I am rejoiced to find that the Cuttack native newspaper has heartily endorsed its sentiments. One brave man of good position, to marry such a child-widow, and thus give practical emphasis to the teaching of this little poem, may be advertised for as "wanting."

Before closing I wish to refer to a few matters which have recently appeared in

THE CUTTACK AND POOREE NATIVE NEWSPAPERS.

Some two months ago a Byragsee in Pooree, reputed to be dumb, was said to cure spleen diseases by placing his foot on the part. On one occasion, however, his foot came down so heavily, that the patient instantly expired. The dumb Byragsee was at once taken to the police station where, to every one's surprise, he found words wherewith to defend himself. He was sentenced to eighteen months (or two years) imprisonment.

The Pooree paper states that the brahmins, taking advantage of the recent number of pilgrims to Juggernath, watch them as a hunter does his prey, and having found an opportunity, seize them in the temple, force the sacred food into their unwilling mouths, and then run

after them demanding the pice which should be given if they had partaken willingly. This is Hindoo testimony—not Christian—and I make no remark.

The latter paper, reporting a statement made by a bishop in China, to the effect that many Chinese refuse to listen to Christianity because it is introduced by the race who introduced opium, says that, whether in China or elsewhere, Christianity will not recommend itself unless those who introduce it—the English—recommend it by their life and practices. Idolatry will make use of any and every weapon, but it is sad that the practices of Englishmen should furnish such weapons, and thus hinder the gospel. The opium question is a vexed and difficult one, as those who read both sides of the matter know well, but we should indeed be grateful if the present government would face the question honestly and fairly, placing all other interests in subserviency to the moral one. This will probably involve present monetary

loss, and it may require not a little consideration and forethought to adjust the matter of Indian income, but we cannot help but feel that if an honest and candid attempt were made to overcome the difficulty, placing moral considerations above all others, it would eventually be overcome. Possibly there may be insincerity on the part of China, and she may cultivate the poppy largely, and even consume as much as now, after we have ceased to deal in it, but this possibility—possibility, not certainty—will only have weight with those who do not make the moral question paramount. It is not a question whether the Chinese shall consume opium, but whether we shall induce them to consume it, and make gain of the consumption. I have seen enough in India already to convince me of its stupefying and vicious effects. All honour to the nobleman who upheld by the inspirer of all good actions, shall carry this matter through to the devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation.

The Central Provinces of India.

IN the *Observer* for October we gave some notes of a tour in the Central Provinces of India by our devoted brother Pike. In continuing the same Mr. Pike writes:—

SUADI

is the name of the principal town in Gangpur, and it is here the rajah resides. He was not at home, having gone to be present at a durbar, at which the question of the new railway was to be ventilated.

The rajah is building a very substantial house, or rather palace, for himself, and his poor subjects are groaning beneath the burden. First he makes them collect and burn all the limestone for mortar, and make all the bricks; then he makes them give all the labour they possibly can; and then lastly he comes upon each village with a money tax to pay the masons, whom he brings from Sambalpur.

We had a good reception from the people, and again disposed of a great number of books. We now turned our faces in earnest towards Bamra.

PROOFS OF EARNESTNESS.

At a village named Manjapara the people were so thoroughly interested with what they heard that they hardly gave me time to swallow down my breakfast, and were with me the whole

day. In the evening I started off to another village near, and on my return was somewhat tired and quite ready for bed. But the people would not let me off so easily. They crowded into my tent, and there we sat talking on the one great theme—God's love for sinners—till midnight, when they took a reluctant leave; and tired in the good work, but not of it, I fell asleep.

ONE OF A SORT.

The next day found us at Sanspur market, and my first purchaser was a man who wanted to know all about our religion, and so he said, putting down a rupee, "Give me one book of each sort that you have, or at least as many as that will buy." You may be sure we gave him full value for his money.

We now returned to the first of the four markets referred to before, and I determined they should be visited a second time; so I sent the colporteur, Muni Swaye, to the other markets, whilst Bala Krishna and I went over new ground.

At Malidhi, a Kumipatia came to me

for conversation—his mind was evidently not at rest—he wanted more than the knowledge of one God whose glory is indescribable—even the knowledge of a Saviour, and this he had not got. He took a book home with him, and I believe he will carefully study it.

A bear was killed by a villager close to our camp, and a few days after a second, which was brought to me for sale. We went on after the market to

A VILLAGE

in the midst of the jungles, named Mohulpali. The region was very wild; we constantly came upon traces of elk-deer, porcupine, bear, tiger, &c., and the very day we were there a leopard took a calf at four o'clock in the afternoon. This was quite near to us, and I afterwards saw the dead body of the calf.

TREES MARRIED.

We found the people very simple, hospitable, and withal superstitious. Noticing a garland and kind of leaf crown on most of the trees around our tent, we asked what it meant, and were told that the trees had recently been married. I have reason to believe this was a happy expedient hit upon by the brahmins for extracting a "feed" from the villagers.

Passing again through Kuchinda on our way down, we came to Kata Kella market; here a "mother" of the Bamra rajah bought many books. We were now again on the (Bamra) king's high road, and had three days of jungle travelling, with no incidents of interest to record.

BAMRA GADA, OR FORTS.

At length we reached the rajah's place, but were disappointed to find that the rajah was not at home. He had been expecting us a fortnight before, but had given us up, and had had two tents pitched for our reception. This rajah is far ahead of most of his brethren. The roads about his place were in beautiful order, and the whole place neat and clean. His palace and Kacheri, or hall of justice, were quite out of the ordinary, and the pile of white buildings, backed by a semicircle of rough bleak hills, made quite a striking picture. A waterfall which passes through a cleft in one of those hills supplies plenty of water, even in the hottest months, for all the rajah's gardens and plantations, of which he has several. On a closer inspection of the buildings one was struck with the

singular mixture of Eastern and Western ideas and tastes.

We left a copy of each of our large books for the rajah, and gave some also to his son, a boy of about ten years. The little fellow was not quite satisfied, and bought a few pice worth of controversial tracts, which we had thought it best not to give.

We sold nearly six rupees worth of books here.

A ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

We left Bamra on Saturday afternoon when a storm burst upon us—such a storm of rain and hail as is rarely seen except in tropical lands—a refuge was near, we were told, and so it was, not more than a quarter of a mile off, but a quarter of a mile in such rain, it might as well have been ten miles, we were simply as if we had been dipped in a pond. However, when we reached the refuge, I was able to get at a top coat, and so when the clouds cleared we went on and reached our destination at dusk. To put up the tent was now out of the question—providentially there was a shed in the village which was watertight, and there we camped, servants, Kols, and all. It was rather close quarters, though it was rather jolly, too, after the exposure to lie on my bed and watch the progress of the cook as he got my dinner ready over a blazing fire a few feet off.

"THE EIGHT VILLAGES."

We now passed southward through a most beautiful valley with high hills and jungles on either hand; it is called Athpada, or eight villages, but I should think at the present time there must be double the number.

We went through this valley very slowly, for the people were more than usually interested, and hereto for the first time we sold several large books to brahmins. It is rarely they will spend a pice on a book; but at one village named Midnapoor, a brahmin gave five annas, and at another called Komaloi, another brahmin gave six annas for books.

We sold on this journey altogether upwards of *sixty-two rupees worth of books!*

Our faces were now homeward, and as it was beginning to get very hot, I thought it only prudent to hasten home, very thankful that I had been permitted to carry the "glad tidings" over so much new ground, and yet not a little saddened at the extent of the field and the fowness of the labourers. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth more labourers into His harvest."

Sambalpur Book Room and Preaching Stations.

THE following is a copy of a circular printed in India. It will explain itself, and show that our brethren are endeavouring to help themselves. Contributions from friends moved to assist in the good work will be thankfully received by the Secretary.

DEAR FRIENDS,—To you who love the Lord Jesus, and desire to see His kingdom established in this land, we address ourselves, and would earnestly invite your co-operation for the furtherance of a project we have in hand.

It is now three years since we adopted a systematic plan of daily work in the town and neighbouring villages, teaching and preaching the Word of the Lord. Except when absent from the station, this has been persistently carried out, and we have long felt the necessity of having a building as an auxiliary to our street work and house to house visitation. There is no need to mention the many ways in which this would be a help to the work.

Waiting on the Lord, and watching our opportunity, we have, in spite of many adversaries, just succeeded in securing a capital site at a cost of 600 rupees. It is in the main bazaar, and fronts the most frequented spot in the town, an open space where the three principal roads meet, and where a small market is held morning and evening. For advantages of situation, if we had had the pick of the town, we could not have selected a better place. We now need money to enable us to build, and adapt it to our work, and so we appeal to you.

Confidently anticipating a cordial response, we go on to mention that our project includes another and smaller venture. In order to meet the people at every turn we have secured another plot of land at the other end of the town, and intend to erect a small building here also. The site is a small one, but it is situated at the junction of four roads; and while already a well frequented spot, it promises to become, through the growth of the town in this direction, almost as valuable a place for our purposes as the first.

We have not yet made an estimate of the cost to be incurred in carrying out our plans, but we anticipate an expenditure of not less than 1,000 rupees, in addition to the purchase money of the first site,—viz., 600 rupees.

Having already expressed the confident anticipation we entertain of a cordial response to this appeal, it remains only to add that we shall be grateful to all who may extend a helping hand; and to remind those who serve the Lord Jesus that He who fails not to reward the cup of cold water in His name, will not forget to smile His approval of any who have a share in bringing the living water nigh to those who as yet know not the gift of God.

We remain, yours affectionately in the Master's cause,
 (Signed) J. G. PIKE,
 P. E. HEBERLET, } *Missionaries.*

SUMS RECEIVED OR PROMISED.

	Rs.	As.	P.		Rs.	As.	P.
From Station funds	50	0	0	Rev. J. Vaughan	30	0	0
D. E. Proby, Esq.	140	0	0	Miss Packer	50	0	0
" " " " " " " "	25	0	0	G. Campbell, Esq.	10	0	0
" " " " " " " "	50	0	0	Rev. J. Buckley	60	0	0
Friends at Peterboro' per Miss Barrass	50	0	0	" " " " " " " "	30	0	0
Rev. J. G. Pike	100	0	0	" " " " " " " "	50	0	0
" " " " " " " "	50	0	0	F. Bond, Esq., (1st instalment)	25	0	0

Contributions

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from September 16th to October 15th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A Friend towards the debt	2	10	0	Edinburgh—Miss Beck	1	0	0
B. X.—Chester Post Mark	0	5	0	" " " " " " " "	1	0	0
A Wellwisher	0	4	4	Heptonstall Slack	8	18	9
Bradford, Luburnary Street	9	2	0	Mountsorrel	0	10	0
Coventry—Rev. C. Hood	0	5	0				

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. BEMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, Mission House, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards, may be obtained.

Farewell Words.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I cannot take leave of this Editorial Chair, after enjoying your stimulating and cheering companionship for the long period of FOURTEEN YEARS, without some regret. Our fellowship has been a delight and an inspiration. We have, it is no presumption to say, helped one another in the highest work of life, by our communion in thought, and sympathy, and toil; and we look back on these years with unfeigned thankfulness to Him who has not failed to answer the first prayer we offered together in the dawning of 1870—"Abide with us, O Lord, Abide."

I have just read the "Prefatory Words" spoken on the occasion of our first march in this long pilgrimage; and I am a little, though not much, surprised at the bold challenge for the severest and frankest criticism, and the exalted standard stated and accepted for editing a magazine for a Christian church. But I may add that although the ideal has not been reached, the best strength and the most honest purpose have made some approximation towards it. Christ Jesus has been the motive and model of our work. The freshness and continuity of energy characteristic of the Great Divine Serial have been sought in a resolute and undespairing temper. Never have we forgotten that our chief business was to feed the whole moral and spiritual force of our churches, and to cleanse, enlarge, and utilize to the uttermost our organic life. Everything connected with the real welfare of our federation of churches, to free it from self-seeking, narrowness, and hardness, to inspire it with holy enthusiasm and lofty aims, has been strenuously sought for. We agreed at the outset that "*we must aim high*. Though failure trip us up at every step, and defeat swoop upon us as we sit down to the feast of success, yet the iron rule of perfection must hold its place, and not be lowered a single jot. The first and main duty of this Magazine is to serve Jesus Christ, and the pattern of such service is the ceaseless Serial of Divine Providence." We said we would regard "modern life as a circle of which Christ is still the living centre. Politics, Science, Philosophy, Churches, Creeds, Business, Home and Personal Questions, must all be brought to the judgment seat of the Son of God."

I am glad in turning over these fourteen volumes to feel that we have sacrificed no truth manifestly His, abated no claim which He makes, shrunk from no work He has commanded, and have striven with a zeal He Himself has inspired to echo His thoughts, do His work, and breathe His kind and just, loving and righteous Spirit. Indeed that which is most cheering in the review of our work to-day is not the kindly appreciation of friends inside and beyond our borders—not the increase of our literary area from thirty-two to forty pages per month—not even the cordial support rendered by the churches—for all of which we are deeply thankful) but the spirit of love and hearty good will, of kindly appreciation of the best in men and in agencies, which He has breathed through the contributions to our pages. The six minor rules we set up at the start we have been enabled to keep, and now we have our reward in the assurance that though speech has

been free and frank, it has always been courteous; and whilst we have not stopped the play of satire and humour, we have never encouraged bitterness and personalities. To Him, who alone delivers us from evil, be all the praise.

Letters, not a few, before me tell me that a word is necessary as to the reason of my retirement. Obviously all the readers of the Magazine are not *at present* readers of our Year Book. In my letter of the 30th May, 1883, to our Association, I said:—

“It has been my settled purpose for some years past to return to your hands, upon the completion of the fourteenth year of my service, the responsibility of editing our Magazine.

“I have felt it a real privilege to be honoured with your confidence so long, and I wish to express the heartiest thanks for that generous, affectionate, and enthusiastic support, which has given the Magazine such ‘free course,’ and made it at once acceptable and useful. It will be one of the radiant memories of my life that you have afforded me so extended an opportunity of trying to be of some little use to the denomination in which I was born, whose vital convictions and aggressive activities I have so thoroughly shared, and whose welfare I most devoutly and earnestly seek.

“As to my reasons for surrendering this work—a work whose importance I rate very highly indeed—I only need remind you that I am more than ever convinced of the necessity of nourishing and strengthening, in every way possible, our organic life. It is the supreme duty. But in a denomination like ours the opportunities of creating and feeding interest in our corporate work and devotion to our common aims are of necessity extremely few. Posts of public service are by no means numerous; and therefore I have steadfastly held the guiding principles (and, as is known, I have acted in keeping with them), that the monopoly of work by any one person is a grave mistake, and the employment of the young men of capacity and self-sacrifice amongst us in the offices and works of our Association is a primal necessity.

