

THE
Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1871.

"They which build
one with one of his hands
For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that
sounded the trumpet was by me."—Nehemiah iv. 17, 18.

ose that laded, every
stand held a weapon.

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P R E F A C E.

WE again salute our friends as another year sinks to its rest. It has been to the editor of *The Sword and The Trowel* a period of unmingled mercy, for he has learned, by experience, to count his sore sicknesses as his choicest blessings. Though we might sing of mercy *and of judgment*, we are not now inclined to do so; our harp resoundeth love alone. It is no superfine sentiment, or high-raised enthusiasm, which makes us say this, we write soberly and in quiet earnest, our soul has found affliction sweet, and the cross so richly profitable, that it is but bare justice to regard it as a richly paternal blessing. Sooner might the tree complain of the spade which by loosening the earth sets the roots at liberty to suck the fatness of the soil, or the mown grass murmur at the clouds which renew its verdure, than our heart speak one injurious word of pain and depression, which work in us the comfortable fruits of righteousness. We can wish our readers no richer benediction than the sanctification of every providence to their soul's highest good.

Having thanked the God of all consolation, our next duty is to confess our obligations to many of his servants, for their most fraternal sympathy and efficient aid. Their kindness has not been shewn in word only but in deed. The Pastors' College has, from time to time, received support, as also the Stockwell Orphanage; and, in some degree, the Colportage Association. Without the monies sent in to us, we could not have carried on these important works. We ventured upon them by faith, and by faith they still are carried on; but, though the Lord is our treasurer, and we bless him first, we must not be ungrateful to his stewards who, often with their portion of gift, also send a few lines of spiritual heart-cheer, and so prove their union to us in a double manner. Trials our faith has had, but none of a severe order. Here, in our work as in our personal experience, our song has for its sole key note, the loving kindnesses of the Lord. He hath done great things for us wherof we are glad.

Casting our eye around upon the churches, we confess to feeling some alarm and much distress. On all hands there appears to be a breaking up, a craving for novelty, a weariness of the once honoured truth. The church seems to be coquetting with Infidelity, while, at the same time, she is toying with Ritualism. Of the two lovers between whom apostate churches are wavering, we know not which to abhor the most; they are both arrant knaves and seducers, and those whose hearts are true to the Lord Jesus will utterly detest them. Yet all the religious world seems to have gone after them in some way or another, and those who are not overcome by their enchantments, are accounted unenlightened, bigoted, and out of date. *Our* flag bears no doubtful motto; we depart not from the things which of old were surely believed

among us; for our conviction is that there is nothing new in theology but that which is false, and even that is not new, for a lie is very old—old as the serpent himself. Our sword will never rust for lack of enemies to smite; they multiply like the race which sprang of the dragon's teeth; this is their hour and the power of darkness. A recoil will come as surely as men live; the fickle fashion of men's thoughts will take another form, and then we shall be as much pestered with hypocrites as now we are with heresies. Meanwhile, the foundation of God standeth sure; the Lord knoweth them that are his.

We should be very greatly obliged if our readers would endeavour to increase the circulation of this magazine. Our work upon it is never light, and therefore we should be glad to have double our present constituency, and we might have it at once, with a little exertion from each subscriber. Not that our number has declined, or that we have any cause of complaint, but still our area for doing good would be so much the larger if our readers were twice as numerous. If we have ministered unto the edification of some, it is our duty to wish to be useful to more, and equally the duty of those benefited to assist us in so doing.

Our works continually require the offerings of the Lord's people, and they are capable of great extension. A Girl's Orphanage would be of the utmost value; for now we can only help those poor widows who have boys; besides, our gallantry sometimes blushes when we are accused of caring only for the male sex. Somewhere or other there is a steward of God, laying by a large sum to build the girls' houses, and in due time the secret will come to light; at least, we hope so. True, we have enough to do already, but he who sends the work will give the strength. Our sole and only aim is to glorify God, and serve his poor people. All the world knows that from none of our enterprises do we derive a farthing, but the reverse: nevertheless, those who insinuate that we are well paid for all we do are quite correct, only they mistake the sort of coin.

The magazine being not altogether of temporary interest, we provide a suitable cover for binding. Former volumes are some of them still on sale, and we shall be proud to see them on our friends' bookshelves. May grace, mercy, and peace abound towards our friends throughout another year; and may the Lord soon turn again the captivity of Zion, and send a great revival of pure and undefiled religion. With this earnest prayer, we launch our seventh volume upon the stream of time.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "C. H. Spurgeon". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "C" and "H".

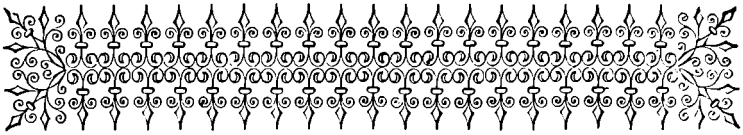
INDEX.

	Page		Page
Advanced Thinkers	495	Female Penitents... ..	70
Alone, yet not alone	145	Fragments	514
Alsace, A Tale of... ..	14	God's Almoners—The Widows and the Poor	396
Annihilation Controversy	88	Harsh Judgments, On... ..	25
Babylons, The Two	250	Henry, Matthew, and Hackney	77
Backsliders, The Scriptural mode of dealing with	337	Highlands, Primitive Church of the... ..	205
Baptism—Immersion	324	Holy Ghost, Personality, &c., of	289
Baptist County Mission	475	Holy Places and Spiritual Worship	64
Beggar, The Happy	5	Illustrations from the "Bridgewater Treatises"... ..	168
Bible-women... ..	297	Iona, Summer Reminiscences	302
Billy Bray, the Bible Christian... ..	537	Ireland, Primitive Church of	454
Brickmakers, The Little	364	Joseph's Cup which maketh trial	563
Bridgewater Treatises, Illustrations from	168	Judson, Life of	117, 173
Buildings—Are they Churches?... ..	229	Lapland and the Lapps	21
Burmah, The Apostle of	117, 173	Leach, Edward— A Tale of Alsace	14
Calvin, Last days of	348	Among the Rookeries of Smith- field	442
Cheap Charity	501	Among the Whitecross Street Pealers	193
Childhood, The Religion of... ..	449	Bible and the Poor	297
Christian, Of the Adornment of a	560	Evangeliam in Cow Cross	503
Christ Tempted	420	Open-Air Preaching	552
Christ's Death, Physical Cause of	276	Pastor Fliedner and the Dea- conesses of Kaiserworth	409
Christ's Hospital, Visit to	462	Pea Soup and Bread	256
Church, Best Means of Promoting Spirituality in	269	Medical Evangelists and Cholera Scenes	550
Church Membership	182	Memoranda— — Ashdon	431
Clarke's, Dr. Adam, Wife	425	— Barnes	191
Confirmation again	85	— Barnet	46
Consecrated Life, A	36	— Beccles... ..	383
Covenants with God	368	— Blair Athole	571
Cow Cross, Evangelism in	503	— Brixton	382, 431, 570
Dan Taylor	27	— Buralley	139
Dark, It is	370	— Canford	571
Deaconesses	409	— Cheam	190
Devil's Gospel	500	— Croydon	47
Discourse upon one of Christ's Choice Sayings	49	— Eastbourne	190
Dutchman, A Puzzled... ..	87	— Enfield	287, 533
Elijah of the Alps	516	— Eynsford	478
England and the Pope... ..	86	— Helston	46
Expositions of the Psalms— — Psalm LV.	28	— Leeds	287
— Psalm LIX.	123	— Lowestoft	93, 332
— Psalm LXI.	371	— Maidenhead	571
— Psalm LXIV.	421		
Fables, New... ..	41		
Farel, Life of	516, 564		

Memoranda (<i>continued</i>)—	Page	Reviews—	Page
— Markyate Street	571	— A Christian Woman	572
— Melton Mowbray	571	— A Letter to the Rev. J. Baldwin	
— Milnbridge	571	Brown on the Sacrificial Sub-	
— Milton	93	stitution of the Lord Jesus Christ	572
— Newcastle	571	— Angel's Song	429
— Norbiton	334	— Animal Life... ..	130
— Old Kent-road	478	— Ante-Nicene Library	44, 381
— Oxford	93	— Antidote against the Unscriptural	
— Peckham	46, 190	and Unscientific Tendency of	
— Portslade	46, 190	Modern Geology	529
— Prahran	583	— Aphorisms from the Poets... ..	529
— Primrose Hill	140	— Ashcliffe Hall	237
— Rye	430	— Atonement, The	44
— South Shields	430	— Augustine's City of God	477
— St. John's	334	— Baptist Handbook	285
— Syston	140	— History	43
— Toronto	571	— Baptists in Error	572
— Ulverstone	190	— Beeton's Bible Dictionary... ..	131
— Vauxhall	46	— Bible Lore	43
— Wandsworth Road	382	— Bible Student	187
— Wimbledon	287	— Biblical Treasury	237
— Wirksworth... ..	533	— Blanche Gamona... ..	130
— Worthing	334	— Breaking the Rules	531
Mercies, Great	323	— Brooklet	189
Miller, Hugh	261, 312	— Buying and Selling, and Getting	
Ministry, The, Needed by the Churches	215	Gain	573
Nature, Teaching of	322	— Bypaths of Baptist History	531
New Year's Address	1	— Child and the Book	187
Open-Air Preaching	552	— Child's Companion	90
Orsman, Mr., Work described by "One		— Christian Age	572
of the Society of Friends"	375	— Economy	476
Paris Baptist Chapel	568	— Psalmist	430
Parsons, John, of Laventon	36	— Stewardship	478
Parson's Note, A... ..	189	— Circular Letters, Eternal Punish-	
Pastor's Wife, The	385, 433, 489	ment... ..	476
Pastors, Christian, Brotherly Word to	280	— Clarke's Foreign Theological	
Pea Soup and Bread	256	Library	92
Pen, Use the... ..	355	— Come to Jesus	5 2
Pernicious Literature	521	— Commentary on the Romans	378
Philanthropist, An American	53	— Counsels to Sunday-school Teachers	332
Phrenology	546	— Cousin Mabel's Experiences	237
Pike, G. Holden—		— Crisis of the Church of the World	332
Calvin and Servatus as Religious		— Crown and the Cross	132
Reformers	109, 154	— Dan Taylor	44
Calvin, Last Days of	348	— Day of Bereavement	428
Matthew Henry and Hackney	77	— Delitzsch on the Psalms	378
Nonconformist Worthies of Old		— Digging a Grave with a Wine	
Southwark	306	Glaas	531
Primitive Church of Ireland	454	— Divine Leadings	573
Ploughman, John—		— Dogs and their Doings	185
On Clever People	39	— Dr. T. Goodwin's Divinity	235
Stick to it and Succeed	212	— Duncan Matheson	286
Poetry	153, 424	— Eternal Life set forth	379
Pope and England	86	— Suffering of the Wicked	332
Prayer	453	— Eva and Bertie ; a Tale for Little	
Preaching, Want of Naturalness in	398	Children	573
Prison, A Day in	198	— Evangelist's Hymn Book	380
Revelation, Book of the	278	— Evidences of Christianity	44
		— Ezekiel, and other Poems	237
		— Fables, Grave and Gay	427
		— Faith or Fancy	572
		— Family Prayers	428

Reviews (continued)—	Page	Reviews (continued)—	Page
— Father Hyacinthe	285	— Max Kromer	332
— Flints, Fancies, and Facts... ..	573	— Measure of Faith	237
— For Conscience Sake	43	— Melodia Divina	45
— For Ever	529	— Memoir of Jane Walker	476
— Fuel for Our Fires	235	— Memorial of Albert Barnes	380
— Gems and Pearls	186	— ——— Dr. Mackintosh	186
— German Drummer Boy	131	— Monthly Diaries	90
— Gleams from the Lamp of Life... ..	186	— Morning and Evening Sacrifice	185
— Gospel Church Delineated... ..	429	— My Summer in a Garden	429
— Gospel Hall Hymn Book	572	— Nannette Dampier	90
— Gospel Poems	235	— New World	133
— Granny's Groans	381	— Old Jonathan	90
— Grey House on the Hill	90	— Old Merry's Annual	45, 573
— Groom's Dictation and Ortho-		— ——— Travels	186
graphical Exercises	531	— One Thousand Gems from H.	
— Happy Hours	332	Ward Beecher	131
— Heart and its Inmates	92	— Oriental History... ..	91
— Heart to Heart	574	— Origin and History of the New	
— Heart Whispers	284	Testament	573
— Henry's Outlines of Scripture His-		— Original Fables	46
tory	430	— ——— Sin	236
— Heroes & Worthies, with Portraits	574	— Quiet Hours	379
— Hints and Helps for Parents and		— Pearl of Story Books	379
Teachers	44	— Pentecost	531
— History of Cockermouth Congre-		— Philip Phillips' Singing Annual	
gational Church	186	for Sunday Schools	572
— Hive, The	91	— Physical Cause of Christ's Death	284
— Home Chat	130	— Picture Gallery of the Nations... ..	44
— Homo v. Darwin	531	— Pictures and Stories of Natural	
— How Bessie Kept the Wolf from		History	91
the Door	331	— Pilgrim's Progress	235
— Hymns for the Blind	532	— Poems, Essays, and Sketches	529
— Illustrated Primer	130	— Power in Weakness	132
— Isabella Macfarlane	381	— Practical Moral Lesson-book	236
— Isoult Barry of Wynscote, her		— Prayer for a Month	575
Diurnal Book	574	— Priestcraft	429
— Jewish Temple	379	— Problem of Evil	379
— John Ploughman's Sheet Al-		— Rain Upon the Mown Grass	91
manack	571	— Rare Jewels	284
— John Wesley	380	— Reflections for the Times	477
— Kidnapping in the South Seas	476	— Rills from the Fountain of Life	330
— Kind Questions; or Speaking		— Rome and the Council	44
the Truth in Love	573	— Royal Wedding, The... ..	138
— Law of Husband and Wife	572	— Scriptural Baptism	235
— Leading Christian Evidences	46	— Scripture Object Lessons	529
— Lessons from Jesus	185	— Secular Annotations on Scripture	
— Life in the Desert and Scenes in		Texts	43
Jerusalem... ..	573	— Scots Worthies	185
— Life Labours in South Africa	188	— Sermons by Rev. A. Wolfe	133
— Life of Sir Walter Scott	188	— Shall we know one another?	286
— Life Problems	43	— Short Tales for Young Readers... ..	331
— Lights and Shadows in the Life		— Sketches in Water Colours	234
of David	188	— Social Evil	380
— Lost Blessing	284	— Soul and its difficulties	430
— Lucy, the Light Bearer	529	— Sources of Joy	92
— M'Combie's Sermons and Lectures	378	— Spanish Brothers	91
— Mad War Planet	235	— Spiritualism Tried by the Word	572
— Man's Future in God's World	429	——— the Work of Demons	572
— Manual for Young Christians	187	— Spurgeon's Almanack	571
— Marriage with a Deceased Wife's		— St. Paul	132
Sister	532	— Stolen Child, The	185
— Martin the Weaver	379	— Stone Witnesses	186

Reviews (continued)—	Page	Reviews (continued)—	Page
— Stories of Old England	530	— World of Religious Anecdote	42
— — of the Olden Time	189	— Young Man in the Battle of Life	131
— Story of a Working Man's Life	285	Rogers, George—	
— Story of Our Doll	130	Are Buildings Churches?	229
— Subjects of Baptism	378	Does Sin Wear Out?	393
— Sunday Magazine	332	Mr. Spurgeon's Illness	282
— Sunday School Teacher's Diary ...	575	Phrenology	546
— Sunday School World	98	The Two Babylons	251
— Sunday Schools of the Future ...	189	Sabbath Meditations	199, 319
— Supplementary Psalms and Hymns	132	Sermonising. On Variety in,	241
— Symbols of Christ	132	Sewell, Father, and the Collection ...	331
— Tales of the Northern Seas	573	Shivering Jemmy	330
— Temperance Alphabet	476	Short, Be,	408
— Temperance Manual	380	Sin—Does it Wear Out?	393
— The Celebrated Coalheaver	530	Smithfield, the Rookeries of,	442
— The Children's London Hymn		Soldier's, A Christian, Letter	161
Book	572	Southwark, Nonconformist Worthies	
— The Child's Own Magazine	573	of Old	306
— The City Temple	575	Special Services at the Tabernacle, 135,	179
— The Claims of China	572	Spiritual Worship and Holy Places ...	64
— The Creation	381	Spurgeon, C. H.—	
— The Epistle to the Hebrews	575	A Discourse upon Matt. xiv. 16	49
— "The Gates Ajar," Examined	428	" " John xvi. 31	32
— The Lord my Portion	185	" " Gen. i. 7 ...	399
— The Lost Found	187	Advanced Thinkers	495
— The Name above every Name	572	Billy Bray, the Bible Christian	537
— The Scripture Pocket Book	573	Exposition of the Psalms, 28,	
— The Sunday School Teacher's		123, 371, 421	
Pocket Book	573	Great Mercies	323
— The Wood Carvers	573	Happy Beggar, The,	5
— The Watchman Tracts	572	Ministry needed by the Churches,	
— The Year before the Battle	573	The	215
— The Young People's Pocket Book	573	St. Brelade's Bay	310
— Theology of the New Testament	43	To You	1
— Things New and Old	380	Use the Pen	355
— Things to Come	427	Visit to Christ's Hospital	462
— Till the Doctor Comes	188	Want of Naturalness in Preach-	
— Title-Deeds of the Church of		ing	398
England	381	St. Giles, The Poor of,	415
— Toy Books	130	Sunday School Teaching	104, 359
— Truth v. Shadows	528	Sunday Schools, Our,	97
— Victory of the Vanquished	236	Tales about Mr. Spurgeon	46
— Voice of Time	45	Tappan, Arthur	58
— Watching at the Gates	571	Teach, Apt to	359
— Wesleyan Missions	133	To You	1
— What shall we say about the		Waiting for the Verdict, the Acquittal	471
Gates Ajar?	572	Waste	165
— Wilds of Africa	130	Whitcross Street Dealers, The ...	193
— Will a Man Rob God?	572	Work among the Lost	70
— Within the Gates	532	Work in the Olden Time	27
— Words of Consolation	427	Workers Spasmodic	474



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY 1, 1871.

To you.



VERY little boy was taken to the Tabernacle the other Sabbath, for the first time in his life. There he went through the experience which Mr. Millais has so well depicted in his well-known painting, "My First Sermon." Turning to his nurse he enquired in childish accents, "*Is Mr. Spurgeon talking to me?*" Bless the young heart, our prayer is that very speedily the Lord may speak to him through the preacher; and meanwhile we only wish that all our hearers and readers would ask themselves the same weighty question. When a passenger arrives at the Great Western terminus, at Paddington, he hastens to the long counter divided into portions of the alphabet from A to Z, he looks for his own initial, and beneath that sign he watches for his own personal luggage. What matters it to K whether Q has a huge tin box, or B a horsehair trunk, or W a warranted solid leather portmanteau? The first concern of K is to search out the treasures which he can claim as his own. In common life there is no need to urge this: Number One usually secures its just share of attention, and a little more. Is it not strange that when we enter upon higher realms, where weightier matters are concerned, we find men avoiding the personal application of truth, as if they thought it to be a shell which would blow them to atoms by its bursting, or a boa constrictor which would crush them in its folds? We have heard of a writer who was so egotistical, that when he wrote his own life the pronoun "I" occurred so often in it, that the printer was obliged to borrow I's from his brother printer, as his "I's" had run out. The vice is very contemptible, but might it not prove the basis of a virtue? Might we not inculcate the exchange of the nominative for the

accusative, and urge persons to be ego-istical (would that word do ?) so far as to take home to themselves every practical lesson in book, sermon, or providence ?

The proud conviction that we are above needing instruction, is one principal reason why we profit so little from the abundant means provided for our spiritual benefit. There is no teaching those who are beyond the need of learning. A certain worthy of our acquaintance, being out of a situation, made application to a friend to recommend him to a place, and remarked, that he would prefer a somewhat superior position, "for you know, Tomkins," said he, "I am not a fool, and I ain't ignorant." We would not insinuate that the brother was mistaken in his own estimate, but the remark might possibly excite suspicion, for the case is similar to that of a timid pedestrian at night alone, hurrying along a lonesome lane, when a gentleman comes out of the hedge just at the turning by Deadman's Corner, and accosts him in the following re-assuring language, "I ain't a garrotter, and I never crack a fellow's head with this here life-preserver." The outspoken self-assertion of the brother quoted above, is but the expression of the thought of most, if not all of us. "I am not a fool, and I ain't ignorant," is the almost universal self-compliment, which is never out of season ; and this is the great barrier to our benefiting by good advice, which we suppose to be directed to the foolish and ignorant world in general, but not to our elevated selves. The poet did not say, but we will say it for him, "All men think all men *faulty* but themselves." It would be a great gain to us all, if we had those elegant quizzing glasses of ours silvered at the back, so that the next time we stick them in our eyes, in all the foppery of our conceit, we may be edified, and, let us hope, humbled, by seeing ourselves.

Gentle reader, during the year of grace, 1871, we shall hope to make our magazine the vehicle of address to persons unconverted and unbelieving. If you are in such a case, do not shelve the subject, but consider that we are writing especially *to you*. We were in a sick room the other day, and the surgeon, with carefully soft whisper, told us something painful in reference to the case. We caught the glance of the patient, and translated it in a moment, that keen eye said, "You are whispering about me, and my case is a very bad one, pray tell me what will come of it !" It would be well for you, reader, if you were equally sensitive ; there are threatenings of fearful import in the word of God ; do you never in your heart remember that these speak of YOU ? Bare your bosom to the arrows of the gospel, for those whom these shafts shall kill shall graciously be made alive again. Invite the operation of searching truths, which divide the joints and marrow, for their keen edge will destroy nothing but that which would destroy you.

Christian reader, we shall continue by God's help to stir you up both by examples and precepts to holy diligence in your Lord's service. Be so good as to accept each monthly magazine as a letter under our hand and seal directed to yourself, reminding you of the claims of Jesus upon your personal effort. It is said that charity nowadays may be described thus : A sees B in want, and is so very kind as to try to get C to help him. We have daily abundant proof that this is true. Half the world comes to the Tabernacle minister for help, and three-fourths of

that half only do so to shift their own burden on to another shoulder. A man who ought in all conscience to contribute £50 to the enlargement of the place of worship in which he hears the gospel every Sabbath, puts his name down for ten shillings, and sends off a card to a person who is not a fourth as well off as himself, and who never was within a hundred miles of the spot. Suppose he gets a sovereign from the generous friend, ought it not to burn his hand and make him remember that he is going to offer to the Lord a sacrifice which he has taken out of his neighbour's fold, because he grudged his own sheep? After we have ourselves done all we can, and given all we can spare, we may then honestly exhort others to greater zeal, and press them for contributions, but not till then. The personality of our service enters into the very essence of it. Paul must do Paul's work, and Peter must do Peter's work; but to tax Peter to make up the deficiencies of Paul is a mode of concealing indolence which the Great Master will see through and condemn.

What am I doing for Jesus? is the New Year's question which we propose to every reader. We ask some to begin a work for the Lord and others to enlarge what they have commenced. Oliver Cromwell pulled down the twelve silver statues of the apostles which adorned Exeter Cathedral, and sent them to the mint to be coined, that they might as true apostles go about doing good: many a fine mass of ornamental silver in our churches needs the practical touch, the useful coinage which alone can turn it to account. The man of learning, the lady of property, the woman of education, the youth of quick parts, the aged believer of great experience, are too often more remarkable for capacity than for matter-of-fact usefulness. Purposes too often run away with lives. Plans and purposes are often the eggs of action, and therefore we would not awkwardly disturb those who are hatching them; but really the process of incubation has been so long in hand, that we fear the eggs must be addled, and we are half inclined to deal roughly with the nest out of which nothing seems to come. We have no time to waste in projecting far-reaching enterprizes for others, which will never be carried out till generations have passed away: it is ours in our own proper persons while the day lasts to perform our own share of God's great work with all our might. Reader! again we press upon you the need of taking stock of your own business, and putting out your own talent to interest for your Lord.

Our constituency of magazine subscribers now numbers a little under fifteen thousand monthly, and our sermon purchasers some twenty-five thousand weekly, and we encourage ourselves in the belief that many of these take an interest in our work, and would be sorry to see it flag; yet because so few remember that their *personal* help is wanted, we frequently miss the aid of loving friends. Our College, Orphanage, and Colportage efforts are capable of great extension, especially the latter, which is left to pine in want. Personally we do all that our mind, body, and purse enable us, and we are not ashamed to say that we leave not a fragment of our ability of any kind unused for God, so far as we know: if we could preach more, labour more, and give more, we would do so without being pressed. Our work is for our Lord, and therefore we are bold in asking others to help us in it. We have long

wanted suitable rooms for our College, for our Bible Classes, and for our Sabbath School, and we have about a thousand pounds available for that object; but we shall in all probability need four thousand pounds more, and we simply tell this to our friends, that when the Lord prospers them, and they feel inclined to do so, they may, if home concerns do not forbid, help one who is their minister in print, if not by word of mouth. God will move many we hope to say, "Has Mr. Spurgeon's work any claim on me? Have I been a partaker of the benefit? What is my share in the service?"

To you, dear readers, who are so continually aiding us, we offer our best personal thanks, and assure you that our prayers ascend to heaven that you may enjoy a rich return for your liberality and thoughtfulness. Some of you have often eased us when we have been burdened, and been in our Great Father's hands a great strength to our weakness. Trials of our faith you have often ended, though you knew it not, and filled our heart with songs of gratitude which only the Lord has heard. If you count us worthy of continued confidence, help us still; above all, let us have a warm place in your fervent supplications.

This opening chit-chat of a new volume came into our head through the following amusing incident, with which we close our talk, wishing all our readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Sitting down in the Orphanage grounds upon one of the seats, we were talking with one of our brother trustees, when a little fellow, we should think about eight years of age, left the other boys who were playing around us, and came deliberately up to us. He opened fire upon us thus, "Please, Mister Spurgeon, I want to come and sit down on that seat between you two gentlemen." "Come along, Bob, and tell us what you want." "Please, Mr. Spurgeon, suppose there was a little boy who had no father, who lived in a Orphanage with a lot of other little boys who had no fathers, and suppose those little boys had mothers and aunts who comed once a month, and brought them apples and oranges, and gave them pennies, and suppose this little boy had no mother and no aunt, and so nobody never came to bring him nice things, don't you think somebody ought to give him a penny? Cause, Mr. Spurgeon *that's me*." Somebody felt something wet in his eye, and Bob got a sixpence, and went off in a great state of delight. Poor little soul, he had seized the opportunity to pour out a bitterness which had rankled in his little heart, and made him miserable when the monthly visiting day came round, and, as he said, "Nobody never came to bring him nice things. Turning the tables, we think some grown-up persons, who were once little Bobs and Harrys, might say, "Suppose there was a poor sinner who deserved to be sent to hell, but was forgiven all his sins by sovereign grace, and made a child of God, don't you think he ought to help on the Saviour's cause? 'cause Mr. Spurgeon, *that's me*."

The Happy Beggar.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me.”—Psalm xl. 17.

THERE is no crime, and there is no credit in being poor. Everything depends upon the occasion of the poverty. Some men are poor, and are greatly to be pitied, for their poverty has come upon them without any fault of their own; God has been pleased to lay this burden upon them, and therefore they may expect to experience divine help, and ought to be tenderly considered by their brethren in Christ. Occasionally poverty has been the result of integrity or religion, and here the poor man is to be admired and honoured. At the same time, it will be observed by all who watch with an impartial eye, that very much of the poverty about us is the direct result of idleness, intemperance, improvidence, and sin. There would probably not be one-tenth of the poverty there now is upon the face of the earth if the drinking shops were less frequented, if debauchery were less common, if idleness were banished, and extravagance abandoned. Lovers of pleasure (alas! that such a word should be so degraded!) are great impoverishers of themselves. It is clear that there is not, of necessity, either vice or virtue in being poor, and a man's poverty cannot be judged of by itself, but its causes and circumstances must be taken into consideration.

The poverty, however, to which the text relates is a poverty which I desire to cultivate in my own heart, and it is one upon which our divine Lord has pronounced a blessing. When he sat down upon the mountain and poured forth his famous series of beatitudes, he said, “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” The poor in pocket may be blessed, or may not be blessed, as the case may be; but the poor in spirit are always blessed, and we have Christ's authority for so saying. Theirs is a poverty which is better than wealth; in fact, it is a poverty which indicates the possession of the truest of all riches.

It was mainly in this sense that David said, “I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me:” certainly in any other sense there are vast multitudes who are “poor and needy,” but who neither think upon God nor rejoice that God thinks upon them. Those who are *spiritually* “poor and needy,” the sacred beggars at mercy's gate, the elect mendicants of heaven, these are the people who may say, with humble confidence, “Yet the Lord thinketh upon me.”

Two things are noteworthy in the text. First, *here is a frank acknowledgment*, “I am poor and needy;” but secondly, *here is a comfortable confidence*, “Yet the Lord thinketh upon me.”

I. First, here is A FRANK ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Some men do not object to confess that they are poor in worldly goods. In fact, they are rather fond of pleading poverty when there is a collection coming, or a subscription list in dangerous proximity. Men have even gloried in history in the name of “the Beggars;” and “silver and gold have I none,” has been exalted into a boast. But,

spiritually, it is little less than a miracle to bring men to feel, and then to confess their poverty, for naked, and poor, and miserable as we are by nature, we are all apt enough to say, "I am rich and increased in goods." We cannot dig, and to beg we are ashamed. If we did not inherit a penny of virtue from father Adam, we certainly inherited plenty of pride. Poor and proud we all are. We will not, if we can help it, take our seat in the lowest room, though that is our proper place. Grace alone can bring us to see ourselves in the glass of truth. To have nothing is natural to us, but to confess that we have nothing is more than we will come to until the Holy Spirit has wrought self-abasement in us. The emptiers must come up upon us, for though naturally as empty as Hagar's bottle, yet we boast ourselves to be as full as a fountain. The Spirit of God must take from us our goodly Babylonish garment, or we shall never consent to be dressed in the fair white linen of the righteousness of saints. What Paul flung away as dross and dung, we poor rag-collectors prize and hoard up as long as ever we can. "I am poor and needy," is a confession which only he who is the Truth can teach us to offer. If you are saying it, my brother, you need not be afraid that you are under a desponding delusion. But, true as it is, and plain to every grace-taught child of God, yet only grace will make a man confess the obnoxious fact! It is not in public that we can or should confess our soul-poverty as we do in the chamber when we bow our knee secretly before God, but many of us in secret have been compelled with many tears and sighs, to feel, as well as to say, "I am poor and needy." We have searched through and through, looked from the top to the bottom of our humanity, and we could not find a single piece of good money in the house, so greatly reduced were we. We had not a shekel of merit, nor a penny of hope in ourselves, and we were constrained to fall flat on our face before God, and confess our inability to meet his claims, and we found no comfort till by faith we learned to present our Lord Jesus as the Surety for his servants for good. We could not pay even the poorest composition, and therefore cast ourselves upon the forbearance of God.

The psalmist is doubly humble, for first he says *he is poor*, and then adds that *he is needy*, and there is a difference between these two things.

He acknowledges that *he is poor*, and you and I, if taught of God, will say the same. We may well be poor, *for we came of a poor father*. Our father Adam had a great estate enough at first, but he soon lost it. He violated the trust on which he held his property, and he was cast out of the inheritance, and turned adrift into the world to earn his bread as a day labourer by tilling the ground whence he was taken. His eldest son was a vagabond; the firstborn of our race was a convict upon ticket-of-leave. If any suppose that we have inherited some good thing by natural descent, they go very contrary to what David tells us, when he declares, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." Our first parents were utter bankrupts. They left us nothing but a heritage of old debts, and a propensity to accumulate yet more personal obligations. Well may we be poor who come into this world "heirs of wrath," with a decayed estate and tainted blood.

Moreover, *since the time when we came into the world, we have followed a very miserable trade.* I recollect when I was a spinner and weaver of the poorest sort, I dreamed that I should be able by my own spinning to make a garment to cover myself withal. This was the trade of father Adam and mother Eve when they first lost their innocence; they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons. It is a very laborious business, and has worn out the lives of many with bitter bondage, but its worst feature is that the Lord has declared concerning all who followed this self-righteous craft, "their webs shall not become garments, neither shall they cover themselves with their works." Even those who have best attired themselves, and have for awhile gloried in their fair apparel have had to feel the truth of the Lord's words by Isaiah, "I will take away the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils, and instead of a girdle there shall be a rent; and instead of a stoppacher a girding of sackcloth." Vain is it to spend our labour on that which profiteth not, yet to this business are we early put apprentice, and we work at it with mighty pains.

We are miserably poor, for we have *become bankrupt even in our wretched trade.* Some of us had once a comfortable competence laid by in the bank of Self Righteousness, and we meant to draw it out when we came to die, and thought we should even have a little spending money for our old age out of the interest which was paid us in the coin of self-conceit; but the bank broke long ago, and now we have not so much as a farthing of our own merits left us, no, nor a chance of ever having any; and what is worse, we are deep in debt, and we have nothing to pay. Instead of having anything like a balance on our own account, behold, we are insolvent debtors to the justice of God, without a single farthing of assets, and unless we are freely forgiven we must be cast into prison, and lie there for ever. Job described us well when he said, "for want and famine they are solitary, fleeing into the wilderness, in former time desolate and waste. They have no covering in the cold, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter." See, then, what poverty-stricken creatures we are—of a poor stock, following a starving trade, and made bankrupts even in that.

What is worse still, poor human nature *has no power left to relieve itself.* As long as a man has a stout pair of arms he is not without a hope of rising from the dunghill. We once thought that we were equal anything, but now Paul's description suits us well—"without strength." Our Lord's words, too, are deeply true, "Without me ye can do nothing." Unable so much as to think a good thought, or to lift our hearts heavenward of ourselves—this is poverty indeed! We are wrecked, and the whole vessel has gone to pieces. We have destroyed ourselves. Ah! my fellow man, may God make you feel this! Many know nothing about it, and would be very angry if we were to say that this is their condition; and yet this is the condition of every man born into the world until the Spirit of God brings him into communion with Christ, and endows him with the riches of the covenant of grace. "I am poor," it is my confession: is it yours? Is it a confession extorted from you by a clear perception that it is really so? I will recommend you, if it be so, to take to a trade which is the best trade in the world

to live by, not for the body but for the soul, and that is the profession of a beggar, certainly a suitable one for you and me. I took to it long ago, and began to beg for mercy from God; I have been constrained to continue begging every day of the same kind Benefactor, and I hope to die begging. Many of the saints have grown rich upon this holy mendicancy; they have indeed spoken of being daily loaded with benefits. The noblest of the peers of heaven were here below daily pensioners upon God's love; they were fed, and clothed, and housed by the charity of the Lord, and they delighted to have it so. How clear is it from all this that none of us can have anything whereof to glory! boasting is excluded, for let the beggar get what he may he is but a beggar still; and the child of God, notwithstanding the bounty of his heavenly Father is still in himself alone a penniless vagrant.

The psalmist also said, "I am *needy*." There are poor people who are not needy. Diogenes was very poor, but he was not needy; he had made up his mind that he would not need anything, so he lived in a tub; he had but one drinking vessel, and when he saw a boy drinking out of his hand he broke that, for he said he would not possess anything superfluous. He was poor enough, but he was not needy; for when Alexander said, "What can I do for you?" he answered, "Stand out of my sunshine." So it is clear a man may be very poor, and yet he may not be burdened with need; but David was conscious of extreme need, and in this many of us can join him.

Brethren, we confess that we need ten thousand things, in fact, we need *everything*. By nature the sinner needs healing, for he is sick unto death; he needs washing, for he is foul with sin; he needs clothing, for he is naked before God; he needs preserving after he is saved, he needs the bread of heaven, he needs the water out of the rock; he is all needs, and nothing but needs. Not one thing that his soul wants can he of himself supply. He needs to be kept from even the commonest sins. He needs to be instructed what be the first elements of the faith; he needs to be taught to walk in the ways of God's plainest commandments. Our needs are so great that they comprise the whole range of covenant supplies, and all the fulness treasured up in Christ Jesus.

We are needy *in every condition*. We are soldiers, and we need that grace should find us both shield and sword. We are pilgrims, and we need that love should give us both a staff and a guide. We are sailing over the sea of life, and we need that the wind of the Spirit shall fill our sails, and that Christ shall be our pilot. There is no figure under which the Christian life can be represented in which our need is not a very conspicuous part of the image. In all aspects we are poor and needy.

We are needy *in every exercise*. If we are called to preach, we have to cry, "Lord, open thou my lips." If we pray, we are needy at the mercy-seat, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought. If we go out into the world to wrestle with temptation, we need supernatural help, lest we fall before the enemy. If we are alone in meditation, we need the Holy Spirit to quicken our devotion. We are needy in suffering and labouring, in watching and in fighting. Every spiritual engagement does but discover another phase of our need.

And, brethren, we are needy *at all times*. We never wake up in the morning but we want strength for the day, and we never go to bed at night without needing grace to cover the sins of the past. We are needy at all periods of life: when we begin with Christ in our young days we need to be kept from the follies and passions which are so strong in giddy youth; in middle life our needs are greater still, lest the cares of this world should eat as doth a canker; and in old age we are needy still, and need persevering grace to bear us onward to the end. So needy are we that even in lying down to die we need our last bed to be made for us by mercy, and our last hour to be cheered by grace. So needy are we that if Jesus had not prepared a mansion for us in eternity we should have no place to dwell in. We are as full of wants as the sea is full of water. We cannot stay at home and say, "I have much goods laid up for many years," for the wolf is at the door, and we must go out a begging again. Our clamorous necessities follow us every moment and dog our heels in every place. We must take the two adjectives and keep them close together in our confession—"I am poor and needy."

II. The second part of the subject is much more cheering. It is a COMFORTABLE CONFIDENCE—"Yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

A poor man is always pleased to remember that he has a rich relation, especially if that rich relative is very thoughtful towards him, and finds out his distress, and cheerfully and abundantly relieves his wants.

Observe, that the Christian does not find comfort in himself. "I am poor and needy." That is the top and bottom of my case. I have searched myself through and through, and have found in my flesh no good thing. Notwithstanding the grace which the believer possesses, and the hope which he cherishes, he still sees a sentence of death written upon the creature, and he cries, "I am poor and needy." His joy is found in another. He looks away from self, to the consolations which the eternal purpose has prepared for him.

Note well *who it is that gives the comfort*. "The Lord thinketh upon me." By the term "the Lord," we are accustomed to understand the glorious Trinity. "The Lord thinketh upon me," *i.e.*, Jehovah, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. O beloved believer in Christ, if thou hast rested in Jesus, then the *Father* thinks upon thee. Thy person was in his thoughts—

"Long ere the sun's effulgent ray,
Primeval shades of darkness drove."

He regarded thee with thoughts of boundless love before he had fashioned the world, or wrapped it up in swaddling bands of ocean and of cloud. Eternal thoughts of love went forth of old towards all the chosen, and these have never changed. Not for a single instant has the Father ever ceased to love his people. As our Lord said, "The Father himself loveth you." Never has he grown cold in his affections towards thee, O poor and needy one. He has seen thee in his Son. He has loved thee in the Beloved. He has seen thee—

"Not as thou stood'st in Adam's fall,
When sin and ruin covered all;
But as thou'lt stand another day,
Brighter than sun's meridian ray."

He saw thee in the glass of his eternal purpose, saw thee as united to his dear Son, and therefore looked upon thee with eyes of complacency. He thought upon thee, and he thinks upon thee still. When the Father thinks of his children, he thinks of thee. When the Great Judge of all thinks of the justified ones, he thinks of thee. O Christian, can you grasp the thought? The Eternal Father thinks of *you!* You are so inconsiderable, that if the mind of God were not infinite it were not possible that he should remember your existence! And yet he *thinks* upon *you!* How precious ought his thoughts to be to you! The sum of them is great, let your gratitude for them be great too.

Forget not that the great *Son of God*, to whom you owe your hope, also thinks of you. It was for you that he entered into suretyship engagements or ever the earth was. It was for you, O heir of heaven, that he took upon himself a mortal body, and was born of the virgin. It was for you that he lived those thirty years of immaculate purity, that he might weave for you a robe of righteousness. For you the bloody sweat in the garden; he thought of you, he prayed for you in Gethsemane. For you were the flagellations in Pilate's hall, and the mockeries before Herod, and the blasphemous accusations at the judgment-seat of Caiaphas. For you the nails, the spear, the vinegar, and the "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani.*" Jesus thought of you, and died for you with as direct an aim for your salvation, as though there had not been another soul to be redeemed by his blood. And now, though he reigns exalted high, and you are "poor and needy," yet he thinks upon you still. The glory of his present condition does not distract his thoughts from his beloved. He is lovingly thoughtful of you. When he stands up to intercede, your name glitters on his priestly breastplate with the rest of the chosen. He thinks of you when he prepares mansions for those whom his Father has blessed. He looks forward to the time when he shall gather together in one all things in heaven and in earth that are in him, and he counts you among them. Christian, will not this comfort you, that the Son of God is constantly thinking upon you?

We must not forget the love of the *Spirit*, to whom we are so wondrously indebted, he cannot do otherwise than think upon us, for he dwelleth in us, and shall be with us. If he dwells in us he cannot be unmindful of us. It is his office to be the Comforter, to help our infirmities, to make intercession for us according to the will of God. So let us take the three thoughts, and bind them together. "I am poor and needy, but I have a part in the thoughts of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." What fuller cause for comfort could we conceive?

We have answered the question "*who?*" let us now turn to "*what?*" "The Lord *thinketh* upon me." He does not say, "The Lord will uphold me, provide for me, defend me." The declaration that he "*thinketh* upon me" is quite enough. "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things," says our Lord, as if it was quite clear that for our heavenly Father to know is to act. We poor short-sighted and short-armed creatures often know the needs of others, and would help if we could, but we are quite unable; it is never so with God, his thoughts always ripen into deeds. Perhaps, O tried believer, you have been thinking a great deal about yourself of late, and about

your many trials, so that you lie awake of nights, mourning over your heavy cares. "Alas!" you think, "I have no one to advise me and sympathise with me." Let this text come to you as a whisper, and do you paraphrase in it into a soliloquy, "I am poor and needy, this is true, and I cannot plan a method for supplying my needs, but a mighty mind than mine is cogitating for me; the infinite Jehovah thinketh upon me; he sees my circumstances, he knows the bitterness of my heart, he knows me altogether, and his consideration of me is wise, tender, and gracious. His thoughts are wisdom itself. When I think it is a poor, little, weak, empty head that is thinking, but when God thinks, the gigantic mind which framed the universe, is thinking upon me." Have you attained to the idea of what the thoughts of God must be? That pure Spirit who cannot make mistakes, who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind, thinketh upon us; he does not act without deliberation, does not come to our help in inconsiderate haste, does not do as we do with a poor man when we throw him a penny to be rid of him, but he thoughtfully deals with us." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," saith the psalmist—those who take up the case of the poor, weigh it, and remember it, are blessed. This is what the Lord does for us: "Yet the Lord thinketh upon me, considers my case, judges when, and how, and after what sort, it will be most fitting to grant me relief. "The Lord thinketh upon me." Beloved, the shadow of this thought seems to me like the wells of Elim, full of refreshment, with the seventy palm trees yielding their ripe fruit. You may sit down here and drink to your full, and then go on your way rejoicing. However poor and needy you may be, the Lord thinketh at the present moment upon you.

We have spoken upon who and what, and now we will answer the enquiry—*How do we know that the Lord thinketh upon us?* "Oh!" say the ungodly, "how do you know?" They are very apt to put posing questions to us. We talk of what we know experimentally, and again they cry, "How do you know?" I will tell you how we know that God thinks upon us. We knew it, first of all, when we had a view of the Redeemer by faith, when we saw the Lord Jesus Christ hanging upon a tree for us, and made a curse for us. We saw that he so exactly suited and fitted our case that we were clear the Lord must have thought and well considered it. If a man were to send you to-morrow a sum of money, exactly the amount you owe, you would be sure that some one had been thinking upon you. And when we see the Saviour, we are compelled to cry out, "O my Lord, thou hast given me the very Saviour I wanted; this is the hope which my despairing soul required, and this the anchorage which my tempest-tossed bark was seeking after." The Lord must have thought upon us, or he would not have provided so suitable a salvation for us.

We learn anew that the Lord thinks upon us when we go up to the house of God. I have heard many of you say, "We listen to the preacher, and he seems to know what we have been saying on the road; the Word comes so home to our case that surely God has been hearing our very thoughts and putting into the mind of the preacher a word in season for us." Does not this show how the preacher's Master has been

thinking upon you? Then sit down and open the Bible, and you will frequently feel the words to be as much adapted to your case as if the Lord had written them for you alone. If instead of the Bible having been penned many hundreds of years ago, it were actually written piecemeal to suit the circumstances of the Lord's people as they occur, it could not have been written more to the point. Our eyes have filled with tears when we have read such words as these, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel, I will help thee, saith the Lord," "In six troubles I will be with thee, in seven there shall no evil touch thee," "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed," and such like, which we could quote by hundreds. We feel that the Lord must have thought about us, or he would not have sent us such promises. Best of all, when we sit quietly at the feet of Jesus in the power of the Spirit of God, in solemn silence of the mind, then we know that the Lord thinks upon us, for thoughts come bubbling up one after another, delightful thoughts, such as only the Holy Spirit could inspire. Then the things of Christ are sweetly taken by the Spirit, and laid home to our hearts. We become calm and still, though before we were distracted. A sweet savour fills our heart, like ointment poured forth, it diffuses its fragrance through every secret corner of our spirit. Sometimes our soul has seemed as though it were a peal of bells, and every power and passion has been set a ringing with holy joy because the Lord was there. Our whole nature has been as a harp well-tuned, and the Spirit has laid his fingers among the strings, and filled our entire manhood with music. When we have been the subjects of these marvellous influences and gracious operations, if any one had said to us that the Lord did not think upon us, we should have told them that they lied, even to their face, for the Lord had not only thought of us, but spoken to us, and enabled us by his grace to receive his thoughts, and to speak again to him.

The Lord not think of us! Why, we have proof upon proof. He has very remarkably thought upon us in providence. Should some of us relate the memorable interferences of providence on our behalf they would not be believed; but they are facts for all that. William Huntingdon wrote a book called, "The Bank of Faith," which contains in it a great many very strange things, no doubt, but I believe hundreds and thousands of God's tried people could write "Banks of Faith" too, if it came to that, for God has often appeared for his saints in such a way that if the mercy sent had been stamped with the seal of God, visible to their eyes, they could not have been more sure of its coming from him than they were when they received it. Yes, answered prayers, applied promises, sweet communings, and blessed deliverances in providence, all go to make us feel safe in saying, "yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

At this point we will close our meditation; when we have remarked that those who are not poor and needy, may well envy in their hearts those who are. You who have abounding riches, who feel yourselves to be wealthy in goodness, you who feel as if you could afford to look down upon most people in the world, you who are so respectable, and

decorous, so deserving, I beseech you, note well that the text does not say a word about you. You are not poor, and you are not needy, and you do not think upon the Lord, and the Lord does not think upon you. Why should he? "The whole have no need of a physician." Christ did not come to call you. He said he came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Shall I tell you that it is your worst calamity that you have such an elevated idea of your own goodness? Whereas you say, "we see," you are blindest of all; and whereas you boast that you are righteous, there is in that self-righteousness of yours the very worst form of sin, for there is no sin that can be greater than that of setting up your own works in competition with the righteousness of Christ. I bear you witness that you have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge, for you, being ignorant of the righteousness of Christ, go about to establish your own righteousness, and your efforts will end in terrible disappointment. I pray you cast away all reliance upon your own works. Tear up, once for all, all that you have been spinning for these many years. Your tears, your prayers, your church-goings, your chapel-goings, your confirmation, your baptism, your sacraments—have done with the whole rotten mass as a ground of confidence. It is all quicksand which will swallow you up if you rest upon it. The only rock upon which you must build, whoever you may be, is the rock of the finished work of Jesus. Come now, and rest upon God's appointed Saviour, the Son of God, even though you may not have felt as you could desire your own poverty and need. If you mourn that you do not mourn as you should, you are one of the poor and needy, and are bidden to turn your eyes to the Lamb of God and live.

I would to God that everyone of us were poor and needy in ourselves and were rich in faith in Christ Jesus! O that we had done both with sin and with self-righteousness, that we had laid both those traitors with their heads on the block for execution! Come, ye penniless sinners, come and receive the bounty of heaven. Come, ye who mourn your want of penitence, come and receive repentance, and every other heavenly gift, from him who is the Sinner's Friend, exalted on high to give repentance and remission of sins. But you must come empty handed, and sue as the lawyers say, in *formâ pauperis*, for in no other form will the Lord give ear to you. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree; he hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away."

"Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge.

But let our debts be what they may,
However great or small,
As soon as we have nought to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all."

A Tale of Alsace.

TWO hundred years ago Alsace was German ground, as probably at the close of the present Franco-Prussian war it will be again. When, after a desolating war, it was annexed to France, the conquerors conceded to the inhabitants a privilege denied to the rest of the nation, to worship God where and how they pleased. This favour included the possession by the Protestants of their own churches, and the retention of the various privileges which they had enjoyed under Germanic rule. Considering how intolerant were the French towards the godly in the ancient provinces, the Alsatians may be considered happy in continuing to enjoy liberty of worship.

The scene of our story lies in the Ban de la Roche, or valley of stone, known by the Germans as the Steinthal. There is a castle, called La Roche, and it is round this fortress (discoverable on any fair-sized map), that the ban, or district, extends. Very picturesque indeed is this region, with its charming hamlets and patches of fertile land. There are two parishes, one comprising five hamlets, inhabited by Protestants, and including three churches. Waldbach is the centre of the picturesque group, and stands one thousand eight hundred feet high upon the acclivity of the mountain. Beautiful for situation is the small church, with its delicate tapering spire, and the parsonage house, resembling many of the old and comfortable farmhouses of our own island. As for its climate, it has been stated that on the summits of the mountains it is as cold as at Petersburg, but in the valleys it is as warm as in Geneva. The winter months generally commence in September, and the snow usually remains undissolved till the following May or June, when the wind blows from the south, thus leaving only a period of four or five months for summer weather. The condition of the peasants in 1750 was extremely wretched, and their ignorance lamentable. When Pastor Stouber commenced his labours among them, he found that they had no means of religious instruction, and, although not opposed to the gospel, they were disinclined to admit any innovation upon the old order of things. The principal school-house was a miserable cottage, crowded with children who had nothing to learn, and were controlled (if controlled at all) by an old, withered swineherd, who lay contented in bed while the children amused themselves in the same apartment.

“What do you teach the children?” enquired the new pastor.

“Nothing, sir,” was the prompt reply.

“Nothing! how is that?”

“Because I know nothing myself.”

“Why, then, were you instituted schoolmaster?”

“Why sir,” replied the old man, “I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children.”

The other schools in the district were as ill cared for: the schoolmasters being shepherds who tended sheep in the summer and the children in the winter. They could scarcely read or write themselves, and

therefore were quite unable to impart the merest elements of knowledge. Stouber's first desire, therefore, was to create a better supply of school-masters. The bare idea of this, was bitterly resented; the more respectable of the inhabitants declaring against allowing their sons to enter so disreputable a calling, for so they and the people generally regarded it. Stouber believing that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, changed the name, and thus overcame the difficulty. Young men possessed of the necessary requirements were chosen as superintendents of the schools, and these were encouraged in their labours by the benefactions of a benevolent friend in Strasburg. Spelling-books and other elementary works were obtained; and an effort was made to secure a better school-house. A very good anecdote is told of Stouber in connection with this movement. He asked permission of the royal prætor of Strasburg to obtain the wood from the surrounding forests, but this was declined. "But," said Stouber, "your excellency will allow me to make a private collection among charitable individuals towards the erection of our new building." This was not denied him. "Well, then," observed the persevering applicant as he presented his hat, "you are, please your excellency, known as a charitable person, and I will make the beginning with you." The prætor thereupon relented, and gave the pastor permission to cut down as much wood as he needed, on the condition that he should dine with him every time he visited the city of Strasburg. All obstacles, however, were not overcome. The people still were opposed to the educational reforms, and feared that they would lead to heresy or witchcraft. As in time they found their fears ill-grounded, they not only rejoiced in the progress made by their children, but came forward themselves to be instructed in the evening adult classes.

The people were ill-acquainted with the word of God—were, indeed, without Bibles altogether. They had seen the large book in the church, which they regarded as the word of God; but when Stouber, "in order to circulate the Scriptures as widely as possible, divided each of fifty French Protestant Bibles he had procured from Basle into three parts, and bound these portions in strong parchment, to enable him to make a more general distribution, he had some difficulty in convincing his parishioners that these thin volumes would answer the same purpose as the large book which they had been accustomed to see, and that they were equally the word of God."* The Scriptures, however, soon began to be read in the family, and were circulated even in the Romish villages, nor could the priests suppress the curiosity of the peasants as to what the Word declared. The simple discourses of M. Stouber were admirably adapted to his hearers, and many were favourably impressed by them. Having laboured for six years among these people, he accepted the pastorate of the market town of Barr, on the other side of the Vosges; but when, after the lapse of four years, he found his old sphere of usefulness open to him, he returned to Waldbach amid the grateful greetings of his old friends, who went to the top of the mountain which had separated him from them, and waited for his arrival, that he might be welcomed to his charge. The labours, thus pleasantly

* Memoir of John Frederic Oberlin. (Bagster.)

resumed, were greatly blessed of God, and the condition of the whole district visibly improved. Just as he was rejoicing in the transformation of this moral waste, he was offered the pastorate of St. Thomas's Church at Strasburg, and accepted it; and John Frederic Oberlin left Strasburg to succeed the promoted minister, at the urgent request of Stouber himself.

Oberlin at this time was twenty-seven years of age, one of nine children whom their father in spite of his scanty income, sought to educate and bring up respectably. Oberlin was *the* man for a sphere of service requiring considerable denial: as a student, he had contented himself with the most frugal fare, and had cheerfully waited for his turn in the great battle of life. Entering upon his work, he soon found that the inhabitants of the mountains had only been partially reformed, and that he had before him unusual difficulties, arising out of the peculiarities of the situation. Those who had been influenced by the previous pastor's ministrations submitted to all the projects of his successor in silence; but the conservative element was so powerful, that determined resistance was threatened. Indeed, a few went so far as to concert means for personally chastising Oberlin to correct some of his new-fangled notions; but having gained information of their movement, he proceeded to the house where the conspirators were plotting against him, and freely offered to surrender himself into their hands, that they should not be guilty of the meanness of an ambuscade. This made the peasants ashamed of their evil policy, and turned the tables directly in his favour. On another occasion, in one of the villages of the district, two men waited in ambush for him on his returning home from divine service, that they might duck him in a cistern; but observing them he marched past in so calm and composed a manner as to daunt his enemies and prevent their attacking him. These persons subsequently entered with pleasure upon his plans for the benefit of the villagers. Oberlin's zeal needed to be tempered with prudence, and his young wife in this, as in other matters, was a wise counsellor. When it is considered what was the condition of the Ban de la Roche at this time, and how much the people must have suffered through their isolation from market towns, it is surprising that the villagers did not at once enter upon the schemes of their practical pastor. During the greater part of the year, the roads which had been left in a terrible state since the thirty years' war, were impassable, and the villagers were in times of plenty unable to sell their produce, and in seasons of scanty crops were almost reduced to famine from the impossibility of fetching supplies from the neighbouring towns. He therefore proposed that a high road to Strasburg should be opened, that their agricultural produce might find an acceptable market. When, however, he entered into details—spoke of blasting rocks, constructing a stone wall to support a road one mile and a half in length, and of erecting a bridge across the river, the peasants raised a variety of objections. To them the whole idea was impracticable. They admitted that a good road to market would be a great advantage, but the thing was one of the pastor's new-fangled schemes, and could never be carried out. What was to be done? Oberlin, prepared for all emergencies, appealed to the people to follow his example; and at once went to the spot

with a pickaxe on his shoulder, and, in the presence of the astonished group, commenced work. All the peasants hastened immediately for the requisite implements, and with Oberlin at their head, set heartily at work to accomplish their important object. Other hands soon came, more tools were obtained from Strasburg, distant friends gave towards the expenses, and in 1770 a communication was opened with the cathedral city, and a new bridge constructed, which to this day bears the name of "the bridge of charity." The isolation which had made the villagers a race of semi-savages was gone for ever. The five villages of the district were afterwards brought into better communication by road-making or mending. The earnest way in which on the Monday morning after preaching on the Sabbath the modest pastor laboured with his pickaxe taught his parishioners how deeply interested he was in all that concerned both their spiritual and earthly welfare. This enterprise involved a number of minor details which showed his business and pruden- tial tact ; and in addition to these, he aided the material interests of his flock by sending their youths to Strasburg to learn the trades of a carpenter, a mason, a cartwright, and a blacksmith ; for the inhabitants had endured many privations because these trades had not been introduced. These youths, having learned their respective arts, returned to their native villages, and instructed others in their businesses. Oberlin also sought to improve their dwellings, which had consisted of wretched cabins, hewn out of the rock, or sunk into the sides of the mountains. Better cottages were erected under his superintendence, and cellars were constructed for the storage of potatoes, which formed their main sustenance.

Nor was this all. He sought to improve their agriculture. This was a delicate point; for not unnaturally they felt on that score that they were better able to judge for themselves. Oberlin had not been brought up in the midst of agricultural pursuits ; what could he know of a subject peculiarly their own ? Remembering the sensitiveness of his people, he determined to appeal to their eyes in preference to their ears. In connection with his parsonage-house there were two gardens, crossed by public footpaths ; in these gardens he dug trenches, and planted young fruit-trees, using such manures as he considered best adapted to their growth. Notorious as the soil was for being barren, the peasants were surprised to find how well the trees flourished, and how much more richly laden they were with fruit than their own trees. The pastor taught them his mode of cultivation, and the art of grafting, and we are told that "the very face of the country, in consequence, underwent a complete change ; for the cottages, hitherto for the most part bare and desolate, were surrounded by neat little orchards and gardens ; and in the place of indigence and misery, the villages and their inhabitants gradually assumed an air of rural happiness." When Oberlin came to the district, fields that had in former years yielded from 120 to 150 bushels of potatoes furnished only between 30 and 50. At his suggestion fresh seed was introduced, sewage, leaves, and other refuse were collected, rocks were removed, bogs filled, lands drained, and at length the valley which had been almost reduced to a wilderness, was able to send potatoes of a superior quality to Strasburg market. They also converted the least productive arable land into pasture, and, as the result, milk and butter

increased. A little Agricultural Association was instituted, composed of the farmers and the best informed inhabitants, while the pastor himself received the gold medal of the Royal Agricultural Society of Paris. The result of all these varied efforts was a considerable improvement in the moral and social condition of the people.

His spiritual and educational labours were not neglected in endeavouring thus to benefit his people. From the first he felt that the grown-up people, blinded by prejudice, would never repay his reforming exertions so well as the rising generation, and therefore he laid himself out to make sure of the young. He determined to build a new school-house, and so completely were the people gained over, that he succeeded in erecting in each of the other four hamlets a school-house at the expense of the inhabitants. He instituted infant schools also, "probably the very first ever established." A woman was employed to direct the handicraft, and another to instruct and amuse the little ones. Oberlin himself gave the religious instruction in all the schools, and on the Sabbath afternoon the children met in the church to sing the hymns they had learnt, and to recite the religious lessons acquired during the week. The scholars of all the five villages assembled once a week in Waldbach, to excite a feeling of emulation between the schools. The older children were taught not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but the elements of science, astronomy, geometry, geography, history, the different races of mankind, their religions and forms of government, with the duties of public officers, and the usual forms of accounts, bills, and other documents used in trade. Singing was taught in all the schools, and drawing to the advanced classes. His schools have in all probability seldom been equalled, and very rarely, if ever, surpassed. A letter, dated March 11th, 1793, gives a summary of the work done during the pastorate of M. Oberlin:—"During the space of nearly thirty years, in which M. Oberlin has been Christian pastor of this canton, he has completely changed it. The language is, from an unintelligible *patois*, altered into pure French; the manners of the people, without degenerating, are civilised; and ignorance is banished without injuring the simplicity of their character. Many of the women belonging to his parishes, trained for the purpose under his paternal care and instruction (and called *conductrices*), assist him in his occupations. They teach reading, writing, and the elements of geography, in the different villages where they reside, and through their medium the children are instructed in many necessary things; but, above all, have the seeds of religion and morality sown in their hearts. The excellence of these schools is so well established and appreciated, that girls of the middle ranks are sent to him from different parts, and the title of a scholar of Pastor Oberlin is no less than a testimonial of piety, cleverness, and gentle manners."

Oberlin's conduct during the terrible French revolution, was peculiarly generous. Although like the rest of the clergy of Alsace, he was deprived of his income, he was not imprisoned with them, and, since the Ban de la Roche afforded a suitable asylum for refugees, his house was offered as a shelter to persons of various religious persuasions. At the time when religious assemblies were forbidden, and all religious teachers were deposed in the name of liberty by the decrees of the National Convention, Oberlin complied with the letter of the mandate, but most

effectually evaded its meaning. There must be no minister, but a popular orator was to inculcate liberty and heroism; there must be no gathering at church, but the citizens were to meet as a club and denounce all tyrants. Very well, Oberlin was elected the popular orator, his congregation met as a club, the orator inveighed against that old tyrant the devil, and proclaimed the liberty of the children of God. Surplice and bands he had long before laid aside as a vain distinction, and there he stood, as a man among men, exhorting his people to rise against the only "tyrants" they had to complain of in their peaceful valley, "the tyrants of ill-will, impurity, selfishness, and impiety in their own hearts." Republican infidelity would have wrung the neck of the innocent dove had not the prudence of the serpent averted its wrath. Upon the re-opening of the French churches in 1795, Oberlin, having been during the Revolution disestablished and disendowed, so much rejoiced in his liberty that he resolved henceforth to continue his ministerial labours without a fixed and enforced salary, or even the usual collections, leaving it open for those who could afford it to send in such sums or provisions to the parsonage as they could spare. Thus by becoming one of themselves, sharing their trials and poverty, and relying upon their love to him for support, Oberlin was increasingly endeared to his parishioners. Poor as they were, none were mendicants, and all idle beggars who came from neighbouring communes were taught to work for their sustenance. To enable him to remain in his loved sphere of activity, and to sustain his benevolent institutions, Oberlin undertook the education of the sons of gentlemen, and the children of several foreigners of distinction were committed to his charge. He became the corresponding agent for France of the British and Foreign Bible Society at a time when Paris was not open to that institution, and through his exertions depositories were established in different parts of the country, and more than ten thousand copies of the New Testament put in circulation. His parish also became "the cradle of Ladies' Bible Associations," and the three active ladies whose names are, through their labours, necessarily associated with the memory of their minister and friend, did much for providing the poor with the Scriptures, and making them deeply interested in their contents.

The population of the Steinthal greatly increased during Oberlin's pastorate. On his first arrival, there were not more than one hundred families; but in a few years it increased to five or six hundred, constituting in all three thousand souls. It was fortunate, therefore, that he had been enabled to introduce so many trades into the district, and to open up channels for the purchase and disposal of their goods. His general activity must have been marvellous. He rarely rode on horseback, still less in the inside of a carriage, and "was accustomed, till prevented by increasing infirmity, to climb the steepest summits of the Vosges, or penetrate through pathless snows, regardless of cold or danger, in order to visit the sick, and administer religious consolation to the dying; often, too, after all the varied and arduous duties of the day, would he travel to Strasburg in the night, to procure medicines, or to obtain assistance or information from his friends in that city, that not a day might be lost to the interests of his beloved Steinthal." How greatly he lived in the esteem of his affectionate people may be gathered from

the earnest solicitude with which they regarded him. The villages were too far apart to permit his preaching every week in all of them, but the peasants came in turns with a horse every Sabbath morning to fetch him, and to take him to their homes where they might lovingly entertain him, and children and parents regarded him as their "dear papa Oberlin." Their respect for him was unbounded, and their tributes of affection were touching to witness. His ministry was clearly evangelical, his expositions of "the dear Bible" (*la chère Bible*) very simple, and his exhortations very fervid. Some of his opinions were a little fanciful, and a few unscriptural, but these did not interfere with his clear views of the gospel.

It was on the 5th of June, 1826, that the inhabitants of the Ban de la Roche turned out to witness the solemn funeral of their departed minister. They had previously, amid the pouring rain, walked to the parsonage to gain a last look, through a glass lid on the coffin, at the features of their "dear papa." Mayors, magistrates, ministers, Romish priests, all the school children (chanting as they went along) followed the good man's remains to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. The grief was general, and even those who could not assent to his doctrines, bewailed the loss of so estimable a philanthropist.

The 31st of March, 1867, was a *fête* day with the inhabitants of this mountainous region—it was the anniversary of Oberlin's arrival, one hundred years back, at the Ban de la Roche as its pastor. All the Protestant pastors of the neighbourhood were invited; business was suspended; manufacturers showed all hospitality to strangers; and the roads were covered with vehicles which brought visitors. All did honour to the memory of the man who spent fifty-nine years in the secluded district to promote the spiritual and earthly interests of the people. Oberlin's name is now extinct, but there is a grandson on the female side, and he occupies Oberlin's pulpit in the sweet little church of Waldbach. Sacred melodies were sung on this festive occasion, a Parisian pastor, M. Vernes, who had written Oberlin's life (the book is now scarce), gave a suitable address, in which he pointed out the chief characteristics in the life of the man whose memory all revered. "In his character as pastor" he observed, "you behold religion, not as a something standing apart from the life; it is the leaven which mingles itself with all and leavens the whole lump. In his ardent love, he embraced misery in all its varied forms, that of the soul and of the body alike. Instead of losing his time by groaning over them, he preferred to attempt their cure. Like his divine Master, he knew how at once to comfort the sick and multiply the loaves; but it was with moral maladies above all he concerned himself."

Oberlin's life and work teach us this lesson—that a village pastor can be a hero, as many such men have been. It is not alone in the large congregations that ministers do a great work; God be praised for the number of holy men, obscure to fame, whose lowly deeds and quickening words are no more known to the world than were Oberlin's in his day, but who live in the hearts of many to whom they have been both as the arousing messenger and as the "still small voice" of God in consolation. Their memory is blessed, and succeeding generations shall give them their meed of praise.

Lapland and the Lapps.

THE custom of spending two months in the summer of each year on the Continent is becoming so general among the professional and so-called "genteel" and "independent" classes, that to be better acquainted with the beauties of our own tight little island than with the well-beaten paths of Switzerland and North Italy would be very unfashionable. Tourists there are by the thousand; and, curiously, three-fourths of their number are elderly people, and one-half women, many of the persuasion commonly denominated "unprotected" and, therefore, better qualified to protect themselves. These elderly travellers are known to be more amiable, cheery, and companionable than those of younger years; and if occasionally oppressed by a sense of being "done" by sleek waiters, bland hotel proprietors, and pertinacious touters, they find their revenge in successfully resisting other overcharges, and impressing offenders with the dignity attached by providence to the Britisher. We hope that the cause of religion has been somewhat served through this migration of English and American folk in the summer months; but perhaps even Christians are apt to forget their obligations while on search for pleasure. Many have been able to converse with the inhabitants of the countries through which they have passed, or in which they have stayed; and we have met with not a few instances in which godly men and women have made special efforts among the superstitious or ignorant classes who need enlightenment on the religion of Jesus Christ. Much more might be done in this direction. The visit of a lady to France a few years ago resulted in the establishment of an agency, which, before the present lamentable war, was largely useful in making French peasants acquainted with the Scriptures. No Christian should forget to obtain a number of New Testaments, or portions thereof, before venturing upon his tour; for he may thus scatter broadcast the seeds of divine truth. When opportunities occur to our wealthy brethren to make themselves personally acquainted with such efforts as Mr. Oncken's in various parts of Germany, Sweden, and Norway, and to render encouragement by presence and voice, they should not be neglected. It is thus the Christians of Great Britain may give to struggling evangelistic churches that sympathy and pecuniary assistance which our godly and self-denying brethren so richly deserve.

Sweden and Norway are not now new fields for tourists. English travellers are well known in those latitudes. But what of Lapland?

Where is Lapland? we think we hear a reader ask.

Good reader, you ought to know what you were taught at school—that it is the most northerly country of Europe, bounded north by the Arctic Ocean, south by Sweden, east by the White Sea, and west by Norway and the Atlantic Ocean. In length it is three hundred and thirty miles; its scenery is agreeably varied, its climate not so cold as has been stated, but cold enough for reindeer and bears.

"A pretty land to recommend to summer tourists," do you say, "where you may be eaten up by bears!"

In the face of such a remark, and of others very similar, we have

the testimony of an intelligent lady and gentleman, who in 1869, resolved to spend their two months' holiday in Lapland. Captain Hutchinson's sanity was more than questioned by his friends; and he was adjudged to be far gone when he spoke of taking his somewhat delicate wife with him!! "All right," said one wag, "if you will go, give my love to the North Pole." They went, and the worthy captain, in a most interesting and unpretending little volume has told the world how he got on, and how he fared.

Preparations of divers kinds were made, and numerous odds and ends collected, such as fishing rods, artificial flies, a muzzle-loader, a box of medicines—for every man aims to be his own doctor when travelling; insect powder which was not required, with a number of articles brought home marked "ditto," a patent lotion for mosquitoes that might have been as valuable if applied to the boots instead of the face; mosquito curtains (a coarse bobbin net), brooches, rings, and pins, for the Lapps from that repository of golden-toys, the Lowther Arcade; and so on. After having undergone the usual fleecings and other trials incidental to leaving England with decency and self-respect, the travellers arrived in safety at Calais, and from thence went by Brussels to Kiel, and so by boat to Sweden. At Stockholm, the captain did a wise and commendable thing, he bought a number of Swedish Testaments at the dépôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and his observations on this subject we gladly quote:—"English travellers little know how much God's Word is valued in those lands where there is no facility of purchasing it, or how few of the people whom they meet with every day have ever had a copy in their hands. I well remember the delight of a powerful young Norwegian who, on receiving one, after having rowed us some distance, far away in the interior, said that he would sooner have it than any money. Also, my astonishment one day when driving through the heart of the Black Forest, to see a man seated by the roadside, so eagerly reading a book that he was deaf to all that was passing around him; and on my asking what interested him so deeply, he replied 'The Gospel of St. John,' which an Englishman whom he had been driving in a carriage had just given him."

At Rathen, which consists of a dozen wooden houses, with an inn and a telegraph office, a government school inspector told the following story, which is one of the blackest deeds of ingratitude we ever remember to have read:—During the war between Russia and Sweden, when the Gulf of Bothnia was covered with ice, a party of Russians made a foray across on their sleighs; and half-dead from exposure to the severe weather, they arrived at Rathen, where their enemies hospitably nursed and fed them until they were recovered. But no sooner were they strong and hearty than they rose upon their preservers and put them to death! An iron cross placed on a hillock marks the spot where the Swedish colonel and his men lie buried—the victims of this inhuman slaughter.

The town of Lulea is situated upon an island in the upper part of the Gulf, and this was the starting-point for Lapland proper. Lulea, which consists of two thousand inhabitants, seems to be a model town. It has neither prison, magistrate, policeman, nor soldier, nor are either

of them necessary.* Felony is unknown, indeed, the inhabitants, on leaving their houses, hang the door-key on a peg outside, that visitors may understand that they are not at home. This reminds us of the rosy pictures we have seen of England under the good old times of King Alfred. A tall ladder is placed against every house in case of fire; and this precaution is all the more necessary as the houses are constructed almost wholly of wood. Fires are, however, unknown. The church is like most Lutheran buildings—plain and unpretending; it contains sittings for six hundred persons. A funeral had just taken place as the travellers entered: “The body, instead of being laid in the grave when the ceremony was over, was taken to a small shed, with a grated wooden door, through which you might see the coffin lying upon trestles. I suppose this was to prevent the possibility of a living interment, although a less elaborate arrangement than the one we saw in Munich, when, in visiting their beautiful cemetery, we came upon a large horse-shoe-shaped building, the sides opposite to us of glass, and found ourselves all at once face to face with the dead. It was divided into two compartments, one for the rich and the other for the poor.” Captain Hutchinson states that he did not meet with one drunken man while up the country—indeed, to get intoxicated a man must journey some hundreds of miles.

The travellers were now two hundred miles from the town of Quickjock, which for its unparalleled beauty was deemed worthy of being reached. The people at Stockholm were astounded that a foreign lady should venture upon such a journey, which was a thing unknown; not more than two or three travellers had ever made their way to the interior of Lapland. But why should not the Lapps have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with an English lady and gentleman—whom the Norwegians would call “wild geese,” according to their wise saw, that English travellers are wild geese, for “they only come in the summer, we pluck them, and they fly away again.” The tourists proceeded up the river, the scenery becoming less flat as the steamer went along. Villages lined the sides of the stream, and though the extensive falls rendered it compulsory soon to disembark, the travellers were privileged to enjoy an experience new to them. A gig was procured at Rübäcken, the pony being driven by a strapping young maiden of seventeen, “harder than any portmanteau,” who was attired as a post-boy. Oh, the jolting! “How our rattletraps hung together without coming to bits, or how we escaped an upset is still a marvel to me.” While they were holding on for dear life, the girl sat altogether unconcerned, without feeling any painful shocks or concussions. An evidence of the generosity of the Lapps was soon afforded: for a landlord and landlady lent their horse, and refused to accept any money in payment. Handshaking seems to be a more constant practice among the people than with us. “Everyone in Sweden shakes you by the hand; and when all are so friendly and courteous the traveller should never forget to offer his hand at parting, even to the boatman and driver.”

Imagine a town of thirty inhabitants and three hundred houses! This is Jockmock. The houses are mostly shanties of rude construction,

* This arises from the absence of drinking-shops; a clear indication of the duty of our licensing magistrates. The fewer of those licensed slaughter-houses, called gin-palaces, the better. Ed.

and are built for the Lapps and their reindeer in winter. But in summer they are deserted, their owners having gone to the mountains, "driving their reindeer before them to feed on the summer mosses." The pastor of the town educates the children, but his life must be very lonely, and the sight of an Englishman, who had brought Testaments with him, was so rare as to make his visit quite an event in the history of his pastorate. The first real Lapp seen by the travellers was an old gentleman clad entirely in reindeer skin, ornamented with beads, buttons, and silver thread. Living in Lapland must be very cheap, when a lamb can be had for 4s. 4d., and a landlord's bill is 2s. 2d. for two days and one night. As for the mosquitoes, they were certainly very troublesome. "It was a continual fight with them the whole way, and our hats and nets were stained with blood. Several thin ones crawled through the meshes of the veils, although the maker had warranted them small enough. Unfortunately, we were seldom aware of the fact until the mischief was done; and in spite of the precaution of stopping now and then for an examination to see if any had effected an entrance, we suffered considerably." Still, the health of the travellers was excellent, the air being bracing; and it is said that the Lapps are never ill until just before they die, and a doctor is not to be seen for two hundred miles!*

All the churches are connected with the state, although in Sweden proper there is a large body which has seceded from the Establishment, and we infer from Captain Hutchinson's account that these form the really earnest and useful part of the religious community. On the Sunday, "all the little settlement of Quickjock appeared dressed in their best," the Lapps having their reindeer skins and numerous beads and jewels, and the Swedes dressed in black cloth. "Even the children wear black swallow-tail coats and trowsers, and a more comical looking little creature could not well be imagined than a tiny boy of four years old, whom we saw airing himself with his back to the fire, his hands under his coat-tails, just like "the good old English gentleman all of the olden time." The service was in Swedish, and was solemn and decorous, but the singing and chanting doleful and monotonous. The pastor was dressed in the usual Lutheran style. He held in his hand a large pocket handkerchief, resembling a towel, one end of which trailed on the ground as he walked to and fro, from the chancel to the pulpit. The people did not seem to be interested in the sermon, although the preacher's manner was impressive, and his matter, "as far as we could judge, worthy of a better congregation."

Here are a few curious little items we have picked out of this interesting volume:—The post goes out only once a month, and the visitors bought up all the stamps, so limited was the supply. . . . The ants are of enormous size—almost three times as large as our common ants. The roads to their nests (often four feet high) diverge from them in every direction, like the lines of railway from London in Bradshaw's map So friendly were the Lapps, that "we rose with heavy hearts on the morning to turn our faces once more towards the sunny South" and the parting was very kindly . . . An eight roomed house, two stories in

* Does this account for their being so well? We hope no wag will suggest this.—Ed.

height, provided with windows and doors, occupying about twenty-five feet square of ground, would cost in Jockmock, only twenty-five pounds The pastor of this town "could not well be stout, considering his parish was one hundred and forty miles long by twenty-one broad. His predecessor, passing rich on forty pounds a year, had brought up a family of eighteen children." . . . "During our walk we were struck by the contents of some flower pots standing in a window, evidently much prized by the inmates of the cottage; however on a closer inspection, they turned out to be common *turnips* in full flower." A pine log, thirty feet long, eight inches square at one end, and six at the other, would cost but 7d. The total expense of journeying from Lulea to Quickjock and back—four hundred miles—was only twenty pounds.

Captain Hutchinson very strongly recommends summer tourists to try Lapland. Should any one follow his advice, about which we have no doubt, we hope his example may be imitated, and that the poorer Lapps may be presented with copies of the Word of God.

On Harsh Judgments.

FROM A FRENCH AUTHOR.

IF they, who are always eager to judge harshly of others, could see the fearful and heavy indictment which they are preparing against themselves before God, they might, perhaps, be led to confine their judgments to their own conduct, and to leave alone the lives and conduct of others. For, in the first place, in condemning others, they pronounce sentence of condemnation upon themselves; and that, a sentence without appeal, and which, unless they truly repent before they die, will most surely be carried into effect. For if they criticise harshly the good actions of others, as though they required in them a more perfect fulfilment of their duty, by the same rule, be it known to them, and most justly will God require that more perfect fulfilment of his will from them; nor will he hold them to be good stewards of their own gifts, who have been harsh and unjust in their judgment of others. Or, if in passing judgment against the open sin of their neighbour, they have forgotten the restraints of pity and kindness, let them not hope for any better treasure in their hour of need; for Holy Scripture plainly tells us, that "he shall have judgment without mercy, who hath showed no mercy," John ii. 13. But when the judgment goes to condemn a good action, and men rush with eager haste to speak evil of another, God will seek no other witness against them than their own judgment, which clearly shows that they judge of others by themselves. Thus, Paul says, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" and, again, "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, who-soever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things." Romans xiv. 4; ii. 1. He does not mean that he who judges another's fault, himself commits the same fault; for it is often not so; but that he who is always ready with a censorious judgment is, in his heart, prone to the fault which he condemns in another. As for example, a

man with an impatient temper, who sees another suffer quietly, will not believe that he is really patient, and, judging from his own heart, sets it down for dissimulation. Worldly and irreligious persons can see nothing but hypocrisy in those who are earnest and constant in their prayers and religious exercises; and the good works which they see others do, they deny to spring from any holy intention, but, judging from their own case, they attribute them to selfish and worldly motives; not to any pure desire to please God, but to a wish to stand well with men. Experience gives us abundant proof of this. For instance, two men are witnesses of the same good work, be it a religious exercise, or prayer, or fasting, or a charitable deed, and one, who striving for edification, grieves for himself that he has not done as much, and beats his bosom, and bewails himself, at the same time giving glory to God for the grace and virtue displayed in his servant. The other, who sees the same work, finds in it nothing but evil. And this is from no other cause than because men form their judgments, not by reason, but under the influence of their own passions and affections, and the worse they are, so much the worse are their judgments.

So, again, one man, seeing the sinful life of his neighbour, grieves for him, and tries to hide his sin, and to turn him from it; another thinks only of exposing it, and punishing him, and bringing him to shame; thus the very same thing which moves the former to compassion and pity, urges the latter to indignation and cruelty. Hence it is true, that he who passes a hard judgment on another, condemns himself; for as the root of evil in his own heart, such is the judgment which he passes on another. And although it is never lawful to pass a favourable judgment on an evident sin (for that would be to contradict God's law), nevertheless, by the moderation of our judgment, as well as by the effect which the sight of another's sin has upon our heart, may be known the good or bad condition of the heart.

They who feel within themselves an inclination to this vice of always seeing the worst in what others do, will do well to bear in mind that, in God's sight, they themselves are worse than all other sinners, and that they owe it to his grace alone, that they have not already plunged into every sin that human wickedness can contrive. Let them try earnestly to bridle their tongue, that, at least, their sin may be known only to God and themselves. Having done this, whenever such wicked judgments of others spring up in their hearts, let them drive them from them, and confess their misery and sin before God, and bewail that root of evil within them, which his eye seeth, and which is the source of all. Let them further exert themselves in trying to find out reasons for defending the conduct of their neighbours; and where that is not possible, let them confess themselves before God as far more culpable and wicked, as in fact he is, who is hard and cruel towards his fellows. And let them also consider that if the man they judge could see his own sin, as they see it who judge him, he would tremble and repent; therefore his sin is less by reason of his blindness, whilst theirs is made greater by reason of their maliciousness.

Where it is a man's duty, by reason of his office, to pass judgment on the conduct of others, let him first, with all humility, condemn him-

self, that so he may be led to judge others in the fear of God. And further, let all bear in mind, for their greater abasement, that he whom God has preserved from committing sin owes him more than he to whom God has forgiven the sin he has committed; just as I owe more to one who saves me from a wound, than I do to him who cures the wound I have received. Accordingly St. Augustine says that God has pardoned me as many sins as he has prevented me from committing, which, as man, I might otherwise have committed. Thus everyone may, with truth, regard himself as equally bad with the worst man he sees; for, as the same father says, there is no sin which we can commit, which any man may not commit if God, who made man, does not keep him from it. Hence, when we see the sins of others, our part is to grieve for them, and to bless God for having kept us from them; for there is nothing in us to merit so great a mercy.

Work in the Olden Time.

ONE is tempted to enquire whether we of this age are made of the same materials as our predecessors of the last century. We find ourselves very soon wearied where they went onwards with ease. We find the worthy Dan Taylor riding his pony sixty miles one day, fifty-five the next, preaching the same evening, and then writing to a friend that he and his pony are in good spirits. The Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals was not then in existence, or his reverence would have been locked up. He usually performed his journeys on foot, and we find him preaching in the morning and afternoon at Wadsworth, and then walking fourteen miles to take the evening service at Burnley, and finishing up the Sabbath by walking back again; yet he was up early the next morning at his usual toil. Surely this Dan was "a lion's whelp, and leaped from Bashan." He finished one of his long excursions by an open-air service at Epworth, Lincolnshire. He preached at the waterside, and baptised. At noon he preached again, and intended to leave that evening, being Friday, for home; but he yielded to the pressure put upon him for another sermon, and so after preaching again he went to bed. Next morning he started on what he called his "frightful journey." He rode Mr. A.'s Galloway *twenty-four* miles, and walked the remaining *thirty-eight* through the rain and the deep mire, which, he said, "tired him very substantially." He, however, took so much rest in sleep that the next day, Sunday, he preached three times and kept a children's meeting, a leaders' meeting, and a short church meeting, with moderate ease and pleasure.

No doubt the muscular strength of the brother was very great, and those of a weaker organisation cannot be expected to do as much, but at the same time we must not allow our standard of work to sink too low. Soldiers of Christ must endure hardness. Ease and the Christian ministry ought not to be associated even in imagination. Young men, with your early vigour still upon you, work while your day lasts! Hearken not to the siren notes of indolence, but spend and be spent in your Master's service. Despise wind, weather, and weary ways, and to win souls defy fatigue and hardship."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LV.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician on Neginoth.—*Another song to be accompanied by stringed instruments. The strain is at one time mournful, and at another softly sweet. It needed the chief musician's best care to see that the music was expressive of the sentiment. Maschil. It is not a mere personal hymn, there is teaching in it for us all, and where our Lord shines through David, his personal type, there is a great deep of meaning. Of David. The man of many conditions, much tried and much favoured, persecuted but delivered and exalted, was from experience enabled to write such precious verses in which he sets forth not only the sorrows of common pilgrims, but of the Lord of the way himself.*

SUBJECT.—*It would be idle to fix a time, and find an occasion for this Psalm with any dogmatism. It reads like a song of the time of Absalom and Ahithophel. It was after David had enjoyed peaceful worship (verse 14), when he was or had just been a dweller in a city (verses 9, 10, 11), and when he remembered his former roamings in the wilderness. Altogether it seems to us to relate to that mournful era when the King was betrayed by his trusted counsellor. The spiritual eye ever and anon sees the Son of David and Judas, and the chief priests appearing and disappearing upon the glowing canvas of the Psalm.*

DIVISIONS.—*From verses 1 to 8, the suppliant spreads his case in general before his God; in verses 9, 10, 11, he portrays his enemies; in verses 12—14, he mentions one special traitor, and cries for vengeance, or foretells it in verse 15. From verses 16 to 19 he consoles himself by prayer and faith; in verses 20 and 21 he again mentions the deceitful covenant-breaker, and closes with a cheering exhortation to the saints (verse 22), and a denunciation of destruction upon the wicked and deceitful (verse 23).*

EXPOSITION.