“These reasons, to me invincible, are the only ones I have for asking you to entrust to other hands the direction of our denominational organ. My faith is undiminished in the immense competency of literature to aid our churches, to guide and solace our perplexed age, and to advance the kingdom of our Saviour and Master; and whilst my sympathy with Christians of every name was never more intense, my love for our simple, compact, true, progressive, and conspicuously scriptural society was never so strong as now.”

Those reasons are my only ones, and they are as weighty with me as ever. And it is obvious from the fascinating programme already issued by the new Editors that I was right in my judgment and anticipations, and for them both in their new departure I pray from my heart—

“The benedictions of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew.”

And for *each*, I will add in the language of the same unmatched singer—

“May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument.”

And to our churches all, may grace, mercy, and power be multiplied from God the Father and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

As ever,

Yours in affectionate and willing service,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Christmas; its History and Customs.

THROUGHOUT the centuries of the Christian era, without one exception, the word Christmas has been familiar to the mind of Christendom. True, much of the pageantry of a former age has passed away. Where are the innumerable festivals and saints' days that anon held sway in "merrie England?" Where are the tourneys and masques of a bygone day? Where are many of the customs that we shall have occasion to refer to? They are gone—swept off by the besom of civilisation. Whether we are wholly gainers by the change we will not say. Still Christmas itself remains; still king Christmas lords it over the latter dark December days. The word has a meaning still; and we know by many unmistakeable signs that Christmas is nigh upon us. Go down any of our main streets and business thoroughfares, and ask what mean those gay windows filled with all the wealth of the costumier's art. You will be told that Christmas is coming. What are those other shops made gay with?—

"Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel."

—*Winter's Tale.*

What, too, makes so much extra bustle in the streets? What is it that is perplexing so many a railway porter and official? 'Tis the fact that the Christmas season is close upon, even at our heels; and as loyal subjects of the jovial king we must ransack the kingdom for Christmas presents and Christmas fare to do honour to the Christmas day.

In this paper it is our intention to deal very briefly, and, we fear, very feebly, with the origin, history, customs, and superstitions of Christmas.

ORIGIN.

In what has Christmas its origin? Several answers may be given to this question. Lightfoot, Edersheim, with many others, regard Christmas as having thrown its cloak over the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, and as having transformed that into a Christian festival; as Passover became Easter, and Whitsuntide takes the place of old Pentecost. A more popular idea of the origin of Christmas is that it has taken the festivities, mirth, and Bacchanalian revelry of the Roman Saturnalia under its wing, purged it of its excesses, and changed the presiding deity from Saturn to Christ. Freya, the Scandinavian goddess, who held her festivities in this yule-tide, has also the honour of the parties in the case North v. South. Dr. Smith, or the writer of the article on Christmas in the "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," however, will have nothing to do with any of these ideas. He finds the mother of our Christmas in the Roman *Burmalia*, or *Natalis Inviota*—the festival of the winter solstice of the sun king—and he

ascribes to the early Christians a perception of the analogy between the "new birth as it were" of the sun at the winter solstice, and the appearance of the "Sun of Righteousness" rising over a darkened world. The inscription on the reverse of the copper coins of Constantine, retained after his conversion, is called in to support this theory. Who is right it is difficult to say. Certain it is that the Latin nations did hold a festival in honour of the sun's arrival at the solstice; for we must bear in mind what an important part the sun plays in *all* the ancient mythologies. Certain, too, it is, that from some source, Northern or Southern, we have got Christmas. And such being the case, what does it commemorate to us? What grand cardinal point in the Christian faith is called to mind at its annual recurrence? What theme will be proclaimed from every pulpit in two or three weeks' time? What will fill the Christmas organ and yule-tide carol with especial force and meaning? The recollection of a manger in yon khan at Bethlehem; of a young mother and her babe there enstalled

"Mid the oxen and the straw;"

of the long journey of the Magi, star-led to that baby; of Herod's futile rage; of the shepherd's reception of the annunciation song; in a word, of Paradise Regained. So that from wherever it came, and whatever it was previously, this yule-tide feast is to us the festival of the birth of Christ.

HISTORY.

Ever since England has been a civilized country Christmas has been a popular institution. During the middle ages that popularity was at its height; the modes in which it was celebrated will be touched on in our next section. One fact here will show how firmly fixed in the English heart of old was the Christmas festival.

Henry, hero of Agincourt, although he was encamped outside the walls of Rouen, and had the stern business of war before him, suspended hostilities, and sent his heralds out to proclaim how that the English king would keep open table that Christmas-day for all French soldiers who would accept his hospitality.

King Christmas held sway steadily on, though Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor each filled the throne, and passed away; but when the Stuart Charles, England's scourge and worst enemy, sat on a throne that had hitherto been filled by true men, he and his brought things to such a pass that a Cromwell had to be sent, heaven-inspired, to root out the flagrant sin and iniquity that abounded. The hero did his work. It was no time for gloved carpet-knights, but for the unsheathed sword of the terrible all-conquering Ironsides. England had to be saved from eternal hell by fire. Cromwell was the saviour. No wonder is it to any one who has read the history of these times that all amusements, linked as they were to such infamy, and Christmas amusements among the rest, should be deemed Satan-born, and with the rest of his offspring to be put down with a strong arm. So it was. In a newspaper of the time occurs this sentence:—

"The House before they rose were presented with a terrible remonstrance against Christmas-day, grounded upon Divine Scripture, 2 Cor. v. 16, 1 Cor. xv. 14-17, &c., in which Christmas is called

'anti-Christ's masse,' and those 'masse-mongers' and Papists who observe it. In consequence of which Parliament passed orders to the effect that Christmas be abolished, and resolved to sit upon the following day, commonly called Christmas-day."

The hero, Cromwell, died; the knave, Charles II., was crowned; and Christmas came back, and has reigned ever since; and rightly, too, we think: for undoubtedly the Puritans went too far, and we dare not perpetuate the onesidedness of those grand and resolute men.

CUSTOMS.

Just a few selections next from some of our old Christmas customs. The day has always been connected with the presentation and reception of gifts. Santa Claus presides over that branch of the business in many countries; and his wondrous escapades as he canters along in his reindeer-drawn sled over the slates, down the chimneys, and into the bedrooms of the young scions of the Teutonic race are known to all. A different plan is, or was, popular in North Germany. All the fathers in a village would combine for the purpose, commission one who, "in high buskins, white robe, a mask, and an enormous flaxen wig," represented "Kneet Rupert." He received all the presents from the said parents, and then went round the village. His story would be that his master Jesus Christ has sent him with these gifts. He is received with great awe by the children, and with much pomp by the parents. The presents were presented, accompanied by a commendation or a reproof as the case might require.

Many of the olden customs clustered round the table. The boar's head, brought in with much ceremony, was a staff dish in every Christmas entertainment. A time-honoured institution, too, was the wassail bowl. It was filled with spiced ale, or wines of delicious odour and taste, as the case might be. The president drank first to the health of his guests, and then passed the cup round, each guest drinking to the president in turn. Sometimes the cows and horses would come in for a toast. Another custom was to go out at night to the orchard, and there "wassail" the apple-trees, with a view to the cider of the next season.

"Wassail the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear."

Incomplete, too, would Christmas be to the "men of merrie England" without the yule-log; the largest that could be obtained, and often kindled from the brand of last year's log.

For twelve days in the courts and mansions of old England the festivities were kept up under the direction of a regularly appointed officer, "the Lord of Misrule;" and while his reign lasted he could constrain to any excesses, and start any game, nearly all of which were redolent of wine and punch.

Before we pass on to consider some of the superstitions that cluster round Christmas, one quotation must be given; it is from the "Encyclopædia Britannica":—"Nearly two centuries ago, on the eve of Christmas-day, they carried miseltoe to the high altar of the cathedral (York), and proclaimed a public and universal liberty, freedom, and

pardon to all sorts of inferior and even wicked persons at the gates of the city, towards the four quarters of heaven."

SUPERSTITIONS.

Now for a word or two on the subject of Christmas superstitions. England has always been somewhat superstitious, and that being the case, many superstitions would cluster round her great festivals—round none more than Christmas. Joseph of Arimathea came to England after the burial of Christ, went to Glastonbury, rested there, struck his staff in the ground, and from it sprouted the famous Glastonbury thorn. One moment it was leaves, the next milk-white blossoms. The thorn blooms annually, on Christmas-day; and the peasants from miles round were in the habit of coming to view it. The papers record that the peasants waited for the blooming of the thorn on New Christmas-day in 1753; it disappointed them then; but true to the olden spirit, the faithful thorn blossomed on Old Christmas-day. So says the tale.

Down in Devonshire, on Christmas-day, the story runs, that at twelve p.m., if you go round to the oxen stalls, you will see the cattle on their knees.

The yule-log, of course, comes in for a great many superstitious ideas. Woe to the person who was unfortunate enough to squint; she, entering the room, cast an unlucky spell on the festive scenes. Again, it was held to be an unlucky sign if the log was allowed to quite burn out. A brand must be kept for the next year's yule fire. The carrying of it, too, preserves from spells.

A story is told in Nottingham that near the village of Raleigh in a bygone day an earthquake engulfed a whole village. Every Christmas morning the villagers would assemble in hopes of hearing the buried church-bells ring.

The favourite custom of decorating houses and churches with evergreens had a considerable impetus given it from the belief that such a decoration would mark the house, passover fashion, and preserve it from all Satanic influences. Herrick, referring to the idea that all evergreen rubbish left in churches after the decorations would invite the evil spirits, says:—

"For look! how many leaves there lie
Neglected there, maids; trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see."

Christmas-eve bread would not submit to the usual action of the air; Christmas bathing was a preservative from fevers, etc.; and last, but no, not quite last, if you marry on Christmas-day, luck will attend your steps through life.

We will close with Shakspeare's beautiful allusion to a popular superstition:—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stay abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so holy is the time."

W. J. B.

Why does Sunday School Teaching succeed in Winning more Girls than Boys to decide for Jesus Christ?

WITH A VIEW OF CORRECTING ANYTHING THAT MAY
BE WRONG IN OUR METHOD OF TEACHING.*

BEFORE, during, and after Sunday-school work comes thinking, and amidst the thinking the above query not unfrequently arises, for the honoured rule "girls first" seems generally to obtain in the results of our work.

During the last two years, three times as many girls as boys have joined our church, and the observation of most teachers necessitates the conclusion that Sunday-school work has less success amongst the latter than the former.

Before proceeding to notice the dispositions, influences, and circumstances, which combine to effect a greater success amongst girls than boys, it will be wise, perhaps, for us to guard against an exaggerated view thereof.

Bare numerical facts are not a full nor fair estimate of our success in our work. Success is other than that which appears. We do not see, we cannot tabulate, all we win. Church membership is neither the end of success, nor a complete indicator thereof. While I have never seen much force in the remark that "the issues of our work belong to God" still, as toiling we sow, we rejoice in the sure truth that many a sheaf shall be ingathered in after years, though maybe by other hands than ours. In the home beyond, there will be many a glad renuon between the teacher and those whom he had taught "long since, but lost awhile." They went from him unwon, but not unblest; of these, and their name is not few, the church roll is silent.

A further qualification of this success causes us to consider those who have only recently ceased to be scholars. Boys leave school earlier than do girls. While the thoughtful girl has decided and avowed her decision, the thoughtful boy is still thinking about it. The truth here takes longer time to germinate than there; and, as a not unfrequent sequence, we observe youths or young men, no longer scholars but junior officers or teachers perhaps, joining the church.

But when such deductions are made, it still remains a plain fact that there are more girls and maidens led to decision for Christ, than boys and youths, in our Sunday-schools. The reasons for this uneven success must lie either with the scholar, the teacher and the teaching, or the circumstances incident to the lives of boys and girls respectively.

I. With regard to the scholar we first notice that girl nature is more impressible than boy nature.

It is a matter of common observation that girls and women are more nervous than boys and men; but what is this greater nervousness? Simply, that the organs of feeling and emotion are highly strung, more sensitive to the touch. You are crossing the road with a lady on your

A Paper read at a Conference of the Five Schools, Praed Street, Hall Park, Westbourne Park, Stephen Street, and Bosworth Road, January 8th, 1888.

arm; behind you is some approaching vehicle. Your iron nerves do not even prompt you to turn round, but by the sudden twitch upon your arm you are made aware that that which moves you not impresses and even alarms your companion.

A similar sensitiveness obtains in the domain of moral impressions, and from two distinct causes. First, the indwelling gentleness and purity, furnished in higher degree by an All Wise Providence to enable the ruder shocks of the world to be withstood, which makes evil appear more repugnant, and virtue more estimable. The ancients embodied innocence—passive virtue and charity—active virtue, in female form. Second, this greater moral sensitiveness is owing to the fact that girls, for the most part staying at home, are not subjected to that dulling of conscience and feeling which boys more or less experience as they go out into the world and become familiar with the observance and knowledge, if not the practice, of evil.

But it is in matters more strictly religious that this readier impressibility of girl nature concerns us most as Sunday-school teachers. Here it is no less manifest than elsewhere. As a womanly heart to-day is *first* touched and *most deeply* touched by suffering, so it was the women of Galilee who, entering into the trials of Christ, "ministered unto Him of their substance," and gave a kindly attention, dictated by feelings of charity, which was but the first evidence of an impressibility peculiar to themselves. Continuing this illustration, we observe in these women the early perception of the worth there is in Christ, the sharp impressibility to receive the evidences of His divine purpose. Mary "pondered His words in her heart," and before He had yet performed a miracle she bade the joyous wedding guests, "Whatsoever *He* saith unto you, do it."

Further, whatever the cause that has introduced t'hem to Christ,—charitable ministry in the case of the sisters of Lazarus, or personal need in the case of Mary of Magdala—the first impression soon deepens into reverent adoration and most devoted love. Some two years or more of direct teaching on the part of Christ to the apostles did not eradicate the idea of an earthly kingdom and of personal advancement; the women, with far less instruction, and not anticipating any personal advantage in the new kingdom that was generally expected would be shortly established, these were faithful to Christ in the darkest hour of His life, when Peter denied and John fled. And why? Because of the impressions of His worth their comparatively slight contact with Him had awakened.

(b.) Girl nature is characterized by a readier trust than boy nature.

It seems to be natural for woman to depend, and for man to stand without support. This natural dependance of woman is a preparation for the reception of the saving truth of Christ; for having it, it must be easier to learn the lesson that self is not a sufficient saviour. Further, it ensures a readier assent, and a simpler, truer trust when truth is set forth. The girl naturally inclines to confide in the teachings of authority; the boy who stays not at home, but goes forth into the world of conflicting truth and error, assimilates truth more slowly, and exercises trust in whatever he hears more measuredly. The two will reach the truth along different paths. Speaking generally, the boy

hears, thinks, questions, doubts, reasons, and at last believes; the girl hears, and from her natural dependance assents and trusts with less delay.