GIVE ear to my prayer, O God; and hide not thyself from my supplication.

2 Attend unto me, and hear me: I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise;

3 Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked: for they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me.

4 My heart is sore pained with me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

5 Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me.

6 And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! *for then* would I fly away, and be at rest.

7 Lo, *then* would I wander far off, *and* remain in the wilderness. Selah.

8 I would hasten my escape from the windy storm *and* tempest.

1. "Give ear to my prayer, O God." The fact is so commonly before us, otherwise we should be surprised to observe how universally and constantly the saints resort to prayer in seasons of distress. From the Great Elder Brother down to the very least of the divine family, all of them delight in prayer. They

run as naturally to the mercy-seat in time of trouble as the little chickens to the hen in the hour of danger. But note well that it is never the bare act of prayer which satisfies the godly, they crave an audience with heaven, and an answer from the throne, and nothing less will content them. "*Hide not thyself from my supplication.*" Do not stop thine ear, or restrain thy hand. When a man saw his neighbour in distress, and deliberately passed him by, he was said to hide himself from him; and the psalmist begs that the Lord would not so treat him. In that dread hour when Jesus bore our sins upon the tree, his Father did hide himself, and this was the most dreadful part of all the Son of David's agony. Well may each of us deprecate such a calamity as that God should refuse to hear our cries.

2. "*Attend unto me, and hear me.*" This is the third time he prays the same prayer. He is in earnest, in deep and bitter earnest. If his God do not hear, he feels that all is over with him. He begs for his God to be a listener, and an answerer. "*I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise.*" He gives a loose to his sorrows, permits his mind to rehearse her griefs, and to pour them out in such language as suggests itself at the time, whether it be coherent or not. What a comfort that we may be thus familiar with our God! We may not complain of him, but we may complain to him. Our rambling thoughts when we are distracted with grief we may bring before him, and that too in utterances rather to be called "*a noise*" than language. He will attend so carefully that he will understand us, and he will often fulfil desires which we ourselves could not have expressed in intelligible words. "Groanings that cannot be uttered," are often prayers which cannot be refused. Our Lord himself used strong cryings and tears, and was heard in that he feared.

3. "*Because of the voice of the enemy.*" The enemy was vocal and voluble enough, and found a voice where his godly victim had nothing better than a "noise." Slander is seldom short of expression, it prates and prattles evermore. Neither David, nor our Lord, nor any of the saints were allowed to escape the attacks of venomous tongues, and this evil was in every case the cause of acute anguish. "*Because of the oppression of the wicked:*" the unjust pressed and oppressed the righteous; like an intolerable burden they crushed them down, and brought them to their knees before the Lord. This is a thrice-told story, and to the end of time it will be true; he that is born after the flesh will persecute him that is born after the Spirit. The great seed of the woman suffered from a bruised heel. "*For they cast iniquity upon me,*" they black me with their sootbags, throw the dust of their lying over me, cast the vitriol of their calumny over me. They endeavour to trip me up, and if I do not fall they say I do. "*And in wrath they hate me.*" With a hearty ill will they detested the holy man. It was no sleeping animosity, but a mortal rancour which reigned in their bosoms. The reader needs not that we show how applicable this is to our Lord.

4. "*My heart is sore pained within me.*" His spirit writhed in agony, like a poor worm; he was mentally as much in pain as a woman in travail physically. His inmost soul was touched; and a wounded spirit who can bear? If this were written when David was attacked by his own favourite son, and ignominiously driven from his capital, he had reason enough for using these expressions. "*And the terrors of death are fallen upon me.*" Mortal fears seized him, he felt like one suddenly surrounded with the glooms of the shadow of death, upon whom the eternal night suddenly descends. Within and without he was afflicted, and his chief terror seemed to come from above, for he uses the expression, "*Fallen upon me.*" He gave himself up for lost. He felt that he was as good as dead. The inmost centre of his nature was moved with dismay. Think of our Lord in the garden, with his "*soul exceeding sorrowful even unto death,*" and you have a parallel to the griefs of the psalmist. Perchance, dear reader, if as yet thou hast not trodden this gloomy way, thou wilt do soon; then be sure to mark the footprints of thy Lord in this miry part of the road.

5. "*Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me.*" Like housebreakers these robbers were entering his soul. Like one who feels a fainting fit coming over him, so the oppressed suppliant was falling into a state of terror. His fear was so great as to make him tremble. He did not know what would happen next, or how soon the worst would come. The sly, mysterious whisperings of slander often cause a noble mind more fear than open antagonism; we can be brave against an open foe, but cowardly, plotting conspiracies bewilder and distract us. "*And horror hath overwhelmed me.*" He was as one enveloped in a darkness that might be felt. As Jonah went down into the sea, so did David appear to go down into deeps of horror. He was unmanned, confounded, brought into a hideous state of suspense and mortal apprehension.

6. "*And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.*" If he could not resist as an eagle, he would escape as a dove. Swiftly, and unobserved, on strong, untiring pinions would he hie away from the abodes of slander and wickedness. His love of peace made him sigh for an escape from the scene of strife.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
Might never reach me more."

We are all too apt to utter this vain desire, for vain it is; no wings of doves or eagles could bear us away from the sorrows of a trembling heart. Inward grief knows nothing of place. Moreover, it is cowardly to shun the battle which God would have us fight. We had better face the danger, for we have no armour for our backs. He had need of a swifter conveyance than doves' pinions who would outfly slander; he may be at rest who does not fly, but commends his case to his God. Even the dove of old found no rest till she returned to her ark, and we amid all our sorrow may find rest in Jesus. We need not depart; all will be well if we trust in him.

7. "*Lo, then would I wander far off.*" Yet when David was far off, he sighed to be once more near Jerusalem; thus, in our ill estate we ever think the past to be better than the present. We shall be called to fly far enough away, and perchance we shall be loath to go; we need not indulge vain notions of premature escape from earth. "*And remain in the wilderness.*" He found it none such a dear abode when there, yet resolves now to make it his permanent abode. Had he been condemned to receive his wish he would ere long have felt like Selkirk, in the poet's verse—

"O solitude, where are the charms
That sages have found in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place."

Our Lord, while free from all idle wishes, found much strength in solitude, and loved the mountain's brow at midnight, and the quiet shade of the olives of Gethsemane. It is better practically to use retirement than pathetically to sigh for it. Yet it is natural, when all men do us wrong, to wish to separate ourselves from their society; nature, however, must yield to grace, and we must endure the contradiction of sinners against ourselves, and not be weary and faint in our minds. "*Selah.*" After such a flight well may the mind rest. When we are going too fast, and giving way too freely to regrets, it is well to cry, "halt," and pause awhile, till more sober thoughts return.

8. "*I would hasten my escape.*" He tried to pause but could not, like a horse which when pulled up slips on a little because of the speed at which he was going. David declares that he would not waste a moment, or stay to bid adieu to his friends, but up and away at once, for fear he should be too late, and because he could bear the clamour of his foes no longer. "*From the windy storm and tempest.*" A storm was brewing, and, like a dove, he would outfly it and reach a calmer region. Swifter than the storm-cloud would he

fly, to avoid the deluge of rain, and the flash of the lightning. Alas! poor soul, no such wings are thine, as yet thou must tarry here and feel the tempest; but be of good cheer, thou shalt stretch thy wings ere long for a bolder flight, heaven shall receive thee, and there thy sorrows shall have a finis of felicity among the birds of Paradise.

9 Destroy, O Lord, *and* divide their tongues: for I have seen violence and strife in the city.

10 Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof: mischief also and sorrow *are* in the midst of it.

11 Wickedness *is* in the midst thereof: deceit and guile depart not from her streets.

9. "*Destroy, O Lord.*" Put mine enemies to the rout. Let them be devoured by the sword, since they have unsheathed it against me. How could we expect the exiled monarch to offer any other prayer than this against the rebellious bands of Absalom, and the crafty devices of Ahithophel? "*Divide their tongues.*" Make another Babel in their debates and councils of war. Set them at cross purposes. Divide the pack that the hunted one may escape. The divisions of error are the hope of truth. "*For I have seen violence and strife in the city.*" The rabble and their leaders were plotting and planning, raging and contending against their king, running wild with a thousand mad projects: anarchy had fermented among them, and the king hoped that now it might come to pass that the very lawlessness which had exiled him would create weakness among his foes. Revolution devours its own children. They who are strong through violence, will sooner or later find that their strength is their death. Absalom and Ahithophel may raise the mob, but they cannot so easily rule it, nor so readily settle their own policy as to remain firm friends. The prayer of David was heard, the rebels were soon divided in their councils; Ahithophel went his way to be hanged with a rope, and Absalom to be hanged without one.

10. "*Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof.*" The city, the holy city had become a den of wickedness: conspirators met in the dark, and talked in little knots in the streets even in broad daylight. Meanwhile the country was being roused to revolt, and the traitors without threatened to environ the city, and act in concert with the rebels within. No doubt there was a smothered fire of insurrection which Absalom kindled and fanned, which David perceived with alarm some time before he left Jerusalem; and when he quitted the city it broke out into an open flame. "*Mischief also and sorrow are in the midst of it.*" Unhappy capital to be thus beset by foes, left by her monarch, and filled with all those elements of turbulence which breed evil and trouble. Unhappy king to be thus compelled to see the mischief which he could not avert laying waste the city which he loved so well. There was another King whose many tears watered the rebellious city, and who said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together? even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?"

11. "*Wickedness is in the midst thereof.*" The very heart of the city was base. In her places of authority crime went hand in hand with calamity. All the wilder and more wicked elements were uppermost; the *canaille* were commanders; the scum floated uppermost; justice was at a discount; the population was utterly demoralised; prosperity had vanished and order with it. "*Deceit and guile depart not from her streets.*" In all the places of concourse crafty tongues were busy persuading the people with cozening phrases. Crafty demagogues led the people by the nose. Their good king was defamed in all ways, and when they saw *him* go away, they fell to reviling the governors of their own choosing. The forum was the fortress of fraud, the congress was the convention of cunning. Alas, poor Jerusalem, to be

thus the victim of sin and shame! Virtue reviled and vice regnant! Her solemn assemblies broken up, her priests fled, her king banished, and troops of reckless villains parading her streets, sunning themselves on her walls, and vomiting their blasphemies in her sacred shrines. Here was cause enough for the sorrow which so plaintively utters itself in these verses.

12 For *it was* not an enemy *that* reproached me; then I could have borne *it*: neither *was it* he that hated me *that* did magnify *himself* against me; then I would have hid myself from him:

13 But *it was* thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.

14 We took sweet counsel together, *and* walked unto the house of God in company.

12. The reader will do well to observe how accurately the psalmist described his own Psalm when he said, "I mourn in my complaint," or rather "give loose to my thoughts," for he proceeds from one point of his sorrow to another, wandering on like one in a maze, making few pauses, and giving no distinct intimations that he is changing the subject. Now from the turbulent city his mind turns to the falsehearted councillor. "*For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it.*" It was not an open foe, but a pretended friend; he went over to the other camp and tried to prove the reality of his treachery by calumniating his old friend. None are such real enemies as false friends. Reproaches from those who have been intimate with us, and trusted by us, cut us to the quick; and they are usually so well acquainted with our peculiar weaknesses that they know how to touch us where we are most sensitive, and to speak so as to do us most damage. The slanders of an avowed antagonist are seldom so mean and dastardly as those of a traitor, and the absence of the elements of ingratitude and treachery renders them less hard to bear. We can bear from Shimei what we cannot endure from Ahithophel. "*Neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him.*" We can find a hidingplace from open foes, but who can escape from treachery? If our enemies proudly boast over us we nerve our souls for resistance, but when those who pretended to love us leer at us with contempt, whither shall we go? Our blessed Lord had to endure at its worst the deceit and faithlessness of a favoured disciple; let us not marvel when we are called to tread the road which is marked by his pierced feet.

13. "*But it was thou.*" He sees him. The poetic fury is on him, he sees the traitor as though he stood before him in flesh and blood. He singles him out, he points his finger at him, he challenges him to his face. "*But thou.*" *Et tu, Brute.* And thou, Ahithophel, art thou here? Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man? "*A man mine equal.*" Treated by me as one of my own rank, never looked upon as an inferior, but as a trusted friend. "*My guide,*" a counsellor so sage that I trusted thine advice and found it prudent to do so. "*And mine acquaintance,*" with whom I was on most intimate terms, who knew me even as I knew him by mutual disclosures of heart. No stranger occasionally conversed with, but a near and dear friend admitted to my secret fellowship. It was fiendish treason for such a one to prove falsehearted. There was no excuse for such villainy. Judas stood very much in this relation to our Lord, he was treated as an equal, trusted as treasurer, and in that capacity often consulted with. He knew the place where the Master was wont to spend his solitude; in fact, he knew all the Master's movements, and yet he betrayed him to his remorseless adversaries. How justly might the Lord have pointed at him and said, "*But thou;*" but his gentler spirit warned the son of perdition in the mildest manner, and had not Iscariot been tenfold a child of hell he would have relinquished his detestable purpose.

14. "*We took sweet counsel together.*" It was not merely the counsel which men take together in public or upon common themes, their fellowship had been tender and confidential. The traitor had been treated lovingly, and trusted much. Solace, mutual and cheering, had grown out of their intimate communitings. There were secrets between them of no common kind. Soul had been in converse with soul, at least on David's part. However feigned might have been the affection of the treacherous one, the betrayed friend had not dealt with him coldly, or guarded his utterance before him. Shame on the wretch who could belie such fellowship, and betray such confidence! "*And walked unto the house of God in company.*" Religion had rendered their intercourse sacred, they had mingled their worship, and communed on heavenly themes. If ever any bonds ought to be held inviolable, religious connections should be. There is a measure of impiety, of a detestable sort, in the deceit which debases the union of men who make professions of godliness. Shall the very altar of God be defiled with hypocrisy? Shall the gatherings of the temple be polluted by the presence of treachery? All this was true of Ahithophel, and in a measure of Judas. His union with the Lord was on the score of faith, they were joined in the holiest of enterprises, he had been sent on the most gracious of errands. His co-operation with Jesus to serve his own abominable ends stamped him as the firstborn of hell. Better had it been for him had he never been born. Let all deceitful professors be warned by his doom, for like Ahithophel he went to his own place by his own hand, and retains a horrible pre-eminence in the calendar of notorious crime. Here was one source of heart-break for the Redeemer, and it is shared in by his followers. Of the serpent's brood some vipers still remain, who will sting the hand that cherished them, and sell for silver those who raised them to the position which rendered it possible for them to be so abominably treacherous.

15 Let death seize upon them, *and* let them go down quick into hell: for wickedness *is* in their dwellings, *and* among them.

15. Not thus would Jesus pray, but the rough soldier David so poured out the anguish of his spirit, under treachery and malice seldom equalled and altogether unprovoked. The soldier, as such, desires the overthrow of his foes, for this very end he fights; and viewed as a matter of law and justice, David was right in his wish; he was waging a just, defensive war against men utterly regardless of truth and justice. Read the words as a warrior's imprecation. "*Let death seize upon them.*" Traitors such as these deserve to die, there is no living with them, earth is polluted by their tread; if spies are shot, much more these sneaking villains. "*Let them go down quick into hell.*" While in the vigour of life into *sheol* let them sink, let them suddenly exchange the enjoyment of the quick or living for the sepulchres of the dead. There is, however, no need to read this verse as an imprecation, it is rather a confident expectation or prophecy: God would, he was sure, desolate them, and cast them out of the land of the living into the regions of the dead. "*For wickedness is in their dwellings, and among them.*" They are too bad to be spared, for their houses are dens of infamy, and their hearts fountains of mischief. They are a pest to the commonwealth, a moral plague, a spiritual pestilence, to be stamped out by the laws of men and the providence of God. Both Ahithophel and Judas soon ended their own lives; Absalom was hanged in the oak, and the rebels perished in the wood in great numbers. There is justice in the universe, love itself demands it; pity to rebels against God, as such, is no virtue, we pray for them as creatures, we abhor them as enemies of God. We need in these days far more to guard against the disguised iniquity which sympathises with evil, and counts punishment to be cruelty, than against the harshness of a former age. We have steered so far from Scylla that Charybdis is absorbing us.

16 As for me, I will call upon God; and the LORD shall save me.

17 Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice.

18 He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle *that was* against me: for there were many with me.

19 God shall hear, and afflict them, even he that abideth of old. Selah. Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God.

16. "*As for me, I will call upon God.*" The psalmist would not endeavour to meet the plots of his adversaries by counterplots, or imitate their incessant violence, but in direct opposition to their godless behaviour would continually resort to his God. Thus Jesus did, and it has been the wisdom of all believers to do the same. As this exemplifies the contrast of their character, so it will foretell the contrast of their end—the righteous shall ascend to their God, the wicked shall sink to ruin. "*And the Lord shall save me.*" Jehovah will fulfil my desire, and glorify himself in my deliverance. The psalmist is quite sure. He knows that he will pray, and is equally clear that he will be heard. The covenant name is the pledge of the covenant promise.

17. "*Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray.*" Often but none too often. Seasons of great need call for frequent seasons of devotion. The three periods chosen are most fitting; to begin, continue, and end the day with God is supreme wisdom. Where time has naturally set up a boundary, there let us set up an altar-stone. The psalmist means that he will always pray; he will run a line of prayer right along the day, and track the sun with his petitions. Day and night he saw his enemies busy (verse 10), and therefore he would meet their activity by continuous prayer. "*And cry aloud.*" He would give a tongue to his complaint; he would be very earnest in his pleas with heaven. Some cry aloud who never say a word. It is the bell of the heart that rings loudest in heaven. Some read it, "I will muse and murmur;" deep heart-thoughts should be attended with inarticulate but vehement utterances of grief. Blessed be God, moaning is translatable in heaven. A father's heart reads a child's heart. "*And he shall hear my voice.*" He is confident that he will prevail; he makes no question that he would be heard, he speaks as if already he were answered. When our window is opened towards heaven, the windows of heaven are open to us. Have but a pleading heart and God will have a plenteous hand.

18. "*He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me.*" The deliverance has come. Joab has routed the rebels. The Lord has justified the cause of his anointed. Faith sees as well as foresees; to her foresight is sight. He is not only safe but serene, "*delivered in peace*"—peace in his inmost soul. "*For there were many with me;*" many contending against me. Or it may be that he thankfully acknowledges that the Lord raised him up unexpected allies, fetched him succour when he most needed it, and made the friendless monarch once more the head of a great army. The Lord can soon change our condition, and he often does so when our prayers become fervent. The crisis of life is usually the secret place of wrestling. Jabbok makes Jacob a prevailing prince. He who stripped us of all friends to make us see himself in their absence, can give them back again in greater numbers that we may see him more joyfully in the fact of their presence.

19. "*God shall hear, and afflict them.*" They make a noise as well as I, and God will hear them. The voice of slander, malice, and pride, is not alone heard by those whom it grieves, it reaches to heaven, it penetrates the divine ear, it demands vengeance and shall have it. God hears and delivers his people, he hears and destroys the wicked. Their cruel jests, their base falsehoods, their cowardly insults, their daring blasphemies are heard, and shall be repaid to them by the eternal Judge. "*Even he that abideth of old.*" He sits in eternity, enthroned judge for evermore; all the prayers of saints and profanities

of sinners are before his judgment-seat, and he will see that justice is done. "*Selah.*" The singer pauses, overwhelmed with awe in the presence of the everlasting God. "*Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God.*" His own reverential feeling causes him to remember the daring godlessness of the wicked; he feels that his trials have driven him to his God, and he declares that their uninterrupted prosperity was the cause of their living in such neglect of the Most High. It is a very manifest fact that long-continued ease and pleasure are sure to produce the worst influences upon graceless men: though troubles do not convert them, yet the absence of them makes their corrupt nature more readily develop itself. Stagnant water becomes putrid. Summer heat breeds noxious insects. He who is without trouble is often without God. It is a forcible proof of human depravity that man turns the mercy of God into nutriment for sin: the Lord save us from this.

20 He hath put forth his hands against such as be at peace with him: he hath broken his covenant.

21 *The words* of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war *was* in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet *were* they drawn swords.

20. The psalmist cannot forget the traitor's conduct, and returns again to consider it. "*He hath put forth his hands against such as be at peace with him.*" He smites those to whom he had given the hand of friendship, he breaks the bonds of alliance, he is perfidious to those who dwell at ease because of his friendly professions. "*He hath broken his covenant.*" The most solemn league he has profaned, he is regardless of oaths and promises.

21. "*The words of his mouth were smoother than butter.*" He lauded and larded the man he hoped to devour. He buttered him with flattery and then battered him with malice. Beware of a man who has too much honey on his tongue; a trap is to be suspected where the bait is so tempting. Soft, smooth, oily words are most plentiful where truth and sincerity are most scarce. "*But war was in his heart.*" He brought forth butter in a lordly dish, but he had a tent-pin ready for the temples of his guest. When heart and lip so widely differ, the man is a monster, and those whom he assails are afflicted indeed. "*His words were softer than oil.*" Nothing could be more unctuous and fluent, there were no objectionable syllables, no jars or discords, his words were as yielding as the best juice of the olive; "*yet were they drawn swords,*" rapiers unsheathed, weapons brandished for the fray. Ah! base wretch, to be cajoling your victim while intending to devour him! entrapping him as if he were but a beast of prey; surely, such art thou thyself!

22 Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

22. "*Thy burden,*" or what thy God lays upon thee, lay thou it "*upon the Lord.*" His wisdom casts it on thee, it is thy wisdom to cast it on him. He cast thy lot for thee, cast thy lot on him. He gives thee thy portion of suffering, accept it with cheerful resignation, and then take it back to him by thine assured confidence. "*He shall sustain thee.*" Thy bread shall be given thee, thy waters shall be sure. Abundant nourishment shall fit thee to bear all thy labours and trials. As thy days so shall thy strength be. "*He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.*" He may move like the boughs of a tree in the tempest, but he shall never be moved like a tree torn up by the roots. He stands firm who stands in God. Many would destroy the saints, but God has not suffered it, and never will. Like pillars, the godly stand immovable, to the glory of the Great Architect.

23 But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction; bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days: but I will trust in thee.

23. For the ungodly a sure, terrible, and fatal overthrow is appointed. Climb as they may, *the pit* yawns for them, God himself will cause them to descend into it, and *destruction* there shall be their portion. "*Bloody and deceitful men,*" with double iniquity of cruelty and craft upon them, "*shall not live out half their days;*" they shall be cut off in their quarrels, or being disappointed in their artifices, vexation shall end them. They were in heart murderers of others, and they became in reality self-murderers. Doubt not that virtue lengthens life, and that vice tends to shorten it. "*But I will trust in thee.*" A very wise, practical conclusion. We can have no better ground of confidence. The Lord is all, and more than all that faith can need as the foundation of peaceful dependence. Lord, increase our faith evermore.

A Consecrated Life.

BY PASTOR W. PAGE, OF CHARD.

IN the month of December, 1818, there was born at the village of Laventon, near Frome, a child who received the name of John Parsons. On the 26th October, 1869, this same John Parsons fell asleep in Christ, at Monghyr in India. In this short sketch we purpose tracing the life of this devoted man.

Till the age of eleven he remained at home: two facts of these early years have been reported to us—he was instructed in the Bible, and found great delight in reading the Pilgrim's Progress. His early education was completed at a classical school at Frome, where he remained four or five years; during this period he resided with a Christian family, and enjoyed the ministry of the Rev. J. F. Newman. He began business life in a house in London; in the same house an elder brother George lived; devout and earnest, he had a great influence in the formation of John's character and in directing his future course. At this time John attended the ministry of the Rev. C. Stovel, and was a member of his Bible Class. On a visit home during this period he professed faith in Christ by baptism, and joined the church at Laventon; very shortly he began to preach in the villages and elsewhere.

His brother George was led to enter the Christian ministry, and preparatory for that work went through a college course; leaving college he became a missionary at Monghyr, in India. His colleague was Mr. Leslie, only now recently deceased, who however was with him but for a short time; and when our missionary was left alone he directly thought of his brother John as a suitable person to be his helper. In a letter upon this plan he gave the following outline of the work he had to do:—"The work of this station is in about equal proportion Hindustani and English; of course, John would not be able, on first coming, to assist in Hindustani, but I hope the native preacher and myself would be able to get through it. Two services are intended specially for the heathen; here you have a congregation unwilling to receive your message, and watching for reason to repel it, or opportunities to ridicule it. They need to have their attention attracted by illustrations drawn from every-day life, and by a judicious use of colloquial language; these services I should leave mainly to the native preacher. * * * The other two services are for the benefit of those who have embraced Christianity. * * * The English services differ in no respect that I can see from what we have been accustomed to at home * * * In this John could render his full share of assistance, and still have time to study the native language, and prepare for service among the heathen." To this call

John Parsons responded. He was dedicated to the work at Frome in the 23rd year of his age; the charge was delivered by his uncle, the Rev. J. Dyer. In a comparatively short time he was on his way to India, where all his future life was to be spent; though he laboured for nearly 29 years, he never returned to visit the land of his fathers.

The first news on his reaching Calcutta was the sad intelligence that his brother had expired two days previously. The brother had been attacked by disease at Monghyr, and the physician advised change; as John was expected at Calcutta, the invalid removed thither. At first he rallied, but afterwards sank; one more name was added to the long roll of those who have been cut off at the commencement of a missionary career. His sun set ere it had well risen. As he saw it decline it blotted out hope of work for Christ in India, and it disappointed his anticipation of meeting his beloved brother, yet almost his last words were, "I am perfectly easy, perfectly happy." With subdued feelings John Parsons went on to Monghyr with his wife and the widow of his brother. He found a city of 30,000 inhabitants, on the south bank of the Ganges, about 300 miles from Calcutta. The mission had been commenced in 1817, but it had not touched the mass of the people; he saw idolatry in all its native ugliness. The church numbered forty-eight members, partly European, partly native; there was a small school for native orphans, and, best of all, there was an excellent friend and colleague in Mr. Lawrence, who still labours at the same place.

We have no means of tracing the life of the missionary but through the report of the Society and the letters from the stations appended to those reports. These first speak of hope and expectation; then the widow of the brother returns home; Parsons is making progress with the language, a native school is opened; but as this year closes, sorrow darkens his path, for his wife dies almost suddenly. In these early years there is some success, for during one of them eleven are baptised and work is commenced in the country districts around; by-and-by three Bible classes are formed, which become the nucleus of a Sunday school; at length he still further widens his operations, and undertakes extensive preaching tours. His first residence at Monghyr closes the year before the Indian mutiny. He removes to Agra, being engaged in the work of translation. He is here shut up in the fort during the mutiny, saving his life but losing all his possessions. Two years spent here are followed by six years at Benares, when he returns to Monghyr, where he completes his revision of the New Testament in Hindi, and labours until his decease. During this period the church at Monghyr was sustained, its number of members raised from forty-eight to seventy, and about seventy-seven professed faith by baptism.

We feel that very little can be learned of the man and his work from the bare narration of facts. He had, with his fellow labourers, often to endure trials. They knew seasons of spiritual drought. Thus, in 1843, Mr. Lawrence writes: "With respect to increase we have had none, and our labours and prospects remain much the same as they were last year. Our church has lost seven members by death, two or three have been removed to other stations; our English congregation is also somewhat decreased by removals." Sometimes those whom they had received proved themselves unworthy; thus they write, in 1845: "In reviewing the past year we see reason for humiliation, inasmuch as some of our members have not maintained that holy consistency for which Christians should ever be distinguished; two so far departed from the truth as it is in Christ as to compel us to exclude them; and beside this, *we have had very little success in our labours.*" It was the custom to visit annually a large *melee*, or fair, at Hajipore, where at times 300 or 400 would crowd around the missionary, but on other occasions, especially just before the mutiny, hardly a person would visit them, or those who came showed bitter and determined opposition.

It was not all dark, however; comforts were mixed with the trials. Our

missionary had actual and living fruits to his ministry; men and women were truly brought out of the darkness of idolatry to spiritual worship and faith in Christ. Some of them were never added to the church, so that, after all, a much wider influence was extended than any statistics can show. To give one or two instances of this: A girl in the Bible Class was taken off by cholera, of whose eternal safety the friends had well-grounded hope. There was an aged woman who had been all her life a Roman Catholic, she found the Saviour, and renounced Rome; the priest threatened, but she replied, "I am not afraid of your curse now, I have learned that it is Jesus Christ only that can forgive sins, and to him only shall I henceforth look for salvation." Under another date, we read of a European who had lived thirty years in India, and been the whole time as godless as the heathen; he was truly converted to God, and in his last illness the missionaries saw him often, "and witnessed his firm confidence in Christ, and his patient resignation to the divine will." Again, at one of the visits to Hajipore, a man in the crowd shouted, during the sermon, "Who is Jesus?" when an unknown voice replied, "He is God, the Lord of all, who else is he?"

If our object in repeating these facts was to honour the memory of one man only, we should feel great difficulty lest we refer to the labours of John Parsons fruit which really belongs to others. When several Christian men are working together, it is impossible, and perhaps undesirable, to determine what each contributes to the general results. In the present instance there is no intention to forget the labours of Mr. Lawrence, who has had a longer day of toil than John Parsons, or of other coadjutors. With them and native brethren, long tours of weeks and even months' duration were made, in the villages of the province. Mr. Parsons knew what danger was, for once on an excursion of this sort, his tent was stripped by thieves. It is not every man who would be able to itinerate in our own country, and if you add to the difficulties of such work in England, the disadvantages of a foreign clime, people of strange custom and language, gross superstition, vicious habits, which always foster suspicions of a most unworthy character, you will see the physical and moral courage required for such efforts. All honour, then, to men who will boldly and efficiently execute them.

And yet perhaps the most important work which John Parsons did for India was in the study, and through the press. It is not possible to conceive of a more blessed employment than that of translating the Bible into the languages and dialects of the earth. In India the great variety of languages renders it necessary that the translation should be executed a great many times, while our gradually increasing knowledge of these languages compels frequent revision of the translations already made. We cannot say how many editions of the Scriptures have been issued for India, but we believe that one society has issued no less than thirty-eight.

The Hindi version, that used in the north-west provinces, was commenced in the year 1802; the complete edition was issued in 1823. The revision of this was begun by the missionary, Mr. Leslie, but before any results of his labours were published he removed to Calcutta, and left the matter in the hands of John Parsons. This was in 1852, and this latter tells us in one of his letters he had revised the four gospels and the Acts in eighteen months. Not yet satisfied with his work, he went over it again, receiving valuable help from a Christian layman, until at last Matthew and Mark were printed at Calcutta about the end of 1856. He now undertook the task of revising the whole of the New Testament, and that he might have the advantage of being surrounded by a population speaking the language he removed to Agra. His plan of work, he tells us, was to make two copies of his revision; one of them he sent to two of his missionary brethren, the other was sent to the Christian layman referred to above. These friends suggested corrections and improvements, after which the whole was read over with a *pundit*. In this way different portions were completed, and then once more, before it went to press, he revised the whole. How many times he read the New Testament through in this work of revision we

cannot say; but he had a high aim, one that demanded the most deliberate caution. He says concerning this: "I should deem myself extremely happy if I were able to elaborate a version which should afterwards require only slight alterations, at least through many editions, until, under more favourable auspices, when the Hindoo language shall have been improved by cultivation, and really learned natives, familiar with the original tongues, shall come to this work a standard version of the Scriptures in Hindoo shall be prepared for the—not hundreds, but hundreds of thousands—who shall reverently study them as the oracles of God, the glad tidings of salvation, and their only rule of faith and practice." How far he succeeded in this great object time only will show; but we learn that the prospect is promising from the following testimony by the missionary, Mr. Lewis, of Calcutta:—"As a translator," says Mr. Lewis, "his Hindi version of the New Testament has received the highest commendations from the most competent judges, whilst he also enriched native Christian literature with other valuable books." These *other valuable books* include a hymn-book for the use of native churches, the metre being adapted to Hindoo tunes, and that world-wide allegory, the "Pilgrim's Progress." When death cut short his labours he had nearly completed the "Peep of Day," to be used in the Zenana work.

Yes, death cut short his labour. We must hasten to the closing scene. We have by us testimonies to his character, given in various ways, by his brethren in India; the earliest is dated 1850, the latest is dated 1869. But these are not wanted, his greatest eulogy is *a life consecrated to the service of Christ*; and if this sketch at all represents the facts of that life, that he is worthy of such a eulogy must be felt by every one of our readers. On Sunday, 17th October, 1869, he preached twice to his own congregation; on the Tuesday following he spoke at a prayer-meeting some distance from home—his throat had been uneasy during the day and speaking aggravated it; he returned to his home on Wednesday, and tried his own remedies, which giving no relief, a physician was called early on Thursday morning. On Friday the report was, the crisis passed and the sufferer out of danger; he continued to improve on Saturday and Sunday, but on Monday he was not so well; on that night two friends sat up with him. About two in the morning he said he felt better, and rising, walked about the room; suddenly he seemed to be exhausted, they assisted him to an easy chair, he rested a few minutes, when his head fell backward, his countenance slightly changed, he drew one or two long breaths, and his life of happy, useful toil had ended—the life of eternal rest had begun.

John Ploughman on Clever People.

WONDERFUL men and white rats are not so scarce as most people think. Folks may talk as they like about the King of Prussia, and that sharp gentleman Bismarck, but Jack, and Tom, and Harry, and scores more that I know of, could manage their business for them a fine sight better, at least they think so, and are quite ready to try. Great men are as plentiful as mice in an old wheatstack down our way. Every parish has one or two very wonderful men; indeed, most public-houses could show one at least, and generally two; and I have heard that on Saturday nights, when our "Blue Dragon" is full, there may be seen as many as twenty of the greatest men in all the world in the taproom, all making themselves greater by the help of pots of beer. When the jug has been filled and emptied a good many times, the blacksmith feels he ought to be prime minister; Styles, the carter, sees the way to finish the war, and Old Hob, the ratecatcher, roars out—

"They're all a pack of fools,
And good-for-nothing tools;
If they'd only send for me,
You'd see how things would be."

A precious little is enough to make a man famous in certain companies; one fellow knocked a man's eye out at a prize-fight; another stowed away twice as much pudding as four pigs could have disposed of; another stood on his head and drank a glass of beer; and perhaps another grinned through a horse-collar, and for such things as these the sots of the village think mightily of them. Little things please little minds, and nasty things please dirty minds. If I were one of these wonderful fellows I would ask the nearest way to a place where nobody would know me.

I used to feel quite staggered when I heard of an amazing clever man, but I've got used to it, as the rook did to the scarecrow when he found out that it was a stuffed nothing. Like the picture which looked best at a very long distance off, so do most clever fellows. They are swans a mile off, but geese when you get near them. Some men are too knowing to be wise, their boiler bursts because they have more steam than they can use. Simple Simon is in a sad plight in such a world as this, but on the whole he gets on better than a fellow who is too clever by half. Every mouse had need have its eyes open nowadays, for the cats are very many and uncommonly sharp; and yet, you mark my word, most of the mice that are caught are the knowing ones. Somehow or other, in an ordinary sort of a world like this, it does not answer to be so over and above clever. Those who are up to so many dodges, find the dodges come down on them before long. My neighbour Hinks was much too wise a man to follow the plough, like poor shallow-pated John Ploughman, and so he took to scheming, and has schemed himself into one of the largest mansions in the county, where he is provided with oakum to pick, and a crank to turn during the next six calendar months. He had better have been a fool, for his cleverness has cost him his character.

When a man is too clever to tell the truth he will bring himself into no end of trouble before long. When he is too clever to stick to his trade, he is like the dog that let the meat fall into the water through trying to catch at its shadow. Clever Jack can do everything and can do nothing. He intends to be rich all at once, and despises small gains, and therefore is likely to die a beggar. When puffing is trusted and honest trading is scoffed at, time will not take long to wind up the concern. Work is as needful now as ever it was if a man would thrive; catching birds by putting salt on their tails would be all very well, but the creatures will not hold their tails still, and so we had better catch them in the usual way. The greatest trick for getting on in business is to work hard and to live hard. There's no making bread without flour, nor building houses without labour. I know the old saying is—

"No more mortar, no more brick,
A cunning knave has a cunning trick;"

but for all that things go on much the same as ever, and bricks and mortar are still wanted.

I see in the papers, every now and then, that some of the clever gentlemen who made so many bubble companies a few years ago, are being pulled up before the courts. Serve them right! May they go where my neighbour Hinks is, every one of them. How many a poor tradesman is overheard and ears in difficulty through them! I hope in future all men will fight shy of companies, and managers, and very clever men. Men are neither suddenly rich nor suddenly good. It is all a bag of moonshine when a man would persuade you that he knows a way of earning money by winking your eye. We have all heard of the scheme for making deal boards out of saw dust, and getting butter out of mud, but we mean to go on with the saw-mill, and keep on milking the cows, for between you and I and the bed-post, we have a notion that the plans of idiots and very clever men are as like as two peas in a shell.

New Fables.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

FABLE XXIV.—Several young horses were relating their experiences. All agreed in deploring extreme nervousness. They penitentially exclaimed, "Alas! what will become of us? we shy at everything, all strange objects distract us! Every bird which flies across our path alarms us! Every veering leaf makes us tremble! O that some cure could be found for this dreadful complaint!" An old roadster in the next paddock overhearing them, began to snort very vehemently. Having attracted their attention, he very patronisingly applauded their candour and affected great concern for their wellbeing; but he added, "I fear you will never entirely lose this propensity; it must be painful for you to hear what I am about to say, but the truth had better be told; the fact is, you all come of a very inferior stock; I do not wish to appear egotistic, but neither my sire nor any of our family were ever known to yield to the weakness to which you and your family are subject, we were never known to shy. We have all had such strength of character that our pride would never allow us to betray the least agitation under the most trying circumstances. And I feel sure if we had fallen into the habit, we should have resolutely striven against it. I am sorry for you, but I fear none of you have the courage (I am humbly thankful to say) our family has always displayed." "Why don't you finish your story, my friend?" said a raven from a neighbouring tree, "Why don't you tell them that you and your sire and your entire family were and are all *stone blind*?"

How ready we are, like this old horse, to vaunt our superiority over the erring! If we were less vain and self-righteous we should often see that the key-stone of many of our virtues is incapacity to act otherwise. Better a thousand times is the self-accusing young colt, than the self-admiring old roadster. My best wish for you of the latter class is, that the old raven of conscience may perch on the tree nearest to you and croak to its heart's content. I assure you he is "black but comely."

FABLE XXV.—"Unity is strength." So began a message which the porcupine sent to a beaver, a hare, and a rabbit in his neighbourhood. "And not only so, unity is warmth. The weather is bitterly keen. The nights are intolerably cold. Pray let us meet and lie close together for our mutual comfort." The message was cordially received. At nightfall the beaver and the hare and the rabbit repaired to the appointed rendezvous.

The host was at first most agreeable, and begged his guests to lie as close to him as possible, for as he said, "My dear friends, we are really one family." They were becoming very comfortable and were dozing and dreaming in the most agreeable manner. But by-and-by they became unpleasantly conscious that the porcupine had quills! At first they whispered, "Oh, it's only a troublesome dream he has!" Alas! the porcupine, regardless of his guests, began to bristle up his quills more formidably than ever. This was more than even gentle puss could bear. She led the way, and very soon all three were scampering off. Ah, groaned the porcupine, "this comes of associating with your inferiors!" Next day his temper was not at all improved by receiving a message to the effect, "Dear brother, we regret our *alliance* is at an end. But we assure you, *the moment you get your quills under command we shall be delighted to fraternise with you.*

I hope the moral won't be deemed too explicit. The fact is, *you dissenters* have too many quills for us clergymen by far. You kindly invite us to your Bible meetings and tract meetings, etc., etc. And really you assume such irritable superiority, and have so little regard for our feelings, that much as we desire co-operation, we must defer the gratification of our wish until—the Millennium.

FABLE XXVI.—An eagle whose nest was situated on one of the highest crags in the world, took umbrage at a neighbour whose nest was (so he imagined) slightly higher than his own. Day after day he nursed his wrath and envy, until the sight of his rival became intolerable. He resolved at length on one of the maddest schemes an eagle ever conceived. He applied in hot haste to a band of archers, offering, if they would bring down his rival, to supply them with feathers from his own wings to plume their arrows. They consented, provided the eagle would agree to be caged, in order that the contract might not be broken. So bellicose was the eagle, so blinded by passion, he agreed to the proposal. Days past. Arrow after arrow was shot in vain. Feather after feather was plucked from the eagle's wing. At length the archers succeeded—the rival eagle lay bleeding at their feet. "Now," said the caged eagle, "let me free—I will ascend to my native crag the unrivalled, undisputed master of the sovereignty of the mountains." The cage door was flung open, the archers bowed, the eagle prepared to rise. But, alas! every feather was gone. He strove in vain, and the archers went their way laughing among themselves.

In this fable I think you may dimly see the comparative *glories* of victory and defeat; and I doubt not both alike are the subjects of infernal merriment, as indeed they are the results of infernal agency.

FABLE XXVII.—"My son," said an aged fly, "I am out of breath in striving to overtake you. How could you buzz about that dreadfully cruel looking man? I am sure he would have delighted to have killed you. Indeed, I saw him in his own house catching dozens of our neighbours, simply to amuse himself." "Dear mother," was the reply, "I was half afraid of him myself, for he is a very reckless, cruel looking being, but I am sure you cannot blame me for following him, as *you have no idea what a large pot of superb honey he was carrying.*"

It matters not how unprincipled and disreputable a man may be if he have a good pot of honey. Human *flies* while they perceive his faults will take his favours. But human flies, one and all! let me remind you, the disreputable man with the honey pot knows as well why flies follow him as flies do themselves.

Reviews.

We find it quite impossible to notice all the books sent us this month. We have given as much space as we can, but we cannot devote all our pages to reviews. We will try to mention those works which remain behind in our next month's issue.

The World of Religious Anecdote. Illustrations and Incidents gathered from the words, thoughts and deeds in the lives of men, women and books. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. Hodder and Stoughton.

A Companion volume to "The World of Anecdote." It contains a museum of the most heterogeneous curiosities, good, indifferent and bad. Racy everything is, certain portions are too racy; every anecdote is striking, so striking that some ought to have been struck out, or else the book should have been named, "The world of religious and irreligious anecdotes." We know no man living who can produce such be-

witching books as our genial friend Mr. Hood, he makes you read him whether you will or no; but we should like his collections of extracts none the less if he sifted them a little more. The purchaser of this volume will not find himself blessed with the hundredth edition of worn-out stories, he will be led into fresh fields and pastures new; but if he is on the look out for anecdotes which he can readily turn to practical purpose, he will, considering the bulk of the book, be more disappointed than gratified. We should have been very sorry to have missed a sight of this marvellous Noah's Ark of memorabilia, and we doubt not that hundreds of readers will be even more interested than we have been.

Secular Annotations on Scripture Texts.

By FRANCIS JACOB. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

OUR readers are perhaps acquainted with a popular dish which goes by the name of "Irish stew," composed of a great variety of first-class ingredients strangely combined under one cover. Such is this book. With a text as a motto, the author has gathered from secular sources extracts to make a feast for his readers. Conceive of scraps of French, Greek, and Latin, interlarded with quotations from Shakspeare, and other ancient or modern poets, with here and there a slice from Charles Dickens, or some less famous novelist, all blended together with more or less of connection, and you behold the book.

"A set of thomes with fugue-like variations,
Of divers saws with divers applications,
Of texts with near and far-fetched annotations."

Bible Lore. By Rev. J. COMPER GRAY.
Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

Mr. GRAY has made himself so well known as the author of valuable books for teachers, that our readers will be prepared to accept any production of his pen without hesitation. All we need to say is, that this book is equal to his other works in interest and solid matter.

Baptist History. By J. M. CRAMP,
D.D. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A VALUABLE addition to our denominational literature. It is far more interesting than a mere work of fiction, though possibly we think that some of its pages might be classed under that head. Fifty-eight engravings render this edition admirably adapted for a present to our young folk, whose minds ought to be well stored with the deeds and sufferings of our holy ancestry.

For Conscience Sake. London: John F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

WE deplore the tendency in the present day to ignore the scriptural injunction, which confines the marriage of believers to those "in the Lord," and we heartily support any attempt to point out the dangers to personal godliness and future

happiness involved in mixed marriages. So far as this little book aims at this we can commend it, but we are not advocates for attacking error by means of novels. We want sterner weapons than these. We have read the tale with interest, though a young lady suddenly finding water-coloured sketches for sale in her sketch-book, and a piece of gold in the mud, to meet her present necessities, are not incidents new to us in works of fiction, though they are eminently so in the matter-of-fact world in which we live. B.

Life Problems. By LEIGH MANN.
Hodder & Stoughton.

THERE is a weird power, and strange but forced beauty, about these sermons. The author dives deep, for he stirs up the mud; he soars high, for he gets into the clouds; and he wanders far, for he loses himself in the wilds of speculation. The theology is not that of the Bible, as we read it; and the doctrines of grace are strange subjects to the author. We can suppose that to some ears there are "tones of the eternal melodies" in this book, but if so they are so mingled with discordant notes of what we deem serious errors, that we fail to catch the melody. They will charm many, we have no doubt, but we have no eyes but for the beauties of truth. B.

The Theology of the New Testament.
By Rev. J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE.
Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A GOOD book, designed as a handbook for Bible students, and quite worthy of their attention. We of course demur to the author's exposition of baptism. He says, "Infant baptism is in Paul's epistles just as little forbidden as enjoined." Quite true, for he had no commission to enjoin it, and no one had then thought of it, so that there was no need to suggest the error by condemning it. The author in the same sentence says that he (Paul), however, lays evident stress upon the fact that there is but *one* baptism, as there is but *one* saving faith." So say we, and we therefore keep to the immersion of believers; and reject so different an ordinance as the "Baptising of Infants."

Anti-Nicene Library. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clarke.

Two more volumes of this very valuable series have come to hand, and we have done our best to read them, but find it hard work. We are disgusted with the childishness and the errors which are massed in the writings of these so-called Fathers of the church. Nevertheless we thank God for it, as it serves to set off the superior power and purity of Holy Writ. The change is as great when we pass from the apostolic epistles to these, as it must be for a lark to descend out of the bright, clear sunshine into a London fog. You drink in health in the one case and are stifled in the other. We are glad, however, to have these translations, and again commend them to our readers. B.

The Picture Gallery of the Nations. Religious Tract Society.

WE cannot imagine a more interesting or desirable book for a young person. Our advice to all our friends is, buy it, as it will suit everybody. Even romping Robert will be glad to read it, and it will keep him out of mischief and impart instruction about the peoples of the world in a way which is sure to be remembered. If this is not a royal road to learning, it is very like it, only perhaps a great deal better. The engravings are numerous and well executed, quite deserving the name of the "Picture Gallery of the Nations."

Evidences of Christianity. By ALBERT BARNES. Blackie & Son, Paternoster Row.

ALL Sunday-school teachers know and esteem Albert Barnes, and any production of his pen will never want for readers this side the Atlantic. The volume before us is quite equal to the established reputation of the author. It is the first course of lectures delivered at a Theological Seminary, and a more valuable set we do not know. They are eminently interesting, and we have read them with unmingled satisfaction. The style is popular and yet scholarly; the matter full and varied, exhausting as far as the space permits the topics touched upon in the lecture. We hope that it will be read by thousands.

Hints and Helps for Parents and Teachers. By J. GREEN. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

A VERY laudable attempt to introduce a book to meet deficiencies in Sunday-school teaching. Much of the advice is sound and practical. We wish that catechisms were more in use, and our young people's minds were more stored with hymns, and better still, with passages of Scripture; but we are not so sure that Dr. Watts' "Moral Songs" are the best now available. The Sunday-school Union publishes notes which will be of more service to the country, as a whole, than these hints and helps.

Rome and the Council. By FELIX BUNGENER. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

A SEASONABLE book, written with all the vivacity of a Frenchman, and especially valuable as the utterance of one who has lived in the midst of popery in all its strangely mingled might and weakness. Here are many facts and cogent arguments, a capital quarry for lecturers and sermonisers, yielding ample materials for the skilled workman.

The Doctrine of the Atonement. By REV. GEORGE SMEATON, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke.

THIS second volume completes the author's design, and is fully equal to the first one, which dealt with the doctrine as expounded by our Lord. We have been greatly profited by the masterly expositions of the apostles' sayings which this book affords. It is pre-eminently a work for thinkers, and our ministerial brethren will sit down to it as to a banquet, which will afford food for meditation through many days. The publisher's name is so complete a guarantee for the excellence of type, etc., that we need add nothing in its praise.

The Life of the Rev. Dan Taylor, a Monograph By W. UNDERWOOD, D.D. President of Chilwell, College. Simpkin and Marshall.

SOME months ago we absorbed this book into our mental constitution and felt the better for it; we ought however to have commended the feast, but by some very accountable means we forgot to do so. When a man is beset by ten thousand cares he cannot but omit something.

In this little monograph we have the life of a plodding, persevering preacher of the word, whose personal influence and piety saved the General Baptist Denomination from utter destruction, and raised upon the ruins which Unitarianism had made, a noble and useful Christian community. We belong to another school of thought, but our General Baptist Brethren are so thoroughly evangelical that our differences are lost in our unities. Dan Taylor will be better known through this book, and better appreciated, while the pains-taking author will gain not a little in literary reputation; for it is no small achievement to have condensed so much into such narrow space, and yet to have avoided the disorderliness of overcrowding.

The Voice of Time, a word in season.

By JOHN STROUD. Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

Quite a little *bijou* in appearance. The striking point in the book is that the author has endeavoured to associate certain texts with the strike of the clock, and has added some very fitting reflections upon each of the twelve subjects for meditation. When the clock strikes, I. it says "Watch;" II. "Fear not;" III. "Lord, remember me;" IV. "Thy will be done;" V. "Ye must be born again;" VI. "Lo, I am with you always;" VII. "What must I do to be saved?" VIII. "I go to prepare a place for you;" IX. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" X. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" XI. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" XII. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

Melodia Divina. Comprising the most popular Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Anthems, &c., Edited by JOSH. HART. Arrangement for voice and Pianoforte or Harmonium, by J. FAWCETT. London, F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, E.C.

CONTAINS many of the old tunes, which together with the elegant gilt cloth binding, and clear type, will be sure to recommend it to the public. As a companion to the Harmonium and Pianoforte it will doubtless induce many to spend much of their leisure time in praising

their Maker, by the aid of these sweet familiar melodies.

We find some old friends with new faces, in "Melodia Divina," in many cases the names being altered, and the harmony remodelled, we certainly do not see the necessity of this change in nomenclature, and while the new arrangements are sometimes corrections, they occasionally deprive an old friend of its best known features. Why this rage for re-harmonising where so little necessary? Why not let us have our old tunes, as we heard them and learnt them in our childhood? The diamond re-set may be a trifle more brilliant, but always loses something in the process of re-cutting.

We recognise in the tunes now for the first time published, a certain appreciation of melody, so often slightly treated in modern psalmody, which will have its weight in rendering them popular, but we feel obliged to take exception to some of the extraordinary melodies introduced, in which the constant use of minor divisions of time, long intervals, turn and runs, will in many cases require a fairly cultivated and flexible voice to render them. The adaptations from the great sacred masters seem profuse, even for a work like the present, and the frequent repetition of both tune and words declare "Melodia Divina" to belong to a class of sacred music of a past day.—*By a musical friend.*

Old Merry's Annual. 1871. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHAT a volume! A flower from the field of the cloth of gold. The outside reminds us of Solomon in all his glory; as to the inside—well, we cannot give much of an opinion, for we have some barrow-loads of volumes to try with our book-taster, but it seems to us that Old Peter Parley must have risen from the dead, or perhaps he never died at all, or more likely still, Old Merry is his first cousin. We are glad to learn that Old Merry's waistcoat grows bigger every year, but we hope he will prouise in time lest he be mistaken for Falstaff. Try Banting, Mr. Merry.

"*At Jesus' Feet!*" *A series of papers on Christian doctrine, life and work.*

By R. C. MORGAN. Morgan & Chase. VERY good and gracious, but not very new or striking.

The Leading Christian Evidences. By GILBERT WARDON, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

THE outworks of truth are valuable, and he who is skilled as a spiritual engineer in erecting and defending them, does good service to the citadel itself. We believe that the true seeker will be attracted to truth by a peculiar moral sympathy, and that he will at last reach such certainty as he really and rightly seeks after. Yet is it of great service to make straight paths for his feet, "lest that which is lame be turned

out of the way." Such a defence from error, and a highway for truth, is found in this book, and we gladly bid it "God speed."

Original Fables. By Mrs. PROSSER. Religious Tract Society.

Mrs. PROSSER'S Fables, attractive as they are in themselves, are rendered much more so by the beautiful illustrations which adorn this charming book. Many of the pictures are gems of art, and the elegant volume makes a very suitable gift book for this season of the year.

Memoranda.

V. F. is informed that the tales he has heard about us have not even a vestige of truth in them. We never said, "How is your poor soul?" by way of parody on "How are your poor feet?"—the story is a silly fabrication. "Hooks and eyes for believers" is a very old business, known and laughed at before we were born. We are quite willing to take our fair share of the current criticism allotted to public men, but we cannot help saying, that we very seldom read in print any anecdote connected with ourselves, which has a shade of truth in it. Old Joe Millers, anecdotes of Rowland Hill, Sydney Smith, and John Berridge, and tales of remotest and fustiest antiquity are imputed to us as they have been to men who went before, and will be to men who follow after. As a specimen of bare-face lying, we remember a person's declaring in a public room, that he saw us slide down the rail of our pulpit at Park-street to illustrate backsliding, at a time when the pulpit was in the wall, and no stairs whatever existed. That very story had been told of Lorenzo Dow, many years before. On the whole, we are inclined to believe that the trade in falsehood is rather brisk, or so many untruths would not be manufactured.

A hopeful effort has been made to form a Baptist church in Barnet. Mr. Dickerson, whom we hope one day to receive into the College, is preaching there.

Our friends at Helston in Cornwall, are making a gallant effort to remove their debt. We wish them guidance in their time of need, and every possible success in the future.

One part of our College work is the maintenance of evening classes for young men in business, who there receive an education fitted to aid them in ordinary life, or to prepare them for a higher course of

training for the ministry, should they be called to it. With very great delight we took the chair at the annual meeting, when about seventy men were present, and we listened to about a dozen speeches from the men themselves. It was amusing to watch some of them try their wings, and yet delightful to see evidence of great power here and there. Some of our best men have come into the ministry out of these classes; while others are teachers in our schools, and some have risen to positions of importance in trade, and are now deacons of churches. Dear helpers, if you could have seen how your gifts to the College were training street-preachers, evangelists, teachers, and other workers, you would have been rewarded indeed.

A movement for preaching the gospel in Portslade, near Brighton, with the view of raising a Baptist church, has just commenced.

We have spent much labour during the past six weeks in aiding the churches of the London Baptist Association to remove their debts, and we hope the ball once set rolling will not rest.

Our friends at Vauxhall chapel have done bravely. They have renovated and almost rebuilt their schools, which will now accommodate four hundred children. The schoolroom was re-opened December 6th. We understand that our friends have contributed so liberally, that with a little aid they would finish this admirable work without debt. We rejoice in the prosperity of our friend, Mr. Hearson.

On December 6th we preached the opening sermon of our new chapel for our esteemed elder, Mr. Field, in James' Grove, Peckham. A congregation was gathered by him in the Assembly Room of the Rosemary Branch Tavern; the friends have now removed to their new house. It

is an excellent building, but the debt is heavy. The dear brother who raised the cause has hitherto received no salary from the people, for he has been helped by us, but his people must soon maintain him, and, therefore, the sooner the debt is gone the better.

The next day we opened a new chapel for our dear brother, J. A. S., at Croydon. A very beautiful building it is inside. It will hold nearly six hundred persons, yet our beloved deacon, William Higgs, Esq., only received £1,300 for the whole erection. Our brother has gathered a good church, and everything about it looks brightly hopeful; he does not, however, relax his labours with us at Tabernacle.

Many kind friends have sent us gifts for

the Christmas festival of the Orphanage, for which we and all the other boys return a thousand thanks.

In October last a testimonial was presented by the Elders' Bible Class and the Young Men's Society to their president, Mr. W. G. McGregor, one of the elders of the church. It consisted of three volumes of Dr. Kitto's Bible Dictionary, and a handsome Writing Desk. A small token of deserved esteem. This friend is president of both these institutions; and we can cheerfully recommend young men not otherwise occupied to unite with one or both of them.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—December 1st, twenty; 15th, eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th, to December 19th, 1870.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
G. J. M.	...	1	0	0	One who reads and values the Sermons	0	5	0	
Mr. W. Carter, Senr.	...	2	2	0	Mrs. Gibson	0	10	0	
John Ploughman	...	0	3	0	N. M.	0	2	6	
Mr. E. Bartlett	...	0	10	0	A Reader of Sermons	0	1	0	
Mr. D. Christie	...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Jack	0	1	3	
Mr. T. Gregory	...	1	0	0	A Collier	0	1	0	
Mr. H. Speight	...	1	0	0	Evening Classes at the Tabernacle	15	10	0	
Mr. E. M. Edwards	...	1	0	0	Mr. Williams, Collected	5	0	0	
A Working Man	...	0	2	0	S. E. Y.	0	5	0	
Rev. E. Blewitt	...	0	10	0	M. A. Y.	0	2	6	
Miss Miller	...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Halliday	0	1	0	
Mr. J. Hosie	...	0	10	0	Wilson	0	10	0	
E. G.	...	1	0	0	Miss A. Thompson	1	0	0	
Mr. Romang and Family	...	2	0	0	Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0	
H. A.	...	0	6	0	Mr. R. H. Pomfret	0	10	0	
Mr. G. Scivwright	...	0	5	0	Mr. E. S. Neale	1	0	0	
Mrs. Legge	...	1	0	0	T. J.	0	10	0	
A. S. Bunif	...	0	10	0	M. J.	0	5	0	
Mrs. Stocks	...	1	0	0	Totteridge	1	0	0	
Collected by Mr. N. Heath	...	1	4	6	Mr. W. Taylor	0	10	0	
Mr. W. Bamford	...	0	2	6	Weekly Offerings at Tab., Nov.	20	30	2	9
Mr. G. Burn	...	1	0	0	"	27	25	14	6
Mrs. Hetherton	...	0	2	6	"	Dec.	4	33	5
Mr. W. Lockwood	...	0	10	0	"	"	11	22	6
Mr. C. W. Pidduck	...	0	5	0					
Mr. H. B. Freason	...	5	0	0					
Mr. S. M. Hambly	...	0	10	6					
							£168	8	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th, to December 19th, 1870.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mrs. Adamson	...	0	2	6	Mr. J. P. Tulloch	...	0	12	0
Mrs. Trueman, per Mr. M. W. Dunn,	...	0	2	6	Mr. H. Howard	...	10	0	0
Matlock Bank	...	0	2	6	Mr. H. Speight	...	0	10	0
G. J. M.	...	1	0	0	Mr. E. M. Edwards	...	1	0	0
Far North	...	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Vyne	...	0	11	0
Mr. W. Pitts	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Miller	...	1	0	0

£ s d.		£ s d.	
Mrs. Quintrell	0 2 6	A Friend, per Mr. Charlesworth	0 10 0
E. G.	1 0 0	Two Friends from the Country	0 10 0
Miss Waters	0 5 0	Ninety-first Starr Bowkett Building	
A Widow, Slough	0 5 0	Society, per the Secretary	0 16 0
Mr. J. Fellowes	0 2 6	Mrs. G. J. Marshall, Collecting Box	0 5 8
Mr. Potter	5 0 0	Miss Marchant	0 10 0
Mr. Zimmerman	10 0 0	R. M.	1 0 0
H. A.	0 6 0	E. M.	0 6 0
Mr. A. Davis	0 10 0	Mr. C. W. Dalton	10 0 0
Mr. J. Fuller	0 10 0	Miss A. Thompson	1 0 0
Mr. W. Norton	0 10 0	Mr. J. Bragg	0 10 0
Mr. Seiwright	0 5 0	Mr. A. Daggott	5 0 0
Mrs. Milne	1 0 0	A Thankoffering from C. L.	0 10 0
Mrs. Davies	1 12 6	Totteridge	1 0 0
Mr. Porter	0 10 0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1 10 7
G. P. T.	0 7 6	Collected by Mrs. Withers:—	
Mr. T. Hanford	0 5 0	Messrs. Helas & Co. (annual)	1 1 0
L. J. L. B.	0 3 6	Mr. J. H. Fuller	0 5 0
Mr. G. Kerridge	0 7 0	Mr. W. J. Palmr (quarterly)	0 10 0
Mr. W. Lockwood	1 0 0	Mr. J. O. Cooper	0 5 0
Mrs. B. Clayton	5 0 0	Mr. J. Huntley	0 10 0
Mr. C. Coppock	0 5 0	Mr. J. Leach	0 5 0
Mr. James Moir	0 10 0	W. Moore	0 5 0
Mr. Warren	1 5 0	James Withers	0 5 0 3 6 0
A Friend	1 0 0	Annual Subscriptions:—	
Mr. T. Jack	0 1 3	Mr. May, per F. R. T.	0 5 0
Two Friends, Walthamstow	0 4 0	Mrs. Nelson	0 5 0 0 10 0
Widnes	0 10 0	Rev. J. Jacobs	1 1 0
Mr. William Jones	0 2 6	Friends, per Lady Burgoyne	3 0 0
Rebekah	0 1 6		
S. H.	0 2 6		
Miss Abbott	0 10 0		
			£30 16 6

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions—		£ s d.		£ s d.	
Mr. G. Gregory	0 10 0	Jane H.	0 5 0		
Mr. T. Scott	0 10 0	P. W. A.	5 0 0		
Miss Bishop	2 10 0	A Working Man	0 1 0		
A. B.	15 0 0	Mr. H. Speight	0 10 0		
Eythorne District, per T. Pledge, Esq.		Mr. W. Bamford	0 2 6		
(quarterly)	7 10 0	I. W.	0 5 0		
Donations—		Mr. Power	0 10 0		
E. B.	25 0 0				
A Friend, Helston	0 2 6				
Mrs. Edwards	1 0 0				
					£54 16 0

Orphanage Infirmary.

Sunday School Stall	2 12 8
Mr. Speight	0 10 0
Mrs. Hetherton	0 5 0
	£3 7 8

For a Christmas Festival at the Orphanage.—Seven Oaks, 3s.; Rev. J. Jacobs, 10s.; M. V. 8s.; A. Friend, 1s.; Mrs. Murtry, £1; Mrs. Hetherton, 3s.; Mrs. Toller, 10s.; Mrs. Frenson, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Chivers, 2s.; M. A. T. M., 5s.; A Christmas Dinner for the Boys, given by Lizzie and Willie Hunt, Two Orphans, as a Thankoffering, per Mr. Huntley, £6 15s.; Mr. W. Ricketts, £1; A Friend, 5s.; A Friend, 10s.; Mattie and Lottie, 2s.; Mr. W. T. Aldridge, 2s. 6d.; Miss J. Matthews, 2s. 6d.; M., 10s.

Received for the Orphanage.—A Sack of Flour, Mr. Mackey, per Mr. Murrell; Two Cwt. of Sailors' Biscuits, Mr. Murrell; A small bag of Rice, a small box of Sugar, and a parcel of Goods for the Sale Room, Mrs. Hamilton; Two half Boxes of Valentias, Mr. Lockhart; A Small Bag of Split Peas, Anon; Thirteen Shirts, Sarah; One Van Load of Firewood, Mr. Keen; Two Parcels of back numbers of Magazines, Executor; Six Boys' Straw Hats, Miss Bateman; A Christmas Tree, Mr. Fryer; One Cwt. of Honey, Anon; One Basket of Apples, "Salesman," Spitalfields; One Box of Oranges, per Mr. Hunn; One Hundred Eggs, Anon; One Hundred and Twenty Eggs, and Fourteen lbs. of Cornflour, Mr. Potter; Seventeen Boys' Shirts, Mrs. Bigg; Two Hundred "Spurgeon's Almanacks," Mr. Passmore; Twenty-five Sheet Almanacks, Mr. Simpson; A Parcel containing Twenty-one pairs of Worsted Stockings, Five Shirts, Five Comforters, A Pair of Wool Mats, and Two Yards of Stuff, Anon; A Parcel of Books, containing, One Family Bible, Six Vols. of "Popular Educator," Eight Vols. of "English History," Two Vols. of "Natural History," One Set of Four Drawing Books, One Set of Fourteen Copy Books, One Illustrated Catalogue, and Twenty-one Educational Text Books, T. D. Galpin, Esq.; Fifty Boys' Shirts, Miss Dransfield.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.



FEBRUARY 1, 1871.



A Discourse upon one of the Master's choice sayings.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“But Jesus said unto them, They need not depart.”—Matthew xiv. 16.

OF course the Master was right, but he appeared to speak unreasonably. It seemed self-evident that the people very much needed to depart. They had been all day long hearing the preacher, the most of them had not broken their fast, and they were ready to faint for hunger. The only chance of their being fed was to let them break up into parties and forage for themselves among the surrounding villages. But our Lord declared that there was no necessity for them to go away from him, even though they were hungry, and famished, and in a desert place. Now, if there was no necessity for hungry hearers to go away, much less will it ever be needful for loving disciples to depart from him. If these who were hearers only—and the bulk of them were nothing more, a congregation collected by curiosity and held together by the charm of his eloquence and by the renown of his miracles—if these needed not depart, much less need they depart who are his own friends and companions, his chosen and beloved. If the crowds needed not through hunger to depart bodily, much less need any of the saints depart spiritually from their Lord. There is no necessity that our communion with Christ should ever be suspended.

To walk with Christ from morn till eve,
In him to breathe, in him to live,

is no mere wish, no visionary's prayer; it may be realised; we need not decline from Jesus. There is no need that the spouse of Jesus should

wander from beneath the banner of his love. Mary may always sit at Jesus' feet. There is no law which says to holy fellowship, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further, here shalt thou cease!" There is no set hour when the gate of communion with Christ must inevitably be closed. We may continue to come up from the wilderness, leaning on the Beloved. We need not depart. Yet is it so commonly thought to be a matter of course that we should wander from our Lord, that I shall ask for strength from heaven to combat the injurious opinion.

I. Brethren, THERE IS NOT AT THIS HOUR, to you who love the Lord, ANY PRESENT NECESSITY FOR YOUR DEPARTING FROM CHRIST.

At this moment we may truthfully say of all the saints of God, "They need not depart." There is nothing *in your circumstances* which compels you to cease from following hard after your Lord. You are very poor, you say, but you need not depart from Christ because of penury, for in the depths of distress the saints have enjoyed the richest presence of their once houseless Lord. Being poor, your poverty at this moment may be pinching you: to be relieved from that pinch you need not break away from Jesus, for fellowship with him may be maintained under the direst extremity of want; indeed, your want increases your necessity to walk closely with your Lord, so that patience may have its perfect work, and your soul may be sustained by the mighty consolations which flow out of nearness to Jesus. Want shall not separate the soul from communion with him who hungered in the wilderness and thirsted on the cross. You tell me that in order to relieve your necessities you are compelled to exercise great care and anxiety; but all the cares which are useful and allowable are such as will allow of a continuance of fellowship with Christ. You may care as much as you ought to care—and I need not say how little that is—and yet you need not depart from him who careth for you. But you tell me that in addition to deep thought you have to spend much labour to provide things honest in the sight of all men. Yes, but you need not depart for that reason. The carpenter's Son is not ashamed of the sons of toil; he who wore the garment without seam does not despise the smock or the apron. Labour is no enemy to communion; idleness is a far more likely separator of the soul from Christ. Not to the idlers in Herod's court did Jesus reveal himself, but to hard-working fishermen by the lake of Galilee. If Satan is never far away from the idle, it is pretty plain that it is no disadvantage to be busy. A toil amounting to slavery may weaken the body, and prostrate the spirit; but even when heart and flesh fail, the heart may call the Lord its portion. There is no service beneath the sun so arduous that you need depart from Christ in it; but the rather while the limbs are weary the spirit should find its rest in drawing nearer to him who can strengthen the weak and give rest to the labouring.

Do you tell me that you are rich? Ah, indeed, how often has this made men depart!

"Gold and the gospel seldom do agree;
Religion always sides with poverty."

So said John Bunyan, and his saying is true. Too often the glitter

of wealth has dazzled men's eyes so that they could not see the beauty of Christ Jesus; but, O ye few wealthy saints, ye need not depart. The camel can go through the needle's eye, for with God all things are possible. Men have worn coronets on earth and inherited crowns in heaven. He who was the man after God's own heart swayed a sceptre. To grow rich in substance does not make it inevitable that you should become poor in grace. Do riches bring you many responsibilities and burdens, and are you so much occupied by them that your fellowship with the Lord grows slack? It should not be so; you need not depart. You can bring those responsibilities and the wealth itself to Jesus, and communion with him will prevent the gold from cankering, and the responsibility from involving you in sin. Very often the servant of God, who ministers for the church of Christ, finds so much to do in watching for the souls of others, and in caring for the various wants of the flock, that he is in danger of losing his own personal enjoyment of his Lord's presence; but it need not be so. We can make all our many works subservient to our personal communion with our Lord, and as the bee flies to many flowers and gathers honey from each one, so may we out of many forms of service extract a sweet conformity to him who was ever about his Father's business. We need not be cumbered with much serving or much suffering. Our surroundings are not to be our victors, but our subjects. We are in all these things to be more than conquerors through him who hath loved us.

Brethren, you need not depart *because of anything in Christ Jesus*. Those whom we love would not desire us to be always with them, and never out of their sight. A guest is very welcome, but the proverb says that after three days he is stale. A mother does not always want her child in her arms; its face is the epitome of beauty, but at eventide she is glad that those dear blue eyes no longer shine upon her; she is happy to lay her treasure in its cradle casket. We do not always wish for the company of those whom we compassionate; if they will condense their request, and do their errand rapidly, we are best content. But Jesus Christ says to each one of us, his poor dependants, his crying children, "Ye need not depart." When we are weeping, he will lay us in his bosom and give us rest; when we are famishing, he will entertain us at his royal table, till we forget our misery. He is a friend who sticketh closer than a brother in this respect, for we need not in his instance heed the wise man's caution, "Go not into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity," for we may at all times and seasons resort to him. We may ask, "Where dwellest thou?" and when we receive an answer, we may go forth and dwell with him, and make his house our home. Do you not remember his words, "Abide *in me*;" not merely "with me," but "abide *in me*." The closest contact may be maintained with the utmost constancy.

Ye need not depart, ye may tarry for aye,
 Unchanged is his heart, he invites you to stay;
 He does not despise nor grow weary of *you*,
 You're fair in his eyes, and most comely to view
 Then wish not to roam, but abide with your Lord,
 Since he is your home, go no longer abroad;
 Lie down on his breast in unbroken repose,
 For there you may rest, though surrounded with foes

II. Secondly, NO FUTURE NECESSITY EVER WILL ARISE TO COMPEL YOU TO DEPART FROM JESUS. It will always be true, "Ye need not depart."

You do not know what *your wants* will be, yet though you be no prophet, your words will be true if you affirm that no want shall ever necessarily divide you from Jesus, because your wants will rather bind you to him. "It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell." "And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." We will draw nearer to him in time of need to obtain the grace we want. We shall never be forced to go elsewhere to find supplies for our spiritual wants. There stands another trader over the way, who fain would have you deal with him—his Infallible Holiness, as he styles himself—but, ah! if you want infallibility, you need not wander from him who is "the Truth;" and if you desire holiness, you need not withdraw from him who is the Holy Child Jesus. To gain all that the superstitious profess to find in Babylon, you need not depart from the Son of David who reigns in Zion. They tell us that we must confess our sins to a priest; we will stay at home, and lay bare our hearts to the High Priest, who sprang out of Judah, who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. They teach that we must receive absolution from one chosen from among men to forgive sins; we go at once to him who is exalted on high to give repentance and remission. They tell us that we should continue in morning and evening prayers; we do so, and offer our matins and our vespers where no bells call us save the bells upon our High Priest's garments. Our daily office may not be according to the use of Sarum, but it is according to the use of those who worship God in spirit and in truth. They cry up their daily sacrifice of the Mass, but in him who offered one sacrifice for sins for ever we find our all in all. His flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed. You need not depart to pope, priest, church, or altar, for you may rest assured that there dwells in the man Christ Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, all that your spiritual wants shall need for their supply, and on no occasion, for any wants that shall by possibility arise, need you go down into Egypt, or stay yourself on Assyria.

You will experience *great trials* as well as great wants. That young man fresh from the country has come to town to live in a godless family, and last night he was laughed at when he knelt down to pray. My young friend, you need not forsake the faith, for other saints have endured severer ordeals than yours and have still rejoiced in the Lord. Yours are only the trials of cruel mockings; *they* were stoned and sawn asunder, yet neither persecution, nakedness, nor sword, divided them from the love of God in Christ Jesus their Lord. Many also are those with whom providence deals severely; all God's waves and billows go over them, through much tribulation they inherit the kingdom, and everything in the future forebodes multiplied adversities, but yet they need not depart from Jesus their friend. If, like Paul, you should come to a place where two seas meet; if you should experience a double trouble, and if neither sun nor moon should give you cheer, yet you need not suspend, but may rather deepen your fellowship with the Man of Sorrows. Christ is with you in the tempest-tossed vessel, and you and those who sail with you, shall yet come to the desired haven; therefore be of good courage, and let not your hearts be troubled. The Son of God will be with you in the seven-times heated furnace.

“When thou passest through the rivers I will be with thee.” This proves to a demonstration that you need not depart.

You will encounter *many difficulties* between here and heaven. Those who paint the road to glory in rose-colour have never trodden it. Many are the hills and dales between this Jericho and the city of the Great King. Let who will be without trials, Christians will have their full share of them; but there shall come no difficulty of any kind between here and paradise which shall necessitate the soul's going anywhere but to her gracious Lord, for guidance, for consolation, for strength, or for aught besides. Little know we of the walls to be leaped or the troops to be overcome, but we know full well that never need we part from the Captain of our salvation, or call in other helpers. Death will probably befall us, but we need not depart from Jesus in the hour of our departure out of this world. On the contrary, when the death-dew lies cold on our brow we will sing, “If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now:” “For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.” Straight on into eternity, and on, and on for ever, that word “Depart” never need cross our path. As never in eternity will the great Judge pronounce the sentence, “Depart, ye cursed,” upon his saints, so never in his providence, nor in the severest trial, will he render it necessary that the saints should in any sense depart from him.

Never, O time, in thy darkest hour
 Shall I need depart from him,
 Though round me thy blackest tempests lower
 And both sun and moon grow dim.
 Faster and faster each grief shall bind
 My soul to her Lord above;
 And all the woes that assail my mind
 Shall drive me to rest in his love.

There is no necessity, then, in the present, and there will be none in the future, for departing from communion with the Lord.

III. Thirdly, “They need not depart;” that is to say, NO FORCE CAN COMPEL THE CHRISTIAN TO DEPART FROM JESUS.

The world can tempt us to depart, and alas! too successfully does it seduce with its fascinating blandishments. Its frowns alarm the cowardly, and its smiles delude the unwary, but none need depart. If we have grace enough to play the man, Madam Bubble cannot lead us astray. “Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.” We need not be taken in the world's traps, there is one who can deliver us from the snare of the fowler. We are not ignorant of the devices of Satan and the temptations of the world; we are not *compelled* to fall from our steadfastness; and if we do so, it is our wilful fault. There is no necessity for it. Many live above the world—many in as difficult circumstances as ours. There are those in heaven who have found as hard hand-to-hand fighting in the spiritual life as we do; yet they were not vanquished, nor need we be; for the same strength which was given to them is reserved for us also. But saith one, “You do not

know where I live." Perhaps not. "You do not know what I have to endure," cries another. Most true; but I know where my Lord lived, and I have heard that he endured much contradiction of sinners against himself, but he did not depart from holiness, nor from love to you. You have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin. Perseverance to the end is possible to every believer; nay, it is promised him, and he may have it for the seeking. You need not depart, young friend, the world cannot drag you from Jesus, though it may entice you. Yield not, and you shall stand; for there has no temptation happened to you but such as is common to men.

Satan is a very cunning tempter of the souls of men, but though he would fain constrain you to depart from your Lord, you need not follow his bidding. *Satan* is strong, but Christ is stronger. His temptations are insinuating, but you are no longer in darkness that you should be deceived by him. You need not depart. Even though surprising temptation should assault you at unawares, it ought not to find you sleeping. Has not Christ said, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch"? You will not be surprised, if holy anxiety stands sentinel to your soul. Prayer and watchfulness will warn you of the enemy's approach, and therefore you need not be driven to forsake your Lord.

Ay, but, perhaps, it may be that in addition to the world and to *Satan*, you are very conscious of the terrible *depravity of your own heart*, and, indeed, that is the chief ground of fear. The heart is deceitful, prone to wander, and ready enough to depart from the living God. But you need not depart from the Master because of that. The new-born nature takes up arms against the body of sin and death, the Holy Spirit also dwells within to conquer indwelling sin. Shall not the life which is from above subdue the natural death? Shall not the Spirit purge out the old leaven? You need not depart from Jesus. It is true you have a fiery temper, but it must not prevail; there is a cure for that plague. Perhaps we are inclined to levity, but we need not let our frivolous nature reign; grace can overcome it, and will. Where sin abounded, grace doth yet more abound. There is no unconquerable sin; there is no Gogon that shall not be broken in the presence of the ark of God, there is no temple of the Philistines which shall not fall beneath the might of our greater Samson. We need not, as the result of temperament, or because of any sin that doth so easily beset us, depart from Jesus, for grace is equal to all emergencies.

Do you call to mind that there may be another force employed beside that of the world, or of *Satan*, or the corruption within, namely, the lamentable *coldness of the Christian church*? Truly it is to be feared that more have departed from close walking with Christ through the chilliness of professors than from almost any other cause. New-born children of God too often feel the atmosphere of the church to be as freezing as that of an ice-well; their holy warmth of zeal is frozen, and their limbs are stiffened into a rigour of inactivity, so that it is a marvel that they do not die—die they would were not the spiritual life immortal and eternal. But, brethren, even in the midst of the coldest church we need not depart from a near and elevated fellowship with the Lord. The church of Rome is a church defiled with error and debased with superstition, but was there ever a nobler Christian

woman in this world than Madame de la Mothe Guyon? She did not depart from Christ, though in the midst of a pestilent atmosphere. Remember, too, the names of Jansenius, and Arnold, and Pascal, and Fénelon, which are an honour to the universal church of Christ; who walked in closer communion with Jesus than those holy men? In the midst of the darkest ages there have shone forth fairest stars. There are a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments. Often am I told by some brother in a country village, where the minister seems to have gone to sleep twenty years ago and has never awakened since, that he finds it very hard to rejoice in the Lord, for his Sabbaths are a burden instead of a joy. My dear brother, you want more grace, if this is your case. You must have more vitality within if you see so much death without. You need not depart; on the contrary, by becoming an example of living near to Christ yourself, you may quicken others; for, thank God, grace is contagious as well as sin. At any rate, it is certain that though many influences may seduce us, no force can compel us to depart from Jesus.

No power in earth or hell
 Can force me to depart;
 Christ is my strength unconquerable,
 He fortifies my heart.

Fixed in his love I stand,
 And none shall drive me thence;
 Enclosed I am within the hand
 Of Love's omnipotence.

IV. Regarded from another point, our text may teach us that THERE IS NO IMPOSSIBILITY IN KEEPING CLOSE TO THE BELOVED.

Many believers think that if they have fellowship every now and then with Jesus, with long intervals between, they are quite as much advanced as need be, and have probably reached as far as human nature is ever likely to go. An affectation of superfine godliness is suspicious, but, at the same time, a higher standard of religion can be maintained, and ought to be maintained than is commonly seen among professors at this time. We ought to attain to such a walk with God, to so calm and serene a frame, that the light which shines upon our pathway shall be constant and clear. Enoch walked with God for hundreds of years, and cannot a man walk with God for twenty years? Enoch lived in the dark age of the world comparatively; cannot we who live under the gospel continuously walk with God? Enoch begat sons and daughters, and so had all the cares of a household, and yet he walked with God; cannot we, who have the like cares, yet still, by divine grace, be enabled to maintain unbroken communion? I know the place is high where they stand who consciously abide with Christ, but will you not strive to climb there and bathe your foreheads in the everlasting sunlight of Jehovah's face? I know it would require most jealous walking, but you serve a jealous God, and he demands holy jealousy from you. Oh, the joy of living in the embrace of Jesus, and never departing from it! Oh, the bliss of sitting always at his feet, abiding with the Bridegroom, and listening to his voice! Surely the gain is worth the exertion, and the prize is worthy of the struggle.

Let us not, since the attainment is not impossible, murmur at the difficulty, but rather by faith let us ask that we may begin to-night to achieve the result and continue to achieve it, till we come to see the face of Christ in heaven. Others have done so; why should not we?

Brethren, the way to maintain fellowship with Christ is simple. If you desire to retain in your mouth all day the flavour of the wines on the lees well refined, take care that you drink deep by morning devotion. Do not waste those few moments which you allot to morning prayer. Lay a text on your tongue, and like a wafer made with honey, it shall sweeten your soul till nightfall. During the day, when you can do so, think about your Redeemer, his person, his work. Seek to him, pray to him, ask him to speak to you. All the day long, lean on the Beloved. During the day serve him, say, "Lord, how can I serve thee in my calling?" Consecrate the kitchen, consecrate the market-room; make every place holy, by glorifying the Lord there. Converse much with him, and it will not be impossible for you to abide in him from the year's beginning to its close. You need not depart. There is no mental or spiritual impossibility in the maintenance of unbroken communion, if the Holy Spirit be your helper.

'Tis not too high for grace,
Though nature fail to climb;
Rise till you always view his face
In fellowship sublime.

'Tis not too much for grace
To hold a life-long stay;
You need not leave the sacred place,
But rest therein for aye.

V. Once more. We need not depart; that is to say, THERE IS NO REASON THAT CAN BE IMAGINED WHICH WOULD RENDER IT A WISE, AND PROPER, AND GOOD THING FOR A CHRISTIAN TO DEPART FROM CHRIST.

Suppose that the search after happiness be the great drift of our life, as the old philosophers assert, then we need not depart from Jesus to win it, for he is heaven below. You desire pleasure, forget not that the pleasures of God which are in Christ, his joy, the joy that fills his great heart, these are more than enough to fill *your* heart. I sometimes hear people say, as an excuse for professors going to doubtful places of amusement, "You know they must have some recreation." Yes, I know, but the *re-creation* which the Christian experienced when he was born again, has so completely made all things new to him, that the vile rubbish called recreation by the world is so vapid to him, that he might as well try to fill himself with fog as to satisfy his soul with such utter vanity. No; the Christian finds happiness in Christ Jesus, and when he wants pleasure, he does not depart from Jesus.

Perhaps it is said that we require a little excitement now and then, for excitement gives a little fillip to life, and is as useful to it as stirring is to a fire. I know it, and I trust you may have excitement, for the medicinal power of a measure of exhilaration and excitement is great, but you need not depart from Christ to get it, for there is such a thing as the soul's dancing at the sound of his name, while all the sanctified passions are lifted up in the ways of the Lord. Holy mirth will

sometimes so bubble up, and overflow in the soul, that the man will say, "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth." Joy in Christ can rise to ecstasy and soar aloft to bliss. If you desire to wear the highest crown of joy, you need not depart from Christ.

But it is said, "We require food for our intellect; a man needs to develop his intellectual faculties, he must needs learn that which will enlarge and expand his mind." Certainly, by all manner of means. But, O beloved brother, you need not depart from Christ to get this, for the science of Christ crucified is the most excellent, comprehensive and sublime of all the sciences. It is the only infallible science in the circle of knowledge. Moreover, by all true science you will find Christ honoured, and not dishonoured, and your learning, if it be true learning, will not make you depart from Christ, but lead you to see more of his creating and ruling wisdom. The profoundest astronomer admires the Sun of Righteousness; the best-taught geologist has no quarrel with the Rock of Ages; the greatest adept in mathematics marvels at him who is the sum total of the universe; he who knows the most of the physical, if he knows aright, loves the spiritual and reverences God in Christ Jesus. To imagine that to be wise one needs forsake the Incarnate Wisdom, is insanity. No, to reach the highest degree of attainment in true learning, there is no reason for departing from Christ.

"We must have friends and acquaintances," says one. You need not depart from Christ to get them. We admit that a young woman does well to enter the marriage state; a young man is safer and better for having a wife; but my dear young friends, you need not break Christ's law, and depart from him in order to find a good husband or a good wife. His rule is that you should not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers; it is a wise and kind rule, and is an assistance rather than a hindrance to a fit marriage. "But," says one, "I do not intend to depart from Christ, though I am about to marry an unconverted person." Rest assured that you are departing from Jesus by that act. I have never yet met with a single case in which marriages of this kind have been blessed of God. I know that young women say, "Do not be too severe, sir, I shall bring him round." You will certainly fail. You are sinning in marrying under that idea. If you break Christ's law, you cannot expect Christ's blessing. To be happy in future life with a suitable partner you need not depart from Jesus. There is nothing in life you can want that is truly desirable, nothing that can promote your welfare, nothing that is really good for you, that can ever make it necessary for you to depart from the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, if this be true, do not some of us feel very guilty? I could weep to think that I have so often departed from close fellowship with my Lord and Master, when I need not have done it. I am cast down and weary and cumbered with much serving occasionally. I know my faith is in Christ; but I have not the calm, unstaggering faith I desire to have. But I know that with a thousand cares (and I have ten thousand), I need not for a moment lose serenity and peace of mind, if I can reach the place which by God's grace I will reach yet. Do you not feel ashamed that your family troubles, and perhaps your family joys, have taken you off from your Saviour? Some of you have a great deal of leisure, and yet you slide away from Christ. Let us be ashamed

together; but let us remember that if we have departed from Christ and the enjoyment of his fellowship, we can offer no excuse by saying we could not help it while this verse stands true. We do it wilfully, we do it sinfully. It is not to be thrust on the back of circumstances; it cannot be laid on the devil, nor blamed to this, nor blamed to that, it is our own fault. We need not depart; there never was any need for it, and there never will be. May God's grace descend mightily upon us, so that we may henceforth abide in our Lord. May those who know him not be led to seek him by faith even now and find him, and then even they shall not need to depart from him at the last.

An American Philanthropist.

AMERICA has produced few men of more genuine philanthropy and a self-denying character than Arthur Tappan. All who are interested in the cause of the abolition of slavery, the spread of education, the promotion of Christian missions, and the inculcation of habits of sobriety, will gladly learn of one of the ablest advocates of these noble objects. Mr. Newman Hall has done well to introduce the memoir of this remarkable American to English readers; he might, we think, have done better had he advised a more condensed narrative for this country. When will biographers learn that the only way to ensure readers for memoirs, in these days of much publishing, is to give only that which is of general interest to the public? A little more of that refining literary process, known as "boiling down," might save many a biography from a contemptible position on the shelves of the second-hand bookseller.*

Arthur Tappan was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, May 22nd, 1786, his father being a gold and silver smith, and subsequently a dry-goods merchant. Both father and mother were godly persons, of high character and inflexible principles. Life in Massachusetts was in Arthur's young days full of curious incident. Sabbath-day was rigidly kept until sunset, when all the boys of the town ran out of their houses, trundled their hoops, and made loud and general merriment, while their sisters played in the house, and their parents recommenced domestic work. A curious and barbarous custom prevailed in these days. On the Saturday after the sessions, the criminals were brought into the public street, where a gallows was erected, used for a pillory and whipping post, and in the presence of the sheriffs and civic dignitaries, and the boys, who were let out of school for the purpose, the wrongdoers were either whipped, or branded in their foreheads with a hot iron, or had their ears cropped. As might be expected, this open display of inhumanity embrothered the boys, who played at the same kind of punishment among themselves. In these somewhat primitive times, nothing delighted boys more than to walk barefoot during the summer months. As with many of our city Arabs, so with these

* "The Life of Arthur Tappan, with Preface by the Rev. Newman Hall." London: Sampson Low & Co.

respectable children, it was a luxury to be deprived of boots and shoes. "When you can't see any snow on Mount Holyoke," the father used to say, "then you may leave your shoes off;" and to their vision the snow had disappeared long before the parent's eyes were satisfied. It was possible then for mothers to rear large families without much medical assistance. Arthur's mother made her own pills from the bark of the butternut tree, and these pills kept ten children in health. Alas for the doctors!

At fifteen years of age we find Arthur straightening himself up to look as tall as he could, and applying for a situation as clerk in a store in the city of Boston. City life did not corrupt him, and he was soon respected as a young man of staunch principle. At twenty-one he entered into partnership at Portland, and two years afterwards removed to Montreal. Here he and his partner were nearly ruined in business, because they declined, at the time of war between the United States and Great Britain, to take the oath of allegiance to the King of England. After the treaty of peace, they opened a store in New York, where Arthur battled against adversity, living economically, and working laboriously until at last success dawned upon his efforts, and the name of Arthur Tappan became known over the whole country.

The deep solicitude of his mother for his conversion was expressed in many wise and earnest letters; and his avowal of the change which divine grace had effected in his heart must have encouraged her to pray and labour for a like blessing for her other children. He joined, with his wife, the Presbyterian church, and at once resolved to give largely of his substance to the cause of Christ, and to benevolent operations needing aid. He early took a decided stand against slavery. At this time there were many among the merchants of New York professing to be abolitionists who made "cowardly compliances in their intercourse with slaveholding customers." Tappan was too high principled to sacrifice his convictions. Nor did he lose by his bold avowal of anti-slavery sentiments. The men who sought to compromise themselves by inviting the patronage of slaveholders, lost ground in the great commercial city, and were derided as men who "sold their principles with their goods." While they sank in public estimation, Tappan rose, and when they became embarrassed, his business advanced. He attributed his rapid success, so unaccountable to some of his fellow merchants, to the fact that he had but one price, and sold for cash or short credit. This would seem to have been a novelty in the mercantile world of his time, and we think we might find other cities than New York where it is not a generally accepted principle even now. But his friends claim for his success as a merchant the higher cause—rare integrity. "His customers had the fullest confidence that when they made purchases at his store, they would not be cheated by false weights or measures, or fugitive colours. Everything was what it was represented to be. Even those purchasers who disliked his opinions, and also those who professed to hate him, and his philanthropic and religious character, highly prized the principles on which he conducted business, especially when they were the parties benefited." The confidence reposed in his integrity was the life of his trade.

One of his earliest religious efforts was to promote the circulation of the Scriptures through the agency of the American Bible Society, in whose formation he took a deep interest. He offered the sum of five thousand dollars if the society would supply all the destitute families in the United States with a copy of the Bible, if they were unwilling to purchase one. He subscribed fifteen thousand dollars to one college for ministers, and paid for the tuition of one hundred students in another. Nor was he satisfied with giving of his substance to the interests of religion. He sought by means of personal conversation and by visiting the poor to bring souls to a knowledge of the gospel. The distribution of tracts in neglected districts of the city, the visitation of prisoners—a work in which American Christians have engaged with praiseworthy zeal—seeking for scholars for the Sabbath-school, and inducing their parents to enter the house of God, were works of love in which he delighted. He also started a daily journal of commerce, which exists to this day, from which all advertisements relating to spirituous liquors, circusses, and theatres, are rigidly excluded. No Sunday work was allowed, and thus a proof was afforded that a daily paper could be produced without any labour on the Lord's day. Twelve months after the commencement of the paper it passed into other hands, and certain modifications in its management were made to ensure, what the paper had not then attained, a financial success. But perhaps Mr. Tappan threw himself even more heartily into the temperance movement. Our temperance friends are universally zealous in the propagation of their views, and it is due to them to admit, as we cheerfully do, that their earnest advocacy of abstinence has been productive of the highest good to the working classes. Mr. Tappan was "thorough" in his temperance views; he even waged war against the use of fermented wine at the Lord's Supper; he had no confidence in the licensing system, and believed that sound policy required stern prohibitory laws against the traffic in intoxicating drinks. He was equally "thorough" in his anti-tobacco notions, and saw a necessary connection between smoking and drinking, an opinion which more fully proves his ingenuity than his accuracy.

A visit to England, when he attended a religious service at the Magdalen Asylum, then in the Blackfriars road, determined him to seek the establishment of means for the rescue of the sinful women of New York. In this work he encountered much opposition, and his statistics of the evil in question were regarded as a libel upon the city. The agent employed had, it would seem, more zeal and courage than judgment, but there was no doubt that the evil was so largely developed that it needed suppression. Many good men, however, would question the wisdom of publishing the details of such cases, and especially putting into the hands of youths corrective physiological pamphlets.

To one of Mr. Tappan's temperament, the slavery question could hardly fail to secure a deep and sorrowful interest. This great blot upon the escutcheon of America was regarded at the time of his correspondence with William Wilberforce with almost general complacency. He opposed the exportation of the free negroes of America to Liberia, according to the scheme of the Colonisation Society, on wise and sufficient grounds. The negroes did not wish to go—why should they be

compelled? The scheme of expatriation was based on the false and absurd principle that it was "an ordination of Providence," "and no more to be changed than the laws of nature," that Christianity could not do for the free blacks in the United States what it was able to do in Africa. And yet there were friends of the negroes who could entertain such peculiar, if not, as Tappan believed them, "atrocious" sentiments. This battle Tappan helped greatly to fight; and at the same time he applied himself with much vigour to the improvement of the condition of the coloured people both in New York and elsewhere. Believing in the equality of all men before God, he resented the prejudices of many of his fellow countrymen, and taught them by his own personal endeavours that it was possible very greatly to elevate the poor ignorant blacks, both morally and religiously. He excited an extraordinary feeling of antagonism by proposing to open a negro academy by the side of Yale College. The usually calm judgments of certain well-known philanthropists were led astray by the popular clamour against the "odious institution." A public meeting was called by the mayor of New Haven, at which the indignation of the crowd was loudly expressed. One or two dared to defend the project, but the inflammatory spirits gained the victory, and a resolution was passed by a unanimous vote to resist the establishment of the proposed college by every lawful means. Probably unlawful means would also have been used had not Mr. Tappan abandoned the project. Subsequently an improved state of feeling was manifested; but in other parts of the State so strong was the prejudice, that a lady, member of a Baptist church, excited the ire of the inhabitants of Canterbury by opening a school exclusively for coloured girls. They sought her ruin, and succeeded in persuading the legislature of Connecticut to pass an Act making it an indictable offence to keep a school for coloured children. Miss Crandall decided to disregard so unjust a law. She was imprisoned, slandered, abused, and made the subject of several trials in the law courts. Happily Mr. Tappan befriended the school governess, and promptly paid all the expenses which she had incurred in her own defence. He also took in hand the coloured young men of New York, and paid a Methodist minister to devote himself to their interests.

William Lloyd Garrison was, in 1830, in gaol for a libel upon a shipowner who was stated to have taken slaves as freight to New Orleans; and Tappan, assured of his innocence, quietly paid the fine and costs, and so liberated the anti-slavery agitator. He assisted in the wide circulation of the best tracts on the abolition question, and the discussion of the subject became so general that it was deemed wise at once to start an American Anti-slavery society in New York. This was done, Mr. Tappan being chosen president. The society was, as might be expected, at first extremely unpopular—it aimed a direct blow upon the national selfishness and crime. The public press denounced it with savage vigour, but the more it was attacked the stronger it grew, and the more numerous and efficient did its auxiliaries become.

Now that the sad curse, for the abolition of which the society was formed, has been swept away, we should not fail to honour the brave souls who, when the cause was most distasteful, dared the rising tide of opposition. Let it be remembered that the press was against them; that

society ostracised them and their families; literary tribunes inveighed against the enthusiasts, and alas! the pulpit, too, was loud in fulminations against the fanatics. British emancipationists were, however, fighting with success the great battle for freedom in the West India Islands, and their triumph stimulated the zeal of their American brethren. They needed every encouragement, for misrepresentation was rife, and the most absurd stories were propagated regarding their intentions. Heated controversy only quickened their efforts. Free negroes were "excluded from the public schools, academies, and colleges; they were forced to sit in "negro pews," and in houses of public worship often obliged to partake of the bread and wine at the Lord's Supper after they had been served to the white communicants, and they were denied the privilege of obtaining instruction in theological seminaries to qualify them to preach the gospel. They were refused seats in omnibuses and cars. They were compelled to remain on the decks of steamboats, while other passengers were taking repose in cabins and state rooms. Indeed, the whole community, official and officious, were against them; and no vestige of right was allowed them. The following anecdote is told by Frederick Douglass:—He attended a service at some conventicle, and was placed in a "negro pew" under the gallery. When the Lord's Supper was celebrated, the preacher invited all the white brothers and sisters to come forward and partake of the elements; and when they had thus partaken, he looked up to the negro pew, and with outstretched arms exclaimed, "We now invite our coloured friends to come down and partake of this holy feast, for the Lord is no respecter of persons." Pity that professed ministers of Christ should thus demean themselves by adopting the wicked prejudices of their churches; for the churches were to blame as well as the ministers. As an instance, Mr. Tappan mentions in a letter to a Scotch correspondent that he once gave a seat in his pew at a Presbyterian church to a minister, "who, as I entered the church, was humbly waiting at the door for some one to invite him in, though he lived in the city, had a congregation (coloured) of his own, and was but slightly tinged with the despised colour, and I may add was highly respected as a coloured man; yet so great was the offence that I committed, that the occupants of one or more neighbouring pews withdrew from the society, and a great ferment was occasioned." This he calls "an overt act," for he was prepared to defend the use of great prudence in bringing about the desired change in public feeling on this subject.

The mob riots in New York and other cities, instigated by a servile press, were intended to stifle all discussion on the subject of slavery. In one of these fits of violence, the people, by a preconcerted arrangement, rushed to Tappan's brother's house, broke open the door, smashed the blinds and windows, the crockery-ware and looking-glasses, and turning the furniture into the street, set it on fire and fed the flames with the bed and bedding. Of course a strong body of police came in time to see some of the last dying embers. On another occasion, his store was attacked, every pane of glass in the front end smashed, and had the rioters not been apprised of a force at hand, the consequences might have been serious. Some of the churches, where abolitionists were known to assemble, were similarly treated; and

their houses shared the same fate. In all this, it was evident that the magistrates were slow to repress the rioters, or the police might surely have more efficiently laboured to suppress these shameful disturbances.

The New York press inflamed the evil spirit by denouncing the abolitionists as "public nuisances," and even a professedly evangelical newspaper accused them of being "wild and reckless incendiaries." These outbreaks did not stay the good work of abolitionary teaching; the thing for which the abolitionists contended was of God, and could not be overthrown, though men might continue to fight against it. The public furor, however, continued, and manifested itself under peculiarly odious circumstances. Every effort was made by Southern merchants and their sympathisers to injure Tappan's business. "Letters were often received by the friends of freedom of an insulting description; sometimes enclosing a small specimen of tar and feathers, one enclosing the ear of a negro, and most of them written profanely and obscenely. Rewards were offered for the abduction, or heads, of leading abolitionists. Fifty thousand dollars had been offered for the head of Arthur Tappan. On being informed of it he pleasantly remarked, 'If that sum is placed in the New York Bank I may possibly think of giving myself up.'" We are told that Southern attorneys, having a collecting business for the firm, would relinquish the prosecution of claims. All these efforts, combined with the antagonism of not a few members of the same church with which he was connected, and the appeals of moneyed men, failed to shake his integrity. A deputation of leading men in the city conjured him for the sake of his business prosperity, his creditors, partners, and family, to relinquish his share in the anti-slavery movement. Calmly and with great emphasis, he replied, "You demand that I shall cease my anti-slavery labours, give up my connection with the Anti-slavery Society, or make some apology or recantation—*I will be hung first.*"

A disastrous fire which occurred in New York in December, 1835, destroyed a number of the warehouses of the principal merchants. Mr. Tappan's store was consumed by the flames, but happily a portion of the goods was saved, with half a million dollars in value of notes receivable. With true Yankee promptitude, the next morning a contract was signed for a new warehouse, and this we are assured encouraged other merchants to bear up bravely against their misfortune. Some commended him for his spirit of trustfulness in God; others jeered, and expressed their hope that he had been deprived of the power of doing further mischief. "Hundreds of thieves, it was said, were arrested after the fire and taken to the police office, *but not one of them a man of colour.* Several persons called at the new place of business after the fire for compensation for services said to have been rendered on that memorable night, *but not a coloured person preferred any claim.* Doubtless they felt that they had worked for a benefactor."

In the midst of great financial embarrassments, when merchants were everywhere failing, the firm of Tappan suspended payment. Laborious exertions were made to prevent this, but it was inevitable. "The cause of our suspension," Tappan said, "was having a very heavy stock of goods at a time of great general financial embarrassment." We need not go into the circumstances attending this unhappy change in his

fortunes; enough that his arrangements were such as raised him still higher in the estimation of the public as an honourable merchant. "He lost all his property," writes Mr. Newman Hall, but "he lost none of his magnanimity. He did not gather up the wrecks of his estate to secure his own future comfort. He gave up all, and had the happiness of paying off every obligation with interest; and then, by new industry, he provided for his family, as well as continued on a smaller scale, though with undiminished liberality, his pecuniary support to the enterprises which were so dear to his heart." His own personal advocacy and untiring efforts for the slave, and for the spiritual and moral advancement of the degraded, were worth more than his pecuniary gifts; for these cost him more—himself. When the civil war came, he predicted that it would put an end to the accursed system of slavery. In his quiet home in New Haven, where he had retired, he watched the progress of events, and prayed without ceasing for the dawn of liberty.

He lived to see the day of emancipation, and was glad. "I am satisfied now," he remarked with emphasis. And thousands—millions—of anxious hearts were satisfied too. His death occurred in July, 1865, and many friends and admirers, both in this country and his own, hold his memory in high veneration.

The Holy Places and Spiritual Worship.*

OF all that is attractive about Shechem, there is certainly nothing that can be compared to the fountain or well which Jacob dug in the parcel of a field on which, on his safe return from Padan-aram, he pitched his tent, and which he afterwards bought at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of money. "And he drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle," as the woman of Shechem told the Lord Jesus. Jacob's well, however, has become to us what it is, not so much on that account as on account of the conversation of the Saviour of the world with the poor sinful woman.

I can imagine that you have already anticipated me in thought, and have fancied me sitting at the side of the well with my Bible turned up at the fourth of John. Perhaps you are even somewhat jealous of the privilege I might enjoy in reading and meditating upon the Saviour's words at the very well itself. You doubtless imagine me quite absorbed in holy contemplation. There, on that spot, you will be saying to yourself, must the words of Jesus powerfully penetrate the soul!

Such, also, were my own thoughts, my friend! and my heart leaped with joy when I stepped forth to pay a visit to the holy spot. Oh, said I to myself, the dry and thirsty soul shall be abundantly refreshed.

* Extracted from Vol. I. of "Narrative of a Tour through Syria and Palestine in 1851 and 1852." By C. W. M. VAN DE VELDE, Late Lieutenant Dutch R. N., Cavalier of the Legion of Honour. A very useful work, but written in the dreariest and most chaotic style. We have been compelled to condense.

For you will not wonder, that with all the distractions and irregularities of my travels, notwithstanding the sanctity of the places I visited, I had experienced little that could be called the life of the soul. How could it have been otherwise, considering the uncommon hardships with which travelling is accompanied in this country, and, still more, the annoyances and provocations which its barbarous inhabitants throw in the way of the traveller at every step? I have often to myself accused Madam de Gasparin of great want of consistency, for having allowed the tone of her mind to vary so much during her journey through the Holy Land, now soaring aloft as if borne upon the wings of the cherubim, now troubled, impatient, and angry, under the vexations caused by the Arabs. But I must now completely exculpate that noble woman, after the experience I have had myself, and cannot enough admire the moral worth that carried her through this journey with so little deterioration of her temper and inward life. Not that I would wholly deny that the holy places of Palestine *can* fill the traveller's mind with holy impressions, but I begin to learn daily more and more, that such is not generally the case, and that it were well for people to examine themselves and see whether certain pious sentiments are not rather carnal feelings than the work of the Holy Ghost. So easily and so willingly do people deceive themselves in regard to these. So willingly do they indulge in religious emotions. So hard is it for them to understand the living and walking by faith and not by sight. And while people do not find in themselves what they should so readily have found, they then forget that the work of the Holy Ghost is independent of places or localities. Mental emotions have no necessary connection with his work, although we often confound the one with the other; and mental emotions are subject to, or rather are, the consequences of the influence exerted on us by whatever objects surround us; how, then, should we have religious emotions excited in places, where in former times, it is true, much that is important and holy has taken place, but which at the moment of our being at them, have nothing holy about them, but, on the contrary, are desecrated by all sorts of offensive occurrences? A journey, therefore, through the Holy Land can then only promote our sanctification when we are enabled by the Holy Ghost to learn patient endurance under the more than ordinary trials to which such a journey exposes us; or when we acknowledge God's watchful and protecting hand in the extraordinary dangers we have to surmount—dangers with which precious lessons for faith are associated; but as respects the localities mentioned in Bible history, these are earth and stone, dumb and voiceless, incapable of teaching us anything more than what James says of Elias, that the men that lived, prayed, wrought miracles, and lie buried there, were men of like passions with us.

But come now and allow me to take you along with me to Jacob's well.

Is that hole in the ground there, covered by three or four large rough stones, leaving an opening of less than two feet across—is that, say you, the well of Jacob?

Yes, my friend, that same hole. Don't allow it to disappoint you too much. In the days of Jesus the well probably had a different aspect; perhaps it was covered over with a vault, or at least furnished

with a raised wall of masonry built round it. But two causes have been since that time in operation, and these may have wholly altered the form and fashion of this well, as they have done those of so many other consecrated spots in this land. I refer to the long series of wars and desolations, and to the idolatrous worship paid to such places. If the former of these causes threw down every thing, the latter built all up again, but in a manner altogether different from the original. From the moment men departed from the true doctrine of the gospel, and forgot the commandment:—"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them;" from the moment that men proceeded to serve the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ according to the caprices of their own depraved understandings, the Holy Land became full of idolatry, fostered under the awful delusion that this was honouring God and his saints. Foremost in this respect stood the Empress Helena and her son Constantine. Never were those spots, with which one or other incident of Bible history has been associated, so much sought out, honoured, and covered with altars and oratories, as by them. Jacob's well had to share in this destiny, and a church was erected over it.

You see, to your satisfaction I trust, nothing more of Helena's chapel, which once stood over Jacob's well, than some column pieces and building-stones scattered far and wide. You are not now at least scandalised by any superstitious altars. But why do I speak to you as if you were at my side? No; at this spot one would be all alone—here where Jesus sat and spoke words of eternal life to a poor sinful woman. I must confess that these thoughts wholly and entirely took possession of my mind. That the Son of God had come down among men, having taken upon him the form of a servant, to seek the unrighteous, the sinful, the depraved, to display love suffering love, suffering for their sins, yea, even to the death of the cross, that he might redeem them, this actual fact came for a moment with overwhelming force before my mind.

It was now about eleven o'clock. It was an hour later in the day when Jesus sat down there. "being wearied with his journey." According to the 35th verse of John iv., it must then have been the month of January, for the harvest comes on here in May, and "there were yet four months" until harvest. The flat portion of the valley, ploughed and sown in the days of the early rain, in November and December, was already covered with a very promising green carpeting of young corn-stalks. If the well was not at that time covered over with masonry, then must the Saviour, on account of his fatigue, have had his back turned to the sun, and his face towards the north, to the side of Mount Ebal and to Joseph's tomb, standing at the foot of that mountain about 800 paces distant from the well. I placed myself in the same position, and could well figure to myself the woman with her pitcher on her head, coming down out of the valley. He who knows all things, and whose free sovereign love has chosen his own to eternal life from the foundations of the world, he beheld her, the poor sinner, for whose preservation he had come down from heaven, he saw her as she

came along under the olive-trees, long before she was aware of his being there. And when she saw him, she hesitated, perhaps whether she should approach him, perceiving that he was a Jew. But what should she be afraid of, she the lost, for whom there seemed to be nothing but despair? Therefore she came on, and

Thus was I musing with myself, as I sat alone at the side of the well, and had just begun to read the fourth chapter of John, when I was suddenly roused by the blustering voice of a gigantic Arab, who had come up without my observing him, and addressed me thus, with all the characteristic repulsiveness and loathsomeness of the Arabs:—

“Marhhabah chawadja! baksheesh, baksheesh!”

This disturbance was most unwelcome. Think what a contrast! To be lost, as it were, in heavenly thoughts, and then all at once to be aroused by such a thief-like clamour for baksheesh! He was a fellow with a face enough to frighten one, filthy and disgusting; so filthy and disgusting as none but an Arab can be. I replied to his salutation, and begged him to leave me alone.

But no, he had no idea of doing that.

“Baksheesh, baksheesh!” he roared, and sat himself down at the well-side, opposite to me, at the same time taking out his pipe and lighting it with such composure, as to convince me that he had not the smallest intention to leave me for some time at least.

Before five minutes had elapsed, half a dozen of his fellows appeared, who forthwith placed themselves all round me in a very social circle, so that I had to abandon all thoughts of proceeding with my meditations on the favourite chapter.

A chorus of “baksheesh!” with all sorts of variations on the same theme, was now raised about my ears. I asked them, through Philip, on what pretence they wanted a baksheesh, begging at the same time that they would withdraw. Their answer was to this effect: “The land and the well belong to us, and no foreigner has any right to come here without paying us a baksheesh. Would you like to go down into the well? Here is a rope that we have brought with that view. We will let you safely down; you can see the well from within, and on coming up again pay us a baksheesh.”

“But what makes you suppose that I want to examine your well? I know quite well the appearance of the well from within, and thus have no need to go down into it. Be, then, so good as to take your rope home again, and leave me alone.”

I had almost added, “then I will give you a baksheesh;” but I thought, if these rogues see that a baksheesh is earned by merely allowing a stranger to be left alone at the well, then there is every chance that as soon as they are gone, another similar party will come down on me, and give me still more molestation than these.

“If the chawadja will not go down into the well, then will we go down instead of him, and tell him how it looks on our return; but anyhow we must have a baksheesh!”

“I have no need of that either. Believe what I have said. I know all about the inside. Leave me alone. I want nothing else. What can make you suppose that I want either myself or you to go down into the well?”

“Why, travellers have been here whom with these same hands and with this same rope we have let down into the well. Some of our folk went down along with them, and we were well paid for it. We will let you down as carefully as we did them.”

Oh, thought I, Dr. Wilson, is your generous reward the cause of the disturbance I experience? No wonder, after having given these money-wolves such a baksheesh as they probably never received before, and no wonder when other travellers after you, overborne by the vociferations of the Arabs, have paid them as much, that they expect to get the same from me, and from all others that visit Jacob's well. But thus it ought not to be. We are greatly obliged to Mr. Bonar and Dr. Wilson for the examination they made of Jacob's well; but now as we know that whereas in Maundrell's time it had a total depth of 105 feet, with 12 feet of water, according to Dr. Wilson's measurement its depth is only 75 feet, with very little water, proving how careful travellers, from Maundrell's to Wilson's time, must have been to convince themselves, by dropping stones into it, of the truth of what Scripture says, “the well is deep.” We know, chiefly from Dr. Wilson, the appearance of the inside, namely, a shaft cut through the solid rock, of about 9 feet in diameter, covered over with a cupola-shaped vaulted roof, of which the small hole now seen on the ground above forms the entrance. Now is it high time for these troublesome Arabs, who live in the ruins at the foot of Mount Ebal, to learn that travellers from henceforth can do without them, and that they must do without extorting baksheesh from travellers. Once more only will there be any need for people going down into the well, and that will be when the children of Jacob shall again inherit the ground which belonged to Jacob, and when they will have to clean out from the well the rubbish that has fallen into it.

Meanwhile my troublesome company kept by me. Now and then, indeed, one would go away muttering with a sigh, “Insh' Allah!” (as God will), as if he would say, “Well, as it cannot be helped, I must go without baksheesh;” still, for one that went two came in his place. In short, they remained about me, sitting smoking and talking, clamouring and yawning, over the never-ending repetition of “Baksheesh, chawadja, baksheesh!”

Great was my disappointment, and my patience was sorely tried. I had hoped that they would weary of their fruitless efforts, and leave me in peace. But the heart of an Arab seems tougher than leather, and knows nothing of concession. For four hours and a half I held out, and remained quietly sitting at the well; but then I gave it up to them. The “speaking with Jesus” at the well of the woman of Samaria, was not granted to me. I had enough to do to restrain my resentment at these troublesome Arabs, and returned homewards with a very oppressed mind, while disappointment on their side led them to send not a few curses after me.

After my return, I once more turned up the chapter in John's gospel. Nothing disturbed me now. And though cast down at first by what I had met with at Jacob's well, I could now comprehend what the Lord said: “The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such

to worship him. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Not at Jerusalem, not on this Mount Gerizim, *not at Jacob's well*, not on any of the holy places of Palestine, does God desire to be worshipped. The "God, that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things."

The lesson I learned at Jacob's well will, I trust, be salutary to me. I learn from it, that with all the aversion which may be cherished for the gross idolatry of so many of the tourists in Palestine, our own hearts may be filled with a refined but not the less dangerous sentimentalism in religion, which seeks for a foundation for a holy and godly life, and for a touchstone of the genuineness and sincerity of one's faith, in pious impressions and sensations. Oh, the heart of man! Who shall fathom it? Deceitful above all things! And for nothing so unfitted, so indisposed as for the believing acceptance of what God hath spoken for our everlasting redemption! We often fancy to ourselves, especially after some one or other strong proof of God's grace and love, that nothing thenceforth shall be able to shake our faith. But no sooner does the lively idea or feeling of that love decline, than it soon appears, from our anxiety and depression, how far we are still removed from "walking *by* faith and *in* faith, and not by sight." And thus with respect to the holy places in Palestine. We condemn the worshipping of such places by the Greeks and Latins; but we cherish, at the same time, a secret notion that the visiting of these places cannot fail deeply to impress us. The occurrences which happened there must, we think, come vividly before us when thus transferred to the very spot, and such lively conceptions of them must soften our dead stony hearts. The Redeemer's love will thus, we imagine, come more plainly and more powerfully before our eyes, and the return of love, on our part, towards him, will be awakened even to tears of gratitude! In the awakening of that feeling, we will love the very ground that once was trodden by the Saviour's feet, and it will be a blessed thing for us to be able to pray on such a spot. Call not this any worship of the dust, we further argue; for the dust is endeared to us only through him by whose bodily touch it was sanctified—and it is thus he alone, not the dust itself, that is worshipped. Who can be scandalised at this?

Oh, lamentable self-deception!

How very different is the language of the apostle:—"Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more." Had enjoyment of religious impressions, and a life of holy sensations been dependent on the visitation of such holy places, God's word, instead of the oft reiterated and express command of the Lord Jesus, to pray to our Father which is in heaven for the Holy Ghost, would have contained an injunction, ordering us to make pilgrimages to Palestine; and, alas! for those who either from remoteness of residence while living at the ends of the earth, or from sickness, or from want of money, should not be able to undertake such pilgrimages! Such is not the doctrine

of Jesus. The life of communion with God, the secret converse with the Saviour, are quite independent of place and country. "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them," saith Jesus, "he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and manifest myself to him." "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

You will not, then, my dear friend, grudge your not having, like me, had it in your power to visit Jacob's well. For my part, I must look back with gratitude on the disappointment I experienced there. May I not likewise recognise in that experience the accomplishment of what the Saviour said to the Samaritan woman: "The Father seeketh such to worship"? Truly it was a seeking, that disturbance by the Arabs at the well, which prevented my wandering into the error of an excited religious sentimentalism.

Work among the Lost.

"SHE stoops to conquer." The lower mercy descends the loftier are her triumphs. When grace reached the level of the Jewish tax-gatherer, loathed by his countrymen, it found a gem in the publican whose heaven-accepted prayer has taught millions how to approach their God; and when it dived still lower and sank to the infamy of the harlot, it brought to light a pearl of priceless worth in that woman who loved much because much had been forgiven her. Glory to God in the highest is the sure result of the salvation of those lowest in sin. Hence it is that Christ-like work among the most depraved is evermore, in the deepest sense, satisfactory; not because it yields a large harvest, as computed statistically, nor because the results always turn out to be what hope had expected; but partly because one such sinner saved is a plain miracle of mercy, and usually becomes a fervent lover of "The Sinner's Friend;" and yet more because the very desire to bless the fallen is incense offered to Christ's honour, and every sustained and self-denying effort for their good is a testimony to the power of Jesus in the hearts of his people. Whatever part of the service of the saints may flag, it may well be the prayer of all wise Christians that there may be no diminution of effort for reclaiming the outcasts.

We received the other day for review a little book, from the publishing house of Mr. Macintosh, entitled, "Work among the Lost," by the author of "Home Thoughts for Mothers and Mothers' Meetings," and we sat down to give it such a reading as it might deserve. The perusal of its pages was a means of grace to our soul, and we could not refrain from saying in soliloquy, "We wish every Christian in England would read it." The book is not written in the common sensational style, but aims at describing facts plainly and without colour. It treats of a work more or less in connection with the Church of England; but among loving, earnest, soul-winners, sectarianism is over-leaped, and usefulness in any denomination is honoured, even by those who could not endorse all its modes of operation. Whatever of

Churchianity may be in the enterprise, there appears to be so abundant a mixture of Christianity in it that it matters not. All we know of the mission is drawn from the book under our eye, and so far we are charmed with it.

Mrs. V., of the Albion Hill Home for Female Penitents, at Brighton, is the heroine of this interesting narrative, from which we hope to be forgiven if we make too copious extracts. We have no design but to aid the noble work by tempting friends to purchase the record before us, which will not distress their purses, and is sure to benefit their souls. Mrs. V. is of the seed of Abraham after the flesh, and indirectly owes her conversion to Christ to the influence of a Christian maid-servant who was engaged in her father's family. That godly "servant sat and told the little Jewish children of the rejoicing deaths of Christians; how faith in the Nazarene is strong enough to overcome the last enemy, and transform the grave into 'the footprint of an angel' sent to fetch us to our Father's home, the dying eyes no more beholding 'the king of terrors,' but 'the King in his beauty.' Years after that seed was sown, a near relative of one of those children—then grown up into a Jewish maiden—came to die. He had been a devout and honourable Jew, faithfully serving the God of his fathers; but alas! the hope full of immortality brought to light by the gospel was not there, and none dared tell him of the danger his life was in before it was too late, and all was over. This struck the Jewish girl as the strangest contradiction, that they, who had the truth, should have to die in the dark, unable to face death; while those Nazarenes, who believed in a lie, could welcome death and go home rejoicing; and she resolved that after the days of mourning were accomplished, she would get a New Testament and search into the matter for herself. The New Testament was procured and carefully read; and it ended, after a time, by the same cry springing from the heart of the Jewish girl as once burst from the Roman centurion, 'Truly this was the Son of God;' and by her being publicly baptised as a Christian."

The family of grace gained no feeble and sickly member when the young Jewess found the Messiah. A mother in Israel was that day brought to Jesus, to be sent forth with a commission to gather together the captive daughters of Zion and proclaim liberty unto them. Soon after his settlement, the late Mr. George Wagner, of St. Stephen's Church, Brighton, an earnest lover of souls, had his heart anxiously set upon the rescue of the erring girls who so sadly abound in towns like Brighton. For this work he needed a sister's aid, and he found it, beyond all he could have expected, in the Jewish lady who had by that time been married to a missionary, had become a widow, and with matured judgment and tried faith stood ready for the service. Never was woman better fitted for her appointed task. She cared for the fallen as a mother for her babes, not because it was her duty, but because compassion for them was an instinct of her soul. Her zeal supplied her with wisdom, and educated her common sense. She became, is, and we trust long will be, a mighty hunter before the Lord for the souls of fallen women. The institution which sprang out of her labours has been one of the most successful homes of the penitent in England, and is regarded by many as a model Refuge. The brain

and heart which planned, as well as the active hand which carried out the enterprise, are alike worthy of commendation and imitation. Every visitor to Brighton can see the house, which shelters sixty-two inmates, and will regard it with the more interest when he knows what has been done in connection with it.

"Her first case was a remarkable one. She had resolved to pass over none as too bad to be saved, but to go boldly to the vilest with God's free offer of pardon; and accordingly, being told of a certain Mrs. P., whose house was a moral cesspool to the whole neighbourhood, but who was such a known virago that no one dared to go near her, she at once set off to seek her. She stopped at the entrance of one of the worst streets in Brighton, and knocked at a door, in order to inquire for the number of Mrs. P.'s house. The woman of the house was a respectable person, and, strange to say, as it afterwards turned out, a sister-in-law of Mrs. P. In answer to Mrs. V.'s inquiry, she replied, 'Well, yes; sure enough I can tell you the number. But it isn't a place for the likes of you to go to; she's one of the worst characters in Brighton. You can't stand before her.' 'Yes, but if we all pass her by, how is she to become any better?' But, feeling her courage rapidly ebbing away, she added, 'I want to tell her about her Saviour. Will you let me come in, and let us pray that God may soften her heart, and incline her to listen to me?' The woman at once seemed touched, and after a few words of prayer together, she pointed out the house to Mrs. V. The door was opened by Mrs. P. herself, and four young women were in the room into which Mrs. V. entered. No sooner had she begun to intreat them earnestly and affectionately to come to their Saviour, than Mrs. P. flew out at her, and poured forth upon her a torrent of vile abuse of so unspeakable a kind that every word pained like a blow, at the same time threatening to use personal violence if she remained a moment longer in the house. It was a sharp ordeal, but courage was given her to bear it calmly in remembrance of him who bore to be called a wine-bibber, and a devil, by his own creatures; and she only said, gently, 'You should not abuse one who comes to be your friend.' She was comforted by one of the girls, Mrs. P.'s own daughter, exclaiming, 'Oh, mother, you shouldn't use such dreadful words to the lady, when she tells you she has come to do us good!' But, as nothing could be done with the woman in her present temper, silently lifting up her heart to God that he would melt her hard heart, Mrs. V. left the house, feeling much discouraged, and tingling all over with the insults that had been heaped upon her.

"Two days after she resolved, however, to go again. She was met at the entrance of the street by Mrs. P.'s sister-in-law, who exclaimed, 'Oh, ma'am, I am so glad to see you! Betsy is so sorry for the way she treated you. She came into our house after you were gone, and cried like a child; and it takes a great deal to make Betsy cry. I haven't seen her shed a tear for years. She do hope you'll forgive her. She says she never would have behaved so bad to you if she hadn't been the worse for drink. Maybe, ma'am, you wouldn't mind stepping in to see her? for she has been longing to see you again.' With a glad and thankful heart Mrs. V. went to her house. She was received with open arms and many an expression of sorrow; and seated on the sofa with Mrs. P. on one side of her and her daughter on the other, she talked to them, prayed with them, and finally Mrs. P. thankfully accepted Mrs. V.'s offer to take her own daughter and one of her lodgers up to a reformatory in town.

"From that time Mrs. V. became known as one who had devoted herself to seeking and saving poor lost girls."

Such a beginning augured great things. The difficulty and the success would act as a double spur to the mind of a woman like Mrs. V. Her hand was on the plough, and she had no will to look back, nor indeed was it possible for her to do so. She went on; the way cleared, and the work grew.

It is noteworthy how holy zeal solves knotty points connected with social morality, and puts aside as so many cobwebs those business excuses with which men cover unlawful gains. Adam Smith's hard and fast laws of political economy are kicked at by Mr. Ruskin in his

marvellous denunciations of the age, and they appear to survive his assaults, but they are utterly annihilated when simple faith comes into the field. Mrs. V. heard of a woman, a Mrs. R., who was a sort of female ogre, dealing in the shame of women and the licentiousness of men, who had been guilty of every crime with the exception of murder. It needed no small courage to face such a virago, and as the sequel proved, no small degree of tact to meet the difficulties of the situation.

"She went, and on the door being opened, told her at once she had come to speak to her about her soul.

"'You must make short work of it, then, for it's washin' day,' Mrs. R. answered sharply.

"'So I will, if you will let me come in.'

"The permission was surlily accorded, though with some surprise at her boldness, as it was long since any respectable person had crossed that threshold. But the woman remained hardened, and no impression could be made on her. However, Mrs. V. was not one to give up, and she went on patiently visiting her every day for a week, pleading with her, reading with her, and praying with her, but the woman remained apparently as hardened as ever. At the end of the week, as Mrs. V. was sitting tired out in her drawing room one evening, her servant announced that there was a woman waiting to see her. She longed to say she was too tired to see anyone, but resisting the temptation, she went down stairs, and there to her amazement stood Mrs. R., evidently in great distress of mind.

"'Oh, ma'am,' she said, 'I can't get your words out of my head, nor your coming so often after such a wretch as I am. I hope you'll excuse the liberty I take in calling, but I couldn't rest, indeed I couldn't. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?'

"'Are you ready to give up your house and your bad life, Mrs. R., at any sacrifice? That is the first question.'

"'It's no use, ma'am, my being willing. I have my house on lease, and I know the man who owns it won't forgive me the rest of the lease, and it isn't nearly up, and I can't be better while I live in that house.'

"'But will you give it all up, and turn to the Lord if I can get the house off your hands?'

"'Oh, ma'am, that I would, for I am that miserable I don't know how to bear myself, and yet I doubt but I am too bad to be saved. I shall never have courage to go through with it.'

"'Only you be willing to give up your bad life, and I'll promise to stand by you till it is done.'

"Having poured forth her heart in prayer with her, that she might remain steadfast, Mrs. V. bade her good-night, and the woman left with a lighter heart.'

"The next day Mrs. V. went to the man who owned the house, a respectable butcher. She told him the whole history of the woman; how impossible it would be for her to live a better life in the midst of her old surroundings; and concluded by entreating him to cancel the rest of the lease, reminding him of the disgraceful nature of the house in the hands of its present occupant.

"That's no concern of mine. The woman always pays her rent regular, and I am not going to lose a good tenant; and as to the use she puts the house to, I say again, that is no concern of mine. One ain't responsible for all one's tenants do.'

Here comes in the grim giant of the law of supply and demand, and its twin brother, "business is business." But faith is a mighty giant-killer, and political economy gets handled after a very illogical, but withal terribly effective sort.

"'Have you got any daughters?' Mrs. V. asked.

"'Yes, two; but I don't see what that's got to do with it.'

"'Would you like to see your daughters in that house of yours?'

"'God forbid!' exclaimed the man, with some emotion.

"'Then won't you help me to save other poor girls, some poor man's daughters from going there? It remains with you to put a stop to the whole thing, and be the means of saving the poor sinful woman into the bargain.'

“ ‘I don't know anything about that ; I only know she is a good tenant, and I am not going to lose her.’

“ Nothing would stir the man from this decision, in which his wife acquiesced ; and at last, with an overpowering sense of her own weakness to melt his hard heart, Mrs. V. asked him and his wife to kneel down and pray with her that God would guide them as to what was best to be done in the matter. Well, he had no objection to do that if the lady wished ; so she knelt down and uttered an earnest cry that God would do what her words had no power to do, and incline their hearts to do what was right, and then took her leave, feeling sorely discouraged, knowing it would be impossible to save the woman with this insurmountable obstacle in the way.

“ ‘Well,’ she said to herself with a sigh, ‘I must leave it in his hands with whom nothing is impossible.’

“ Late that same evening there was a ring at the bell, and her servant came upstairs with a message that there was a butcher waiting to see her. He knew it was late, but he would not detain Mrs. V. more than a few minutes if she would just see him. She hastened downstairs, and there was her friend of the morning.

“ ‘Well, ma'am,’ he said, ‘after you was gone my wife and I talked over that little business you came about, and we said it would break our hearts to see one of our girls go wrong, and we don't want another man's to go to the bad neither ; and the long and short of it is we have made up our mind to forgive the woman the rest of the lease ; it is a great loss to us as the house has got a bad name, and mayn't let at once again ; but still, as you say, it is no more than what's right.’

“ ‘God be praised !’ exclaimed Mrs. V., ‘This is an answer to my prayers. May God bless you for your decision with his own blessing, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow to it. Now the poor woman can be saved if she is really in earnest, which I feel sure she is.’ Early the next day Mrs. V. secured a small apartment in a respectable locality, put a few plants in the window to make it look bright and pleasant, drove off to Mrs. R.'s house, and fetched her away with what necessaries she needed, and herself locked up the house and took possession of the key. She then wrote off to her friend Mrs.—, at B—, told her all the remarkable circumstances of the case, and asked her whether she would take two small rooms for Mrs. R. and put her in the way of getting her own living by washing, and herself and her Scripture reader undertake to see after her spiritually. On Mrs.— consenting to do this, Mrs. V. herself saw to the sale of Mrs. R.'s furniture to the best advantage, which realised a small sum in hand, and set her free from all fear of want ; and less than a week saw her and her charge standing on the Brighton platform, ready to start for B—. Seeing Mrs. V. about to take her seat in a second-class carriage by her side, she exclaimed, ‘Oh, ma'am, you are not going to let people see you travelling with me ? Everyone knows me as one of the worst characters in Brighton ; I am not fit to be seen with you.’

“ ‘Nay,’ said Mrs. V., taking her seat by her side, ‘My Master was not ashamed to be seen sitting side by side with publicans and sinners ; why should a sinner like me be ashamed ?’

“ Mrs. V. never left her till she had seen her comfortably settled, with kind Christian hearts to see after her and care for her. In temporal things she wanted for nothing, as she was soon able to earn her own living ; but except for the daily visits of Mrs.— and her Scripture reader, the deep waters must have flowed over her head. For months she passed through the most terrible distress of mind—a sense of sin which at one time seemed to threaten her reason. Truly she might say through those months of mental darkness, ‘Neither sun nor star appeared in many days, and much tempest lay on her, and all hope that she would be saved seemed taken away from her.’ But at last the tempest-tossed soul reached the waveless harbour of that love which is deeper than our deepest sin, deeper than our deepest fall—deeper even than our despair of ourselves ; and she realised that for her, too, it was written that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and that the vilest coming to him, ‘shall in no wise be cast out.’

“ For some ten years past Mrs. R. has been known as one of the godliest women in the place where she lives, her house being always open for prayer meetings and Bible readings.

“ A great change had passed, too, over our friend the butcher. From the day of Mrs. V.'s visit to him he shut his shop on the Sunday, established family prayer, and he and his family became regular attendants at a place of worship. And when Mrs. R. came to Brighton the winter before last, he insisted on her coming to stay

with them. 'She does so strengthen us,' he said. During her stay at Brighton she went to the Home, and spoke to the girls of the anguish of a life of sin, of all she had suffered before she could feel herself forgiven, and the blessedness of serving God. All who knew her, and who knew what she once was, could only exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' and feel that the gospel is indeed the power of God unto salvation—that it, and it ALONE, could 'change that woman, who was a sinner.' drunkard, blasphemer, liar, profligate, and destroyer of souls, into a virtuous woman, full of good works, her whole life lifted up and hid with Christ in God.

Holy confidence in God wears the aspect of simplicity, but is in reality the highest wisdom. The Lord gives to his servants a kind of inspiration, by which they are led to right methods, and are enabled to avoid the blunders of mere routine. No one teaches birds to build nests, yet they never make such lamentable mistakes as our highly educated constructors of the navy; the instinctive wisdom of love is often a gleam of the divine intelligence, and its dictates are infinitely superior to the laborious arrangements of learned theorists. It needs great wisdom to gather in fallen women from the streets, but it must require far more to manage them when you have placed them in the house. We admire the principles of Mrs. V.'s home, they seem to be rational rather than fanciful, adapted to real human nature, and not sublime attempts at a fictitious ideal. Very properly is it said—

"In the first place, I suppose we are all agreed that hard work must always be one great agency for the reformation of character. But what work? Surely not plain needlework alone, which forms the sole employment in so many Penitentiaries—a quiet sedentary occupation, which more than any other allows the mind to brood upon itself. Here you have a fountain of corruption within, low thoughts, low pleasures, low desires, low aims, low memories; yet the first thing that is done in many so-called Reformatories is deliberately to turn the mind in upon itself, before it has had time to be in some measure purified by its new and better surroundings, and by more wholesome habits of thought. At the Brighton Home, on the contrary, a girl at once goes to the wash-tub. She finds herself face to face with other girls, splashing and clattering and pounding going on all round her; and she has to exert that physical strength which in itself works off so much that is unhealthy in the mind, and leaves neither leisure nor inclination for self-brooding. So great is the evil of sedentary occupation, at any rate just at first, that in Germany field labour and garden work is had recourse to, even in female penitentiaries, rather than needlework.

This is common sense, and that is a sort of sense by no means common with religious people. If anything be wanted in this world, it is a method of making certain earnest people reasonable. If an amalgam of zeal and knowledge could be readily procured it would be far more precious than gold, and would be the one thing needful for the mass of would-be philanthropists.

Other equally sensible plans are mentioned, but our eye lingers on the page where our author remarks—

"I think Mrs. V.'s success has been owing pre-eminently to her treating them with human tenderness, human care, and human consideration. She does not look upon them as a mass of bad, raw material, to be put into a machine called an institution, for the purpose of being worked up into some better and more serviceable shape. You cannot thus make moral shoddy of that humanity, with all its infinite capabilities for good or evil, for which the Son of God was contented to die to redeem it to God. How truly has Frederick Robertson said, 'an infinite being comes before us, with a whole eternity wrapped up in his mind and soul, and we proceed to classify him, put a label upon him, as we would on a jar, saying this is rice, that is jelly, and this is pomatum, and then we think we have saved ourselves the trouble of taking off the cover.'

"God bids us 'consider the poor;' but is not that about the last thing we do? We preach to them, we talk at them, we Bible-class and religious-meeting them, we give them food and coals, and blankets, and clothing, and tracts, everything but simple human consideration and human fellowship, which would enable us to enter into their sorrows and difficulties as our own, and treat them with the delicate tact and tenderness of our equals, and be more intent on loving and feeling for them than on preaching and talking at them. Now Mrs. V. emphatically considers her poor outcasts, dealing, as far as she can, individually with each one, in the spirit of him in whose eyes no amount of sin and degradation ever forfeited the right to personal consideration, and who, while redeeming the race, always dealt with the individual heart and conscience—he who did not think it beneath him to ask a favour at the hands of the sinful woman of Samaria to place her at her ease, and raise her self-respect, who showed a knowledge of and interest in all the facts of her own personal history, who frankly and ungrudgingly recognised the good that still remained in the midst of degradation, 'In that saidst thou truly:' sensual she was, but no liar. It is in this spirit of large human-hearted tenderness and interest, that Mrs. V. endeavours to deal with her girls, getting at the facts of each one's history, talking and praying, so far as her strength will allow, with each one alone; feeling for the sins, and sorrows, and difficulties of each one separately. She knows all about the father who won't relent or forgive, and has never answered his girl's last letter, expressing sorrow for the past. She knows all about the mother, early lost, and the miserable unshielded home, or the stepmother, who first made things uncomfortable. She knows about the little sister who is giddy and gay, and is often a source of tenderest solicitude to the one who has tasted the bitter fruits of sin. She knows about the respectable young man who had never given the girl up, and promises that if she conducts herself well, she shall be married from the institution, and she herself shall be at the wedding.

"This personal care and attention is shown in everything. I believe that it is the practice in many penitentiaries to have a generally loosely-fitting dress, tied in at the waist, and so made as to fit any one, and which therefore can be transferred from the goer out to the comer in. A girl who had been thus tied up in a penitential sack for nearly two years, on being admitted into Mrs. V.'s home was touched to tears, at being actually fitted for a dress, and a pair of stays, and care and pains being taken that she should look nice. Yet surely the contrary plan is to undo with our left hand what we are trying to do with our right, weakening the sense of personal respect and propriety, the strengthening of which must be one of the first steps towards reformation. In the same way care and taste is bestowed on the selection of the ribbons for their bonnets, that the colour should be becoming, the bonnet and cloak not too large or too small. So touched and taken are the girls with this little motherly care for their appearance, that after they have gone to service, they will often send Mrs. V. and the matrons little patterns of their dresses or ribbons they have chosen, to show how neatly they are trying to dress, and with what care they are choosing their colours.

If this sympathy be not the secret of success it lies very near it, and no one who possesses a large share of it is likely to fail if piety and good sense are combined therewith. Mrs. V. was evidently created for the task she has undertaken, and achieves what few others dare attempt; the pity is that in such a case there should be a bound put to her usefulness by the frequent lack of funds. One would have supposed that the thousands of wealthy persons who resort to Brighton would, upon hearing of the operations of such a heaven-sent instrumentality, have been delighted to furnish it with superabundant means. Few of us may be able to reclaim harlots, but most of us can give our quota towards the expenses of those who can. At our own doors we probably have such labourers, and we ought to help them. In London many of the Refuges are quite destitute of funds, for the great public subscriptions for the war have diverted the streams of benevolence to other lands. We have read the most piteous appeals of late, not for new buildings, not for enlargements, but for money to buy the bare

bread and milk to feed the girls in the refuge homes. It is certain that many women who are willing to reform cannot find a roof beneath which to be sheltered, because either the refuges are full or the funds do not permit of more being received. Think of a case like this—"A poor girl had been long possessed with an absorbing longing to escape from the misery and degradation of her life, and hearing that there was a Refuge at Gloucester, she found her way thither on foot. Unfortunately the Refuge was quite full, and she could not be received; but she was told there was one at Birmingham, where they would take her in. Thither, therefore, she tramped wearily, only to receive the same answer. Hearing that there was a penitentiary at Pentonville, she at once resumed her weary foot journey, and beat her way along the burning roads, with only such food as she could get at workhouses that lay in the way, till she reached that place. Once again the same answer awaited her, and again the door of hope was shut in her face. Which of us would not have given up in despair, and have felt that there was no way of escape left us? But not she; hearing that there was yet another Home at Brighton, she set off again, and at length knocked, half-fainting, at its door. It too was full and overflowing, every bed occupied, and two girls lying on the floor. But Mrs. V., like her Master, makes a rule of turning none away who knock for admission, and a friend at once came forward and offered to defray the expense of her being placed with a Christian woman till there should be a vacancy for her in the Home." Surely there is wealth enough in Gloucester, Birmingham, and London to have provided a refuge for this poor daughter of Eve. Shame on our Christianity, that those weary miles should have been trodden ere the poor wanderer could find a friend. Not one out of the fifty thousand of England's fallen daughters ought to find it hard to gain space for repentance, nor need they if all Christians were Christians indeed.

To the honoured woman whose life-work has thus been brought before us, and to all others, her sisters and likeminded workers, we offer words of sympathy and thoughts of admiration. God speed you, ye fair images of Jesus. May your spirits be refreshed by a consciousness of your Master's smile and by evident tokens that he is working with you.

Matthew Henry and the Borough of Hackney.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

HACKNEY has been somewhat correctly styled the classic ground of Nonconformity. Certain is it that, the town claims a notable if not a noble history. Times have been when gay courtiers, attracted by gravelly soil and a salubrious atmosphere, have made a home of this quiet suburb. The inhabitants of other days knew what it was to entertain their sovereign in the person of Queen Elizabeth. No wonder if comfortable mansions with shrill-toned alarm-bells, and high garden-walls, crystal wells, and a renowned sanctuary with a celebrated organ, tended to raise what is now a new borough into a fashionable suburb of London. In Puritan days Hackney rejoiced in the possession of a staid

clame called, "Hannah the Prophetess," while at the same time it could boast of "A Ladies' University." Hackney, too, we have the best evidence for believing, early became a centre of Nonconformity, or rather of Puritan influence. Philip Nye, who occupies a conspicuous niche in the temple of Hudibras—

"With greater art and cunning reared
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard"—

was a preacher here soon after "the setting of that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth." Then, when political and religious troubles rent and perplexed the nation, and when the misdeeds of the monarch had provoked lovers of peace into becoming amateurs in war, the rector of Hackney, Calybutte Downing, stood forth as one of the boldest advocates of armed resistance to royal encroachments. Even during the last seventy years, relics have been preserved in this district of seventeenth century revolutions. Formerly the High-street contained a quaint dwelling called Barber's Barn, once the residence of John Okey the regicide, who after rising from the grade of a common brewer into occupying a proud political station under the Commonwealth, forfeited his life at the Restoration. Nor must we omit mentioning good old William Spurstow, the Puritan rector of the village in the days of the Westminster Assembly, of which learned conclave he was an active member. While the alarm of war swept over town and village, to trouble hall and cottage alike, the Commons were wont to profit by the sober addresses of the Hackney pastor; and for a season, Hampden's regiment was instructed from his lips on matters touching a higher warfare than that of curbing the selfish passions of earthly kings. On the site of the old town-hall stood "The Church Howse," or rectory, whither Richard Baxter occasionally retired for holy converse and quiet retirement. Hackney, moreover, became the last earthly home of Timothy Hall, a notable victim of the kingcraft which provoked the Revolution. Being one of the few courtiers who consented to read the royal Indulgence of 1687, King James rewarded him with a bishopric, which public opinion would not allow him to appropriate. What the hamlet appeared like on each returning Sabbath, in these interesting times, we partially learn from Pepys' Diary. The fine music which was incorporated with the weekly service at the parish church drew crowds of idlers; and a large proportion of the population being composed of the youth of well-to-do families, they presented a pleasing appearance both when enlivening the thoroughfares, or when assembled in the church. When the fathers of Puritanism had departed to their reward, Hackney retained much of its literary pre-eminence. Here the laborious historian John Strype ended his days in 1737, after having administered the Lord's Supper to his parishioners at Low Leyton on sixty-six consecutive Christmas-days. During the eighteenth century the suburb continued to be a favourite resort of Nonconformists. Time, however, would fail were we to recount the list of worthies whose life-work and holy example some local Fuller may one day profitably commemorate. As mere literary names we might mention Robert Fleming, a celebrated writer on the Revelation, in the days of William the Third; and Richard Price, and Andrew Kippis, to say nothing of the family of

Fromwell, who all graced with their presence the town which gave a name to Hackney coaches.

But we pass onward to the subject with which we are chiefly concerned, Matthew Henry, the last years of whose ministry were spent in this old suburb. Nevertheless, before speaking particularly of the commentator, it will be well briefly to show how the path was opened for his settlement in a London hamlet.

It happened fortunately that when William Bates, whom his contemporaries called "The Silver-tongued," was deprived of his cure in the city by the Act of Uniformity, he found a congenial sphere of labour in Hackney. The church still assembling at St. Thomas's-square was planted by Dr. Bates. This amiable man, whose writings are still highly esteemed by the best judges, was son of a physician in good practice, and who was therefore enabled to aid the gifts of his son to the utmost by means of a valuable education. Those old Puritans, who in the civil war time, were privileged to listen to the earliest addresses of this Cambridge student, were able to discover that the future would see him occupy a distinguished position. To say nothing of his learning and abilities, his personal bearing and pleasing expression of countenance, told sufficiently in his favour to ensure his rising high in the good esteem of London citizens, whom he ably served in the pulpit of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. A successful preacher, Bates avoided written notes in public, though none more assiduously prepared their discourses in private. His natural kindness of disposition drew out his sympathy for inexperienced youth, till many needy students became indebted to his advice and more substantial assistance. Like too many of his brother Presbyterians, Bates befriended the exiled royal family by aiding the Restoration, and like them found himself neglected, or even persecuted when that Restoration was consummated. He not only lived to win the love of the great and good, but he might have accepted an influential and lucrative position in the Established Church had conscience permitted his conforming. Inheriting a classic taste, he amassed a large collection of books which happily are preserved for posterity in Dr. Williams's Library. His great influence was exerted to support the right, and to disperse the ignorance, which then in a more lamentable manner than now hung as a blight over the moral universe. His eloquent sermons at the Merchants' Lectureship attracted large and admiring audiences. As a friend he was outspoken and steadfast. He once rebuked Episcopal rudeness to Baxter at the Savoy Conference, and he stood by the same persecuted brother, when, worn by age and weakened by disease he was assailed by the savage ribaldry of Jeffreys. Then at length, when Bates himself was growing old, he retired to Hackney, and securing a group of old-fashioned buildings, he transformed them into a meeting-house, which served the church he gathered for or about eighty years; and through that period it was regarded by the Dissenters as a leading chapel of the English Presbyterians. Bates was the intimate friend of King William, and his chastely written treatises were among the choicest literary entertainment of Queen Mary. Such was the greatest predecessor of Matthew Henry at Hackney, the commentator having been immediately preceded by Robert Billio, whose life was cut short by disease in 1710.

It happened soon after the death of their pastor Robert Billio, that the Hackney Dissenters succeeded in forming a connection with Matthew Henry. On the death of Dr. Bates, eleven years before, a similar attempt had proved unsuccessful. As most readers are aware, the great commentator was the son of a scarcely less distinguished father. Henry's birth, his biographers suppose, was premature—a result of the inconvenience the family suffered on leaving their vicarage in the troublous Bartholomew of 1662. Matthew early manifested strong inclinations for diligently acquiring knowledge. His excellent mother occasionally supposed it necessary to entice him from books and seclusion by sending him into the fields for a comfortable ramble. After the preparatory grammar learning of home tutors was digested, the little Puritan eagerly appropriated such knowledge as good Mr. Turner, a near neighbour, could impart. The instructions of this judicious professor were sufficiently valuable to win the high appreciation of the family. Tutor and scholar worked hard, the latter “doing a side of Latin and two Greek verses a day,” when only nine years of age, in addition to which he read English correctly, and had done so for six years. An attack of fever rudely interrupted the learning of those pleasant days. Very naturally the prayers of a grave household for an estimable son were earnest and persevering, and Philip Henry reasonably attributed his child's recovery to the efficacy of faithful supplication. The embryo commentator might have been classed among the most remarkable of children. Prior to completing his tenth year, he paid assiduous attention to his father's ministrations; for on returning home, each Sabbath morning, it was his custom to ponder the lessons, and even to write down such parts of the sermon as memory retained. Some mementos of Matthew's juvenile labours are still extant in several manuscript volumes. The picture of this Puritan household, the children of which usually held prayer-meetings on Saturday afternoons, is replete with interest and instruction; but what singular phenomena would such worshippers be considered in modern society!

The matter of Henry's education occasioned much anxious consideration, for the time had arrived when he must be introduced to the higher subjects of learning. The elder Henry so well appreciated the benefit derived by himself from a University training, and in themselves he knew that similar advantages would prove the most valuable endowment he could confer on his son; but unfortunately, at this date, the moral atmosphere of the national colleges was sufficiently bad to deter the father from allowing his son to breathe the poison. As this was so, all concerned were satisfactorily relieved, when it was finally arranged that Matthew should forthwith depart southward and profit under the tuition of Thomas Doolittle, whose manse was surrounded by the green and pleasant fields of Islington, but whose pastorate was in connection with Monkwell-street Chapel, London. An account of the then formidable journey to the capital is preserved in a letter dated from the Castle Inn, near Aldersgate, and sent by the young traveller to his friends at Broadoak. Metropolitan wonders, as then existing, are detailed in a manner intended by the writer to astonish while it instructed his mother and sisters. The graphic description of what was to him a new world, included many surprising things, and not

least among these was the fact that, during the progress from Islington citywards, at least one hundred coaches were counted. Then Matthew visited the Monument, or "Spire Steeple" as he called it, and he took a note of its three hundred and forty-five steps. It will excite no surprise if we say here, that when compared with the house-place, and best parlour at Broadoak, the apartments in the polite home of Thomas Doolittle struck the young scholar as being "very strait and narrow." The tutor, who himself preached on each returning Sabbath morning to a crowded assembly at his City meeting, was a student delighting in close application. The ladies of the household were the mistress and her daughters, and these twain, Matthew informed his far-distant relatives were "very fine and gallant." It happened, however, that severe trials were at hand—troubles but little anticipated by the sprightly correspondent. A few weeks after the commencement of the session, Henry's companion student died; and immediately afterwards those who remained were scattered by a renewed outbreak of persecution. At the same time, and from the same cause, most of the Nonconformist chapels in London were closed. The times were dark and humiliating, not only to such as were solicitous for undefiled religion, but to every true Englishman anxious to preserve intact the political honour of his country. Henry returned to Broadoak, there uninterruptedly to pursue the usual round of University learning.* On returning to London in 1685 he studied within the precincts of Gray's Inn. Henry was now in his twenty-third year, and his attention to law studies was supposed to show his capacity to profit by a high mental discipline, for the determination to enter the ministry appears never to have been abandoned. The law literature of that era was but a dry study to a student already in love with divinity; and Henry's intercourse with the almost interminable volumes does not seem to have greatly interested him, though he devoured their contents in a manner that alarmed his father, and provoked some paternal hints about the inadvisability of overdoing a good thing. During his sojourn at Gray's Inn, the student once visited Baxter in prison, when he gracefully carried to the now way-worn author of the "Saints' Rest," an offering from friends at Broadoak; but Baxter "could not be prevailed on to accept the present by all the powers of persuasion that Matthew could command."

Returning home in the summer of 1686, the young divine, who was now somewhat of a lawyer, began preaching both at Chester and Nantwich. Such a procedure continued to be legally dangerous; but reports were abroad respecting the Indulgence destined to prove so fatal to the ascendancy of James the Second. While anticipating greater liberty, Henry was invited to take the pastorate at Chester; and though entertaining the call, he yet chose to spend another brief season in London. He arrived in the capital on the eve of the

* "Grammar Learning," and "University Learning," now became terms well understood among the Dissenters; but I find that the last is not always intelligible to persons not read in the history of those times. A writer in the "Literary World," in noticing "Ancient Meeting Houses," takes occasion to expose the carelessness which could represent the youthful Watts as inheriting conscientious scruples about entering an English University, and yet on the same page speak of him as being engaged in storing up his University learning. One might as reasonably cavil at a book for referring to churches as existing apart from consecrated buildings.

Revolution. Persecution had failed, and tyranny in the person of the monarch, was trying the experiment of fawning on its enemies. Liberty held her head erect once more; and her abettors walked the streets unmolested. The Nonconformist meeting-houses were re-opened, and Holland was yielding up her refugees. In this joyous season, Henry's abilities were recognised and honoured, and had he desired it, he might have accepted a station in the metropolis of dignity and influence. His ordination, which took place in London, in May, 1687, was immediately preceded by his settlement at Chester, where he contracted his first happy marriage. Henry's lovemaking, it is encouraging to know, had been attended by those every-day difficulties which only prevent true love from running too smoothly. The lady's father esteemed the brilliant young suitor as one eminently qualified to promote his daughter's happiness; and as one possessing all things desirable; but the mother being more suspicious, was actuated by motives of greater ambition. She wished that her girl, who was heiress to a large fortune, should take a partner of corresponding means and position. Yet when the bride was happily settled, her connexions expressed their satisfaction, and her parents removed to Chester to reside in the family of their son-in-law. This prosperity and happiness lasted but a few months. Death rudely stepped into the household, and in the act of taking Mrs. Henry sowed the seeds of life-long grief in the hearts of her survivors. * The sorrow of the family was truly excessive, and will appear to have been too much so in this instance of bereavement, which sharp as it was, had yet the joy of being alleviated by Christian hope. When the proper time came round, his mother-in-law strongly urged Henry to contract a second marriage; and therefore, in 1690, he wedded Miss Warburton, a union which ensured him a large share of domestic comfort.

During the spring of 1698, the pastor again visited London. The events of the journey were characteristic of those times, and their recital affords us a partial insight into the manners and customs of the old Dissenters. Henry called on friends whose homes were upon his route, and gladly consented to preach in the towns through which he passed. On reaching London eminent Dissenters on all hands courted his society. Their guest from Chester was so exceedingly popular that the good citizens, busy as they were, would not be satisfied unless he gave them at least a sermon a day. Whether he preached at Salter's Hall, Silver-street, or the Old Jewry, crowds of admirers followed, and one discourse was necessarily printed for the edification of the people. This pleasant excursion, by bringing the commentator into wider notice, added something to his reputation. During subsequent years he was repeatedly urged by various leading metropolitan congregations to remove from Chester and settle in London. For many long years, however, the pastor persistently refused to forsake his provincial friends. On the death of John Spademan, of Silver-street meeting, the Church while refusing to take a denial, proceeded to elect Henry to their vacant pastorate, but their singular procedure was of no avail, although as William Tong assured his friend, the whole city from Wapping to Westminster was anxious about his coming.

The persevering efforts of the Church at Hackney to bring Henry

to the neighbourhood of London were finally successful. Reasons suggested themselves to his mind that outweighed all remaining objections. In a wider sphere of labour his influence for good would proportionately increase. In the matter of the commentary he was working for posterity, and as regarding that great work, which he was then industriously proceeding with, it appeared that a near personal superintendence of the printing promised lasting advantage. In the neighbourhood of London, moreover, a ready access to collections of valuable books could be enjoyed, and these under any circumstances were not obtainable at Chester. One other advantage, which the cultured never underrate, was that of congenial and profitable society. The removal to Hackney became a fact in the spring of 1712. On the eighteenth day of May, Henry inaugurated his pastorate by preaching in the morning from the opening of Genesis, and in the afternoon from the first chapter of Matthew. He entered on a course of incessant pastoral labours, which joined to arduous literary undertakings, would have sufficed to shorten the life of a stronger man. His ministry at Hackney proved pre-eminently successful. Constant occupations so engrossed his attention that time scarcely remained to harbour depressing thoughts; yet such would sometimes intrude unbidden, as he remembered his late beloved people, and cast a longing look towards Chester.

Henry's popularity in London continued to increase till his services were eagerly sought for anniversaries and other festivals. He would even preach two or three times in a single day. On the Sabbath, in addition to his home labours, the pastor assisted at the early morning lecture at Little Saint Helens, besides which he sometimes preached in the evening in the city, evening lectures not being usual outside London. The heedlessness of consequences shown in submitting to these continued strains upon his powers, was, in a way, one evening roughly rebuked by a company of footpads, who relieved the pastor of eleven shillings during his journey homeward to Hackney.

Henry attempted to revive the custom of catechising young persons by promoting that exercise in his own congregation. These services were usually held on Saturday afternoons. In the reign of Queen Anne, similar practices were more urgently necessary than they are in our more favoured days. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, schools, as appendages to Nonconformist Churches, were almost unknown institutions. Even London boasted of but one exception, and that exception so pleased the Hackney pastor, that on New Year's-day, 1713, he visited his friend Marryat, of Gravel Lane, Southwark, for the purpose of giving a discourse on behalf of the innovating venture of a day-school.

Henry revisited Chester during the summer of 1713. The affectionate sympathy and the generous greetings he experienced, both refreshed and rejoiced his spirits. Immediately after returning home, the first symptoms of that decay appeared which was destined to cut short his singularly industrious career, and that too, alas! so much sooner than any mortal foresight could have anticipated. But it was not until the succeeding spring that he undertook a last journey to the scene of his early labours. On that occasion, many anxious admirers saw with concern, that the countenance and bearing of the divine were accompanied

by those unmistakable tokens which so surely presage approaching mortality. Henry spent his last earthly Sabbath at Chester, where he appropriately preached on the theme of everlasting rest. On the morning following he commenced journeying southward, but imprudently preached again during his progress. Friends vainly attempted dissuading him from taking a service at Nantwich, because by the absence of his usual geniality they judged him to be seriously ailing. But his lifework was finished. It happened to be the longest day of summer. Intending to halt at Doddington, to accept the hospitality of Sir Thomas Delves, the commentator found himself unable to proceed, and therefore stayed instead at the house of a brother minister. The great man had now arrived at the last stage of his busy if rather uneventful career, and life's closing scene was as beautiful as aught that had gone before. An apoplectic fit succeeded, which finally released his happy spirit at five o'clock on the morning of June the twenty-second. When news of the irreparable loss sustained by the entire Church militant reached London, unusual signs of grief became manifest, the mourning extending throughout the Three Denominations. William Tong, of Salters' Hall, and Dr. Daniel Williams, the founder of the library, each attempted to console the sorrowing people of Hackney, in an appropriate funeral discourse.

During his Chester pastorate, Henry habitually preached sets of sermons on chosen subjects. One of these themes was Conversion; another was, The Penalties of Sin. His people also enjoyed abundant opportunity of profiting by his able expositions of the lessons from the Bible. As he progressed in life, Henry was led to undertake what many of his class in that age were prone to consider their peculiar work: this was simply the prodigious ordeal of composing a body of divinity. At the date of his decease he had proceeded some way into the subject of God's Being and Attributes; and, had life been prolonged, he would probably have published that great work after completing his commentary. The biblical annotations were begun in 1704. Several years previously, however, some notes on the Apocalypse were submitted to the critical judgment of Samuel Clarke, and these obtained a favourable opinion. Fruitless endeavours were probably made to persuade the London booksellers to accept the manuscript; but though left on hand, these, had the author been spared, would, as a matter of course, have occupied their proper place in the commentary.

Mankind are interested in details of the beginnings, the progress and the endings of great works. What about Matthew Henry's Commentary? In the quiet of eventide, on November the 12th, 1704, the writing was commenced of that celebrated explanation of God's Word, which the Church will prize till the end of time. Henry took up his pen, "After many thoughts of heart and many prayers." With great precision he noted down in his diary the progress of the work. Exactly two years sufficed to complete the Pentateuch. Then the busy hand of the writer was stayed by death, when by ceaseless industry it had worked on to the end of the Acts of the Apostles. As most readers are aware, the work was finished by several eminent Nonconformist divines.

Matthew Henry may not be the ablest divine of the Revolution era, though his exposition of the parable of the Prodigal Son is regarded as

a choice gem in English literature.* If we only except the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," Henry is as popular with posterity as the most illustrious of his Puritan contemporaries. Though in some particular literary excellences he was surpassed by Howe and Bates, it may be justly questioned if the present united influence of the two eminent divines mentioned be so great as that still exercised by the humble-minded commentator, who as passing years widen the gulf between his times and ours, is ever extending his province as a religious teacher of the people of England.

Confirmation Again.

MR. ALFRED POTTER, the Rector of Keyworth, Notts, has published a reply to our review of his "Dialogue on Confirmation," and it can be had of Mr. Macintosh, of Paternoster Row, for one penny. It is almost as good a tract as his former one, of which he tells us, "If you had dismissed my tract on confirmation with the remark that it was *worthless*, I could have understood your meaning, and remained silent." Now, our politeness would have forbidden such a remark, but if it will gratify Mr. Potter, we will come down to the level of his understanding, and oblige him by saying that both his first tract and his present reply are *worthless*. Fearing, however, that the gentleman will not be quite satisfied with the verdict which he invites, we shall be presumptuous enough to add a few sentences more. Evidently he thinks we shall be astounded at his buckling on the harness and coming forth against us, and that our alarm at his publicly exposing us will be extreme. We can assure him that he has no cause to fear for us, our equanimity is unruffled, and no feeling is awakened in us except the very smallest amount of amusement. A worthy neighbour of the Vicar tells us that the remarkable array of texts at the bottom of the pages of the reply has caused no small amusement, since they appear to have been culled at random, and are about as appropriate to the late eclipse of the sun as to the subject in hand. Some writers feel that it gives an air of importance to their pages to stud them with references, but when the references are babyish the result is one step removed from the sublime.

How does the rector rectify himself in the matter of the maimed quotation from Calvin? Why, by merely saying that the words were "*unintentionally omitted*"!!! We are bound to believe his reverence, and we do so according to the measure of our faith. It is, however, a singular accident by which a man leaves out that part of a sentence which is not in accordance with his own views. Accidents in the literary world are evidently more propitiously arranged than those upon railroads. The rector feels that the accident was so trivial that he has no need even to say that he is sorry for it; on the contrary, *he* is the accurate man beyond all doubt, and that wicked Reviewer is the guilty party. What if the rector did *accidentally* misquote Calvin, he was even then nearer the mark than the flippant being who dared to quote

* See the "Encyclopædia Britannica," eighth edition. Art. MATTHEW HENRY.

Calvin's utterances concerning Confirmation in the Church of Rome, and show that they were applicable to the immaculate Church of England. The rector has the effrontery to affirm that Calvin approved of Confirmation, as practised in the Church of England, because he (as we admitted) believed in the primitive laying on of hands, and declared that a sort of Confirmation was practised in the early church. To us it is as clear as daylight that the censures of Calvin, which we quoted, are applicable to any Confirmation which pretends to bestow spiritual gifts; they were aimed primarily at the practice of the Church of Rome, they are quite as applicable to the rather more obnoxious ceremony of the Anglican Church. Let our readers turn to the passage quoted in our article and judge for themselves. The confirmation which Calvin would have allowed is widely different from the misleading, injurious, and utterly unscriptural ceremony which Mr. Potter, and his like, try to bolster up. As the Institutes of Calvin were written before the present service-book of the Anglican Community was extant, few persons out of Bedlam would have brought Calvin into the question on one side or the other. Having however introduced that great reformer's opinion, the reverend gentleman was answered by us according to his folly by a quotation dead against him, and now he turns round in devout horror, and cries out, "This was meant for the Church of Rome and not for the Anglican ceremony." We cannot help answering, "O sapient rector of Keyworth, of course it was! Who but you would have dreamed otherwise? How could Calvin in his Institutes have formed a judgment upon your precious prayer-book which was not then in existence? But what he said of the Roman Confirmation is true of yours, and more true still, for he who compares the prayer-book and the missal upon confirmation, will find the prayer-book to be the worse of the two."

The *advice gratis* which his reverence gives us upon being flippant, etc, is worthy of a man who expects obsequious homage from the down-trodden serfs among whom he is *the parson*, but we think he makes a slight mistake when he considers unholy familiarity with sacred things to be the right name for plain speech concerning a Rector and his *worthless* Tracts.

England and the Pope.

"HER MAJESTY'S Government consider all that relates to the adequate support of the dignity of the Pope, and to his personal freedom and independence in the discharge of his spiritual functions, to be legitimate matter for their notice. Indeed, without waiting for the occurrence of an actual necessity, they have, during the uncertainties of the last few months, taken upon themselves to make provision which would have tended to afford any necessary protection to the person of the Sovereign Pontiff."

We must confess that we read the above words of Mr. Gladstone with surprise and indignation. We are glad that he has been called to account for them, and we hope that they will be made the subject of grave question as soon as ever the House of Commons meets. Our Roman Catholic fellow subjects will always find us willing to demand for to them their fullest civil rights. We are for religious equality without reserve; but they cannot claim that the Government of our country should play the lackey to their Chief Priest, and if they

claim it the arrogant pretension must be at once rebuked. By all means afford a shelter to any potentate who needs a refuge from his subjects; England glories in her universal hospitality to the tyrannised and to tyrants alike, but the late Master of Rome is no more a protégé of ours than the deposed Lord of Paris. We wish them both security of life and limb as men, but our fleets, our fortresses and our finances are no more available for securing the "personal freedom and independence" of the one than of the other, Mr. Gladstone misrepresents the nation when he makes the dignity of the Pope a *legitimate* object of the national notice of Great Britain. The followers of the Pope who dwell in these isles can no more claim that we should become a body-guard for that Italian dignitary, than can any other body of religionists demand that we shall uphold their leader, if he too happens to be a foreigner and in danger from his neighbours. The people of England and Scotland have yet to learn that they are bound to maintain the dignity or even to protect the person of a priest whom his own subjects cannot longer endure. We are Liberals, but we cannot brook this even from the most Liberal of cabinets. O for an hour of Oliver Cromwell in the senate house to denounce all truckling of this sort! If something be not said, and said very decidedly too, our rulers will go from bad to worse; not intentionally rebelling against the sovereignty of public opinion, but misunderstanding its decree. The men of Scotland are speaking, and it behoves all Protestants, without bitterness, but with much firmness, to repeat their protest. Thank God, England is not Papal yet.

A puzzled Dutchman.

A WISCONSIN secular paper contains the following good story. One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said, some believe it necessary to go down into the water, and come up out of it, to be baptised. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the preposition "into," of the Scriptures, should be rendered differently, for it does not mean *into* at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain, and the Saviour was taken into a high mountain, etc. Now, we do not suppose that either went into a mountain, but *unto* it. So with going down into the water; it means only going down close by or near the water, and being baptised in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring."

He carried this idea out fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to arise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of the brethren arose, and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally, a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke a silence that was almost painful, as follows:—

"Mister Breacher, I ish so glat I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mint some dings that I never could pelief pefore. Oh, I so glad dat into does not mean into at all, but shust close by or near to, for now I can pelief manish dings vot I could not pelief pefore. We reat, Mr. Breacher, dat Taniel was cast into de ten of lions and came out alive! Now I nefer could pelief dat, for de wilt beasts would shust eat him right off; put now it is fery clear to my mint. He vash shust close py or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glat I vash here to-night!

"Again we reat dat de Hebrew children vas cast into de firish furnace, and dat air alwaysh looking like a peeg story too, for dey would have peen purut up, put it ish all plain to my mint now, for dey were shust cast near py or close to the firish furnace. Oh, I vash so glat I vash here to-night!

"And den, Mr. Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah was cast into de sea and taken into de whalesh pelly. Now I never could pelieve dat. It alwaysh seemed to me to pe a peeg feesh story, put it ish all plain to my mint now. He vash not into de whalesh pelly at all, but shust shumpt onto his pack, and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glat I vash here to-night!

"And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust explain a bassage of Scripture I shall pe, oh, so happy dat I vash here to-night!" It saish de vicked shall be cast into a lake that purns with fire and primstone alwaysh—O Mr. Breacher, shall I pe cast into that lake if I am vicked! or shust close py, or near to, shust near enough to pe comfortable? Oh, I hopes you tell me I shall be cast only shust py a good vay off, and I will pe so glat I vash here to-night!

The Annihilation Controversy.

We have received the following letters from our esteemed friend, Mr. Rogers. He may very cheerfully abide the sneers of Mr. White, who is so genial a gentleman that he would not betray so much temper if he had not been severely smitten. The dogmatism of the Editor of the *Rainbow* is noteworthy; the controversy is pretty well over when the *ipse dixit* of Dr. Leask stands instead of argument.

To the Editor of the "*Sword and the Trowel*."

Camberwell, January 6th, 1871.

DEAR SIR.—The Rev. Edward White has declined the controversy with me upon the subject of eternal punishment from, to use his own words, "a natural reluctance to be involved further with a gentleman who always writes in the tone of a tutor, and one possessing the rare power of assertion requisite for converting untrained youths, from town and country, in little more than two years, into expositors of God's word, and pastors of Baptist congregations." The Editor of the "*Rainbow*" refuses to insert any further communication from me upon the subject, in these words:—"Rev. G. Rogers will please excuse us. It is a waste of time and space to say more on the subject. Eternal suffering is *not* the doctrine of Scripture."

Yours truly, G. ROGERS.

The following is the letter refused insertion in the "*Rainbow*."

DEAR SIR.—Mr. White's reply to what he has styled my bold and audacious challenge, demands some further observations from me. The points to have been discussed by him are, 1. Whether there are not instances in the New Testament in which the doctrine of eternal punishment is affirmed as decisively and fully as it could have been affirmed in the Greek language? Whether, in fact, the eternal happiness of the righteous, or the eternity of God, is expressed in stronger terms? 2. Whether there are any instances in which the limitation of future punishment is as clearly and fully affirmed? and 3. Whether there are indirect allusions, figurative illustrations and inferential intimations, sufficiently numerous and powerful, to qualify the plainest declarations upon the subject? Of the first of these enquiries, in which the whole challenge consisted, and which admits of one reply only, Yes! or No! no notice whatever is taken. The second, which alone could have nullified the first, is also passed over in silence. To the third, which by itself can have no force, Mr. White's observations are limited. He says the doctrine of eternal punishment would have been conveyed more clearly in the Scriptures if such expressions as "death," "perishing," "destruction," being "killed," "burnt up as like chaff and tares," "blotted from the book of life," "broken to shivers," "ground to powder," and "dashed

to pieces like a potter's vessel," had not been used. But what evidence is there that these expressions were intended to teach the nature or duration, or anything beyond the certainty, the suddenness, and the completeness of the punishment of the wicked? All of duration included in the literal and conventional meaning of these terms is confined to this life, and no more applies to Mr. White's view of the duration of punishment after death than our own. Mr. White surely did not expect that figurative illustrations of eternity itself could be taken from the things of time? It would be just as wise to maintain that the doctrine of the eternity of God, and of the happiness of the righteous, is impaired because figurative representations of them are taken from temporal things. Mr. White further avers that the eternity of future punishment would have been more clearly taught in Scripture if man's natural immortality had been affirmed. Supposing, however, the soul to be naturally and necessarily immortal, there would have been no need to have affirmed it in connection with eternal death any more than in connection with eternal life. If natural immortality were included in life in Christ, a distinct proposition ought far more to have been given to that effect.