(c.) Girl nature is more responsive in grateful love than boy nature.

This is the sequence to be expected from a readier trust. In the girl the streams of love are more gushing, the springs of affection, though deeper, are more uprising. She will give love where he only admires. When the beauty of Christ's life, the power of His death, the victory of His resurrection, are being taught, the truth finds a more affectionate and grateful reception here than it does there.

The girl seems more responsive to the claims of that life of deep, calm, compassionate sympathy, that delighted in enduring hardship whilst scattering blessing. It was a woman whose grateful love prompted her to cast her all into the treasury. It was a Mary who spent the savings of her lifetime in one act of affectionate ministry unto her Lord. It was another Mary whose wealth of love prompted the statement—weak woman though she was—“Tell me where you have laid Him, and I will bear Him away.”

It appears, then, that the disposition of woman more readily responds in grateful love than that of man.

Now love is a gateway of knowledge—the principal gateway in childhood. We have it on the highest authority that obedience follows love, and knowledge obedience. Christ also gave the first revelation of Himself after His resurrection to the Mary who, having been most blessed, loved most, and thus was most fitted to first verify the truth, “He is risen.”

Passing on now to notice,

II. *The circumstances incident to the life of boys and girls respectively*, we observe that these are such as to render it more difficult for a boy to become and be a Christian than for a girl.

What may be called the thoughtful age, which I take to be the middle of the teens, is much more eventful to the former than to the latter. The boy or youth is then entering upon his business career. Often he then leaves home for the first time to find a new abode in a strange place. His attention is thus much distracted from the things of highest moment. He is strongly tempted to temporize, and often yields. It is when he settles down for life that he is going to think of God's claims; meanwhile he must give himself to business. This is no new argument, no fresh difficulty teachers of boys have to face.

The departure from home removes the boy from the good influence of his old teacher when it should be most helpful to him. It also renders any tables of success in Sunday-school work inaccurate, unless they can be universal, and deal with the unseen as well as the seen.

Again, whether a boy leaves home and native place or not, he is exposed to greater adverse influences than is a girl.

The home influences are not always healthily Christian; sometimes they are decidedly and strongly anti-Christ; yet should a boy go from a Christian or from a worldly home, he has to meet in the world outside those who sneer at goodness and scoff at religion, and seem to him to prosper notwithstanding, just when he is trying his best to get on.

Mr. Bembridge, of Ripley, writes:—

“I find boys slower to perceive and appreciate, and harder in their nature; they yield more to reason and argument than feeling; but when once convinced and set right, are not so easily moved away from goodness until the anxieties, care, and worry of life lays hold upon them. So that a young man once enlisted is, as a rule, more reliable than a young woman for future work and future service for Christ.”

III. The Teacher and the Teaching.

It seems to be a fact that, other things being equal, woman makes the best children's teacher. Men are more anxious to teach scientifically. Not that science enters in larger degree as illustration into the subject teaching, but that *their* lessons are, as a rule, more stiffly formal, elaborate, cut and dried, in their setting forth. They are more inclined to degenerate into or not to rise above the merely enunciatory style of teaching. While the science of teaching may not be despised, it should ever be subservient to the truth to be taught, and never usurp the first place in the teacher's mind as he teaches. There is greater danger of this amongst men, who, as modestly as it may be expressed, feel more keenly the mental and intellectual competition and strain of the present age than do women, and in response are tempted to pay more attention to the science of teaching than to the soil and the seed. A woman teaches first by the heart, and second by the head; but is this always the order amongst men? Is it to the emotions or to the intellect that our first appeals are made?

The Rev. R. H. Lovell writes:—

“To merely prepare a lesson is utterly to miss the mark. We must study each scholar, bait our net for each one, wait the proper and best season (often in the dark night of sorrow), our one aim being not the display of self, but to win souls for Christ.”

What so ineffaceable as the lessons of early childhood? Who a teacher like a mother? A woman is the ministering angel who can best bring home lessons to children.

How is it, my brother teacher, you are not welcomed into your class like your sister teacher across the room? A voice from the form answers, “Because you are either late in arriving, or would be if you were a minute later.” Another voice from the same quarter adds, “Because you have forgotten to make yourself the friend of your class.” Another replies, “Your conduct of the class wants sympathy with boyish nature in its exuberance of animal spirit.” A fourth one states, “Your teaching wants heart and freshness; we boys can talk; we call you, not talker, but teacher.” While a last one replies, “I am the master in the class. You have so mismanaged me that I disregard your authority. If I am to love my teacher, he must rule, but take care how.”

As our subject affords opportunity for a hint or two, I will conclude with such as have occurred to me whilst preparing this paper.

First, one which is not fresh, but old, even in its abuse. Be always in your class ten minutes before school commences, or should commence. I have observed that our sister teachers are much nearer the ideal in this respect than we men are.

This odd ten minutes may be crammed full of work for Christ. As your scholars arrive they are glad to see you there to welcome them. You can then prove yourself the friend of your boy. He will be glad

to confide in you. He will be constrained to punctuality; and I know of no better way of taming an over-turbulent spirit *than a few minutes' talk before* school about his rabbits, his cricket-bat, his week-day circumstances, a book he has been reading, and such like topics, somewhat removed from the immediate design of your teaching.

To point a second hint I will use an illustration. The secret of success in Parliamentary contests is the electoral register. The secret of success in the contest waged between the attractions of worldliness and the forces of godliness is the Sunday-school register. Take care that your scholars are regular in attendance. If absent twice together, look them up. They will like to feel they are missed.

In a dale in Derbyshire there is a plantation of young oaks. About every square yard contains a dwarfed straggling thing that can neither grow straight nor allow its neighbours to become sturdy of limb nor deep in root. The present system of Sunday school preparation attempts to teach too much. By overcrowding the young mind we get vagueness of perception and comparative barrenness. To teach one truth well in an afternoon is good work; to scatter half-a-dozen is waste.

Be more earnest in tone. Many a good lesson is spoilt in the teaching. From meditation and from prayer go to your class, your heart all aglow with the truth, and having obtained a right estimate of the needs and capacity of each scholar, drive it home in a personal manner. Do not generalize and leave him to apply, but get hold of your hammer.

Lastly, form the habit of taking one or another of your boys *aside* after the school is over, and while impression is yet vivid, clench the truth by a few loving, earnest, solemn words, remembering that salvation means a personal apprehension of a revealed Saviour. Special thought and tact will be required for this, but "he that winneth souls is wise."

FRED. J. COX.

A Christmas Greeting.

We welcome thee, O Christmas time!

To this our waiting earth;
Thou tellest us the old glad tale
Of our Redeemer's birth;
And we will ring the joy-bells forth,
And sing our songs of mirth.

We needed thee, O Christmas time!

For the world had lack of gold,
And fierce strife stirred the hearts of men,
And love was growing cold;
But there is magic in thy touch,—
Exert it, as of old!

Open our eyes, O Christmas time!

Teach us that we may see
What good is in our brothers yet,
How kind their faces be,
And make us warm within the glow
That shines on all from thee.

Bid us go forth, O Christmas time!

To homes all dark and sad,
Until we see the hungry fed
And shivering bodies clad;

Nor let us dare to take thy hand
If we make not some heart glad.

Take us again, O Christmas time!

To far-off Bethlehem,
Where the star shines in the night sky
As in a diadem;
And while the shepherds worship Christ,
Let us bow down with them.

Take us to Him, O Christmas time!

We need the Holy Child;
For care lies heavy on our hearts
And we are sin-defiled;
But we shall all be comforted
By His compassion mild.

We give thee greeting, Time of Love,

With sweetest carol-hymn;
We deck our homes to welcome thee;
For though the skies are dim,
The Christ-Child comes to light the earth,
And we are glad in Him.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Papers for Young Men.

XI.—MANLY THINKING.*

CHRISTIANITY accepts and endorses this inward and broad basis of manhood, and employs its facts and revelation, impulse and inspiration to secure a thorough regeneration of man's inmost life. It seeks to re-create him as a *thinker*, refuses to look on the mere "scholar" as the full man, and works on the Hebrew idea, lately re-announced by Emerson, that the true notion of manhood is "*man thinking*"; not man the victim of society and a *mere* thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking"—but man, thinking "in his heart," with all his inward forces, conscience and will, fancy and emotion, hope and experience—thinking in the whole of him, and with the whole of him, and for the whole of him and his race, and so making speech the clear, full, and indivisible echo of his thought, and deed the visible garment of his inward life.

Nothing, therefore, is more absurd than to speak of Christianity as hostile to the most daring and intrepid thought. Hostile to thinking! It lives upon it, thrives by it, compels it, pushes itself into every section of our manifold existence by it, and revolutionises the world by breaking the dull continuity of man's mechanical movements with its spiritual goads to freshness and venture of thought. Its greatest men have been strong, capable, and heroic thinkers. As Peter, baptized into the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost, saw new worlds of truth, felt new forces, so he preached new duties, and was a new power. What we call the "conversion" of Paul was a total revolution in his methods of thinking concerning God and His revelations. Luther had "faith" long before he had peace and power; but he needed "light to break forth from God's Holy Word," so that his faith might rest on a true basis. It was not ritual or worship, earnestness or fervour he lacked in the convent, but a new direction for his thinking. He got it: and it was the regeneration of Europe; led to the insurrection of its intelligence, conscience, and whole thinking *heart* against the tyranny of Rome, and supplied in its inestimably valuable issues another illustration that the manhood of the world has been prodigiously advanced by the mighty impulse Christ has given to fresh, courageous, and manly thinking.

Jesus set in the front of His teaching the comprehensive law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy *mind*." God would have us understand Him, study His works and ways, apprehend the essence and the features of His character; and love Him "with all the heart and soul and strength" because we intelligently recognise His nature, see the meaning of His messages, and the significance of our relations to Him. Puzzling facts are put before us to rouse our sluggish thought. Enemies of truth and righteousness wake us from the sleep forced on us by the opiates of the world. The fierce scorn and bitter gibe of the sceptic compel us to weigh our phrases, recast our opinions, fling aside our mechanical unrealities, and betake ourselves with cleansed sight and holier resolve to Him who is Himself, the life of our inmost being.

I reject, therefore, with ineffable scorn, the notion that I live by a faith which does not rest on a reasoned basis, accept a Christianity

which is very pleasant but not absolutely and provably true, preach a theology which is a system and not a science, and breathe a life from which the most complete education of the intellect is shut out. It would be treason to my Leader—false to the spirit of the first Christians, who searched the Scriptures diligently; to the distinguished champions of the Gospel in all times, and to the chief basis of manhood as revealed in Christ. Jesus came to bear witness to the truth, and we cannot grow up to the stature of men in Him without truth in the inward parts.

But does not the courageous search for truth mean danger? May we not lose peace and joy, and let slip some of the treasures precious to our fathers? Ought not our attitude to be one of reverent acquiescence in the presence of the burning bush of God's revelation?

Christianity breathes awe, but not cowardice. It is not the spirit of fear, but of a *sound mind*. It bids me not cease thinking because danger is ahead. Danger! how can we live without risking it? What path of duty can we choose that does not lead to the wilderness of temptation? It is the veriest cowardice that is perpetually seeking to dodge danger, and refuses work because it is difficult. God means us to be men, and He evokes the forces of an inward life by compelling us to wield the sword with our full strength against the enemy. For as a man battles for truth in his heart, so is he. Cowardly thinking makes a weak and poor life. Christ creates inward courage, heroic daring for reality and right, and renews the manliness of the world.

Young men, do not be misled by the siren of a false peace. Truth is a prize to be won by strenuous battle with the shows and pretences of error, and the shock of downright attack with the foes of faith ought only to whet desire, quicken appetite, and concentrate your forces so that you may become master of the situation. Give to your thinking the courage of the heart, the force of a resolute energy, the patience of an inflexible will, and as sure as you are true to your whole self, God will be found of you in Christ Jesus, and become the sunshine of your life and the joy of your heart.

Never was it a more difficult task for thoughtful and reflective young men to confess Christ than now, and never were the temptations to cowardice and a guilty silence so strong. The air is as full of sneers as a Scotch mist of moisture. You cannot read a literary book against Christianity or in criticism of its claims without confronting the vials of scorn poured out in the name of "culture" against those who are naming Christ's name as that of Master and King. It is held to be a sign of weakness to be a thorough Christian, and the claim for manhood in a disciple of the Nazarene is as much resented in many quarters in London to-day, as it was in Rome in the first century. Be courageous; don't flinch. Clench with a tighter hold every truth you know and have proved. Convert thought-out truth into loyalty to Jesus Christ, and obedience to His laws. Courageous deed, following intrepid thinking, made the Protestant Reformation. Luther was as fearless as a lion, and as calm as God, and in the spirit of self-sacrifice he went forward, determined to hold that which he had felt to be right, and to die rather than yield. It is an unmanly, false, and pernicious view of thinking that expects it to do the work of personal trust, and loads it with the tasks that belong to obedience.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Talks with our Girls.

III.—A GIRL OF THE PAST.*

“AUNT JANE” was a teacher in the Sunday-school, regularly as her strength would allow, even at eighty-three. A characteristic incident took place the day she died. Some little time before she had offered a Bible as a prize to the scholar who should compile the best set of texts on the subject of Baptism. She was so satisfied with the work of all that a Bible was deserved she thought by each, and these Bibles were being distributed as she lay dying. On her way home she would be attended or followed often by a number of young people wanting a word with her, each some item to consult about. Though removed from them by the slow deliberation of age she was yet one with them in having a young heart. The meekness of her bearing met all on his or her own level. She was “Aunt Jane” to them all, though it would be with a dash of awe for the wisdom that was born of something more than age. During the long reflective years her spirit had caught something of “the light that never lay on land or sea,” and was toned with the thoughts that told of other worlds. The present shrunk into nothingness, eternity grew. God was present, and the interviewer would feel he was with one whose garments were already made white and would soon be glorified in the Father’s home, and yet no trace of self-consciousness ever seemed to mingle with her intercourse or mar a character that was as simple as it was great.

In her delights with the Works of her Father’s hands, she was a very child—a child of nature and nature’s God. Her almost passionate love of flowers and of other natural objects was constantly showing itself. Her flower garden, the plants in her window, her walks out afforded constant entertainment, not merely in the satisfaction of possession, if the object was not hers the admiration was just the same; of connoisseurship she knew nothing, she could *admire* and rejoice that the Maker of it all was hers. Things usually rated ugly come in for their share of appreciation, from the “wild beast show” to the despised snail, snake, or toad, nothing was common or unclean, or unworthy of thought that showed its Maker’s wisdom; “isn’t it a beauty” was her frequent exclamation, others most likely thinking how to get rid of the thing that to them would be obnoxious. She answered to Coleridge’s verse:—

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Her appreciation of these things did not arise from a contracted mind, incapable of judging of loftier themes, but rather from a mind that had, in “dwelling apart” from conventional thought, grown apt to take fresh views of its own. The heart that finds “sermons in stones, books in the running brooks,” will not be unimpressed with the larger aspects of nature. “The primrose by the river’s brim” to her brought a sweet content, by reminding of the beauty bestowed by the Father’s love. The whirlwind suggested a sense of security in the same Father’s

* Cf. pp. 880, 416.

power, whilst in the mighty thunder-storm she would feel an elevation of soul that would break out in song of praise to her Lord and King. She had come to the liberty of those whom the "truth makes free," and to "the love that casts out fear."

The end was approaching fast, though unseen; she was eighty-three, but comparatively well; her friends saw little difference in her; a suspicion of change might cross the mind of any who had not seen her lately. On Saturday evening, June 9th, an attack took place, presumably of the old complaint, complicated with a severe cold, that threatened bronchitis; during the week she rallied, and hopes were entertained of her recovery, but the end was near. The last conscious day of a noble life had arrived on the following Saturday—a day of brightness, and peace, and love, in which with life's work over she could be at her ease, and give herself to conversation and reading—she took great interest in some pages read to her; then herself read aloud, throughout the day showing the most happy contented spirit; grateful for every attention; enjoying the day in a specially marked manner; perfect calm and rest in the prospect of eternity; anxious for one thing only, that she should not "be a burden" to any. The sun was about to dip. Meanwhile on the spiritual firmament no cloud was visible, only the evening sun-light of heaven's peace, light, and joy.

She retired to rest, and a new attack occurred, but she soon seemed easier and the worst was thought over; then again a relapse and there was little more evidence of consciousness. A few hours more, during which the disease was anxiously combated; then the final change came, and all was over. Painlessly she was taken away on Sunday afternoon, June 17th, 1883.

The lessons of her life are few and simple, yet such lessons as no one can practise without striking at the root of all that is wrong, and aspiring towards all that is good and true. Her life was founded on the one principle of loyalty to Christ, consecration to His service. Everything from this fell into its right relationship: conscience was exalted—convention, fashion,—what men thought or said was nothing; the approval of her Maker was the one and only thing to care for. The distinguishing feature of her character was her regard to principle. She had good common sense, a firm will, great perseverance, as shewn in her success in the study of Greek; but her earnest and high Christian principle was of all the most conspicuous.

Her strong adherence to her denomination was to her a natural outcome of her love of God. The General Baptist body was to her a home; its tenets her belief; repentance towards God; faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; the renewing work of the Holy Ghost; following the Lord as He had commanded in Baptism, as an outward and visible sign of an inward change of spirit, with the special distinctive holding of the General, as distinguished from the Particular section of the body; that ALL men were invited to take freely of the Gospel feast; that the obstacle lay with men's depravity, not with God, in any lack of divine election,—these truths were as the breath of her nostrils.

The patient calm of her demeanour was often remarked. Probably she never heard of Ruskin's line, "Behold the essential vulgarity of being in a hurry;" but she had learnt the lesson where it is open to

all, "He that believeth shall not make haste." She had got to the root of things, why should she be perturbed? "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

The gentleness and refinement of her character was shewn in courtesy to all, in esteem for the poorest, in the recognition of the use of the lowest, both in human life and material things, Nothing was high enough for pride or low enough for contempt; the rich and poor meet together, the Lord is the maker of them both.

Outwardly, her life taught that true dignity is irrespective of rank or fortune; that with care and thrift, the lowest may rise; that adverse circumstances may be controlled; that it is in the power of all to inform themselves and benefit others; for

"He whose ardour brightly burneth,
With a purpose true and strong,
In the end a laurel earneth,
Nobler than the noblest song."

Courtesy of Manner.

I AM often sorry that the invaluable training in sitting still and maintaining the attitude of decorum toward elders and superiors, once a part of every child's education, is now missed by many. Manners do not come wholly by chance, nor are they entirely to be trusted to refined associations, though these greatly aid in their acquirement. Sooner or later most of us need the discipline of enforced rules, and conventionalities have their uses in the ease and grace they confer, the smoothness with which they oil the intercourse of society, and the friction from which they save.

Toward the aged and the feeble, and toward little children and servants, the courteous person is kind and deferential. True courtesy implies remembrance of the Bible rules, "In honour preferring one another." If you wish an example of lofty courtesy, make a study of the life of Paul, who always bore himself with simple dignity, who never was unequal to the situation, and who was loving and pitiful to his friends and to the suffering.

Manner and manners are often confused, or, by inexact people, thought of as being almost identical. Manner is really the expression of a person's whole character, the style of one's thought, and the subtle revelation of the soul, while manners are more like clothing or decorative badges. People sometimes have ceremonious manners, while their manner is constrained, stiff and shy. A lady's manner may be brusque, aggressive and repellant, so that you are on the defensive so soon as you encounter her, yet she may have the etiquette of polite society at her fingers' ends, and never violate a single one of its arbitrary rules. And a woman may be most winning, lovable and motherly in her manner, and still be quite ignorant of many little points of conventional training.

To acquire a charming manner, girls, I would advise you to guard your hearts from impure thoughts, and to live much in good company of the best books, and the most high minded people. Truth, tenderness,

affection and unselfish charity, enter into the composition of a good, because an engaging and unobtrusive manner. Not to think too highly of self, not to be very sensitive, not to insist too strenuously on receiving attention and regard, are the negative qualities which the best womanly manner implies. As for the positive qualities, they are all wrapped up, as the rose in its bud, in one beautiful word—charity, or love. The thirteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians is a complete manual on the subject.

Manners are the daily product of a thousand influences. Manners at the table, in company, at school, at home, have nearly everything to do with comfort and propriety. There is a word which sums up how they are to be acquired. It is this—obedience. Conform to the laws which have been made presumably for the general convenience of the world, and conform to them willingly. When you are in doubt concerning any matter, do not be ashamed to ask advice of those who are well informed. If you have made a mistake, do not be crushed or needlessly humiliated, but determine to do better the next time. Never despise little things. Do not consider the acknowledgment of favours, the answering of letters, and the attending to trifling details as of small importance. It is never right to omit saying "Thank you," to the person who helps you, in even the slightest particular.

MRS. SANGSTER.

Friend or Foe?

A SEQUEL TO "OLIVER RAYMOND."

BY E. JOSEPH AXTON.

CHAPTER XII.—ATONEMENT.

Two years! What changes time works in men and things about us—ay, in our own hearts also. Measured by joy and peace, how like a rapid, bird-like flight across a sunny landscape is the flight of two years! measured by grief, by work of atonement, by shame and fear, how like the dragging of a clanking chain along a gloomy, almost endless path! Truly, time should be measured by our joy or sorrow.

A gloomy path, indeed, has that been which Oliver has trodden these two years, and a heavy chain that which he has dragged after him. Often and often has he sat, as he sits now on that seat in the park, with the gentle summer breeze stirring his auburn hair, the soft evening sunlight playing over the grass and glorifying the beautiful white clouds above—often has he sat thus, thinking, sadly, yet hopefully; looking forward into the dark future; recalling the still darker past, with its vivid scenes and characters.

Why is he so sad? Has not his uncle fully pardoned him—nay, forgotten, almost, that he ever had anything to pardon him for? Is he not manager still, of a business ever widening, ever increasing the respect of men for him? Truly, it is not now with Elsie as it was—there is some strange air of restraint about her manner. When Mr. Bradford—as is frequently the case—jests about the coming wedding, she looks quickly at Oliver, and he at her; but the jest falls flat, though even Mr. and Mrs. Weston and Captain Grant take it up. Yet he knows that, if he will, Elsie is his for the asking. Alas! how true is the word of her who said, "Our deeds are like our children: they act apart from our will." Oliver is never free from those deeds of two years ago; like gibbering ghosts, they haunt him; like imps from the nether world, they mock him, and will give him no peace. Others have forgiven him his folly; more, the Divine forgiveness also, he knows, is his: the pain of it, is, he cannot forgive himself.

Thus he broods, unable to forget. Again the Present is gone, and the Past is present. He sees Oliver led astray with his eyes wide open; blindly ignoring the sweet, pure girl, his companion in his happy adopted home, and becoming infatuated with one who, though all smiles and animation, has no heart. Swiftly the scenes pass: the billiard-room and its blasting charms; the talk that poisons heart and mind; the drinking; the frequent theatre-going; the round of pleasure; presently ominous whispers; then the fearful end, Bankruptcy; then that week of wandering about from street to street like a felon, with the eye of every honest man bent upon him in contempt or suspicion; and finally the terrible moment when he had stood within the very door of the prison, with the grip of the law almost upon his shoulder. Almost by a miracle that grip had been placed on another shoulder; but could he rejoice? Was it not the shoulder of one who, treacherous as he had proved, could not be remembered without a sigh, and a feeling of the old alluring love? Poor Rearden! He was not all bad. Did he not afterwards show nobility, when, at the trial, he sadly admitted the forgery, and tried his best to show that all Oliver's failure was through him, directly or indirectly?

Nay, Oliver, seek not to hide that tear, as it falls—there is no shame in sorrowing for a fallen friend, untrue as he may have been.

The sun is set; it is darkening fast; the park is almost clear of people. Feeling sad as he came from the city, he has strolled this way home, seating himself just for a moment or two. But he must go, as they will be waiting tea. Just as he rises, a bent, strangely dressed figure comes stealthily to his side, and says in a voice—ah, how well remembered—

“Oliver—it is you! For God's sake, help me! I have been hunted for three days, and have had no food. You will not give me up, will you?”

Oliver is scarcely startled, though he gazes into the man's wild eyes with mixed feelings: it is all so like a part of his vision. He merely utters the word “Rearden!” and takes a step back. A strange pair—the erect, well-dressed gentleman; the stooping, thin, hungry-looking beggar, in a garb not ragged, but most curious as to colour and fit!

By and bye, this figure, like the figures of his fancy, vanished, and seemed no more real than they. Yet it, too, would come back; the appeal for help would again be made; bitter repentance again be poured forth; and once more it would be sent on its way, leaving its strange-sounding blessing behind.

It was about three weeks after the meeting in the park, that the end for which, with mingled hope and despair, Oliver Raymond had been looking for two years, came. During those two years he had worked as he had never worked before. Mr. Bradford now kept a constant eye on the business, and was able to help it with his presence; but he need hardly have troubled himself at all, for there was no neglect now: Oliver had stood so near the brink of tragedy, of utter ruin, that the ever-present dread of falling again made another such slip almost impossible. And as still greater security, he had joined a little chapel near, with the pastor of which he had become firm friends, and had thrown himself with all his might into the work of God, in which Elsie, as far as she could, heartily joined him. But the end was come. That was the payment of the money which he had misused. Had he not been robbed one night in that billiard-room of a hundred pounds, the work of repayment would have been a small matter, as the sum he had really misused was very small apart from his own private monies. But now the work was done, thank God! and he would carry out his original intention of going abroad and beginning there anew. He could have Elsie for asking; but how could *he*, with the memory of his sin ever present with him, dare propose such a thing to *her*, who—his eyes were fully open now—was worthy of the noblest fellow that ever walked the earth?

“I think this week's instalment of that money will clear it off, Oliver,” said Mr. Bradford, as the two stood alone one July evening, in the drawing-room of Daisy Villa. “And let me say,” he added, coming up to the young man and looking him straight in the eyes—“let me say, that I desire the affair way never again be named, while we live. I have allowed you to repay it, in order to satisfy yourself, else the matter might have been forgotten long ago. I thank you, Oliver, for your noble conduct these two years. From now, you are more than nephew to me—you are a son.”

He took the young man's hand, and the two stood silent, with eyes turned away. "I thank God," Oliver said, at length, "that He has helped me, Sir. But you remember our arrangement? I am going abroad now."

Mr. Bradford looked surprised. Oliver had never alluded to this since the arrangement had been made, and it had seemed to be forgotten quite. "Tut, tut!" the former returned, moving away off-handedly. "Don't let me hear you say such a silly thing again. Even if I were disposed to let you go, I wouldn't, I couldn't do without you. Who is to manage the business, increasing too, as it is, every day?"

"I am sorry, Sir," answered Oliver, sadly, but in a tone of quiet and settled determination. "You do not know what reasons impel me to this—"

Mr. Bradford said, "Nonsense! I won't listen to you!" and was going out of the room when Elsie entered it.

It was a smarter stroke of generalship than Mr. Bradford perhaps thought it, when, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, he said, playfully, "Oliver's going abroad, never to come back again. He thinks we are tired of him." With which he laughed and disappeared.

Elsie gazed at Oliver steadily, and he at her. She had grown very pale. "You are going away?" she asked, in a faltering voice. Oliver, too, had grown pale.

"I am, Elsie," he answered, with difficulty keeping his voice steady. "The money is paid, thank God, and it only remains for me to carry out the rest—of my resolve. I am sorry; and, indeed, I did not intend you should know until next week. It is my just punishment, but one which I know your too good-hearted uncle would not inflict. Besides—besides—"

He checked himself: the thought in his mind must above all others be unexpressed.

Into those two or three crises in life which all of us experience—crises never more, perhaps, than a third of a minute in duration—what pain, what memories, what multitudes of thoughts are pressed! Such a crisis had come for Elsie. The hopes, fears, doubts, pains, of years pressed upon her brain in those few seconds, and she grew giddy. The shock was too cruel, too sudden.

"What is it, Elsie?" Oliver cried, rushing to the girl's side as she reeled—"What is the matter?" He spoke the last words very gently, for the pallor of her cheeks was now deathlike. How sweet, how beautiful she looked, as he bore her up with his strong arm! A wild half-delirious impulse seized him to throw his scruples to the winds, and utter that forbidden thought. But he still checked himself. Gently taking Elsie to a lounge, he placed her on it, when suddenly she burst into tears.

What fools and blind are we! How we pet our pride, and mask it, and call it virtue! Oliver stood looking at the weeping girl, and still crushed down that thought that struggled for utterance. But presently he knelt before her, taking one of her hands and pressing it gently. "Elsie, Elsie!" he said—and stopped there.

Elsie rose, putting a strong hand on her emotion.

"I am wrong to be so weak," she said, taking Oliver's hand, and looking frankly, but with tearful eyes, into his face. She smiled, too, as she added, "You are right to go away, if you think you ought to."

The sadness of that smile was too much for Oliver.

"You think I do not care for you!" he said, hotly. "Before God, I would go through fire for you, Elsie. Only—only, how can I, so vile a wretch as I have been, presume to ask for *your* love? I should be taking a mean advantage of my position, of Mr. Bradford, and of you, in doing so."

Elsie hesitated a moment, looking steadily into her companion's eyes; then, as a beautiful flush like that of the morning overspread her cheeks, she murmured:

"You are not vile to me, Oliver!"

It is useless, as we have seen, for pride to contend against love. Oliver, unable to prevent the tears, gave up the last fragment of his scruples, and, as he cried: "God bless you, darling!" the gulf was closed for ever, and Elsie found her proper resting-place, next his heart.