Mr. White replies, further, that if warning had been given against taking the terms *life* and *life eternal*, in the sense of duration of existence, the doctrine of a natural immortality would have been more clearly revealed. We needed foot notes, he thinks, to prevent us from taking these terms in a physical sense. Much more we conceive, did we require foot notes to inform us that physical, as well as spiritual, life was included in those terms. This physical idea forced into combination with the spiritual idea of life in Christ is the great assumption upon which Mr. White's theory is built. Why foisted into this figurative description of the benefits derived from an interest in Christ any more than in his being our light, a door, or a vine? Does Mr. White really suppose that he has discovered a similar combination of ideas in our speaking of the destruction of the soul, as including "separation from God and perpetual misery"? Surely these two things are far more closely allied than physical and spiritual life.

One more instance in which Mr. White suggests that the eternity of future punishment might have been more fully revealed, would have been by more frequent, and, as I understand him to mean, more terrible descriptions upon the subject. Another writer, at the same time, gives a similar reply. The question, however, is not how often the eternity of suffering needed to be revealed, in order to command our belief, but whether it has not been revealed as plainly and fully as words could express?

It is to a small part only of my paper that Mr. White has condescended to reply. The bearing of the subject upon the redemption-scheme, and upon the Lamb for ever upon the throne, he cautiously avoids. His allusions to myself personally, and to the College with which I am connected, are wholly irrelevant to the occasion; and in my opinion would have been better omitted for his sake rather than my own. I trust I have had no other aim than to defend what I hold to be the teaching of the word of God; nor am I conscious of having transgressed the rules of fair controversy in so doing.

G ROGERS.

THERE are some things we must deny ourselves for others' sakes. Though a man could run his horse full speed without danger to himself, yet he would do very ill to come scouring through a town where children are in the way. Thus some things thou mayst do without sin to thee, if there were no weak Christians in the way to ride over, and so bruise their tender consciences. But, alas! this is too narrow a path for mere professors to walk in nowadays; they must have more scope for their loose hearts, or else they and their profession must part.—*Gurnall*.

Reviews.

WE have many books still waiting for notice, and we hope to mention them all in due time, but we are just now pressed for space. We have this month noticed first those needing immediate attention.

The London Monthly Diaries for 1871. Shaw & Co.

OUR esteemed friend, C. R. H., has it much upon his mind to keep the word of God daily before business men. The diary for one month, which costs only a penny, is put into a morocco case, and when done with is succeeded by that of the next month. There is a text at the head of each day's memoranda. We fear that busy people will hardly care to use the monthly parts, but the idea is a good one, worthy of the zealous heart which has carried it into execution.

The Child's Companion for 1870. Religious Tract Society.

ARE we living in the same world? We remember the "Child's Companion" some quarter of a century ago, and then it was a sort of waistcoat pocket tract with indifferent woodcuts. How it has grown and improved! Families never need raise a question about the admission of the "Child's Companion" into the house; it is always on the right side, and wisely so. Last year's volume makes a very pretty present.

Old Jonathan. Collingridge.

THE volume for 1870, in paper covers, is published at eightpence. "Old Jonathan" is one of the best penny-worths issued from the press. It needs no commendation; it is so good and cheap that it must secure an ever-widening circulation. The same may be said of "The Cottager and Artisan," by the Religious Tract Society. Scatter them, scatter them, they are leaves for the healing of the people.

The Diary of Nannette Dampier, during the years 1664—66. Written by her in the French Language, and now translated into English. By ANNA J. BUCKLAND. Johnstone and Hunter.

A GOOD book, and calculated to make its readers good. It is a diary of a young lady in a Puritan family, during the plague, and deals with her inner life as well as with the events of the times. It will suit Sunday School libraries admirably.

The Grey House on the Hill. By the Honourable Mrs. GREEN. Nelson and Sons.

WE handed this story to a lady, who promised to give us her opinion in return. She is a lady of exquisite taste, and remarkable good sense, and therefore we give her remarks as we receive them.

"A very tender, touching story: one which cannot fail to interest and delight all true-hearted boys and girls. '*Magna est veritas et pravelebit*' is the lesson it teaches; and I can but hope that all who read it may learn it well. The title is somewhat misleading. One straightway pictures to oneself a dear, cosy, old-fashioned country mansion; grey, of coarse, with hoary age, but flecked with the bright green and gold of moss and lichen; soft folds of crimson curtains shading the windows, and warm firelight glancing out from the shining panes. Alas! for imagination's pictures. The reality turns out to be a dreary, cold, hard-featured *workhouse*, to which the little hero of the story is banished for a time in suffering and disgrace. He is an orphan, friendless (save for a brother away at Sebastopol), hard-worked, misunderstood, uncared for, the 'lines' falling to him at first in very unpleasant places; but he has true, child-like faith in God, and is making some friends, when terrible suspicions of wrong-doing and dishonesty falls upon him, and even the good Doctor* and his equally good son, 'Tom,' are compelled to believe the overwhelming evidence against him. Off to the work-house! for the doctor cannot have a thief and a liar in his house; but 'our old Tom' sticks steadfastly to his little friend, and at last has the intense happiness of completely establishing his innocence. The book concludes very pleasantly with the return of the brother from the Crimea, wounded, but worthy of the Victoria Cross, and with the triumphant reiteration of its motto—'*Magna est veritas et pravelebit*.'"

* I don't agree with you Mr. Editor in your little sneer at doctors last month.

Pictures and Stories of Natural History. T. Nelson & Sons.

THREE most fascinating books. We marvel more and more at the art and ingenuity now brought to bear upon juvenile literature. Here we have pretty stories about live things in very simple words, almost all of one syllable; and to make these go down with the very young folks we have a superabundance of engravings, some of them most deliciously coloured. The demand for children's books must surely be great when a house like that of Messrs. Nelson gives so much attention to the supply. We almost wish we were boys again.

The Hive; a Storehouse of Material for Working Sunday School Teachers. Volume II. Elliot Stock.

AFTER carefully looking through the years' issue of this magazine, we are bound to award it much commendation. Working Teachers, and we hope all those Teachers who read the *Sword and Trowel* are such, will derive great help from this work, but as it is not designed to relieve readers from the necessity of thinking, it is probable that lazy persons will be dissatisfied with it. The *Hive* occupies an important position in the literature of Sunday Schools.

The Students' Manual of Oriental History. A manual of the ancient history of the East to the commencement of the Median Wars. By FRANÇOIS LENORMANT and E. CHEVALLIER. Vol. II. Asher & Co., 13, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

WE have shown our appreciation of Vol. II. by sending an order to the publisher for Vol. I. This is a most learned work, and at the same time very readable. The French appear to excel in these researches, though we believe that their precise accuracy is not always unchallenged.

Rain upon the Mown Grass, and other Sermons, 1842—1870. By SAMUEL MARTIN, Minister of Westminster Chapel. Hodder & Stoughton.

THE practice of giving to a volume of sermons a name borrowed from the title of one of the discourses contained in it, may plead many precedents; but for all that it is often misleading, and is seldom other than absurd. For once, as a rare

exception to the rule, it has happened in this case that the very best title for the whole series of sermons was the subject of the first. "Rain upon the Mown Grass" is a most apt emblem of the whole manner and matter of the preacher of Westminster chapel. We hardly know what Mr. Matthew Arnold means by "sweetness and light," but when we hear the words we always think of Mr. Martin. His is a sort of vigorous tenderness, a manly childlikeness, a transparent depth, a lowly height. To know the man and not to love him would argue a hideous distortion of heart. You do not love him because some one noble quality redeems obvious faults, but because, take him for all in all, you see a balanced graciousness in him which you discover in very few even of the best of the brotherhood. The sermons before us are fresh, sparkling, living, clear; and they drop into the soul softly and sweetly as rain upon the grass which is newly shorn. A master's touch is visible on every page, but there is no trace of art, pretentiousness, or straining for effect. The themes are most of them the elementary truths of the gospel, and these are not elaborated into obscurity, nor philosophised in to unimportance, but simply and honestly handled after the natural manner of a refined and spiritual mind. There is no hurricane, or flood, but there is a dew from the Lord, and a clear, calm shining. Softness and strength here melt into each other, and lend a mutual adornment. Perhaps not to the uneducated, but certainly to persons in whom piety and taste are united, this half-guinea volume will prove a welcome addition to sermon literature. Our space does not admit of our saying more.

The Spanish Brothers; a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By the Author of "The Dark Year of Dundee." Nelson & Sons.

THIS is one of the Schönberg-Cotta series of historical stories, which is of itself a sufficient passport to the confidence of readers of that class of literature. If we must have religious and historical novels let them be such as these. The subject is full of holy interest, and the treatment of it is devout and inspiring.

Sources of Joy in Seasons of Sorrow; with other help on the heavenward way. By JAMES GRANT. William Macintosh.

To tried believers this work will answer to its title, and prove a source of joy. If the Sacred Comforter shall bless the perusal, the matter is so rich and choice that sad hearts must be encouraged. It is well in nights of grief to be reminded that afflictions come from God, and answer gracious purposes, and to be pointed to prayer, to the sufferings and sympathy of Jesus, to special promises, and to the great eternal reward, as reasons for consolation. Mr. Grant has now produced some fifty volumes, mostly of divinity; but among them all we question if there is one which excels this, his last and ripest fruit. May the book be a Barnabas to thousands. The more spiritual the reader, the higher will be his estimate of the mighty truths compressed into this volume.

Clarke's Foreign Theological Library. Edinburgh.

Two more volumes equal to the others in value to all Bible students. "Deitzch on the Hebrews" is full of scholarship and practical thoughts. John Owen's ponderous tomes will always occupy a foremost rank, in our judgment; but this work adds the result of modern thought and investigation, and is a very useful addition to any library. The work by Professor Schmid has amply paid us for its perusal. The theology of the New Testament is ably evolved, and without endorsing all the views of the author, we are glad to com-

mend it to our readers. The great assistance such translations as Messrs. Clarke lay before their subscribers must be to all expounders of the sacred Scriptures, makes us wish to see the circulation of this excellent series greatly increased.

The Sunday School World. Edited by JAMES COWPER GRAY. Elliot Stock.

A cyclopædia of useful information upon every matter pertaining to the Sabbath School Teacher's holy labour.

The Heart and its Inmates: or, Plain Truths Taught from Pictures. Educational Trading Company, Limited, 9 & 10, Bride's Avenue, Fleet Street.

If the person who issues this book as a lecture by himself had honestly said that the engravings, and the whole idea of his work, were taken from an old and highly instructive engraving, we should have commended both him and his work: but as we can find no such acknowledgment, we feel bound to denounce such literary larceny as unworthy of a professing Christian. The famous engraving representing the heart in its various stages came, we believe, originally from Germany, and it may be procured or ordered at almost any print shop; we marvel, therefore, that any one should copy parts of the engraving, alter them to their disadvantage, and then palm them off as his own. It is as barefaced a proceeding as if a man should deliver portions of Bunyan's Pilgrim as his own original conception.

The Wesleyan Methodist Year Book. Elliot Stock.

WILL no doubt be found on every Wesleyan's table.

Memoranda.

THE Watchnight Service at the Tabernacle, despite the intense cold and the deep snow, was exceedingly well attended, the place being well filled. After the few minutes' silence, which is always observed before the striking of the clock, the following hymn was sung, having been composed by the Pastor for the occasion:—

At midnight praise the Lord
Ye who this temple throng;
Lift up your hearts with one accord,
And close the year with song.

Light up the altar fire,
Forget the chilly night;
Let grateful love all hearts inspire,
Praise God with all your might.

Into the coming year
March ye with banners high;
Nought in the future need ye fear,
For Israel's God is nigh.

But march with voice of praise,
Let music lead your way;
To God the Lord your voices raise,
On this the new-year's day.

Thanks to the liberality of many friends the Christmas Festival at the Stockwell Orphanage was a memorable time for the orphan boys. There was enough and to spare. It was a very joyful day from morning to night, and we unite in thanking God, and all the kind people who helped to make so many little hearts happy.

Some little time ago our friend Mr. Bath, who often aids the Orphanage, gave us six dozen bunches of turnips, and merrily added, "I hope somebody else will send you the mutton." About an hour after Mr. Priest, of Morden, sent a whole sheep, and so the mutton and turnips were both on the spot. God bless and prosper both these donors, and many others who help our orphans. Our heavenly Father raises us up many generous helpers. One esteemed lady friend, and the young ladies of her school, have now made us, we think, in all 700 shirts for the boys. May their labour of love be richly rewarded.

"Aunt Patty" is hereby informed that aunts and mothers usually visit the Orphanage on the first Wednesday of the month, but not during February, as we are afraid of epidemics being brought into the house. If she would like to know "Bob's" name, we shall be happy to write to her.

Those many friends who have sent sums of money for motherless Bob are informed that there are several boys in the same condition equally deserving; and we should like the sums sent to be divided among them. Our co-trustee, who was with us when Bob made his appeal, remembered the boy's face well and picked him out at once. Although we called him Bob, his right name is William. He will be well supplied with pocket-money for some time to come at least. May he turn out to be an honour to the Institution, and gratefully repay the generous sympathy of friends.

With much gratitude we record the freedom of the Orphanage from those epidemics which are raging all around at this time. May the Lord preserve us in answer to many prayers. The Infirmary is nearly finished, but we could not hope to use it for a month or two; so that the health of our large family is peculiarly important just now.

The Annual Meeting of the London Baptist Association at the Tabernacle was a very happy one. It is, however, a matter of deep regret that the increase of our churches during the past year has been comparatively small. May the Lord again build up Jerusalem.

We have been called to account in several papers for calling the Church of England "*an apostate church.*" We marvel that her best friends do not sorrowfully confess that there is all too much ground for the charge. What hope is there of a people who are so blinded as not to see their faults? To say that there are some Dissenting churches which are apostate is not to better the case, but to mention another cause for sorrow.

We hope to hold a series of special services, at the Tabernacle, during the end of February and beginning of March. May a great awakening among us be the result.

The annual meeting for the College was well attended, and the enthusiastic feeling of the congregation was most cheering to us. May many scores of valiant men go forth from our College to bless the world with the old-fashioned gospel, which we so highly prize.

W. G. asks us to say that he has received two halves of a five pound note safely. He is a poor minister, of the age of three-score-and-twelve.

We have received a letter from the Baptist Brethren in Paris. The Lord sustains them. The money which we sent before the gates were closed has been of the utmost service. We are anxious to have a good sum in hand to give them as soon as the city capitulates, for they will be in great need.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. G. Hill, from the Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Baptist church, Commercial Road, Oxford, were held on December 29th, 1870. The occasion was considered a fitting opportunity to present the minister, who had been recently married, with a substantial token of their appreciation of his labours as a preacher of the gospel.

RECOGNITION SERVICES AT MILTON.—Dec. 1st, 1870, recognition services were held at Milton, near Northampton, in connection with the settlement of Mr. W. Willis as pastor of the Baptist church at that place. Mr. Willis succeeds Mr. W. Marriott, who has for nearly fifty years past fulfilled the pastorate of this church.

Our friend Mr. Whale has removed from Sudbury to Ipswich.

Mr. Harrold has become the pastor of the church at Shoreham.

Mr. Knight has accepted the invitation of the church at Lowestoft, where the pulpit has become vacant through the avowal of annihilationist views by the late minister.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1870, to January 19th, 1871.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.	
Mr. Dransfield	...	2	2	0	E. Mc P.	...	0	6	0	
First Fruits	...	0	2	6	Norwich	...	0	10	0	
An Orphan	...	0	2	6	A Follower of Jesus	...	0	2	0	
A Sinner	...	0	3	0	A. B.	...	0	2	6	
Husband and Wife	...	1	0	0	A Lover of Sermons	...	0	7	6	
S. E.	...	0	5	0	A Constant Reader	...	0	7	0	
A Thankoffering for Spiritual Mercies	10	17	2	11	153 Com. Bank of Scotland	...	1	0	0	
Quebec, M. M. Q.	...	3	0	0	Maryport	...	1	0	0	
Mr. Vickery	...	1	0	0	J. S.	...	0	4	0	
Mr. Brock	...	0	5	0	Mr. Bowker's Class	...	30	0	0	
Mr. W. Thomas	...	0	4	5	Profit of Tea, Mr. Bowker's Class	...	1	10	0	
Mrs. Johnstone	...	1	0	0	Friend, per Mr. Passmore	...	1	3	0	
Mrs. S. Glennan	...	2	0	0	Mary Ann Candler	...	0	2	6	
Mr. McDougall's Singing Class	...	1	0	0	Mr. Rawlings	...	0	5	0	
Mr. C. W. Roberts	...	2	2	0	Mr. W. Pedley	...	2	2	0	
H. A.	...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Neve	...	1	0	0	
Mr. Alfred Searle	...	1	0	0	Rev. W. Whale	...	0	5	0	
Mr. W. Wright	...	2	0	0	Mrs. Wood	...	0	5	0	
C. S. F.	...	0	5	0	Miss Maxwell	...	0	10	0	
Mrs. T.	...	50	0	0	A Friend	...	2	0	0	
G. M. R.	...	0	5	0	Miss Oaks	...	0	5	0	
Mr. A. Ladbrook	...	1	0	0	Mr. William Mayo	...	0	10	0	
Mr. W. Tucknott	...	1	5	0	Mr. W. Casson	...	1	0	0	
A Sincere Friend, Roxton	...	0	5	0	Mr. H. Thompson	...	10	0	0	
A Friend	...	0	1	0	"Of his own do we give him"	...	5	0	0	
Mr. W. Ewing	...	1	0	0	A Friend	...	20	0	0	
A Friend, per Mrs. Raines	...	20	0	0	Mr. J. P. Stenhouse	...	1	0	0	
Mrs. A. Rutherford, Geelong	...	1	1	0	Mrs. R. Scott	...	1	0	0	
Mrs. Howard	...	50	0	0	Mrs. Willows	...	0	10	0	
Mrs. Haggart	...	1	5	0	Mr. Churchill	...	5	5	0	
Mr. S. Fairey	...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Brockie	...	1	0	0	
Miss Smith	...	5	0	0	H. E. P.	...	0	3	0	
A Sister, late of Greenford	...	0	5	0	E. S.	...	0	2	6	
J. L.	...	1	0	0	Mr. M. Tutton	...	3	0	0	
Miss Wade	...	0	10	0	John Ploughman	...	0	4	8	
Mr. H. Tubby	...	5	0	0	Mr. W. Taylor	...	0	7	6	
Mr. J. Brewer	...	5	5	0	Mary Saunders	...	0	2	0	
Mr. J. Feltham	...	1	0	0	Collection at Carlton Chapel, South-					
A Friend	...	1	0	0	ampton	...	2	15	0	
B. C.	...	0	6	0	Collection at Cornwall Road, Brixton,					
J. C.	...	0	5	0	Sunday School	...	1	7	1	
Micah VII., 4 to 10	...	0	4	0	Weekly Offerings at Tab., Dec.	18	40	0	5	
Mrs. Camps	...	5	0	0	"	"	25	49	2	11
Friends, per Mr. T. Middleton	...	1	17	6	"	Jan.	1	40	0	5
Mr. J. Campbell	...	1	0	0	"	"	8	30	2	11
R. L.	...	1	0	0	"	"	15	20	11	1
Two Friends, Craig	...	0	2	6						
Miss Walker	...	0	4	10						
The Misses Dransfield	...	2	2	0						
Charlotte Ware	...	0	7	6						

£463 14 9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1870, to January 19th, 1871.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Friends, First Fruits	...	0	5	0	After an Address in the Baptist School	...	0	5	6
Mrs. Summers	...	0	2	6	Room, by Mr. Mayo	...	20	0	0
Husband and Wife	...	1	0	0	A Friend, per Mrs. Raines	...	1	1	0
Marah	...	0	5	0	Mrs. A. Rutherford, Geelong	...	0	10	0
E. E.	...	0	10	0	A Constant Reader	...	26	0	0
S. E.	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Howard	...	1	5	0
A Friend of the Orphans, Llandovery	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Haggart	...	0	3	0
Mr. B. Cotton	...	5	0	0	Every Little Helps	...	0	6	0
Miss Peckham	...	0	5	0	H. A.	...	1	0	0
G. M. R.	...	0	5	0	An Orphan	...	1	0	0
A Sincere Friend, Roxton	...	0	5	0	Mr. Alfred Searle	...	2	0	0
Mrs. Holmes	...	0	5	0	Mr. C. W. Miller	...	2	0	0
Mr. W. Mathewson	...	10	0	0	Mr. J. Feltham	...	0	10	0
J. M. G.	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Sommerville	...	1	17	6
Mr. W. Ewing	...	1	0	0	Friends, per Mr. T. Middleton	...	0	7	0
A Clapham Buss Driver	...	0	10	0	Collected by Master Willis Hiddell	...	2	10	0
L. J. R.	...	0	2	0	"Of his own do we give him"	...	0	5	0
Per Mr. William Mayo—					W. M.	...	1	10	0
Mr. Mayo	...	0	5	0	Mr. E. Longhurst	...	1	0	0
Mr. Pluck	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Cruickshank's Bible Class	...	1	0	0
Mr. Adkins	...	0	1	0	Mr. J. Fergusson	...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs Chapman, per Rev. C. L. Gordon	0	8	0	E S.	0	2	6
W. J. B.	1	0	0	"Cause, Mr. Spurgeon, that's me" ...	0	3	0
Miss Wade	0	10	0	C. B., Norwich	0	2	6
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	10	0	W. P.	0	2	0
Mrs. Haddock	0	10	6	Bloxham	0	1	6
Mrs. Ritchie... ..	0	5	0	Friends, per Mr. G. Wight	1	0	0
Mr. Bradley	0	10	0	M. C. H.	0	3	9
Mr. Burbidge's Infant Class	0	10	0	Miss Clifton, Tarporley	0	13	0
Mr. Ford	0	5	0	Mr. R. Bate's Family	1	0	0
Mrs. B. H. Herbert	0	12	0	Mr. W. K. Bloom	0	10	0
Children's New Year's Gift, per Mr. J. C. Wells	0	7	3	Collected by the Boys of the Orphanage:—			
Mr. T. Paterson	1	0	0	Abbey	0	11	7
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0	Alexander	0	5	0
Miss Maxwell	0	10	0	Allen	0	5	0
A Friend, Padstow	0	5	0	Almeroth	0	2	9
Sunday School, Lochee	1	10	0	Apted	0	5	0
Hughie and Cecil	3	0	0	Bailey, C.	0	2	0
Rev. T. R. Stevenson	0	10	6	Bailey, R.	0	4	6
Mrs. H. Wright	0	10	6	Baker	0	5	0
A Reader of "Sermons," and "Sword and Trowel," at Washington Station, Durham	1	0	0	Ball	0	1	0
Mr. T. Bradwell	1	0	0	Bligh	0	8	2
Mr. Rantord	1	0	0	Bourne	0	2	7
Mr A. Miray, per F. R. T.	0	5	0	Bray	0	2	10
Collected by Mrs Johnstone	2	0	0	Bramble	0	3	6
" " Mr. Coe	0	5	0	Brazendale	0	4	0
" " Mr. G. Lloyd	0	14	0	Brick	0	3	0
" " Mrs. Robertshaw	1	10	0	Broadbridge	0	1	7
" " Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0	Brown	0	5	0
" " Mrs. Carruthers	5	0	0	Brownlie	0	3	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	14	3	Brucklacher	0	3	0
Annual Subscriptions:—				Buckley	0	2	6
Mrs. Lillycrop, per Mrs. M. W. Dunn	1	1	0	Cockerton	0	5	0
Mr Fidge	1	1	0	Cook, H.	0	3	1
Per F. R. T.—				Cork	0	5	0
Mr Pewtress	0	5	0	Coulson	0	2	2
Mr. Keen	0	5	0	Court	0	1	6
Mr. Lavender	0	5	0	Daniel	0	5	0
Rev. F. Tucker	0	5	0	Dann	0	5	0
Rev. J. Keed	0	5	0	Davis	0	5	0
Mr. Probin	0	5	0	Dawson	0	2	0
Mrs. Probin	0	5	0	Dieby	0	3	6
D. B.	0	5	0	Dixon	0	3	10
Mrs Tyson	0	5	0	Durling	0	2	1
Mr. Brown, senr.	0	5	0	Dunn, J.	0	2	2
Mr. Henry Brown	0	5	0	Dunn, J. W.	0	5	4
Mr. Bremner	0	5	0	Edmunds	0	4	7
" In remembrance "	0	5	0	Ellis	0	2	6
Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0	Emmett	0	4	0
Miss Taylor	0	5	0	Evans, T.	0	3	6
Mr. Vorley	0	5	0	Fanner	0	5	0
Mrs. Adrian	0	5	0	Farley	0	4	0
Mr. W. Olney	0	5	0	Fourness	0	5	0
Mr. Dickens	0	7	6	Furby	0	4	0
J. Johnston and Friend	0	3	0	Gatten	0	4	0
Sunday School at Gorebridge	1	0	0	Glassborow	0	6	6
R. L.	1	0	0	Goddard	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Vynne	0	11	0	Hanks	0	5	0
A Friend	0	2	6	Harold	0	4	0
H. J. T.	0	6	0	Harper	0	5	0
A Friend as a Thankoffering for Mercies received	2	10	0	Harrowing	0	1	1
Two Friends, Craig	0	2	6	Hart	0	6	0
E. McI.	0	5	0	Heath	0	2	9
A country Minister	0	3	0	Hedges	0	12	0
Miss Eliza Mundy	1	0	0	Hitchcox	0	1	0
Mr. T. Smith	5	0	0	Hodge	0	5	0
Mr. H. Hill	0	10	0	Horley	0	6	2
One of the Harvey Lane Friends	2	0	0	Jacobs	0	5	0
Mr. F. Holgate	0	1	6	James	0	10	0
Mary Ann Candler	0	5	0	Jones, A.	0	1	0
Eythore and Ashley Sunday Schools, per Mr. Marshall	0	10	0	Jones, C.	0	1	0
Musselburgh	0	5	0	Kentfield	0	5	6
E. L.	0	5	0	Laker	0	2	0
Penshurst	0	6	0	Lattimer	0	10	0
Rev J. T. Wigner	5	0	0	Lesser	0	5	0
A. B.	2	0	0	Loney	0	2	1
Mrs. Willows	0	10	0	May	0	2	6
Mr. Churchhill	5	5	0	May, J.	0	3	0
Mr. C. Mc. Kinnon	1	0	0	Martin	0	6	7
A Friend, St. Alban's	0	5	0	Nicoll	0	5	0
				Oakill	0	5	0
				Osman	0	5	0
				Parker	0	5	0
				Phipps	0	5	0
				Plant	0	2	1



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH 1, 1871.

Our Sunday Schools.

IT is believed that since the year 1851 the number of Sunday-schools, of teachers, and of scholars, has more than doubled in this country. In America, however, the Sabbath-schools are not only more numerous and more largely attended, but are regarded as of greater importance than in England. All who pay flying visits to that country—and it will soon be a sign of heterodoxy among Nonconformist ministers not to have made a Transatlantic tour—are struck with the large measure of attention given to this important branch of Christian effort. We believe our American brethren are right in holding the Sabbath-school in the highest repute, and regarding it as the pet scheme of their churches. Our English churches have been too neglectful of the children, and as a consequence, we lose many adults who might be worshippers at our half-deserted chapels. The unceasing devotion of ministers and Christians generally to the Sabbath-schools of the United States is manifested in a variety of ways. It falls to our lot to scan many American religious papers, and there is scarcely any that do not devote one of the pages of their large broad-sheets to lessons, illustrations, and counsels for teachers. The existence of this feature of their religious journalism is essential to an extensive family circulation. Moreover, the handsome, well-lighted and ventilated and furnished school-rooms are a marked contrast to the delightful dungeons in which so many thousands of English children are immured every Lord's-day. In this respect, it is to be hoped that we are improving, if we may judge from the published accounts of new

school-rooms opened, or old ones enlarged and rendered more comfortable. An American minister writes in one of the papers, "London has what it calls Sunday-schools, but they are generally only a milder form of inquisition. The school of Doctor Cumming's church was without picture or pleasant sight, and had *thirty-seven scholars*. Spurgeon's school-room is a sepulchre. The seats are narrow and without backs, and remind one of the Irishman's remark on a fine cemetery, that he thought it 'a very healthy place to be buried in.' The people in England do not much like to have an American come into their Sabbath-schools. They always apologise, and say, 'You are ahead of us in these things.'"

Now, we cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement, so far as it concerns the apocalyptic doctor, but we must admit that so far as it concerns the Tabernacle "this witness is true." London grows more foggy and dark every year at its centre, as the range of smoke-producing houses extends; and hence huge rooms like ours, built underground, become less and less suitable for school purposes. Would to God the funds were forthcoming for suitable buildings both for the School and the College.

In the matter of literature suited for Sunday-school teachers we are very hopefully progressing. The three hundred thousand teachers in Great Britain have opportunities in the present day of acquiring an amount of Biblical knowledge which was denied to most ministers of the past generation. The Sunday-school Union has in this respect been a source of the greatest blessing to the rising race. Its six periodicals are stated to have a united monthly circulation of two hundred and fifty thousand; and of late, a number of most useful commentaries, magazines of practical Sunday-school information, and bound works have been issued by independent publishers at a cheap price, and have found a large and remunerative sale.

One of the most laborious workers in this field is the Rev. J. Comper Gray, whose compilations have shown marvellous industry and literary skill. His most recent work, entitled "The Sunday-school World"—an encyclopædia of facts and principles—if not useful in the class, will be valuable to all who need suggestions upon the way in which to improve the Sabbath-school.* It is a volume of extracts from writers who have had practical acquaintance with the various departments of Sunday-school labour, and the facts and opinions given will be of considerable service to all who are engaged in this noble work.

It may be a somewhat delicate task, where all the labourers are voluntary and their labour largely self-denying, to offer criticism upon their qualifications. Yet as we believe that every Christian has some sphere of usefulness for which he is qualified, and that he is not qualified for every undertaking, so we think it is possible for him to get into a niche which others are better fitted to occupy, and thus may commit the double mischief of wasting his own energies in a position for which he is unsuited, and keeping another out of the place, who might have been abundantly successful. Every school, small or great, should be well organised, but a mistake at the outset is sometimes disastrous. How many Sabbath-schools have suffered beyond hope of

* Mr. Stock, of Paternoster Row, is the publisher.

recovery through incompetent rulers! All the qualifications requisite for a successful superintendent are not often found in one person. A man who rules his own household with discretion and pleasantness may not always be able to guide the affairs of a school with wisdom. The mind must have been somewhat trained to the task: there should be a knowledge of human nature, an aptness to lead, and then a familiarity with details, a skill to grasp all the questions that affect the daily working of the school. It needs a special call to make a superintendent, almost as much as to make a minister. A man may be eloquent at the desk, able to present the church with well-prepared reports, and yet be deficient in those qualifications which command confidence in teachers and obedience in scholars. He may be pious, and yet weak; amiable, and yet over-diffident; or he may be vigorous, but offensive; stern, and therefore repelling. The last form of fault is usually one which brings the whole business to a dead lock in a short time, for voluntary workers will not long submit to be addressed in a domineering manner. We have known some cry out for "discipline," who would not be for a week under certain martinet superintendents without rising in open rebellion. Teachers are often a touchy race, and need great discretion in those who are at their head. A superintendent by either ruling too much or too little may damage the school; and there are always a number of mutinous spirits ready to assist in the operation. Much, however, must always depend upon him; for he is the man at the wheel, and to a great degree steers the vessel or lets her drive. His influence will be very great, or distressingly small; and in spite of the will-inghamood of the teachers the school may never flourish when the superintendent is ill-fitted for his office. Our own experience and observation lead us to the conclusion that "it is difficult to raise a Sabbath-school higher than its superintendent." It is not enough that he be a good teacher; he must be a wise administrator; for his gifts to teach will be brought into requisition at odd times and unexpected moments, and his position as constitutional ruler compels him to occupy a post in which enthusiasm must be excited and sometimes curbed. Who will deny there is much truth in the following sketch:—The superintendent "does not forget that the whole body of teachers, old and young, will come late if he is late; and that if he is punctual they will all, excepting two or three incorrigibly heedless ones, be punctual too. When he arrives at school, it is understood that he has come with a definite purpose and not to let things straggle along the best way they can. With courteous firmness he goes about the business of the school. He, as pleasantly as possible, corrects what is wrong, according to the best of his ability. By some apparent magic he smooths down the crusty teacher, and quiets the turbulent one. He has succeeded in bringing to nought the plans of Mr. Books, the librarian, who in two years had invented fifteen new ways of keeping the library, each worse than its predecessor. He has quieted Mr. Whimsick, the singing man, who bought all the new flash tune books as soon as published, and insisted that the school should sing them all through. And yet he keeps all these people in a good humour." We remember one such superintendent in our days of schoolhood: he is now a minister. Of great enthusiasm himself, he could inspire others with a like zeal; the teachers were his hearty friends, the co-

operation was mutual and their kind spirit seemed the shadow of his own. His executive ability won respect, and his unflinching skill confidence: his goodness claimed admiration, and his gentleness excited love. Did not the children like him? for his sake they would obey teachers of less self-control, and greater indulgence; and whenever he had a word to say, all were assured that it would be the right word at the right moment. No aspiring orator who deigned to visit the school, ostensibly to encourage the dear friends, but actually to depress them and talk away all the lessons of the class, was privileged to mount the desk a second time; no critical, sour, church-visitor who must report something, and who felt it his duty to report on anything but that which was pleasing in everyone's eyes, was permitted to dictate, or dishearten the band of workers; the school was the superintendent's family—he had to provide *for* their profit and pleasure, and to provide *against* the numerous accidents which injudiciousness and self-will might bring. And, as a consequence, the school flourished, the children received lessons which they now as grown-up people cherish; and there is still a corner in their memories for him who loved so well the souls of his scholars.

Dr. Todd has ruled that a superintendent should be a man of age. We doubt it. As a rule, the man of earnest piety who is in the strength of his manhood, is better qualified to sympathise with the work of the teacher and to understand his difficulties than even the Christian of hoary head and matured experience. But given the necessary gifts, the question of age may be safely left to take care of itself. Some men are wiser at thirty than others at sixty; and in a position requiring physical endurance, bodily strength is no mean requisite.

We have observed a tendency to lament the fewness of really qualified teachers in Sabbath schools. That there is ground for the complaint we are loth to believe, and that some are most distressingly incompetent is evidenced by the failure of their efforts to secure even the respect of those whom they essay to teach. The common remark is, alas, too true, "These are the best we can get," for the office of teacher is not always an object of ambition to those who are qualified by nature and by grace for the work. But so far from lamenting, we would rather rejoice that so many thousands of Christian young men and women, who have to labour hard during the week, should consecrate the Day of Rest to the still harder work of Sunday-school instruction. Perhaps, however, much of the lack of teachers so commonly deplored in large cities, proceeds from an unhealthy desire to be engaged in other and more conspicuous work. Every city pastor will call to remembrance cases in which young men well qualified for the instruction of growing lads, aspire after street and mission preaching, for which their talents are not well adapted. Exhortations to Christian work need to be somewhat guarded, and it is but kindness plainly to dissuade many from attempting work requiring, not a higher, perhaps, but a more singular kind of ability. It is a mistake to suppose that the work of the evangelist is more honourable than that of a teacher. "The teacher," says a popular writer, "occupies a position midway between the fireside and the pulpit. The teachers are the pastor's assistants in the work of God. They aim

at the same object as himself. They are pastors in miniature ; they are feeding their future flocks in embryo ; they are moulding the generation to come. They are the pastor's right arm. Without them and their labours, however stupendous his abilities, and whatever his industry, he must always come immeasurably short of the results otherwise attainable."

It has never been a question with us that all teachers *ought to be converted persons*, and should be members of churches. Their work is a Christian ministry, and for it piety—warm and deep—is essential. Archbishop Leighton observed that a minister's life is the life of his ministry, and this is no less applicable to the ministry which the teacher espouses, which is lesser in degree only, not in kind. Decided piety there ought to be in each person, but we question the wisdom of peremptorily rejecting in every case those of whom we may be hopeful, because they have not as yet openly professed Christ. We would hope that the desire to be of service in this good work is the fruit of an intelligent affection for the truths of God. Pious feeling there must be in any before they can fitly impart religious truths to the young.

There are two great evils in Sunday-school work which operate sadly against its success ; namely, want of constancy and punctuality in teachers. How a teacher can expect to achieve his desire if his place be often filled by a stranger, it is not easy to say. For a minister so to act would be disastrous to any church ; it is equally bad in a teacher and damaging to his labours. Inconstancy in the teacher leads to indifference and irregularity on the part of the best disposed child ; while no impression of the instructor's earnestness can be left on the scholar's mind. For his own sake we would counsel constancy of service. Fickleness fritters away the best motives and renders worthless the most zealous effort. The inconstant teacher not only undoes that which he has succeeded in doing, but loses all the results which perseverance would have secured. The mischief wrought by want of punctuality is equally grievous. This is an evil due mainly to want of thought, and not of heart. Time for Christian labour is at any season precious ; each moment when children are waiting for instruction is golden. Such opportunities are too valuable to be lightly diminished by minutes of disorderly "waiting for teacher." Every teacher should regard these two points of constancy and punctuality as indispensable to his fulfilling his duty with decency, much more with success. Whatever may be the weather, the children who attend will hardly make excuses for a teacher's absence, and there will be the feeling that if a child could be in class, there could scarcely be a sufficiently cogent reason for the absence of the grown-up instructor. Some teachers cannot pledge themselves to this, and for want of others the superintendent is compelled to accept their assistance ; there are uses to which these maimed soldiers can be put, but they are the irregulars in the army, and can be treated only as reserves.

Much has been recently said upon the increasing necessity for diligent painstaking preparation for the class. It has been urged that the growing intelligence of the present day, and the changes which the New Education Act will effect, demand a different and a higher kind of

teaching. If this kind of tall talk were to be echoed by pastors and superintendents, some of the most useful teachers we know might be disposed, in sheer fright, to relinquish their efforts altogether. Everyone's ideal of pulpit excellence should be high; and the ideal of instruction in the Sabbath-school ought to be proportionately elevated; there should be special preparation for the class, and the best training which can be given by the Teachers' Bible Meeting; but if in this desire for more learned teachers, the great object of the Sunday-school movement be forgotten—namely, the conversion of the little ones, the pressing home upon the heart and conscience the simple truths of Christ's gospel—the change will become a snare. We feel sure that all that is needed is to make as much use as time will permit of the many helps which are within the humblest teacher's reach. The lesson papers, the cheap commentaries, the many publications which explain the customs of Oriental nations, furnish all that a teacher, even in the higher classes, can possibly need. Let the teacher seek by these or other aids, to understand the chapters to be read in the class, and there will be no lack of interest. A St. Louis minister gives on this point some useful advice: "Take the subject early in the week. Think about it. Pray over it. Let it undergo the process of incubation, and by the time you have brooded over it a week it will be warm in your own heart, and be presented warm, fresh, and glowing to your scholars' hearts. Gather illustrations. Jot down incidents in your note book—incidents occurring in the home circle, in the street, everywhere. Consider your children—their habits, characters, circumstances—that you may know what things will most impress them. Adapt your teaching—concentrate. Take out the one cardinal thought of the lesson, and press it upon the mind and heart. Study the art of questioning, but never take the question-book into the class. Close the lesson with your best and strongest thought. Keep the best to the last. In brief, *get* the lesson, *impart* the lesson, *impress* the lesson." Some fail in attempting too much, others in imparting too little; but he who prayerfully keeps his end in view is not likely to miss it. Teachers should be pre-eminently men and women of prayer; without it, they will not gain renewed strength to meet discouragements, or see those fruits of their labours which constitute their best reward.

The evil most intolerable to a child is that of dullness. The teacher ought not to be dull, for the heaviest mind may surely, by due care and perseverance, conquer its prosiness. What a change may be observed in the countenances of children when a dull teacher surrenders his class for an afternoon to a more lively brother! The children are wide awake and volatile, and it goads them to desperation to see a yawning teacher fulfilling his duties in a perfunctory manner. It is a punishment for them to remain under such control: the hours are dreary, the teaching a bore, and the school-room a prison, where they are kept for awhile in close confinement, because it is Sunday. Many schemes have been suggested to secure the interest of the children, but unless the interest be *in* the teacher all means will fail. The man must gain the heart and the willing ear, and the children, so far from complaining of weariness, will only regret the shortness of the school hours. Our female friends are more successful here than our brethren, because, as a rule, they have more tact and life, a nimbler

wit, and a gentler manner. They make fewer speeches, eschew heads and sub-heads, deal more in surprises and in the home language of children. The interest which the children will feel in the teacher will be in proportion to the interest which the teacher feels in the children. Great sympathy is needed ; for, says an Arab proverb, "The neck is bent by the sword, but heart is bent by heart." Perhaps, however, much of the dulness which adheres to Sunday-school addresses might be relieved by the adoption of some expedients that have long been in use in America. The black board there is almost a mania ; indeed, one enthusiast declares that "the motto for all good teachers is—to the black board with everything." "We would not undertake to conduct a Sabbath-school," says an experienced Sunday-school writer, "without a good black board." The board is indispensable to the day-school, and it may be greatly useful in fixing the eye upon the prominent texts or thoughts of the lessons for the day in the Sabbath-school. Pictures and even objects should be frequently used. As in preaching, so in teaching, all legitimate means must be employed to secure success. Stereotyped plans must be discarded, and old prejudices renounced, if by any means we may save some.

No statistics will fairly represent the direct results of Sunday-school effort. Has it not fostered a greater respect for the Sabbath-day ? Has it not improved the public morals, elevated the public sentiment ? Unconverted men and women may trace much of that which has helped to make them reputable members of society to the Sabbath-school. The member for Stockport has said that in his borough, where there are many and large schools (one numbers three thousand children), there is a less percentage of crime than in any borough in Britain. We do not know what has been the experience of the Editor of this magazine, but it is no small result of voluntary effort that in twenty years' pastorate Mr. Chown, of Bradford, has received into his church eight hundred persons, one-half of whom ascribe their conversion to the Sunday-school. A writer in the *Freeman* Baptist paper estimates that only ninety-three in every thousand, or a little over nine per cent. of scholars in the Sabbath-school, make open profession of faith in Christ ; but this is admitted to be a rough estimate, and does not include the still larger numbers of grown-up people who trace their first religious impressions to the Sunday-school. The same writer says that only seventy-five per cent. of the teachers have been former scholars, while eighty-four per cent. are church members. These figures, encouraging in some respects, may well awaken serious thought and anxious enquiry. Have we tolerated unconverted teachers, and have we neglected to press home upon them decision for Christ ? Ought not a special interest to be felt towards such ? The fact that they are ready to be of service to the little ones should encourage their fellow teachers to address them on the all-important matter of personal piety.

To all teachers we have this parting word. If you have not succeeded in winning souls, agonise with God until you do. Learn from books and from examples ; reform, amend, study, pray, labour, and be not content till you can say to the Lord, "Here am I and the children thou hast given me." If on the other hand you have been honoured to be a soul-winner, let your watchword be "Onward." We commend to you

the following incident which may serve to excite in you a determination that with God's help you will—

“Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge your way.”

At the battle of Meeanee, an officer who had been doing good service came up to General Sir Charles Napier and said, “Sir Charles, we have taken a standard!” The general looked at him, but made no reply, and turning round, began to speak to some one else; upon which the officer repeated, “Sir Charles, we have taken a standard!” The General turned sharp round upon him, and said, “*Then take another!*”

The Agency of the Holy Spirit in the Work of Sunday School Teaching.

BY REV. VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH, OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

*An Address to Teachers.**

TO inform the mind with the facts of the Bible and the doctrines of revelation, to impress the heart and mould the character by divine precepts, and to secure the salvation of the children by leading them to a penitent trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, is the grand aim of Sunday School Teachers. No teacher should be satisfied with the mere communication of Biblical knowledge to his scholars, important as this is; his teaching should be made to subserve their eternal salvation.

I would not be thought to insinuate that this is not your aim, I believe it is; but you will bear with the question when I ask you, in how many instances have you succeeded? Can you look upon those who have been a reasonable time under your care as giving satisfactory evidence that you have been successful? Of course I would not encourage a spirit of impatience—a morbid craving after results which suggest a sickly precocity. But while I would not counsel a premature demand for the exhibition of results, I would most strenuously discourage a slipshod belief in the “after many days” theory. There is, alas! too much unbelief in the possibility of child conversion, even among Sunday School Teachers. The influence of this unbelief is most pernicious; it robs the teacher of definiteness of aim in his work, and draws a veil between the Saviour and the little ones, the gloomy shadow of which retards their early consecration to his service.

Now, although the aim be well defined, you will fail of its realisation if you are actuated by false or unworthy motives, or if the means are not those of divine appointment. It is to be feared that some have taken up the work because they have considered it the thing to do, or because it might lead to the formation of a desirable alliance, or because they were pressed into the service by some respected friend, whose importunity they could not resist. If singleness of eye, definiteness of

* Can be had of W. Champion, 161, New Kent Road, London. Price One Penny. For distribution, 25 copies will be supplied for 1s. 6d., or post free 1s. 8d.

aim, and thorough consecration of heart are demanded in any work, it is in that of Sunday School teaching.

Moreover, there must be no lack of earnestness and diligence. So great and grand a work demands the entire consecration of all the faculties of your being. It is no pretty pastime to win souls to Christ; it is no beguilement of the leisure hours of the Lord's-day to develop and mould the Christian character of a generation. As the earnest teacher contemplates his task, the fittest language of his heart will be, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?"

Nor are purity of motive, definiteness of aim, and consecration of heart sufficient; the agency of the Spirit must be recognised and relied upon. As well may you expect to see the sterile tracks of Sahara waving with golden grain as to see your children brought to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and yielding the peaceable fruits of righteousness, without the operation and blessing of the Spirit of God. If you grieve the Spirit by ignoring his prerogative, you are trying to make bricks without straw, and a signal failure will ere long prove that you have laboured in vain and spent your strength for nought.

Now, assuming the distinct personality, the divinity, and sovereignty of the Holy Ghost, truths which, I suppose, you would not dare to question, let me remind you that in your threefold aim—the exposition of the Word, the salvation of the soul, and the formation of the character—the agency of the Spirit is essential.

1. He is the author of the divine Word, hence he is called, "The Spirit of wisdom and revelation," Eph. i. 17; "The Spirit of prophecy," Rev. xix. 10; 1 Peter i. 11; and "The Spirit of truth," John xvi. 13. "Holy men of old," who completed the canon of Old Testament Scripture, and the apostles who added the New, "wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." They originated nothing, although as the channels of the divine communications they stamped what they wrote with their own individuality. The Spirit is the author of the Word, for every thought is due to his divine inspiration. He is, moreover, responsible for the method of its communication, whether the truth is enfolded in the facts of Scripture history, and embedded in the ceremonialism of the Mosaic economy, or whether it gleams in the page of prophecy, or shines in full-orbed splendour in the Gospels and the Epistles. Moses and Isaiah, John and Paul, only held the pen while the Spirit traced each syllable of the divine word. A subtle criticism may discredit the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of Scripture, but we claim for it the place of the key-stone in the arch of revelation. Remove it, and the fair fabric will soon be laid in ruins at the feet of a godless and benighted infidelity.

As the Spirit is the author, so he is the expositor of the divine Word. He alone can lead us into the fair temple of truth, and reveal its hidden mysteries to the soul. Unless the light of his lamp shines across the page, the words are unintelligible hieroglyphs, and its mysteries an inextricable labyrinth. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 14.

If, then, you are rightly to understand the Word of God, your hearts must be the temple of the Holy Ghost, and you must seek his gracious

help in its study and teaching. Of course, you can teach the letter of the word without such aid, but will fail to illuminate the minds and impress the hearts of your scholars with its saving truths. We cannot insist upon this point too strongly. The zeal of Paul and the eloquence of Apollos are of no avail unless God gives the increase. Oh, if there be one truth you should read with double emphasis, and engrave upon the tablets of your hearts, it is this: "NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD."

Let me urge you, then, dear friends, to a more entire dependence upon the Spirit's aid in your work. With the Bible in your hands, and text books of exposition at your command, all you need is light. Neglect no opportunity of study; but oh, do not neglect the only aid by which that study is rendered fruitful. You may walk through the corn-fields of our rural hamlets, and discourse, with philosophical accuracy, upon the laws of vegetation, and grow quite poetical in speaking of the undulations of the sea of golden grain; but this would not satisfy the hunger of the starving multitude who are clamorous for bread. And you may traverse the whole range of divine revelation, and preach more eloquently its philosophy and poetry, but if you do not glean the sheaves as they fall from the sickle of the sacred mower, you will not be able to distribute to others the bread of everlasting life. O clasp the Saviour's precious legacy to your hearts—"If I go away I will send another Comforter, and when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide into all truth."

2. Then not only as to the truth taught, but as to the communication of the divine life to the soul, which is your supreme aim, you need the agency of the Spirit of God. "Except a man be born of the Spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of God." "According to his mercy he saved us by the *renewing of the Holy Ghost*." The earnest application of the most gifted teacher will yield no return apart from the operation of the Spirit of God; conversion is an utter impossibility. On one occasion the celebrated preacher, Christmas Evans, was announced to preach at a Welsh village. He stayed at the house of a Christian farmer, and an hour before the service he retired to his room to pray. The time came for him to leave for the appointed place, but the preacher did not make his appearance. The farmer, grown quite impatient, sent his servant to tell the man of God that it was time to go. On reaching the door of the room, she heard him saying, "I will not go unless thou wilt go with me." Fearing to intrude, she returned to her master and told him the preacher was speaking to someone in the room. He asked her what she heard him say. She replied, "He said, 'I will not go unless thou wilt go with me.'" "That will do," said he; "he will come, and that Other will come with him, and great things will be done here to-day." It was truly so, for the preacher came forth from the chamber of communion, and his "word was in demonstration of the Spirit and with power." The hearts of the multitude swayed beneath the mighty influence like the trees of the forest in an autumn gale, and many were converted to God. Dear friends, it is the presence of that Other with you which will ensure success in your work. Never venture alone, then, to your class. Let every arrow of truth be winged by prayer, and let the Spirit draw the bow.

Full reliance upon the promised aid of the Spirit does not preclude the most anxious solicitude and the most earnest efforts. The Rev. William Arthur, in his "Tongue of Fire," has a striking illustration in point. "Suppose" says he, "we saw an enemy sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us they intended to batter it down. We might ask them 'How?' They point to a cannon ball. 'Well, but there is no power in that. It is heavy, but not more than half-a-hundred, or perhaps a hundred weight. If all the men in the army hurled it against the fort they would make no impression.' They say, 'No; but look at the cannon.' 'Well, there is no power in that. A child may ride upon it, a bird may perch in its mouth. It is a machine, and nothing more.' 'But look at the powder!' 'Well, there is no power in that. A child may spill it, a sparrow may peck it.' Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball are put into the powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that ball a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven." It is yours, then, to forge the cannon, to mould the ball, to make the powder, and to lay the charge ready for the sudden flash. Do not fail in your duty, and the fortress of sin and the strongholds of Satan shall be levelled to the ground when you get the baptism of fire. "We want in this age, above all wants," says the same writer, "fire, God's holy fire, burning the hearts of men, stirring their brains, impelling their emotions, thrilling in their tongues, glowing in their countenances, vibrating in their actions, expanding their intellectual powers, more than can ever be done by the heat of genius, of argument, or of party, and fusing all their knowledge, logic, and rhetoric into a burning stream." With the Pentecostal flame we shall get the Pentecostal blessing. And who is to blame if we have not the power? To a solemn extent the responsibility is ours if there is a restraint of Divine power. "God is not willing that any should perish," and the Saviour has promised to cast out none. Let us not by a criminal unbelief, a guilty indulgence, and a prayerless indifference, grieve, resist, and quench the Holy Spirit, whose prerogative it is to quicken the human soul with the impulse of the Divine life. Oh, if teachers everywhere were walking in the Spirit, we should ere long see the beginning of the fulfilment of the promise—"All shall know the Lord *from the least to the greatest.*"

3. In the formation of Christian character, the agency of the Spirit is indispensable. You may thunder into the ears of your scholars all the prohibitions of Sinai, and dogmatically enunciate all the precepts of the Bible every Sabbath in the year—but you will awaken no response in the heart, and produce no change in the life unless the Spirit is present to bless. "God hath chosen us to salvation through the sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." If we expect to see in children "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance," we must remember that these are the "fruits of the Spirit." It were as rational to look for purple clusters of fruit from the pines of Nova Zembla as to expect these graces of Christian character apart from the direct agency of the Spirit of God. The gardener who expects his fruits to ripen is careful to keep the vines exposed to the genial rays of the sun, and if you are to see your

children bringing forth the fruits of righteousness, you must endeavour to keep them within the sphere of the Spirit's action. The hearts of the young especially are influenced by the characters of those who are near them, and the more saintly the character the more potent and gracious is its influence. It should be an axiom with us that we cannot take others to a higher platform of spirituality than we have attained ourselves. They must be drawn by the magnetism of sanctity. When our Saviour wanted to raise his disciples from the lower level of worldliness and selfishness, to which we all gravitate, he brought them within the sphere of the influence of his own heavenly life. This suggests and defines the true principle of action, in seeking to develop and mould in children Christian character. If the Spirit of God dwells in our hearts, and radiates throughout the sphere we occupy, our influence will prove a mighty power in the sanctification of character.

And what more blessed sight in this fallen world is there, than to see children growing in godliness? Samuel, under the influence of Eli; and Timothy, under the influence of his mother and grandmother, are pictures which not only command our admiration, but which point a moral.

It is to be feared that in the present day, when family ties are loosening, and children are too early allowed to escape from parental control, filial piety will be as rare as it is beautiful. No means must be neglected by us in surrounding our Sunday-school children with a Christian atmosphere as often as possible. The difficulties are great in connection with the routine of the ordinary school, and the time of teaching too limited, but this only points to the necessity for the special services of the Sunday evening and the week. These afford the most favourable opportunities for developing the new life in the souls of the children, and rescuing them from the pernicious influences in which, alas! too many are allowed to grow. Every school should have its special service, in which the aim should be manifest—namely, to nurture spiritual life, and mould Christian character. And wherever these services have been thus maintained, the Spirit has been present to bless. The work of the Sunday-school has been consolidated, and its fruits garnered.

In conclusion, let me urge you to seek the mighty baptism of the Spirit as the grand secret of true success in your work. And no gifts are more free than the gifts of the Holy Spirit. "If we, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto our children, how much more shall our Father who is in heaven give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him!" "If thou, then wouldst have thy soul surcharged with the fire of God, so that those who come nigh to thee shall feel the power of the mysterious influence, thou must draw nigh to the source of that fire, to the throne of God and of the Lamb, and shut thyself out from the world—that cold world, which so swiftly steals our fire away. Enter into thy closet, and shut to thy door, and, there isolated, await the baptism; then the fire shall fill thee, and when thou comest forth, holy power will attend thee, and thou shalt labour, not in thine own strength, but 'WITH DEMONSTRATION OF THE SPIRIT, AND WITH POWER.'"

Calvin and Serbetus as Religious Reformers.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.—PART I.

GENEVA has been called the Rome of the Protestants, and how far the saying is true will appear as we proceed. The city is famous on account of its natural attractiveness as well as for the men of renown who were born within its liberties. First mentioned by Julius Cæsar, Geneva is celebrated in history, not so much on account of its illustrious citizens, as for the share it had in the revival of religion during the awakening of the sixteenth century; and because it was the principal home and last resting-place of that princely spirit of the Reformation, John Calvin. What Calvin did and what he left undone divers busy pens have told us; but while professions of impartiality have been plentiful, unbiassed writing has been rare. We discard at the outset this virtue of zealous impartiality—the cant term of one-sided chroniclers. On the contrary, we are conscious of harbouring partiality for Calvin, which prompts us to revere his memory, and to advance what we have to say as a contribution to the cause of honesty and truth. To affirm that the Reformer has had detractors is equivalent to saying that he was a great man whose yearnings of soul for the spiritual weal of mankind, mediocrity and milk-and-water zeal have not always been able to understand. “The social and moral state of Geneva, bears still, after a lapse of three centuries, marks of the strong impression John Calvin made upon it,” says one. “He found a society disjointed, ignorant, and licentious; and left it at his death orderly, religious, moral, and patriotic.”*

Not intending to write a complete life of Calvin, we shall only make use of such salient points of his history as will serve our purpose. First seeing the light at Noyon in 1509, he was born in the bosom of the Romish Church. He was not unfortunate in his parentage, his mother having been as pious as beautiful, and his father as honest as he was well-to-do. After beginning his education at Noyon, Calvin proceeded to Paris at fourteen to study under the celebrated scholar Corderius, who in after days learned religion from his former pupil and died a faithful Protestant.

Early detecting their son's quick intelligence, Calvin's parents determined that he should enter the Church, since in the sacred profession he would have sufficiently good prospects of distinguishing himself, and of reflecting honour on the paternal roof. Having started on this path, his chances of brilliantly succeeding brightened as he advanced, and it became plainly apparent that considerable preferment would be within his reach if he chose to make the best of his advantages. But as the young scholar's strength expanded, his sire grew correspondingly ambitious, and desired to see John's powers diverted from divinity to law. By reading the French Bible the first sparks of truth were already ignited in his heart, and he became sufficiently awake to the errors of Rome to be indifferent about joining the ranks of her clergy. Complying with

* Penny Cyclopædia, Art. JOHN CALVIN.

his father's wishes, John proceeded to Orleans, still, however, giving much time to theology. While thus employed he first became acquainted with the principles of the Reformation. Moved either by a desire to arrive at truth, or to complete some ambitious design, he laboured at his desk so as to jeopardise his health by midnight studies. Yet the picture of his youth is not an unpleasant contemplation. His parents being in comparatively easy circumstances, Calvin knew no such cares as embittered the early days of his great compeer Luther; his powers were recognized and he associated with aristocratic companions. The chief fault we can find with him is, that he pursued knowledge too ardently for his strength, thus sacrificing health to learning; one of his habits having been to spend the night in study, and then to lie in bed during the day to digest what he had read.

At an uncertain date Calvin left Orleans for the more famous schools of Bourges; and it was while studying Greek under Wolmar, a zealous friend of the Reformation, that he became finally confirmed in Protestant principles. Having no strong liking for the law, when his father died about this time, and he became his own master, he relinquished legal studies and attended wholly to theology. His break with Rome was consequent on his conversion; and this change, the death of the elder Calvin, and John's declaring for the Reformation by promulgating the Protestant doctrines, occurred almost simultaneously in 1532, when he again settled in Paris.

The French empire at this conjuncture was wavering between Rome and the Reformation, and a strong party in the capital were favourable to the truth. It was a crisis of hope and of fear. France half promised to become the European nursery of the faith. Both Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First were partially favourable to the reformed doctrines. But these cheerful symptoms passing away were succeeded by quarrels and bloodshed; the friends of the gospel, and of peace were disappointed, for they found that popery retained a strong hold upon the masses of the benighted nation, and the rulers adapted their religion to political necessity. How many subsequent woes would France have escaped, past and present, had she risen in her greatness to welcome the Reformation!

To look into the Paris of the first half of the sixteenth century is instructive, so far as the insight supplies some odd phases of human nature. The ignorance of many of the university doctors seems to have been only equalled by their conceit of learning. The spread of the reformed doctrines created much excitement, and even alarm; and the fanatical clergy laboured earnestly to stamp out what there appeared of life in the upspringing seeds of a purer faith. Here, indeed, was a field worthy of the ability and powers of Calvin. What he would have effected had events allowed of his labouring unmolested we are only able to surmise; for a curious incident necessitated his flight from the capital. In those days certain ecclesiastical grandees, who occupied stations superior to their mental and educational qualifications, were not averse from accepting an occasional sermon in manuscript from such of their gifted contemporaries as would supply them. Nicholas Cop, rector of the Sorbonne, was of this unhappy class, and was a gentleman who would have been learned and eloquent, had eloquence merely consisted

in words, and learning in pretending to know. Once, to escape a dilemma, Cop preached a discourse written by the Reformer, the occasion being important and the assembly select. As the rector opened up his theme, the sticklers for the "old learning" twisted uneasily upon their benches; for the sermon discomfited the Romanists by pleading forcibly for the doctrine of justification by faith. After so daring an assault on the enemy's position, both writer and preacher sought safety in flight; and after their departure many troubles fell to the lot of the Protestants. Some zealous but indiscreet friends violently denounced the pope and the mass by means of placards distributed over Paris, a procedure which instead of aiding the good cause produced a reaction resulting in the death of many protestors.

By his action in this crisis the French King—the wily Francis the First—proved himself a devoted papist and a cruel persecutor. Yet the current of the Reformation becoming inconveniently strong, fear taught him to dissemble by assuring the Protestant princes of Germany that his correcting hand only touched the Anabaptists—a sect for which none seem to have entertained either pity or esteem. Nevertheless the hand of Providence soon revealed itself. Driven from France, Calvin purposed taking refuge at Basle; but a night spent at Geneva, while on the way thither, had the effect of altering the whole course of his life.*

The history of Geneva strikingly illustrates how good may be brought out of evil. Once a fief of the German empire, the republic was governed by its bishops till the time of the Reformation; but these prelates were given to turning their "crosses into swords, their flocks into serfs, and their pastoral dwellings into fortified castles." The power of the ecclesiastics excited the covetousness of the greedy dukes of Savoy, and constant feuds were fomented until the Savoyards were vanquished by the French in 1553. Prelatical treachery suggested the Swiss alliance and promoted the Reformation, of which Geneva may be considered the capital.

To go back more than three centuries in the history of Geneva is to discover that on the death of Seyssel, the prince-bishop, in 1513, the first of those violent agitations commenced which ended in the establishing of a purer faith. Seyssel was a good man and a patron of liberty. During several generations the dukes of Savoy coveted the temporalities of the see at the foot of the Alps, and some even supposed that by Savoyard influence Seyssel had been poisoned. The choosing of a successor, under these circumstances, was an important event and the occasion of great excitement in the city. The citizens chose the abbot of Bonmont, an easy-living ecclesiastic as the times went, but still a partizan of the republic against the house of Savoy. The reigning duke,

* In his twenty-fourth year Calvin was at the head of the Reformation in France; and in his twenty-seventh year the "Institutes" in their first form were published. "Such an instance of maturity of mind, and of opinion, at so early an age would be remarkable under any circumstances," says the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' "but in Calvin's case it is rendered peculiarly so by the shortness of the time which had elapsed since he gave himself to theological studies. It may be doubted, also, if the history of literature presents us with another instance of a book written at so early an age which has exercised such a prodigious influence upon the opinions and practices both of contemporaries and of posterity."

however, not being of a disposition to allow the passing away of any chance of aggrandisement, forthwith nominated his cousin, John the Bastard—a low-minded profligate who had wasted both strength and wits in animal pleasures. On hastening to Rome, John was formally installed by Leo the Tenth—a pontiff who lied on principle, holding with some show of logical acumen, that he could absolve himself from keeping his word as reasonably as he could others. The Swiss deputies, on arriving in Rome, found themselves and their candidate superseded, so that on returning to Geneva, John the Bastard took possession of his see in spite of the ominous grumbings of his subjects. Ultimately the pope transferred the temporalities to the duke of Savoy—a dispensation which occasioned him great glee, till the College of Cardinals refused to sanction the innovation, and even then the duke only nominally relinquished his pretensions, for as the bishop continued his vassal, he received the coveted profits in an indirect manner. The prelate allowed his inheritance to become a mere appendage of the dukedom, and a trustee was set over him to take account of the revenues. In the meantime the citizens were divided into opposing sections, the Mamelukes being Savoyards, or such as favoured the duke's demands, and the Eidgenossen being the friends of the republic, or the patriotic party. In the State Councils factious animosities were ever cropping up; while one means adopted by the Savoyards to further their designs was the encouraging of all kinds of light recreation—frivolities which grew until Geneva was renowned as one of the most pleasure-loving cities of the age.

Geneva's break with Rome was consummated in 1535, a principal agent having been the enthusiastic Farel. When Calvin sought a night's lodging in the city, in the July of the year following, he found the great movement inaugurated, the want of the hour being men of parts and zeal to carry on the work so auspiciously begun. Farel, with glowing ardour, exerted his whole strength to relieve the gross darkness by some enlivening beams. He is thought to have been a little opinionated and somewhat intolerant: but let the failings of a man be forgotten who was manifestly influenced by so strong a love of the true faith. Though the field was as wide as the continent, men fitted by nature and grace to enter in and labour were sadly wanting, and consequently, news of Calvin's arrival could not have come more opportunely. Exercised by a determination to secure his services, Farel with his usual impetuosity walked straight to Calvin's lodgings and abruptly exhorted him to remain in a city which not only needed men of his calibre, but into which Providence had so strangely directed him. But though earnest when aroused, Calvin was not easily persuaded, and the scene which ensued, as characteristic of the times and of the men, was worthy of the pencil of a great master. When the traveller showed some hesitation, the discourse waxed vehement, and Farel invoked curses both on the head of Calvin and his studies if he dared to forsake work which God had given him. Farel triumphed, and Calvin stayed; in the first instance accepting the office of teacher of theology. In the pulpit of St. Peter, his great talents were immediately recognised, grateful crowds attending his sermons, and even following him home after them. He and Farel now earnestly applied themselves to the Herculean task of reforming the

government, and morals of the city; for it should be borne in mind that the Reformation had sprung out of political necessity, quite as much as it did from popular love for the reformed tenets. Even in a corrupt and pleasure-loving age, Geneva was celebrated for the easy and luxurious life of its inhabitants. Saints'-days, weddings, and christenings were a constant occasion of holiday-making, and when the prescribed order of the new church threatened to curtail their indulgences, murmurs of discontent arose, and many expressions of depreciation were hurled at the heads of the Reformers themselves. Judging them by the standard of eighteenth century prudence, it will appear that Calvin and Farel too abruptly interfered with the ancient customs of a half enlightened and pleasure-loving people. Their motives were good; the popular practices in too many instances were pernicious; but we question if a more cautious procedure would not have been proved a more potent remedy. Bells, whose musical tones had floated across the lake for ages, were taken down and cast into cannon; weddings were stript of their gay adornings, while festivals were erased from the calendar without compromise. Moved by the best intentions, the Reformers yet mis-judged the resisting power of the Old Adam, and without reconciling the people to their reforms, brought down on themselves serious troubles. The resentment of the citizens was fiercely expressed, and so high rose the indignation that the two chief pastors were banished. Of their adventures after this, at Berne and Zurich want of space precludes our speaking. Suffice it to say, that on one occasion they would have been murdered on attempting to re-enter the city had they persisted in their design. The Genevese remained incensed against them, and ambassadors vainly sought a reconciliation.

Notwithstanding the rough treatment meted out to Calvin and Farel in return for their endeavours to purify a city they loved so well, the former appears to have regarded his life as little better than exile when away from Geneva. Not that he wanted friends, his name was already widely renowned, and many offered him free hospitality. One pleasant season was spent at Basle; another at Neufchâtel, the Reformer's longest stay having been at Strasburg, where rising in favour and popularity, he attracted many families of his own nation to take up their residence in the town.

It was at this period of Calvin's life—this time of banishment—that the first meeting occurred between him and Melancthon; and the friendship of the two may be said to have begun at a religious diet in Frankfort. By way of illustrating the vicissitudes from which even these great men were not exempt, it may be mentioned that Calvin's poverty at that time obliged him to sell his books, for he was frequently in need. But cares of this kind repressed neither his industry nor his happiness. Among other works, the third edition of the "Institutes" now appeared, the final issue having been printed twenty years later. At Strasburg, moreover, Calvin found a wife. The great strain to which he had subjected his constitution, by excessive toil and midnight studies in former days, had sown the seeds of various disorders; and on account of frequent ailings, he supposed a wife would prove a more than ordinary blessing. The qualifications demanded were

many and precise, and two negotiations were failures before the right lady was secured.

Calvin's first stay at Geneva was a warfare with the corruptions of human nature. Most persons are now willing to admit that endeavours to coerce men into goodness by the civil power are impolitic; but this having been partially attempted by Calvin in a less experienced age, his memory has in consequence been scandalised and maligned. He not only drew up a religious code, but he imposed a moral restraint, and so caused the ungodly to array themselves against him in an unholy phalanx, until his life was endangered. It is not our purpose to follow Calvin in his adventures from the time of his banishment to the date of his recall to Geneva. Perhaps the most important event of the interval was the diet of Ratisbon, where the "old learning" and the "new learning" were nearer to a compromise than they ever were before or since.

In the meantime Geneva was perplexed by civil disorders. The Christian population were shocked at prevailing scandals, regarding them as judgments on the city for dismissing faithful monitors. The town council, swayed by better principles than aforesaid, made the handsomest reparation in their power by inviting the pastors to return; but the first summons was not acceded to. Calvin had learned to be careful of his life since he had been threatened by armed enthusiasts. There were also other considerations. He filled an honourable position at Strasburg. To leave the hospitable city would savour of ingratitude. But love of Geneva prevailed. Civil disorder had reached a climax; the pastors had resigned, and at this difficult juncture, Calvin returned.

Having risen high in the esteem of the burghers of Strasburg, the Reformer had enrolled himself a member of the Tailors' Guild. While the Strasburgers were sufficiently down-cast at his departure, the Genevese were vying with each other in showing him honour; an escort, plentifully supplied with money, arrived from the republic; and it was while journeying towards his old quarters, that Calvin passed through Nenfchâtel, where he did something towards healing a feud which had broken out between the warm-blooded Farel and his people.

We have now to regard the Reformer as again settled over a flock he so peculiarly regarded as his own. The immediate work in hand was the establishment of that system of church polity from which Presbyterianism is partially copied. With some reason, exception is often taken to the civil restraints which Calvin put upon vice, although such a curb, when the ignorant multitude of Geneva was concerned, was better than the open profligacy lately dominant. The consistory, or ecclesiastical tribunal, had six clerical and twelve lay members. Meeting on Thursdays, under Calvin's presidency, this court took account of nearly all social offences; but visiting and admonition commonly preceded citation. Geneva was divided into three parishes, that of St. Peter being the chief, and a system of regular visitation was instituted. That the punishments inflicted were sometimes severe cannot be denied. Laughing during sermon-time entailed imprisonment, and striking a parent was capital. Disparagement of the reformed doctrines brought banishment. Absence from church was ranked among offences in common with seditious language; while crimes of the immoral class of a darker

dye were repressed by death. These things have been paraded these three hundred years, in depreciation of Calvin, by the profane on the one hand, and by religious partizans on the other. Yet who can affirm that the Genevan Reformers sought any lower object than the instilling of righteousness and the repression of evil. Judged by the rule of to-day, they committed egregious, or even ludicrous, errors. Honest charity will not therefore condemn them. Profiting by the experience of three centuries, it is easy to discover flaws in their procedure; but onerous and difficult was the task of governing the undisciplined populace nominally reclaimed from the borders of Romanism. The most, it would seem, that opponents can advance against the government of Calvin, is that, to overcome the difficulties of his situation he fell back on the system of the Old Testament, and preferred the rigours of Moses to the forbearance of Christ.

What shall be said of the stern and determined bearing of these Reformers? What but sternness would have availed them? God raises up men for a given crisis; but the circumstances of the situation help to mould their character. In the sixteenth century, the papacy had to be combated, and the papacy happened to be a system, not only fraught with error, but eminently cruel and treacherous. The arguments of murder and rapine were used by Papists when others failed. In the neighbourhood of Metz, Farel has had to run for his life from the Lord's table, while the people were murdered by the followers of the Duke of Guise. Under such circumstances who would not be stern? In the meantime, life at Geneva had its lights and shadows. In 1542, the city was troubled by an outbreak of plague, and there are varying accounts of Calvin's bearing in the hour of trial. According to Beza, he volunteered to act as chaplain in the hospital; but in a letter to Viret, the Reformer appears to have supposed himself justified in continuing in his office without risking infection. Following the plague came a season of scarcity. When merchants were needy, and the pastors so poor as necessarily to contract debt, the working classes fared correspondingly hard. In 1545, plague again darkened the people's hearths; the disease having been spread by certain persons who were afterwards executed for their crimes. This diabolical clan, whose highest aim was plunder, were bound together by a fearful oath of secrecy. Their every-day salutation was, "How goes clanda?" Clanda being a cant term for the plague. These were the scum of the Libertine party. About this time the burghers welcomed four thousand Waldenses, but not without exciting the jealousy of the Libertines. A communication respecting these refugees appears to have been the only letter which ever passed between Calvin and Luther. The French Protestants desired advice as to whether they did rightly in conforming outwardly to Romanism while Protestants at heart. Having consulted the Saxon doctor, Calvin urged his countrymen to assume a braver attitude. This answer gave dissatisfaction; the people complaining that it was easy to give heroic advice when at a safe distance from danger. Yet a man, by giving counsel, places himself under no obligation to risk peril to prove his sincerity.

Although union among Protestants was an urgent necessity of the times, the reformed church continued to be racked by profitless controversies

which it would be unwise to revive by explaining in detail. On this head, it is only justice to observe, that notwithstanding the abusive language sometimes used against opponents, we shall wrongly estimate the Reformers if we set such things down to temper, rather than to the universal custom of a ruder age. Let us be thankful, instead of splenetic. If now, a doctor of divinity were to assail another with opprobrious epithets, people would admire neither the taste, nor respect the zeal that dictated them; but when we find Calvin referring to Balsec—a man expelled Geneva for Arminianism—as “an obscure scoundrel,” “a pest,” and “a knave,” we know that in the mouth of the Reformer, in those uncouth times, such things only meant zeal for purity of doctrine and the honour of Christ. Yet enmity has seized on these minutiae, and turned them into capital by founding baseless calumnies upon them.

Being personally acquainted with Knox, Calvin interested himself in the Scottish Reformation no less than the awakening in England. Hooker speaks of him as the wisest man who ever taught in the French Church, and that Hooker advanced a well-grounded opinion is witnessed by the letters which passed between Geneva and other countries. Henry the Eighth consulted him about his divorce from Catherine, and Cranmer was among his correspondents. The archbishop was probably greatly influenced by the advice he received; for when, in 1543, a conspiracy was hatched to ruin him, a principal charge against him was that of corresponding with German Reformers. A fond idea of Cranmer's was that of forming a coalition of all the Protestant churches, and uniting them in one confession of faith. Because the harvest was so promising Calvin expressed his concern at the death of English preachers, while he lamented “The appropriating of the public revenues of the church by the feeding of idle stomachs, who troll their vespers in an unknown tongue.” He urged the British Reformers not to leave their work half done; and, in common with theologians of all parties, advocated the repression, by civil force, of troublesome sects. The doctrine of persecution had been thoroughly exemplified by the see of Rome, and only gradually did men awaken to the truth, that putting men to death for opinions is abhorrent to Christianity. While the Reformation was progressing, persons disputed over what should be accepted as matters of faith; but that wrong-believers, equally with wrong-doers, were subjects for chastisement none doubted, any more than they questioned the divine origin of their religion.

The Calvinistic party, both in England and on the Continent, were naturally very determined in their opposition to popery. When the Prayer-book was under revision for the second time, Calvin exerted his influence to have the alterations made in a manner worthy of England and of the Reformation. Maintaining that he used his authority in a perfectly legitimate and unobjectionable manner, we take exception to the representations of Dean Hook, in his “Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury,” that the Calvinists of Europe, seconded by sympathisers at home, showed a disposition to dictate to the people of England. “Calvin not only fiercely attacked the Prayer-book,” we are told, “but the whole principle of the English Reformation.” It would be more correct to say, that Calvin denounced the retention of what savoured of popery

in the Church Establishment of a people for whom he hoped much in the gospel. Like many other able writers, Dean Hook is a partisan of the class which assumes its own sect to be the sole guardian of truth. While his own views on apostolical succession are more curious than edifying, his hatred of Calvin, and of the Calvinistic system of theology, is too transparent for his references to the Reformer to be accepted by the orthodox. Suspicion is awakened when high churchmen, like Dyer and Hook, become profuse in professions of impartiality. They paint a portrait of the Reformer, the lines of which they assure their readers are true to life; but a closer inspection shows that prejudice and imagination supplied the lay figure from which the picture was taken.

The Apostle of Burmah.

FIRST PAPER.

AMONG the many liberally endowed minds which have been consecrated to missionary labours, in foreign lands, Dr. Judson, of America, must take a conspicuous place. The man who gave to the Burmese people the Holy Scriptures in their own language, could have been no ordinary person. Add to this great achievement, the fact that he lived for thirty-seven years among heathen who prior to his coming had not heard of Jehovah, and that as the fruit of his labours some thousands received the word of God gladly, and it is seen at once that the life of such a man possesses no small interest to those who rejoice in the spread of the gospel throughout the world.

From the commencement to the close, there is a charm about the history of this remarkable missionary. Early indications of unusual ability gained him the credit of great acuteness; his greediness to devour every work within reach (commentaries on the Revelation were things to be desired by him)—and his ambition to attain high fame in the world, naturally led his friends to conclude that some peculiar talents had been entrusted him by a kind Providence. In 1807, when at the age of nineteen he won applause, of which he was superlatively proud, by graduating with the highest honours at Brown University. His consciousness of superior intellectual ability was probably the cause of his being led into infidelity. The spirit of scepticism which prevailed so lamentably during the period of the French Revolution poisoned the minds of large numbers of educated young men both in England and America. The rejection of truths hallowed to the hearts of the godly was deemed essential to the proper culture of an independent mind. Manliness was thought to be best manifested by sneering at the piety of forefathers. That Judson did not escape the contamination is not surprising. He was a bold spirit, proud of his intellectual strength, and he had not been humbled by a consciousness of sin. His unbelief was either occasioned or deepened by intimacy with a fellow collegian who was of fascinating manners and of considerable mental ability. Soon after this unfortunate friendship with the witty Deist, Judson commenced a tour of the United States with the view of "seeing the world." He had fancied

himself possessed of dramatic talents while at college, and he sought in New York to associate himself with a number of tragedians. In the course of his peregrinations, Judson put up one evening at a country inn, the landlord informing him that in the next room was a young man in a dying state. His thoughts often wandered during the night to the dying stranger, and in spite of his professed infidel sentiments he could not help wondering whether the sick young man was prepared to die. He checked himself by the reflection that his Deistical friend would ridicule him for entertaining the thought; but judge of his surprise when on the following morning he found that he who had departed this world during the night was none other than the witty Deist! Saddened at heart and chastened in spirit, he resolved to return to his parents' home. He felt now a change of mind regarding his state as a sinner; and yet his intellect was too proud and unyielding to receive the doctrine of the atonement. It was while studying at a seminary in Andover, that all difficulties disappeared, and that in the fulness of gratitude he surrendered his will and heart to the Saviour. In 1809, he became a member of the Independent church of which his father was pastor. From that time to the day of his death his confidence in the mercy upon which he humbly reposed was complete.

One can readily understand the feeling of Judson's father that to serve the Christian church at home would be the most natural ambition of his son's life. His talents indicated a successful ministerial career, and when it was proposed that he should be co-pastor in the largest church in the city of Boston, the path of duty seemed already marked out. But Providence had ordained that he should serve God in a more difficult sphere of labour. A sermon on "The Star in the East" first directed his thoughts to the heathen world, and from that moment until the hour of his departure for Burmah, his ardent nature was fired with ambition to go out as a missionary to those who had not heard of Christ. To embark on this course was in those days more perilous than now. Missionaries there were, and their enterprises had been recorded in the public prints; but the missionary idea had not as yet taken deep root, and there was no organisation in America to undertake the responsibility of sending out and sustaining those who were prepared to risk their lives in untried fields of labour. Transatlantic Christians were beginning to look with devout seriousness upon their responsibilities in carrying the gospel to the dark places of the earth; and Judson's decision for this work was opportune. Furthermore, several young men studying with Judson at Andover, had formed a company pledged to this noble life-work. There being at that time no missionary society in America, the thoughts of these young men were naturally directed to England, where both the Baptists and the Independents had organised societies. Before making their application to the London Missionary Society, they consulted some leading ministers at home, and the result was the formation of a Mission Board. It was deemed advisable to confer with the London Society, and for this purpose Mr. Judson left for England in a vessel which was unfortunately captured by a French privateer. After having been imprisoned in Bayonne, he was allowed to proceed to London, where he received a promise of support in case of failure on the part of the American Board. Judson favourably impressed our own countrymen, and a curious

anecdote is told of the way in which his voice startled the public. "He sat in the pulpit with a clergyman somewhat distinguished for his eccentricity, and at the close of the sermon was requested to read a hymn. When he had finished, the clergyman arose and introduced his young brother to the congregation as a person who purposed devoting himself to the conversion of the heathen, adding, 'And if his faith is proportionate to his voice, he will drive the devil from all India.'"*

On his return home, he was fortunate enough to secure the heart of one who was pre-eminently qualified to become a missionary's wife. Who will write us a volume of memoirs of those who have shared the discomforts and the sorrows of a missionary's life? Such a work might be as thrilling as a romance: and in such an undertaking the name and the labours and the heroism of Judson's first wife would occupy a conspicuous place. Ann Hasseltine was a young woman of most intelligent piety—strong in mind, gentle and womanly in her affections. She was assiduous in her efforts to bring the necessity of personal religion before the minds of all who came under her influence, and after concluding her studies would steal out in the evening to converse with the poor in the neighbourhood on Jesus Christ. Prior to her acceptance of Judson's proposal of marriage, she wrote:—"For several weeks past my mind has been greatly agitated. An opportunity has been presented to me of spending my days among the heathen, in attempting to persuade them to receive the gospel. Were I convinced of its being a call from God, and that it would be more pleasing to him for me to spend my life in this way than in any other, I think I should be willing to relinquish every earthly object, and, in full view of dangers and hardships, give myself up to this great work." She decided, with the help of God, to venture upon what was an untried path to an American woman, and in the spring of 1812, she and her husband, with Mr. and Mrs. Newell, embarked for Calcutta. Arriving there safely, they were met by Dr. Carey, who invited them to take up their residence with him at Serampore.

The hostility of the East India Company to missionary enterprises was the first difficulty they encountered. As yet that unchristian community had not been held in by the bit and bridle which Wilberforce was preparing for them. Mr. and Mrs. Newell were ordered to America, but were afterwards permitted to sail for the Isle of France. Their persecutors would not grant a like permission to the Judsons, who fled to the island, and reached there in time to witness the disconsolate condition of Mr. Newell on the loss of his wife. There did not seem to be an opening here for missionary effort; and so they determined upon removing to Prince of Wales' Island, to reach which they had to visit Madras. Here, however, they were within the territories of the East India Company, and apprehensive of danger, they embarked in the only vessel which would sail at once—an unseaworthy ship bound for Rangoon, and thus in the order of Providence, the first American missionary landed in the Burmese Empire.

* A Missionary of the Apostolic School: being the life of Dr. A. Judson, of Burmah. Revised and edited by Horatius Bonar, D.D. (Nisbot.) A memoir prepared with much skill and written with great insight, from Dr. Wayland's two volumes, by Dr. Bonar's daughter.

It should be stated that while at Calcutta, the views of Mr. and Mrs. Judson changed on the question of baptism, and they were immersed by Dr. Carey. This event necessitated a dissolution of their connection with the American Board, and to their credit, the Baptists of the United States at once accepted them as their missionaries.

Their first prospects at Rangoon were not encouraging. "I went on shore," wrote Mr. Judson in his diary, "just at night, to take a view of the place and the mission-house; but so dark and cheerless and unpromising did all things appear, that the evening of that day, after my return to the ship, we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we ever passed." Chiding themselves for their weakness, they sought divine help, and received the assurance that it had not been sought in vain. They entered at once upon the diligent study of the Burman language, which they found peculiarly difficult of acquisition. Mrs. Judson, from her frequent contact with the servants, acquired soonest the power to converse; but her husband, who was anxious to gain a thorough knowledge of the structure of the tongue that he might enter upon the work of translating the Scriptures into Burman, spent three years in hard mental study, which severely tried his health. The people soon learned to respect the missionaries, and the viceroy treated them with kindness. The viceroy was a "savage-looking creature," says Mrs. Judson, in giving an account of the first visit she paid to his court, "his long robe and enormous spear not a little increased my dread." The wife, or chief wife, "made her appearance, richly dressed, with a long silver pipe at her mouth, smoking. At her appearance all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance, and sat in a crouching position, without speaking." In such a land no congenial society could be found; and it was a treat now and then to see an honest sea-worn captain call at the station. As yet, too, all the efforts of Mr. Judson had been confined to the acquisition of the uncouth language, and he was longing for the day when he could begin to preach the gospel to the natives. "When we find," he writes, "the letters and the words all totally destitute of the least resemblance to any language we have ever met with, and these words not fairly divided and distinguished, as in western writings, by breaks, and points, and capitals, but run together in one continuous line, a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word; when, instead of clear characters on paper, we find only obscure scratches on dried palm-leaves strung together and called a book; when we have no dictionary and no interpreter to explain a single word, and must get something of the language before we can avail ourselves of the assistance of a native teacher"—

"Hoc opus, hic labor est." (This is the work, this is the labour.)

Yet he wrote home in words of noble courage, "If they ask us what prospect of ultimate success is there, tell them, as much as that there is an almighty and faithful God who will perform his promises, and no more. If this does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and try it, and to let you* come, and to give us our bread; or if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the Word

* Mr. Rice.

of God to sustain it, beg of them at least not to prevent others from giving us bread ; and if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again."

His heart was greatly strengthened by the present of a printing press and Burman types from the missionaries at Serampore. With these he was enabled to issue a tract, a catechism, and the gospel of Matthew. In March, 1817, he received a new encouragement for which he had much longed. He had often preached and conversed with the natives, and answered their questions, but as yet had not met with one anxious enquirer. Now, however, an intelligent Burman, accompanied by a servant came to him, and sat by his side. "How long time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?" was the question put by this man to Mr. Judson. He had not heard the gospel preached, but had been led to serious enquiry through reading the publications of the mission. It was from his lips that the missionary first heard an acknowledgment of an eternal God by a Burman. His one desire was for "more of this sort of writing," and the first five chapters of Matthew were given him. "I have no doubt," wrote Judson at this time, "that God is preparing the way for the conversion of Burmah to his Son. Nor have I any doubt that we who are now here are, in some little degree, contributing to this glorious event. This thought fills me with joy. I know not that I shall live to see a single convert ; but, notwithstanding, I feel that I would not leave my present situation to be made a king." A *zayat*, or place for public gatherings, was built for the purpose of preaching the gospel ; his first congregation consisted of fifteen persons, most of them inattentive and disorderly. Mrs. Judson also commenced a meeting for the women. Mounng Nau (Moung denotes young man), the first convert, gave satisfactory evidence of a change of heart, and his conversion and baptism constituted a new era in the history of the mission. Other enquirers, more or less sincere and earnest, followed, and some confessed their sins, and desired to walk in the paths of Christ. Some of these men were powerful reasoners, whose Buddhist ideas had been disturbed, but whose prejudices were apparently almost unconquerable. Of one man we read, "We spent the whole day together, uninterrupted by other company. In the forenoon he was as crabbed as possible—sometimes a Berkeleian, sometimes a Humeite, or complete sceptic. But in the afternoon he got to be more reasonable, and before he left he obtained a more complete idea of the atonement than I have been commonly able to communicate to a Burman." He was found to be an unusually tough subject, for he could not yield on any point which presented a difficulty to his proud reason. Yet good hopes were entertained of his ultimate submission to the authority of Christ. One Tuesday, the first Burman prayer-meeting was held—a very humble beginning, with three converts ; and Judson was on the Lord's-day much gratified to find that these three Burmans repaired to the *zayat*, and held a prayer-meeting of their own accord.

In the midst of so much to animate the spirits of the missionaries, persecution seemed to threaten the existence of the mission. The authorities would no longer refuse to observe what was going on, and it was feared that their interference might check the good work. Enquirers became few through this feeling ; and it was deemed neces-

sary to appeal to the king in behalf of religious toleration that the people might be quieted. Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman accordingly set out for Ava, taking with them, in conformity with Eastern custom, valuable presents. The emperor readily granted them permission to enter his palace. "The scene to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. . . . We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Mounç Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked though the hall as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended—in solitary grandeur—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive, and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head excepting ours was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch."

The missionaries answered the questions of the august Eastern potentate, and he seemed pleased with their replies. The petition he condescended to read through. The tract he held long enough in his hand to observe that the first two sentences affirmed the eternal existence of the only living and true God. He would not read more, but threw the tract contemptuously to the ground. The Scriptures, in six handsome volumes, covered with gold leaf, and each enclosed in a rich wrapper, were then brought forward, but he did not regard them. The Minister of State interpreted his master's will—"In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them; take them away."

Their mission had failed. As they walked four miles by moonlight to their homes, the two servants of God let fall many tears of sorrow that no toleration should be granted in so fair a land for the religion of the Saviour. Their trust in God was, however, by no means shaken, but they feared that the new converts would become disheartened, and that the threatened persecution would either lead them to recant or make them cowards. What was their surprise to find them undismayed and stedfast! They gathered the few converts together, told them that for the sake of safety they had thought of leaving for Arracan, where they might be under British protection. Would they accompany them? One replied that he would follow the preachers to any part of the world; another that he would go where preaching was to be had; and a third very properly said that as no Burman woman was allowed to leave the country he could not, on his wife's account, follow the teachers, but he would still be faithful to Jesus Christ! This was enough. The teachers felt that they could not desert their disciples. The missionaries resolved to remain, and escape the country only when their safety was evidently and imminently imperilled. Theirs was to live, and labour, and die, that Burmah might be Christ's.

(To be continued.)

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LIX.

To the Chief Musician.—*Strange that the painful events in David's life should end in enriching the repertoire of the national minstrelsy. Out of a sour, ungenerous soil spring up the honey-bearing flowers of psalmody. Had he never been cruelly hunted by Saul, Israel and the church of God in after ages would have missed this song. The music of the sanctuary is in no small degree indebted to the trials of the saints. Affliction is the tuner of the harps of sanctified songsters. Altaschith. Another "destroy not" Psalm. Whom God preserves Satan cannot destroy. The Lord can even preserve the lives of his prophets by the very ravens that would naturally pick out their eyes. David always found a friend to help him when his case was peculiarly dangerous, and that friend was in his enemy's household; in this instance it was Michal, Saul's daughter, as on former occasions it had been Jonathan, Saul's son. Michtam of David. This is the Fifth of the Golden Secrets of David: God's chosen people have many such. When Saul sent, and they watched the house to kill him. Great efforts are made to carry the Psalms away to other authors and seasons than those assigned in the headings, it being the fashion just now to prove one's learning by disagreeing with all who have gone before. Perhaps in a few years the old titles will be as much revered as they are now rejected. There are spasms in these matters, and in many other things among the would-be "intellectuals" of the schools. We are not anxious to show our readiness at conjecture, and therefore are content with reading this Psalm in the light of the circumstance here mentioned; it does not seem unsuitable to any verse, and in some the words are very appropriate to the specified occasion.*

DIVISIONS.—*In verses 1 and 2 he prays, in 3 and 4 he complains of his woes, and again in verse 5 he prays. Here he inserts a Selah, and ends one portion of his song. In 6 and 7 he renews his complaint, in 8, 9, 10 declares his confidence in God, and in 11, 12, 13 lifts up his heart in prayer; closing another part of his Psalm with Selah. Then he prays again in 14, 15, and afterwards betakes himself to singing.*

EXPOSITION.

DELIVER me from mine enemies, O my God: defend me from them that rise up against me.

2 Deliver me from the workers of iniquity, and save me from bloody men.

1. "*Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God.*" They were all round the house with the warrant of authority, and a force equal to the carrying of it out. He was to be taken dead or alive, well or ill, and carried to the slaughter. No prowess could avail him to break the cordon of armed men, neither could any eloquence stay the hand of his bloody persecutor. He was taken like a bird in a net, and no friend was near to set him free. Unlike the famous starling, he did not cry, "I can't get out," but his faith uttered quite another note. Unbelief would have suggested that prayer was a waste of breath, but not so thought the good man, for he makes it his sole resort. He cries for deliverance and leaves ways and means with his God. "*Defend me from them that rise up against me.*" Saul was a king, and therefore sat in high places, and used all his authority to crush David; the persecuted one therefore beseeches the Lord to set him on high also, only in another sense. He asks to be lifted up, as into a lofty tower, beyond the reach of his adversary. Note how he sets the title "*My God,*" over against the word "*mine enemies.*" This is the right method of effectually catching and quenching the fiery darts of the enemy upon the shield of faith. God is our God, and therefore deliverance and defence are ours.

2. "*Deliver me from the workers of iniquity.*" Saul was treating him very unjustly, and besides that was pursuing a tyrannical and unrighteous course

towards others, therefore David the more vehemently appeals against him. Evil men were in the ascendant at court, and were the ready tools of the tyrant, against these also he prays. Bad men in a bad cause may be pleaded against without question. When a habitation is beset by thieves, the good man of the house rings the alarm-bell; and in these verses we may hear it ring out loudly, "*deliver me,*" "*defend me,*" "*deliver me,*" "*save me.*" Saul had more cause to fear than David had, for the invincible weapon of prayer was being used against him, and heaven was being aroused to give him battle. "*And save me from bloody men.*" As David remembers how often Saul had sought to assassinate him, he knows what he has to expect from that quarter and from the king's creatures and minions who were watching for him. David represents his enemy in his true colours before God; the bloodthirstiness of the foe is a fit reason for the interposition of the righteous God, for the Lord abhors all those who delight in blood.

3 For, lo, they lie in wait for my soul: the mighty are gathered against me; not *for* my transgression, nor *for* my sin, O LORD.

4 They run and prepare themselves without *my* fault; awake to help me, and behold.

3. "*For, lo, they lie in wait for my soul.*" They were in ambuscade for the good man's life. He knew their design and cried to God to be rescued from it. Like wild beasts they crouched, and waited to make the fatal spring; but their victim used effectual means to baffle them, for he laid the matter before the Lord. While the enemy lies waiting in the posture of a beast, we wait before God in the posture of prayer, for God waits to be gracious to us and terrible towards our foes. "*The mighty are gathered against me.*" None of them were absent from the muster when a saint was to be murdered. They were too fond of such sport to be away. The men at arms who ought to have been fighting their country's battles, are instead thereof hunting a quiet citizen; the gigantic monarch is spending all his strength to slay a faithful follower. "*Not for my transgression, nor for my sin, O Lord.*" He appeals to Jehovah that he had done no ill. His only fault was, that he was too valiant and too gracious, and was, besides, the chosen of the Lord, therefore the envious king could not rest till he had washed his hands in the blood of his too popular rival. We shall always find it to be a great thing to be innocent; if it does not carry our cause before an earthly tribunal, it will ever prove the best of arguments in the court of conscience, and a standing consolation when we are under persecution. Note the repetition of his declaration of integrity. David is sure of his innocence. He dares repeat the plea.

4. "*They run and prepare themselves without my fault.*" They are all alive and active, they are swift to shed blood. They prepare and use their best tactics; they besiege me in my house, and lay their ambuscades as for some notable enemy. They come up fully armed to the attack, and assail me with all the vigour and skill of a host about to storm a castle; and all for no cause, but out of gratuitous malice. So quick are they to obey their cruel master, that they never stay to consider whether their errand is a good one or not; they run at once, and buckle on their harness as they run. To be thus gratuitously attacked is a great grief. To a brave man the danger causes little distress of mind compared with the injustice to which he is subjected. It was a cruel and crying shame that such a hero as David should be hounded down as if he were a monster, and beset in his house like a wild beast in its den. "*Awake to help me, and behold.*" When others go to sleep, keep thou watch, O God. Put forth thy might. Arouse thee from thine inaction. Only look at thy servant's sad condition and thy hand will be sure to deliver me. We see how thorough was the psalmist's faith in the mercy of his Lord, for he is satisfied that if the Lord do but look on his case it will move his active compassion.

5 Thou therefore, O LORD God of hosts, the God of Israel, awake to visit all the heathen: be not merciful to any wicked transgressors. Selah.

5. "Thou," thyself, work for me personally, for the case needs thine interposition. "Therefore," because I am unjustly assailed, and cannot help myself. "O Lord," everliving, "God of Hosts," able to rescue me; "the God of Israel," pledged by covenant to redeem thine oppressed servant; "awake to visit all the heathen," arouse thy holy mind, bestow thy sacred energies, punish the heathen among thine Israel, the falsehearted who say they are Jews and are not, but do lie. And when thou art about the business, let all the nations of thine enemies, and all the heathenish people at home and abroad know that thou art upon circuit, judging and punishing. It is the mark of a thoughtful prayer that the titles which are in it applied to God are appropriate, and are, as it were, congruous to the matter, and fitted to add force to the argument. Shall Jehovah endure to see his people oppressed? Shall the God of hosts permit his enemies to exult over his servant? Shall the faithful God of a chosen people leave his chosen to perish? The name of God is, even in a literal sense, a fortress and high tower for all his people. What a forceful petition is contained in the words, "awake to visit"! Actively punish, in wisdom judge, with force chastise. "Be not merciful to any wicked transgressors." Be merciful to them as men, but not as transgressors; if they continue hardened in their sin, do not wink at their oppression. To wink at sin in transgressors will be to leave the righteous under their power, therefore do not pass by their offences but deal out the due reward. The psalmist feels that the overthrow of oppression which was so needful for himself must be equally desirable for multitudes of the godly placed in like positions, and therefore he prays for the whole company of the faithful, and against the entire confraternity of traitors. "Selah." With such a subject before us we may well pause. Who would not sit still and consider, when vengeance is being meted out to all the enemies of God? How wrong is that state of mind which hates to hear of the punishment of the wicked!

6 They return at evening: they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city.

7 Behold, they belch out with their mouth: swords *are* in their lips: for who, *say they*, doth hear?

6. "They return at evening." Like wild beasts that roam at night, they come forth to do mischief. If foiled in the light, they seek the more congenial darkness in which to accomplish their designs. They mean to break into the house in the dead of night. "They make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city." Howling with hunger for their prey, they sneak round and round the walls, prowling with stealthy footstep, and barking in unamiable concert. David compares his foes to Eastern dogs, despised, unowned, loathsome, degraded, lean, and hungry, and he represents them as howling with disappointment, because they cannot find the food they seek. Saul's watchmen and the cruel king himself must have raved and raged fiercely when they found the image and the pillow of goats' hair in the bed instead of David. Vain were their watchings, the victim had been delivered, and that by the daughter of the man who desired his blood. Go, ye dogs, to your kennels and gnaw your bones, for this good man is not meat for your jaws.

7. "Behold, they belch out with their mouth." The noisy creatures are so remarkable in their way, that attention is called to them with a *behold*. *Ecce homines*, might we not say, *Ecce canes!* Their malicious speech gushes from them as from a bubbling fountain. The wicked are voluble in slander; their vocabulary of abuse is copious, and as detestable as it is abundant. What torrents of wrathful imprecation will they pour on the godly! They need no prompters,

their feelings force for themselves their own vent, and fashion their own expressions. "*Swords are in their lips.*" They speak daggers. Their words pierce like rapiers, and cleave like cutlasses. As the cushion of a lion's paw conceals his claw, so their soft ruby lips contain bloody words. "*For who, say they, doth hear?*" They are free from all restraint, they fear no God in heaven, and the government on earth is with them. When men have none to call them to account, there is no accounting for what they will do. He who neither fears God nor regards man sets out upon errands of oppression with gusto, and uses language concerning it of the most atrociously cruel sort. David must have been in a singular plight when he could hear the foul talk and hideous braggings of Saul's black guards around the house. After the style in which a Cavalier would have cursed a Puritan, or Claverhouse a Covenanter, the Saulites swore at the upstart whom the king's majesty had sent them to arrest. David called them dogs, and no doubt a pretty pack they were, a cursed cursing company of curs. When they said, "*Who doth hear?*" God was listening, and this David knew, and therefore took courage.

8 But thou, O LORD, shalt laugh at them ; thou shalt have all the heathen in derision.

9 *Because of his strength will I wait upon thee : for God is my defence.*

10 The God of my mercy shall prevent me : God shall let me see *my desire* upon mine enemies.

8. "*But thou, O Lord, shalt laugh at them.*" He speaks to God as to one who is close at hand. He points to the liars in wait and speaks to God about them. They are laughing at me, and longing for my destruction, but thou hast the laugh of them seeing thou hast determined to send them away without their victim, and made fools of by Michal. The greatest, cleverest, and most malicious of the enemies of the church are only objects of ridicule to the Lord ; their attempts are utterly futile, they need give no concern to our faith. "*Thou shalt have all the heathen in derision.*" As if David had said—What are these fellows who lie in ambush? And what is the king their master, if God be on my side? If not only these but all the heathen nations were besetting the house, yet Jehovah would readily enough disappoint them and deliver me. In the end of all things it will be seen how utterly contemptible and despicable are all the enemies of the cause and kingdom of God. He is a brave man who sees this to-day when the enemy is in great power, and while the church is often as one shut up and besieged in his house.

9. "*Because of his strength will I wait upon thee.*" Is my persecutor strong? Then, my God, for this very reason I will turn myself to thee, and leave my matters in thy hand. It is a wise thing to find in the greatness of our difficulties a reason for casting ourselves upon the Lord.

"And when it seems no chance nor change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And, patient, waits on thee."

"*For God is my defence,*" my high place, my fortress, the place of my resort in the time of my danger. If the foe be too strong for me to cope with him, I will retreat into my castle, where he cannot reach me.

10. "*The God of my mercy shall prevent me.*" God who is the giver and fountain of all the undeserved goodness I have received, will go before me and lead my way as I march onward. He will meet me in my time of need. Not alone shall I have to confront my foes, but he whose goodness I have long tried and proved will gently clear my way, and be my faithful protector. How frequently have we met with preventing mercy—the supply prepared before the need occurred, the refuge built before the danger arose! Far ahead into the

future the foreseeing grace of heaven has projected itself, and forestalled every difficulty. "*God shall let me see my desire upon mine enemies.*" Observe that the words, "*my desire,*" are not in the original. From the Hebrew we are taught that David expected to see his enemies without fear. God will enable his servant to gaze steadily upon the foe without trepidation; he shall be calm, and self-possessed, in the hour of peril; and ere long he shall look down on the same foes discomfited, overthrown, destroyed. When Jehovah leads the way victory follows at his heels. See God, and you need not fear to see your enemies. Thus the hunted David, besieged in his own house by traitors, looks only to God, and exults over his enemies.

11 Slay them not, lest my people forget: scatter them by thy power; and bring them down, O Lord, our shield.

12 For the sin of their mouth *and* the words of their lips let them even be taken in their pride: and for cursing and lying *which* they speak.

13 Consume *them* in wrath, consume *them*, that they *may* not *be*: and let them know that God ruleth in Jacob unto the ends of the earth. Selah.

11. "*Slay them not, lest my people forget.*" It argues great faith on David's part, that even while his house was surrounded by his enemies he is yet so fully sure of their overthrow, and so completely realises it in his own mind, that he puts in a detailed petition that they may not be too soon or too fully exterminated. God's victory over the craft and cruelty of the wicked is so easy and so glorious that it seems a pity to end the conflict too soon. To sweep away the plotters all at once were to end the great drama of retribution too abruptly. Nay, let the righteous be buffeted a little longer, and let the boasting oppressor puff and brag through his little hour, it will help to keep Israel in mind of the Lord's justice, and make the brave party who side with God's champion accustomed to divine interpositions. It were a pity for good men to be without detractors, seeing that virtue shines the brighter for the foil of slander. Enemies help to keep the Lord's servants awake. A lively, vexatious devil is less to be dreaded than a sleepy, forgetful spirit which is given to slumber. "*Scatter them by thy power.*" Blow them to and fro, like chaff in the wind. Let the foemen live as a vagabond race. Make Cains of them. Let them be living monuments of divine power, advertisements of heaven's truth. To the fullest extent let divine justice be illustrated in them. "*And bring them down.*" Like rotten fruit from a tree. From the seats of power which they disgrace, and the positions of influence which they pollute, let them be hurled into humiliation. This was a righteous wish, and if it be untempered by the gentleness of Jesus, we must remember that it is a soldier's prayer, and the wish of one who was smarting under injustice and malice of no ordinary kind. "*O Lord our shield.*" David felt himself to be the representative of the religious party in Israel, and therefore he says "*our shield,*" speaking in the name of all those who make Jehovah their defence. We are in good company when we hide beneath the buckler of the Eternal; meanwhile he who is the shield of his people is the scatterer of their enemies.

12. "*For the sin of their mouth and the words of their lips let them even be taken in their pride.*" Such dreadful language of atheism and insolence deserves a fit return. As they hope to take their victim, so let them be taken themselves, entangled in their own net, arrested in the midst of their boastful security. Sins of the lips are real sins, and punishable sins. Men must not think because their hatred gets no further than railing and blasphemy that therefore they shall be excused. He who takes the will for the deed, will take the word for the deed and deal with men accordingly. Wretches who are persecutors in talk, burners and stabbers with the tongue, shall have a reckoning for their would-be

transgressions. Pride though it show not itself in clothes, but only in speech, is a sin; and persecuting pride, though it pile no fagots at Smithfield, but only revile with its lips, shall have to answer for it among the unholy crew of inquisitors. "*And for cursing and lying which they speak.*" Sins, like hounds, often hunt in couples. He who is not ashamed to curse before God, will be sure to lie unto men. Every swearer is a liar. Persecution leads on to perjury. They lie and swear to it. They curse and give a lying reason for their hate. This shall not go unnoted of the Lord, but shall bring down its recompense. How often has it happened that while haughty speeches have been fresh in the mouths of the wicked they have been overtaken by avenging providence, and made to see their mischief recoil upon themselves!

13. "*Consume them in wrath.*" As if he had changed his mind and would have them brought to a speedy end, or if spared would have them exist as ruins, he cries, "*consume them,*" and he redoubles his cry, "*consume them;*" nay, he gives a triple note, "*that they may not be.*" Revilers of God whose mouths pour forth such filth as David was on this occasion obliged to hear, are not to be tolerated by a holy soul; indignation must flame forth, and cry to God against them. When men curse the age and the place in which they live, common humanity leads the righteous to desire that they may be removed. If they could be reformed it would be infinitely better; but if they cannot, if they must and will continue to be like mad dogs in a city, then let them cease to be. Who can desire to see such a generation perpetuated? "*And let them know;*" i. e., let all the nations know, "*that God ruleth in Jacob unto the ends of the earth.*" He whose government is universal fixes his headquarters among his chosen people, and there in special he punishes sin. So David would have all men see. Let even the most remote nations know that the great moral Governor has power to destroy ungodliness, and does not wink at iniquity in any, at any time, or in any place. When sin is manifestly punished it is a valuable lesson to all mankind. The overthrow of a Napoleon is a homily for all monarchs, the death of a Tom Paine a warning to all infidels, the siege of Paris a sermon to all cities. *Selah.* Good cause there is for this rest, when a theme so wide and important is introduced. Solemn subjects ought not to be hurried over; nor should the condition of the heart while contemplating themes so high be a matter of indifference. Reader, bethink thee. Sit thou still awhile and consider the ways of God with man.

14 And at evening let them return; *and* let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city.

15 Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied.

14. Here verse six is repeated, as if the songster defied his foes and revelled in the thought of their futile search, their malice, their disappointment, their rage, their defeated vigilance, their wasted energy. He laughs to think that all the city would know how they were deceived, and all Israel would ring with the story of the image and the goats' hair in the bed. Nothing was more a subject of Oriental merriment than a case in which the crafty are deceived, and nothing more makes a man the object of derision than to be outwitted by a woman, as in this instance Saul and his base minions were by Michal. The warrior poet hears in fancy the howl of rage in the council of his foes when they found their victim clean escaped from their hands.

15. "*Let them wander up and down for meat.*" Like dogs that have missed the expected carcass, let them go up and down dissatisfied, snapping at one another, and too disappointed to be quiet and take the matter easily. "*And grudge if they be not satisfied.*" Let them act like those who cannot believe that they have lost their prey: like a herd of Oriental dogs, unhoused, unkenelled, let them prowl about seeking a prey which they shall never find. Thus the menial followers of Saul paraded the city in vain hope of satisfying their malice

and their master. "Surely," say they, "we shall have him yet. We cannot endure to miss him. Perhaps he is in yonder corner, or concealed in such a hidingplace. We must have him. We grudge him his life. Our lust for his blood is hot, nor can we be persuaded but that we shall light upon him." See the restlessness of wicked men; this will increase as their enmity to God increases, and in hell it will be their infinite torment. What is the state of the lost, but the condition of an ambitious camp of rebels, who have espoused a hopeless cause, and will not give it up, but are impelled by their raging passions to rave on against the cause of God, of truth, and of his people.

16 But I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning: for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.

17 Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: for God is my defence, and the God of my mercy.

16. "*But I will sing of thy power.*" The wicked howl, but I sing and will sing. Their power is weakness, but thine is omnipotence; I see them vanquished and thy power victorious, and for ever and ever will I sing of thee. "*Yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning.*" When those lovers of darkness find their game is up, and their midnight howlings die away, then will I lift up my voice on high and praise the lovingkindness of God without fear of being disturbed. What a blessed morning will soon break for the righteous, and what a song will be theirs! Sons of the morning, ye may sigh to-night, but joy will come on the wings of the rising sun. Tune your harps even now, for the signal to commence the eternal music will soon be given; the morning cometh and your sun shall go no more down for ever. "*For thou hast been my defence.*" The song is for God alone, and it is one which none can sing but those who have experienced the lovingkindness of their God. Looking back upon a past all full of mercy, the saints will bless the Lord with their whole hearts, and triumph in him as the high place of their security. "*And refuge in the day of my trouble.*" The greater our present trials the louder will our future songs be, and the more intense our joyful gratitude. Had we no day of trouble, where were our season of retrospective thanksgiving? David's besetment by Saul's bloodhounds creates an opportunity for divine interposition and so for triumphant praise.

17. "*Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing.*" What transport is here! What a monopolising of all his emotions for the one object of praising God! Strength has been overcome by strength; not by the hero's own prowess, but by the might of God alone. See how the singer girds himself with the almightiness of God, and calls it all his own by faith. Sweet is the music of experience, but it is all for God; there is not even a stray note for man, for self, or for human helpers. "*For God is my defence, and the God of my mercy.*" With full assurance he claims possession of the Infinite as his protection and security. He sees God in all, and all his own. Mercy rises before him, conspicuous and manifold, for he feels he is undeserving, and security is with him, undisturbed and impregnable, for he knows that he is safe in divine keeping. Oh, choice song! My soul would sing it now in defiance of all the dogs of hell. Away, away, ye adversaries of my soul, the God of my mercy will keep ye all at bay—

"Nor shall th' infernal lion rend
Whom he desigus to keep."

Reviews.

OUR accumulation of books has become so great that we want to make sure of the notices getting in, and therefore have put them in an earlier place than they usually occupy in the magazine, for we wish to serve the esteemed publishers. A number of children's books we have grouped together and put first.

The Wilds of Africa; a Tale for Boys.
By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Nelson and Sons.

THE travels of Moffatt, Livingstone, Du Chaillu, and others, worked up into a story of marvels and a marvel of stories, in which Robinson Crusoe will find a very worthy rival. The engravings, we were about to say, are innumerable, certainly we have not the time to count them, and they are as good as they are plentiful. Moving incidents by flood and field, hair-breadth escapes, and wonderful discoveries are here without stint. Boys, if papa affords you this volume, you will find the winter's evenings grow very short while you read it.

Animal Life in Europe, illustrated with coloured plates, by F. SPECHT, is a capital book for children of rather advanced years, published by the Religious Tract Society. We do not much admire the colouring, but the natural history has a more than ordinary freshness and originality in it.

The Children's Record of the Free Church of Scotland. Nelson & Sons.

THIS little halfpenny magazine always delights us. Our friend, Mr. Dickson, does his work as only a man can who loves children and knows their ways. His publishers, from their vast stock of engravings, supply him with an unrivalled wealth of illustration.

Home Chat with our Young Folks. By C. S. MATEAUX. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

A CABINET of varieties for the young people. Hosts of pictures worked into a series of stories, travels, and other entertaining papers. The binding and printing are beyond all praise.

May Lane, a story of the Sixteenth Century. By C. M. M. Slaw & Co.

WE do not think much of it.

Blanche Gamond, a French Protestant Heroine. Oliphant & Co.

A VERY little book containing an episode in the history of the Huguenots. It is always stimulating to the soul to observe the constancy of the saints and martyrs of by gone days.

Choice Poetry for little children. Religious Tract Society.

CHOICE poetry, choice engravings, choice coloured pictures—a choice book altogether.

The New Illustrated Primer. By OLD HUMPHREY. Partridge & Co.

ONE of the best of spelling books. Here and there we see a touch of fun, very hard to introduce into a spelling book. Take for instance letter E.

That eels that in the water swim,
For food are very fine,
And new laid eggs are famous things,
To help a mau to dine.

New Series of Toy Books. Little Paul's Christmas and The Lord's Prayer. Religious Tract Society.

THESE are two charming books. The illustrations are really works of art. The science of colour-printing must here, we think, have reached its perfection. How such things can be made and sold for one shilling we are at a loss to know.

The Story of Our Doll. By Mrs. GEORGE CUPPLES. T. Nelson & Sons.

A BOOK fit for a young princess. If Miss Maggie is very little, very good, and very fond of her doll, this book will charm her and tempt her to learn to read. The motto, taken from Shakspeare, is, "How now, Mistress Doll?"

Panoramic Series. History of David. Religious Tract Society.

TWELVE well-coloured pictures with appropriate letterpress; a beautiful gift for a child.

The German Drummer Boy; or, The Horrors of War. Adapted from the German by Mrs. CAMPBELL OVEREND. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co

God speed the pens which write for peace, and dry up the quills which in glowing terms write up the pageantry of war. Every child should read this drummer-boy story. The Peace Society would do well to spend as much as ever it can afford in circulating such books as this, and the four stories by those Siamese-twins of literature known as Erckman-Chatrian. Our heart chides us if we have failed to urge upon our readers and hearers the absolute sin of every kind of war. "Thou shalt not kill," is a command, the breach of which is not excused but aggravated by the largeness of the scale on which the killing is conducted.

So far we give to the juveniles, who are well cared for by the publishers. What a race of men the next generation ought to be considering their advantages. God bless them. We now go on to other works.

Whitaker's Almanack is an extraordinary shilling's worth; and for business men and the general public, it is out of sight the most useful almanack we know of.

Beton's Bible Dictionary; a Cyclopædia of the Truths and Narratives of Scripture. With the correct Pronunciation of the leading Names and Words, and their original meaning. Consisting in all of two thousand complete articles. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

Young men observe this. Here is a Bible Dictionary, in paper covers for one shilling; or, if you are wise enough to buy it bound, it will only cost you eighteenpence. We have sent off an order for a hundred for the Pastors' College, and this is the most practical proof of our appreciation. If there be any difficulty in obtaining it, our Colporteur, Mr. Brown, 19, Temple Street, Newington, London, will send it by post on the receipt of the published price and one additional penny stamp towards postage.

The Baptist Messenger, the Church, the Appeal, the Hive, the Methodist Temperance Magazine, all good in their own line, deserve an increased circle of readers. They are all published by Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Young Man in the Battle of Life. By WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

THE author appears to entertain a suspicion that his book may "fail to satisfy the fastidious taste." His fears are groundless. His style so nearly approaches the faultless that it might be selected as a model of correct English; those who could censure it must be themselves utterly beneath contempt. The matter is quickening and encouraging. With the blessing of God the reading of this work would be of the utmost service to every young man. We are glad to see our friend's volume in the hands of such a pushing firm as Messrs. Cassell; and we hope that both here and in America "The Young Man in the Battle of Life" may achieve the popularity which it deserves. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton also publish another young men's book by Dr. Landels, which we have not the time to look through at present. Dr. Landels at this rate will need a shelf to himself in all complete libraries.

Since writing the above there has come to hand another volume from Messrs. Cassell's press: "Woman; her Position and Power," by the same author. We suppose our friend felt it to be unfair to give the young men all his attention, and so prepared a volume for the other sex. Our friend writes books for the sister-hood so well, that if a chaplain-general for the ladies of England were to be elected, he would be sure to head the poll.

One Thousand Gems from Henry Ward Beecher. Edited by Rev. G. D. EVANS. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. EVANS gleans a field which has been three times reaped before, and yet such is the excessive fertility of the soil that he gathers together full sheaves of golden grain. Who else among the living sons of men besides Mr. Beecher could furnish material for such a volume? He is for versatility of genius and wealth of illustration altogether peerless; our regret is, that he is far from being as spiritual as he is spirited, and is more a model for an orator than for a divine. Our friend Mr. Evans will we hope soon try his hand at original authorship, for which he is well qualified.

Supplementary Psalms and Hymns. By W. DRANSFIELD. Passmore & Alabaster.

To our intense delight we have long enjoyed the loving fellowship of the venerable author of these hymns. He is one of our elders at the Tabernacle, and the very model of a genial, generous, gracious, glad and greyheaded believer. His happiness is constant and stimulating; all around him feel the more cheerful for his presence. Our friend in former years was well known as a preacher of the word, and his excellent printed sermons attained a very considerable circulation. Now that he cannot preach he has taken to singing, and finds it pleasant to express his holy joy in spiritual songs of his own composing. We should never think of criticising anything our friend either says or does, but if we did we should feel bound to commend very highly the theology and spirit of these supplemental hymns, and to express our belief that many lowly minds will find pleasure in their perusal. Instead of a criticism we make a selection and give No. 6 as a fair specimen of the 190. May the beloved writer and his household enjoy the richest of heaven's blessings.

“Oh, matchless love of God
Which freely fixed on me!
Which drew me from my ruined state
To thee, dear Lord, to thee.
Why did I hear thy voice?
Why did I seek thy face?
What sweetly forced my happy choice?
‘Twas rich and sovereign grace.
The work, dear Lord, is thine,
No merit falls to me:
Thy Spirit makes my graces shine,
My all I owe to thee.
I soon shall see thy face,
And all thy kindness prove,
For ever bask in thine embrace,
Thy sweet eternal love.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just issued new editions of *Power in Weakness*, and *Symbols of Christ*, by our well-beloved brother, Mr. CHARLES STANFORD. We are not about to review these delightful works; they are now in the general esteem of the Christian church deservedly elevated above all criticism; but we welcome the cheaper editions very gladly, and wish for the works a consequently wider

range of influence for good. Our esteemed friend is himself an instance of “power in weakness”—none more weakly in body, and few more vigorous in mind than he.

The Cross and the Crown; or, the trials and triumphs of the Scottish Kirk. A poem in ten books. By the REV. JOHN JOHNSTON, Balmaghie. Edinburgh: John MacLaren.

MR. JOHNSTON is himself a brave man, a very hero to attempt a poem in ten books. Why it must have engrossed the leisure, and encroached into the ordinary labours of half a lifetime. The theme is animating, the piety unquestionable, the design admirable, the effort praiseworthy; as for the poetry, we have always confessed our inability to criticise the poems of friends, but we often wish they would turn them into prose. The two first verses of Mr. Johnstone's poem will serve as a fair specimen of the whole, illustrating both the form of stanza employed and the ability displayed.

Full many have sung of old Scotia, “land
Of the mountain and the flood,”
The birth spot of many a noble band,
The home of the brave and good.
And we lovingly hear of the deeds
Of her heroes and men of might,
Who their foes defy,
With the battle cry,
“Let our God defend the right.”

We sing of the Wallace and Bruce, the swell
Of the patriot's love rises then;
To their memory all hail, O who can tell
Our debt to those valiant men!
But of warriors worthy, there is a band,
Of whom I would gladly sing,
Who, with holy aim,
‘Mid reproach and shame,
Were faithful to Zion's King.”

Saint Paul. By FELIX BUNGENER. Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

No life of the apostle Paul will outshine that of Conybeare and Howson; and everyone that is issued will come more or less under its overshadowing. To some minds the vivacity and clearness of the French author will render this book more readable. It is well translated, and we deem the Tract Society to have taken the right step in presenting it to their large constituency. It will be of use to many, and to Bible-class leaders especially.

The Four Evangelists. By EDWARD A. THOMSON. James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

WE have said a good word for this little but able work in times gone by. It is now slightly revised, and stereotyped in what we suppose will be its permanent form. We again wish it God speed.

A History of Wesleyan Missions in all parts of the World, from their commencement to the Present Time. By WILLIAM MOISTER. Second Edition. Elliot Stock.

INTERESTING to all who delight in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. All Methodists will, we feel sure, consider it a part of their children's education to be acquainted with their own mission history, and this work will serve them for a family class-book. Glory be to God that such a record could be written; may the next fifty years reveal a tenfold progress. O that our Baptist Mission might yet again be favoured of the Lord!

We got Agate of Singing; or, "Jesus Tender Shepherd, hear me." By A. C. C. D. J. F. Shaw & Co.

HERE are ninety-six pages of book bound up with thirty-two of catalogue. We quite commend publishers for append-

ing their catalogues to their publications, but this is rather too much of a good thing. The story itself is a very sweet one, so sweet that we regret that it is so short. One does not reckon upon a book's being so much padded out with a trade list, and had we bought the whole concern at the price charged, we should have felt ourselves to have been taken in when we found the tale itself so brief. Some advertisers will give away as much matter as this book contains in order to secure a reading for their advertisements; we advise Mr. Shaw to consider the propriety of doing the same.

The New World; or a recent Visit to America. By Rev. W. G. CAMPBELL, author of "The Apostle of Kerry." Elliot Stock.

WRITTEN in a natural, lively style. It is practically the diary of a Methodist minister travelling through the States. It abounds with witty stories and holy reflections, but we cannot say that we like it one half so well as the author's former work, "The Apostle of Kerry." To North-of-Ireland Wesleyans the work will have great charms; it glows with the natural fervour of the Irish blood, and with the spiritual ardour of Methodism.

A Review out of its Place.

THE Rev. Arthur Wolfe, M.A., Rector of Farnham All Saints, and of Westley, Bury St. Edmunds, late fellow and tutor of Clare College Cambridge, has just published a volume of "Sermons on subjects more or less interesting at the Present Time,"* and we have finished a perusal of them with mingled feelings of pity, pleasure, and amazement. The reverend gentleman is evidently a lover of the truth and holds the doctrines of grace with a firm grasp: herein do we rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. He has much in common with us upon points where his own churchism does not warp his better judgment. The tone of his sermons is vigorous, alike for thought and evident biblical scholarship, but they are marred by a homage to church formularies which is little if at all short of the reverence which he pays to the Bible itself.

If the Bible, and the Bible alone, be the religion of Protestants, the Rev. A. Wolfe, is not one, for he accepts besides the Scriptures another fountain of truth. He says in a sermon upon the Athanasian creed, "We who live now receive what Christ taught through his apostles, and others contemporary with them: in their writings we have handed down to us the faith once delivered to the saints. So then, when in the Athanasian Creed we are required to accept certain statements as the Catholic, that is the Christian faith, our disposition should be to receive them, unless we have reason to think that they assert what

* Longmans, Green, & Co., London.

Christ never taught at all, that they contradict in short, what we read in the Canonical Scriptures." We entirely disagree with the writer, our disposition should be to put away every addition to the complete and finished Word of God and to keep a broad clear line between it and the traditions of men. This fatal adhering to old creeds is the Chinese shoe which cramps not a few of the strong runners into a halting pace, and makes cripples of them for life.

We are glad to find that the author himself is really ashamed of the Athanasian creed, for he says, "It is, hardly however to be doubted that our Reformers, had they lived in these present days, would have either removed this creed from the Prayer Book as unnecessary and giving needless offence, or at least, have modified it as, in fact, the Nicene creed after its first publication was modified." And yet the writer of these words will stand up and read this creed which he thus condemns, and add at the close of it, "THIS IS THE CATHOLIC FAITH, WHICH EXCEPT A MAN BELIEVE FAITHFULLY HE CANNOT BE SAVED" ! ! ! !

Is not this trifling with truth? We denounce it as a treachery to all honest speech amongst men; how the writer squares it with his conscience we cannot imagine. We again quote his own words—"Many who think over what they say may possibly find in this creed things about which in their secret hearts they feel a misgiving; and to say that we believe that, which we do not really believe, cannot be right at any time, least of all when we come before him to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid." We agree with this, and hence we brand with our hottest indignation the declaration of total ruin against those who cannot "faithfully believe" the creed to be true; especially when the anathema is publicly pronounced by a person who in another place confesses that the creed might well be modified. Had the wire-drawings of the Athanasian creed been inspired of God, it would still remain an outrage upon all honesty for one believer in it to condemn another to perish everlastingly for his unbelief. He who wishes a creed modified does not believe it, at least he does not so thoroughly believe it as to be qualified to declare another accursed for his less veiled unbelief.

Either the late tutor of Clare College, Cambridge, and rector of a couple of churches, says too much, or acts too little. What do our readers say to this as being the exposition of an officer belonging to an episcopal church:—

"In the apostolic times there were clearly, according to Scripture, two 'orders' only—elders attending to things more purely spiritual, teaching, guiding, ruling; deacons acting under (?) these elders, distributing the alms of the brethren to the poorer members, dispensing the elements of the Lord's Supper to those present, and carrying them to the absent sick. Scripture knows nothing whatever of bishops as a distinct order. Now, then, let us contrast with this primitive arrangement as furnished by Scripture, according to which we should have in each church a body of presbyters under one of their number presiding, a body of deacons also assisting the presbyters in matters less purely spiritual; contrast with this the state of things which exists among ourselves, and you will be able to judge how far the two are really one and the same."

"Why do I bring forward a subject like this? Because if we, like Israel, have sinned in departing from the form of government given by God at the beginning, then it is right that we should know it and acknowledge it, as the first step to repentance. Such departure from primitive appointments, to which we have succeeded by inheritance, is no ground for schism, but it is for reformation."

But what if there be no reform? Then we suppose because it is inherited it is right to continue in what we condemn, though the Scriptures assert that "what is not of faith is sin." Let protests be made, but if our connection with the evil fosters it, then action clear and public must follow. "Come ye out from the midst of her" is the voice to be obeyed. Would to God that a man so enlightened as Mr. Wolfe would lead the way in a grand

disruption movement; such a step would mark an era in England's history bright with hope.

It is a good sign that the author recognises the utter impossibility of discipline in his church while it is itself under the rule of the State. He evidently longs for relief, but confesses with a sigh that "such discipline as would, doubtless, be in force if the church were unfettered by the State cannot any longer even be attempted."

We make another extract or two on the subject of baptism, as we can heartily endorse so much of his teaching on that point:—"Our Lord gave directions to his apostle to go and baptise all nations; but it was those who believed who were to be baptised; and belief implies a creed to which the candidate for baptism must first have given his assent." "As public confession of sins was in the early church one of the marks of repentance by which a convert showed himself a fit candidate for baptism; so confession of faults after baptism may well be expected from all who continue to trust to the merits of Christ."

How can this good brother hold such views on baptism and then sprinkle infants, who cannot either believe or repent, without doing violence to his published convictions on the matter? The whole book is a painful exhibition of a fettered warrior who is bound to defend a position which he feels cannot be ultimately maintained. We do not hesitate to say that there are subterfuges in argument, and inconsistencies in so-called explanations, which on no other subject would be tolerated among educated men. The most solemn declarations are refined away into contradictions in a manner which, if it were not so awful in its results would be contemptible for its littleness. Oh for Christian manhood enough to break away from every trammel, and come out into the free air and speak without the gag of dead men's creeds muzzling bold, honest speech; or else if the bread of the church must be eaten by those who do not accept her teaching, at least let it be done in a silence which she has a right to demand from those who have given an unfeigned assent and consent to her dogmas and discipline, and who have called the Holy Ghost to witness to the solemn declaration.

We must hold our brother to be wanting either to the truth or to his church, while he holds his present views and takes her pay under a declaration which is no longer the honest fact, whatever it may have been when it was first made.

B.

Our Special Services.

EXPERIENCE has taught us the need of breaks in the monotony of religious work. As the year is delightfully chequered with the verdure of spring, the flowers of summer, the fruits of autumn, and the pure snows of winter; so should the Christian year beneath the beams of the Sun of Righteousness pass through all phases of beauty. There must be the sowing, the upspringing, the watering, the ripening, and the ingathering. To maintain spiritual fervour always at the highest point is our duty; but to attempt constantly to display it in a community, as it is developed at favoured seasons, is sure to produce one of two evils—either mere formality or else a grievous sense of weariness. Horses which rush like the wind when spurred to it must not always be so ridden. Even the sea is not always at the flood, and the day is not perpetually at noon. The trees rest in winter, or they would be fruitless in summer; a holy pause may intervene between ardent engagements. We are the last to advocate spasms of effort and fits of excitement; the efforts of a church must be steady, persevering, unrelaxing, but sometimes when the Holy Ghost manifestly points thereto, they must rise to an intensity and vehemence

which it would not be possible always to maintain. As we eat every day, but sometimes hold a feast, so we should be devout and diligent at all times; and yet special occasions may excite us to warmer love and more zealous service.

Fraught with many blessings have been the February services at the Tabernacle during each of the years in which they have been held. Constantly upon this occasion have we heard brethren say, "I prayed for my wife at these meetings last year, and here she is at my side rejoicing in Jesus;" while others with tears in their eyes testify that they owe their own souls' salvation to the former series of services. We are most of us conscious of a marked quickening of spiritual life in ourselves, and we cannot help remarking and admiring it in our fellow members; while very general breaking down is taking place among sinners of the congregation, and a great tenderness of heart is notably observable. At the moment of going to press with this magazine we are nearing the middle passage of the meetings with a favouring wind and a full sail. It may be interesting to some of our friends if we describe the services as far as they have gone.

We began with a meeting of the pastors, deacons, and elders, with the distinct view of seeking a preparation from the Lord for the work and the expected blessing. The bread with which the multitude was fed was first received from the Master's hands by the disciples, and then handed by them to the assembled crowd; we therefore waited on him for the living bread, and desired to receive it direct from himself. Our communion was very sweet. The tea table became the centre of a true love-feast, in which brotherly love rejoiced. Then followed prayers, hymns, exhortations, and interchanges of thought. Each one of the brotherhood did what seemed to him most suitable, and the Holy Spirit guided the meeting; so that each one felt at the end of it that his inmost heart had been refreshed. Our brethren are not of the order of men that delight in inventing novel methods, criticising plans, and raising objections, but they have learned to prefer acting to cavilling and practice to theory; hence the meeting was not marred by discussions or fault findings. Each one went straight to the point;—a blessing we need, we are now about to seek it, God will grant it, let us ask to be made ready to receive it, to make the best use of it and to retain it. The holy fire burned and glowed gloriously; and at one period of the meeting it rose to the height of sacred enthusiasm, in which we see the repetition of the tongues of fire and the rushing mighty wind.

On Lord's-day, February 12th, the pastor came to his work with a peculiarly weighty message, and spoke at both services upon the Marriage Supper. (*The four sermons upon this parable will be published in a few days in a neat wrapper for distribution, price sixpence; and it will make a seasonable present, for it commemorates the marriage of the Princess Louise.*) After each service persons came forward who were pricked in the heart. In the afternoon a large prayer-meeting was held in the Tabernacle, and another after the evening service. Prayer is, under God, the great lever with which to uplift a church. It is not a problem to be solved as to whether prayer is heard; we know it and have seen it. The power of prayer is as much a fact, and as clearly to be seen as the influence of electricity, or the force of gravitation.

On Monday, February 13th, the threefold prayer-meeting was held. Many began at seven by uniting in supplication; a goodly band gathered at noon; and the whole area of the Tabernacle was full at night. The spirit of prayer was richly given. The pastors esteem the prayer-meetings to be the life of the church; they are never absent unless by the force of necessity; and hence the people value the prayer-meetings and meet in such numbers as we fear are to be seldom found anywhere else engaged in intercession. Again enquirers were forthcoming, and some who had got beyond that stage pressed forward to avow themselves on the Lord's side. No excitement was manifest, but solemn earnestness revealed itself. The Pastor having selected a band of "helpers" they met for prayer this evening, and to arrange themselves so as to help at the meetings.

The next day the pastors waited from eleven to one to see seekers. Many came of all classes. The invitation to the wedding-feast of mercy brought in, as of old, both bad and good. Objectors came with their hard questions, the lovers of the loaves and fishes with their hypocrisies, the ignorant with their superstitious fears, the talkative with their presumptuous confidences; but there also drew near to the servants of God the broken-hearted, the desponding, the despairing, the believing, the rejoicing, the restored. It was a good day, and when the fishermen counted up the treasures of the net, after laying many aside, and assigning others to a course of further instruction, they found a residue of twenty-six whom they felt free to propose to the church for membership. A quarter of an hour is the very least time we can give to form any estimate of the spiritual condition and render any efficient aid, and in many instances two or three times that period is requisite; so that on this occasion the pastors felt that a good day's work had been done. At seven in the evening a very considerable number of enquiring persons came together, and were faithfully addressed by some of the elders and other friends. The Lord's own arm was revealed. Quietly, but deeply, the work went on in many hearts.

On WEDNESDAY evening, at seven, the church alone came together, that, as a body, it might cry mightily unto God, and also seek preparation for the coming blessing. It was, without exception, one of the very best meetings we ever attended. The gracious words spoken to us by our brother, Mr. Gracey, and others, will remain with us while memory lasts. The meeting was open to all the members, both to pray and to speak, but no unqualified brother wasted the time, as is so generally the case in such meetings. The fittest men to speak did speak, and all rejoiced to listen to them.

On THURSDAY, at four, the Pastor met about 150 or 200 of the young ladies of the Tabernacle, and preached to them upon, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." The sacred feelings of that hour have, we are sure, left their permanent impress upon many a tender heart. That same night, in more than one house, friends were compelled to rise and administer comfort to young hearts in which the arrows of conviction had fixed. The audience was select and consisted almost entirely of young friends, of an educated class, just rising into womanhood. After the Pastor's address certain beloved matrons in the church mingled with the youthful company and conversed with individuals concerning their souls. Then followed the usual evening lecture, which partook of the spirit of the week's proceedings, and was blessed of God, so that again anxious souls waited to have conversation with the elders and other friends.

FRIDAY was spent in prayer by the students in the College, who were joined by some of the ministers of London who were educated in our Institution. There was much hearty agonizing petitioning, a general personal renewal of consecration to God, and a holy warmth of soul. At its close, at seven o'clock, the workers of all sorts came streaming in to their meeting—city missionaries, Bible-women, evangelists, tract distributors, Sunday-school teachers, and others. The Pastor, though evidently weary with an arduous week's work, had a word in season for the assembly, and so had our venerable friend, Mr. Rogers, our brother Charlesworth, and our ever-ready and invaluable helper, W. Olney.

On review of the week, we are compelled to bless the name of the Lord with all our heart, for the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

LORD'S-DAY, Feb. 19th, the Pastor finished his exposition of the Parable of the Wedding Feast, and it was a season of great searching of heart. Certain of the church officers visited the adult classes in the afternoon to show that none of them were forgotten, and to stir them up to seek the immediate conversion of the unsaved ones among them. These visiting friends had happy interviews in all cases.

MONDAY was a day of prayer, all day long; commencing before the sun had risen, the people continued to come and go in relays all the day long. Just before the meal-times, when wives were bound to attend to domestic duties, the

numbers somewhat decreased; but there was never a pause in the unceasing intercession for nearly fourteen hours. Our witness, and we were there at 10, at 12, at 3.30, and remained right on till 8.30, is this;—It was a season of importunate prayer, which can no more fail to be answered than the Lord himself can change. All were not present who should have been, but there were among the assembly, at some time or other during the day, a very large proportion of the church-members; and those who prayed were enabled to draw very near to God in ardent faith. It was a holy day. During a part of the time a church-meeting was being held in another room, so that some of those who had come forward might confess Christ before his people. At the day's close many more seekers came forward, and male and female helpers were busy in conversation and prayer with persons convicted and enquiring. All was quiet as a summer's eve, but the dew of the Lord was there, and beneath its influence the living seed revealed itself. Before all was over the Pastor's new company of helpers met together to receive a word from him, and to rehearse to each other how they had sped in search after souls.

TUESDAY EVENING was a very happy one. About a thousand children came together to hear good words concerning Jesus. There was no tea, no music, no magic lantern to attract the boys and girls, but they came in eagerly, listened as attentively as a congregation of grown-up people, and rushed to shake the pastor by the hand with a loving zeal which made one think of the children in the temple of old. The law and the gospel, their own hearts and the Spirit's work were faithfully spoken of to the children by the various speakers, and an evident feeling of interest and awe rested on the assembly. There had been much prayer for a blessing, and it came, as time will show. While we were talking to the young folks below, their mothers were upstairs holding a prayer-meeting that the Lord would help us. Thus prayer and effort went hand-in-hand.

WEDNESDAY EVENING'S Meeting was a very interesting one. Tea was given to servants, and to the poor women of our mother's meeting. The celerity with which provisions vanished reminded us of the way in which a heavy sea in a storm will clear the decks of a vessel. We had evidently gathered, besides the well-dressed domestic servants, a class of the poorest description, and we were delighted to see that they were quite as earnest in listening to the gospel as they had been in demolishing the feast. Despite the innumerable babies, the attention was rapt and eager, and we are persuaded that the seed fell on well-prepared soil. Here we pause, for the printer calls for copy. If spared we will finish the outline next month—it may stimulate others.

As perhaps our friends will like to see what the rest of the meetings are to be, we append the remainder of the list:—

Thursday, Feb. 23rd.—Young people's prayer-meeting at six. Arrangements made that enquirers may meet with friends for direction and encouragement after the Lecture.

Friday, Feb. 24th.—Prayer for our orphans. Public meeting at Stockwell Orphanage at seven. One of the Pastors will preside.

Lord's-day, Feb. 26th.—Sermon to the Sabbath School and young people generally. By C. H. S., at 3 p.m.

Monday, Feb. 27th.—Prayer-meeting for females only, at six. Young people's prayer-meeting at the same time. At seven, Elders and Deacons will deliver addresses to the unconverted at the usual prayer-meeting.

Tuesday, Feb. 28th.—Great meeting of butchers' men invited by Mr. Henry Varley. Addresses in the Tabernacle at 7. (Tickets.) C. H. S. or Mr. Samuel Morley to preside.

Wednesday, March 1st.—Prayer-meetings at the houses of our friends, according to list which will be issued. May the prayers of all the households be heard in heaven. "The Lord also shall save the tents of Judah first."

Thursday, March 2nd.—Mothers' prayer-meeting at six. Meeting for persons under concern of soul at half-past eight, after the lecture. Fathers' prayer-meeting at 8.30.

Friday, March 3rd.—Meeting of our young friends above fifteen, and yet unsaved. Tea at six. (Tickets to be had of the Elders.)

Lord's-day, March 5th.—A deputation will address Mrs. Bartlett's class and the senior classes of the Sabbath School; as also Mr. Bartlett's children's meeting at the Almshouses.

Monday, March 6th.—Prayer-meeting for females only, at six. For young people at the same time. Special prayer-meeting at seven for the various agencies of the church. Meeting for enquirers at half-past eight.

Tuesday, March 7th.—The Pastor and others will meet the parents of the Sabbath School children to tea, and speak with them upon heavenly things.

Wednesday, March 8th.—Annual meeting of Mrs. Bartlett's class.

Thursday, March 9.—Closing gathering. May our hearts be filled with adoring praise. We shall meet to commemorate our Lord's death. Members will please show their tickets. Spectators will find room in the gallery.

Memoranda.

IMMERSED as we are in the labours of our special services, we fear the magazine may exhibit traces of hurry, but truly "the king's business requireth haste," and we have scarcely leisure so much as to eat bread.

The Quarterly meeting of the Orphanage Collectors on February 10th was a very joyful one, and our young friends brought in twice as much money as before; hence our lists are long this month. We hope these collectors will increase and become a great support to the Orphanage. Collecting cards and boxes can be had on application to Mr. C. Blackshaw at the Tabernacle.

We have written a letter to the churches urging them to send in petitions to the House of Commons to back up Mr. Charles Reed in his motion to do away with the delivery of letters on the Lord's-day. We do without it in London, and it cannot therefore be necessary in the country. Some 20,000 persons are employed in the post-office on the Sabbath, nearly all of them needlessly. A letter-carriers' life must be sheer slavery when he has to work seven days in the week, *and rest never*. We trust the churches will take the matter up. It amounts to a national sin.

The church at the Tabernacle has resolved to petition Parliament for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England, which daily becomes more and more a feeder to the Church of Rome, and whose position as a government-favoured sect, is an insult and a wrong to all other churches.

Early in the year 1868, an effort was made to establish a new Baptist interest in

Burnley. Mr. G. W. Oldring, a student from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, was, in compliance with the request of two or three friends, sent down to commence the work. A large room in a warehouse was hired, and fitted up with accommodation for 300 persons. The work thus commenced has hitherto made steady and hopeful progress. A Church has been formed which numbers upwards of 60 members; a Sunday School established; the services of a Colporteur have been secured from the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, and he is working with very encouraging success; a Loan Tract Society is in active operation; Open-Air and Cottage Services are held in various parts of the town; and it is hoped that by the Divine blessing on these efforts a strong and healthy church may be established. For some time past the need of a more suitable place of worship has been felt, and the congregation have succeeded in purchasing the Chapel formerly occupied by the Methodist Free Church. This Chapel is in a central position, and will seat about 700 persons. Attached to it is a minister's house. The entire premises have been purchased for the sum of £1,300, and placed in trust for the denomination. After renovation, it was opened for public worship, January 15th, when two sermons were preached by Mr. G. Rogers, Theological Tutor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. On Lord's-day, January 22nd, Mr. H. Dowson preached. Collectious during the Opening Services, including proceeds of a Tea Meeting, amounted to £74. The amount subscribed in receipts and reliable

promises, including £50 from C. H. Spurgeon, is about £400. The friends who have purchased this property are making a very earnest effort to raise half the entire cost during the first year. We wish them every success.

Mr. Edgley and his friends from Peniel have removed to a new Chapel in Berkely Road, Primrose Hill, with very encouraging prospects. We pray that the richest prosperity may attend them. They need liberal help, and we trust they will receive it. Our warmest sympathies are with them.

We are deeply saddened by the intelligence of the sudden death of our promising young brother, Mr. Wilkinson of Syston. We fondly hoped that he would have developed into an eminent preacher, but he sleeps in Jesus. We must be doubly diligent to add more labourers that these sad gaps may be filled.

The Conference of the College commences on Monday, March 27th. We entreat the prayers of all our friends that it may prove a season of refreshing.

Our beloved brother John Collins has removed from Southampton to Barnstaple; the Lord bless the movement.

The cheering reports which come to us from many quarters concerning the good done by our Colporteurs are a call to enlarged liberality towards that department of Christian labour. O that we had a

hundred men at work in the dark village of England.

Thanks are due to many kind contributors, and to some whose names are not in the lists because their offerings have been used by us in works demanding aid, and not mentioned here. Their generously leaving it to us to dispose of their gifts has relieved us of care in points of our work which were sadly requiring pecuniary help.

With much pleasure we recommend all our Baptist readers to become regular subscribers to the *Freeman* newspaper. It is a credit to the denomination, and ought to be read in all Baptist families.

We have sold the whole edition of Vol. I. of our work on the Psalms, entitled the *Treasury of David*, and are issuing a second edition. The second volume has received most generous reviews; we are working away at Vol. III.

Feathers for Arrows has reached the twentieth thousand, but we are persuaded many of our friends do not know of it. It is only half-a-crown and is meant to be a help to ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and others. We spent much labour upon it, and wish therefore to see it widely circulated.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—January 26th, fourteen. By Mr. B. Davies, of Greenwich:—February 9th, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, 1871, to February 19th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Βαπτισμα	8	10	0	Per Mr. Galt:—			
J. H.	0	5	0	A Lady	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Angus	0	5	0	A Servant Maid	0	2	0
Mr. James McElhumry	0	2	6	Mrs. Galt... ..	0	12	0
A Friend	1	0	0	R. W. M.	4	0	0
Mr. Henderson	0	5	0	Mrs. Sarah Taylor... ..	2	10	0
G. D.	1	0	0	Mr. W. H. Roberts	3	3	0
A Sinner	0	5	0	O. H.	3	0	0
D. W.	0	3	0	Mrs. Snell	1	0	0
A Weekly Reader	0	5	0	Mrs. Morgan... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Grange	3	0	0	Miss S. Munro	1	0	0
Mr. Garnett	5	0	0	First Fruits (Books will be thankfully received)	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Jephth	1	5	0	A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. M. Fuls	1	6	0	H. A.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ryder	0	10	6	Lampont	0	2	0
Miss C. Jones, per Miss Walker	0	10	0	R. C. Junr.	8	0	0
A Friend	0	2	0	An Old Student, "W. H. B."	2	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0	"They that be wise, &c."	0	2	6
R. A. J.	10	0	0	A. B. C.	0	5	0
Mrs. Holroyd, per Rev. E. Blewitt	1	0	0	Mr. J. Hughes	1	0	0
Mr. T. Webster	2	0	0	Mrs. Hughes	0	10	0
J. Innocent	0	5	0	Mr. Samuel Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. J. Frances	1	0	0	Mr. J. Glog... ..	5	0	0
Mr. J. Scirwright	0	10	0	One who feasts on the Sermons	5	0	0
Mr. M. Savage	1	0	0	A thankoffering for renewed health after a season of affliction	1	0	0
Mr. R. Alderton	1	10	0	Mrs. Hughes... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Morris	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Evans	0	10	0
C. J.	0	5	6	Miss A., per Rev. W. C. Bunning	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Martin	1	0	0				
An old Student	0	6	0				

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. T. Nisbet	1	1	0
Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams & Co.	5	5	0
Collection at Paisley	3	9	1
After Lecture at Nallsworth	0	8	0
New Year's Presentation Fund:—			
Mr. J. W. Pidge	1	1	0
Mr. Smith	1	0	0
Miss Dransfield	5	0	0
Mr. Vickery	1	0	0
Mr. Gwillim	0	10	0
Mr. W. Binfield	1	1	0
Mrs. Ambrose	2	12	8
Mr. Verdan	1	3	6
Mr. Court	0	8	0
Mrs. Darkin	2	2	0
Mr. H. White	1	3	0
Mr. Bowker	1	7	6
Mr. G. Ely	1	0	0
Mr. Pettifer	1	0	0
Mrs. Holmes	0	17	9
Mrs. Aytou	0	2	9
Mrs. Knight	1	2	6
Mr. C. Ball	5	4	0
Miss Helen David	1	13	6
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Mr. J. Ward	0	13	6
Mr. Ashley	1	1	0
Mr. J. Allum	1	2	6
Miss Mary Morris	0	13	6
Mr. Romang	3	0	0
Mr. T. Wood	0	6	0
Mr. Hoad	0	5	6
Mrs. Goodchild	0	17	0
Mr. John Vince	0	14	0
Miss Hill	0	14	6
Mr. C. Chester	0	10	6
Mr. H. McLeod	0	15	0
Mr. H. Stanley	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Marsh	1	5	0
Mrs. Bonser	1	10	0
Miss Kelley	0	15	0
Miss Amy Tucker	0	17	0
Miss A. Marsh	1	5	0
Mr. Hellier	4	10	0
Mr. White	1	3	0
Mr. Fryer	2	10	0
Miss George	0	6	0
Miss Osborn	0	15	0
Miss S. E. Cockrell	2	10	0
Mrs. Duncombe	1	1	0
Mr. E. Bithray	0	10	6
Mr. W. Hawkins	1	8	0
Mr. J. Bryan	0	12	6
Mr. J. Tauner	0	17	6
W. L.	0	5	0
Mr. Cramphorn	1	10	0
Miss Morrison	0	10	0
Master H. Olney	2	0	0
Miss Limebeer	0	10	0
Mr. Bantick	1	11	9
Miss Kate White	1	1	0
Mr. Croker	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Croker's Class	3	0	0
Mr. Catterson	1	1	0
Mr. Davies	0	14	6
Mrs. Newbold	0	13	6
Miss Susan Avery	0	7	6
Miss Bailey	3	0	0
Miss Chicken	1	7	6
Mr. E. Brown	1	7	6
Miss Clara Tubby	1	8	6
Mr. Steel	1	0	0
Mr. Newdick	1	0	0
Mr. F. J. Ackland	1	0	0
Miss A. Bean	1	2	0
A Friend	0	16	0
Mr. Glennie	1	8	6
Mr. Driver	0	14	6
Mrs. Arnold	0	15	6
Mr. Alfred Brock	0	11	6
Mrs. H. White	1	10	0
Mr. Gobby	0	10	0
Mr. Boxall	1	0	0
Mr. Cook	5	5	0
Mr. Lott	0	4	0
Mr. H. Hobson	7	5	0
Mrs. E. Watkins	0	13	0
Mr. R. Murrell	1	7	6
Mr. Buckmaster	0	16	0
Miss Emily Palmer	0	11	6
Reedham College:—			
Miss Kirby	0	6	0
Miss Bell	0	6	0
Miss Grey	0	13	0
Miss Abrahams	0	11	0
Miss Clark	0	6	0
Miss Chambers	0	3	0
Miss Dunn	0	16	0
Mr. G. Browne	0	14	6
Mr. Simmonds	0	10	0
Mr. S. W. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. Taylor	1	2	0
Mr. J. Oxley	1	1	0
Mr. C. Neville	1	1	0
Mr. Keys	2	11	6
Miss Figg	0	13	6
Mr. Padgett	1	0	0
Master H. A. Payne	0	16	0
Master G. H. Payne	0	11	0
Master W. S. Payne	0	5	6
Miss E. Olney	2	0	0
Mrs. Ludgate	0	4	0
Miss McAlley	0	6	6
Mr. Boot	1	1	0

			130	9	9
Weekly Offerings at Tab.,	Jan.	22	22	6	8
"	"		29	29	5
"	Feb.	5	60	4	6
"	"	12	30	2	9
"	"	19	33	5	8
			£404	17	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, to February 19th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
R. H. B.	0	5	0	Little Singers	0	1	0
J. H.	0	2	6	Mrs. Knott	1	0	0
Mrs. Binning	0	1	0	Miss J. A. Knott	1	0	0
Sale of Gold Seal	2	0	0	Mr. Graunge	1	0	0
A Friend per Mr. Angus	0	5	0	Mr. Pettifer	0	5	0
Mr. Mead	1	0	0	Mr. Fitchett	0	4	0
Mr. James McElhunny	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Ryder	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Billing	3	0	0	Miss C. Jones, per Miss Walker	0	10	0
A singer	0	10	0	Collected by Miss C. Jesson	3	0	0
A tender of Sermons	0	3	0	Mrs. McPherson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Naylor	0	5	0	R. A. J.	10	0	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. H. Houston, per Rev. E. Blewitt	0 10 0	Miss Taylor	1 6 0
Mr. T. Webster	3 0 0	Miss S. A. Mayer	0 13 0
Collected by Mrs. Vynne	0 11 0	Mrs. Williams	2 3 0
Mary	0 5 0	Miss Powell	0 11 0
Miss Pearce	1 1 0	Miss Jeph's	1 6 6
Miss E. Pearce	1 1 0	Mrs. Abbott	1 6 0
Mrs. Seiwright	0 10 0	Mrs. Tunstall	0 8 0
Mr. E. J. Upward	5 0 0	Master Walker	0 2 3
Mrs. Whittemore	0 10 0	Miss Ross	2 0 0
Mr. Brake's Assistants	0 12 6	Mr. J. Crombie	0 8 0
Mary Mabbott	0 4 0	Master Simpson	0 10 0
Collected by P. Belding	0 5 0	Miss E. Fryer	1 2 0
A reader of Sermons	0 0 6	Mrs. Bowles	0 12 0
Mrs. Lofthouse	0 2 6	Mr. Gobby	0 7 6
Torquay	0 5 0	Miss H. Perkins	0 10 0
J. A. P.	0 5 0	Mrs. Chafer	0 9 0
Mrs. Sarah Taylor	2 10 0	Mrs. Foster	1 6 0
Mr. Pitts	0 5 0	Miss Foster	0 14 1
Mr. E. Davis	0 5 0	Mr. Saunders	1 0 0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1 0 0	Miss Allen	0 10 0
A Reader	0 2 0	Miss Padbury	0 10 0
G. and C. T.	0 10 0	Mr. Speller	0 16 0
Miss Robertson	100 0 0	Miss Hughes	0 13 4
H. A.	0 5 0	Miss Harding	1 5 0
Mrs. Croker	0 15 0	Miss Weeks	0 9 2
Mr. Pearce	5 0 0	Mr. Croft	0 13 0
Miss Wiltshire	0 6 6	Mrs. Marsh	1 13 0
Mr. G. Gathercole	0 5 0	Miss E. Jones	1 1 0
Mr. T. Smith	1 1 0	Mrs. Tiddy	1 11 4
Mr. R. C., Junr.	10 0 0	Miss S. E. Cockrell	1 1 0
R. P. P.	10 0 0	Mrs. Romang	6 16 6
Mr. J. Cunliffe	10 10 0	Miss Chapman	0 18 7
Mr. J. Young	1 0 0	Miss Bryan	0 5 6
E. R. and A. R.	0 5 0	Miss Woodington	0 10 0
A debtor to Sovereign grace	0 10 0	Mrs. Lewis	1 1 0
A reader of Sermons	0 5 0	Mrs. Attew	0 7 6
Mrs. Wallace	0 5 0	Miss Coombes	0 7 2
Mrs. Henderson, per Mr. Sharp	1 0 0	Mr. W. R. Selwood	1 2 8
Mr. Neal, per Mr. Zimmerman	1 0 0	Miss Grey	0 10 0
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Mr. Spurgeon acknowledges the receipt of the following sums for relief of Baptist Brethren in Paris:—

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A Working Man	1 1 0	A Sympathiser	0 10 3
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Erratum in January Number.—Donations 10s. from Mr. Power, should have been Mr. Parr.

Orphanage Infirmary.

A Sinner	0 5 0
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For Boys at Orphanage.—A Friend, 1s.; Annie, 1s.; T. W., 6d.; Aunt Patty, 3s. 6d.; Lane Johnnie, 1s. 6d.; Miss Hibbard, 1s.; Saville Villa, 2s.; W., 1s.; Tottridge, £1.

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For Boys' Library.—Two Scrap Books, Mrs. Chew; A Parcel containing Twenty-four Books, Seven Wall Texts, One Hymn, mounted, Messrs. Morgan, Chase & Scott; Fourteen Books, Mr. R. F. Young, per Ditto; Some Tracts and Small Books, per Ditto.

For Sale Room.—A Parcel containing, One Cushion, Two Parasol Covers, a Bag, and Twelve Needle Cases, A Friend.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

—o—o—o—
APRIL 1, 1871.
—o—o—o—

Alone, yet not Alone.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Jesus answered them, Do ye now believe? Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.”—John xvi. 31, 32.

“Do ye now believe?” Then it seems that faith held them fast to Christ, but as soon as fear prevailed they were scattered, and left their Master alone. Faith has an attracting and upholding power. It is the root of constancy, and the source of perseverance, under the power of God’s Spirit. While we believe we remain faithful to our Lord; when we are unbelieving we are scattered, every man to his own. While we trust, we follow closely; when we give way to fear, we ungratefully forsake our Lord. May the Holy Spirit maintain our faith in full vigour, that it may nourish all our other graces! Faith being strong, no faculty of the inner man will languish, but if faith declines, the energy of our spiritual nature speedily decays. If ye believe not, ye shall not be established, but “the just shall live by faith,” to the fullest force of life.

This being noted, our meditation shall now be fixed alone upon the Saviour’s loneliness, and the measure in which the believer is brought into the same condition.

THE LONELINESS OF THE SAVIOUR. Note *the fact of it*. He was left alone—alone when most as man he needed sympathy. Solitude to him during his life was often the cause of strength; he was strong in public ministry because of the hours spent in secret wrestling with God on the lone mountain side; but when he came to the hour of his

agony his perfect humanity pined after human sympathy, and it was denied him. He was alone in the garden; though he took the eleven with him, yet must he leave eight of them outside at the garden gate; and the three, the choice, the elite of them all, though they were brought somewhat nearer to his passion, yet even they must remain at a stone's cast distance. None could enter into the inner circle of his sufferings, where the furnace was heated seven times hotter. In the bloody sweat and the agony of Gethsemane the Saviour trod the winepress alone. They might have watched with him, wept with him, prayed for him, but they did neither. They left his lone prayer to ascend to heaven unattended by sympathetic cries. He was alone too when put upon his trial. False witnesses were found against him, but no man stood forward to protest to the honesty, quietness, and goodness of his life. Surely one of the many who had been healed by him, or of the crowds that had been fed by his bountiful hand, or likelier still some of those who had received the pardon of their sins and enlightenment of their minds by his teaching might have come forward to defend him. But no, his coward followers are silent when their Lord is slandered. He is led to slaughter, but no pitying voice entreats that he may be delivered; true, his judge's wife persuades her husband to have nothing to do with him, and her vacillating husband offers to liberate him if the mob will have it so, but none will raise the shout of "loose him and let him go." He was not alone literally upon the cross, yet he was really so, in a deep spiritual sense. Though a few loving ones gathered at the cross' foot, yet these could offer him no assistance, and probably dared not utter more than a tearful protest. Perhaps the boldest there was that dying thief who called him, "Lord," and expostulated with his brother malefactor, saying, "This man hath done nothing amiss." Few indeed were the voices that were lifted up for him. From the time when he bowed amid the deep shades of the Mount of Olives, till the moment when he entered the thicker darkness of the valley of death-shade, he was left to suffer alone.

Here was the fact, what was *the reason for it*. We conclude that fear overcame the hearts of his disciples. It is natural that men should care for their lives. They pushed this instinct of self-preservation beyond its legitimate sphere, and when they found that the Master was taken, and that probably the disciples might share his fate, they each one, in the panic of the moment, fled in haste. They were not all traitors, but they were all cowards for the time. They meant not to desert their Lord, they even scorned the thought when it was put to them in calmer moments, but they were taken by surprise, and like a flock of sheep they fled from the wolf. They rallied after a little, and mustered courage enough to follow him afar off; they did not quite forget him; they watched him to his latter end, they kept together after he was dead; they united to bury him, and they came together instinctively on the first day of the week. They had not cast off altogether their loyalty to their Lord and Master, for he was still keeping those whom the Father had given him that none of them might be lost, yet fear had defeated their faith for awhile, and they had left him alone.

There was a deeper reason, however, for this; it was a condition of his sufferings that he should be forsaken; desertion was a necessary ingredient

in that cup of vicarious suffering which he had covenanted to drink for us. We deserved to be forsaken, and therefore he must be. Since our sins against man deserved that we should be forsaken of men, he bearing our sins against man is forsaken of men. It cannot be that a sinner should enjoy true friendship. Sin is a separating thing, and so when Christ is made the sin-bearer his friends must leave him. Besides this was one jewel in the crown of his glory. It was said in triumph by the great hero of old, who typified our Lord, "I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me." To make that true in the severest sense, it was needful that the Captain of our salvation should by his single arm defeat the whole of hell's battalions. His the sole laurels of the war; for his own right hand and his holy arm have gotten him the victory.

Can you for a moment enter into *the sorrow of that loneliness!* There are men to whom it is a small matter to be friendless; their coarse minds scorn the gentle joys of fellowship. Sterner virtues may tread beneath their iron heel the sweet flowers of friendship; and men may be so defiantly self-reliant that like lions they are most at home amid congenial solitudes. Sympathy they scorn as womanish, and fellowship as a superfluity. But our Saviour was not such: he was too perfect a man to become isolated and misanthropical. His grand gentle nature was full of sympathy towards others, and therefore sought it in return. You hear the voice of grief at the loss of brotherly sympathy in the mournful accents of that gentle rebuke, "what, could ye not watch with me one hour?" How could they sleep whilst he must sweat; how could they repose while he was exceeding sorrowful even unto death? He showed the greatness of his soul even in its depression when he lovingly excused them by saying, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

How sad to him it was that they should desert him! The brave Peter and all the rest of them, all taking to their heels! Worse still was it to receive the traitor's kiss with the word, "Master, Master," twice repeated, as the son of perdition betrayed his friend to win the blood-money! David lamented the villainy of Ahithophel, but the Saviour even more keenly felt the treachery of Judas, inasmuch as he was of a more tender spirit than the Son of Jesse. For Peter to say he knew him not, and with cursing and swearing to deny him three times in succession, this was cruel. There was such an element of deliberation about that denial, that it must have cut the Saviour to the very quick. But where was John—John who leaned on his bosom—that disciple whom Jesus loved—where was John? Did he not say a word, nor interject a single syllable for his dear friend? Has Jonathan forgotten his David? The Master might have said, "Thy love to me was wonderful—passing the love of women," but alas, John is gone; he has nought to say for his Master! Though he remains at the cross' foot to the last, yet even he cannot defend him. Jesus is all alone, all alone; and the sorrow of his lonely heart none of us can fully fathom.

This is a painful meditation, and therefore let us notice *the result of our Saviour's loneliness.* Did it destroy him? Did it overwhelm him? It pained him but it did not dismay him. "Ye shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone" saith he "because the Father is with me." The effect of that solace in his soul was wonderful. Our Saviour

did not turn aside from the purpose of redeeming his people, though they proved so unworthy of being redeemed. Might he not well have said, "You have forsaken me, I will forsake you"? It would but have seemed natural for him to have exclaimed, "You are types of all my people, you care little enough for me: I have come into this world to save you, but you do not care to rescue me; you have deserted me, and behold I leave you to your fate." But no, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end;" and if they forsook him, yet he fulfilled to each one of them his ancient promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The baptism wherewith he was to be baptised he would still accomplish, and be immersed in the floods of death for their sake.

Nor did he merely exhibit constancy to his purpose: he displayed great courageousness of spirit. He was all alone, but yet how peaceful he was! The calmness of the Saviour is wonderful. When he was brought before Herod, he would not utter one hasty or complaining word. His perfect silence was the fittest eloquence, and therefore he was majestically mute. Before Pilate, until it was needful to speak, not a syllable could be extorted from him. All along in patience he possessed his soul. After the first struggle in the garden, he was quiet as a lamb, surrendering himself to the sacrifice without a struggle. His solemn deliberate self-surrender in his loneliness has an awfulness of love in it, fitter for thought than words. His brave spirit was not to be cowed, though it stood at bay alone, and all the dogs of hell raged around.

Mark, too, not only the constancy and the courageousness of our Saviour, but his matchless unselfishness. For while they forsook him and fled, he forgave them in his inmost heart, and cherished no resentment. When he rose again his conduct to these runaways was that of a loving shepherd or a tender friend—he fully forgave them all. If he did mention it, it was only in that gentle way in which he enquired of Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Reminding him of his failure for his lasting improvement and benefit, and giving him an honourable commission as the token that it was all condoned.

Enquire awhile *the reason for this result*. Why it was that our Saviour, in his loneliness, thus stood so constant, and courageous, and forgiving? Was it not because he fell back into the arms of his Father when he was forsaken by his friends? It was even so. "*The Father is with me.*" Look carefully at that word. As the Saviour uttered it, it was true that the Father's presence was with him, but I beg you to remember that it was not true in every sense all the way through his passion. The Father was not with him on the cross in the sense of manifested personal favour. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" shows that our Saviour did not, at that time, derive comfort from any present revelation of the love of God to him as man. The conscious presence and display of love were taken away. There is another meaning, then, in these words—"Because the Father is with me;" and, surely it is this: *the Father was always with him in his design*. The enterprise he had undertaken was the salvation of his people, and the Father was wholly and ever with him in that respect. In that sense he was with him even when he deserted him. It was but a form of the Father's being with Christ that he should be forsaken of God. We

are not intending quite a paradox, and if it sound so, let us expound it. It was in pursuance of their one great design that the Father forsook the Son. Both were resolved upon the same gracious purpose, and therefore the Father must forsake the Son, that the Son's purpose and the Father's purpose in our redemption might be achieved. He was with him when he forsook him; with him in design when he was not with him in the smiles of his face. Furthermore, the Father was always with our Lord *in his co-working*. When Jesus was in Gethsemane, and the staves and lanterns were being prepared, the God of Providence was permitting and arranging all. When Jesus was taken before Caiaphas, and Herod, and Pilate, and Annas, Providence was allowing all things to be done; the Father was with Christ fulfilling the prophecies, answering the types and accomplishing the covenant. Through the whole sad chapter it might be said, "My Father worketh hitherto." Even amid the thick darkness and the dire suffering of Christ, the Father was with Christ, working those very sufferings in him, for "it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief." Into this fact Christ sinks as into a sea of comfort. "The Father is with me." "It is enough," saith he; "my own chosen friends forsake me, and my dearest earthly friends leave me, those whom I have purchased with my blood deny me, but my Father is with me." By a matchless exercise of faith, our Redeemer realised this, and was sustained.

We shall make practical use of our subject by considering **THE CHRISTIAN IN HIS LONELINESS**. No believer traverses all the road to heaven in company; lonely spots there must be here and there, though the most part to our heavenward pilgrimage is made cheerful by the society of fellow-travellers. "They go from company to company; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." Christ's sheep love to go in flocks. "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another." We take sweet counsel together and walk to the house of God in company, yet somewhere or other on the road every man will find narrow defiles and close places where pilgrims must march in single file.

Sometimes the child of God endures loneliness arising from *the absence of godly society*. It may be in early days he mixed much with gracious persons, was able to attend many of their meetings, and to converse in private with the excellent of earth; but now his lot is cast where he is as a sparrow alone on the housetop. No others in the family think as he does, he enjoys no familiar converse concerning his Lord, and has no one to counsel or console him. He often wishes he could find friends to whom he could open his mind. He would rejoice to see a Christian minister, or an advanced believer; but, like Joseph in Egypt, he is a stranger in a strange land. This is a very great trial to the Christian, an ordeal of the most severe character; even the strong may dread it, and the weak are sorely shaken by it. To such lonely ones our Lord's words, now before us, are commended, with the prayer that they may make them their own. "I am alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." When Jacob was alone, at Bethel, he laid him down to sleep, and soon was in a region peopled by spirits innumerable, above whom was God himself. That vision made the night at Bethel the least lonely season that Jacob ever spent.

Your meditations, Oh, solitary ones, as you read the Bible in secret, and your prayers as you draw near to God in your lone room, and your Saviour himself in his blessed person, these will be to you the ladder. The words of God's book made living to you shall be to your mind the angels, and God himself shall have fellowship with you. If you lament your loneliness, cure it by seeking heavenly company. If you have no companions below who are holy, seek all the more to commune with the things which are in heaven, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

God's people are frequently made lonely through *obedience to honest convictions*. It may happen that you live in the midst of Christians, but you have received light upon a part of God's word which you had neglected, either a doctrine or an ordinance, or some other matter, and having received that light, if you are as you should be, you are obedient at once to it. It will frequently result from this that you will greatly vex many good people whom you love and respect, but to whose wishes you cannot yield. Your Master's will once known, father or mother cannot stand in your way; you do not wish to be singular, or obstinate, or offensive, but you must do the Lord's will even if it sever every fond connection. Perhaps for a time prejudiced persons may almost deny you Christian fellowship: many a baptised believer has been made to know what it means, to be almost tabooed and shut out because he cannot see as others see, but is resolved to follow his conscience at all hazards. Under such circumstances, even in a godly household, a Christian who fully carries out his convictions may find himself treading a separated path. Be bold, my dear brethren, and do not flinch. Your Saviour walked alone, you must do so too. Perhaps this lone obedience is to be a test of your faith. Persevere; yield not a particle of truth. These very friends who now turn their backs on you, if they are good for anything, will respect you all the more for having the courage to be honest, and perhaps the day will come when, through your example, they will be led in the same obedient way. At any rate, do not mar your testimony by hesitancy or wavering, but follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. Fall back upon this truth: you may displease and alienate friends, and be charged with bigotry, self-will, and obstinacy, but you are not alone when you follow the path of obedience, for the Father is with you. If what you hold is God's truth, God is with you in maintaining it. If the ordinance to which you submit was ordained of Christ, Jesus is with you in it. Care not how either the church or the world revile, serve you your Master, and he will not desert you. With all due deference to others, pay yet greater deference to the Lord who bought you with his blood, and where he leads follow without delay; the Father will be with you in so doing.