* * * * *

There was a great party at Daisy Villa, a few months later, where everyone was particularly merry. Nor were Mr. Bradford and Captain Grant (the latter one of the family now, of course) the merriest, though they had a whole bottle of wine to themselves. Mr. Weston, joined by Mrs. Weston, laughed as loudly

as anyone; Joyce's face beamed with enthusiasm as he made his excellent witty little speech, which gave everyone an increased idea of the new sub-manager's sharpness; while the faces of those two who had been toasted as "Bride" and "Bridegroom," could not have been made happier by any quantity of champagne. But presently a carriage came to the door, and then the party had to prepare the rice and the slippers. For, Mr. Bradford, turning Quaker for the time, had insisted on Oliver making good his word, by spending his honeymoon in Paris, or somewhere else out of England. So Oliver did go abroad, after all—though he took with him the sweetest companion, his wife.

And so our tale is told. Miss Drewe—the handsome Miss Drewe—received her reward. A few months after Rearden's fall she became Mrs. Golding—though not exactly to her satisfaction, nor to that of her mother, as, while the "American uncle" never appeared, Mr. Golding's money in the Funds was found to be *non est*. Joyce proved to be a thoroughly capable sub-manager, and more, he earnestly joined Oliver, by and bye, in the chapel-work. While Captain Grant and Mr. Bradford and Mr. Weston became the firmest and jolliest of friends, and spent many a merry evening together at Daisy Villa.

As to Oliver, with his dear wife beside him, he will not again forget that motto: "BE TRUE TO JESUS CHRIST." Rather will he realize, more vividly every day, the poet's words:—

"I held it true with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things."

THE END.

Forward Movements: New Schools.

I.—DENHOLME.

OUR New Schools were opened Nov. 3, by Mr. W. North, of Bradford. Afterwards 300 sat down to tea; and Mr. North presided over a public meeting, which was addressed by the Revs. J. Taylor, W. Hambly, B. Wood, C. Berry, W. Gray, &c. Mr. J. D. Waddington gave an account of the history of the church. It began in 1845, in hired rooms. The first school premises were opened in 1857, and paid for in 1861. In 1862 the site for the present chapel was obtained; and in 1869 the Rev. J. Taylor became pastor, and it is through his untiring efforts the society has obtained the present premises. Total outlay £1250, and £670 are realized. Revs. W. Gray preached Nov. 4, and W. March Nov. 11. Collections £74.

II.—LOUGHBOROUGH, BAXTER GATE.

On Monday, November 19th, special services were held in connexion with the laying of the memorial stones of additional new schools, at an estimated cost of £750. At three o'clock a short service was held in the chapel, when the Rev. J. Taylor, Rev. C. Griffith, and other ministers were present and took part. The Rev. E. Stevenson presided. At half-past three an adjournment was made to the new building for the purpose of laying the four stones bearing the following inscription: "These memorial stones were laid November 19th, 1883, by the Rev. E. Stevenson, pastor; Mr. G. Adcock, superintendent of senior girls' school; Mr. J. Warren, superintendent of senior boys; and Mr. Francis W. H. Bumpus, superintendent of Junior division." The scholars' offerings amounting to £46, being previous to erection placed upon the stones with the additional offerings of friends assembled. The service was again resumed in the chapel, when short addresses were delivered by those laying the stones, and also by the Rev. C. Boden, Rev. C. Griffith, and Rev. J. Kay. After tea, at which about 250 were present, a further meeting was held when a financial statement was read by Mr. G. Adcock, treasurer, and further sums were received, making a total for the day of £191.

The land already purchased at a cost of £110, a legacy per Rev. E. Stevenson of £100, with money previously raised £120, bringing the total receipts to £521, leaving a sum to be further raised of about £230. At 7.45 Rev. J. Greenhough, M.A., preached a very earnest and impressive discourse from 2 Cor. iv. 7; thus ending a day long to be remembered.

III.—WALSALL, VICARAGE WALK.

This church, the child of our Home Mission, is advancing. The memorial stone of new schools was laid October 25th, by the mayor, and addresses were given by the pastor, Rev. Hampden Lee, and the mayor. After tea the mayor presided at a public meeting, and speeches were made by the pastor, Revs. A. A. Cole, E. W. Cantrell, A. T. Prout, E. Hancox and Messrs. Harrison, and Councillor Marshall. The new school, which is being erected from the designs of Mr. H. E. Lavender, by Mr. A. Lynex, will consist of two departments—a general school and an infant's school. It is to be a single storey building, but is so designed that a second storey can be put upon it when required. The front will be faced with stone, and is generally in harmony with the front of the chapel, but less elaborate, so as to subordinate it to the more important building. Special provision has been made for lighting, the windows being both large and numerous, and the result will be that every class in the school will be able to study in comfort so far as the first necessity, light, is concerned. The present schoolroom, which has become too straitened, will be made into class rooms, and there are in addition two other class rooms at the back of the chapel, with which direct communication has been arranged. Indeed, everything has been provided as perfectly as appears to be possible, Mr. Lavender, who is an architect of remarkable skill and great experience in this class of building, having had the benefit of the practical intimacy with Sunday school work of Mr. Edmonds, the former superintendent, and the Rev. A. Hampden Lee (the pastor), the present superintendent of the school. Collections over £50.

Scraps from the Editor's Waste-Basket.

I. DO NOT FORGET TO LOOK at the advertisement of the *General Baptist Atmanack* and of the *General Baptist Magazine* for 1884. They are eloquent, appetising, and stimulating. Let every reader get one new subscriber to both, and we shall start the new year with the best guarantees of increasing success.

II. GENERAL BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—“Will you please announce in next month's Magazine that the Rev. Chas. Clark having declined the Presidency of the Association for 1884, the Committee of Exigencies has nominated the Rev. W. Evans, of Leicester, as President? I am glad to add that Mr. Evans has accepted the Committee's invitation.

“Yours faithfully,

“WATSON DYSON, Sec.”

III. OUR WORK IN ROME.—A most interesting letter and paper have arrived from our missionary, Mr. Shaw, too late to appear in this issue. The paper sketches in a graphic way the stirring incidents of a Bible tour in the Abruzzi and the Marches; and is to be followed by an account of a visit to the city of Loreto. The letter, amongst other things, pleads for larger help for our ITALIAN MISSION. In order to make our *present* work effective in the highest degree we ought to increase our resources at once. *How could we celebrate Christmas better than by sending large and liberal gifts to our Foreign Mission Treasurer?*

IV. WOMEN AND UNIVERSITY DEGREES.

—Twenty women have taken the B.A. degree in the University of London this year, *nineteen* of them in the first division. Four have taken the B.Sc. degree, making eight women in possession of that honour. We are glad to see amongst the four the name of Miss Edith Hannah Ellis, of Camden Road, the daughter of one of our friends, who has passed in the three most difficult branches, viz., I., II., and III. “Three cheers” for the graduate women. Let the men look to their laurels, or they will lose them!

V. THE NEXT MOVE IN POLITICS.—

The Leeds Conference has decided, with signal unanimity, in favour of the equalization of the county and borough franchise as the immediate end of political action. The decision is commended by the fact that a year is requisite after the franchise has been reduced to prepare for its exercise, but chiefly by the consideration that the welfare of the country at large ought to take precedence of that of the metropolis. Politicians are always safest when acting on the highest principles. But what is the use of this resolution? The next move in politics ought to be the reform of the House of Lords. So long as we are fettered by this dignified obstruction, all legislative work has to be done with a great waste of time and pains. It is the chief obstacle to legislative progress.

Reviews.

A POPULAR INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By the Rev. T. G. Crippon. *T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.*

THE author of this volume has supplied, as he intended, a want in theological literature. Too many Christians, well-read in many respects, know little or nothing of the history of Christian doctrine. Between Apostolic and Lutheran times there is a great blank, and the means of filling it in, only exist in such books as Hagenbach and Shedd. The Doctrinal teachings of the churches, from the Reformation onwards, are better known, but by no means accurately or fully, outside the range occupied by those whose business it is to teach. Students, S. S. Teachers, and others will find here prepared to their hand the biography of the doctrines of the Canon of Scripture, Trinity, Person of Christ, Atonement, "Last Things," etc., etc. On the Atonement, *e.g.*, he says: "No trace is found in any writer" for the first four centuries "of a limitation of its purpose or efficacy to a part of the human race. Speculation rather tended in the opposite direction." The Calvinistic restriction of the atonement has no countenance in the early church.

The Appendices are of great value. One gives twenty-five creeds of ancient Christendom; another a list of Sects and Heretics; another a list of Councils and Synods. The book is of special value, and would be of great use as a *first* book for students of theology in a ministerial college.

THE DOCTRINE OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

By George T. Ladd, D.D. *T. and T. Clark.*

THIS is the book for the hour. It grapples with questions actually in men's minds and on their lips. Its learning is accurate and full, the painstaking immense, and the spirit one of blended reverence and of fearless courage. The book is as able as it is opportune, and will exercise a formative influence on the minds of many in their thoughts about the Bible.

What *is* the Bible? is the weighty question our author discusses in 1500 pages. Starting from the person of Christ, he examines Christ's own response to the question; he claims made by the Testaments themselves; the shape and form given to the answer by the scientific, miraculous, prophetic, and ethical contents of the Scriptures. Next the *history* of Christian opinion as to the

Bible is given at length, and illustrated by numerous quotations; and the last part of the work is devoted to a discussion of the results of this analysis in reference to such themes as the personality of God, the authority of the Bible, and the doctrine of Inspiration.

As illustrative of these results it may be mentioned that the older theory of the Bible is vindicated against the new, and we are delivered from the absurd notion that the Bible is of equal value in every part; that every word of it is "inspired"—that inspiration is of books and not of men, and that the inspiration was wholly unique and exceptional. A work more masterly in its grasp, exhaustive in its treatment, ample in its erudition, and true in its spirit, has not been issued for many years.

THE POPULAR COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. *T. and T. Clark.*

THE *fourth* volume of this valuable work comprises the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Catholic Epistles, and Revelation. The broad catholic spirit and general ability characteristic of this commentary on the New Testament we have several times commended, and can renew that praise without any qualification after an examination of this concluding volume. Dr. Angus has expounded *Hebrews* and *Jude* with conspicuous thoroughness and aptitude. A closely reasoned argument is conducted in favour of the Pauline origin of the *Hebrews*, and a fine summary of the evidence is given with a full statement of authorities. The old English version is here, as throughout, revised in notes; the text is expounded in clear, concise, and suggestive paragraphs, followed by doctrinal, practical, and homiletical hints; the last being derived mainly from notable sermons.

Dr. Gloag expounds in a practical spirit the letter of *James*; Professor Salmon handles *Peter's* epistles with special skill, and most fruitful results; Dr. Pope, of *Didbury* College, *Manchester*, writes on the three epistles of *John* with marked clearness of insight, true sympathy with his author, and terse expression; and Professor Milligan, well known in connection with the *Apocalypse*, gives a commentary on that book which, for popular purposes, has not been surpassed. The Messrs. Clark are to be congratulated on the distinguished success which has crowned this effort to produce a Popular Commentary.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. A Practical Meditation. By Newman Hall, LL.B. T. and T. Clark.

ALTHOUGH rightly described as a "practical meditation," yet it would be wrong for readers to conclude that it is wanting in careful criticism and exegesis. The author of "Come to Jesus" is present in the pertinent illustration and forcible appeal scattered throughout the volume; but there is a copiousness of quotation from the best sources, and a wisdom and thoroughness of treatment of debateable points which will render the work no less helpful to the teacher and preacher than to the meditative Christian. His discussions on "Free Prayer," "Forms," "the Devil" and "the Evil One," and "the Use of the Lord's prayer," are sustained by well-balanced reasoning, and his conclusions are characterized by sound sense.

STUDIES IN THE CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By A. Mair, D.D. T. and T. Clark.

STARTING from Theism Dr. Mair constructs a solid defence of Christianity out of some of its most indestructible materials, and provides at once a refuge from trouble for the doubter, and a protection for those attacked. The potency and impotency of Physical Science is well and clearly stated, and the subjects of Miracles, Revelation, the Resurrection, and the Unique Personality of Christ, are handled with an ability, tact, and fairness that must do much good. It is an able resumé of some of the leading defences of the Christian Religion.

HANDBOOKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES. Lessons on the Life of Jesus. By Rev. W. Sorymgeour, M.A. T. and T. Clark.

OF the several excellences of this volume we may name the fact that the quotations from the New Testament are taken from the Revised Version; the extensive and helpful references to pertinent literature on each particular topic; the brief hints to teachers and questions for students; and the "harmony" of the gospel narratives. Bible classes purposing a systematic study of the life of Christ—and this ought to be attempted in every Bible class—should avail themselves of the help of this valuable Handbook.

CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD. By Mary Prior Hack. Hodder & Stoughton.

THE authoress of this volume is favourably known by her earlier books, "Consecrated Women" and "Self-Surrender." Here she resumes the long story of Christian excellence and devotion as exhibited in

the lives of memorable women. These pages contain interesting and instructive sketches of Mary Fletcher, the diligent servant of the church, and faithful wife of "the seraphic" Fletcher, of Madeley; of Mary Hall, the strong, patient, and prayerful wife of John Vine Hall; Mary Bowles Browne; a companion and a true-hearted "friend" of "Charlotte Elizabeth," a "plain" Elizabeth, the last Duchess of Gordon, who adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour in high places; Harriet Perfect, patient in suffering, and eager to give; Mary Ker, a pattern of consecration to the welfare of her children; Mary Calvert, the courageous, wise, and enthusiastic missionary in Fiji; Anna Backhouse, another fine example of the Christian goodness grown in the favourable atmosphere of the Society of Friends; and that sweet songstress of the church and home, Frances Ridley Havergal. The book is finely adapted as a present for girls and young women.

THE LITTLE PREACHER. By Mrs. Prentiss. Hodder & Stoughton.

THE best recommendation of this book apart from its own excellence, is that it comes from the same hand as "Stepping Heavenward," breathes the same spirit, and is calculated to aid in the same journey. A German story, full of human nature, it illustrates life as it is lived everywhere, and shows how a noble aim may elevate and purify all who come near it.

RICHARD BAXTER. By G. D. Boyle, M.A., Dean of Salisbury. Hodder & Stoughton.

BAXTER's place in any series of "men worth remembering" is indisputable. With all his faults, and they were not few, he was a fervid evangelist, a ripe scholar, a laborious writer, an eager controversialist, and "a man of God" of the highest type. Dean Boyle sketches his pathetic life sympathetically and ably, and fixes his place amongst the workers of his and other times with fairness and truth.