The solitary way is appointed to believers who rise to *eminence of faith*. In these days the common run of Christians have but struggling faith. Should you sift the great mountain of visible Christianity very carefully, will you find so much as ten grains of faith in the whole? The Son of man when he comes, keen as his eyes are to discover faith, shall he find it on the earth? Here and there we meet a man to whom it is given to believe in God with mighty faith. As soon as such a man strikes out a project and sets about a work which none but men of his mould

would venture upon, straightway there arises a clamour: "The man is over zealous," or he will be charged with an innovating spirit, rashness, fanaticism, or absurdity. Should the work go on, the opposers whisper together, "Wait a little while, and you'll see the end of all this wildfire." Have we not heard them criticise an earnest evangelist by saying, "His preaching is mere excitement, the result of it is spasmodic;" at another time, "The enterprise which he carries out is Quixotic; his designs are Utopian." What said the sober semi-faith of men to Luther? Luther had read this passage, "We are justified by faith, and not by the works of the law." He went to a venerable divine about it, and complained of the enormities of Rome. What was the good but weak brother's reply, "Go thou to thy cell, and pray and study for thyself, and leave these weighty matters alone." Here it would have ended had the brave Reformer continued to consult with flesh and blood, but his faith enabled him to go alone, if none would accompany him. He nailed up his theses on the church door, and showed that one man at least had faith in the gospel and in its God. Then trouble came, but Luther minded it not, because the Father was with him. We also must be prepared, if God gives us strong faith, to ride far ahead like spiritual Uhlans, who bravely pioneer the way for the rank and file of the army. It were well if the church of God had more of the swift sons of Asahel, bolder than lions, swifter than eagles, in God's service; men who can do and dare alone, till laggards take courage and follow in their track. These Valiant-for-truths will pursue a solitary path full often, but let them console themselves with this, "Yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." If we can believe in God he will never be behindhand with us; if we can dare, God will do; if we can trust, God will never suffer us to be confounded, world without end. It is sweet beyond expression to climb where only God can lead, and plant the standard on the highest towers of the foe.

Another form of loneliness is the portion of Christians when they come into *deep-soul conflict*. My brethren, you understand what I mean by that. Our faith at times has to fight for very existence. The old Adam within us rages mightily, and the new spirit within us, like a young lion, disdains to be vanquished, and so these two mighty ones contend till our spirit is full of agony. Some of us know what it is to be tempted with blasphemies we should not dare to repeat, to be vexed with horrid temptations which we have grappled with and overcome, but which have almost cost us resistance unto blood. In such inward conflicts saints must be alone. They cannot tell their feelings to others; they would not dare, and if they did their own brethren would despise or upbraid them, for the most of professors would not even know what they meant, and even those who have trodden other fiery ways would not be able to sympathise in all, but would answer them thus: "These are points in which I cannot go with you." Christ alone was tempted in all points like as we are, though without sin. No one man is tempted in all points exactly like another man, and each man has certain trials in which he must stand alone amid the rage of war, with not even a book to help him, or a biography to assist him, no man ever having gone that way before except that one man whose trail reveals a nail-pierced

foot. He alone knows all the devious paths of sorrow. Yet even in such byeways the Father is with us, helping, sustaining, and giving us grace to conquer at the close.

We will not, however, dwell on this aspect of solitary walking, for we have three others to mention. Many dear brethren have to endure the solitude of *unnoticed labour*. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labours and successes, yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last, never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a little country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well. Perhaps yonder sister has a little class in the Sunday-school; there is nothing striking in her or in her class; now and then a little child ascends to heaven to report her success, and occasionally another comes into the church; but nobody thinks of her as a very remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant. Or shall we think of the humble City Missionary? The superintendent of the district knows that he goes his regular rounds, but he has no idea of the earnest prayers and deep devotedness of that obscure lover of Jesus. The City Mission Magazine puts him down as trying to do his duty, but nobody knows what it costs him to cry and sigh over souls. There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all that she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone, the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work: care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves. If he smiles, be content. We cannot be always sure when we are most useful. A certain minister with very great difficulty reached a place where he had promised to preach. There was deep snow upon the ground, therefore only one hearer came. However, he preached as zealously as if there had been a thousand. Years after, when he was travelling in that same part of the country, he met a man who had been the founder of a church in the village, and from it scores of others had been established. The man came to see him, and said, "I have good reason to remember you, sir, for I was once your only hearer; and what has been done here has been brought about instrumentally through my conversion under that sermon." We cannot estimate our success. One child in the Sabbath-school converted may turn out to be worth five hundred, because he may be the means of bringing ten thousand to Christ.

It is not the acreage you sow; it is the multiplication which God gives to the seed which will make up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labour, you are not alone, for God, the eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.

There is such a thing—I would God we might reach it—as *the solitude of elevated piety*. In the plain everything is in company, but the higher you ascend the more lone is the mountain path. At this moment there must be an awful solitude on the top of Mont Blanc. Where the stars look silently on the monarch of mountains, how deep the silence above the untrodden snows! How lonely is the summit of the Matterhorn, or the peak of Monte Rosa! When a man grows in grace he rises out of the fellowship of the many, and draws nearer to God. Unless placed in very happy circumstances he will find very few who understand the higher life, and can thoroughly commune with him. But then the man will be as humble as he is elevated, and he will fall back necessarily, and naturally upon the eternal fellowship of God. As the mountain pierces the skies, and offers its massive peak to be the footstool of the throne of God, so the good man passes within the veil, unseen by mortal eyes, into the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High, where he abides under the shadow of the Almighty.

The last solitude will come to us all *in the hour of death*. Down to the river's brink they may go with us, a weeping company—wife, and children, and friends. Their kind looks will mean the help they cannot give; to that river's brink they may go in fond companionship, but then, as with our Lord the cloud received him out of his disciples' sight, so must we be received out of sight of our beloved ones. The chariot of fire must take Elijah away from Elisha. We must ascend alone! Bunyan may picture Christian and Hopeful together in the stream, but it is not so; they pass each one alone through the river! Yet we shall not be alone, my brethren; we correct our speech; the Father will be with us; Jesus will be with us; the eternal Comforter will be with us; the everlasting Godhead in the Trinity of persons shall be with us, and the angels of God shall be our convoy. Let us go our way, rejoicing that when we shall be alone we shall not be alone, because the Father is with us.

“Thou Lord knowest thy Servant.”

THOU knowest, Lord, thou knowest all about me,
 And all the winding ways my feet have trod;
 And now thou know'st I cannot go without thee,
 To guide me onward through the swelling flood.

Thou know'st my way—how lone, how dark, how cheerless,
 If thy dear hand I fail in all to see;
 Bright with thy smile of love, my heart is fearless
 When in my weakness I can lean on thee.

Give me thy presence! go thou, Lord, before me;
 Make a plain path where all is rough and drear;
 So let me trust the love that watched o'er me,
 And in the shadows still believe thee near.

ANNA SHIPTON.

Calvin and Serbetus as Religious Reformers.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.—PART II.

OF the minor events mingling with Calvin's life at Geneva we cannot speak at length. In 1547 the Reformers had some serious difficulties with the Libertine or Opposition party, and open insurrection was only prevented by Calvin's personal exertion. After this he came into contact with Socinus, having answered some questions propounded, little thinking that the name of his interrogator would give an appellative to a system of theology the antipodes of his own. Then we find the festival of Christmas and other feast days abolished in the Republic, and abolished under the sanction, if not at the instigation, of Calvin. In 1549 death removed his wife, to whom he was warmly attached; and though his bearing in this affliction excited the wonder of beholders, and especially that of Viret, who by a like blow had been prostrated, we cannot ascribe Calvin's seeming apathy to want of feeling, but rather to sustaining grace, and to his consistency in putting the doctrines he preached to the test of every-day experience. Calvin, it is true, was sparing of affectionate expressions, but not of kind actions. After his wife's death he cared for his step-children in a manner every way commendable.

Historians and lecturers have hitherto followed one in the wake of another in traducing Calvin's memory, so that if the general public have not set the Reformer down as a sour-faced, crabbed-souled theologian, without generosity in his nature, and without music in his soul, it has not been for want of assumed data whereon to found their opinions. How often these representations have been the offspring of sheer ignorance history is gradually showing as her treasures are opened by industrious research. Thus, in 1862, a well-known Independent minister ventured the following assertions in a lecture at Exeter Hall:—"Well was it for Germany that Luther could provide for her hymnody. Had he been as unmusical as Calvin, the church song of Protestantism in its entirety would have been as harsh and repulsive as is that of the churches which call Calvin their founder. . . . Calvin was utterly destitute of musical sensibility, as every page of his works and every element of his character indicate." It now transpires that Calvin was not only possessed of a taste for music, but that he zealously laboured in providing suitable sacred songs and appropriate music for the church; and the "British and Foreign Evangelical Review," after quoting the above passage, observes:—"We find that Calvin laboured during twenty-three years of his life in this cause (psalmody); and as we found that he was the first who ever provided the words of the whole book of Psalms for the use of the people in the praise of the sanctuary, so now we find, in reference to music, that he was also the first who ever produced a *true and distinctive psalmody*. His psalter is a monument of beauty, which all succeeding ages have used as a mine and a model. The tunes are the common inheritance of the Protestant churches, and are familiarly known to all lovers of psalmody as unsurpassed for simplicity, beauty, and grandeur by the music of any country or of any age."

Passing over several years of Calvin's life we have now to deal with

that celebrated and sad event, which, perhaps more than any other connected with the Reformation, has been made a bone of contention among religious partisans. The death of Servetus is now regretted by all sections of the church, though all are not agreed as to the origin of his punishment. It is a truism to affirm that the leaders of the Reformation blundered in adopting the principles of persecution; but, unfortunately, all parties supposed it was their duty to repress error by civil authority, as much as it was their duty to promulgate truth by books and by preaching. It has so long been the fashion to link the name of Calvin with the "murder" of Servetus, that being too often ignorant of attendant circumstances, the Reformer's friends have allowed Unitarians to glory in their martyr with a show of triumph creditable to neither party. Half-informed writers have supplied "impartial" histories of the Spaniard, written in a strain of virulent partiality; and we have listened to their diatribes until time has brought a vindication. From documents recovered at a comparatively recent date from Genevan archives, it appears that the death of the Spanish doctor was not so much the work of the Reformers as of the civil magistrate. While not acquiescing in the justice of his doom, we yet heartily subscribe the opinion that Servetus was an "obstinate and unprincipled heretic." Too long has Calvin's fame been sullied with the odium of having burned this restless fanatic. The Reformer was only a unit in the business. Awakened Switzerland, in conjunction with Geneva, demanded the physician's life, accounting him a blasphemous and political firebrand.

Of the personal character of Servetus we possess many independent testimonies. He did not want parts and culture. He may even be ranked among men of genius. A native of Arragon, his father lived in easy circumstances, and intended Michael for a lawyer. He was studying the French code when the Reformation began to stir the religious mind of France. Having a taste for the curious and the speculative in theology, he forsook the law to set himself up for a religious reformer. His bold and proud spirit was not content to be the ally of minds superior to itself; but must, by one effort, head the Reformation. He did not lack industry; for he completed a laborious course of reading, including the Scriptures and the Fathers, the result being, his producing a system of theology, or rather of neology, calculated to startle the church by its daring profanity. Though vain of his powers, and obstinate in holding the most horrible opinions, the courage of Servetus was not equal to his mental capacities, or he would have published his first work in France, instead of leaving Toulouse, and settling at Basle, where he explained his views to Ecolampadius, who denounced them as anti-christian. Meeting with little encouragement at Basle, Servetus went to Strasburg, and as a stripling, but just turned of twenty, published an heretical book on the Trinity, which made its author's name notorious on account of the shocking doctrines advanced. The foundation of this atrocious system was a combination of Socinianism and Pantheism; but in his first brochure the author did not always clearly express his meaning. A revised edition of the work appeared two years subsequently, which defended former opinions while apologising for some instances of youthful ignorance. Considering himself in the van of the Reformation, Servetus violently denounced the corruptions of Rome.

He found fault with the Protestants; but Rome was antichrist, and the pope an impostor.

The astonishment and indignation created by the appearance of this treatise were beyond description. The coarse manner in which things sacred were assailed won the reprobation of Reformed and Papist in common. Melancthon was careful to state that the book was not printed in German territory. Lutherans were indignant at being accused of ignorance of the meaning of justification, and by an author who apparently assumed infallibility. Papists were shocked at his impiety, while all alike regarded him as a beast of prey crept in among the sheep. Threatened alike by Catholics and Protestants, Servetus fled from Strasburg, and sought safety at Basle, where he would have been roughly treated had he not been shielded by the protecting care of *Cœcolampadius*. For a time he averted the gathering storm by retiring to Paris, and as some accounts say by travelling through Italy, meanwhile dispersing books by the way. As a student of medicine he might probably have won distinction, for his acuteness half revealed to him nature's secret of the circulation of the blood, and by referring to this mystery he may have aided Harvey in completing the discovery. As a scholar at Paris he was now poor, and for the purpose of raising funds sufficient to obtain a diploma he accepted a situation as corrector of the press to certain eminent printers at Lyons, and by this means was able to take a doctor's degree. At Paris, Servetus won a name for skill in physic and in the pretended science of astrology. Though celebrated as a physician, his domineering behaviour to fellow students brought him into ill odour, necessitating a flight from the capital, and a settlement near Lyons. Removing to Vienne in 1540, he resided with a friend and former pupil, the bishop of the diocese. On being appointed public physician he might have remained in affluent circumstances till the end of life, had not his constitutional vanity suggested an attempt to win wide distinction. This vanity and this self-conceit were of no ordinary character. If a reformation must be effected, Servetus must be its centre. He imagined himself to be a subject of prophecy, and the Michael depicted as fighting the beast in the Revelation. This being so, *he* should act a chief part in ushering in the millenium which many supposed to be near at hand. While inflated by such ideas, no wonder that his industry was untiring. Besides amending his own works, he published a translation of the Bible—mainly the work of another. For a time Calvin and he corresponded, but being as widely separated in theology as the poles are asunder, they came to warm words, the physician roundly abusing the pastor, besides crowning his insults by sending a copy of the Institutes scrawled over with manuscript notes of heresy and blasphemy.

Servetus denounced Trinitarians as atheists, and from the time of his death to the present day Socinians and others have made capital of his calamities, condemning his opponents off-hand without making allowance either for the times or for the occasion of the catastrophe. Profiting by the experience of three centuries, it is idle and unfair to condemn any for not acting up to our standard of liberality. In these days it is not possible to realize the alarm with which the Reformers regarded Servetus. In their eyes he was a very Satan going about to uproot the Gospel. Sufficiently bold in impiety to apply the fifty-third of Isaiah to Cyrus,

he had not the moral courage calculated to win the respect of a great opponent like Calvin. At Vienne he took an assumed name, and entirely ignored the authorship of the heretical books which he had already published. Yet, while thus passing his days in the communion of the Romish Church, Servetus was secretly engaged in printing his notorious work on the Restitution of Christianity. The publication of this treatise entailed considerable danger; but, on being bribed, a printer was prevailed on to undertake it.

The life of Servetus after this date is a tragical story. His first apprehension before the authorities at Vienne had its origin in the correspondence of two friends, one Trie, a Protestant of Geneva, and Arney, a zealous Papist of Lyons. Arney took pains with his epistles, the object of their composition being the reclamation of a heretic. Arney used subtle means to undermine the faith of his friend. He sneered at the Genevan Church, and condemned its discipline. These letters at length provoked retaliation. Trie pointed out that order reigned in the republic, that crime and false doctrine were assiduously repressed, and then triumphantly asked, where is your authority at Lyons when heretics are shielded in your midst, and such as Servetus are allowed to vend blasphemy at your very doors? This letter, his detractors with shameless effrontery affirm, was probably written at Calvin's suggestion, or perhaps at his dictation. Could such an assertion be sustained, a clear case of treachery against the Reformer would be established; but the letter must only be accepted for what it professes to be—the communication of one friend to another, though the writer may have obtained part of his information from public discourses or from private conversation. In this letter Trie enclosed some leaves of the work of Servetus, and the result was the citation of the latter before the Council of Vienne on a charge of heresy, the summons not being served till the accused, obtaining an inkling of what was coming, opportunely burned a quantity of papers. Not yet satisfied, and moved with zeal to destroy a heretic, Arney sent to Geneva for further evidence, and Trie obtained from Calvin some manuscript notes of Servetus, which showed that his sympathies were anti-pædobaptist. In reply to a third application, Trie revealed the name of the printer of the Restitution of Christianity. Ory, an inquisitor under the Archbishop of Lyons, and the Archbishop of Vienne were engaged in the prosecution. The printer was acquitted and the corrector of his press escaped. As the examination proceeded, Servetus showed the weak side of his character by giving false evidence, so far as he imagined it would be safe to do so. He even denied that he was the person cited. Attempts were made to prove him a baptist from his own manuscripts; and probably he would have disowned the handwriting had not the subtlety of Ory proved superior to his own. On seeing some letters he had written to Calvin he shed tears and multiplied falsehoods. At length, the trial leisurely proceeds, and the prisoner is confined, but in an easy manner. Then the judges are amazed at hearing of the culprit's escape. By throwing a night dress over his other clothes, Servetus deceived the gaoler and passed out of captivity.

Now, had Servetus suffered death at Vienne as a heretic, as a victim of popery, posterity would have heard little or nothing of the affair.

The fact of his having fallen before a Protestant power has interested Papists in the case, besides encouraging swervers from the faith of all shades to make his death a means of reflecting odium on the heads of the Genevan Reformers.

But to continue the narrative. One day in July, 1553, Servetus, as a foot passenger, entered Geneva. Why he should have risked passing through a city where so many dangers lurked can never be satisfactorily explained. He may have been travelling to some safe destination; or he may have thought that by concealing a name, already too notorious, he should be able to take refuge and pass unrecognised. Lodging at a comfortable inn, he spoke gaily with the landlord, and not before staying some weeks was his arrest by order of the Council effected.

It is necessary to take particular notice of the general aspect of affairs in the Genevan republic on that summer afternoon when Servetus entered the city. The bulk of the citizens were only nominally Protestant. The religious changes had been welcomed because the squabbles between successive bishops and petty princes had wearied the populace until they won civil freedom and release from the thralldom of Rome by siding with the Reformation, which at first was more a political convenience than a spiritual awakening. The city being a republic, offered itself as a fit asylum to those noblest of all patriots, the men who sought to free their fellows from the slavery of error. A formidable phalanx of those in authority arrayed themselves as the Reformers' enemies. A conscientious impartiality, stern and uncompromising, had provoked the opposition of the Captain-General Perrin. Though a loose liver, Perrin hated the tyranny of Rome, and thus had been among the first to welcome Calvin's installation, apparently supposing that whatever *régime* might be imposed, the sitters in high places would be exempt from its inconveniences; but when Perrin committed a moral offence he was condemned to forfeit the penalties demanded of meaner citizens. The artificial restraints put upon vice were distasteful to many well-to-do burghers. Feuds were of frequent occurrence in the Council, and these even extended to the street. Remembering former disagreements, Servetus hated Calvin, and hated him as only controversialists of that age could hate opponents. His lively powers of perception at once enabled him to apprehend the state of parties in the Republic; and the survey must have shown him a crisis offering opportunities of revenge both on Romish persecutors and on the Reformer, whose "Institutes" Servetus would have superseded by an unintelligible pantheism. This visit to the city could not have been without an object; for had it been merely a halting, that halting need not have been so prolonged. He despised the "Old learning;" but, if possible, he entertained a still greater contempt for the doctrines of the Reformation, and if not animated by the base passion of revenge, he was vain of intellectual strength and covetous of power. It is not unlikely that Servetus supposed he could ally himself with the disaffected; for it is believed he corresponded with the Libertine party. It is difficult to imagine what higher object could have detained a man to whom the dearest triumph conceivable would have been the overthrow of Calvin, and the enthroning of his enemy in a Republic, whence that enemy could have hurled defiance at the Romish fanatics, who even

then were roasting his effigy and destroying his books over a slow fire at Vienne. Extravagant as these designs may now appear, they probably did not seem far from realisation when Servetus entered Geneva. Many important victories had recently been won by the Libertines. The refugees—the most Christian portion of the population—were deprived of arms. In addition to being disfranchised, the ministers were excluded from the Council of Twenty-five. The every-day peace of the Reformers was interrupted, the Reformation itself was threatened, and its abettors were required to act in self-defence or ignominiously surrender. The gravity of the crisis was increased by a dispute then in progress between Calvin and the Libertines respecting an excommunicated man of the name of Berthelier, whose sentence being reversed by the Little Council, the ministers refused him the Lord's Supper. These elements of discord only wanted a powerful mind to unite and control them and they would have entangled Calvin and his work in superlative difficulties. In the eyes of the Reformers the Spaniard was a roving blasphemer, whose writings were no less an insult to God than they were a curse to man. Not to have detained such a man would have appeared as unjustifiable to the judgment of Calvin as the allowing of robbers and murderers to live unmolested. The latter, indeed, took life and goods; but here was one whose life-work consisted in undoing souls and perverting the Reformation. Such was the social condition of Geneva, and such the nature of the combustible materials among which the firebrand Servetus found a resting place in the memorable summer of 1553.

From what has been advanced it will appear that the friends of a leading excommunicated citizen were the allies of Servetus. Hence his trial turned not merely on the pivot of false doctrine, but having voluntarily elected himself to the ordeal, his name became the rallying cry of a faction who were distracting the well-disposed, and threatening the city with ruin. By procuring the arrest of such a man, Calvin was not so much moved by animosity as he was by a desire to save the Republic from that anarchy to which his enemies were hastening it.

Servetus being arrested, it remained with the Little Council to conduct the prosecution. As they went on it became openly manifest that the Spaniard's principal object was to strike at Calvin's ascendancy. Calculating too much on his influence over the disaffected, he challenged the most sacred doctrines, or denounced them as diabolical inventions. Then, it further appeared that Servetus himself was not so much the object in dispute as the discipline of the Reformation. Berthelier, on the one side, as a hater of Calvin and his system, and Colladon, a warm partisan of the pure faith, on the other, waged a public warfare of words, representative of the antipathy entertained by each party for the other. Servetus had originally some friends in power, but by dreadful blasphemies he alienated many, and we question the taste of writers who reproduce the prisoner's hideous assertions. Calvin's share in the matter began with an examination of the accused; which being ended, the proceedings assumed the form of a State trial, conducted by the Attorney-General. Calvin undertook to produce the testimony of the Fathers against certain things advanced by Servetus. The original charge was founded in heresy, but this the Attorney-General supplemented by preferring several political charges. In the meantime, "Calvin," says

Rolliet, "disappeared before the general interest of the reformed churches." Had the accused man been arraigned merely as an enemy of Calvin, in the manner in which party writers would have us believe, the case must have fallen to the ground; and this is proved by documents lately brought to light in the archives of Geneva. Then, moreover, the prisoner's violent language and insolent bearing led the judges to convict him as a person of dangerous, seditious tendencies. Geneva was committed to the Reformation. To touch religion was to undo the State; and the stability of the Commonwealth was so bound up with the Reformers, that Calvin's office and power could not be curtailed with impunity. A slight examination of the constitution of the Council of Twenty-five will show that a conviction on religious grounds only would not have been possible, for the majority of the judges were anti-Calvinists, who sacrificed private sympathies to public safety.

While information was being sought from Vienne as to the reasons of the late conviction of Servetus, the Libertines endeavoured to awaken a feeling of commiseration for him; and it was in counteracting this effort that the pulpits resounded with warnings to the populace not to harbour pity for one so inimical to peace and righteousness.

On the completion of the trial it was arranged to hold a written disputation between Calvin and Servetus; and the papers were submitted to the judgment of the Swiss churches, who unanimously voted the heretic worthy of death. In the final decision of the Little Council only five were for an acquittal, though but seven of the assembly were Calvinists. It must therefore be remembered that the judges were far from sympathising with the Reformer. While the trial was about, we find them restoring a citizen to religious privileges in spite of the Consistory over which Calvin presided. Are we to suppose they would have burned a culprit to please their chief pastor, with whom, on a very sore question, they were at open strife?

Thus fell Servetus—by the Protestants, cry the Romanists; by Calvinists, echo half-way Protestants; a victim of the age, and of his own ill-controlled passions, says the surer testimony of history. It will be unnecessary to detail the particulars of his last hours, the cause of his punishment, not the events of his life, being the subject in hand. Posterity regrets his doom. Nevertheless the case, as above related, will not correspond with the countless cases of Romish persecution. The procedure of the papacy was to try by a spiritual court prior to handing over its victims to the temporal power. It was otherwise in this instance. Servetus was arraigned before a civil tribunal, of which Calvin was not a member, and wherein his friends numbered only as seven to twenty-five. The affair, it is true, begun in a theological quarrel; but it ended in a conviction for blasphemy and seditious practices. Then comes the common objection—men should not be put to death for opinions. Though this is admitted, the admission would have been accounted extreme weakness in the Reformation age, and, in this respect, Calvin, as his supporters must admit and deeply regret, was not taller than his fellows; yet for this weakness we can no more justly condemn him, than we can reasonably cast reflections on his writings because they were written in the sixteenth century, or because they discover an ignorance of the Newtonian philosophy.

A Christian Soldier's Letter.*

ALTHOUGH some people have held the opinion, and have even ventured to assert, that War and the Gospel were totally irreconcilable, it may be a comfort to those whose consciences are uneasy upon this point, to learn that a celebrated Scotch divine has recently shown that such fears are groundless.

Many passages in the following letter, which are given in quotation marks, are evidently extracted from a sermon by Norman Macleod, D.D., recently preached before the Queen, and published by Royal command. How far the arguments justifying War can be made to harmonize with the New Testament passages also quoted, the reader will judge.

Bois de M——,
Dec. 23rd, 1870.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,

Secreted, as we are, behind the trees of this wood, in the hope of getting a shot at you before you see us, we think it well, nevertheless, to assure you by this record—penned for all whom it may concern—that no other feelings than those of Christian love animate us. We especially desire that you may be free from the suspicion that anything of hatred or unkindly feeling influences our actions. "Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." Do not, therefore, misunderstand us. We believe the course we are taking to be a *right* one, justified by the teaching and religion of Christ. Were it otherwise, we should stand self-condemned! For anything like thoughtlessness or recklessness in matters, like this, of life and death, must obviously be sin of the deepest dye.

Desirous, as we are, and as all Christians should be, to promote the benefit of our fellow-creatures, and believing that, in the over-ruling of the Most High, the richest and most permanent blessings to the human race are often brought about through the instrumentality of suffering, we trust that you will not misunderstand the sincerity of our purpose, but recognise in our bullets the great fact, long ago proclaimed, that "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.....A time of war." Eccles. iii. 1, 8.

Though we can scarcely affirm that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," yet as "truly chivalrous" gentlemen, free from "all personal hate and love of blood," we entreat you not to think too much

* We do not know by whom this letter is published, or we would have asked the author's leave to print it. As we could not do that, we have taken French leave, as the proverb has it, and hope the author will not be angry with us; in fact, we are sure he will not be, for we do but second his design by giving his clever ironical letter a wider circulation.

† "Again, I cannot but think that what inspires us with admiration and respect for those engaged in war, is the idea that it embodies and expresses on a great scale the sublime principle of self-sacrifice; that the battle-field on which thousands of our best and bravest, in obedience to command, and in the name of the nation, willingly suffer and die because it is *right*, and because their country 'expects every man to do his duty,' becomes a consecrated altar. The ideal warrior would thus be the most Christian man, because he alone is able truly to offer himself unto God as a willing sacrifice."—"War and Judgment," by Norman Macleod, D.D.

of the wounds we inflict. When we consider the immense blessing of peace, and how often this has been helped by protracted, and what some persons have styled savage war, we trust that you will overlook the painful part of it, and admit, when we meet together to render an account of the deeds done in the body, at the bar of the Great Judge of all the earth, that in thus taking the lives of as many of you as we can, our object has simply been "the upholding of Law and Righteousness," in the true *spirit* of the words of our Lord, "I say unto you, That ye resist not evil." In the exercise of "that common sense and spiritual judgment which our Great Teacher ever assumed to be possessed by those whom he taught," you will doubtless understand that the *letter* of these words refers exclusively to "*personal* hatred, retaliation, and revenge," and wisely discriminate between any sinful action of that sort, and the kindly feeling in which, for the future good of mankind, we stretch your bodies lifeless upon the earth. And if, "at the command of our country," it sometimes becomes necessary to run *individuals* of you through the heart with our bayonets, yet be assured that we do not at such times regard you as individuals, but merely as parts of a whole community! We might not hate or injure one of you singly. That would be sinful and contrary to the command of Christ. But shooting a hundred or a thousand of you, in a collective sense, must not be suspected of having any hatred, or wrath, or anger, or malice in it, even though it involves the greatest possible injury that man *can* inflict upon his fellow-man! If we were really hating a multitude of men when we are shooting them, the Bible would certainly condemn us; but the art of doing all this without giving way to sin, is one of the triumphs of modern religion, and is, in fact, getting the blind side of the devil himself.

It is for this reason, and not from the low motives that some wars have been caused by, that we are induced to fire upon you. And if the very sky be reddened with the glare of our artillery, may it not be one way of letting our "light so shine before men, that they may see" our "good works," &c.?

Rest assured that we only call you "enemies" to express an idea which for the time-being is necessary. We wish well to you and your families, and trust that the widows and orphans of any of you that we are so fortunate as to hit, will also admit that all such matters of private personal detail must be merged in the public good. *They* will clearly understand that we shoot you in love—love to the great cause of Truth, while a partial and temporary sacrifice of this kind tends (if we may believe history) to the benefit of the whole human race. You will remember that war "embodies and expresses on a great scale the sublime principle of self-sacrifice."

Therefore, dear fellow believers, if some of our friends who have been entrusted with the business of throwing monster exploding shells among you, so far succeed as that many of you become fearfully mutilated, and in this state be left, without further attention, for a few days and nights in the keen frosty air; still, if that be the Divine will—and you know that the Most High reigns among the children of men—we doubt not that you and your relatives will accept it as one of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and even be glad that you are

made instrumental in the development of those vast national and social advantages which build up the strength and greatness of a people. There is nothing in the ancient and exploded law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," which at all influences our actions towards you. What is popularly called "horrible carnage," your shrieks of agony, your dying groans, are all, if you could only see it, brought about in obedience to the command of our one Master, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Do not we expose ourselves in like manner for the same great end? Is not "the ideal warrior the most Christian man, because he alone is able truly to offer himself unto God as a willing sacrifice"? Though perhaps a secret hope may cling to a few of us, that the advance of truth, *in this precise way*, may not be made manifest in *our* persons, yet, knowing, as we do, that God is "ruling over us, and revealing his will by general laws," we handle the triggers of our rifles with the firmness and fearlessness which true Christian courage alone can give. You know people are not left solely to the operation of natural laws. God is not an unseen lawgiver. He is "the Everlasting King. And, if we have received this conviction, we have received a very precious gift, calculated to inspire us with reverence and godly fear." In his allwise disposal, the weaker and more effeminate of nations must give way. "By the terrible trial and decision of war, the stronger, more manly, or more civilized races have gradually and necessarily dominated over the weaker, more luxurious, or more barbarous ones, and thus made government and progress possible by allying them with power and skill." Because, Power, the strength which enables a nation to equip and maintain a mighty army; Skill, the ingenuity to devise terrific engines of destruction; and Courage, one of the noblest of gifts—are all signs of superiority; they are signs of the possession of that which you must acknowledge with us, ought to be promoted at any cost, and receive their due reward.

And though, during the first two or three centuries (when its advance was by far the most rapid) the Christian religion was not assisted by War; for then no weapon was raised to shield it, nor sword unsheathed in its defence; yet there was an exceptional reason for that, seeing that the prophetic words respecting it were, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

It is by the energy and confidence which religion gives, that war, in Christian hands, becomes so effective! Our vast ingenuity is taxed to make our implements and missiles as destructive as possible. Whereas savages kill one by one, in their sinful and ignorant affrays; we tear thousands to pieces in a few hours! God has blessed us with a knowledge of mechanical and chemical science, and in this way we make our learning and acquirements redound to his praise.

Let no one persuade you therefore that in the war now raging there is anything "diabolical." For though some eye-witnesses of the more painful parts of it have been impious enough to revile our prayers and thanksgivings to the God of Battles, and to say that the devil only was wanted here; don't believe them! The truth has always been maligned, and the base suggestion is a scandalous stigma upon "God-fearing men of education and intelligence, capable," like us, "of engaging in

war with a holy, devout, humble, and reverent spirit." Do not "add to our anxieties the dread suspicion that our work is sinful"! It is only an obscure form of love, which will bear fruit after many days!

Neither let the thought trouble you that there is always a strong resemblance between the details of war and the details of murder. We are liable to look too much at the mere surface of things. Though the "natural man" may see the natural only, the "spiritual man" has a deeper discernment. And although some may think that shooting our fellow believers is scarcely in harmony with the example of him who laid down his life for his enemies, and who declared, "I came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them," yet, in obedience to the command of our country, we freely ask the blessing of God upon our efforts to aim correctly, and praise him when the bloody work is over, who alone giveth the victory.

And suppose that, after all, you do not entirely agree with us in sentiment, nor approve the course we feel called upon to adopt; you must not forget that your nation *may* have been too much lifted up by the pride of wealth, or in some other way may have sinned and incurred the Divine displeasure! Is it not better that a few scores of thousands of you should be "put out of the way" as a general chastisement, than that your nation should continue in sin? God "will never spare punishment, however severe, in order to foster the good, or save it from destruction." So that whichever way you look at our conduct, you cannot fail to see the love which pervades all. Be encouraged, then, we beseech you (or, if none of you survive, then those who have to perform the last earthly office for you)—be encouraged firmly to believe that "the future historian who recognises God in history, will be able to trace, in some form or other," to the course we pursue towards you, "many great and permanent blessings, in proportion to the sufferings" you endure, "and to the spirit in which these may be received."

And when all these light afflictions are passed, we hope that you will greet us—your destroyers—joyfully at the great tribunal, where we shall each receive according to the deeds done in the body, and hear the solemn words pronounced, "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*" Matthew xxv. 40.

Yours, &c.

A Fragment.

"BAPTISED INTO CHRIST."—As Elisha, when he would revive the child of the Shunamite, went up and lay upon him, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his hands upon his hands, and his eyes upon his eyes, and stretched himself upon him; even so, if thou wouldest be revived to everlasting life, thou must by faith, as it were, set thyself upon the cross of Christ, and apply thy hands to his hands, thy feet to his feet, and thy sinful heart to his bleeding heart, and content not thyself, with Thomas, to put thy finger into his side, but even dive and plunge thyself wholly, both body and soul, into the wounds and blood of Christ.—*Cawdray.*

Waste.

MR. William Hoyle, of Manchester, whose valuable pamphlet we noticed some time ago, has returned to his former subject, and in a very cogent work, entitled, "Our National Resources; and How they are Wasted," shows what mischief is wrought economically by the drinking habits of our nation. He is a total abstainer, but his argument is equally interesting to temperance men of any kind, and surely every Christian will be glad to enlist himself under that title. The excessive drinking of our nation seems to gather in volume year by year, and the horror of what that means for time and for eternity no mind can adequately conceive. Even as a matter of political economy, the contemplation is appalling. The facts brought out by Mr. Hoyle in his remarkably sober yet most earnest book will be new to many of our readers, and as terrible as they are striking. We have omitted a paragraph here and there, but give the substance of one point of the argument. The work can be had of Simpkin and Marshall, and is rightly called "An Omitted Chapter in Political Economy." We commend it most seriously to the profound study of all philanthropists:—

"The different ways in which the enormous expenditure upon intoxicating drinks wastes our wealth and injures our trade are too numerous fully to specify, but we will point out a few of them.

"1st. *Its influence on the labour market*:—

"To illustrate this, I will state a fact. In the *Scotsman* newspaper for January 2nd, 1869, there is a description of the Caledonian distillery at Edinburgh.

"In this distillery we learn that 40,000 gallons of spirits are manufactured weekly, or 2,000,000 per annum. At 15s. per gallon (the retail price is 20s. or more), this would be £1,500,000. The quantity of grain consumed yearly is 800,000 bushels. The number of men employed is stated to be 150.

"Now, if the £1,500,000 were spent upon manufactured goods, or in building houses, or in draining waste land, it would give employment to from 12,000 to 15,000 persons, or more; and if the whole amount which is wasted upon drink by us as a nation, were thus spent, it would find employment for at least 1,500,000 more persons than are at present engaged. Here then is an answer to the question—What shall be done with our surplus population? Not send them as emigrants to other countries, but by spending our money judiciously we should find them abundant work at home; we should have work for all, and to spare.

"Strange! marvellously strange! that men of intelligence cannot see this. They go on forming emigration societies, sending our best workmen—who above all others should stay at home—out of the country; and housing in workhouses and gaols a whole host of paupers and criminals, made so by drink. If three-fourths of the money spent on intoxicating liquors were spent upon clothing, furniture, or in the erection of houses, &c., it would give full employment for all our idlers; and, besides this, pauperism itself, as well as crime, with all their attendant evils, would rapidly diminish, or altogether disappear; and those perplexing problems of our legislation, which are a disgrace to our

Christianity and our civilization, would be solved; and most of the social evils we have so bitterly to mourn would be eradicated.

“Another way in which the expenditure upon intoxicating liquors wastes the national wealth and injures our trade, is *by degrading our population to paupers and criminals*, for it will be readily seen that by so doing it not only increases our taxation, but also by throwing such large numbers of our population out of employment, also greatly diminishes the productive power of our industries.

“The amount paid for Poor and Police Rates during the ten years ending 1869 has been as follows:—

TABULAR VIEW OF THE AMOUNT OF POOR AND POLICE RATES PAID DURING EACH YEAR FROM 1860 TO 1869 INCLUSIVE.

	England and Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Total.
	£	£	£	£
1860	8,075,904	663,277	530,626	9,269,807
1861	8,395,212	683,902	595,192	9,674,306
1862	8,806,074	719,317	652,245	10,177,636
1863	9,325,071	736,028	701,031	10,762,130
1864	9,680,480	770,030	732,968	11,183,478
1865	9,792,193	778,274	736,629	11,307,096
1866	9,989,121	783,127	726,340	11,498,588
1867	10,905,173	807,631	797,134	12,509,938
1868	11,380,593	863,202	841,512	13,085,307
1869	11,773,999	931,275	836,553	13,541,827

“From these tables it will be seen, that the number of paupers and the consequent expense have been gradually increasing, year by year, until on the 1st of January, 1870 (estimating Scotland as in 1869), our paupers numbered 1,281,651, and the poor and police rates reached the frightful sum of £13,541,827. Or if we take another view, whilst in 1869 we only paid £8,501,737 for cotton goods, we paid for poor and police rates, £13,541,827, being £5,040,090 more for poor rates, &c., than the entire total of our home consumption of cotton goods.

“If it were not for the liquor traffic, our rates need not, at the outside, be more than a fourth of what they now are, and thus a sum of about ten millions yearly might be available for our trade. If during the last few years this amount had been appropriated to the purchase of cotton goods, our home consumption would have been nearly doubled, and the cotton trade would not have been in such a deplorable condition as it has been. The question of intemperance becomes therefore vastly important, not only as a matter of direct expenditure, but also as one of local and national taxation. * * * *

“The loss to the nation which results from the pauperism and crime of the country, unfortunately, however, is not confined merely to the sum necessary to maintain paupers and punish criminals. If these people were industriously employed, their industry would add to the riches of the community; instead, however, of reaping the benefits of such industry, society has to support them in idleness, and has also to make good the mischief arising from their criminal acts. * * *

“Another way in which the liquor traffic injures trade and commerce

is by involving *the destruction of a large amount of grain, thereby causing food to be dear*, and as the use of food is a matter of necessity, the purchase of manufactured goods becomes of secondary importance; any increase, therefore, in the price of food, diminishes proportionably the sum available for the purchase of clothing, &c. * *

“Seventy million bushels of grain or produce are destroyed in manufacturing the intoxicating liquors consumed in one year in this country. A bushel of malt is equivalent to a bushel of barley, which weighs 53lb., and will give at least 40lb. of flour, which will make 60lb. of bread, or 15 four-pound loaves per bushel, making a grand total of grain or produce destroyed equal to 1,050,000,000 four-pound loaves, or about 170 loaves yearly for every family of five persons throughout the United Kingdom.

“If these loaves were used as paving stones, they would pave a road of 10 yards wide more than 1,800 miles long, or above nine times the distance from London to Manchester. If the loaves had to be carted away from some baker’s shop in London, and tumbled into the Thames, and one horse and cart were engaged to do it, taking 550 loaves every half hour for ten hours each day, it would take more than 330 years to cart them all away, or it would take 330 carts one year to do it.

“What a sensation of horror it would produce, if some fine morning 330 carts, each laden with 500 loaves of bread, were to draw up to London Bridge, and the various drivers began to prepare to shunt their contents into the river. If such a thing were attempted, those who ventured upon the experiment would be quickly tumbled in after the loaves; and yet, if this were done every day during the year, and the grain were thus destroyed, instead of being destroyed by being converted into intoxicating liquors, it would be a most unspeakable blessing to the community; for, if thrown into the river, the bread would be lost, but that would be the end of it; as it is, it is not only lost, but converted into a maddening liquor, which ruins and destroys the people, not only as to their substance, but their virtue also, and fills the land with mourning, lamentation, and woe. Better would it be to destroy only the grain than both the grain and the people.

“The liquor traffic injures trade and decreases our national wealth also, by *unsettling our industrial relations, and deteriorating the character of our workmen*. People who are wishful to invest money, especially in business which necessitates the employment of a number of workmen, are often deterred from doing so by the fear of the trouble which they are likely to have, owing to the intemperate and unsteady character of the workmen. In this way industry is often checked, and the extension of trade prevented.

“But it is not only by checking the development of trade that the evil of intemperance operates, but it operates, too, most perniciously in the carrying on of each trade. Let a man have a mill or a workshop of any kind fitted up with machinery, one part dependent upon another, and all dependent very greatly upon the skill and steadiness of the workmen, the acceptance of orders, too, being dependent upon their prompt and skilful execution—if such a man often finds eight or ten out of every hundred workmen away drinking, the machinery standing idle whilst he is keeping the engine going to turn it, he will be a great

loser; the work will neither be done in quality or quantity as it ought to be, and therefore the intemperate habits of the workmen are a great loss and drawback to him. If there is any danger at all to British industry and commerce, it arises from the superior intelligence and sobriety of the continental workmen as compared with our own. If the British workman be at all inferior in these respects, it entirely arises from the habits of intemperance to which he is addicted."

Illustrations from the "Bridgewater Treatises."

THOSE invaluable works, the "Bridgewater Treatises," are, we fear, but little known among the masses of the reading public, and therefore we purpose culling from them some of the more notable passages. The Earl of Bridgewater left by his will the sum of £8,000, to be spent upon producing works upon the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the creation. Eight priceless volumes were produced, from the first of which we now proceed to gather illustrations. It is "The History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals," by Rev. Wm. Kirby.

The work commences with the lowest types of animal life, and finds among them abundant marks of the Creator's care. God among snails and shell-fish sounds strangely, but, were it not for our pride, it would seem more wonderful still to find God among sinful men. The first extract we have often used as a simile of the manner in which the work of grace is frequently carried on in the soul; commencing, perhaps, with an almost childish interest in some unimportant part of a religious service, or some other very doubtful type of thought, progressing into attachment to the means of grace, and ultimately reaching true spiritual life; not, however, without a divine interposition. It is not always that men are converted in a moment, but in many instances the work is as gradual as are the various stages from the lichen to the oak.

"Everybody, who has eyes, is aware that vegetation takes place upon almost every substance, upon the bark of trees, upon naked rocks, upon brick walls and tiled roofs, and even upon glass when not constantly cleaned. The first plants that take on these their station, usually look like green or yellow powder, when they decay forming a little soil, in which others, more conspicuous, find sufficient nutriment; and so one succeeds another, till a sufficient portion of soil covers the rock, etc., to afford the means of life and growth to more perfect plants, and often to arborescent ones. An analogous process takes place in the water. The *matière verte*, of French authors, makes its appearance, and other Hydrophytes, in conjunction with the Infusories, form, as it were, a first soil for the support and maintenance of animal life, both for those which derive their nutriment from vegetables, and those that feed on beings of their own class. Thus a maintenance is provided for higher forms, and, at last, for the highest; and a table is spread, both on the earth and in the waters, for every living thing, from that which the eye cannot discover, to man, the head and king of all. How wonderful

and adorable is that Almighty Being, who thus made all things dependent upon each other, and based the visible world, in the three great departments into which we see it divided, upon an invisible basis, and in which cohesion and life are maintained by those powers which God has placed as rulers in the physical world, and by which he still acts upon the universe of existences."

Those things, which to the superficial observer appear to be great evils, may really be of much benefit to us by preventing still greater ills. Thus, the ship-worm, which is so much the apparent enemy of commerce, is really its friend, since it frees the seas from accumulations of wreck, driftwood, etc., which would most seriously injure both man and the economy of nature. Moreover, around the corrective evil there are bounds set by Providence, in which we plainly perceive that when the devourer is sent for necessary purposes, he is nevertheless rebuked for our sake.

"No animal has been more celebrated for the mischief it has occasioned as a *timber-borer* than the *ship-worm* (*Teredo navalis*). Though the animals of some of the land-shells, as the snails, do him some injury in his garden, man seldom suffers very materially from their ravages; but the ship-worm, where it gets head, does him incalculable injury, destroying piles as far as they are under the water, and everything that is constructed of timber that is placed within their reach, to which they are as injurious as the boring wood-louse; they even attack the stoutest vessels, and render them unfit for service. Their object, however, is not to devour the timber, but, with the same view that the pholads bore into the rock, to make for themselves a cell in which they may be safe from their enemies; their food is probably conveyed to them in the sea-water." * * * "Various are the animals whose function it is to attack substances from which the vital principle is departed, nor are those, we see in the foregoing instance, which are submerged, always exempted from this law. Fortunately, the aquatic animals that prey upon timber fall very far short of the terrestrial ones in their number, and in the amount of the damage they occasion, and their aversion to fresh water is the safeguard of our bridges and other buildings that are erected upon piles. Did an animal, with the boring powers of the ship-worm, enter our rivers and abound there, we should see the magnificent bridges that so much adorn our metropolis, and are so indispensable to its inhabitants, gradually go to ruin; the vast stones of which they are built might become the habitation of pholads and other rock-borers, and the communication between the two sides of the river greatly interrupted. But a merciful providence has so limited the instincts of the different animals it has created, that they cannot overstep a certain boundary, nor extend their ravages beyond the territory assigned to them. The law laid down to the ship-worm is, to hasten the decay of timber that is out of its place, and may be denominated an unsightly encroachment upon the ocean. This is the law they must obey, and they make no distinction whether it is disowned by all, or an important and valuable part of man's property. Their individual *object*, as has been stated above, is their own benefit, and they neither know that they obey a law of God, or injure man; but the Almighty, by an irresistible agency, impels

them to it, and they fulfil the purposes of his providence at the same time that they provide for their own welfare."

The care of Providence is not exercised for man's sake alone, as we too often imagine. God cares for oxen, ay, and for microscopic infusoria; he balanced the clouds with an eye to the flight of the beetle, and forgot not the worm when he moulded the earth. Man, however, is the favoured creature, and for his good, though not for him alone, the animate world is arranged. This is peculiarly manifest in the fact that the most useful are also the most fertile creatures. The instance selected is one which may tend to allay the fears arising from a temporary diminution of the supply. "I shall now make some observations upon the *oyster*, which of all shell-fish, though it is one of the rudest and least sightly, has from every age been most in request as a favourite article of food. This gift of Providence is widely dispersed, being found on the coasts of Europe, Asia, and Africa; those that frequent our own are reckoned the best of all. They are not a roving animal, but when they leave the matrix they fix themselves to rocks or any substance that falls in their way, which they seldom quit. Like other Mollusca, they are hermaphrodites; and are stated by Poli, the great luminary of conchology, to contain 1,200,000 eggs, so that a single oyster might give birth to 12,000 barrels!! Providence has thus taken care that the demands made upon them to gratify the appetite of his creature man shall not annihilate the race."

Did the reader ever notice how cleverly the common snail secures himself from the frosts of winter by making a solid shield over the opening of his shell? He casts forth a substance which sets and becomes as hard as plaster of Paris, and excludes the cold air altogether. It is deeply interesting to mark how, having made one protecting wall, it goes on to fix partition after partition, and fills each cell so formed with air, till it has retreated as far as it can from every closed orifice of its shell, and effectually barricaded itself against a frozen death. Then in the spring, when the word is spoken—*awake thou that sleepest*—it begins immediately to act with energy, it re-inspires the air stored in the cells, bursts all its cerements, and returns to its summer haunts. To show how the snail knows his seasons and appointed times, our author remarks, "We may observe, with respect to snails and all hybernating animals, a beautiful relation and correspondence between their habits and their functions. Their official duty is to remove superfluities and nuisances, to prevent vegetable substances from encroaching too much upon each other, to remove entirely those that are dead and putrescent. At the season of the year, therefore, when the former are in full vigour, forth issue from their various retreats the innumerable tribes that make them their food; but when they cease to grow and flourish these services are not wanted, and the animals who perform them disappear from the face of nature. Again, when dead animals, or the excrements of living ones, or the sweets issuing from innumerable flowers, would clog the air that we breathe with effluvia unfriendly to health and life, countless armies are everywhere upon the wing, or on the alert, to prey upon such substances and prevent their miasmata from breeding a pestilence amongst us; but when the cold season returns, the flowers lose their leaves and blossoms and exhale no longer their sweets, and the scents arising from

putrescent and other foetid substances become no longer annoying—then the whole army employed in this department disappears, and the face of nature seems to lose the most busy part of its population, gone to a long repose."

The variety of nature is charming, and the mutual action and reaction manifest everywhere is calculated to awaken adoring wonder in every mind. Even in so humble a living thing as the common snail of the sea infinite wisdom is resplendent. Our author says:—

"The shell-fish of the aquatic tribe best known in this country is the *periwinkle*, vulgarly called the pin-patch, which, next to the oyster and the cockle, seems most in request as a relishing article of food. These animals, as I observed not very long since at Cromer, in Norfolk, appear to make the bladder-kelp, which at low water may be seen there in large patches, a kind of submarine pasture, for I found them in abundance upon it at low water. As the Creator willed that the waters, whether salt or fresh, should have their peculiar inhabitants, it was requisite that each should have its appropriate food. Did all feed upon the same substance there would be a universal struggle, unless, indeed, the entire variety of the submarine botanical world was done away, and one homogeneous article provided, in such quantity as to be a sufficient supply for all. But further, doubtless, different organisations and forms could not be maintained upon the same pabulum, and therefore different creatures required different articles of food, or different parts of the same article. Here was a mutual office—the numberless vegetable productions require to be kept within due limits, and therefore the function of the aquatic animals is to maintain them in due relative proportions. Were the ocean and all its streams planted as now, and were there no animals of any description to keep in check the vegetable productions, they would in time grow up and choke the rivers, and gradually raise the bed of the ocean till there would be *no more sea*."

The style of Mr. Kirby's writing is very loose, and even at times ungrammatical, and his meaning is not in every passage very clear; still his two volumes are rich with accurate observation and devout feeling. We wish our Christian young men and women had more taste for solid reading like this. Alas! the religious tale is too frequently the more powerful attraction.

The following grand but rather complicated passage shall fill up this first basket of fragments from a feast by far too much neglected:—

"When we take a first view of nature, we are struck by a scene which seems to be one of universal conflict, for the very heavens appear not clear from the charge: the philosopher who studies them tells us of antagonistic powers, that are perpetually striving with each other, the one to absorb all things in a common centre, the other to dis sever them, and scatter them in illimitable space. And when we turn to the earth, what a scene of destruction is before us! The king of the terrestrial globe, man, constantly engaged in a struggle with his fellow man, often laying waste the earth, slaughtering its inhabitants, and deforming its productions—his subjects of the animal kingdom following the example of their master, and pitilessly destroying each other; the strong oppressing the weak, and most seeming bent to annihilate the races to which

they are opposed; so that, humanly speaking, in the lapse of ages, we might expect that one species of animals would be annihilated after another, till the whole were obliterated from the face of creation, and the sublime language of the prophet literally verified: '*I beheld the earth, and, lo, it was without form, and void; and the heavens, and they had no light. I beheld the mountains, and, lo, they trembled, and all the hills moved lightly. I beheld, and, lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled.*'

"But if, with our spirits depressed by the prospect of so universal a scene of mutual struggle and destruction, we listen again to the philosopher, he will tell us that the ceaseless struggle of the antagonistic powers of the heavens prevents, instead of causes, disorder and confusion; that by the powerful and mutual counteraction of these mighty opponents, all the heavenly bodies of our system are prevented from rushing to the centre, or being driven, dispersed, into their atoms, beyond the *flammania mania mundi*: that thus their annual and diurnal revolutions are maintained, that each observes its appointed course, keeps its assigned station, and ministers to the good and well-being of the whole system. If then we turn our view again to the earth, and take a nearer survey of things—if we consider the present tendency to multiply, beyond measure, of all things that have life, we shall soon be convinced that, unless this tendency was met by some check, the world of animated beings would be perpetually encroaching upon each other, and would finally perish for want of sufficient food; and we shall be equally well assured that the partial evils inflicted by one individual or one class upon another, to borrow a term from the Political Economist, proportions the demand to the supply; that thus both vegetables and animals are so accurately distributed, weighed so nicely against each other, as never to go a step beyond what God decrees, and what is most beneficial to the whole system; and that the actual number of every kind bears due relation to the work it has to do; and upon closer enquiry, we find, that though since the creation, probably in consequence of the great change in the moral state of the world, superinducing physical changes also, some species, no longer necessary, may have perished, yet that, in general, they have maintained their ground from age to age, in spite of the attacks of the great army of destroyers. To maintain things in this state, thus to '*order all things in measure, number, and weight,*' as the wise man speaks, to cause all so to harmonise, and so out of death and destruction to bring forth life, indicates still more strongly the constant and wise superintendence, and powerful arm of a watchful Providence, and demonstrates irrefragably that there is a Great Being constantly at work, either mediately or immediately, to produce effects that, without his constant superintendence and intervention, could never take place. And thus, as sings the bard of Twickenham:—

"All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good."

The Apostle of Burmah.

[SECOND PAPER.]

ONE of the most thrilling chapters in the history of missions is that which details the trials endured for two long years by Mr Judson and his wife during the war between the English East India Company and the native government of Burmah. The heroism and unconquerable devotion of the suffering wife were marvellous. Previous to the outbreak of the war, which brought such disaster upon the mission, Judson had settled by request of the king in his capital, Ava, where he was conducting mission work amid much that was hopeful. But when the king heard that the English army had landed at Rangoon his anger was excited against all white persons, and suspecting that the missionaries might be spies, and in the pay of the English, he ordered their immediate arrest. For two years nothing was heard in America of their fate.

Judson was seized by a dozen Burman officers, who were accompanied by a prison executioner known by his "spotted face." He was thrown on the floor and bound by cords, Mrs. Judson failing to induce the officer to release his severe hold upon her husband either by entreaties or bribes. "Take her too," said the officer, "she also is a foreigner." This they would probably have done but for the imploring looks and earnest expostulations of Judson. The instruments of torture were tightened, and the helpless victim dragged away to the death prison. Mrs. Judson returned home, only, however, to find that she was required for examination in the verandah by the magistrate. Having with not a little presence of mind destroyed such letters and journals as might disclose the fact that the family had correspondents in England, she submitted to the examination of the legal functionary outside, who ordered a strict watch to be kept over the house. The guard were violent in their behaviour; they ill-treated the two Bengalee servants, annoyed the unprotected women, and caroused during the whole night, pouring forth most diabolical language, so that each hour was full of horror.

The severe punishment inflicted upon her husband caused Mrs. Judson intense anguish. She sought the good offices of the magistrate, but failed. She penned a polite note to one of the king's sisters, and received as polite a refusal of intervention. The governor could do nothing, but there was the head officer left. He was, therefore, visited, and in answer to the question what she was to do to obtain at least a mitigation of the present sufferings of the two teachers, was told to pay him liberally and reward him with fine cloth and pieces of handkerchiefs. The latter request she was unable to comply with—money she freely offered. It was accepted, the officer promising to relieve the teachers from their painful situation. Permission was granted her to visit her husband in prison, and thus commenced those constant visits to the prisoners which were the only human relief of their gloom. She sent them food to eat, and mats upon which to sleep. Anticipating the confiscation of her property, she quietly secreted as many articles of value, and as much silver as she could. On the

following day the house was visited, and all the silver abstracted from her trunks. Her prudent foresight in hiding some of her possessions proved during her husband's long imprisonment of the greatest value in alleviating the hardships that were undergone. We cannot relate all the trials to which she was subject during this period, or all the expedients to which she so skilfully resorted to avert the anger of the authorities. It is wonderful what a number of devices were conceived and executed, and how persistently, day after day, and month after month, she sought the release of her husband and Dr. Price. Buoyed up with that hope which is said to "spring immortal in the human breast," she persevered in her applications to members of the government as well as to the royal family. "My prevailing opinion," she writes, "was that my husband would suffer a violent death, and that I should, of course, become a slave, and languish out a miserable though short existence in the tyrannic hands of some unfeeling monster. But the consolations of religion in these trying circumstances were neither 'few nor small.' It taught me to look beyond this world to that rest, that peaceful happy rest, where Jesus reigns and oppression never enters." After the lapse of several months this devoted woman was permitted to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosure, where she could spend a few hours with her husband, and where he might be by himself during the day.

"How many times," she writes to her brother-in-law, "have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night [a distance of two miles], solitary and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself in that same rocking-chair which you and Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavoured to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners." In the midst of all this trouble, she gave birth to a daughter. Two months after, she was informed that her husband, with all the other white prisoners, had been placed in the inner dungeon, in five pairs of fetters each, that the bamboo room had been pulled down, and all the little comforts she had sent him and them removed. It was a bitter trial, and her apprehensions of worse evils to come were painful in the extreme. "The situation of the prisoners," she says, "was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above one hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time."

Meanwhile the English were routing the native troops, and causing great consternation among the Burmese. The leader of the native army, in whom the king placed extraordinary confidence, had been killed, and a new officer was appointed whose advent to power was the cause of additional sorrow to the white prisoners. Long confinement in a heated and unwholesome atmosphere brought on a fever, under which it was feared Mr. Judson would sink. Immediately he was thus attacked, his wife put up another small bamboo room, large enough for two to sit in, and after

some patient waiting obtained the governor's leave to remove her husband to this hovel, which was a palace compared with the foul overcrowded prison. A few days only elapsed when the governor sent in great haste for the missionary's wife, and detained her with enquiries about his watch, while his officers were taking away all the white prisoners. She returned in haste to the prison, but found her husband gone, whither she knew not. She ran first into one street, then into another, enquiring of all, but obtaining no satisfactory reply. One old woman declared that the white prisoners had been taken to the river; instantly the distracted woman ran to discover some traces of their whereabouts, but could not find any. She then went to the governor, with a heavy heart, and begged his compassionate consideration. "You can do nothing for your husband," he said, with evident kindness: "take care of yourself." She returned home almost in despair; her heart was desolate; her happiness blasted. Evil designs might be entertained against her—had she not been advised to take care of herself?—but life without her husband was insupportable. Yet one more effort she would make. She would go at any risk to the old capital, Amara-poorā, where the white prisoners were to be confined. The distance was six miles—six miles in the burning sun of that torrid region! First in a boat, then in a cart, she travelled, with her child in her arms. Arriving at the city, travel-stained and distressed, she was informed that the prisoners had been sent on two hours before to Oung-pen-la, a distance of four miles. The owner of the cart declined to go any further; but, after waiting an hour in the scorching sun, another vehicle was procured, and in due course she arrived at the prison-house. It was a never-to-be forgotten scene. The prison was an old, ramshackled building, affording no shelter from the heat, for it had no roof. "Eight or ten Burmese," she says "were on the top of the building, trying to make something like a shelter with leaves; while under a little low projection outside of the prison sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with suffering and fatigue." Mr. Judson was deeply pained to see his wife. "Why have you come?" he sadly enquired. "I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here." She found a shelter for the night in a room half full of grain belonging to the gaoler, and in this wretched place she spent six weary months.

Mr. Judson's account of his sufferings in being removed from one prison to another are very touching. The prisoners were driven along by slaves. The season was the hottest in the year, and they started on their painful journey in the most intolerable part of the day. Judson had only proceeded half a mile when his feet became blistered, "and so great was his agony even at this early period that, as they were crossing the little river, he ardently longed to throw himself into the water to be free from misery. The sin attached to such an act alone prevented. They had then eight miles to walk. The sand and gravel were like burning coals to the feet of the prisoners, which soon became perfectly destitute of skin; and in this wretched state they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers." In consequence of his fever, Judson was less able to bear the fatigue than the other captives; a fellow prisoner helped to support him as he was fast sinking to the

earth; and a Bengalee servant generously took off his turban, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave half to his master, and the other half to the suffering missionary, which he instantly wrapped round his wounded feet, while the servant almost carried him the rest of the way. Had it not been for this help, Judson would have expired from sheer exhaustion.

The prisoners had not long been in their confinement in this place when a series of troubles were undergone by the Judsons. The children were taken ill, Mrs. Judson's health gave way, and her distracted husband, who had purchased a few hours' liberty of his keepers, bore his child from village to village begging food from those who had children and might therefore pity his child.

At last, release came. The English army had so thoroughly beaten the Burmese soldiers, that the king sued for peace. In the arrangement of the articles of peace, help was needed by the king, and Mr. Judson was set at liberty that this assistance might be given. He accordingly went to the Burmese camp as translator and interpreter. Mrs. Judson left for her own house, and while there suffered an attack of "the spotted fever," during which her life was despaired of. Meanwhile, through the intervention of General Campbell, they were fully released and their property restored.

The result of the war was the scattering of the converts and the breaking up of the mission in Rangoon. Mr. Judson therefore decided to commence his missionary labours at Amherst, a town designed to be the English capital. Here accordingly we find him in the month of July, 1826, comfortably settled, as he hoped, with his family. Alas for human expectations! While on a visit to Ava, where he sought to secure the insertion of a clause for religious toleration in the new treaty, his wife, whose health had been shattered by misfortunes, sickened and died. The loss of such a wife—so brave, so gentle, so prudent—at the early age of thirty-seven, was overwhelming. We draw a veil over the feelings of the disconsolate husband. Such a grief was unique, and sacred. Of this remarkable woman, many eulogistic things have been said, but none too many. Her delicate tact, her unflinching bravery, her disinterestedness, even won the admiration of her heathen foes. She was the very *beau idéal* of a missionary's wife. All honour to her memory! The missionary annals of the world are incomplete without some record of her life and work. She was a true heroine. Her call to labour and endurance in the mission field was as divine as her husband's.

Amherst did not turn out so favourable a field as was anticipated; the population decreased, while other places gained in numbers and importance. A native preacher was therefore left in the capital, and Judson removed. Judson had been rewarded—if it be a reward—by the grateful American public with a title they are wont to bestow with quite sufficient readiness, and he became Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Judson removed to Maulmain, where other American missionaries were located. Here he laboured hard in preaching "the glorious gospel of the grace of God," and was cheered by evident signs of blessing. In one of the dirtiest, noisiest public streets, he took his stand and delivered his message to the people, some of whom received it with gladness, while others

showed "all the rage of chained wild beasts." As the result a church was formed, and certain native converts were set apart as preachers. As with all true-hearted servants of God, success in the ministry only increased his concern for souls. He added to his engagements, and yet found time for seasons of solitude, that he might seek help from above for the conflict with the powers of darkness. He gave to the Mission Board the whole of his patrimonial estate, and that other labourers might be sent to the field, he relinquished no inconsiderable portion of his salary. The arrival of these additional missionaries enabled him to devote himself with greater zeal to the ambition of his life—the translation of the Scriptures into Burmese. On the 31st of January, 1834, this noble object was completely attained. "Thanks be to God," he wrote to the mission at home, "I can now say that I have attained. I have knelt down before him, with the last leaf in my hand, and implored his forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labours in this department, and his aid in future efforts to remove the errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work. I have commended it to his mercy and grace; I have dedicated it to his glory. May he make his own inspired Word, now complete in the Burman tongue, the grand instrument of filling all Burmah with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen." The work of removing errors and imperfections afterwards cost him much labour; for his philological accomplishments led him to seek the utmost accuracy. The work was glorious. Who shall estimate the value of such an undertaking? One feels thankful that missionaries have never undertaken such peculiarly honourable labours for gain of gold; for what payment can express the untold value of such efforts? The translator's only fit reward is spiritual and eternal.

In 1834 Dr. Judson was married to the widow of his friend and fellow labourer, Mr. Boardman, a lady of much ability, well versed in the Burmese tongue, and of fervent piety. "She translated," says an American writer, "the first part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' into Burmese, reckoned as one of the best publications issued from the mission press. She translated tracts, prepared a hymn-book, several volumes of Scripture questions for Sunday-schools, and as one of the last works of her life, a series of Sunday cards. Before the Peguans had a missionary, she acquired their language, and translated, or superintended the translation, of the New Testament and the principal Burmese tracts into the Peguan tongue, a self-imposed task, collateral to her work as a missionary among the Burmese." Unfortunately her health was never satisfactory, and she died in 1845, while on a visit to her native country.

The greeting which Dr. Judson received in America after an absence of nearly thirty-four years was worthy of a generous people. Old friends had died—he scarcely knew any one. Admirers of consecrated heroism gave him an enthusiastic reception wherever he went. It was so different from the time when almost as a solitary man he sought the sympathies of those who could have sent him into the mission field. His surprise at the reception accorded him was great, and public applause seemed little worth at a time when he was mourning the loss of his beloved wife. Like the venerable and honoured Mr. Robert Moffat, whom we

all delight to welcome, he longed to return to his much-loved work. Moffat's heart is still with the Bechuanas; Judson's sympathies were still powerfully drawn towards the natives of Burmah. He sailed, accompanied by his third wife, and several helpers, for his adopted country, and once more entered upon his labours. Political aspects were changed, and so he resolved to make an attempt on Rangoon and Ava. The church at Maulmain had greatly prospered, and indeed missionary prospects had vastly improved. Still, there were sufficient discouragements to make his path other than pleasant; his own naturally lively spirit, however, sustained him. He laboured hard in preparing an English and Burmese dictionary, and when this was completed, he commenced, with the help of an excellent Burmese scholar, the Burmese and English part of this work. This part was, however, left incomplete. A severe cold, followed by a fever, laid him prostrate, and from this he never recovered. It had been evident for some time to his wife that he was ripening fast for heaven. "I believe," she wrote to Judson's brother, "he has sometimes been thought eloquent, both in conversation and in the sacred desk; but the fervid, burning eloquence, the deep pathos, the touching tenderness, the elevation of thought, and intense beauty of expression which characterised those private teachings were not only beyond what I had ever heard before, but such as I felt sure arrested his own attention and surprised even himself. About this time he began to find unusual satisfaction and enjoyment in his private devotions, and seemed to have new objects of interest continually rising in his mind, each of which in turn became the special subject of prayer." Among these were supplications for his children, for more brotherly love, for all missionary enterprises. He grew more Christlike, more habitually joyful, more resigned to the will of his Lord. Despairing of recovery at his home in Burmah, he left his wife for a visit to the Isle of Bourbon, but he died in the passage, and was buried in the deep ocean. His death occurred on the 12th of April, 1850, his wife only surviving him four years.

We have referred to his early ambition, and his love of pre-eminence. Perhaps, not a little of the courage he manifested throughout a life of great heroism, was due to that which but for the grace of God might have been a grave and hurtful fault. He peculiarly needed an ardent spirit. No one without a large stock of enthusiasm could have persevered under so many difficulties. The zeal which left untamed might have wrought serious mischief; regulated by the higher motives of the Christian life, became most helpful to his sacred enterprise. His was a noble resolution—"Resolved to deny self at every turn." That he succeeded wholly in this aim would be too much to expect of any erring man; and his own humility would have shrunk from claiming perfection, but his life sufficiently proves the truth of his self-denial for the cause of Christ.

And what a lesson does such a life present to ease-loving Christians at home! Very pleasant is it to hear of sacrifices made by missionaries abroad; very pitiable to hear the large expectations of those at home who are far from doing any great marvels themselves. Our American Baptist brethren have cause to be grateful for the honour God has placed upon them in relation to their missions in Burmah.

For fifty years they have made this their special field. A cry for help has just been sent up from Burmah for twenty more missionaries. It appears that most of the old stations want strengthening, and new stations are needed in most important centres. The missionaries in Burmah state, in their appeal to the American churches, that "the work among the Sgau Karens, from the outset, has afforded the largest results for the labour expended. Hundreds of churches have been formed, hundreds of Christian young men have received more or less training for the ministry. These if properly developed, under the blessing of God would become an evangelical force of incalculable value. This work of training has just begun, while probably not one half of the heathen Sgau Karens in British territory have as yet been reached by the gospel message. Large sections of unbroken heathen ground remain within the limits of every station in Burmah. The tens of thousands of Karens in Siam have hitherto been entirely neglected. It is estimated that the Shan race in Burmah and beyond towards the borders of China, is fully equal to the Burman in numbers." We hope and believe that our American brethren will respond to this earnest and importunate call. The success which has attended the labours of godly men in that land is the best encouragement to still further aggressive efforts.

Special Services at the Tabernacle.

(Continued from page 139.)

WE abruptly broke off our account of the meetings at the Tabernacle with the servants' meeting of February 22nd. We now continue the story, thanking God that his presence has been with us all through.

On **THURSDAY** evening, at six, we had a delightful prayer-meeting of young people of both sexes; indeed, there were so many that we thought it wise on future occasions to make two meetings. Hoping that the young men would be more free in prayer alone, we appointed a meeting for them. Knowing that the mouths of the sisters must necessarily be closed while males were present, we thought it would be well to let them also meet alone, so as to pour out their souls vocally before God. It was the greatness of the blessing which necessitated this, and we hope it has opened a channel for a double blessing in the future. After the lecture there were two meetings for enquirers, male and female, and anxious ones came to seek guidance, and others to declare that they had found the Lord.

FRIDAY, Feb. 24th. A very happy meeting was held at the Stockwell Orphanage, to pray for the orphans. Mr. J. A. Spurgeon presided; there was a capital attendance, the boys' singing was very hearty, and the prayers were full of fervency. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Mayers, gave an admirable address, and some of the boys prayed. Several of the lads will, we trust, soon be united with the church, for their conduct gives us every reason to believe that they have passed from death unto life. Our beloved brother, Mr. Charlesworth, gives us great joy, as we see how admirably fitted he is for his post of labour, and to him it is a great delight to see hopeful marks of grace in so many of his youthful charge.

On **LORD'S-DAY** the pastor, in addition to his two services, which by-the-by in such a place involve a degree of labour of the most exhausting kind, gave a sermon to children. There was a noble attendance in the Tabernacle, and

many of the little ones gave earnest heed to the things which were spoken. It is most pleasant to see how eager many of the young are to be present at every opportunity for hearing the word. In several instances parents and friends, whose judicious opinions have great weight with us, have assured us that the children under their care have lately passed from death unto life. Although very far from being an excitable person, we cannot refuse to cry out, "Glory be to God for this."

MONDAY, Feb. 27th. At six we met a nice little number in the youths' prayer-meeting; there were both young men and boys. Much earnest prayer was offered by the Christian young people for their unsaved companions. Some prayers were touchingly fervent. These youthful prayer-meetings must become an institution with us on a larger scale; they have long been held in connection with the Sabbath-school and the classes.

At the same hour the sisters, upstairs, were pleading with God.

The great prayer-meeting, upstairs, at seven, was addressed by five of the officers of the church, and they did their work well, heartily and wisely. Pastors would find it a great relief to the people to hear other voices besides their own; it does elders and deacons good to take an occasional share in the public teaching and exhorting; and in God's hands their testimonies coming from unofficial persons, may have weight where the regular preacher might fail. We were delighted to hear the brethren. "Would God all the Lord's servants were prophets." We thought the variety of the persons, and the differences of their education, lent force to their united appeals; and we trust time will show that they did not plead in vain.

TUESDAY, Feb. 28th, was devoted to butchers' men. The preparations in the victualling department included 1,000 lbs. of meat, 400 loaves, 500 lbs. of cake, 18 lbs. of mustard, 32 lbs. of tea, besides all the *et ceteras*. About 1,200 came, and the provisions were most readily disposed of. This is peculiarly the meeting of our esteemed brother, Mr. Henry Varley, upon whom may every blessing rest! A considerable number of master-butchers, meat-salesmen, and their wives were present as spectators, taking an evident interest in the whole matter. It showed the kindly feeling existing between the employers and their men. Hymns were printed to be used in the meeting. Friends began to pour in with early admittance tickets at 6.30, and by 7 a large assembly had gathered. Mr. Varley spoke most forcibly upon certain sins, which are, alas! too common among the working men of London. We trust his faithful rebukes and loving admonitions will lead to the best practical results. C. H. S. followed with the gospel, and Mr. Davidson in the like manner. Mr. Varley closed with an address, clear, plain, and forcible, in which he gave the invitation to the marriage feast in his Master's name. It was a night to be remembered, and in some respects the best meeting of the whole series. We look for fruit; some will appear speedily, and more after many days.

WEDNESDAY, March 1st. A large number of the houses of our members were opened for prayer-meetings in the evening. The students of the College were allotted—one to each meeting; but there were not enough, so many houses were opened. We cannot tell how all of these were attended, but that of which we had the pleasure of making one was a devout and earnest gathering. So much prayer cannot ascend to heaven in vain.

THURSDAY, March 2nd. The mothers'-meeting was well sustained, and after the lecture there were more enquirers.

FRIDAY, March 3rd. A large number of young people, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, and yet unsaved, came together to tea. The addresses were most appropriate and powerful. A solemn feeling was apparent on all sides. The Lord is evidently persuading many hearts to turn unto him.

LORD'S-DAY, March 5th. The Sabbath services were exceedingly full of power. The deputations which visited the classes returned rejoicing, and we have good evidence that they left a blessing behind them. At the communion more than forty fresh members were received by the right hand of fellowship.

By this addition our hearts were gladdened and made to hunger for a far larger increase.

The MONDAY prayer-meeting, on March 6th, was spent in commending to God all the various agencies of the church. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, in due order, mentioned all the works—the College, the Sabbath School, the Colportage, the Orphanage, the adult classes, etc.; and called upon suitable brethren to plead with the Lord for his smile upon each one. These recapitulatory meetings, in which all the workers have a share, are deeply interesting, and give a practical tone to the prayers, which prevents monotony and sleepiness. We owe everything under God to our prayer-meetings. The Tabernacle without prayer would be a huge carcase: its very soul would be gone.

TUESDAY night was given up to the parents of the Sunday-school children. Tea was given them; and then they adjourned to the Lecture Hall, where C. H. S. and the teachers were welcomed by their hearty cheers. They came in large numbers, and never had speakers a more eagerly attentive audience. Simple gospel addresses were not only heard with toleration, but drank in with earnestness. A little bread and butter and cake is a good investment, when it brings such a company together. More than ever in London and our large towns must we imitate our Lord by feeding the people as well as teaching them. They are in a better cue for receiving admonitions when they have had proof of your kindness in the food they have enjoyed. Our home school numbers about 1,000 children, and we trust ere long the pastor's desire for new schools will be fulfilled, so that we may have 2,000 children. The neighbourhood swarms like a warren, and requires enlarged school accommodation. An out-and-out Ritualist is now the rector of the parish, and unless we exert ourselves he will steal a march upon us. We must saturate the district with the gospel now that the enemy is at our very doors. May the new schools soon be built.

WEDNESDAY, March 8th, was the annual meeting of Mrs. Bartlett's class. This very remarkable institution renews its youth like the eagles, and was never in better working order than now. We think there were some 600 young women present, and there are even more than this usually on Sabbath afternoons. It is a constant matter for joy that the esteemed sister who conducts this class, though always in feeble health, is yet enabled from Sabbath to Sabbath to make such deep impressions upon so many youthful minds. Hundreds are in the church on earth and above who found Jesus in that class. The young friends presented to the College the noble sum of £84 2s. 6d. C. H. S. presided. The addresses of our beloved friends, Varley and Mayers, were excellent, as were those of J. A. S. and W. Olney. The most touching word of all was from Mrs. Bartlett herself. It was a very joyful, but deeply spiritual meeting: well sustained throughout, and certain to be followed by good results. Some very memorable conversions have been reported from this class during the meetings, and more, by God's grace, are to come.

THURSDAY, March 9th.—Pastor J. A. Spurgeon spent the whole day in seeing enquirers, and some twenty were met with who had previously been seen by the elders, and were accepted as candidates to be proposed for church-fellowship. A hard day's work it was, but no reaper minds being wearied with the weight of his sheaves.

The evening was given up to THANKSGIVING. Many hymns were sung, and thanksgivings were presented for us all by the pastors, an elder, a deacon, and a tutor. It was a most joyful occasion. We ought to have more of these Praise Meetings. We sat and sang at our own Great Master's board. The breaking of bread proved itself to be in very deed an eucharistical service, an ordinance of giving of thanks. As David danced before the ark, so did our souls leap for joy in the presence of our all-glorious Lord Jesus, who revealed himself to his saints.

Weary with the month of services as to the physical man, we yet felt a regret that they were over, which was swallowed up in over-flowing gratitude for the

blessing which has resulted and will result from them. The success of prayer and faithful labour is in no degree doubtful. Seedtime must be followed by harvest. Faith already sees the feast of ingatherings which will last from this day month after month. She rejoices in what is yet to be revealed.

“And a ‘new song’ is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.”

TO GOD ALONE BE ALL THE GLORY.

Fellowship or Church Membership.

BY PASTOR E. DENNETT.

NOTHING is more obvious to those who have studied the Scriptures, than that it is the duty of every believer to unite himself with the people of God.

I. *The grounds of this duty.* (1) The fundamental ground of all is the essential unity of believers. We are one by nature. We have the same life, the same indwelling Spirit, the same Lord; or, to use the exact words of Scripture, there is “One body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.” And on this the exhortation is grounded, that we are to “endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace” (Eph. iv. 6). To maintain isolation, the one from the other, would thus be to contradict our oneness in Christ, and the consequent fact that we are members one of another. (2) The Lord Jesus himself desires us to manifest our unity. He thus prays: “That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe thou hast sent me.” The fulfilment of this prayer necessitates visible fellowship—makes it an imperative duty for every follower of Christ. (3) Many of the duties enjoined upon us can only be discharged in fellowship with other believers. We are bidden to rejoice with those who rejoice, to suffer with those who suffer, to minister to the wants one of another, to be to our fellow Christians, in a word, what Christ has been to us, in service and self-sacrifice. We cannot even partake of the Lord’s Supper if we stand alone. (4) In every place where the Gospel was first preached, those who were converted were gathered into an assembly or church. It was so in Jerusalem, in Rome, Corinth, Ephesus, Thessalonica—everywhere God’s people were united in fellowship. Hence, the letters of the inspired writers are addressed, as, for example: To “*the Church of God which is at Corinth*” (1 Cor. i. 2). (5) The confession of the name of Christ involves the same duty. On these, among other grounds, no believer is in his right position who has not sought fellowship with the people of God. Not only so, but out of fellowship, he places himself in great temptation and peril. To stand alone is ever a difficult task; and, when our standing alone contravenes the order of God, it is next to impossible that we should stand safely. Christ, indeed, is all-sufficient; but he pours his sufficiency through his own appointed channels—and, if we are outside these, we must not be surprised if he teach us our weakness and sin by suffering us to fall. If, then, you have believed, seek at once to be united with your fellow-believers.

II. *The purposes of fellowship.* It will help us, if we first explain clearly what is meant by the term “fellowship.” It is one constantly used in the New Testament, and is the same word with communion. That is to say, fellowship and communion are used to translate the same word from the

original. Its most simple meaning is to share something in common—or a common partnership. The purposes of church fellowship, then, are to share with our fellow-believers in all things which belong to them as the people of God. (1) We are to share with them in worship. Hence the exhortation, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." And it is of the utmost importance that we obey the injunction; for experience abundantly shows that there is a close connection between life and growth, and love for fellowship in worship. If, indeed, there are professing Christians who seldom thus unite with other believers—who only unite with them as often as they deem it necessary for the maintenance of their Christian character—it may be regarded as certain, that they are in a cold and unspiritual condition. It is a bad sign if we do not love the assemblies of God's people. (2) We are to share with them in all their obligations to service. Ministering to the wants of the poor, the sick, the afflicted—carrying the Gospel to those who are benighted, at home or abroad—all these duties devolve upon believers as united together as a corporate body. It is true that many of them may be discharged, in a way, individually. But it was not the Saviour's intention that they should be thus discharged; for all his directions on these points were given to the disciples collectively, or to churches through his servants. On this account, greater blessing may be expected on labour for Christ, in which the union of his people is manifestly seen. For thereby we honour him ourselves, and glorify his name before the world. (3) We are also to share with them in common blessings. "All things are ours." But, in God's dealing with souls, the blessings of his grace are often more fully realised by some than by others. If in fellowship, those who receive special blessings become the channel of blessings to all who are associated with them; "For we are members one of another," and, consequently, the joy of one is the joy of all, and the sorrow of one is the sorrow of all. How often has this been experienced in meetings for prayer or worship! We have gone, cold and barren; but, while assembled, God has made another to minister to our state, and we have returned to our homes rejoicing.

These are some of the purposes for which we unite in fellowship, according to the will of our Lord. They are so important—so essential for the maintenance of Christian life, as well as for the fulfilment of the responsibilities of our position—that no one can afford to neglect fellowship; for if he does, he both imperils his safety, and is disobedient to the expressed mind and will of God.

III. *The question may be asked, With whom shall we unite in fellowship?*

The question is important, as many a young convert is perplexed by the number of different bodies of Christians that exist round about him. It most generally follows that a convert unites himself with the people amongst whom he was brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light. Sometimes, however, he may have received his blessing by other instrumentalities; or, he removes to another locality, and, in such cases, the question becomes one of great perplexity. We will, then, lay down a few Scriptural rules that may be helpful at such a time, and in such a condition. (1) In the first place, it is a clear duty not to unite with any whose terms of fellowship contradict the Word of God. One example may be given. If the standards or creeds of any church contain the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, the real presence in the Lord's Supper, or the power of the human priesthood to absolve from sin, or any other false doctrine, you cannot, consistently with your duty to the Lord Jesus, unite with that church. And, be it especially observed, that it is not what is proclaimed from the pulpit, but what is embodied in their doctrinal terms of fellowship, or their doctrinal standards, that constitutes the foundation of fellowship. This general example admits of a wide application. Before, therefore, any one seeks fellowship with a church, he should examine its creeds and doctrines (for many Christian churches have such in a printed form) by the light of God's Word. (2) It is very important that you unite with the

church with which you most nearly agree; for agreement in doctrine and life is an essential condition of fellowship. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" And, it must be remembered, that the more perfect our fellowship, the more we honour our Lord. We have seen that he prayed that we "all might be one;" and he also said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Where this agreement does not exist, it is occasionally the cause of much disaster. We have seen cases of members of churches differing from the pastor, differing from the church, and using all their influence, covertly or openly, to destroy the unity of the church, and to mar its prosperity. The spectacle is not only unseemly, but unwittingly such are instruments of Satan. They, in fact, mangle the body of Christ. Hence the urgent importance of uniting with the church with which you are most at one.

(3) Once more, you should not unite with any church in which you would be expected to conceal any truth whatsoever. If it would constitute an offence to teach and propagate any doctrine of God's Word, you ought not to be found in such a place. Neither openly nor tacitly may we consent to hide anything that God has revealed to us. If we do, not only are we unfaithful to Christ, but we shut ourselves out from increasing light and knowledge. For if we are not faithful to what has been revealed, God will not reveal more. "To him that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken even that he hath."

These rules and remarks will be sufficient to supply an answer to the question proposed.

IV. *The duties of fellowship.* Most of these will be gathered from what has been said under its purposes. A word or two, in addition, will therefore suffice. (1) We belong to the church with which we are united. We ought, therefore, to hold ourselves at its disposal for service. (2) We are bound to submit to its discipline, if occasion should arise for its exercise, when administered according to the Word of God. (3) We must submit ourselves to its constituted authority, on the same condition—that the authority be exercised according to the Scriptures. (4) It is our duty to contribute, as God may prosper us, towards the necessary expenses of the church. (5) It need scarcely be added that service of love and self-sacrifice is owing from all to all.

The following Scriptures may be studied in connection with the above points. (1) Acts xv. 22; xiii. 1—3; 1 Cor. ix. 19; 2 Cor. iv. 5. (2) 1 Cor. v. and vi.; 2 Cor. ii. 1—11; 1 Thess. v. 14; 2 Thess. iii. 11—15. (3) 1 Thess. v. 12, 13; Heb. xiii. 17; 1 Peter v. 5, etc. (4) 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2; 2 Cor. viii. and ix. (5) On this point read carefully the First Epistle of John; and on the whole subject, the practical portions of the Epistles generally.

Fellowship, entered upon and carried out in the spirit thus advocated, will be no mean foretaste of the fellowship of heaven. By sin not only have the ties which bound man to God been rent asunder, but also those which bound him to his fellow. In Christ God is reconciled to believers, and believers are formed into one holy brotherhood, baptised into one body. Love is the great cementing power. God's love in Christ binds us to himself; and his love in our hearts flows out to all our brethren, and perfects our unity. Love, therefore, is the atmosphere, as indeed it is the condition of Christian fellowship. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John xiii. 35). The more perfect, therefore, our mutual love, the more perfect will be our mutual fellowship.

Reviews.

Lessons from Jesus; or, The Teachings of Divine Love. By W. P. BALFERN. Cheap edition. Passmore & Alabaster.

WE are glad that our publishers have issued a cheap edition of this gracious book. It will be read by many believers with much holy delight and profit. The gentle spirit of our beloved brother, who has been fitly styled "the Poet of the London Baptist Association," saturates all he writes with the sweetness which attracts and consoles.

The Lord My Portion; or, Daily Weeds Divinely Supplied. By DR. O. WINSLOW. Shaw & Co.

ONE of our tea-brokers declares that his article is ALWAYS GOOD ALIKE, and we think we may say the same of Dr. Winslow's writings, only we should feel bound slightly to alter the line and say, ALWAYS GOOD AND ALIKE. The book before us is really good, instructive, and spiritual; it contains a profitable meditation for each day of the month; and if read through during that time, and then passed on to a friend, might be the means of much edification.

Dogs, and their Doings. By Rev. F. O. MORRIS, B.A. Partridge & Co.

IT is marvellous how the status of dogs has been changed by Christianity; from being pests to humanity they have become "the friends of man." They appear even to be rising in education, for we observed the other day a drinking place labelled, "WATER FOR DOGS," which of course was not meant for us, but intended for learned mastiffs and reading spaniels. The sumptuous volume before us is not so much a plea for our canine companions as a canonization of them. If these are not the dog-days they are certainly glorious days for dogs, when they have Sir Edwin Landseer and Harrison Weir as artists in ordinary to their canine majesties, and books in their honour printed exquisitely, adorned richly with engravings, and bound in gorgeous livery. Who would not be a dog! We throw out the hint to all so-called jolly dogs, who now rank among men. Secede, join your namesakes, be as sober as they are,

and perhaps you will have your likenesses taken by Landseer himself. We wish this work a large circulation, for it deserves it. It will do great service in inculcating kindness to animals among young and old.

Morning and Evening Sacrifice; a Handbook for Domestic Worship. Compiled by J. DICKERSON DAVIES, M.A. Snow & Co.

A VERY good directory for reading the bulk of the Bible in the family in the course of two years. This may often spare the hurried dropping upon a chapter, which results in unsuitable portions being read, or in the repetition of the same portion to the neglect of the rest. We see there are a few outline prayers, and we join with the author in the hope that they will not be substituted for the spontaneous outflow of the heart.

The Stolen Child, and Other Tales. By the Author of "The Basket of Flowers." Oliphant & Co.

ONE of a very attractive series of books for the young, which will, we think, achieve a considerable reputation. We cannot find time to read each one. The names of the companion books are—"The Pet Lamb," "The Easter Eggs," and "The Young Artist."

"Magic Spectacles," by Chauncey Giles, issued by the same publishers, is a book which no child will weary of.

The Scots Worthies By JOHN HOWIE, of Lochgoin. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.

WE did not review this work while we had only a part of it in numbers, because we are not gifted with prophetic powers, and cannot foresee the value of a whole from the character of a part. Now that we have the entire volume before us we are more than satisfied. The work is standard history, and ought to be read by every Christian; and this edition of it is both profusely and suitably illustrated, thus greatly enhancing the value of the work.

"Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every part
Of our vast empire."

Stone Witnesses; or, what some Old Stones say about the Bible. By BURNETT TABRUM. Morgan & Chase.

By such little publications as this the marrow of large and expensive works is conveyed to the multitude. When we had read it we preached a sermon from it, read a chapter from it to our students, and then gave it away to a brother minister. What better evidence could we present of our appreciation of this capital sixpenny-worth?

Old Merry's Travels on the Continent: with numerous Illustrations. Hodder, & Stoughton.

A SPRIGHTLY, genial, gossipy, but practical guide to the Rhine and to a Swiss tour. Having traversed the ground we can vouch for the writer's accuracy, and for the hawk-like manner in which he sees and pounces upon the titbits wherever they may be.

Here may be the place to say how greatly we deplore the establishment of a lottery in connection with Old Merry's Magazine. We entreat the publishers to abstain in future from spreading a gambling spirit among our young people; and if they do not forbear the practice in future, we hope that no parent will allow the periodical to enter his house. This is written in the kindest spirit, but the evil is a very great one.

History of the Congregational Church, Cokermonth, being Selections from its own Records. By W. LEWIS. H. L. Judd & Co., 15, Little New Street, E.C.

THESE ancient records possess interest beyond the walls of Cokermonth, but they will be best prized at home. Congregationalists who value the memorials of their community will add this to their historical documents.

Gems and Pearls; a Collection of Choice Readings from many Writers. By Rev. GEORGE SHAW. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

QUITE a sufficiency of these collections may now be had, and we dare say they are all useful; but the least thing that makers of such *omnium gatherums* can do is to arrange their wares so that they may be serviceable to students; we are sorry that the compiler has not done so in this case. The extracts are very

good if not very striking, and had a simple index of subjects and texts been added we should have felt thankful. As, however, the profits are to be given to the distressed Filey fishermen, we must not look a gift horse in the mouth. There are many good and holy words in this little book, and we wish them a wide range.

Gleams from the Lamp of Life: or, Counsel and Comfort by the Way. By Rev. H. J. BROWNE, B.A., Senior Curate of the Parish Church, Cheltenham. Morgan, Chase, & Scott.

TWELVE brief but telling discourses, full of gospel truth, sure to be read, and we hope equally certain, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, to prove useful. We are glad that Cheltenham parish church has such a preacher, but we regret that he is a preacher in a parish church.

Memorials of Charles C. Mackintosh, D.D. By Rev. WM. TAYLOR, M.A. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

ONE of the earth's best men passed away when Dr. Mackintosh fell asleep. The Free Church of Scotland, has had many noble, gentle-hearted men, whose lion-like spirits were clothed with a dove-like meekness, and such was the departed minister of Tain and Dunoon. We were stirred as with the blast of a trumpet ringing out full and clear, while we read the specimens of his sermons. God give to England and Scotland ten thousand more like him, and we should soon see greater things than we have ever known. The editor's introduction is highly interesting. We never tire of reading anything which helps to throw fresh light upon, or to illustrate that grand page of our National history—the Disruption of 1843. As, one by one, the giants of that victory for truth are called away, we do well to express afresh our admiration for their self-denial and heroism. May their mantle fall on each of us. We commend this book to all our brethren, with an extra injunction to our Evangelical brethren in the Establishment to read the day's diary—"1843. May 18th.—A memorable day for Scotland; separated, with all my heart, from the State." Brother in the Establishment, "go thou and do likewise."

The Bible Student. Hodder & Stoughton.

A GOOD book for teachers. If our readers are not acquainted with it in its monthly form, we gladly call their attention to it. It is one of the best of many works adapted to help the goodly band of Sunday School workers, whom may God increase and bless a hundredfold.

The Spanish Brothers: a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By the Author of "The Dark Year of Dundee." Nelson & Sons.

THE highest encomiums are due to this deeply interesting record of a noble period in Spanish history. The volume is most sumptuously arrayed, and elegantly printed; it will take a very high place among religious descriptive narratives.

The Child and the Book; a Manual of Method for Sunday School Teachers and other Instructors. By ROBERT DUNNING and JOSEPH HASSELL. Sunday School Union.

A TEACHER who could master and act upon the main principles of this manual would be sure to become a superintendent, or else a *rara avis* among teachers, for it contains the practical metaphysics of instruction. We do not, however, think much will come of it. As eloquence cannot be learned in the elocution class, so neither can the way of winning the attention and moving the heart be discovered by the examination of plans and methods. The best rods and lines, and the neatest artificial flies, will not enable some men to catch fish, while a ragged boy with a stick, a bit of cotton, and a pin, will sometimes draw out the finny creatures by scores. There is a knack in the business, a sort of spiritual tact, which good teachers seem to fall upon by instinct, and which hundreds of methodical instructors know no more about than of the way of the eagle in the air. Books like this are most useful to the best teachers, and least serviceable to those who take most notice of literal rules and miss their spirit. The gentlemen who have written this manual are men of large experience, and what they have written will, most of it, be endorsed by practical men.

The Lost Found, and the Wanderer Welcomed. By Rev. W. M. TAYLOR, M.A., of the United Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co.

SEVEN excellent discourses, containing a complete pulpit commentary upon the glorious fiftteenth of Luke. We confess a very great liking to books of this order. Brief courses of sermons upon some one chapter, judiciously condensed before submission to the compositor, greatly enrich our stores of exposition; and are admirable aids to preachers by suggesting acceptable modes of instruction. The little volume now under our eye will be placed among our selected expositions for our own use; but if we had a second copy, we should feel that in giving it to a beggar at the door we had bestowed upon him a book suitable to his understanding, and calculated to lead him to the cross.

A Manual for Young Christians; being a Guide to their Path, Position, and Service. By EDWARD DENNETT. Elliot Stock.

MR. DENNETT did notable service to the cause of truth by his work upon the Plymouth Brethren, which we commended warmly some few months ago; his present contribution to the welfare of the church is even more valuable. Pastors of baptised churches will look long and far before they find such a manual for their young people as this. It is so comprehensive, so sententious, so judicious, so spiritual, so scriptural, that to our mind it leaves nothing to be wished for except a general distribution throughout all our churches. It should be gone through by our Bible classes, and it might with advantage be read by all our members. We give elsewhere a chapter from it upon Church Membership, as well to justify our encomium as to excite a desire to purchase it. We do not know the price, but we suppose it would be eightpence or two shillings.

The Christian Witness, and Christian's Penny Magazine, two organs of the Congregationalists, are well conducted, earnest, and useful.

The Sword and the Trowel Volume for 1870 can still be had of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. Its articles are of permanent interest, and it makes an attractive book; therefore our sale for this volume is large.

The Royal Wedding: the Banquet and the Guests. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster.

THIS little book, neatly bound, costs only one shilling, or in a paper cover sixpence. We have issued it as a memorial of the marriage of the Princess Louise, in the hope that it may win the eye of some who otherwise might not read the gospel. Christian reader, help us to spread abroad the invitation of the Great King.

Till the Doctor Comes, and How to Help Him. By G. H. HOPE, M.D., M.R.C.S.E. Religious Tract Society.

MANY lives have been lost because of the ignorance, the flurry, the folly of those who have seen an accident and ought to have been of service in it. Every householder ought to make himself acquainted with this little book, and it would not be a bad thing to have it taught in our day schools. Certainly all the senior classes should study it. Philanthropists should give this little practical guide to the poor around them: everybody should read it and disseminate it. In these times, when one of the plainest facts connected with medicine is being denied, it is well that the public should hear such a testimony as the following as to the value of vaccination for the small-pox:—"I have myself had numbers of patients who have been completely covered with small-pox—inside the eyelids, ears, nose, mouth, and in the throat—but I have never yet seen a person die, or lose the sight, or be disfigured, who had been properly and successfully vaccinated. This then is your duty. Get yourself and children vaccinated; let no foolish person persuade you against it; and if small-pox breaks out near you, have it done again."

Life of Sir Walter Scott. By the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN, Dundee. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co.

MR. GILFILLAN has here a subject with which he is quite at home; he therefore writes with great vivacity and

ability, and displays his remarkable abilities to much advantage. To ourselves and other old fogies who are not easily bewitched by novelists, the life of Sir Walter is by no means so full of interest as it is to our author: he conceives Scott's name and fame to be "only inferior in extent, and probably equal in duration, to those of Homer and Shakspeare." We shall not dispute the opinion, but are equally convinced that "he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he."

A Life's Labours in South Africa: the Story of the Life-work of Robert Moffat, Apostle to the Bechuana Tribes. John Snow.

WE reckoned it a high honour to grasp the hand of Robert Moffat. He is one of the princes of our Israel. The God of heaven and earth crown his last days with the choicest mercies of the covenant. The present "story" is not at all the same as that which we all read in our boyhood, but is quite a distinct affair. It ought to have an incomparably large circulation. We had far rather be Moffat, than the King of Prussia; a crown of glory awaits him before which the imperial diadem of Germany shrinks into contempt.

Lights and Shadows in the Life of David. By CHARLES VINCE. Elliot Stock.

THOSE who are acquainted with the great ability and wide influence of Mr. Vince will know beforehand that he touches every subject with the hand of a master. Birmingham recognises in him a leader, and the Baptist denomination loves and honours him. We are glad to see him turning his pen to such work as this. The more expository works the better. Force and beauty are blended in the style, and the sermons are such as will live among the best examples of the modern pulpit. Personally we could have wished that the current of thought had run more near the foot of the cross, so as to have allowed a more frequent introduction of the work and person of the Son of David; but our business is rather with what is, than with what is not before us; and we esteem it so highly that we hope more will be speedily forthcoming from the same well-stored garner.

The Brooklet: a Monthly Magazine.

Edited by W. J. MAYERS. Price One Penny.

THIS is a little venture of our good, zealous friend, W. J. Mayers, of Battersea, who promises to be one of the most useful of our College brethren. It is a paper calculated to be useful, and fitted for distribution. It ought to have a publisher in the Row, but can be had post free for three-halfpence of Mr. Buckmaster, Newton Butts, near the Tabernacle.

Sunday Schools of the Future. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. James Clarke & Co.

WE think very highly of this treatise. Its

chapters are brief but full. Every teacher will be the better for a careful perusal of it. Superintendents should pass it round, and let every teacher study it.

Stories of the Olden Time. From De Joinville and Froissart. Arranged by M. JONES. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

EPISODES in history, narrated after the manner of the old chroniclers. There are no moral or religious teachings deduced from the stories; they are given as found; but they are such as have held the world's ear, and will hold it till the crack of doom. When that will be we do not know, nor does Dr. Cumming.

We have given this month an unusually large space to reviews, but have still to apologize that so many works remain unnoticed. We cannot keep pace with the press now that it uses steam. Some authors whom we have criticised think us unjust and severe. This is very natural; but after giving all weight to their appeals and rejoinders, we can only say, "*what we have written, we have written.*" People who do not wish for an honest judgment need not send us their books: we do not ask for them, and when they come to us we say what we think, whether we offend or please. Ours is not the "*Mutual Admiration Review,*" edited by Professor Von Flatterman. We decline answering any letter about the foresaid reviews. On all hands we hear our brief notices highly praised, except by the culprits upon whom we lay our gentle lash.

A Pastor's Note.

I HAVE just returned from a visit to a poor member of my church. For upwards of sixty years she lived in partial blindness, through a cataract on her right eye. Six months ago I visited her, when her left eye had also failed, and she was almost totally blind. She could not see to do anything, and being naturally active and industrious, she was very miserable. In her tidy little chamber which she occupied both by day and night, she helplessly sat weeping. It seemed, moreover, in her affliction, as if a horror of great darkness had fallen upon her spirit, for her heart was greatly troubled. In this sad condition she was advised to visit the Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, London. The very suggestion filled her with dismay, and through many long, sleepless nights her imagination conjured up the most painful scenes of lonely sufferings. At length, however, she was prevailed upon to go, and a poor neighbour was "eyes to the blind." Be it said, to the honour of the officers of this charity, this Christian woman was met at the doors of the Institution in the kindest manner. She was received as an in-door patient; the operation was successfully performed upon *both* her eyes, with little or no pain, for which the discoverer of chloroform be thanked. She is now able to read her Bible and hymn-book again, a cheerful, and—I had almost said—another woman. A disciple indeed, she is truly grateful for the tender mercies she has thus received. In the exuberance of her new joy, she well nigh forgets her many years of partial blindness, although one cannot but wish that she had been cured when a child. Many of the pleasures incident to perfect vision have been lost to her through ignorance of the remedy, and even when at

the eleventh hour, the existence of the hospital was made known to her, what fearful agonies she endured at the bare prospect of entering within its walls! But the experience of a free and perfect remedy, combined with uniform tenderness, has uprooted her prejudices, and scattered her fears to the winds.

Hear the parable of the restored woman. What spiritual light and innumerable pleasures do they for ever lose, who do not come to Jesus when they are young! How many harassing fears are entertained through ignorance of the great Physician, who healeth all our diseases without money and without price! Both the misery of ignorance, and the ignorance of inexperience are very great, "That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you. This then, is the message which we have heard of him, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: but if we walk in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

JOHN JACKSON.

Sevenoaks, January 3rd, 1870.

Memoranda.

THE Annual Conference of Pastors who were formerly students at our College will have been held before this magazine reaches our readers. About one hundred and sixty ministers are expected. March 28, 29, 30, and 31 will be spent in fellowship with each other, and we trust also with the Lord Jesus Christ. Among the events of our annual gathering is the supper, which our beloved brother and deacon, T. R. Phillips, Esq., gives to the friends of the institution. It is provided on an imperial scale, the guests appear greatly delighted on every occasion, and the result is in every case a very large addition to the College Funds. The Lord our God reward our noble-hearted brother for his long-continued liberality to us in this hospitable way.

We have received this month some noble help for our work, for which may the Lord be praised. Our friend, Mr. Gosling, of Charsfield, has presented us with £600 for the College and Orphanage, for which we are deeply grateful. Our esteemed friend is thus acting as his own executor, and glorifying God by not grasping his substance even to the last hour, but consecrating it to the Redeemer's cause.

Our friend, Mr. Priest, of Morden, who sent us a sheep for the Orphanage in the beginning of the year, has now sent a pig, which made a nice change of food for the boys. Our beloved brother, Mr. Thomas May, sent us fourteen sacks of potatoes; and Mr. Thompson has kept up the generous character of our Scotch friends by sending no less than a ton of potatoes for the same object. To these and all other kind friends we offer gratitude, without prescribing how much. Our health report

is "all well," but one dear child has died of consumption.

On Wednesday, March 22nd, we opened a new chapel at Cheam, surrounded by a crowded congregation. The church is but a little one, but we pray the Lord to send prosperity. Growing villages near London should early be supplied with the gospel of Christ. Being on the spot, the friends will be ready for greater things as the population increases. Our friends will after every exertion be in debt; and we wish that generous Christians in the neighbourhood would help them.

Our student, Mr. Sandwell, has succeeded admirably at Eastbourne: a church has been formed, a chapel projected, and a very hopeful congregation gathered. Our friends need £2,000 in order to build a suitable place, and money will be well invested if sent to us for their help.

Our church at Portslade, near Brighton, progresses most cheerfully. We hope other towns in the South may offer open doors for us.

We have sent our friend, Mr. Lardner, from the College, to endeavour to raise a Baptist Interest in Ulverstone. He had quite a large congregation on the Sabbath evening. We should like to do similar work in all the large towns of that region, but need friends in each place to form a nucleus.

A new Baptist Church was formed March 8th at Arthur Street, Clifton Road, Peckham; Mr. Fulton pastor. We wish the little cause a history of growth, grace, and usefulness.

We have most encouraging news of brethren Mark Noble, Shaddick, Stote, and

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th, to March 19th, 1871.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
L. C. H.	1 0 0	The Misses Martin	2 9 0
First Fruits	0 5 0	Mrs. Hill	0 10 0
A Working Man, Fordell	0 2 0	Mrs. Smith	0 8 11
Mr. Tansley	1 11 6	Mr. H. Smith	1 5 6
W. A. M.	0 2 7	Mr. Fuller	0 15 3
Little Savings, Y. Z.	0 7 0	Mr. Thorne and Friends... ..	1 10 0
S. S., Camberwell	0 5 0	Matt. xxv. 40	1 18 0
Mr. Westrop	2 0 0	Graig	0 5 0
A Baptist Family, Dorsetshire	1 0 0	A Friend, per Mrs. Dring	1 0 0
Children attending the Halbeath Sunday School	0 3 7	Mr. J. Robertson	5 0 0
Miss McNaught	1 0 0	Misses H. and E. Heap	0 5 0
Miss Camps	0 5 6	A Widow	0 5 0
Mr. T. H. Holroyd... ..	1 0 0	Lieutenant A. Teevan	2 0 0
Miss Cook	0 9 8	Friends at Wootton-under-Edge and Kingswood, per Mrs. Griffiths	11 11 0
Master Spurgeon	0 13 6	Mr. John Griffiths... ..	3 9 0
Mr. G. L. Miller	0 5 0	Mrs. Peckham	0 5 0
Mr. H. Giffard	1 0 0	Mr. Walker	0 2 0
A Widow, per Lillah	1 1 0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1 13 7
Mr. G. Holden	0 5 0	A Friend, per Mr. Charlesworth	5 0 0
Mr. W. Parkes	0 3 0	Annual Subscriptions—	
Mr. G. Seiwright	0 5 0	Per Mrs. Withers—	
Kelso	0 2 6	Mr. Boorne	0 10 0
αμαρτολογ	0 10 0	Mr. R. Oakshott	0 5 0
Mrs. Vynne	0 11 0	Mr. J. Huntley	0 10 0
Mr. J. Hosie... ..	0 5 0	Mr. W. J. Palmer	0 10 0
Mrs. Kersey	0 16 6	Mr. J. O. Cooper	0 5 0
Miss Mary E. Hall	5 0 0	Mr. J. Leach	0 5 0
Collected by Master Edwin Fisher	2 1 7	Mr. W. Moore	0 5 0
E. K.	1 0 0	Mr. J. Withers	0 5 0
S. M. S.	1 0 0	Mrs. Blackman	0 1 1
Miss Poole	2 0 0		2 18 1
A Little One... ..	1 0 0		£51 10 3
Mr. E. W. Davies	5 0 0		
Safe of Gold Watch	7 0 0		

A Thankoffering from a Farmer, for Deliverance from Hail Storms, £3 5s. 6d., included in £5 5s., collected by Mr. Daintree, acknowledged last month.

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions—		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Bishop Auckland District, per R. Hedley, Esq. (quarterly)	7 10 0	Mr. Gregory... ..	1 0 0		
Mr. F. A. Jones (half-yearly)	2 10 0	Mr. A. Wilson, Toronto	2 0 0		
Donations—		S. M. S.	1 0 0		
Mr. Westrop	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Haroldwood	1 9 0½		
A Constant Reader	0 6 0				£17 15 0½
Mr. Lang	1 0 0				

Orphanage Infirmary.

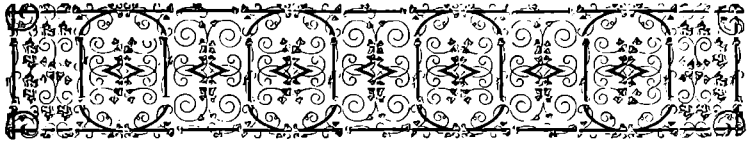
J. C. £1 0 0

For Boys at Orphanage.—Master Spurgeon, 6d; Harry and Clara, 5s.

Presents for the Orphanage—A Sack of Flour and a Bushel of Peas, Mr. Cannon; Fifty Quarters of Bread, One Hundred lbs. of Cake, Forty lbs. of Sugar, Two lbs. of Tea, four lbs. of Butter, Twenty lbs. of Meat, from the Tabernacle after the Butchers' Tea; Fourteen Sacks of Potatoes, Mr. May; A Pig, weighing Twelve Stone, Mr. Priest; A Ton of Potatoes, Mr. Thompson.

[Funds entrusted to Mr. Spurgeon for various objects are not always acknowledged in this Magazine, but will be so in every case in which donors desire it.]

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY 1, 1871.

Among the Whitecross Street Dealers.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

DOES any one wish to realise some of the many difficulties which low London presents to the earnest evangelist, of whom we have so often written in these pages?—let him visit on a Sabbath morning one of the most unlikely spots for successful mission work to be found in our great metropolis. Are any sceptical as to the truthfulness of what has been written of the lowest classes of London poor?—let them seek an illustration of their wretchedness and misery in Whitecross Street some fine Sunday morning, at the hour when the church bells are ringing to inform “dearly beloved Roger” and his family that the church will be quite empty without their presence.

Whitecross Street is not an unimportant thoroughfare. It is in the heart of the City, only a few minutes’ walk from St. Paul’s. Famous is it for its prison for debtors: while the longer and more densely peopled part is famous for its street market for the poor. Crowded on several days in the week, it is still more crowded on the Sunday morning. Locomotion is more than difficult to respectable persons—it is sometimes perilous. Clearly, this is not the place in which to sport your bran-new Sunday best. Be thankful if you may drift on with the mass, and are not huddled up in a corner or jostled by a burly costermonger against some jolly, broad-backed, bonnet-less, shawl-less dame, and made to receive—protests of innocence notwithstanding—unpleasant and unmerited revilings. Observe all you can, good friend, but do not stare at one thing for one section of a moment, lest you be, even in that

brief space of time, minus a pocket-handkerchief or a gold watch. Look knowing, if you will—perhaps as you must—but not “too knowing;” lest some graceless rascal prove to a demonstration (though he knows nothing of Euclid, and you do) that he is sharper than you. Ah, what problems are demonstrated here! Here is proved every day how, and under what circumstances, the poorest of the poor can manage on their miserable pittance to live with some show of satisfaction. Here you may learn upon what the hungriest feed; what the humblest can get for the decoration of their ungainly, or delicate, or buxom persons. Are you surprised to find so many lasses unblest with a single shilling wearing ear-rings that glitter in the sun, and brooches so prodigiously big and so flashy? Behold on that tray of valueless invaluable the full solution of your difficulty. How you smiling girls budding into life’s spring-tide of glowing hope, eye the trumpery things they value so highly. Perhaps you have wondered why some of the poor never seemed to have a new dress—no, not even a new-cotton dress, that commonest of all common articles of cleanly attire. Behold here the solution of that problem which your Euclid would not help you to solve. Hung up by the street-door, or exposed in the shop-window, are dresses by the score that need more than the dressmaker’s art to secure them from falling to pieces. Such dresses! Where have the bright colours gone? How many ages ago did they begin to fade? Who has worn them? and how many wearers? and where are they now? Those once thick shawls that might have come from Paisley, or might once have been imitations of the Paisley shawl, are now of no pattern whatever—in what ages of antiquity had they any? Do you ignorantly conclude that the thousand and one kitchen trifles which in the aggregate cost you so much each year, are denied to the humbler folk whom your kindly heart compassionates? Here your mistake can be cleared up. Housewives are invited to buy assortments of kitchen necessaries for one penny that cost you six times that amount; while little heaps of vegetables of various kinds are disposed of for the same sum. Indeed, the penny reigns supreme here, and is unrivalled. Meat-jacks for one penny, live birds (that you are assured will sing) for one penny, ear-rings, children’s frocks and underclothing at one penny, also stockings and handkerchiefs, towels, and a splendid assortment of wall papers, to decorate the room in as ambitious a way as you please, in all the colours of the rainbow, also one penny. Not much profit, you say, to be made out of such absurdly cheap commodities; more profit by far I readily and sadly admit does Mr. Boniface the spirit-dealer get out of his pernicious drugs. But these costermongers and street-dealers seem to be doing a roaring trade: their roar, at least, being indisputable. Barrows are indigenous here. There are hundreds of them on week-days—on the Sunday, baskets and trays alone are permitted, and the number of make-shifts for barrows is great. A friend counted one Sabbath morning *three hundred and seventy-two* persons who were selling something in this one street, and so great is the variety of the articles offered for sale that you need lack nothing digestible or indigestible—not even the portrait of your popular minister, whose flaming picture is huddled up with those of the favourites of the stage or the gallows. Even literature as well as the fine arts has a pretence

of a sale here; while an antiquated stock of dusky-brown stationery, at six sheets a penny, reminds you that some few are able to write. There is a lugubrious, seedy-looking dealer in sarsaparilla wine, cough lozenges, rhubarb, and other medicinal preparations, who invites the passer-by to "taste-'em," assuring them with much considerateness that they are not "obligated to buy." We need hardly add that all the boys surrounding the stall do feel "obligated" to taste, not the rhubarb, but the lozenges; but purchasers, we fear, are to be found alone among the adults.

In the midst of this universal hubbub, who would think of another and a more welcome voice uttering its cry? If there be a place where a street preacher is out of place, surely it is here. If there be a need for powerful lungs that can utter sounds louder than those blasts of a trombone with which we are favoured when our nerves are more than usually sensitive, surely it must be with the man who essays to preach near such a tumult. His is not the voice of one crying in a wilderness, but in a Babel of contrary sounds; and yet, taking a position in a turning near this lively scene, he manages to be heard by his loud speaking. Some few who have bought their Sunday dinners stay to listen, and as they are welcome under any conditions, and however heavily burdened, to the mission-room close by, they sometimes avail themselves of the offer for an hour. This mission-room is next door to a shop which was let last year to a showman, who illustrated the exterior by fiery looking daubs representing the taking of Magdala, and the Indian's dance of death; and it was in competition with these attractions that a good Wesleyan-Baptist brother sought to labour. It was our privilege to preach at one of the opening services of this hall in May, 1868, and we are glad to find that Mr. Vigeon, who conducts the Whitecross Street mission, has been greatly useful. The hall is only a stone's throw from the building where our Right Rev. Friend the Bishop of Golden Lane scatters his golden truths to his thankful congregation. There is no fear of rivalry; here is "ample room and verge enough" for a colony of Orsmans. Would that such a useful colony could be found! Besides, Mr. Vigeon is happy in having the sympathy and help of so noble a co-worker in the same field; and we rather think both are the better for such sympathy. In the battle against vice and godlessness may both slay their tens of thousands! The said Bishop has several followers in this his diocese who on week-days sell goods in Whitecross Street. One of his boys is engaged to ring a large hand-bell for a tradesman who deals after the style of Mr. Cheap John. One of the regular attendants at the Golden Lane cathedral (and if there be no tower thereto there is an open belfry, and a bell that gives forth no uncertain sound at 10.45 A.M. and 6.15 P.M.) is a dealer in cuttings of velvet for coat collars at a penny a piece; another is a vendor of roast chestnuts; and some of Mr. Orsman's curates, who evangelise in their way, without vestments or surplices, legal or illegal—*à la* Purchas or *à la* Ryle—gain their livelihood in ways equally unclerical and singular.

Mr. Vigeon's work in Whitecross Street is purely honorary, and therefore more likely to be successful than the work of those who are paid for their services. Since he commenced his labours, he has opened five rooms, and his hall is every Sabbath evening crowded. In the

morning, there is open-air preaching before the service in the hall, and in the evening the various courts are visited and short services held. On a Wednesday evening a special service for children is held, when there are usually from 180 to 200 children present. These meetings are rather unique in character, and the plan adopted has proved so successful that we gladly quote it from the last report:—"The numbers gathered are encouraged to regularly attend by the distribution of tickets on the following system: Every child on departure receives a yellow ticket, which announces the services, and when the child can show four of them a red ticket is given in exchange. The following is the arrangement of prizes: A prize for three red tickets, and a Bible for six red tickets; and in the event of twelve red tickets being produced, a handsome Bible or some useful book is presented. The service is conducted exactly as an ordinary service in a chapel, sometimes the preaching taking the form of an address, a sermon, a narrative from the Scriptures, or a tale of the character of 'Jessica's First Prayer;' by which means the Saviour is held up as the only refuge from the wrath to come." Mr. Orsman has a similar service, attended by children who formerly spent their Sunday evenings in the gutter. The children appreciate these services so highly that "the most successful way of punishing the refractory is to threaten them with exclusion for a week or two." They are treated to plenty of lively singing, and everything that can make the service interesting is done. No prizes are given in this case. A curious feature of these services is the juvenile prayer meeting. "Teacher, please," said a bright blue-eyed little girl, "are we goin' to 'ave a prayer-meeting to-night?" "No, my dear!" "Oh! do, please." "Why, Bessie?" "Cos my father got into trouble last night, and I do want him prayed for!" The teacher complied, and about twenty elder boys and girls remained behind to pray with Bessie, to lighten her sorrowful little heart. One day, the teacher of the Free Day-school asked if any boy or girl had ever had any answers to prayer. Several hands were held up. A little girl, who earned a few pence on Saturdays by assisting a hat-box maker, said that on the previous week the boxes wouldn't dry, and if not taken into the warehouse by two o'clock, her employer would not get his money nor would the girl. She said, "Mother and baby was ill, and father was out of work; if I didn't get my money we should get nothing to eat on Sunday, so I went down into the cellar and knelt down, and I prayed, 'Dear Jesus, you know if the work is not dried off I shan't get my money. Do please dry it off.'" Her face brightened up as she exclaimed, "And he *did* dry it, teacher, and I got my money."* Mr. Orsman assures us that many of these little ones are bread-winners to the family, and are permitted, in consequence, to bring their work to the school, when practicable. Their pay, he says, is pitiful. For sewing twenty-four braces they receive twopence. Others are employed in making toys, cutting skewers, doll making, covering buttons, wire-plaiting for bonnet shapes, at miserable prices. Artificial-flower makers are soon recognised by the yellow appearance of their hair. This is caused by the arsenic used in colouring. The fern-like spray tipped with glass "dew-drops," worn by ladies so extensively, is made by these

* "A Brief Statement of a Year's Voluntary Evangelistic Work carried on after Office Hours," etc. By W. J. ORSMAN. London: Passmore & Alabaster.

little nimble hands. The bead-threaders receive a farthing per gross for this work. "Some who do this work are only five years old; others a little older are turned out in the streets to sell fusees, newspapers, or flowers, when they ought to remain at school."

The eldest boys are taught to patch their own clothes, and our friend grimly observes that as they only possess a single suit the meeting is, of necessity, strictly private. Their gratitude may be roughly expressed, but it is genuine. "I say, teacher, don't you be afeerd of ever havin' to go to the workus, we'll see as yer never wants a crust. Wait till we gits to be men, and we'll look arter yer!"

How different this case from that of a Whitecross Street boy met with by the correspondent of a London newspaper at the Angel, Isington. His name, he said, was John Galloper:—

"And how do you get a living, John?" "You don't want to hear no lies, Mister?" "Certainly not." "Then I don't get a living at all; I lets the living get itself." "But you must either provide for yourself or somebody provides for you; which is it?" "It's a kind of mixshure of both, I suppose," returned John Galloper, with a laugh; and after a little reflection, "it comes somehow; I don't trouble *myself*." "How old are you?" "Older than you may think," answered John Galloper, with a wink of a middle-aged horse dealer; "I'm thirteen last birthday." "And you do no work?" "I ain't above a job if I tumble across it." "Sometimes you beg?" "Per'aps *you* might call it beggin'." "Sometimes you steal?" "Oh! come, yer know, you're a-comin' it a little too hot now. It's a mixshure. I tell you you'd better call it a mixshure, and say no more about it." "I tell you what, my young friend," I said, "it seems to me that unless you alter your ways there can be little doubt as to what the end of all this will be." John Galloper broke off a bit from the purloined crust in his pocket, and calmly masticated it as he looked up to the ceiling. "You'll become a convict, and sent to drudge in misery to the end of your life in some stone quarry." "Ah, all right," said John Galloper, evidently growing restless; "we'll see about that when we gets there."

It is Mr. Vigeon's aim to train every believer as a home missionary. The principle is sound, and the fact that efforts are made to instruct each person in Bible truths, and that new converts have expounded unto them the way of God more perfectly, shows that the application of the principle is wise. Each Christian becomes a visitor, either to the sick, or to those who do not attend any religious service. The visitors' reports illustrate the difficulties which beset their work, but they also illustrate the far-reaching energy of the grace of God. In one case, a sick widow was visited, who refused to listen to any religious counsel, and peremptorily ordered the visitor out of her room. Kindness and persistence won her round, and instead of repelling these kind offices, she welcomed them, and at length became convinced of sin and was converted to Christ. Nor is this a solitary instance of God's blessing upon tact and perseverance in this good work. It does not follow that the case is hopeless because on the first visit the door is slammed in your face. People get to be as much ashamed of such treatment, as you to fear its continuance. Mr. Vigeon conducts each Sunday afternoon a Bible-class for working men. In the immediate neighbourhood there is a hall where atheists indulge in their amplified nothings, much to their own delight and to the harm of the working men and girls and boys who make up their Sunday evening auditory. To counteract some of the evils arising

from this pernicious teaching, the Bible-class is held, when objections that are candidly put are answered, and further light thrown upon what are to some dark mysteries. Thus, men who ordinarily waste the precious hours of the Sabbath in indolence and viciousness are brought under happier and nobler influences. On the week evening there are classes for secular instruction, and these seem to be prized. The ignorance of the denizens of these courts is appalling; ignorance produces apathy, and such apathy as you may see here is almost unconquerable. Yet a half-yearly competitive examination—think of it, competitive examinations in Whitecross Street!—has resulted somewhat favourably. Two young men living in a lodging-house obtained prizes; a young woman, “unable to write, scarcely able to read, and entirely ignorant of the Bible” a year before, can both read and write very well, and she can also “read her title clear to mansions in the skies.” The great want of this district is helpers—efficient teachers who have a little more leisure than those already engaged, who are detained at their work until eight o'clock in the evening. It is, however, frequently found that those who have least leisure have most inclination to labour for Christ, whilst those whose opportunities are great, are less anxious to use them for the advantage of others.

We commend this mission to the denizens of Whitecross Street and its adjacent courts. Wisely directed, it may become a great power for good. Its leader is a man of considerable energy and force of character, and of a kind heart; he labours in his own way, and that way is one of the best.

A Day in Prison.

IN the reign of Charles II., many godly ministers were in prison, and among them were Mr. Oliver Heywood and Mr. Whitaker. It is interesting to note how they spent their time. The place of confinement was York Castle, and, all things considered, they were more comfortable than could have been expected. The manner in which Mr. Heywood usually spent the day is described by himself. “After our rising, we kneeled down, and I went to prayer with my wife. She in her closet, and I in the chamber, went to secret prayer alone. Then I read a chapter in the Greek Testament, while I took a pipe. Then a chapter in the Old Testament, with Poole’s Annotations. Then wrote a little in my diary or elsewhere. At ten o’clock, I read a chapter, and went to prayer with my wife, as family prayer. Then wrote in some book or treatise I was composing till dinner. After dinner, Mr. Whitaker and I read in turn for an hour, in Fox’s Acts and Monuments of Martyrs, Latin edition. Then went to my chamber; if my wife were absent, I spent an hour in secret prayer, and God helped usually. After supper, we read in the Book of Martyrs, studied, went to prayer, and read in Baxter’s Paraphrase on the New Testament.” Truly this was making the wilderness of imprisonment to rejoice and blossom as the rose. The devil did these saints a good turn when he locked them up.

Sabbath Meditations.

WE have lately fallen in with a little work, entitled, "*A Christian's Delight; or, Morning Meditations upon One Hundred Choice Texts of Scripture.*" By MARITIUS BOHEMUS. It is dated 1654, is exceedingly rich, and to the best of our knowledge has never been re-printed. We purpose, if practicable, to give four or five Meditations each month for Sabbath reading, believing that they will be found instructive and suggestive.

I.—CHRIST'S POWER IN OUR WEAKNESS.

"That the power of Christ may rest upon me."—2 Cor. xii. 9.

Ἐπισκηνώσῃ may be rendered thus—*That the power of Christ may dwell in me*, as a glorious king dwells in his glorious palace. Or *may spread a tent over me*, as a captain-general that goes forth to conquer spreads his tent in the field. Or *may erect a tabernacle on me*, wherein the power of Christ may lodge and rest. Or *may make a stage of me*, to act itself, and to show forth its actings to open, public view; to become an admirable spectacle to the world, as in a theatre. All these expressions are little enough to serve for the setting out of the emphasis of the Greek word ἐπισκηνώσῃ. Christ's power makes choice of man's weakness on purpose to discover and display itself in the utmost extent of its own efficiency in our greatest imbecility. When we are most sensible of our own impotency, then we must infallibly look for his omnipotency. O gracious soul, wherefore dost thou complain and say, "My grace is weak, and I am the weakest, the poorest, the most worthless wretch that ever did live and breathe"? Christ's sufficiency will supply all thy deficiency; Christ's *blood* is valid enough to satisfy for thy sinful defects, and his *power* strong enough to rescue thee out of all thy infirmities. If thou art *insufficient*, Christ is *all-sufficient*. What! dost thou think that Christ is but a *baby*, able to do nothing for thee? Or what dost thou make of Christ? Dost thou make but a *bungler* of him in the business of salvation, that can save the strong and not the weak? Know this, that Christ's *power* is the *power of God*, and thy weakest weakness is not too weak to be strengthened by him. It is the proper and peculiar effect of his power to make up for our weaknesses. Eph. i. 18, 19. Did we but know "the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power," our weakness might rather *raise* our faith with encouragement than *cast it down* with discouragements. When Christ rears up a *tabernacle* for himself, he takes not the tallest and strongest *limber-sticks*, but purposely chooseth the weakest *reeds and rushes*; and by his incomparable power he puts such *strength* into them that they shall bear the greatest *stress*, and outlast the highest cedars and firmest oaks. O admirable Master-builder! God was more gloriously seen in the wilderness, "when the ark of God dwelt in *curtains*" (which are but weak and subject to be worn with wind and weather), and when God "walked in a *tent* and in a *tabernacle*" (2 Sam. vii. 6), than

afterwards when the great Temple was built of huge stones and tall cedar-trees, when God's ways were less miraculous. Let us fetch an advantage from *our weakness* to rest more confidently upon *the strength of Christ*. Matt. xii. 20.

II.—THE RIGHTEOUSNESS WHICH IS OF FAITH.

“For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doeth those things shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach.”—Romans x. 5—8.

WE need not betake ourselves to a secret *cabala*, or mystical and allegorical conception, to find out the right interpretation of this place, and to make good the apostle's allegation in order to his scope. The apostle is clear and plain enough without it. He argueth only *à minore ad majus*,* alleging the place of Moses, verse 5, out of Leviticus xviii., which speaketh of the law, for and on behalf of the gospel or of the righteousness of faith. His argument runneth excellently thus, well agreeing to the apostle's purpose, if it be but well observed: “If Moses could say thus and thus of the law and the righteousness thereof, which law is near to every man in his natural conscience; much more then may we say thus and thus of the gospel, or of the righteousness of faith, which comes as near to us, yea, nearer by the inward operation and inward application of the Spirit.” This is a most strong and invincible argument for our justification by faith in Christ, drawn out of Moses' own words. If the man that “doth the law” of Moses, should be justified by the perfect doing of it (which doing was yet impossible by reason of the distance and enmity betwixt man's heart and God's law, although the law be home-born, and bred in the conscience of men); then how much more shall that man be justified that takes hold of Christ's righteousness by faith, whereby God's wrath is appeased, the law of God is new printed in his heart, and also his heart is reconciled to the law of God, and made in love with it, so that there is a nearer affinity and closer propinquity betwixt the heart of a believer and the holy law of God, than ever there was or could be betwixt the heart of a legal law-keeper and the law of Moses? Thus for the connection and quotation of this text, and how it suits with Paul's intention.

Let some things further be observed for the explaining of the sense of the words as they follow in the text: the place is not easily understood by most readers, and the want of understanding it keeps men from tasting that sweetness that is in it. Besides the former quotation out of Leviticus xviii. mentioned above, the apostle allegeth other words of Moses out of Deuteronomy xxx. 12, 13, 14, partly as a proof or argument, partly by way of sweet allusion and illustration, as if he should say, “If Moses did speak so of the law, we may much more speak so of the gospel,” etc. Thus, Paul comparing the law and the gospel, doth still give the pre-eminence to the gospel above the law, because

* From the less to the greater.

the gospel exceeds the law by far in these two things. *First*, The word of the law, although it be nigh thee, yet is nothing near so nigh thee as the word of the gospel or the righteousness of faith. *Secondly*, The word of the law is not so able to assure thee of thine eternal estate. Let us consider the last first and the first last, as they lie in order in the text.

I. *The gospel doth afford us better assurances of eternal life than the law.* "The righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above :) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.)" Faith assures us that *Christ ascending* hath made all things in heaven sure for us, and now to doubt of our right to heaven were to call Christ back again from thence, or to deny his ascension. Faith confirms us that *Christ's death* is our life, and now to doubt of eternal life were to nullify the death of Christ, or to undo all that Christ hath done or suffered for us. Plainly thus it is, that by the *law* we are at an infinite uncertainty about our eternal estate. True, the law saith, "Do this and live" (ver. 5), but we cannot tell when we have done enough; nay, the truth is, we can never have done enough to be certain thereby that we are well for ever. But by the *gospel* all our doubts, and scruples, and questions are buried in Christ. Naturally men think that they cannot be certain of their salvation, unless they should "ascend into heaven" to know the mind of God about it, whether they shall be saved or no; or unless they should "descend into the deep," to know whether they must go to hell or no, just as if Christ had not did or ascended for our salvation. But *faith* makes heaven as sure to a believer as if he had been in heaven to search the records there, or as if he had been in hell to make inquiry there. For Christ tells him by his word, "I have suffered hell for thee, and I have prepared a place in heaven for thee." A Christian needs not to be anxious, fearful, distractful, or distrustful; he needs not "ascend into heaven, or descend into the deep" about this matter. By the eye of faith we may see our souls out of hell, and we may see our souls in heaven in the bosom of God, in the state of glory. By the law itself, no man can know assuredly whether his place be heaven or hell. As many as are under the law must needs be in perpetual perplexities, by reason of the irregularity of their hearts and the severity of the law, and the bitterness of the curse. But by faith salvation is put out of all question. Without controversy, the believing soul may be as confident of his salvation as if he had seen his name written in the book of life, and he need no more fear his damnation than the man that hath seen his debt crossed out of the book, and hath an acquittance in his bosom, needs to fear an arrest for the same debt. Some would account it a great happiness if they could send a messenger to heaven or to hell to know whither they shall go hereafter. The gospel saves us this labour. He that hath the gospel or the word of faith within his heart, prevailing in his soul, it will tell him sufficiently how things are with him in heaven, and what shall become of him hereafter to all eternity. Will you hear briefly what the gospel or the righteousness of faith speaks to all believers in general, and to every one of them in particular? It speaks thus: Christ suffered the curse of God

for thee, so that thou shalt not suffer it; Christ ascended to prepare heaven for thee, so that thou shalt be possessed of it. But unbelief contradicts all this, and so overthrows the passion and ascension of Christ. An unbeliever will be his own saviour, he will be *ascending* or *descending* for himself.

11. *The gospel, or the righteousness of faith comes nearer to us, more closely to our hearts, than the word of the law.* Verse 8: "But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach." I grant, there is a legal principle naturally in every man's heart, which is not *lex scripta, sed nata*,* and speaks home very closely. Rom. ii. 14—16. But yet the word of faith is more close yet, and goes deeper to the heart-root. 1. Because conscience cannot but close with it, yea, conscience may find a greater and better light in the gospel than is the dim and dark light of the law (2 Cor. iii. 8, 9; especially chapter iv. 6). 2. Because the Spirit accompanies the gospel, and gets within the man, into the very innermost parts of the belly. Prov. xx. 27; John vii. 28; 1 Cor. ii. 11, 12. 3. Because the word of faith in the gospel, when it entereth into us, it maketh our hearts one with itself; for by faith we become conformable to the word of faith. The law was near enough (being naturally engrafted into every man's heart), but yet there is a vast distance in our affections from the law; yea, an utter enmity against the law. We have the word of the law in our hearts, but it is not acceptable to our hearts, as the word of the gospel is when we believe it. We find and feel that there is no affinity, no concord or agreement, betwixt our hearts and the law. Now what advantage or what benefit is it for two to dwell in one room near together, and to lie in one bed, if they do nothing but fight and quarrel, and never enjoy true friendship and sweet love? Better for them they were asunder. See Amos iii. 3. Hence it comes to pass, that naturally men draw near to God with their lips: "God is near in their mouth, and far from their reins" (Jer. xii. 2.); as if they were great friends to God and religion, when indeed they are his utter enemies, and they bear no inward love to God. This is the case with all men that are merely legal and natural (it being most true, that so far forth as men are legal men, so far forth they are but natural men); they can hear what duties the law requireth, and what sins the law forbiddeth; but they want power to do those duties in love, or to forsake those sins with detestation. But on the contrary, the righteousness of faith in the gospel being evangelically and rightly received, doth not only *bring* the word of God to our hearts, but *unites* our hearts to the word of God for ever. If we hear the law alone a hundred or a thousand times, we cannot love it; but when by faith we rely upon Christ in the promises of the gospel, thereby the holy law of God will be made pleasant to our hearts, that it shall be as near and dear to us as our own souls. We may fitly compare Moses in the law, and Christ in the gospel, to two several schoolmasters: Moses in the law is a rigid and severe master, who by threatening and whipping exacteth a hard task of his scholars, and will needs require it of them, whether they be able to do it or not. If they do it not, they must look for blows from his hard hands. By

* Not law written, but born.

this means the scholar is so scared and frightened that he cannot now do as he would and could have done; yea, by this means he hateth both his book and his master, and would be glad to be rid of both, not caring how far his master be from him, or how long he be out of the way. But Christ in the gospel is a most mild and gentle teacher, who by sweet promises and good rewards invites his scholars to their learning, and he guides them and helps them to do what they cannot do. He is more like a loving father than a cruel taskmaster unto them; and by his kind and gentle usage the scholar is soon made in love with his learning, that he groweth and increaseth every day out of love to his book and his master both, being glad when his master is nearest to him to direct him in his studies. This is Christ's kindness to us, in the administration and dispensation of the gospel, which far exceeds the old economy of the law of Moses. Gal. iv. 1—4; Eph. v. 1; Rom. xii. 1; 2 Cor. v. 19, 20.

III.—SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS IS CONTRARY TO CHRIST.

"Not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law."—Philip. iii. 9.

IN the Greek, *τήν ἐκ νόμου*, that which is out of the law, is opposed to that righteousness which is in Christ for us. And *μη ἔχων*, not having, may be rendered *not holding*, as it is used, Matt. xxi. 46. A Christian must not hold a righteousness for his justification which floweth forth out of a legal principle from himself, and is not derived from Christ by faith in his name alone. No righteousness is available with God, but that which is through the faith of Christ, "even the righteousness of God which is by faith." Rom. iii. 21, 22. There is an irreconcilable antipathy between the righteousness of Christ and the righteousness of man, which man hath in his own cistern, which is of his own hammering and hewing out, bread of his own baking, and drink of his own brewing. Christ alone is the fountain and well-spring of righteousness, from whence we must draw all our water of life. Our purest holiness is not pure enough for the pure eyes of the most pure God. Why should we make that a bottom for our assurance, wherein we can find no rest for the soles of our feet to rest upon, no more than Noah's dove found out of Noah's ark? Why should we gaze upon our good works, seeing they are full of rottenness, and the best of them are stark stinking naught, if Christ do not perfume them with his sweet frankincense? Yea, by our corruptions we pollute the very graces that Christ infuseth into us at our conversion. Let us learn carefully to steer the course of our souls, that when we turn from our own wickedness, we turn by no means to our own righteousness, but to the only righteousness of God in Christ. A man may as soon go to hell with a bundle of self-righteousness in his bosom as with a burden of sin or self-rottenness upon his back. Some, thinking to escape the whirlpool of their sins and lusts, run into the gulf of self-created, self-performed, and self-conceited holiness, which is every way as damnable; they avoid the rocks on the left hand, and cast themselves on the quicksands on the right hand: *Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim*. But Paul is as shy of his former righteousness as of his former wickedness. There is more hopes of that man that daily breaks the

law of God, than of that man who thinks he can and doth perfectly *keep* the law of God. The former may more easily be convinced of his sinfulness and brought to Christ for salvation; whereas the latter trusts to his own goodness and sees no great need of Christ's merit or of God's mercy, and so goes blindfold to hell, whilst he thinks he is climbing up to heaven upon the ladder of his own false, imaginary self-sufficiency. Rev. iii. 17, 18; Luke xviii. 9.

IV.—THE DEGREES OF FAITH.

“I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”—Mark ix. 24.

HERE is *belief* and *unbelief*, two contrary inmates in one house. This man is a true *believer* in the midst of his *unbelief*; others are *unbelievers* in the midst of their *belief*, as Simon Magus, and all of his religion. Acts viii. 13. One man thinks he doth *not* truly believe, and *yet* believeth truly, notwithstanding all his doubtings. Another man thinks he *doth* truly believe, and yet *doth not* believe truly, notwithstanding all his confidence. That faith for my money which complains most of the want of faith; which can weep with one eye and laugh with the other. Better is a *true faith* amongst many *doubtings*, than a *false faith* in carnal security and proud presumption. Jeremiah vii. 4, 8; Isaiah xlvi. 2. *Christ's* faith and a *Christian's* faith shines most in the *dark*. Isaiah l. 10; Psalm xxii. 1. O pure, good, and brave Faith, that comes all bloody out of battle with despair, and yet alive! I find *Sarah* enlisted amongst *perfect believers* (Hebrews xi. 11), and yet she believed *not perfectly*, laughing at the very things which God told her, counting it a ridiculous absurdity that she should have a child, being passed all possibility of conception in the common course of nature, though the Lord promised it to her. Genesis xviii. 11, 12. 1. *Fides in partu*. Sometimes Faith travails in *birth*, as at the beginnings of conversion. Acts ii. 37; viii. 37; ix. 6. 2. *Fides in praelio*. Sometimes Faith fights in *battle*, being assaulted with doubts and temptations, as here in this text (compare 1 Tim. vi. 12; 2 Corinthians i. 8, 9). 3. *Fides in deliquio*. Sometimes Faith is in a *swoon*, when it seems to be dead, but sleepeth only. Psalm lxxvii. 8, 9, 10; Isaiah xlix. 14. 4. *Fides in fortitudine*. Sometimes Faith is in full *power*, conquering all oppositions. 1 John v. 4, 5; 2 Timothy iv. 7, 5. 5. *Fides in triumpho*. Sometimes Faith is in *triumph*, and boasteth gloriously in the Lord, against all enemies whatsoever. Psalm xvi. 1, 2, 3; Romans viii. 33, 34, 39. 6. *Fides in abortu*. Sometimes Faith miscarries in the womb, and this proves but a *bastard faith*, a spurious, illegitimate brood, that never comes to any perfection. This hath nothing of true faith besides the name and some outward shape or form, being destitute of holy *sense*, *heat*, *spirit*, *life*, *power*, and *motion*. James ii. 16. Of this there are also many degrees, according as hypocrites do more or less *counterfeit* faith. For some excel others in the art of hypocrisy, and there are hypocrites of several sorts and several sizes.

The Primitive Church of the Highlands.*

TO trace the footprints of religion in a world like ours, a world whose records are dismal with recitals of wrong-doing and of bloodshed, is to look on the bright side of history. It is not unprofitable to withdraw the mind from these times of keen competition and of hastening to be rich, by transporting our thoughts to ages when British wealth lay undeveloped, and when wood and moor occupied the sites of many towns, which, in their grim majesty, are now the recognised offspring of modern industry. We shall take the reader to days when Christianity had not contracted the corruptions which provoked the Reformation; when the discipline of institutions set apart for learning and piety had not degenerated into the mock austerities of a later monachism; when, in fine, the missionaries of Iona, as preachers of Christ, and as agents of civilization, were the glory of the church, and were earning for themselves a fame as lasting as time, in "that illustrious isle, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion."

A worthy interest in the resting-places of religion very widely differs from the relic-worship of popery. Cowards, it is true, are not transformed by walking over ground where heroes have fought; nor are the worldly-minded likely to grow religious by indulging sentimental emotions, and gratifying an archæological curiosity among the ashes of the saints. Nevertheless, such as prize the faith may sometimes gather comfort, instruction and encouragement from reviewing the labours of those who have ended the toilsome day.

Iona, as only our youngest readers need be told, is one of the Hebrides or western islands of Scotland, situated thirty-six miles from the main land in $56^{\circ} 59'$ north latitude. The area of the islet is two thousand acres, the length being about three miles, and the breadth little more than one mile. To this speck in the Atlantic hundreds of tourists are attracted annually; for from its shores the Highlands of Scotland first received the light of the gospel.

The celebrated evangelist whom we know by his Latinized name of Columba—the star of the sixth century—was born in the year 521, and reckoned among his ancestors several kings of Ireland. In those days the Emerald Isle was the chief asylum of Christianity, its population being the most faithful of any among European nations. Being thus blessed in the country of his birth, the future missionary received such a pious and learned training as well qualified him for his future onerous undertakings, while a docile and becoming bearing in youth caused him to be called a little saint by the grave presbyters who conducted his education. On returning to Ireland after a Continental tour, he might have been excused as a youth had his brilliant prospects occasioned pride and elation. He could have commanded an enviable

* I. Iona. By the Duke of Argyll. London: 1870.

II. Saint Columba, Apostle of Caledonia. By the Count De Montalembert. Edinburgh and London: 1868.

station in his own beloved Erin, or have shone in ease and idleness at the Court of France; but he conquered his passionate love of country, relinquished alluring worldly prospects, and even surrendered his estate for love of the gospel.

Romanists class Columba among their monks and apostles with as little reason as can be found to justify their beginning their catalogue of popes with the name of Peter. It would have been a good service to the cause of Protestantism, had the Duke of Argyll cleared the memory of this primitive pastor from the lies and legends with which Rome has burdened it; for even Montalembert, with his genial humour and unmistakable powers of graphic delineation, has contributed almost more than his share towards transforming the grand old Christian hero of the Hebrides into a mere saint of the Romish calendar.

Our present purpose is to invite attention to the life of a man, whom all admit to have been a great evangelist; who laboured before Rome, put forth her iniquitous pretensions, and defiled itself with virgin-worship. Columba recognised no Pope of Rome, and invoked no saints; yet Romanists, who never lack boldness when the honour of their hierarchy is at stake, claim him as a father, and Iona as one of their sacred places. By invention and exaggeration, monkish writers have marred the missionary's beautiful life; besides so interweaving the facts of his life with absurdities, that only with care and difficulty can the truth be recovered from an entangled web of falsehood. The pastor or abbot—either term will suit him—lived in an age not only far remote from ours, but when many waves of trouble rolled over the face of society. It is hard for modern students to realise his position, and the more so because legend-makers and miracle-mongers have made free with his history and times. His life supplied materials well suited to the requirements of superstitious biographers. As a Christian hero in the broadest sense, he gave his strength to the best of causes, and spent his life in combating the dominion of sin in the uninviting empire of the Picts and Scots. It should also be remembered, that the chroniclers of the dark ages wrote for an unlettered audience upon whom the recital of legends and miracles was supposed to exercise an influence favourable to the church. Indeed, "inventing" seems to be a common-place infirmity of man; for on whom has he practised his petty art more than on Christ and his apostles? In the case of Columba, after brushing aside the cobwebs of tradition with which superstition has obscured his memory, we behold a man whose enthusiasm in propagating the faith surpassed the strongest yearnings of nature, and whose chosen constituents were the most needy, because the least civilized tribes of the British Isles.

Notwithstanding the changes usually effected on the surface of countries by the action of time, there are places where the lapse of thirteen hundred years has only slightly altered the aspect of nature. Iona is a striking example of this durability. The island is supposed never to have grown any trees, and this deficiency continues to impart to its shores that sombre appearance which sufficed not to repel the Columban band in the sixth century. But what may be said of the island's "everlasting hills" will not be true of its architectural remains. The present ruins are no link between the times of Columba, his

simple gospel itinerants, and our own days; and what interest attaches to these is only such as belongs to ordinary relics of the Roman ascendancy. No vestige of any building in which the first missionaries worshipped or slept is now found; for church and college were both of wood.

Of the circumstances that conduced to Columba's undertaking a mission to the Picts, and to his selecting Iona for a station, we are almost entirely ignorant. There is a tradition that his leaving Ireland was an involuntary flight on account of civil squabbles; but it is far more likely that the life-exile of the missionary and his disciples resulted from the love of Christ and a desire to spread his kingdom. The manner of their selecting Iona is affectionately—almost poetically—explained. While seeking a settlement with the fragile barque wherein he left the shores of Erin, he is said to have landed both at Islay and Oransa, and to have re-embarked because from their hills Ireland could be descried. On going ashore at Iona, its most lofty eminences were put to the same test, and because no faint trace of the beloved country stretched across the horizon, the isle became their adopted home, while its most celebrated eminence received the lasting name of The Cairn of Farewell to Ireland.

Till the middle of the sixth century, Iona was the last refuge of Druidism in the North; and therefore to Columba belongs the credit of having supplanted a deep-rooted superstition by the gospel. The accounts which have descended of this man and his fellow-workers, who henceforth sowed broadcast among the barbarians the unsearchable riches of Christ, are welcome glimpses into the simple customs of those days. They solicited no tithes from neighbouring kings. The same hands which administered medicine to the sick and copied the Scriptures for distribution, cultivated the island slopes for personal wants. The missionaries sowed, sheared, and milked for their own living, while they toiled hard in proclaiming the gospel. The art of draining being then imperfectly understood, they were obliged to select for cropping such tracts as were drained by nature, and thus only cultivated the Western side of the island.

Columba, whom Romanism has canonized that she may appropriate the honour attached to his spotless life and illustrious labours, cannot reasonably be claimed by the Romish church at all. Saint though he was, a more descriptive name than "saint" would be Primitive Apostle of the Highlands. When, in the forty-second year of his age, he settled at Iona, the rule of Rome had not risen in ascendancy, nor did the Bishop of Rome exercise authority over the British church. Columba had no sympathy for the Western order of ecclesiastical polity, for after returning from his European wanderings in his younger days, he is supposed to have been a Reformer in principle. If this was so, and if Ireland became imbued with the leaven of false doctrine earlier than the other parts of our empire, it is not unreasonable to suppose that Columba and his associates may have resigned home and country to preserve their purity of faith.

Here, then, Columba founded his monastery, if monastery it may be called; for the monachism of Iona, as exemplified by the Culdees thirteen hundred years ago, essentially differed from the discipline of

later convents. Subtle corruptions may have somewhat adulterated the faith, and fanatics and enthusiasts may have counterfeited the graces of Christianity, yet the daily life of an Irish convent of those days would be more truly expressed were we to call it a college. It was properly a retreat for the cultivation of learning—a quiet asylum wherein the students were chiefly engaged in copying the sacred oracles. The inmates were often laymen, who retired only for a time to improve their education, it not having been compulsory until the fourteenth century for monks to take orders.

Though, as before intimated, there is no building on Iona dating its foundations from the time of Columba, the now fast decaying cathedral is thought by the Duke of Argyll to occupy about the same site as did the primitive wooden sanctuary. This was probably a rude structure, covered by a thatched roof, and with four pieces of metal fastened together for a bell. The field of labour was broad and inviting, and the missionaries reaped an abundant harvest. Like all noble natures employed in the cause of righteousness, their desires were large. They did not set up a spiritual lighthouse for any limited area. They might have practised nightly vigils and studied sacred literature for themselves only, and have gathered a select church in the desert of heathendom, until Iona should become a garden walled around. Happily it was ordered otherwise. The isle became a thriving missionary station. The indefatigable pastor drew his highest pleasure from widening the empire of Christ's peaceful kingdom. In his own island—now the property of the college by royal grant—he assiduously followed every good work. Reading, praying for success, copying the Bible, and tilling the soil, were employments of which he seemed never to weary. Nor was this all. He often put to sea in his wattle boat on preaching expeditions to the neighbouring islanders, or to the fierce heathens of the mainland; for whose ignorance, feuds, and political and social woes he offered the universal panacea of Christ crucified. The far-reaching darkness in which he lived apparently inflamed Columba's zeal for the light; and his poverty—if indeed that state may be called poverty wherein a man of simple tastes has all his wants supplied—seems to have produced only the grateful effect of freeing him from care.

Thus did the good work proceed. Though as Protestants we keep no saints' calendar, we enrol this old pastor among the saints. His life was so holy, so entirely self-denying, and so successful a conflict with the powers of darkness, that right-minded persons are reasonably aggrieved when the name of such a labourer is appropriated by a church, against whose corruptions his career was a living protest. His delight was in the Scriptures. The breath of his life was prayer. Believing that he enjoyed life and found work bracing to his soul, we do not accept the legendary fables abounding in the catalogue of the old man's austerities. To have sanctioned such follies would have been foreign to his nature. We believe he could rejoice in a well-filled barn; but not that he discovered a peculiar virtue in reducing his diet to nettle soup. His powerful frame, his voice of vast compass, and his handsome and ever pleasant countenance, spoke of plain but generous nourishment. He comprehended Christianity too well to fall into that caricaturing of piety which modern monkery presents to us.

The institution at Iona in these early days was not a monastery, nor were Columba and his coadjutors monks, according to the modern acceptance of the word. The brotherhood imposed on themselves no useless rigours. They taught the liberal arts to their benighted flocks, and so far as their resources admitted, lived comfortably themselves. They were not the slaves of a superior, though they recognised lovingly the authority of Columba. They made no vows of poverty; and though no women resided on the island, no ecclesiastical crotchets debarred the scholars from having homes and wives elsewhere. They were physicians and instructors in agriculture and practical science, as well as religious teachers. It was not surprising that, blessed by the presence of such friends in need, the Picts should have magnified their medical cures into miracles, and their gospel preachings into preternatural utterances. Such a mission could not be otherwise than pre-eminently successful. Branch colleges sprang up in rapid succession in the distance. During his life-time Columba founded at least a hundred stations similar to the parent one at Iona, besides planting three hundred congregations. His agents penetrated everywhere within a radius of several hundred miles. They made themselves heard on the mainland of Scotland, in the north of England, in Ireland, and even on the northern shores of Europe. Nor did they confine themselves to educating the heathen; they stoutly opposed the innovations of the western church by refusing to keep Easter as appointed, or to sanction other Romish customs. Whatever the Papacy may do, by means of so respectable an agent as Montalembert, to appropriate the spoils of Iona, it is notorious that the light emanating from "the isle of the western sea" declined with the triumph of Romish ascendancy, till, in the eleventh century, just after the Conquest, the sun of its good influence went down for ever.

We repeat our proposition: Columba established a missionary station; he did not gather a monastic clan. These early evangelists knew nothing of what Rome includes in monachism. They were monks of a similar mould to Carey and his companions, by whom the paganism of India was so valiantly assailed. What tended to bless the soul, and to restore the dignity of human nature, the Culdees taught according to the light they possessed; and to describe their procedure as anything foreign to this is to libel their characters, and to misread their lives.

We shall not be expected to do justice to so wide a subject as the history of Iona in the brief space allotted to this article; nor would the toil yield a handsome profit were we to disinter the countless fables and legends which, on this absorbing topic, have been collected by the industry, or invented by the ingenuity, of man. We have incidentally referred to the personal appearance of the great missionary. If correctly portrayed by his biographers, he was singularly fitted for his office in those tumultuous days, and in those barbaric regions, when feuds between the discipline of the church and the civil power were not uncommon occurrences. From what has been said it will be inferred that Columba's presence was very commanding. Broad and open, his countenance usually carried a smile, excepting when wrong-doing called for a rebuke; or when, as he has been known to do, he followed a robber with imprecations into the very ocean.

Romanists are not the only perverters of the history of Columba.

Some who can discover no plain man's pathway to heaven outside the pale of the Church of England, draw inferences from this source in support of their pretensions. Bishops were then ordained; but be it remembered that they were not appointed to sees or palaces; and from the number then flourishing in Ireland we conclude that they were simply what all bishops should be—working ministers. An anecdote is related of one of the order, who, disguised as a layman, crossed from Erin to Iona; but who, being detected by the abbot, received many brotherly civilities. From so simple a fact, Dr. Todd, in his "Life of St. Patrick," concludes that thus early in the history of our country, extraordinary honours were paid to episcopal dignitaries; on what a slender foundation may vast edifices be built! In the island of Iona no prelatial jurisdiction was recognised.

We now come to the good old man's last days. Ample accounts are extant of the manner of his encountering the last enemy; and when shorn of fable and nonsense, enough remains to edify and interest an enquirer. With the lights which imparted new interest to the heavens, and appeared in the earth to signalize the old abbot's departure; and with the angels by whom the air was peopled, we have nothing to do, further than laying them aside as dreams of the pervert Adamnum,* or as inventions of a subsequent monkish era. It was in May, of the year 597, that Columba felt his end to be approaching. Though in the south of England May is esteemed a delicious month, in a higher latitude it retains many of the chills and mists of winter. Not able now to take his perilous voyages with the message of life, nor even competent to walk the circumference of his little empire, the pastor seated in a car, yet visits the brethren who are sowing the spring seed on the western side of the island. As their kind master solemnly assures them of his impending dissolution, the poor itinerants may well seek relief in weeping. He tells them how aforesaid he had longed to depart and be with Christ his Lord, and only for their sakes had willingly remained a little longer. The Sabbath comes; and during worship in the little church, an ecstatic joy is observed suffusing Columba's countenance, and he tells his associates he has seen an angel. Of this circumstance Dr. Alexander has observed: "Perhaps the whole scene was the result of one of those strong presentiments of the approaching presence of Christ, through his messenger death, which are often vouchsafed to his servants who have nearly finished their course and are looking for his appearing." After this he visits the stores, and exclaims, "I congratulate my friends, since I must so soon leave them, that they have food enough in store for another winter." The day is Saturday, and he says it will prove the day of his release; and that the Sabbath of the Old Dispensation will indeed bring rest to his soul. Because his seventy-seven years do not allow of his walking without

* Born nearly thirty years after Columba's death, Adamnum became abbot of Iona in 679, and remained till 704. His life is important, because it shows how repugnant to the brotherhood were the encroachings of Rome. Having visited the southern churches, Adamnum, who was not intellectually strong, was completely converted to the Roman order; and his strenuous, but unsuccessful endeavours to press the acceptance of his new ideas on the Culdees is thought to have hastened his end.

difficulty, nor any distance without resting, he sits down to regain breath, when an old white horse—a faithful servant of the brotherhood—walks to the spot and betrays a semi-consciousness of the catastrophe about to happen. An attendant, called Diarmaid, is about to drive the animal away to its pasture, when Columba interferes: “No, suffer him; suffer this creature which loves me; why should not the poor irrational brute lament the loss of his master as well as you intelligent men?” He retired that night, and soon after attended worship in the church, but from this exertion fell down in a fit, and died surrounded by weeping attendants. He may be said to have literally laboured on to the last hour. His chief delight and laborious occupation was the work of copying the Scriptures; and previously to going in to the church he was observed busy at this beloved employment, the words with which he ended the day and his life-mission being those of the Psalmist:—“The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.”

Of the volumes which have suggested this article little need be said. Whatever comes from the pen of the Duke of Argyll is sure to command attention. “Iona” is chastely written and attractively illustrated; but the noble author might have made his work better serve the cause of religion had he shown us more clearly how opposed to subsequent innovations of the Papacy were the faith and discipline of Columba’s community. The Duke speaks of “the celebration of the mass” as having taken place in the church shortly before the abbot’s decease: this expression is singularly unhappy when the testimony of history proves that the superstitious usages now called “the mass” were introduced in a much later century.

But what answer shall be made to that Romanist enthusiasm for “the conversion of England,” which found an eloquent exponent in the Count de Montalembert? The Duke of Argyll says, pointedly: “An indiscriminate admiration of mediæval superstitions, and the absence of all endeavours to sift fact from fiction in the narrative we possess of Columba’s life, mar the reality of the picture which Montalembert gives us of the past.” There is no doubt that the missionaries of Iona, claimed by the French academician as his own, and whose trials and triumphs he graphically portrays, were precisely the kind of people whom his church, in a later age, selected as fuel for Smithfield fires, and as material for Bartholomew massacres. What would their amiable Bonner have said to “monks” who taught justification by faith; who invoked neither saints nor angels, and whose sense of decency would have been shocked by virgin-worship; monks, whose only absolver from sin was Christ, whom confirmation never troubled, and who would have denied the doctrine of the Real Presence? Such was the early communion at Iona. It was a Protestant church before the Reformation; and long after Rome claimed the supremacy, the Caldees’ discipline, as it found a shelter in Hebridean hovels, or in obscure retreats on the mainland, preserved its life of faith through the dark ages, and lived to protest against clerical corruptions and false teaching.

It is both curious and provoking to find a writer so able and so genial as Montalembert misstating facts, contradicting history, and building with great literary skill upon the unworthy basis of pious frauds and

mediaeval dreams. Iona in the sixth century—shedding forth her gospel light in rays broad and strong, and thus making herself a blessing to every accessible shore—was without the pale of Rome. The evil day wherein she acknowledged the Pope saw her ancient glory eclipsed. The story of later times—the sunset of the heroic age—need not be recited. In the meantime, Iona may properly continue to attract the interest of summer tourists; for did she not cast forth from her shores seeds of grace which are still germinating in our British Isles? A mere speck on the map, this island has a noble history; and when, in the promised age of universal Christian prosperity, the historian shall describe the devastating inundation of popery, relieving his picture by showing how here and there truth found a shelter—

“Columba’s happy isle will rear
Her towers above the flood.”

John Ploughman’s Talk.

STICK TO IT, AND SUCCEED.

ROME was not built in a day, nor much else, unless it be a dog-kennel. Things which cost no pains are slender gains. Where there has been little sweat, there will be little sweet. Jonah’s gourd came up in a night, but then it perished in a night. Light come, light go: that which flies in at one window will be likely to fly out at another. It’s a very lean hare that hounds catch without running for it, and a sheep that is no trouble to shear has very little wool. For this reason a man who cannot push on against wind and weather stands a poor chance in this world.

Perseverance is the main thing in life. To hold on, and hold out to the end, is the chief matter. If the race could be won by a spurt, there are thousands who would wear the blue ribbon; but they are short-winded, and pull up after the first gallop. They begin flying, and end in crawling backward. When it comes to collar work, many horses turn to jibbing. If the apples do not fall at the first shake of the tree, your hasty folks are too lazy to fetch a ladder, and in too much of a hurry to wait till the fruit is ripe, and falls of itself. The hasty man is as hot as fire at the outset, and as cold as ice at the end. He is like the Irishman’s saucepan, which had many good points about it, but it had no bottom. He who cannot bear the burden and heat of the day is not worth his salt, much less his potatoes.

Before you begin a thing, make sure it is the right thing to do, and call in Mr. Conscience. Do not try to do what is impossible—ask Common Sense. It is no use blowing against a hurricane, or fishing for whales in a washing tub. Better give up a foolish plan than go on and burn your fingers with it: better bend your neck than knock your forehead. But when you have once made up your mind to a good thing, don’t let every molehill turn you out of the path. Nothing is so hard but what a harder thing will cut it: set a strong resolution against

a strong task. One stroke fells not an oak. Chop away axe, you'll down with the tree at last. The iron does not soften the moment you put it into the fire. Blow, smith, put on the coals, and hit hard with the hammer, and you will make a ploughshare yet. Steady does it. Hold on, and you have it. He who sticks to his saddle will be in at the death. Brag is a fine fellow at crying "Tally-ho!" but Perseverance brings home the brush.

We ought not to be put out of heart by difficulties: they are sent on purpose to try the stuff we are made of; and depend upon it they do us a world of good. There's a sound reason why there are bones in our meat, and stones in the land. A world where everything was easy would be a nursery for babies, but not at all a fit place for men. Celery is not sweet till it has had a frost, and men don't come to their perfection till disappointment has dropped a half hundred weight or two on their toes. Who would know good horses if there were no heavy loads? If the clay was not stiff, my old Dapper and Violet would be thought no more of than Tomkins's donkey. Besides, to work hard for success makes us fit to bear it: we enjoy the bacon all the more because we get an appetite while we are earning it. When prosperity pounces on a man like an eagle, it often upsets him. If we overtake the cart, it is a fine thing to get up and ride; but when it comes behind us at a tearing rate, it is very apt to knock us down and run over us; and when we are lifted into it we find our leg is broken, or our arm out of joint, and we cannot enjoy the ride. Work is always healthier for us than idleness; it is always better to wear out shoes than sheets. I sometimes think, when I put on my considering cap, that success in life is something like getting married: there's a very great deal of pleasure in the courting, and it is not a bad thing when it is a moderate time on the road. Therefore, young man, learn how to wait, and work on. Watch the market, and the price will be right yet. Don't throw away your rod, the fish will bite sometime or other. The cat watches long at the mouse-hole, but catches the mouse at last. The spider mends her broken web, and the flies are taken before long. Stick to your calling, plod on, and be content; for make sure, if you can *undergo* you shall *overcome*.

If bad be your prospects, don't sit still and cry,
But jump up, and say to yourself, "I WILL TRY."

Miracles will never cease! My neighbour, Simon Grasper, was taken generous about three months ago. The story is well worth telling. He saw a poor blind man, led by a little girl, and playing on a fiddle. His heart was touched, for a wonder. He said to me, "Ploughman, lend me a penny, there's a good fellow." I fumbled in my pocket, and found two half-pence, and handed them to him. More fool I, for he will never pay me again. He gave the blind fiddler one of those half-pence, and kept the other, and I have not seen either Grasper or my penny since, nor shall I get the money back till the gate-post outside my garden grows Ribstone pippins. There's generosity for you! The title of this bit of talk brought him into my mind, for he *sticks to it* most certainly: he lives as badly as a church mouse, and works as hard as if he was paid by the piece, and had twenty children to keep; but I

would no more hold him up for an example than I would show a toad as a specimen of a pretty bird. Better things are in this world than anything a goldscraper lives for. While I talk to you, young people, about getting on, I don't want you to think that hoarding up money is real success; nor do I wish you to rise an inch above an honest ploughman's lot, if it cannot be done without being mean or wicked. The workhouse, prison as it is, is a world better than a mansion built by roguery or meanness. If you cannot get on honestly, then be satisfied not to get on. The blessing of God is riches enough for a wise man, and all the world is not enough for a fool. Old Grasper's notion of how to prosper has, I dare say, a good deal of truth in it, and the more's the pity. The Lord deliver us from such a prospering, I say. That old sinner has often hummed these lines into my ears when we have got into an argument, and very pretty lines they are not, certainly:—

"To win the prize in the world's great race
 A man should have a brazen face;
 An iron arm to give a stroke,
 And a heart as sturdy as an oak;
 Eyes like a cat, good in the dark,
 And teeth as piercing as a shark;
 Ears to hear the gentlest sound,
 Like moles that burrow in the ground;
 A mouth as close as patent locks,
 And stomach stronger than an ox;
 His tongue should be a razor-blade,
 His conscience india-rubber made;
 His blood as cold as polar ice,
 His hand as grasping as a vice.
 His shoulders should be adequate
 To bear a couple thousand weight;
 His legs, like pillars, firm and strong,
 To move the great machine along;
 With supple knees to cringe and crawl,
 And cloven feet placed under all."

It amounts to this: be a devil in order to be happy. Sell yourself outright to the old dragon, and he will give you the world and the glory thereof. But remember the question of the Old Book, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" There is another road to success besides this crooked, dirty, cut-throat lane. It is the King's highway, of which the same Book says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." John Ploughman presents his humble respects to all wise men, and begs to say that having tried the high road here mentioned, he can strongly recommend it to all who wish to prosper.

The Ministry Needed by the Churches, and Measures for Providing it.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WITH novel theories of ministry we will not deal: we assume that we address those who believe that pastors and teachers are officers in the Christian church, recognised by Scripture. While we recognise that every believer has a ministry committed to him, we also see that certain individuals are more richly endowed with gifts and grace than they may be the instructors and helpers of others. This being taken for granted, we proceed.

No one can doubt that the spiritual condition of the Christian church is very much affected by the character of its ministry. For good or for evil, the leaders do actually lead to a very large extent. Doubtless the hearers influence the preacher, but for the most part the stronger current runs the other way. "Like priest, like people," is a well-known and truthful proverb, applicable with undiminished force to those who scorn the priestly title. Under a drowsy preacher the spirit of the people becomes lethargic; a minister absorbed in politics leads his hearers into party strifes; a would-be-intellectual essayist breeds a discipleship marked by affectation of superior culture; and an unsound thinker and uncertain talker promotes heresy in his congregation. Satan knows full well the power of the ministry, and therefore he labours abundantly to pervert the minds of the Lord's servants, and also to raise up false teachers who may do his evil cause great service. It is clear, therefore, that if it be at all in our power to bless the church of our own day with sounder doctrine and more vital godliness, our first efforts, whatever they may be, should strike at once at the root of the matter, and begin with the ministry. For manifest reasons, it is difficult to do much in moulding the ministry which is already in the field. Men who have for years been teachers of others, have become stereotyped in their spirit and modes of action and thought; and although they in a measure feel the influence of others, yet it is too late in the day to do much in fostering what has been neglected, or producing what is absent in them. In any case, prevention is better than cure. To effect much in shaping a preacher's life, the moulding influences must surround him in his student days, while he is as yet like clay on the potter's wheel, or malleable iron upon the blacksmith's anvil. It appears to us that the maintenance of a truly spiritual College is probably the readiest way in which to bless the churches. Granting the possibility of planting such an institution, you are no longer in doubt as to the simplest mode of influencing for good the church and the world. We are certainly not singular in this opinion, for to successful workers in all times the same method has occurred. Without citing the abundant incidents of earlier times, let us remember the importance which John Calvin attached to the College at Geneva. Not by any one of the Reformers personally could the Reformation have been achieved, but they multiplied themselves in their students, and so fresh centres of light were created. In modern times,

it is significant that the labours of Carey and Marshman necessitated the founding of Serampore College; while the gracious work in Jamaica called for a somewhat similar institution at Calabar. Wherever a great principle is to be advanced, prudence suggests the necessity of training the men who are to become advancers of it. Our Lord and Saviour did just the same when he elected twelve to be always with him, in order that, by superior instruction, they might become leaders of the church.

In the formation of a college, the design of which is to bless the church through the ministry, the question arises, What sort of men do the churches need? The answer to that question will largely shape our action. That enquiry being answered, one other remains: What will be the best means of procuring and instructing such men?

In replying to the first question, we shall not venture into speculations, or follow our own prejudices, but shall seek to give a reply consistent with Scripture and observation.

The men whom God will honour must be *gracious men*, full of the Holy Ghost, called of God to their work, anointed, qualified, and divinely sustained. We cannot hope to see God glorified by men of doubtful piety or questionable experience. On this we are all agreed, and we will not dwell longer upon it.

We have remarked that great revivals of religion have been connected always with a revival of *sound doctrine*. That great religious excitements have occurred apart from gospel truth, we admit; but anything which we, as believers in Christ, would call a genuine revival of religion, has always been attended with clear, evangelical instruction upon cardinal points of truth. What was the sinew and backbone of the Reformation? Was it not the clear enunciation of gospel truths which the priesthood had withheld from the people? Justification by faith, starting like a giant from its sleep, called to its slumbering fellows; and together these great doctrines wrought marvels. The Reformation was due not so much to the fact that Luther was earnest, Calvin learned, Zuingli brave, and Knox indefatigable, as to this—that the old truth was brought to the front, and to the poor the gospel was preached. Had it not been for the doctrines which they taught, their zeal for holiness, and their self-sacrifice, their ecclesiastical improvements would have been of no avail. The power lay not in Luther's hammer and nails, but in the truth of those theses which he fastened up in the sight of all men. The world to-day feels but little the power which Calvin wielded in the Senate of Geneva; but thousands of minds are swayed by the theology which he so forcibly promulgated. One instance in history might not suffice to prove a point, but there are many others. The great modern Reformation in England under Whitfield and Wesley was accomplished by the old orthodox doctrines. I grant you that we, as Calvinists, gravely question the accuracy of much that the Wesleyan Methodists zealously advocated; yet we do not feel that we are exercising any charity but merely speaking the honest truth, when we say that the disciples of Wesley, as well as the followers of Whitfield, brought out very clearly and distinctly the vital truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Their views upon predestination and kindred points we could not endorse; but the three great R's were in the teaching of every Methodist, whether Calvinist or Arminian: Ruin, Redemption, Regeneration rung

out with no uncertain sound. You could not hear a sermon from any of them, without hearing man described as a sinner, fallen and ruined, Christ alone lifted up as the Saviour, and the need of the Holy Spirit's work insisted upon in plain, unmistakable language. "Ye must be born again" was thundered over the land. If we wish to promote the good of the churches, we must pray for ministers who are well instructed in the doctrines of the gospel and firmly established in the belief of them. Whatever else they may not be able to explain, they must hold forth the great truth that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and show the way in which he saves them. We want men whose doctrines are distinct, who hold firmly with all their hearts the truths which they are chosen to defend, men who upon fundamental points dare not equivocate and are never obscure; we require preachers whose whole business here below shall be to promulgate a gospel dear to them as their lives, because they have experienced its saving power in their own souls. They must not only be sound in the faith, but clear in their testimony. To waver upon the atonement, or the work of the Holy Spirit, or salvation by grace, is not merely dangerous but fatal to a preacher's usefulness. Let those who doubt be silent; to others it is given to say, "I believed, therefore have I spoken." No church can be benefited by untruthful teaching. The world's true hope lies in the direction of revealed truth, not in the region of intellectual speculations and dubious philosophies.