MORAL EDUCATION. By Rev. Peter Prescott. Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS volume brings before all who are interested in the education of the young—and who are not?—one of its frequently forgotten departments. The strain is on the intellect; and we ignore the immense intellectual efficacy of high moral aims, and of a thoroughly moral education. Mr. Prescott summons attention to this latter branch of the theme, and supplies

a capital manual, well arranged, and full of concrete illustrations—for the use of schools, colleges, and families. Every one charged with the education of the young would be better fitted for this task by the aid of this book.

ANECDOTES OF LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

THE initials to the Preface introducing this volume indicate a careful and painstaking worker, well fitted to gather and combine the choicest stores of the great Lutheran Reformation. The citations are from the most approved sources, the range of selection is comprehensive, and the book, while always helpful, is of peculiar interest at this commemorative period.

JACOB ABBOT'S STORIES. *Hodder and Stoughton.*

THE name of this author is familiar "in our mouth as household words" for stories that influence the heart, genially help character in the making, and please whilst they mould after a high type. The new edition of these 4 vols.—*Juno and George*, *Mary Osborne*, *Juno on a Journey*, and *Herbert*—is a valuable contribution to the literature of the young. They are four attractive Christmas presents.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WHITFIELD. By J. R. Andrews. *Morgan & Scott.*

THE story of this famous preacher cannot be told too often. It is a vital part of the life of the world, and the record of it ought to be accessible to all. In this cheap edition the facts are graphically told, and the work of the preacher, in the main, is described in a manner to make it reproductive.

LAYS OF LOWLY SERVICE. By Georgina M. Taylor. *Morgan & Scott.*

THESE sweet strains deserve to find a place in the Christian heart, and as sure as they do they will abide as refreshing and inspiring music.

FERNDALE; or, the Blue Ribbon Boy. By William Frith. *Partridge & Co.*

THE illustrations of heroism are numberless. Here we have wise choice, firm decision, and patient perseverance set forth in the story of George Morgan. The sketch is well drawn, and the instruction is full and clear.

FIGHTING AN OMEN. By E. H. Smith. *Religious Tract Society.*

A WEDDING on a rainy day; followed by trouble in the home of the married couple, and that by unexpected good fortune and happiness, are the facts on which the story of Reuben Landergan and his Jonnie is threaded. It is a simple and interesting tale, strewn with words of comfort and wisdom.

THE NEW HANDBOOK OF SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESSES. By R. Tuck, B.A. *Stock.*

THE demand for addresses to children is increasing, and therefore the supply of books of this kind is becoming more and more abundant. Mr. Tuck is a practised hand, knows what is wanted, and gives it, and gives it in the way it is wanted. These addresses are good "specimens" of how to do it, and will quicken the thought and guide the action of those who are engaged in such tasks.

WIDOW WISELAD'S SON. By G. H. Elridge. *Stock.*

THE village life of England is as fertile in interest and instruction as the crowded town to those who have eyes to see and hearts to learn; and not a few of them contain a "Fred Wiselad," kindly in speech, brave in deed, and benevolent in spirit, who are in their place and sphere of priceless value. This story will cheer such toilers, and help to increase their number.

SACRED STREAMS: the Ancient and Modern History of the Rivers of the Bible. By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. *Hodder & Stoughton.*

TWENTY-FOUR engravings and a map enrich this new and revised edition of a work treating of the rivers of the Bible, and of the incidents associated therewith. The book is eminently adapted for pleasant and profitable meditation (as the writer himself suggests) on the Lord's day.

BLUE RIBBON GEMS. A Choice Collection by R. T. Booth. *Passmore and Alabaster.*

THE stories told by this Blue Ribbon Leader in his lectures are here given without their "moral," and many of them may be used for other occasions than those which give prominence to Temperance. They are vital and vitalizing, and in the minds of living workers will bear fruit.

- (1.) MY BATTLE FIELD. By M. A. Paull.
 —(2.) THE LIFE OF FRANCIS WETHER-
 ALL. By John Harris.—(3.) GOSPEL
 HISTORY.—(4.) SCRIPTURE CATECHISM.
Bible Christian Book Room.

A FIGHT for temperance and righteous-
 ness in Cornwall, told by the able
 author, Miss M. A. Paull, is sure to be
 rich in interest and forcible in appeal.
 This story is one of the best by this
 popular writer.—The Bible Christian
 Church in Prince Edward's Island has its
 history told by Mr. Harris in the life of
 its chief worker, and a quickening his-
 tory of patient and devoted labour it is.
 Christian workers will feel the thrill of a

true brother's heart as they have fellow-
 ship with this apostle of Christ.—The
 third and fourth books in the list are by
 C. Bridgman, and are capital aids in the
 impartation of Bible truth to the young.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MESSRS. DEAN'S Rose and Lily Series,
 consisting of the Little Traveller, Every
 Day Children, The Story of the Good Dog
 Rover, and their Gem Packet of Rewards,
 will be found suitable for those who want
 to please the very young children in our
 families. Martin Luther's Friend and
 the Soldier's Friend will be welcome as
 gift books to those a little older.

The S. S. Union's Parcel for Christmas.

THIS annual parcel increases in interest and in competency to aid in the work of the education of the young. "YOUNG ENGLAND" forms a volume of manifold attractions, and is so widely and favourably known that it is sure to be put on many a father's list of presents for his children.—*Twenty-one Christmas Hymns*, accompanied by appropriate tunes, and sixteen wisely chosen *Christmas Pieces*, will be most welcome to those who cater for this season of rejoicing and of hope.—*Floral Packets, Christmas Cards, The Teacher's Pocket Book, and the Addresses for Scholars, Teachers, and Parents* are of more than usual excellence.—*The Child's Own Magazine* only needs to be opened to commend itself by its pictures, and to be read by our children, to give them pleasure and profit at once.

A good idea is worked out with no small skill and attractiveness in *CELEBRATED DUNCES*, by *Tom Brown*. Teachers who have "dullards" in their classes, and parents who have children painfully slow, would feed hope with nutritious food if they familiarized themselves with the stores in this volume, and it might be the beginning of a new era in a lad's life to afford him a glimpse of Adam Clarke, Isaac Newton, and William Paley, in their seeming dulness and irritating stupidity.

DENNY; or, FROM HAVEN TO HAVEN, by *Annie Gray*, is a Scotch tale, and will stir the spirit with its incident and adventure, goad the fancy with its plot, and animate the heart with faith and hope and a true courage by its embodied principles. It is a beautiful Christmas or New Year's Gift Book, outside and in.

A LIFE'S MOTTO; or, CLEMENT MAREWOOD'S VICTORY, by *William J. Lacey*, is the record of a brave boy's fight with misfortune, of unbroken fidelity to conscience, and of final though delayed reward. The tale contains simple and vital elements, and is told in an exceedingly interesting manner.

MISS BLAKE'S TINIES, by *Fanny Simon*, enforces and illustrates the duty of unwearied well-doing towards the poor and the neglected, and shows the abiding gains of such devotion.—*ANTHONY ROGERS*, by *Mrs. C. Skinner*, has a key supplied to it in its second title—"led by a child;" and aptly does it record the mysterious influence on a hard and wayward nature of a gentle child.—*COUSIN DORRY; or, THREE MEASURES OF MEAL*, by *Mrs. Chas. Clarke*; *ALICE WILMOT'S SECRET*, by *Mrs. H. B. Paull*; *GERTY'S CHILDHOOD*; *MISS STEPNY'S FORTUNE*; *WILLIE ANSON; or, TRUST AND TRY*; *KIDNAPPED; or, LEWIS LLOYD'S ADVENTURES IN VIRGINIA*, by that well-known, ever-welcome author, *Ascott R. Hope*; form half-a-dozen thoroughly interesting stories, sure to be read with eagerness, and claiming by their merits an early place in our homes and schools.

UNCLE JAMES' SKETCH BOOK, by *James Crowther*, consists of a series of brief sketches in natural history, specially suited for that boy who delights in "live things"—carries them about with him—hides them in the garden—and cannot be happy long out of their company. Give him this book; he will delight in it.

Once more we express our cordial appreciation of the efforts of the SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION to provide interesting and acceptable literature for Young England.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Church Register.

CHURCH REGISTER FOR 1884.—All communications for this department of the Magazine must be sent from this date to the REV. JOSEPH FLETCHER, 322, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E., on or before the 15th of the month.

CONFERENCE.

THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE held its annual meetings at Commercial Road Chapel, E., Nov. 5. There were present thirty ministers and delegates—nine out of twenty-one churches being represented. Rev. C. Pearce presided. At 3.0 p.m. prayer was offered by Rev. J. H. Callaway, and business commenced.

I. *Chapel Property*.—Rev. J. Fletcher, in reviewing the Honiton case for the past four years, during which there have been correspondence and negotiations concerning it, stated that “in April, 1882, Vice-Chancellor Hall made an order appointing new trustees, and expressing opinion of court as to persons entitled; that on April 3, 1883, Mr. Justice Kay made an order vesting the chapel and appurtenances in new trustees; that in September last the costs of all parties had been taxed; that a balance of £461 3s. 10d. consols remains; that the dividends on this amount will be paid to the trustees; and that the key of the chapel had been placed in his (Mr. Fletcher’s) hands.” Resolved, “That the report be accepted, and that Mr. Fletcher be requested to convene a meeting of the new trustees as speedily as possible.”

II. *Personal Members*.—It was reported that as the Rev. W. V. Young had emigrated to Brisbane, his membership in the Conference had lapsed. Rev. J. T. Roberts, of Luton (late of West Vale), was elected to membership upon the motion of the Secretary, seconded by Rev. W. J. Staynes.

III. *Spring Meetings*.—The Conference will next meet at Westbourne Park Chapel, on Wednesday, April 2, 1884, as arranged by the Committee.

IV. *Balance Sheets* were presented for the “Conference” and “Hester Annuity” Funds, and adopted; whereupon the following resolutions were passed:—

(1.) “That we heartily thank the Auditors, Messrs. W. Carter and J. Garner, for their examination of the accounts now submitted.”

(2.) “That we gratefully acknowledge the kind interest manifested by J. W. Garrett Pegg, Esq., of Chesham, in the movement by which an annuity has

been secured to the Rev. Giles Hester—recognizing especially his painstaking services as Treasurer of the Fund.”*

(3.) “That we heartily thank Mr. Avery for his services as Secretary to the “Hester Fund.”

(4.) “That we vote the sum of £5 to the Baptist Union Augmentation Fund.”

V. *Baptist Union Funds*.—The foregoing resolution was passed after an address from the Rev. S. H. Booth; and it was also resolved upon the motion of Revs. W. J. Staynes and J. Fletcher, “That having heard the statement of the Rev. S. H. Booth concerning the Baptist Union Annuity, Augmentation, Education, and General Expenses Funds, we earnestly request the churches in this Conference to take the matter into their consideration, and to respond liberally to the appeals that will be made to them individually through Mr. Avery.”

VI. *Elections for 1884*.—President—Rev. John Batey. Vice-President—Mr. Thomas Grigsby (Commercial Road). Treasurer—Mr. W. Morgan (Præd St.) Secretary—Rev. R. P. Cook. Committee—Messrs. W. J. Avery, F. J. Bird, J. Clifford, J. Fletcher, A. H. Moore, J. F. Smythe, and W. B. Taylor. J. Clifford moved, Mr. W. Morgan seconded, and it was heartily agreed—“That a special vote of thanks be accorded to Mr. Avery upon his retirement from the Secretariat, after three years’ service, for the diligence, devotion, and thoroughness with which he has discharged the duties of the office.” Mr. Avery responded in terms of warm appreciation, not only of this vote, but also of the kindness that had been shown to him generally by the brethren, and especially by the London ministers in a presentation of books recently made.

VII. “*The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*.”—J. Clifford next gave an address on “The Church’s response to the Bitter Cry,” for which he received the best thanks of the Conference upon the motion of Rev. J. A. Andrews and Mr. J. Neal. Discussion was continued by the Revs. W. T. Moore (Editor of the *Christian Commonwealth*), R. P. Cook, and W. J. Avery; and it was resolved that Dr. Burns and J. Clifford, with the Secretary, be requested to prepare a

* Mr. Pegg has replied as follows:—“I fear that the little I was able to do in the matter has been over-estimated, but I am much obliged for so full a recognition of it. . . . I cannot say more for myself than that I have been very glad to help the Fund by the willing discharge of the duties of my office.”

memorial to the Legislature, on behalf of the Conference, in favor of (1) Municipal Reform for London, (2) the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of the poor, and suggest the necessary remedies, and (3) the speedy enactment of a measure for securing to the people Local Option in regard to the liquor traffic which is so fruitful a source of evil.

VIII. *Public Meeting.*—After tea in the school-room, the evening meeting was held in the chapel, and was well attended. Rev. W. Harvey Smith offered prayer, and addresses were given by the President, Mr. S. D. Rickards, and Revs. J. A. Andrews and W. J. Staynes.

W. J. AVERY, *Secretary.*

OHAPELS.

LOUTH, *Eastgate.*—*Luther Commemoration Services.*—The four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Luther was celebrated as follows:—On Friday evening, Nov. 9th, a lecture was delivered by Rev. C. Playll (Congregationalist) on "Some minor causes of the Reformation; or, how Europe was prepared for Luther." On Sunday, Nov. 11th, in the morning, the Rev. C. Payne preached on "The Principles of the Reformation"; and in the evening "The Life-work of Luther" was presented in a service of song.

MAOCCLESFIELD.—The Rev. Henry Varley preached for ten days at St. George Street Chapel. The meetings have been very large, often overflowing the capacity of the chapel, and have been full of quiet yet deep religious feeling. Mr. Varley's "lecture to men only" was delivered in the Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel, and was attended by 1,100 men; his powerful appeals for true sobriety and high morality were loudly cheered by the vast audience.

NORWICH.—St. Clement's BAND OF HOPE and Gospel Temperance Society held its annual meeting Nov. 15th. Rev. Geo. Taylor presided. A very encouraging report was given by the Secretary. Seventy pledges were taken during the year. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. R. W. C. Skoyles, Mingay, Weyer, and J. W. Taylor. A special feature of the meeting was the performance of the St. Clement's String Band which has recently been formed.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—On Nov. 7th an interesting and profitable service was held, at which the newly appointed deacons—Messrs. Lewis, Pratt, and Morton—were solemnly set apart to their office. Rev. S. Hirst addressed the three brethren and the church, after

which each of the brethren spoke briefly. The three senior deacons were present, and one of them commended their colleagues to God in prayer. On Nov. 12th the annual tea and public meeting was held, the pastor in the chair, addresses being delivered by Revs. T. Harkey and P. H. Blaikie. About 250 sat down to tea in the schools, and the attendance at the following meeting was still larger.

WOLVEY.—Oct. 21st a harvest thanksgiving service was held, when three sermons were preached by Rev. Willott Rice (pastor). Church was tastefully decorated for the occasion with fruits and flowers. Collections, £9 7s. This service was quite a new feature in our history.

CHAPEL ANNIVERSARIES.

LONDON, *Praed Street.*—Oct. 21 and 22. W. J. Avery preached. After tea on Monday a public meeting was held in the chapel, over which Mr. Avery presided. Addresses were given by J. Clifford, M.A., Messrs. J. Burleigh, E. Cayford, W. C. James, T. Lilley, W. Morgan, and H. Sampson. The tone of the meeting was very cheery, and we are grateful to report that of the £353 expended on a new organ and in the improvement of the building two years ago, nothing remains to be paid.

LONGFORD, *Salem Chapel.*—22nd Oct. Preacher, Rev. Thos. Coop. The following day over three hundred friends assembled to tea, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. John R. Parker. A sale of fancy and useful articles was held in the afternoon. The proceeds enabled the friends to pay off the last instalment due to the Building Fund, and cleared the amount required for the recent alterations in chapel and school-rooms.

WHITWICK.—Oct. 28th. Preacher, Rev. E. Stevenson. On the Monday following S. Peach, Esq., gave a service of song ("The Sunny Side"). Collections, £6 11s. 6d.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

LYNDHURST.—Nov. 11th. Preacher, Rev. W. H. Payne.

MINISTERIAL.

CARRINGTON, REV. E., commenced his ministry on Sunday, Nov. 4, as pastor of Cemetery Road Chapel, Sheffield. A local paper says:—"Judging by the services, he is an eloquent practical preacher; an energetic worker; and a man of broad and generous sympathies, to whom young and old alike will unhesitatingly resort for counsel or advice."

DEARDEN, REV. JAMES, has been compelled, owing to failing health, to resign the pastorate of Lydgate Church, Todmorden, after over twenty-two most useful years. The retiring pastor preached to a large congregation his farewell sermon, and gave a short retrospect of his pastorate, Oct. 28; and on Nov. 17, Mr. Thos. Greenwood, senior deacon, presided at a farewell gathering, and presented, on behalf of the members, a mark of respect and esteem in the form of a purse of £25. Addresses were given by the Revs. H. Briggs, W. Gray, J. K. Chappelle, W. March, and W. Stone.

TAYLOR, W. BAMPTON.—Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. W. Bampton Taylor (son of the Rev. George Taylor, of Norwich) as pastor of the General Baptist church at Chesham, were held on the 30th of October. J. Clifford delivered the charge to the pastor. The Rev. Edward Stevenson offered the ordination prayer. In the afternoon tea was provided in the school-room, at which more than three hundred

were present. Afterwards a public meeting was held, when the Rev. T. R. Stevenson delivered the charge to the church. Several of the town and neighbouring ministers took part in the meetings.

BAPTISMS.

CONINGSBY.—Two, by A. H. Smith.
 LILKSTON.—Three, by A. O. Ferriman.
 LEICESTER, *Archdeacon Lane*.—Four, by W. Bishop.
 LONDON, *Bethnal Green Road*.—Five, by W. H. Smith.
 LONDON, *Westbourne Park*.—Five, by J. Clifford.
 LONDON, *Fraed St*.—Three, by W. J. Avery.
 LONG STURTON.—Two, by G. Camp.
 NOTTINGHAM, *Old Basford*.—Five, by J. Maden (one from the Salvation Army).
 PETERBOROUGH.—Two, by T. Barrass.
 WALSALL, *Vicarage Walk*.—Two, by A. Hampden Lee.
 WHITWICK.—Three, by W. Slater.

MARRIAGE.

BROWN—WEBSTER.—Oct. 30, at the Baptist Chapel, Old Basford, by Rev. J. Maden, Mr. James Brown, to Miss Jane Elizabeth Webster, both of Basford.

ANNUITY FUND FOR REV. GILES HESTER.

<i>Receipts.</i>		£	s.	d.	
To Contributions as per advertisements in Magazine from Dec., 1882 to Aug., 1883—					
(1) List of Southern Conference ...	£ 3	0	1		
(2) List of Sheffield Committee ...	270	3	0		
Dr. Burns' gift of postage (see other side) ...		733	3	1	
" "Adah," Nottingham (contribution) ...			0	15	0
			0	5	0
		<u>£734</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>1</u>	

<i>Payments.</i>		£	s.	d.	
By removal of Mr. Hester's furniture					
Berkhamsted to Sheffield, gift of £1 per week up to Sept. 30, 1883, and sundry bills...		89	13	1	
Per <i>Sheffield Committee</i> —					
Advertising in local newspapers, and general printing ...	£ 24	10	6		
Secretary's postage ...	1	15	0		
		26	5	6	
Per <i>Southern Conference</i> —					
Advertising in <i>General Baptist Magazine</i> from Dec., 1882, to Aug., 1883, and general printing ...	7	9	6		
Secretary's postage, &c....	1	11	0		
			9	0	6
Dr. Burns, for postage of first appeal		0	15	0	
Baptist Union, for purchase of Annuities ...		608	9	0*	
		<u>£734</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>1</u>	

Audited and found correct,

(Signed) J. GAENER,
 WM. CARTER.

*Praed Street Chapel, W.,
 Nov. 1st, 1883.*

* This sum has secured to Mr. Hester an income of £50 4s. per annum for life; and he desires hereby to express to all contributors his grateful appreciation of this benefit, and of the many assurances of personal sympathy that have reached him from time to time.

W. J. AVERY, *Secretary.*

THE GENERAL BAPTIST ALMANACK, 1884. By JOSEPH FLETCHER. *Winks & Son, Marlborough & Co.*

OUR Almanack for the New Year has a beautiful motto on its title-page, followed on the next, by the Editor's cordial greeting and statement of contents. Ruskin denounced wood engravings the other day with Herculean energy; but the portrait of Dr. Burns certainly forms a capital "image" of a valued friend. The texts illustrate the "fruits of the Spirit;" and the pictures are of sea and land, praying-mills, and singing birds. Here, at least, one may adopt and adapt the reviewer's all-inclusive phrase—"No General Baptist home is complete without it."

THE
MISSIONARY OBSERVER.

DECEMBER, 1883.

New Year's Sacramental Collections.

DEAR BRETHREN,—We beg to remind you that the first Sabbath of the New Year is the usual time for making simultaneously SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS for the Widows and Orphans of our Missionaries. We hope it will be convenient for you to continue your usual contribution, and, if possible, by a little extra effort to increase the amount. Several churches, by having the collection previously announced, and by forwarding the whole amount collected, instead of a part, have more than doubled their former contributions.

The sum required to pay the several Insurance Premiums, together with the allowance to an invalid missionary, is about £220, and it is most desirable that this should be raised apart from the ordinary income of the Society. The amount received, however, last year, was only £123 5s. 7d.

Should the first Sabbath of the year be found an inconvenient time to you, we would suggest that the collection might be made on the first Sabbath of February or March.

It will prevent confusion in the accounts, and ensure the correct appropriation of the Sacramental Collections, if they are sent direct, and *separate* from the ordinary contributions of your church to the Society.

We remain, yours faithfully,

W. B. BEMBRIDGE, Ripley, near Derby, *Treasurer*.

WM. HILL, Mission House, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, *Secretary*.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to W. HILL, at the General Post Office, Derby.

The Annual Report.

WE trust that long ere this, the ANNUAL REPORT has been received and read by the friends of the Mission. The Secretary will be happy to send a copy to any address where it is thought the interests of the Mission will be served thereby. Several encouraging notices of the

Report have appeared in public prints from which we furnish one or two extracts. The *Illustrated Missionary News* for October says :

Reading the Annual Reports of Missionary Societies is not always the most pleasant occupation, owing to the amount of statistics necessarily introduced. When, however, figures are carefully mingled with a large amount of interesting and valuable information the case is otherwise; the reader is led on from fact to fact until he finds that he has reached the close of that which, at first sight, may have been designated "A dry Report."

Some of our societies issue a large amount of really valuable information, upon which great care is taken, but we think there is room for improvement in many ways. The plan that most commends itself to our mind is the one adopted by the General Baptist Mission.

Brief sketches of the districts occupied, precede the accounts given by the Missionaries. Under the heading is placed the name of the Missionary and the lay or native preachers as the case may be; this is followed by a small table showing the number of communicants, &c., in connexion with that particular district. At the close of the report these are collected in one general table, showing total results, which is followed by lists of contributions, balance-sheets, &c.

Thus the general reader, as well as the practical student of the Mission, can at once become fully acquainted with the position and work of the Society. We subjoin a few extracts from the report above mentioned.

The Freeman, of September 28th, in a long leading article, says :

We have received and read the Indian Report of this interesting Baptist Mission. It is one of those suggestive records of success and disappointment, of sighs and hopes, so commonly issued in connection with our foreign enterprizes. It points to the endurance of brave hearts and unwearied piety, of faithful diligence and uncomplaining service, examples of which in Christian life have been innumerable, and of which the field in India has witnessed so many. If Christian work abroad had done no more than furnish a sphere for the development and manifestation of high character and devoted consecration, it would have to no small extent served the cause of our Divine Master. Patience under privations, zeal unabated by discouragement, confidence incapable of being daunted, and love impossible to be quenched, have won and deserve honour, not in India alone, but throughout our wide mission sphere.

The work that is carried on in the large Orissa territory is one which, if not startling in surprises, yet shows steady progress and hopeful augury.

Fifty-five years ago there was but one native Christian in the district of Cuttack, and but one in Berhampore, Ganjam—only two in all Orissa. To-day the number of communicants at the different mission stations is 1,176; those baptized during the year, 57; total of native Christian communicants, 3,163. On the whole most interesting progress is being made, and the devotedness of earnest labourers loudly calls for the sympathy and prayers of all Christians who desire the advancement and final establishment of the Kingdom of our Lord. It was a very touching remark that was made to Mr. Heberlet, "I doubt these 'glad tidings' because you have been so long in bringing them to us." What a rebuke to slowheartedness and the grudging spirit. "Christ lifted up" is truth intended and calculated to bless the world, and yet with what sluggish steps, comparatively, has the church advanced to her duty. The report pleads with us by its mingled encouragements and depressions for increased interest and enlarged gifts.

Gopalpore in Ganjam.

GOPALPORE, or Gopulpore, is a town in the Ganjam district in the Presidency of Madras, and is six miles east of Berhampore, as will be seen in the map of Orissa inserted in the Annual Report. It forms the principal sea-port of the district, and is a place of rapidly increasing importance. It has a considerable export trade to Europe in grain, hemp, horns, hides, and seeds. English and French vessels load there,

and the British India Company's steamers to Bombay and Calcutta call there every week. The port light (fixed white) is displayed at an elevation of eighty feet, and is visible from eight to ten miles at sea. There is a good anchorage of sand and mud about a mile and a half off the shore, but sometimes the surf is so high that for weeks together shipping cargo is impracticable. Here the missionaries from Berhampore have been accustomed to resort in the hot season, and though the distance between the two places is so small, the thermometer is often ten degrees lower, there being a pleasant sea breeze instead of a scorching land wind. Had we the men and the means Gopalpore should be occupied as a mission station. It is said that the Roman Catholics, who are wise in their generation, are about to erect a church and convent there. Respecting Gopalpore Mr. Bailey writes :—

After an interval of seventeen years I have had the pleasure of revisiting Gopalpore. Its short distance from Berhampore, refreshing sea breezes, and the complete change of air and scene it affords, make it a very desirable resort in the trying heat of the summer; and the importance to the mission of possessing suitable premises here for the accommodation of its agents can scarcely be overrated. The relief is greater even than I supposed, and I fervently trust there will be no failure on the part of the committee to purchase the house now in the market. It is admirably situated and sufficiently commodious, and to allow it to slip through our hands would be very injurious to the interests of the mission, and might involve very serious consequences.

I arrived here on the 22nd inst., in company with the three native brethren, Niladri, Balunki, and Makunda Sahu. The native town has increased considerably since I was here, but the improvement is even more marked in the European quarters, and in the public offices and buildings. The Police, Postal, and Telegraph offices are conveniently situated and efficiently served. There is a good Charitable Dispensary with a competent medical staff. The shipping and mercantile agencies have large offices and warehouses near the beach; and 120 cargo boats in charge of the master-attendant, are constantly employed in conveying merchandise to and from the ships. During the time I have been here, steamers have been coming and going nearly every day; there are also seven sailing vessels lying in the roads loading with rice and other goods.

The port-master, Captain Taylor, full of kindness and hospitality, has now for some years been a steady and faithful friend to the mission, liberally promoting its interests both here and at Berhampore,

providing employment for a number of the native Christians, and active in every good word and work.

A large market is held on the Friday, and the traffic of the port with the interior, together with the increasing resident population, have found us good and sufficient work to do. Our congregations in the bazaar have been large and attentive, and on Sunday we held an English service at which no less than 25 Europeans and Eurasians were present.

The case of

“JACK,” THE AFRICAN,

is interesting. He is one of two hundred and fifty young Africans rescued from a slaver off Mozambique by a British man-of-war, now some years ago. The slaver was taken to Muscat and the slaves re-embarked there for Bombay, where several were taken charge of by Captain Taylor, and among these was Jack, who has continued in his service ever since. He is now diligently reading his bible and anxious to be baptized. His sincerity is undoubted, but his information is small, and he needs both instruction and experience before he can intelligently take the all-important step. His face and figure are singularly true to the African type, and his broad flat nose, thick lips, frizzled hair, and almost jet black complexion make him stand out in striking contrast to the finer physiognomy of the native Hindoos around. He has married a nominally Christian wife, and will, I trust, become a consistent and useful member of the Christian community.

I have much enjoyed my visit here; Mr. Scott has joined me for two days from Berhampore, and in addition to those I have mentioned, Daniel, Paul, and a number of other native friends have spent part of the time with us. We are arranging to return to Berhampore on Saturday.

In a subsequent letter from Berhampore, Mr. Bailey observes:—

HEAVY RAINS.

Almost immediately after my return from Gopalpore the rains commenced, and have been unusually copious, as much as seven inches having been registered in the interior in 36 hours; and as the hills in Ganjam are very near the coast the rivers are peculiarly liable to sudden floods. Both the Rooshikooliar and Mahanadi rivers which join at Aska have overflowed their banks, submerging the town and factory there and a large part of the surrounding country. The district suffers so frequently from drought that the attention of the Government has for a long time been directed to the subject, and in future this vast surplusage of water is to be utilized for purposes of irrigation. A gigantic project has been sanctioned by the Government which has for its object the impounding of the waters of the Mahanadi and Rooshikooliar rivers, and comprises a large anicut across the Mahanadi and an immense reservoir with the needful distributories. The amount sanctioned for the undertaking is 2,860,000 rupees, and the work is to be completed in five years.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

On Saturday evening the 7th, I attended the annual distribution of prizes at the Berhampore Government College. This

institution, which is presided over by our friend Mr. Scott, is evidently in a flourishing condition. The pupils number 189, and during the year reported upon, four have successfully passed the F.A. examination, and seventeen have matriculated. The facilities for a good secular education are very great, but religion is carefully excluded.

PADRI POLLI.

I was at Padri Polli on Sunday and Monday. Two candidates were proposed, and Monday was enlivened by a marriage in the morning and the subsequent election by ballot of a new punchayet, as well as various other matters of business. The fruitful showers have made the country look very beautiful, and the people are confidently expecting a good harvest. The village school is working well, and now numbers nearly thirty children.

From the first of the current month we have amalgamated with our school here a small neighbouring village school, which increases our numbers and income, and enables us to retain two masters, and also to raise the status of the school. The sub-inspector has been this morning, and speaks well of the progress of the higher classes. The distinctively Christian character of the school is retained.

Notes from Rome.

BY REV. N. H. SHAW.

THE LUTHER CELEBRATIONS.

ALSO in Italy we are celebrating the fourth century of the birth of Luther. I preached last night, endeavouring to give the people some of the principal facts in Luther's life, and the principles that underlay them. In the afternoon there was a meeting in the Scotch Church, outside the Porta del Popolo, at which I assisted. To-night, Monday, there is to be a united meeting in the Wesleyan Church, and three or four Italian preachers will speak. The Catholic papers have not been silent. One of them published an article the other day full of falsehoods, setting forth that Luther was everything that was vile, and quoting his own words in which he describes his feelings previous to his conversion. The journal, without the least shame, proceeds to show from these expressions that Luther was a bad man. Just as if we might take the expression of Paul in which he says he was the chief of sinners as a proof of Paul's special wickedness. The words of Luther are taken and stripped of their connection and qualification, and thus held up as giving a picture of the man. The result of this misrepresentation is that the prevalent, almost the universal idea, of Luther among the people around us is, that he was a kind of incarnation of Satan. If these celebrations of the fourth century of the Reformer's birth call attention to the facts of his life, and the principles which he held, they will be useful in no small degree.

THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

The church at Via Urbana has lost a member by death—the first that has left the little company for the better world. His name was Luigi Fallugiani, and he was the custode of the church. He was a faithful servant, and we feel his loss. He was always ready to do anything to oblige, and if in any point of duty he failed, he listened most readily to our gentle reproof, and promised amendment.

He assisted me to pack up some Testaments on the evening of October 15th in preparation for a tour I was to begin next morning. He said he felt poorly, and Mrs. Shaw gave him a cup of tea, &c., which comforted him. I said to him, "Luigi, if you feel poorly in the morning, do not come here, but stay in bed, and perhaps a day of rest will be beneficial." He thanked me, and said, "Good night," I remarking "that I hoped on my return to find him quite well." Those were our last words.

What was my grief and surprise on being informed, the moment I set foot in Rome five days afterwards, that poor Luigi was dead and buried. He went home and took my advice, but pernicious fever came on, and the poor fellow died, without even a visit from Sig. Bertola, no one suspecting, not even his wife, that he was so ill. In my absence and the illness of Sig. Bertola, Dr. Taylor kindly read and prayed at the grave, and Mr. Eager lent various kind services.

Luigi, like most Italians of his age, had had an eventful career. He had worked at many trades, had been in the wars, in which his brothers were killed, and at one time was employed in the secret postal service. His custom was to be sent ashore from the steamer into a port, having letters fastened up in the linings of his clothes. He was searched, and of course nothing was found on him. He went to a certain lodging where he left his clothes, putting on others provided for him having letters stitched in, in the same manner. This was how news was transmitted in the time of the Pope and the Bourbons.

A BAPTIST UNION FOR ITALY.

For a long time we Baptists in Italy have thought and talked of union among ourselves. Divided as we are, we seem and are a feeble folk, and there are those who are not slow to seize every opportunity to make us realize the fact.

At length, after much discussion, the union is formed, and it remains to be seen how many churches—we hope all—and how many individuals will join it. At present, our statute or basis of union, subject to modifications by the general assembly, has been agreed to by Mr. Wall, Dr. Taylor, Messrs. Eager, Landels, Walker, and myself. The first named is elected President, the second Vice-President, the third Secretary, and the Treasurer is the writer of this note. The statute will soon be sent out to those whom it may concern. It is too long for me to give here, but as may be supposed, it provides for the perfect independency of each church, and nothing can be done by the union to interfere with each church's autonomy.

An interim committee is chosen, of nine persons, in Rome, which will shortly meet and decide when and where the first general assembly is to be held.

It is proposed to unite our forces in works of evangelization, and it is hoped that we may soon have a journal of our own. I suppose that, united, we shall form one of the largest, if not the largest denomination in Italy—a fact that will be startling to some people.

A TRICYCLE WANTED.

I have sometimes met with persons who felt a desire to help the mission, but preferred to do something particular. To such persons I could suggest half a dozen ways of using well their money. Among other things very desirable is a tricycle. I often wish I had one so that I could with it visit places not too far from Rome, with Testaments and Tracts. It would be a veritable gospel chariot, and help greatly in the work of evangelization. Perhaps some friend of the mission has one that he no longer wants? A kind friend in England offered a sovereign towards one more than a year ago, and I doubt not, his offer holds good yet. Who will have the honour of presenting us with this help? If it were capable of being taken to pieces easily, and if two could ride in it together, it would be all the more useful.

The Mission—its Friends and its Funds.

WE have recently received several letters of an encouraging character, and shall rejoice if the same generous spirit should spread among our friends generally.

A widow writes:—"I have subscribed half-a-guinea to the Mission, and shall in the future have much pleasure in forwarding a guinea. I hope the enthusiasm at the missionary meetings in Leicester will be followed by a large increase in the subscriptions."

A son of the above writes:—"I am anxious to subscribe to the Mission; and as I do not belong to a General Baptist church, think it would be best to send the money direct to you. You can put me down for two guineas."

A friend writes:—"We have a box we put the Lord's money into. I have emptied it, and found £3 11s. 2d., and have sent you every penny besides what I have in my purse. 'He maketh my heart soft.' Put it down, self £1 1s.; wife £1 1s.; children £1 9s. 2d."

An old and valued friend in London writes:—"I am reminded that the time has arrived for my payment towards Mr. Shaw's Mission Station in Rome, viz., £12 10s.; but as the work is so urgent, we beg to enclose £20; the £7 10s. will be found useful for evangelistic work in Rome.

"Having read Messrs. Pike & Heberlet's appeal in the November *Observer*, we have much pleasure in sending £10 towards the Book Room and Preaching Station in Sambalpur, and pray that the Lord may greatly bless all these efforts. There is no merit in our giving money to help in the cause of Christ—it is a great privilege; all is His, and we are only in trust for a few years. Our brethren and sisters who go abroad to the work are the brave ones, and those of us who stay at home are in simple duty bound to sustain them. I trust that Christian hearts, warmed by the love of Christ, may be constrained to send help."

We trust that others—in thinking over their privileges, their obligations, and their opportunities, together with the necessities of their fellow-creatures—may be constrained by the love of Christ to do likewise. "For God loveth a cheerful giver."

Notes from my Diary.

BY THE REV P. E. HEBERLET, OF SAMBALPUR.

THE sower went forth to sow, and the seed fell on ground of many kinds. We have spoken the word of life to men of many minds, and among others to "Boiragees"—"the passionless," as they delight to term themselves. I believe there may be some sincere seekers after truth among men of this class—mistaken souls striving to make themselves approved unto God—but it has not been my good fortune to come across any. The specimens I have seen have been all of that insufferably vile parasitical genus which clings to the body of Hindoo society, sucking out the blood with terrible earnestness, and says not at any time, "It is enough." It is a marvel to me how the people can suffer themselves to be imposed upon by these vile wretches, whose shallow disguise it is not hard to see through, and some of whom with marvellous impudence lift the veil off their own hearts at times, and allow us a glimpse of the corruption that reigns within. Of this sort was a young man I came across one evening that I went down to a Bhagabat house, where the common people gather to hear the shastra of that name read, and to chat, particularly the latter. A great strong fellow—I had seen him going about previously, intent upon filling his belly with the fruit of other men's labours—came in and set himself down in a corner where there was some provision for cooking, as one at home. I learnt afterwards that he had been putting up there for some months. One of those present put the question, "What is sin?" I was going through the

commandments in reply, but when I got to the seventh the man in the corner interposed, "That a sin! Not at all;" and commenced an argument; but the general voice on my side silenced him, and he went on quietly to eat what the persuasion of his sanctity had induced his dupes to give him. I mentioned the matter to Mr. Pike, who brought it forward in conversation with some babus who instanced these devotees as examples of what the Hindoo system could effect in the way of holiness. They would not credit the statement; but as it happened the very man put in an appearance just then, seeking a gift; and when Mr. Pike referred the matter to him he impudently re-affirmed his argument. His boldness, however, shut up the purses that had no doubt been often opened to him before, and he went empty away for once.

On another occasion I went on to a large platform in front of the principal temple, where I saw some of these men with their ash-besmeared bodies and plaited hair sitting at ease after their day's wandering. A crowd speedily gathered round to listen to the talk they knew would follow. It did not take much to expose their ignorance; and when I pressed the question as to how forgiveness of sins was to be obtained, one of them gave the remarkable answer that in order to secure pardon of sin, it would be necessary to go and commit some atrocious crime! The reproach this would bring upon one would atone for sin and requite the debt of the soul to God! Hath not the god of this world blinded their eyes? I turned this statement to account by appealing to the bystanders, and warning them against the speaker. He assuredly had sin upon his soul, and according to his own theory might endeavour to atone for it by some outrage upon them or villainy in their homes. All this disposed the people to listen attentively as I pointed out the one only Way.

I have mentioned a Bhagabat house. There are several at Sambalpur. They are meeting-places for the men, where they sit chatting and smoking "ganja," or hemp, the narcotic effects of which become apparent after a very few whiffs. The Bhagabat was being sung as I sat by the doorway of one of these houses one evening, but not one of those present appeared to be paying any attention—each in his usual tone conversed with his nearest neighbour on all sorts of topics. I should say that the people I have seen at these places belong chiefly to the lower castes, as fishermen, etc. Some of the merchants and wealthier people, as a work of merit, sometimes employ a brahmin, learned in the shastras, to come and read a book. The reading is held in the evening, and on into the night. The reader sits in an open verandah fronting the road, garlanded with flowers, and whosoever will, stops to listen in the open roadway, which I have often seen blocked up by a large gathering of attentive hearers sitting closely packed together.

Our books have been as scattered seeds; and one day seeing the place where one had fallen, I marked it down in hope. Some little boys sat conning their lessons for the morrow, and on going up to see what it was they read, I found one of our tracts put up with their other books. The day after I met the father of these boys, and in argument with me he said, "I am too old to change, but," pointing to his children, "these are learning; they will mind your teaching by and by."

Notes and Gleanings.

THE ORISSA CONFERENCE was to commence at Cuttack on November 4th.

THE REV. J. G. PIKE, after ten years of faithful service, is, in accordance with the rule of the Society, and with the approval of his brethren in India and the Committee in England, about to return to England on furlough. The passage for himself and family is taken in the British India Steamer "Dacca," which was to leave Calcutta about Nov. 24, and is due in England early in January.

MISS LEIGH, after a furlough of about two years, was to leave for India in the British India Steamship, "Navarino," on Nov. 27. She is, as is generally known, an agent of the "*Society for Promoting Female Education in the East*," and for ten years has rendered valuable service in Orissa. In the next *Observer* we hope to refer to Miss Leigh's work in England, farewell services, and departure for Cuttack.

Mission Services.

The following is a register of Mission Services held since the publication of the last list :—

DATE.	PLACES.	DEPUTATION.
July 29	Grantham	W. Hill.
Aug. 19, 20	Loughborough (Wood Gate)	H. Wood.
Sept. 2, 3	Stoke-on-Trent	W. Hill, T. R. Stevenson.
" 9—12	{ Bradford (Tetley Street and Infirmary Street), Allerton (Bethel and Central), and Clayton	W. Hill and local ministers.
" 16—18	{ Barton, Barlestone, Bagworth, Desford, Bosworth, Congerstone, and Newbold	W. Hill and T. R. Stevenson.
" 23—25	{ Birochcliffe, Heptonstall Slack, Broadstone, and Blakedain	W. Hill and local ministers.
" "	Sheffield	H. Wood.
" 30	Queensbury	W. Hill.
Oct. 7, 8	Halifax and Lee Mount	W. Hill.
" 14, 15	Tarporley, Brassey Green	W. Gray and W. Hill.
" 14—16	Wheeleck Heath and Crewe	"
" 14	Hucknall Torkard	H. Wood.
" 21	Belper	W. Hill.
" 21—23	{ Todmorden, Lydgate, Lineholme, Shore, Vale	T. R. Stevenson and H. Wood.
" 23, 29	Mansfield and Mansfield Woodhouse	W. Hill.
" 28	Dewsbury	H. Wood.
Nov. 4, 5	Quorndon	W. Hill.
" 11—13	Ashby and Pakington	H. Wood.
" "	Leeds (North Street)	W. Hill.

Had we space, interesting details might be given in connection with the above services. At *Stoke-on-Trent*, owing to efforts to clear off the chapel debt, the amount raised was several pounds less than last year; but a friend got up in the meeting and said that he was authorized to state that the amount would be made equal to the usual sum. At Barton the juvenile service was held as usual on the Monday afternoon. To the number of nearly three hundred the scholars came from various villages, distant from two to six miles. At the afternoon meeting the lists of contributions were read, missionary hymns were sung, and addresses given; after which nearly four hundred scholars and friends partook of tea. About Tarporley there is this peculiarity. There, instead of having adult collectors, the friends *bring* their contributions and pay them over to the local Secretary, who an hour before the missionary meeting commences, is in the vestry to receive the offerings thus brought. In adopting such a plan, no wonder Tarporley should almost head the list of contributing churches. *Bring* an offering—and not wait until somebody has been to beg it, or fetch it—is the teaching of God's word. And were this plan prayerfully and conscientiously adopted, not only would all our funds be greatly augmented, but God would, in accordance with His promise, open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing.

Contributions

Received on account of the General Baptist Missionary Society from October 16th to November 15th, 1883.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
An Old Friend	1 0 0	Mansfield	11 8 0
Belper	9 8 7	Queensbury	18 0 0
Clayton	17 0 0	Shore	18 13 3
Dewsbury	15 0 0	Tarporley	47 7 8
Hucknall Torkard	14 10 7	Quorndon	3 13 2
London—B. Johnson, Esq.	30 0 0	Todmorden	21 10 0
Lineholme	4 12 9	West Vale	1 10 0
Lydgate	8 7 10		

Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the General Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by W. B. BEMBRIDGE, Esq., Ripley, Derby, Treasurer; and by the Rev. W. HILL, Secretary, Mission House, 60, Wilson Street, Derby, from whom also Missionary Boxes, Collecting Books and Cards, may be obtained.