The next thing we need in the ministry, now and in all time, is *men of plain speech*. The preacher's language must not be that of the classroom, but of all classes; not of the university, but of the universe. Men who have learned to speak from books are of small worth compared with those who learned from their mothers their mother tongue—the language spoken by men around the fireside, in the workshop, and in the parlour. "I use market language," said Whitfield, and we know the result. I rejoice in the Latinity and Germanic jargon of certain schools of pedantic and pretentious intellectualism, because their learned clatter renders them powerless with the masses; but I mourn when similar hideousnesses of speech are adopted by evangelic divines, for it assuredly weakens their testimony. Anglo-Saxon speech, homely, plain, bold, nervous, forcible, never fails to move the English heart. At the same time we do not desire a race of coarse men, who regard *slang* as being plain speech, which it certainly is not. Admitted that a coarse man may have his sphere, it is equally certain that he is unfitted for many other spheres of equal importance. If it be granted that a spice of vulgarity may adapt a man for special service among navvies and costermongers, we question whether even with them there may not be a more excellent way, and there are other people in the world to be considered besides these. We are confident that, ordinarily, coarseness is weakness, and ought to be avoided; and we should no more think of preaching the gospel in the slang of the thieves' kitchen, than in the jargon of the Neologists. The gospel's apples of gold are worthy to be carried in baskets of silver. Language should be fitted to the dignity of the subject. The most truly dignified language is, however, the simplest; simplicity and sublimity are next of kin. Gospel simplicity is equally removed from childishness and coarseness. Bunyan's English is as pure as

it is plain. Our grand old authorised version is a model of speech; though marred here and there by an antique indelicacy, it is, as a whole, perfection itself, both for grandeur and simplicity of style. We need men who not only speak so that they can be understood, but so that they cannot be misunderstood. The plodding multitudes will never be benefited by preaching which requires them to bring a dictionary with them to the house of God. Why should they be called to work on the day of rest in order to get at the minister's meaning? Of what use is it to them to listen to spread-eagle talk, which conveys to them no clear sense? The Reformation banished an unknown tongue from the reading desk; we need another to banish it from the pulpit. I speak for English people, and demand English preaching. If there be mystery, let it be in the truth itself, not in the obscurity of the preacher. We must have plain preachers. Yet plain speech is not common in the pulpit. Judging from many printed sermons, we might conclude that many preachers have forgotten their mother tongue. The language of half our pulpits ought to be bound hand and foot, and with a millstone about its neck, cast into the sea: it is poisoning the "wells of English undefiled," and worse still, it is alienating the working classes from public worship.

It is a very proper thing in expressing one's sentiments among students and scholars, to use those technical phrases which have been collected from all languages, and generally accepted among the educated. The Latin, the Greek, the German, the French, and other tongues have all given us words which convey to the learned shades of meaning which the less plastic Saxon cannot compass; but to the mass of the people such speech is to all intents and purposes a foreign language. The Latinity of some preachers reminds us of the old fable of the boy thief perched in the apple tree. The owner of the orchard tells him to come down, but his words are laughed at. He then tries turf, the rogue is not dislodged. At last he throws stones at him, and the boy is soon at his feet. Now the devil does not care for your dialectics, and eclectic homiletics, or Germanic objectives and subjectives; but pelt him with Anglo-Saxon in the name of God, and he will shift his quarters.

Supposing, therefore, the matter and the speech to be correct, we next need men who, as to the order of their intelligence, rather come under the denomination of *common sense men*, than of schoolmen and rhetoricians. A gentleman who nowadays wins the repute in clerical circles of being highly intellectual, is generally a sort of spiritual Beau Brummel. The famous Beau was asked if he had ever eaten a vegetable? and replied, that he thought he had once tasted a pea. So our modern high-flyers have heard that there are such persons as "sinners," and believe they may be met with in the Haymarket and in the slums. They have no idea of the fall of man, but have read about the "lapsed condition of humanity." These gentlemen, whose mouths could by no contortion pronounce the word "Damnation," and who have considerable sympathy for that being of whom they might correctly say, "Oh, no! we never mention him," are very attractive to the idiotic classes, but to men they are loathsome. The style of sermonizing of those who affect to be "thinking men," is elevated, very elevated, as elevated as the manner of Lord Dunderbary would have been, if that distinguished nobleman

had become a clergyman. "Thinking men" of this superfine order consider anything orthodox quite beneath them; and in the pulpit they affect obscurity, quote Strauss, frequently speak of Goethe (careful as to the pronunciation of the name), and cannot get through a discourse unless they mention Comte, or Renan, or some of our home-bred heresy-spinners, such as Maurice and Huxley. They are very great at anything metaphysical, geological, anthropological, or any other ology, except theology. They know a little of everything, except vital godliness and Puritanic divinity; the first is usually too rigid a thing for them, and the second they sniff at as consisting of mere platitudes. When a "thinking man" has reached so sublime a condition of self-conceit that he can sneer at such giants in mind and learning as John Owen, Goodwin, Charnock, and Manton, and talk of them as teaching mere common-places, in a heavy manner, not at all adapted to the advanced thought of the nineteenth century, we may safely leave him and his thinking to the oblivion which assuredly awaits all windy nothings. For the present we may observe that England requires no further supply of these eminent personages, and there is certainly no need to establish any more colleges for their production. There are circles where such ministries are appreciated; here and there a suburban congregation of very respectable do-nothings will cluster around such a man and account him a prodigy; but among the working population, the real sinew, and blood and bone of England, there is no further space for the superficial intellectualism which has vaunted itself for its little hour, and is gradually writing its own doom. Our churches call for men whose thoughts are worth thinking; whose thoughts follow in the wake of the revealed word of God, who feel that they are not dishonoured by treading in the track of the Infinite. We must have ministers whose education has taught them their own ignorance, whose learning has made them revere the Scriptures; men whose minds are capable of clear reasoning, brilliant imagination, and deep thought; but who, like the apostle Paul, who was all this, are content to say, and feel themselves honoured in saying, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Such a man is more precious than the gold of Ophir. In him the Lord finds an instrument which he can consistently employ. He is a man among men, a practical, working, thoughtful teacher. Eschewing all flighty notions, specious novelties, mental eccentricities and philosophisings, he determines to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified. He is not one of those who follow after butterflies, but knowing that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, he goes to work, rough-handed it may be, but nevertheless in downright earnest, to do practical work in seeking to win souls.

Another point must also be noted if we would see great success attending the ministry. We require *men of popular sympathies*; men of the people, who feel with them. We are not prepared to subscribe to any political creed, except this: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." All forms of government turn out bad or good as the case may be; but this much is certain, that unless a man is a lover of the people in his inmost soul he will never be greatly useful to them. The people do not require more of those gentlemen who condescend to instruct the lower orders, being authorised by the State to assume airs of dignity

because they are our rectors, towards whom we ought to walk with lowly reverence. The squires admire this, and the peasantry unwillingly submit to it for awhile; but the end of this business is at hand. Our dissenting churches call for other treatment. The Nonconformists of England are a race of freemen; their forefathers found it inconvenient to be slaves in the days of Charles the First, and the sons of the Ironsides do not intend to be priestridden now. As we do not bow before the parish priests, we certainly do not intend to pay homage to the aristocratic airs of a pompous youngster fresh from college. London's millions spurn the foppery of caste, they yearn for great hearts to sympathise with their sorrows; such may rebuke their sins and lead their minds, but no others may lecture them. The working classes of England are made of redeemable material after all; those who believe in them can lead them. A minister should welcome both rich and poor. Far be it from any servant of God to despise the godly because their hands are hard with honest toil. Be it ours to honour worth rather than wealth; and to esteem men for their spirituality, and grace, and holiness, rather than for their purses and mansions. We do not desire to see preachers of the gospel rudely and lawlessly democratic in politics, ready to have a fling at different ranks and classes; we want no Red Republicans in the pulpit, but we rejoice when we see that a man is thoroughly, heartily, lovingly with the people. Such was John Knox, and such were Whitfield, Rowland Hill, Jonathan Edwards, and others, famous in pulpit annals. We must be men of ourselves if we wish ever to move them. We must be advanced beyond them in knowledge, spirituality, and grace, for we are leaders; but, like our Lord, we must be "chosen out of the people." While our government is set upon abolishing the system of purchasing commissions in the army, in order that there may be more sympathy between the officer and the ranks, we must labour for the promotion of the same feeling in the church militant. The more our hearts beat in unison with the masses, the more likely will they be to receive the gospel kindly from our lips.

The church of God calls for *men whose one object is to save souls*. The final result of some ministries appears to be a Gothic chapel in the place of the less ornamental but more serviceable old meeting-house. The good man feels that he has ministered to edification as a wise master-builder, when he hears passers-by say of his new edifice, "What a gem of a place!" We have known gentlemen of the cloth, whose hearts have been mainly set upon getting up a well-performed service, going as far as they dare in vestments and ornaments, and aping our Anglican Papacy in almost every aspect. As if we did not know when the chapter was finished, we are told, "Here endeth the first lesson," or "Here endeth the second lesson"! and much is thought to be attained when that piece of mimicry is allowed; anthems and chants are greedily sought after; an organ, of course; a stone pulpit stuck in a corner; and then nothing will do but the brother must introduce at least a fragment of liturgy. Let but the poor creature have his way in all this, and his little heart overflows with joy, and he feels, "I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain." Such gentlemen have mistaken their vocation: they would make capital conductors of concerts, masters of the

ceremonies, man-milliners, or arrangers of shop-windows, but their talents are thrown away among Dissenters.

Among a certain order of divines the one aim evidently is the collection of what they are pleased to call highly intelligent audiences. It has been admitted of certain preachers that their hearers were certainly very few; but then it was claimed that the quality made up for the quantity! And what quality, think you, is that of which they boast? Eminent piety? Deep experience? Great usefulness? Not a bit of it! The rich and rare excellence of the slender audience lay in this, that not above one man in ten of them honestly believed the Bible to be inspired; not a fiftieth part could unhesitatingly have asserted their faith in the atonement, and probably not above one soul among them knew anything savingly of the grace of God, and that lonely individual was uneasy under the ministry. After this mode some gentlemen estimate congregations, and if they can succeed in collecting a synagogue of Arians, deists, semi-infidels, and heretics of various orders, then their fellows of the same clique exclaim, with intense delight, "A deeply thoughtful ministry has gathered around it all the intellect of the district." It has been usual to find little wool where there has been great cry, and the proverb is very applicable in this case. Those superficial beings, the Puritans, and those unintelligent persons of the type of Jonathan Edwards and Andrew Fuller, are, to our mind, far better models than the intellectual dandies who have been in fashion.

The education of the intellect is not our cardinal work; our teaching should be full of wisdom, but not the wisdom of metaphysics and speculations; we are not apostles of Plato and Aristotle, but ministers of Christ. As he was, so are we also in this world: he came to seek and to save that which was lost, and our errand is the same. Accepting the revelation of Christ as the highest wisdom of God, we go forth with no other philosophy than that of Christ crucified. To turn from darkness to light the bewildered multitudes, to rescue from the destroyer the deluded crowd, to lead to Jesus as many as he has chosen—this is our life-work, from which nothing shall tempt us.

Soul-winners can never be too numerous; but it is a question whether the church is not sufficiently stocked with prophetic brethren, to whom what is to happen in the next twelve years is as plain as the sun at noonday. In some cases the time expended in fashioning and expounding a system of history to fit in with the vials and trumpets has seriously interfered with turning sinners from the error of their ways. Nothing should be the preacher's aim but the glory of God through the preaching of the gospel of salvation. Only let the ministry be supplied with men who drive at the conscience, and in the Spirit's power convince men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come; men who strike at the heart, and are not satisfied until their hearers have laid hold on eternal life and closed in with the divine proclamation of mercy—let such, I say, abound among us, and again the church will be "terrible as an army with banners."

For the rest, it is desirable that *brethren of varying abilities* be forthcoming; we want the profound, and the eloquent of the first rank; we need also the earnest and godly of ordinary capacity, for there is work for the very zealous and devout whose attainments are but small.

Usefulness has been vouchsafed to holy men of all grades of talent. Infinite wisdom has ordained variety in gifts and degrees in ability for ends most gracious. No man can be too educated or too gifted for any position in the Christian church; yet some forms of culture while they fit a man for one position may somewhat disqualify him for usefulness in others. Work among our London poor needs the very ablest men; yet we could mention very gifted brethren who would be miserable to the last degree, if they were compelled to labour in the Golden Lane Mission, or in Seven Dials, and certainly they would not be more wretched than they would be inefficient. They would drive away rather than attract the poor fallen masses around them. Yet they are men of undoubted ability, and in their own positions they wield a powerful influence for good. The very education which adapts a man to labour among the more refined, may make him too sensitive to be able to cope with the roughness of certain classes among whom others work with great success. I say again, I do not think that the loftiest talent is too great for work among the most sunken classes, and that in fact those who can deal with them are men of genius of a rare order; but it is certain that there are grades of talent, and that all of these are needed to complete the circle of the church's demands. A man whose gifts entitle him to address thousands becomes restless in a hamlet; another brother, whose voice and ability would never compass more than two or three hundred, finds that very hamlet a place of happy labour. Men of all orders are sent us by the Holy Spirit; all are not apostles, nor are all apostles equal to Paul. Each man after his own order, and for his own place; all are members of the one body, but they fulfil divers offices. If the church is to be well served, we must secure men who can speak to the educated of the West end, and we must not reject those who from their culture find themselves at home in Bethnal Green. We want men who will stir our large towns where intellect is quick and sharp, and men who will move the less volatile but perhaps more stable minds of the country villages. No man may say, "Here is my model for a minister, and every man should be framed upon that shape." He would leave half the church, if not more, unsupplied, even if there were an unlimited upgrowth of the model men whom he desires.

We want ministers who, however various their talents, have but one spirit, and that one spirit must be the Spirit of God; they must be filled with love, love to the church and to those yet to be ingathered out of the world; brethren of deep humility, who feel their need of divine help, but men of triumphant faith, who feel assured that the Lord works with them. We want men of self-sacrifice, willing to put up with all sorts of inconveniences, and even sufferings, to attain their end; men of dogged resolution, who mean to be successful, and cannot be put off the track; men who have given themselves up to God wholly, spirit, soul, and body, without reserve, doing one thing only, preaching among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, that God may be glorified in their mortal bodies, whether they live or die. Give us such men as these, and their attainments may not be all we could wish, but this one spirit filling them, the Holy Ghost descending upon them, they shall bring back to the church the apostolic era, and we shall see the work of God revived.

Surely we command the agreement of most Christian people in the opinions we have stated; if it be not so, we are bold enough to say that we ought to do so, for all along through history it can be confirmed that the men who have been most precious to the church have been such as we have described. Find us a revival the whole world's history through, produced by a gentleman whose speech could not be understood, or whose sympathies were not with the people. Great evangelists have never been philosophical essayists, but men of simple gospel views. The Reformers and true fathers of the church have been men of practical common-sense habits, who went to the business of soul-winning in an earnest downright way, disdaining the little conventionalities and prettinesses which charm the weaker sort. They all without exception aimed at conversions. They did not hit on soul-winning by chance; they were not aiming at something else, and by accident managed to bring a great many to the Saviour: they flew towards this one object, like an arrow to its target. There were great distinctions between Calvin and Luther, Whitfield and Wesley, Jonathan Edwards and Rowland Hill: their culture, talents, and position differed greatly, but they were all of one spirit, and God blessed them all.

We will now push on to our second point—the *means of procuring such men*. The first and best means is for the church to value the ascension gifts of her Lord, which were men ordained by himself for her edification and increase. Prayer for the sending of fit men must be continuous and fervent. Our Saviour himself bade us pray the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers into the harvest; but perhaps throughout Christendom no prayer is more seldom offered: indeed, we hear from some quarters complaints that there are too many labourers already. A murmur monstrous, to say the least.

But honest prayer leads to action. It has led us to it. We believe that the Pastors' College has been one among other means used of God to promote the end we have been describing; and without intending, even by implication, in any degree or manner to criticise other institutions, we mean to show how our own effort seems to us adapted to its work.

The design being to discover earnest men, men of differing talents and abilities, suited for various places, one thing is very clear, namely, that *the church should make the area from which she draws her supplies as wide as herself*. To many excellent men the lack of pecuniary means has been a serious barrier. The number of young preachers in a denomination like the Baptists—which is one of the poorer branches of the Nonconforming family—who can afford to pay even a small sum for their own education and maintenance during three, four, five, or six years, at a training institution, must necessarily be small. They are earning nothing at the time, and the sacrifice of what would have been their income is all that most of them can afford. A large number of men of real ability could not even clothe themselves during a college course, for they have no store, and their friends are poor. Why should the churches lose their services from our pulpits, or receive them in a raw, half-developed state? Should not every vestige of difficulty on this score be swept away, prudently and wisely, but effectually? Where the selection is carefully made, it is a great pleasure to feel that the wealth or poverty of the applicant does not sway the judgment one single iota,

but higher qualifications are alone considered. There should be a clear way for any gracious and qualified man into the place where he may be taught the way of God more perfectly; no lack of money should block up his path. A great number of excellent brethren enter our ministry without education; all honour to them for what they accomplish; but while these worthy brethren do well, who shall say that they might not have achieved more if they had been better equipped for their work? Now it ought to be the object of the denomination to get these men who will become preachers, whether they are educated or not, to submit themselves to a preliminary instruction which will make them more efficient, if such instruction there be. The College ought to be so arranged that none of them should say by way of excuse for not entering it, "We could not afford it." Their case should be wholly and entirely met. A number of gifted men are at this moment useful in the Sunday School and in occasional addresses, who would develop into notable preachers if they were encouraged to exercise their gifts by the knowledge that, if found qualified, there would be an opportunity for them to multiply their talents. We know that the spirit of preaching the gospel has been largely poured out upon our own church, and fostered by the presence of our school of the prophets; and we doubt not that other congregations have been influenced in the same way. At any rate, our College is open to the poorest. We constantly receive men whose food and raiment, as well as lodging and education, are furnished for them as a free gift from the institution; and though we are glad when they can help themselves (and some few not only help, but bear all their own charges), yet we never mean to set up a golden, silver, or even a copper gate to the Pastors' College, but to the poorest man, whom we believe the Lord has called, the porter opens cheerfully the door.

Another matter calls for attention. *The degree of scholarship required upon entering College should be so arranged as to exclude none solely on its own account.* Many a preacher who has come to us and succeeded best, would not, when he entered, have passed an examination at an ordinary dame school. It is sad that any man of twenty years should be in such a state of ignorance; but when the Lord converts a youth of the most ignorant class, and puts the living fire into him, shall we leave him unaided? As things have been until now, the unlettered condition of many a peasant and labourer has been well nigh inevitable. England has been far behind Scotland in this respect, and it is to be hoped that matters will now improve. At least for the present distress, I have been unable to see why a man who has the gift to speak earnestly and to move human hearts, should be denied an education because he is so terribly in need of it. What if he does not know the rudiments of English grammar? Let us take the blundering Apollos, and begin at the beginning with him. Because he laboured under disadvantages in his childhood of poverty, and perhaps of sin, is he for ever to be crushed down? Must he achieve the impossible before we help him over the difficult? Let the man who has some education fight his way alone, rather than leave the other unhelped. I would assist both. Let the church, when the Lord sends her a man of rough but great natural ability, and of much grace, meet him all the way, take him up where he is, and help him even to the end. This we daily seek to do.

But there needs the opposite balancing principle of restriction. There must be always in every institution a most earnest, determined resolution that none shall be received but such as are confidently believed to be deeply gracious, whose piety is beyond reasonable dispute, testified to by many who have known them, manifested by the fruits of their labours, certified in all ways that are possible. Even then we fear some will thrust themselves in unawares, but no vigilance must be spared. Those only should be received who have given indisputable proofs, as far as human judgment can ever go, that they love the gospel, that they seek only the glory of God, and all because they feel how much they owe to him who has redeemed their souls from going down into the pit. Certain denominations make a small matter of grace, and look alone to other qualities: we know a church where a man would be nearly as eligible for the ministry being graceless as if he were perfect: but it must not be so among us. It would be almost impossible to be too stringent in this respect. As Cæsar's wife must be not only blameless but beyond suspicion, so must the Christian minister be spotless—yea, more, he must be full of good works to the glory of God. That we have sought to separate between the precious and the vile our Master knows full well.

If we would have the right men, again, *they should not be untried*, but should have preached sufficiently long to have tested their aptness to teach. No education can give a man ability if he has none. Amongst the first of ordinary gifts for the ministry is the gift of utterance;—that cannot be produced by training. I do not know of what value elocutionary classes may be. I suppose they are of some use; the existence of professors of elocution leads us to hope that they may be of some utility; but he would be an extraordinary elocution master who could teach a man to speak who had no aptness for it; in fact, it cannot be done. Now, no one can prove his fitness to impress others except by trial; it is, therefore, a wise regulation that the preacher should be asked, "Have you for a sufficient time—say two years or thereabout—exercised your gift, and have you in the judgment of persons qualified to speak been somewhat successful? We do not ask you whether you have already achieved anything remarkable, for then you would not want college help, but have you brought souls to Jesus, and been generally acceptable to believers?" To my mind, it is clear that no others ought to be admitted under any pretence whatever. If a college receives students because they know so much Greek, or so much mathematics, or can write a theme, it has no more facts before it from which to form a judgment as to the men's eligibility for the Christian ministry, than if they were asked, "Could you stand on your head?" or, "Are you six feet high?"

So far we have looked only towards the students, but we have already said that men who will be a blessing to the church, must plainly preach gospel truths. Very well; then it is of the utmost importance that *the College should teach those truths, and teach them plainly.* But no books will spread orthodox doctrine unless they are in the hands of sound men. It is imperative that the tutors should be not only believed to be sound, but they should be known to have a determined predilection for the old theology, to be saturated with it through and through;

to be, in fact, Puritans themselves, and not mere teachers of puritanic theology; men who love the gospel, defend it, and are ready to die for it. We cannot expect to have the right men sent out unless the tutors who exercise so very potent a part in the training of their minds are valiant for the truth themselves. Our joy is that in this respect the Lord has favoured us very greatly. Our dear friend, Mr. Rogers, who is at our head, is a John Owen for erudition, with a rare spice of motherwit. He is so venerable in years that we venture to say this much of him; as to the rest of us who form the staff, wherever we fail, we are certainly not less staunch in the old-fashioned theology.

In addition to biblical instruction, without limit, it is important that *each man should receive as much education as he is able to bear*. There should not be one cast-iron rule, so that a brother who would reach his best condition if he acquired a common English education, should be obliged to muddle his poor head with Hebrew. There should be different courses of instruction for different men. We have always endeavoured to carry out this idea, but with varying success; for many brethren who need urging further are content to pause, while others who had better halt clamour to go forward, and our wish is to yield to their desires as far as we dare. We have always from the very first tried to see what a brother could learn, and to let him learn what he could.

It has appeared to us that *the chief aim should be to train preachers and pastors rather than scholars and masters of arts*. Let them be scholars if they can, but preachers first of all, and scholars only in order to become preachers. The Universities are the fit places for producing classical scholars, let them do it; our work is to open up the Scriptures, and help men to impress their fellows' hearts. It is certain that the man who has sacrificed everything to mathematical and classical eminence is not one whit the better esteemed by our churches, because experience has taught them that he is not superior as an instructor or exhorter. Our one aim is to assist men to be efficient preachers. If we miss this, we think ourselves to have failed, whatever else we attain.

In order to achieve all these things, it is a very grand assistance to our College that it is connected with an earnest Christian Church. If union to such a church does not quicken his spiritual pulse it is the student's own fault. It is a serious strain upon a man's spirituality to be dissociated during his student-life from actual Christian work, and from fellowship with more experienced believers. At the Pastors' College our brethren can not only meet, as they do every day, for prayer by themselves, but they can unite daily in the prayer-meetings of the church, and can assist in earnest efforts of all sorts. Through living in the midst of a church which, despite its faults, is a truly living, intensely earnest, working organisation, they gain enlarged ideas, and form practical habits. Even to see church management and church work upon a large scale, and to share in the prayers and sympathies of a large community of Christian people, must be a stimulus to right-minded men. Our circumstances are peculiarly helpful, and we are grateful to have our institution so happily surrounded by them. The College is recognised by the Tabernacle church as an integral part of its operations, and supported and loved as such. We have the incalculable benefit of its prayers, and the consolation of its sympathies.

We think it a fit thing that students who are to become ministers in sympathy with the people, *should continue in association with ordinary humanity*. To abstract them altogether from family life, and collect them under one roof, may have its advantages, but it has counterbalancing dangers. It is artificial, and is apt to breed artificialness. It may be objected, that residing, as our men do, with our friends around, they may be disturbed by the various family incidents. But why should they not? In future life the same difficulties will occur, for they are not likely to be Lord Bishops, whose studies will be out of the reach of a babe's cry or the street noise. Recluse life or collegiate life is not the life of the many, and much of it soon puts a man out of harmony with the everyday affairs of life. It is dangerous to engender tastes and habits which in afterlife cannot be gratified, and especially habits which, if they could be abiding, would tend to weakness. Besides, the association of a number of young men has great perils about it, which we need not now rehearse; we will only mention the tendency to levity. Buoyant spirits are not to be condemned, but they usually find vent enough without the encouragement of constant companionship with their like. To keep fourscore young men constantly under the same roof, and so to direct them that they shall remain as earnest and gracious as when they came to you, is a feat which some may have accomplished, but which we shall not attempt. Let the men meet at their studies, form suitable friendships, and go home at night to staid orderly households of much the same class as they may hope their own to be in future years.

Above all, if we are to discover the right sort of men, we must have an institution in which *spiritual life is highly esteemed and carefully fostered*. Watching as we do with anxious heart, we feel we can honestly bless God for the gracious spirit which rests upon the College just now. The most of the brethren have been rich partakers in the influence of our Special Services. We have heard with great joy of their earnestness and prayerfulness. It did us good to hear one say that he had been warned against losing his spirituality by going to College, but he now felt that he could live nearer to God than ever. Nor is this our occasional experience, it is more or less prevailingly our constant element. There have been seasons when it has been a very profitable means of grace to the president to attend his class, and associate with his young friends; for though they were students, eagerly looking after ordinary knowledge, yet they evidently walked with God in all they did. We desire to have it so at all times. There has never been among us any undervaluing of faith and enthusiasm because associated with educational defects, or any treatment of prayer as a needless formality; but on the contrary, a very earnest coveting of spiritual gifts has been the rule. We try to realise how mighty a thing is nearness to God, and how grand it is to live under the divine influence of his Spirit.

Under God, the College has been the instrument of extending the Saviour's kingdom, by founding new churches, and we hope to do far more in future years, if the Lord shall send us means. We do not so much care to build on other men's foundations, by sending ministers to old-established churches, our wish is to found new interests and break up fresh ground. In this aim we have had much fraternal co-operation

from the Associations and denominational societies. Our design is the same as theirs, and mutual aid is the way to success, under God's blessing. Hundreds of towns and large villages are yet without the pure gospel ministry, and friends on the spot, by working with us, can find the way to form a church and evangelize the district.

There is little fear of our driving older ministers out of the field; we would rather enlarge the area for their cultivation. We point to London, where we have planted a number of strong, healthy, vigorous churches, which cause us great joy, and we can devoutly say, "What hath God wrought!" Let the kind reader observe how few of the old metropolitan pulpits we have touched, and how many new places we have helped to create. We believe there are some forty churches in the metropolitan district alone which have arisen from our College work, with the aid of friends and the Association. We gravely question whether the advance of religion in any denomination has been more solidly rapid than it has been with the Baptists in London, and in that we have had an honourable share. We have seen great things, but very little compared with what we hope yet to see, God helping us. We lift up our hearts and hands to the Most High, and bless the Eternal for all his mercies, craving still for more.

As to the actual success of the Institution, we thank God that we have most hopeful signs. The churches of Great Britain gladly receive our young brethren as soon as they are ready; indeed, our great difficulty is to retain them for the whole of our short period. But above this fact our joy is that we can report actual results of soul-winning. The gross increase of the churches under the pastorates of our brethren during the six years in which we have gathered their statistics, is 16,455, and the clear increase is 11,177. This does not include the churches abroad, nor does it represent all those at home, since we have never yet succeeded in inducing all the churches to report. Surely it is no small matter that sixteen thousand souls have been ingathered from the world. It makes our heart glad when we thus see the boundaries of Messiah's kingdom increased.

America welcomes our men; many have gone, and more will go. As the people of England remove to swell the great Republic, it is but fitting that a fair quota of the shepherds should go with the flock. No work can be more important than that of supplying the spiritual needs of newly-settled regions.

Our highest wish has not yet been fully realized. We long to receive the missionary call, but it has come only to one or two. We pray the Holy Ghost to separate some of our number to work among the heathen, and we ask our brethren to unite with us in the same petition.

Our funds come to us without lists of annual subscriptions. When the Lord's stewards receive intimations from him, they send us a portion of their goods, and up to this hour we have known no lack. As for the future we have no doubt or anxiety. The Lord is our Treasurer. For all we lean upon him. We wish every kindred institution Godspeed, and believingly commit our own dear life-work to the Lord our helper who cannot fail us.

Are Buildings Churches?

BY PROFESSOR G. ROGERS.

WE remember the time when those buildings only which belonged to the established religion of the country were called churches, and when this was considered by Nonconformists to be one of the signs of a departure from New Testament principles; but we have lived to see the day in which that which excited the pious horror of their forefathers has been not merely condoned, but imitated by them. There is a singular tendency, in the midst of the most hopeful advances of Christianity in the present age, to palliate old injuries, and to renew former obstacles, as if for the purpose of giving succeeding ages an opportunity of overcoming them; just as a remnant of the ancient nations was left, "that the generations of the children of Israel might know, to teach them war, at the least such as before knew nothing thereof." It is one thing, however, for God to permit evils for a time to remain, and another for his people to perpetuate them when the removal of them is in their own hands. The admonition to them is, "That no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way," unobserved, and unintentionally, the greatest improprieties may regain their influence in the church and in the world. When opposition to them has ceased, and ceased to be remembered, they gradually rise to their former position, and not unfrequently surpass it, and their opponents by familiarity become reconciled to them. In this way we may account for the impropriety to which we now refer. It may be that usage has destroyed all interest in the subject with some; but that very usage may be seen to be accompanied with baneful consequences by others. That we mean no harm, does not exempt us from blame, if the thing be injurious in itself; nor are we the less to be blamed because the evil results are not immediately apparent, when by a little reflection we may convince ourselves of them. We may be allowed, at least, to state our own convictions on the subject.

1. The term *church* when applied to buildings is *inappropriate*. Words are appropriate when they contain some representation, in meaning or in sound, to the object or idea to which they are applied. Derivations generally have a resemblance in meaning to their root-words, and others derived from the same root, and yet are clearly distinct from them. The poetic beauty of words consists chiefly in some resemblance in sound between the word and the object to which it is applied. Words, in general, are arbitrary, having no other relation to their ideas than that which is derived from use; or the relation at first was so casual that it was soon lost. They are not on that account inappropriate. Words are inappropriate when, after having a certain fixed signification, they are perverted from the conventional use. The evil is greater when there is some semblance of a derivative but none in reality. The same words have come, in some instances, to signify two very different things without any relation to each other, and occasionally derivatives have acquired directly opposite significations, without any inconvenience or impropriety being felt. It is when two separate meanings of the same word are apt to be confounded with each other, that in one instance or the other it is inappropriate; and should there have been any intention in the second use of the word to confound them the impropriety is far greater. Let us see how these remarks apply to the case before us.

The Greek word from which our term *church* is derived, signifies an assembly of persons gathered together in obedience to a certain call. It signifies a people called out from the midst of others, and contains the three ideas of vocation, congregation, and separation; or, the authority for assembling, the persons assembled, and their distinction from those who either were not called or did not obey the call. The suitability of this word for the use made of it in the

New Testament is self-evident ; nor has it, we believe, ever been disputed. It is generally agreed to denote the company of those, either in whole or in part, who have obeyed the call of the gospel. Upon the nature of that call, and consequently, of the kind of obedience to be rendered, there has been a wide difference of opinions ; but our argument is with those who adopt the limitation of the church of the New Testament to those who have spiritually obeyed a spiritual call. It is admitted by them that this is the real church, and that in reality there can be no other. There are those who maintain a community of professing Christians, whether really so or not, as of a nation or their own particular sect, to be the true church. Even with these the application of the term church to the places in which they assemble is inappropriate. It is contrary, at least, to general usage. We do not call the senate-house, the senate ; the palace, the court ; the council chamber, the council ; the music-hall, the oratorio ; the house, the family ; the sheepfold, the sheep ; the beehive, a swarm or the honeycomb. The denomination of buildings is commonly regulated by the purposes for which they serve, but they are not called by the purposes themselves ; and the more important those purposes are, the more the impropriety would appear. We have the old term *meeting* applied to the places of worship among Dissenters, which was simply an abbreviation of the place of meeting. A church does not denote a meeting merely, but a meeting of particular persons, and for a particular purpose, and with us applies to a certain number only, and usually the minor part of our assemblies. As a name to our buildings, therefore, it does not embrace the more frequent and extensive purposes for which they are used ; and is more appropriate to those who include all the worshippers in the real church, though not strictly appropriate with them. The wide difference, moreover, between a church of regenerated individuals, purely of a spiritual formation, and a mass of wood and stone, makes the application of one and the same appellation to both a gross perversion of the first principles of language, and all the worse for one professing to be explanatory of the other. "A Congregational church." If church here is used in the old sense, it affirms the real church to have been made with hands ; if in the modern sense of a meeting, or the meeting-place of a denomination, it is tautological, and signifies merely "A Congregational congregation." For a building to be styled, "A Baptist Church" is, if possible, still more absurd, since it is difficult to conceive how under any circumstances, and especially if it has a lofty turret, it could be baptised by immersion. In no sense whatever, therefore, can the title be shown in itself to be appropriate.

2. It is *unscriptural*. The Greek word for *church* occurs one hundred and fifteen times in the New Testament ; in one hundred and nine of which it is applied in its spiritual sense to a body of believers ; in two instances to the same church in its heavenly state ; and in the remaining four to assemblies of another kind. The two references to the heavenly state are in Eph. v. 27, and Heb. xii. 23 ; in the former of which we read, "that he might present it to himself a glorious church ;" and in the latter, "the church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven." The four references to other assemblies are all in the Acts of the Apostles. In the seventh chapter, the congregation of the Israelites is styled, "the church in the wilderness ;" and the three remaining instances are in the nineteenth chapter, in all of which it is applied to an assembly of Greeks at Ephesus. The reference to the church in the wilderness by Stephen, may have been purposely designed as a type of the true church, and its application to the Greeks at Ephesus was according to what with them would be its usual acceptation. There are two instances in the hundred and nine which we claim for its spiritual signification, which have been supposed to refer to a building, or the place in which Christians assembled. One of these is in Acts xi. 26, and reads thus, "And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church." This refers to Barnabas and Saul at Antioch. The marginal reading is *in the church*, but as the allusion is to two individuals only, the common sense interpretation is, not that those two

ministers assembled in the building, but with the company of believers ; since the word "assembled" here applies to none but these two. The meaning obviously is, that Barnabas and Saul for a whole year assembled with the church at Antioch, and not that these two met together in one building. It is not very likely indeed that the church in that city at so early a period would have a building erected for their use. It is added in the same verse, "And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." It may naturally be concluded, we think, that the people would be called Christians long before their places of assembly would be called churches. In this same connection, where the phrase "robbers of churches," occurs, the term for churches is not in the original. The other instance pleaded for this use of the word is in 1 Cor. xi. 18, where the words are, "For first of all, when ye come together in the church, I hear that there be divisions among you." It is evident that "in the church" would here equally apply to a church-assembly, or to the place of assembling, supposing such places to be commonly so called ; but it is no proof that they were so called. Almost immediately after, the place of assembling is spoken of, not as a church but in these words : "When ye come together into one place ;" and the word church is thus used just before, "We have no such custom neither the churches of God ;" and just afterwards, "Have ye not houses to eat and drink in ? or despise ye the church of God, and shame them that have not ?" that is, the poor who could not bring such provisions to a church feast as their richer brethren. It surely cannot mean despising a building by eating and drinking in it, except with those who plead for the consecration of bricks and stones.

We maintain, then, there is no single instance in which the term *church* is applied to a building in the Scriptures. It matters not to us how far such a use of the term may be traced up in ecclesiastical history, since it belongs not to apostolic times and receives no sanction from the word of God. It is remarkable that from the time it was selected to be the distinctive appellation of the sincere disciples of Christ, it should be so exclusively devoted to that one purpose, and that through all the epistles we should meet with it in no other form. Its one spiritual meaning, too, is maintained with great earnestness and guarded with great care. It is a building, indeed, but in contrast with every other. "Thou art Peter," said Christ, "and upon this rock I will build my church ; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "Ye are God's building," says Paul to the church at Corinth, and "as a wise master-builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon." To the church at Ephesus he says : "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone ; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord ; in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." Peter says to those to whom Christ is precious : "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." Now, is it not in direct contravention of such teaching to call a material building a *church* ? What greater care could have been taken in Scripture to keep the two ideas distinct ? Was it ever intended that both should have the same designation, and that on account of some supposed connection with each other ? Under the law, be it observed, the place for divine worship was styled "The Tabernacle," in emphatical distinction from the tents or tabernacles of the people, and yet in close conformity with them. The altar of burnt-offering, the altar of incense, the table of shewbread, the golden candlestick, the ark of the covenant, the holy place, and the holy of holies, had all their distinct appellations. If these had been interchangeably used what confusion would have ensued ! Why should there be less precision in the use of sacred terms with us ? Solomon's splendid edifice for divine worship, it may also be observed, was named a Temple, from the universal application of that title to buildings set apart for worship. It was not called Israel, or Jacob, or the seed of Abraham, or the priesthood, or by any of the gorgeous furniture, or

by any of the specific purposes to which it was devoted. Why should a mere building be more worthy of the same name as the most privileged part of worship with us, than under the former dispensation?

We are met here by a supposed analogy between the use of the term *synagogue* in the New Testament, and of the term *church* in the sense we condemn. *Synagogue*, which signifies a gathering together, and is frequently applied in the septuagint of the Old Testament to the congregation of the Jews, is applied in the New Testament to places of worship amongst the Jews; and may seem, therefore, to sanction a similar use of the term *church* with us; but the cases are widely different. *Synagogue* is a word of less meaning. It implies an assembly of any kind, without the speciality of a call or of a separation from others. It applies to a whole assembly, and not as a church to a particular part of an assembly in any particular place. The term *church* is devoted in the New Testament to a special use, to which it is carefully limited; but the term *synagogue* is adopted merely as one in conventional use. The principal part of the religion of the Jews could not be performed in their synagogues; not, indeed, any of their appointed ordinances, and consequently that title could not represent the peculiarity or substance of their religion. Neither were they devoted wholly to religious services, as we find them to be used as civil courts of judicature, and for the punishment of offenders. "Delivering you up to the synagogues." "They will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues." What is still more to our purpose is, that from the time this word became applicable to places of worship it ceased to be applied to an assembly or to anything else. In the Greek of the Old Testament it is applied to people only; and in the Greek of the New Testament to places only. The apostle James, therefore, with the utmost propriety could apply it to a place for Christian worship. "If," says he, "there come unto your assembly" (in the original, your synagogue), "a man with a gold ring." That he referred to a place is evident from the sequel: "And ye say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool." It would seem to have been to avoid the impropriety of giving the same title to a people and the place of assembly, that when given to the one it was withheld from the other. If the analogy between church and synagogue is to be maintained, then the former must be applied to buildings only. Certain it is that *synagogue* is not interchangeably used in the New Testament for a building and the persons assembled in it, although it would have been far less inappropriate than the term *church*. The cases, therefore, are not parallel. *Synagogue* is always applied in the New Testament to a building, and never to the persons assembled in it; *church* is always applied to persons, and never to the places in which they are assembled.

3. The application of this title to buildings is *deceptive*. It is calculated to mislead and to foster erroneous ideas upon a subject of great import. "That ye may approve things that are excellent," which is amongst the many good wishes of Paul for the Philippians, means rather, "that ye may distinguish things that differ." Whatever tends to preserve the distinctive meaning of words, in a technical and specific sense, in the New Testament, should be carefully attended to by us. The terms justification, redemption, regeneration, sanctification, for instance, we would not needlessly divert from their principal signification. Next to Christ himself, his church is the most prominent object in the New Testament. It ought, therefore, to have its own preclusive title. As Christ is one, his church is one. Errors often have their commencement in the perversion of terms. Was it not by confounding the church with professors of Christianity, through an abuse of the name, and then by extending its application to a hierarchy infinitely more secular than spiritual, that Satan, when foiled in his effort to crush the church of Christ by violence, succeeded in almost supplanting it by a church of his own? How many in Protestant countries, too, have been deceived by the titles of "National Church" and "Parish Church," as though there could be no other? They who know well

how to distinguish between them, cannot readily enter into the difficulties which enquirers meet with from this confusion of terms. The majority of men judge things to be what they are called, without taking the trouble to examine for themselves. By a casual and careless reading of the Scriptures, they associate the church of which they there read with the term in daily use. If they read, "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it," they think it means the Church of England; and of the apostles "confirming the churches," that it means Episcopal confirmation. Ought we to give any encouragement to this great evil? and yet are we not doing our utmost towards it when we give the title, not to all the people merely who assemble within the walls of a building, but to the walls themselves? The difference, it may be said, may be explained in the pulpit. But why create the necessity for such an explanation? first write on the walls, "Congregational Church," and then explain from the pulpit that it is not a church! How many, too, will read the deception without hearing the explanation?

4. It is *inconsistent*. It is peculiarly so with Nonconformists. It is inconsistent with their profession and their principles. What constitutes the true church of Christ, is the chief point of dispute between them and those from whom they dissent. The spirituality of the church or its limitation to regenerated individuals, in opposition to a mere secular, political, or denominational community, has been their chief distinction. In defence of this principle their fathers had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment, and resisted unto blood. A number of persons possessing one creed, bound together by canon law, and strictly conforming to the same rites and ceremonies, they maintained were, on that account, a Christian church. A nation could not be a church. The Church of Rome and the Church of England were wicked assumptions. The name, we have seen, was given to deceive; and in order to remove it as far as possible from its true meaning, was given to works of wood and stone. How comes it to pass that the same party which strenuously affirms that a national establishment is not a church, affirms that a material building is? A mere company of professing Christians cannot be a church, but a company of stones and rafters may be. Nay, the people within the walls are not on that account a church, but the walls themselves are. Is there no inconsistency here? We object to the use of the words *regeneration*, and *priesthood*, and *sacrifice*, and *altar*, in any other sense than the one to which they are almost entirely restricted in the New Testament; but neither of these is more inconsistent than our use of the word *church*. Where is the difference between the Episcopalian calling his baptism *regeneration*, and the Dissenter calling his place of worship *a church*? The former is not more remote from the true meaning than the latter.

5. It is *needless*. There are plenty of words in the English language and in ordinary use that would better answer the purpose. If the term church is needful, it can only be when it is needful to deceive, to conceal what our places of worship really are, and to give them the appearance of what they are not.

6. Might we not add, that such a use of the word church is *profane*? Think what the church of Christ really is, and how it is spoken of in the Divine word. "The church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." "He is the head of the body, the church." It is an habitation of God through the Spirit; the flock of the great Shepherd of the sheep; a company of those who are called and sanctified in Christ Jesus; a spiritual house, a holy priesthood; a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; new Jerusalem; the tabernacle of God with men; the bride, the Lamb's wife. Is there not a sacredness, then, in the very name of that which is thus spoken of as next in honour and glory to Christ himself? Do we not, by giving that title to mere stones, profane the holy name by which we are called? How

shockingly profane the use of the words *Jesus* and *Christ* appears to the uninitiated when applied to separate buildings in a university! The use of church in a similar connection is not wholly free from the same charge, if *Christ* and his church are one.

We have stated our convictions thus freely and fully upon what appears to us to be one of the insidious and pernicious tendencies of Nonconformity in the present age, in the hope that it may lead some to discountenance a practice in which, for want of more reflection, they may hitherto have seen no harm. Never was there a time in which the distinction between the church and the world ought to be more zealously guarded by us. It may be said by some, "What is there in a name?" We reply, that names and things are too closely allied to confound the one without confounding the other. The ancient terms of theology are the ancient land-marks, and no blessing certainly will come upon those who attempt to remove them.

Reviews.

Gems of Song, with Music; a Hymn and Tune Book, for the Sunday School and for Use in Families: containing Two Hundred and Six Hymns, and One Hundred and Sixty-five Melodies. Compiled by GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE. Elliot Stock.

AND all this for one shilling! It surprises us that it can be done for the money. Mr. Congreve has devoted himself to the sacred song of the Sabbath school with singular success. We anticipate that the unanimous verdict will be concerning this collection of song and music, "there is none like it."

Wanderers brought Home: the Story of the Ragged Boys' Home. William Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

THE interesting record of a work of faith among the ragged boys of Dublin. We wish the enterprise the richest blessing heaven can bestow.

The Cottage on the Shore; or, Little Gwen's Story. Religious Tract Society.

ONE of the Tract Society's best little stories; after the manner of "Jessica's First Prayer." Maggie's mamma must buy it for her, and she will like to read about the little Welsh baby who was washed on shore from a wreck, and was called little "Gwen Evans." The tale is full of the spirit of the gospel.

Sketches in Water Colours: a Series of Temperance Tales. By TAPLEY WARD. I. O. G. T. Heywood & Co., Strand.

WHAT, in the name of Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, and all the rest of them, is the meaning of I. O. G. T.? Does it mean, "I object to grog in toto?" Our admiration of tales and sensational stories is not very great at any time, and we cannot say that we bestow much of it upon this special specimen. Moreover, why did not Mr. Tapley keep to his tap? What need to have a fling at others? Let teetotalism be vindicated by all means, but what need is there to abuse the Hyper-Calvinists, among whom there are some of the staunchest teetotallers living. We do not approve of the opinions and spirit of the Hyper brethren, but we are sorry to see them or any other Christians misrepresented; it is a shame for a person writing on a great moral subject to go out of his way to imitate Dickens by bringing in an ultra-Calvinistic "Mr. Stiggins, especially when he is so little acquainted with the Hypers as to make it a fault that Stiggins preached too arousingly to sinners. We thought that Satan himself would never have accused Hyper preachers of this: their faults lie in quite another direction. If our author prefers water colours, we do not quarrel with him, but he may as well use clean water.

The Mad War-Planet: and other Poems.

By W. HOWITT. Longmans.

THE poem on war pleads vehemently, eloquently for peace. Would to God its voice could be heard. It ought to call the Christian Church to do her duty as to war, and that duty plainly is to denounce it utterly and without reserve. The following lines deserve the serious consideration of all ministers:—

“Ye ministers, so named of Christ the Blest,
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of perfect Love,
No longer preach his word with hollow faith,
But in its grand concreteness speak it out:
And tell your flocks that war and strife are
cursed.

There is no strife, there can be none in Christ!
There is but love, and his are known by love;
And to destroy and ravage are not love.

Oh! had ye stood, ye heralds of the Lord,
Planted in every parish, every church,
And meeting-house throughout the so-called
lands

Of Christendom, and spoken out the word
Of Christ's own truth as he has left it you,
Wars had ceased utterly this thousand years.

But ye have been made blind by earthly
creeds,

And by school logic warped and stupefied;
And have paid far more homage unto these—
To canons, rituals, and gross ceremonies,
Than to the central and foundation truth
Of perfect peace, and perfect love of neigh-
bour,

And perfect union of all mankind,
Ordained by word and ratified by deed
Of your eternal King and lawgiver;
Or worse, ye have stooped low your well-fed
backs,

Like Issachar, betwixt the puzzling burdens
Of this world and the other, and become
Servants to tribute, traitors to your Lord.

And so this dreadful plague has raged
through time,

And the world now demandeth at your hands
Your brothers' blood through all these genera-
tions.

Rouse ye, then; stand to the eternal truth
As the first Christians stood, and shout aloud
‘They who shall fight and slay are none of
Christ's.’

And haste ye, for by multitudes already
The truth ye should have welded on the world
Is being uttered; nay, the stones themselves
Of the great highways will cry out ere long
And shame you, if ye further hold your
peace.”

*One Hundred and Forty Original
Gospel Poems, or Hymns for Cottage
Services and Private Use.* By
GEORGE WYARD. Nichols & Son, 11,
Long Acre. Price 8d.

WE greatly esteem our brother, who is
as sound in doctrine as he is loving in

spirit. He modestly issues his hymns
for private use, and for this they are
best adapted. They are all clear in
doctrine and gracious in spirit. No.
37 is, we think, a fair specimen:—

“With thy counsel thou shalt guide

All my future work and way;

Let me near thee yet abide,

Never suffer me to stray.

With thy presence bless me, Lord,

Let me rest upon thy word.

Give me grace to do thy will,

Be that will whate'er it may;

Make and keep me faithful still,

Let me feel thou art my stay;

Glorify thy self in me,

Let me more devoted be.

When the Tempter comes to me,

Help me to resist his power;

Let me thy salvation see,

Keep me in the trying hour.

God of mercy and of love,

Set my heart on things above.

To thy glory take me in,

Where I may for ever dwell,

Where I shall be free from sin,

And thy goodness ever tell.

Glory, glory, O how great,

This be my eternal state!”

*The Marrow of Dr. Thomas Goodwin's
Works on Divinity.* By the late
WILLIAM BIDDER. Robert Banks,
30, Ludgate Hill.

A MONSTROUS title! Take a pint of oxtail
soup, and call it the essence of ten thou-
sand oxen, and you will be as near the
truth as is this title, when it acts as a
label to about fifty small pages of scraps
from the cyclopædian works of Goodwin.
The extracts do not seem to us to have
been made with any judgment; certainly
not so carefully as to give in any sense
or degree the marrow of such a deep
and masterly writer.

*Fuel for our Fires; or, Coalpits, Col-
liers, and their Dangers.* Religious
Tract Society.

A MOST praiseworthy book. Children
will be much pleased and profited by
reading it. It is an example of a com-
mon subject rendered entertaining, and
made the vehicle for gracious teaching.

Sermons. By CHARLES WADSWORTH,
San Francisco. R. Dickinson, 73,
Farringdon Street.

WE suppose that these are great ser-
mons; but they are not to our taste.
The talk is very fair, but too big.

The Practical Moral Lesson Book, embracing the Principles which, as derived from the Teaching of Scripture and the Writings of the most eminent Authors, should regulate Human Conduct. Arranged and adapted more especially for the use of young persons in schools and families. Edited by the Rev. CHARLES HOLE. In three books. Book First, Parts I. & II. Longmans, Green, & Co.

WE have long wished to see such works as these, and we very strongly commend them to the notice of School Boards and masters of large schools. The first book treats of duties concerning the mind, and the second of duties concerning the body. Fathers would do well to make their boys read the chapter concerning *chastity*, where in a very delicate, veiled manner a certain secret sin and all other uncleanness is solemnly spoken of. The chapters on food, pure air, light, clothing, exercise, opium, alcohol, and mental excitement are admirable. We do not think so much of the warnings against tea and coffee, which might have been let alone. On tea there is a passage more calculated to alarm rabbits and cats than to influence anybody else. It is so amusing that we subjoin it:—"Dr. Burdell, a distinguished physician of New York, informs us that he boiled down a pound of young Hyson tea from a quart to half a pint, and that three drops of it killed a rabbit three months old; and when boiled down to one gill, eight drops of it killed a cat of the same age in a few minutes. Think of that!" (*We do think of it, and marvel that nine lives were so easily extinguished.*

We are half a mind to recommend Londoners to put a little on the top of their houses to silence midnight serenaders of the feline order.) "Most persons who drink tea use not less than a pound in three months, and yet a pound of Hyson tea contains poison enough to kill, according to the above experiment, more than 17,000 rabbits, or nearly 200 a-day! And if boiled down to a gill, it contains poison enough to kill 10,860 cats in the same space of time! Similar trials with black tea and coffee were made, and the results were nearly the same." There, reader, tea-drinking reader, tremble for yourself and your rabbits, and your tabbies! There is

death in the tea-pot: Cowper's "Cup which," etc.—everybody knows the quotation—turns out to be an awful cat-destroying fiend. We are sorry to see such nonsense in so good a book. If the boys who are instructed out of these capital class-books do not roar with laughter when they come to these 10,860 cats, they will turn out awful stupids. Our earnest advice to the editor is to let our tea-tables alone, or if he must assail them, to do so without the help of this American doctor and his 10,860 cats.

Original Sin: an Essay on the Fall.

By JAMES FRAME. Longmans.

WE scarcely need say that we widely differ from the views here expressed, which are generally known as Morristonian, or Ultra-Arminian. We see nothing in the arguments of the writer either new or forcible, and could wish that he had spent the time wasted over this volume in compiling another of those delightful expositions upon the Psalms, which we have on former occasions commended to our readers.

Unleavened Bread; or, Food for the New Life. By various Authors.

Edited by C. R. H. Shaw & Co.

SOME very thoughtful and spiritual papers, which, with the unction of the Holy Spirit resting upon them, cannot fail to bless the Christian reader.

The Victory of the Vanquished. A Tale of the First Century. By the Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family." Nelson & Sons.

FROM its authorship and from its attractive title and appearance, we anticipated a great treat in the perusal of this book. We have been disappointed. The cloud which we hoped would refresh us with rain, has only bewildered us with fog. To our mind, the curious *dislocated* style of writing adopted here is ungraceful in the extreme. Delivered from the mannerism which veils and disfigures it, the story would be one of touching interest and beauty; and we cannot but feel sorry that with such a theme the author did not see fit to wield the same facile and fluent pen which gave us such masterpieces as "The Draytons and the Davenants," and "Kitty Trevelyan's Diary."—M. W.

Cousin Mabel's Experiences. By Miss E. J. WHATELY. Religious Tract Society.

MISS WHATELY is sure to have readers whenever she writes, and these sketches of religious life in England will interest, and we hope profit, all who peruse them. We wish that those who profess to be Christians would bring their religion to bear on every-day matters of home-life. This is the aim of the book, and therefore we commend it.—B.

The Measure of Faith. By PHILIP COLBORNE. Hodder & Stoughton.

IN this small collection of sermons are gems of the finest water. The one on Christian Heroism is of the first order. Long may Norwich be blest with the ministrations of the author, and the cause of truth be served by his lip and pen.—B.

Biblical Treasury. Vol. I., New Series. Sunday School Union, Old Bailey.

ONE of the most interesting and useful of the serials published by the Sunday School Union. We need say no more. It has already a large circulation, and we predict for it a still larger.

Ashcliffe Hall. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. John F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

A HEALTHY, vigorous tone pervades the book, and there is much of life in the actions and events. The story is a description of incidents likely to have transpired in the last century, and the authoress's hand has not lost its cunning in describing them.—B.

Ezekiel: and other Poems. By B. M. T. Nelson & Sons.

WE think we can discover the genuine ring of true poetry in this little book. If to be moved almost to tears while reading, and to wish it were longer when finished, is any test of the power of a poem, then there are some in this work which will come up to a high standard of excellence. A deep pathos and a plaintive beauty are manifest in many of the pieces, which have greatly delighted us. Perhaps the minor key is too predominant, but every songster must trill her own lay in the notes God has fitted to her voice. It will amply repay a perusal.—B.

Memoranda.

ON the last day of the Annual Conference we were laid prostrate by an attack of our very painful malady. It will, we fear, be our cross till death. We have been comparatively free from it ever since Christmas, 1869; but on this occasion it came upon us as an armed man, and great has been our bodily anguish beneath its strokes. For this reason, our personal work being suspended, our notes are few this month. How grateful are we that our dear brothers and others are able to conduct affairs so well in our absence. The Lord's name be praised.

We had a noble Conference—good throughout. We intend printing three of the papers then read. They were of extraordinary excellence. At our dear friend Mr. Phillips's supper £1,500 was subscribed to the College. Truly, the Lord has not left us.

Our beloved friend, Mr. T—, on the first day of our illness, sent £250 for our work, that our mind might be at rest. Herein is love. God bless such donors.

Friends will please observe that the amounts sent in for the Orphanage have been very small of late. God will supply the orphans' need, but let not his people forget.

On Monday evening, April 17th, the Annual Meeting of the Colportage Association was held in the Tabernacle. The Colporteurs from Haroldwood and Sheppey gave an account of their work; and Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, and Mr. R. Shindler, of Eythorne, made some excellent remarks on the value of the agency. The report, which contained most interesting extracts from the letters of the colporteurs, we hope to be able to reprint in our next number. God has abundantly blessed the labours of our colporteurs in the ten districts already established; and we long to be enabled, by increased subscriptions, greatly to extend our efforts in this direction.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—March 20th, fourteen; March 23rd, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON. NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 60.

Amount required for maintaining students, and the general work of spreading the gospel, about £6,000.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, 1871, to April 18th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Boulsher	Mr. G. W. New	2 2 0
S. S. L.	Mr. Sexton	1 1 0
A Friend	Mr. C. Neville	5 0 0
A Friend, Tunbridge Wells	The Misses Sanderson	2 2 0
Mr. G. Moore	100	0	0	Mr. Whittaker	5 0 0
J. S.	100	0	0	Mr. Baker	1 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	100	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Boot	2 2 0
Mr. J. Tritton	100	0	0	H. C.	2 0 0
A Friend	100	0	0	Miss Grant	1 1 0
T. C.	20	0	0	H.	0 10 0
Mr. Clark	30	0	0	Mr. Edwin S. Boot	1 1 0
Mr. W. McArthur, M.P.	10	10	0	Mr. W. C. Straker	10 10 0
Mr. J. Benham	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Higgs	2 2 0
Mr. F. Benham	5	0	0	Mr. W. Mills	1 1 0
Mr. J. P. Bacon	5	0	0	Mr. T. H. Cook	1 1 0
Mr. Doulton	5	0	0	Mrs. R. A. James	1 1 0
R. A.	5	0	0	Mr. H. J. Gardner & Mr. W. Sparke	1 6 0
A Family Offering, by E. H.	5	0	0	Mr. C. Smithers	1 1 0
Mr. W. Edwards	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Thorne	2 2 0
Mrs. Stevenson	1	1	0	Mrs. Newman	1 1 0
Mr. H. Heath	2	2	0	Mrs. Barrow	1 0 0
Miss Marshall	1	1	0	Mr. W. Jenkins	5 0 6
Mr. J. Green	2	2	0	Mr. R. W. Bainbridge	1 0 6
Mrs. Blackshaw	1	1	0	Mr. James Smith	2 2 0
Readers of "Christian World"	1	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	3 3 0
Editor of "Christian World"	5	0	0	Mr. Redman	5 0 0
Miss Phillips	1	1	0	Mr. Luff	1 1 0
Mr. Oxley	1	1	0	Mrs. Luff	0 10 6
Mr. E. Hunt	3	0	0	Mrs. S. Luff	0 10 6
Mrs. F. Hunt	1	0	0	Mr. Barker	1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Snell	1	1	0	A Friend	0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	5	0	0	Mr. T. Cox	1 1 0
Miss E. M. Fisher	1	0	0	Mrs. Millson	2 0 0
Rev. G. Rogers	1	0	0	Mr. J. Miller	0 2 6
Mr. and the Misses Dransfield	5	5	0	Mr. R. Stark	1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	5	0	0	Mr. R. Waters	5 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Scott	2	0	0	Mr. B. W. Carr	3 3 0
Mrs. Childs	1	1	0	Mr. Heritage	5 5 0
Mr. Ridley	1	1	0	Miss E. Brown	0 10 6
W. C.	0	10	0	A Friend	0 10 0
Mr. H. Kelsey	1	1	0	A Friend	0 10 6
Mr. and Mrs. J. Goodwin	2	10	0	Mrs. Perrott	1 1 0
C. W.	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead	3 0 0
Mr. E. T. Stringer	2	2	0	Miss Whitehead	1 0 0
Mr. C. Taylor	6	0	0	Mr. W. S. Whitehead	1 0 0
Mr. T. Olney	10	0	0	R. A.	2 0 0
Mr. R. Rowton	5	0	0	Mr. J. Amery	1 0 0
Mr. W. Cordrey	2	0	0	Rev. A. Mursell	1 0 0
Mrs. Cordrey	1	0	0	Mr. W. Harrison	5 5 0
Mr. Nisbet	3	0	0	Mr. R. Hellier	2 2 0
T. F. A.	0	10	0	Mr. W. J. Mills	3 3 0
A Friend	0	5	0	Mr. Romang	5 0 0
Mr. S. Barrow	5	5	0	Mr. W. Knight	2 2 0
Mr. W. Payne	3	3	0	Lady Burgoyne	5 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Temple	1	11	6	Mr. W. W. Baynes	1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Cockrell	5	0	0	Mr. A. H. Baynes	1 1 0
Mr. J. Mills	2	2	0	E. B.	0 10 6
Mr. H. Olney	10	0	0	W. G. L.	1 1 0
Miss Florence Olney	1	1	0	Mr. Frean	5 5 0
Master H. Olney	1	1	0	Mr. E. Iliffe	0 10 6
Mr. J. C. West	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hale	5 0 0
Mr. G. H. Mason	20	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Potter	10 10 0
Mr. J. B. Mead	20	0	0	Miss Potter	1 1 0
Rev. J. T. Wigner	2	0	0	Mr. Izard	10 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Vickery	5	0	0	Mr. Chew	10 0 0
Mr. R. Pigott	5	0	0	Mr. W. F. Coles	5 0 0
Mr. W. Webb	10	0	0	Mr. R. Harris	5 0 0
Mr. Pigott's Friend	2	10	0	Mr. T. Knight, Enfield	2 2 0
J. N.	1	0	0	Mr. J. Finch	25 0 0
E. H.	0	5	0	Mr. Matthews	1 1 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. P. C. Haddock ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. Fisher ...	3	3	0
Mr. H. F. Bowker ...	2	2	0	Mr. J. P. Fisher ...	3	3	0
Capt. the Hon. R. Morrison ...	2	2	0	Mr. W. Olney ...	5	5	0
Mr. J. Toller ...	5	0	0	Mr. W. Olney, Jun. ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Toller ...	1	0	0	Mr. E. Olney, Jun. ...	2	2	0
Mr. Rahns ...	10	10	0	Miss K. Olney ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. R. Selway ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Downing ...	10	10	0
Mr. Stiff ...	10	10	0	Miss Downing ...	2	2	0
B. Jun. ...	0	10	0	Miss E. Downing ...	2	2	0
Mr. John Edwards ...	20	0	0	Grateful for the College ...	0	10	0
Mr. R. Evans ...	10	10	0	Mr. E. Morgan ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Priest ...	5	0	0	Mr. Paton ...	50	0	0
Mr. G. Hanbury ...	25	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. ...	125	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood ...	1	1	0	Rev. J. A. Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
Miss Ellwood ...	1	1	0	<i>Collected by Students :-</i>			
Mr. G. Ellwood ...	2	2	0	Mr. Lardner ...	4	4	6
Mr. G. Penston ...	5	5	0	Mr. G. J. Knight ...	3	5	0
Miss Mary Penston ...	1	1	0	Mr. Benskin ...	2	5	6
Mr. C. C. Carpenter, Jun. ...	2	2	0	Mr. Taylor ...	1	2	6
Mr. J. Alder ...	5	5	0	Mr. Coombes ...	1	11	0
Mr. W. Ross ...	5	0	0	Mr. Layzell ...	2	12	1
Mr. S. R. Pattison ...	3	3	0	Mr. Morris ...	0	10	0
Mrs. G. H. Virtue ...	5	0	0	Mr. Sandwell ...	0	12	6
Miss Virtue ...	1	0	0	Mr. Sullivan ...	0	18	6
Mr. G. T. Congreve ...	3	3	0	Mr. W. Smith ...	1	10	0
Miss Minnie Congreve ...	1	1	0	Mr. Ward ...	0	18	9
Mr. W. E. Clubb ...	1	1	0	Mr. Hook ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Matheson ...	25	0	0	Mr. Davidson ...	1	5	0
Mr. W. Mills ...	5	0	0	Mr. Howard ...	0	15	0
Mr. J. Surr ...	10	10	0	Mr. Dyke ...	1	13	6
Preach the Gospel ...	1	0	0	Mr. Glanville ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Evans ...	0	10	0	Mr. Bruce ...	1	10	0
Mr. Balls ...	3	0	0	Mr. Acomb ...	1	10	0
Mr. Forster ...	1	1	0	Mr. Harraid ...	1	10	0
Mr. M. Fulka ...	1	0	0	Mr. Osborne ...	2	9	6
Mrs. Bickmore and Friends ...	2	0	0	Mr. Short ...	0	10	6
Legacy of the late Mr. Dauncey ...	5	0	0	Mr. Stockdale ...	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Banson ...	1	1	0	Mr. Testro ...	1	11	6
Mr. Alexander ...	2	2	0	Mr. Alway ...	1	18	6
Miss Such ...	0	10	6	Mr. Fletcher ...	1	8	0
Mrs. Gilham ...	0	10	0	Mr. Groombridge ...	0	10	6
Mr. Oliver ...	5	5	0	Mr. Hutchesson ...	0	2	6
Rev. D. Gracey ...	1	1	0	Mr. A. Smith ...	1	5	0
Mr. J. Cowdy ...	10	10	0	Mr. Usher ...	1	1	6
Mr. W. Higgs ...	60	0	0	Mr. Henderson ...	2	0	0
Mr. W. Higgs, Jun. ...	2	2	0	Mr. Tydeman ...	1	3	0
Miss Higgs ...	2	2	0	Mr. Porter ...	0	4	9
Miss Louie Higgs ...	2	2	0	Mr. Mayo ...	0	10	0
Miss Sarah Higgs ...	2	2	0	Mr. McAlister ...	5	10	1
Mr. W. Ricketts ...	10	0	0	Mr. Edwards ...	1	2	0
Mr. Thomas Garland ...	3	3	0	Mr. Fulton ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Brown ...	20	0	0	Mr. Stubbs ...	1	13	6
Mr. J. W. Brown, Jun. ...	1	10	0	Mr. Tarn ...	2	0	0
Mr. E. H. Brown ...	1	1	0	Mr. Thomas ...	0	15	0
A Friend ...	0	10	6	Mr. Wigstone ...	0	5	0
A Thankoffering, J. W. ...	0	10	6	Mr. Young ...	9	9	7
John xvii. 20, 21 ...	3	10	0	Mr. Wilson ...	1	0	0
lots ...	0	1	0	Mr. George White ...	2	10	6
In Weekly Offering Box at Sherwell				Mr. Frewin ...	1	0	0
Chapel, Plymouth ...	0	5	0	Mr. Swift ...	1	16	0
Mr. James Stephen ...	2	10	0	Mr. Glover ...	0	10	0
A Wellwisher, West Bromwich ...	2	10	0	Mr. G. Hill ...	3	0	0
B. J. B. ...	5	0	0	<i>Contributions from Churches whose</i>			
A Thankoffering, per Rev. A. A. Rees ...	2	10	0	<i>Pastors were formerly Students in</i>			
Mrs. Bainbridge ...	1	0	0	<i>the College :-</i>			
Mr. J. Challis ...	1	0	0	Loscoc, per Rev. J. Owens ...	1	5	0
Weekly Contribution from a Friend ...	1	0	0	Barton Mills, per Rev. J. Hillman ...	1	13	0
Mr. W. B. Miteulfe ...	5	0	0	Bromley, per Rev. A. Tessier ...	2	0	0
Miss Maxwell ...	0	10	0	Limpfield, per Rev. T. Cockerton ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. E. Coe ...	1	0	0	Nailsworth, per Rev. C. L.			
Mrs. E. Dodwell ...	0	10	0	Gordon ...	0	17	6
Mr. R. Huntley ...	5	5	0	Collection ...	1	10	4
Mr. Murrell ...	10	0	0	Friends ...	2	1	0
Miss Murrell ...	2	0	0				
Mr. W. C. Murrell, Jun. ...	2	0	0	Writtle, per Rev. J. Gonn ...	4	8	1
Mr. Alabaster ...	10	10	0	Bridgnorth, per Rev. J. Warren ...	1	17	3
Mr. J. Alabaster, Jun. ...	1	1	0	Ipswich, per Rev. W. Whale :-	2	0	0
Mr. Passmore ...	10	10	0	Mr. H. S. Cowell ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, Jun. ...	2	2	0	Mr. Everett ...	0	5	0
Miss Passmore ...	1	1	0	Mr. Taylor ...	0	5	0
Miss Lily Passmore ...	1	1	0	Mr. Smith ...	0	5	0



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

—o—o—o—
JUNE 1, 1871.
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The Best Way of Securing Variety in Sermonising.

A PAPER READ AT THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE OF 1871.

BY C. A. DAVIS, OF CHESTERFIELD.



HE title of our paper assumes the truth of the proverb, "Variety is charming;" a dictum which it is not likely any of us will be inclined to question. The title was given to us, or we should not have cast it in so pretentious a mould. We do not venture to hope, with our slender ability, to expound the best way of securing the object in view, but rather to submit our thoughts on the matter, with the hope of eliciting for our own advantage an expression of our brethren's opinions. As to the word "sermonising," we take it to apply more especially to the preparation of the sermon, as the word "preaching" refers to its delivery; but since the variety we seek is to be apparent in the final result as well as in the process we adopt to secure it, we shall take little care to preserve this distinction in our paper.

We begin with the remark that *variety in preaching is needful*. A glance at his audience will convince the preacher of this. All men, more or less, carry their minds in their faces, and of the many minds before him, he sees no two alike. Each has its own needs and its peculiar tastes. Each will have to be won by specially adapted methods. The startling knock that gains admission to one heart will only close the door of its neighbour; and the still small voice must be used if we would obtain entrance there. Some will need a sudden peremptory demand for admission; with others we shall not succeed unless we give due and gentle notice of our coming. This man exalts himself far

away from his fellows on an all but inaccessible peak of lofty reserve, and to reach him we must scale heights and overcome many obstacles: the other will never be found in those frosty regions; he has his abode in the valley of humiliation, and not till we have descended thither shall we find ourselves welcomed by him as the heralds of peace. There are in our audience feeble folk and strong, healthy minds and ailing; and while for this class we spread the table, to that we must administer the medicine. Nor must we forget the varied moods of the same mind. Some persons are blessed with a mental constitution that is enviably equable, others are as variable as an April morning, and the song that ravished yesterday, to-day grates on the ear.

Recollect, too, that monotony defeats itself. We are all familiar with the law by which a sound oft repeated loses its power to strike the ear or arrest the attention. Dwellers in the neighbourhood of Niagara hear it roar as though they heard it not, and a sudden silence would be to them as a thunder clap. You, my friend, have sat in your study; the clock on the mantelpiece ticked with commendable perseverance, but you did not hear it till it stopped, and by its startling silence awoke you to the fact that you had neglected to wind it up. A preacher who lacks variety will be unheard even by his audience. There may be many hearers in his chapel, but few listeners; and it might be an agreeable change, and probably an impressive one, if he should stop ticking. Possibly his silence might be more effectual than his preaching to arrest those who had been lulled to unconsciousness by his monotonous utterances. In nature, if there be any monotony, it is relieved by constant variety. Chanticleer wakes up the morn, and is immediately succeeded by a hurried chorus of the waking songsters. By-and-by this sinks, and one and another sits warbling his solitary note, or answering his mate. Then, as the sun rises, the lark is heard at heaven's gate singing, and in the noontide heat, when most birds rest, the sedate rooks on languid wing utter their indescribably indolent caw in harmony with the gentle sigh of the wind, and the occasional sharpening of the labourer's scythe. As evening draws on the birds sing their vespers to the droning hum of the beetle's wing, and then leave the night to the stars and the pensive nightingale, who, like grace in affliction, pours upon the darkness her melting melodies. Let the preacher wake up all the varied sounds of the world within him. Let the birds of joy and the quiet zephyrs of meditation, the single notes of solitary emotions, and the full chorus of all that is within him be heard, as he tells out the tale of God's love to man.

The need of variety has been clearly perceived by others, and I hope we are wise enough to avail ourselves of what is good wherever we find it. The Ritualists understand its advantages, and study to introduce it not into their preaching alone, but into every other part of their service. They appeal to all the senses—except common sense. Ear, eye, and nose are all entertained. They elaborately decorate the walls of their sanctuaries, and burden the dim light with the colours of painted glass, they change their dress, they shift their position, they have attitudes and postures many, all to please the sight. They enlist the fragrance of burning incense that the sense of smell may be regaled. They invoke the spirit of music, they intone their prayers, they ring

their eternal bell to please the ear. And Ritualism is aptly symbolised by its music. The Ritualistic chant is a beautiful wail, a melodious groan; just what Ritualism itself is, a constant weeping at the sepulchre, a religion of death instead of life, an endeavour to stop all the pulsations of human love and desire, and to wrap the whole mind and spirit in a winding-sheet. And so their spirit wails out in their music like the hollow sighs of mournful ghosts at midnight. There is a certain beauty about the whole thing, just as sometimes there is a beauty about a corpse; but from such a religion that "has its dwelling among the tombs," good Lord, deliver us. I am not to be understood to recommend that we should imitate them in all their puerile details; but taking the principle of the advantage of variety illustrated in their example, apply it in our own conduct of religious worship.

This needful variety in preaching is attainable. We are not likely to labour much after that which we reckon beyond our reach. Let it therefore be a settled axiom with us, that we are all equal to the attainment of this desideratum. A man with an ordinary mind should think some fresh thoughts every day. Writing stimulates the power of thinking, therefore he should write down daily one good thought at least. Surely, a living, perceptive mind with so many varied things around it, ought to find it impossible to think on in the same dull routine. And consider, too, the extent of our theme. Does it not fill heaven and earth? If we can find no variety here, we shall find none anywhere. One might preach on the scheme of redemption for a lifetime, and exhibit a fresh phase of it in every sermon, and yet fail to exhaust the subject. The multitude of the stars of this heaven cannot be numbered. Like the world of nature, grace has infinite resources of freshness. Breadth, or concentration of view will equally interest. You may study a leaf or a landscape, and find equal food for meditation and wonder. The leaf with its stem and branching veins, its delicate tissue, and the subtle ministry of the flowing sap, its peculiar texture and colour, and its outline bearing a general analogy to that of the tree from which it was plucked, will move your admiration of the skill and wisdom of God, no less than the landscape with its million fluttering leaves, and its breezy hills and plains, lying as if in conscious security beneath the protection of the bending sky. And grace is another heaven and earth. The love of God is like the blue heaven above us, now bright with the greater orb of his unspeakable gift, now sweetly glancing down in the starry jewellery of the promises; and should not the responsive life of his people be like the fair green earth, growing, blooming, bearing fruit, and offering back to heaven the fitting tribute in its spiritual fruitage and beauty? The infinite theme which the angels desire to look into, and which will furnish eternally unexhausted matter of contemplation in heaven, leaves us without excuse if we lack variety in preaching.

Through the husk and shell we reach now the kernel of our subject—*the best means of attaining this variety.*

First, *study books.* Reading makes a full man, and we would counsel the preacher to give himself the benefit of wide reading. Unless he have in his unassisted brain the intellect of all the world besides, he will find much of suggestion and help in the thoughts of other men.

Books are the brains of dead and living men preserved for our examination; or, if you will have it less unpleasantly put, thought embalmed, free spirit caught and prisoned in paper bonds. The man who studies may admit other men's minds into his own. He may speak in many voices, and with other tongues to his people. We recommend that a certain portion of each day be punctually devoted to this employment. But let not your reading be confined to theology. This were to practise a one-sided system of study injurious to the mind, and ineffectual to gain your object. Press all books into the service. Let science yield up her treasures, and poetry be enticed to hang her pearls around the neck of your theme; let grave books lend you their solidity, and gay books impart their cheer; let old books add to you their quaintness, and new books contribute their freshness and bloom.

Add to your reading *the study of God's three books*, to wit—revelation, providence, nature. Read pre-eminently, deeply, continuously, *the Bible*, the freshest, the most varied, the sublimest, the sweetest of all books. Other requisites being granted, the man mighty in the Scriptures need not fear for his preaching on the score of variety. There are no words like the words of Scripture for reaching the human heart. Be thou, therefore, a disciple of the master-book. Let the Bible illustrate itself. Set its texts underneath its own pictures. Creation is gradually forming out of darkness; chaos and old night have fled; light, order, beauty, and life are being evolved under the creating hand of God: write underneath, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Israel is passing dryshod over Jordan. The waters have not dared to overwhelm the chosen race, for the ark stands in the midst of the river bed. Write under, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Jericho is falling to ruins, not by the shock of the battering-ram, but by the blast of the trumpet, and the shout of the people. Write underneath, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." This is a field of hidden treasure, and to the attentive student the book will illustrate itself with marvellous richness.

Associate the study of *providence* with your Bible reading. Providence both in history and daily life will furnish many an effective illustration, and point many a lesson. Nothing has a more powerful influence on men's minds than fact. He who makes discreet use of facts in his sermons will not be an ineffective preacher.

Ponder over God's book of *nature*. Never was there in sacred cloister a more richly illuminated missal than this. Christ made much use of it. "I am the true vine." "Consider the lilies of the field." "Behold the fowls of the air." Let your sympathies be drawn out by nature. Lean over the railing of some rustic wooden bridge, and look into the rippling stream below. Sit down amongst the hyacinths in the wood. Read your Bible there, and you will understand it better. Mrs. Gatty's Parables from Nature are suggestive as to the method of drawing out spiritual and moral truths from the world around us. There is a subtle sympathy possessed by some with the winds, and flowers, and the hazy woods, that enables them to extort from nature her secrets. Beecher is one of these nature kings. There are in his sermons passages

of exquisite natural poetry, and passages withal that come wonderfully close to the human heart, which are unrivalled in their own peculiar line. If you can obtain that subtle sympathy you will see and hear in nature more than ordinary men. The depth will no longer say, "It is not in me," nor the sea, "It is not with me." All things will unfold their treasures to you. The stone will break open at your touch, and reveal its casket of jewels; the ocean will yield its pearls of truth; flowers will make your sermons fragrant; and from all quarters of the earth the winds will bring you their messages, strange and beautiful as the lands from which they come. But nature tells her secrets only to her lovers.

Study also *human nature*. The faculty of hitting off character in a few graphic touches is a great element of power in preaching. Analyse character wherever you meet with it, till you are able to produce in a few sentences full-length portraits of the persons to whom or of whom you speak. Nothing is farther from my meaning than indulgence in coarse personality. Some who practise it think it a fine thing. They are alone in that opinion. But the preacher has to do with men; a certain knowledge of human nature is essential to him, and the more thorough and practical that knowledge is, the better.

While practising this habit of universal observation accustom yourself to *apply it as universally to the illustration and enforcement of truth*. Although some naturally possess this power, it may like all things else be greatly cultivated. In all your reading, marking, and learning, assimilate whatever is available, by that process of inward digestion recommended in the prayer-book. Be like the loadstone which attracts the steel filings. I have seen wire suspended in a chemical solution till it crystallised the substance to itself in beautiful forms. Be like this wire; come out of your book with the crystals of thought and illustration sticking all over you, and let them sparkle in your discourses.

Seek variety in the *choice of your subjects*. Unless you have great fertility of thought you will scarcely elect to preach on the same text for seven Sundays in succession. Look over the subjects of your sermons occasionally, to find out whether any important topic has been omitted. Let your general reading and your pastoral visits also be suggestive. Preach not from the New Testament alone, neither when in the Old Testament confine yourself to the Psalms. Take sometimes a didactic, sometimes a pictorial text. The choice of your subjects may be influenced by many things around you. Follow God in his arrangement of the year, and let the seasons give the key-note to your changes. Spring time and harvest, summer and winter, should not cease in your sermons. The spring will give you resurrection topics; and the snowdrops and crocuses will suggest the fresh sweet flowers of grace in the heart. The summer will bring its illustrations of the maturity of the Christian life, and recall to your memory many a Bible sentence which specially belongs to that season. Such texts as, "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land," or, "The sun shall not smite thee by day," would not be so well appreciated at Christmas time; just as, on the other hand, "Who can stand before his cold?" is hardly suitable for the month of June. "Herein is my Father glorified, that

ye bear much fruit," is an autumn text. One half of your people will have gathered their fruit the week before, and they will listen accordingly; and the other half will be gathering it the week after, and you will have hung a sermon for them on every bough. The many-tinged foliage will be suggestive. The bright scarlet and yellow leaves leaping from their boughs, and floating on the autumn wind to their resting-place on some green bank, will furnish an emblem of the joyful death of the believer; the departure of the wicked you will liken to the sombre brown leaves that fade and decay, as if in conscious gloom, and fall to rot in the damp ditch below. In winter, when the snow-flakes are falling thick, and covering the hills and hedges with white, you will preach on the notable words in the first chapter of Isaiah's gospel, or the cry of the penitent king in the fifty-first Psalm. Or, again, take advantage of current events of public interest. Avail yourself of the signing of the treaty of peace, and let your people hear you "preaching peace by Jesus Christ." Isaiah, in his sixty-second chapter, turned to account the royal wedding of Hezekiah and Hephzibah: "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married. For as a young man marieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee: and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." We might also quote a more recent example of the same thing.* Here is a text for the Census day: "The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there;" and if you should be asked, why *the Lord* is to perform the work, reply, that it is "a great multitude, which no *man* could number." Even events associated with sinful amusement may be advantageously used by the preacher. The English games may suggest to you, as the Grecian games to the apostle, admonitions for the Christian life. "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us." "He that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Samson found honey in the destroyer, physicians employ poisons in the healing art, and why may not we distil gospel truths even from the most unpromising materials? Within due limits this practice may be profitably followed, care being always taken not to debase our ministry, but to elevate the theme to the level of Scripture dignity.

Is it absolutely necessary that the text should be taken from the Bible? Christ availed himself of any passing incident, not only in his private conversations with the disciples, as when he spoke of the lilies and the vine, but also in his public discourses, as on the sower and the calamity at Siloam. Indeed, only once, I think, did he take a text from the Bible, namely, in the synagogue at Nazareth. The apostles, though they often founded their addresses on a chain of reasoning from Scripture when they preached to Jews, as often told out their gospel without a text. I am not recommending the plan as one to be often adopted, but merely venture to throw out the hint. I have not yet

* The "example" referred to is "The Royal Wedding." By C. H. Spurgeon. Published on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

discovered the commandment, "Thou shalt not preach without a text from Scripture." We should commit no sin in feeling ourselves at liberty to take advantage of any arrestive incident, rather than let it pass unemployed because it was not a Bible text; and though a text might easily be found that would work it up, its very absence sometimes might more effectually arrest the attention of the people. Such an address need not be lacking in Scripture truth. This we must use if we would have God's blessing on our efforts. But the mere presence of a text at the head of a discourse is no guarantee, as we all know too well, that there is necessarily any Scripture truth in the sermon that follows.

Having chosen your subject, study *variety of treatment*. Sometimes treat it generally, taking a comprehensive view; at other times, in detail, using the microscope to examine into its very texture. The motto, "Stick to your text," is the first principle of this science. You know how Rowland Hill counselled young preachers. He said the gospel was a milch cow, which always gave plenty of milk, and of the best quality. "I never write my sermons," said he; "I always trust to the gospel. I first pull at justification, then give a plug at adoption, and afterwards a bit at sanctification, and so on, till I have in one way or other filled my pail with gospel milk; and if you will only do the same, young men, depend upon it you will make far better ministers than you will ever do by writing your sermons and preaching from memory." Now this advice, however witty, I venture to characterise as eminently vicious. Only a man of Rowland Hill's originality could act upon it without certain ruin to the freshness of his preaching. But if the peculiar teaching of each text be conscientiously brought out, a man of but medium ability need not fear becoming stale. Aim, therefore, to discover and exhibit the *speciality* of your text. Let this be your golden rule. Make a note of it; and as you value your reputation, avoid swivel sermons: that is to say, such as can be turned indiscriminately to any text. May I, without an appearance of presumption, be allowed to express the opinion that this is one great element in the freshness of certain sermons familiar to us all? Let me give, as an instance, at random, a sermon, dated January 8th, on the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour," etc. It is a well-worn text, and deservedly so; yet the sermon is entirely new. The preacher took the microscope, and peered into the recesses of the sentences, and brought out that beautiful idea of "Rest, and Rest," which we revelled in as we read. There is a sermon of the same preacher, from Isaiah liii. 6: "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all"—a text from which he had preached before, but he secured a perfectly new interest by bringing out the deeper meaning indicated in his title, "*Individual* sin laid on Jesus." If we resolutely refuse to leave the text till we have caught from its lips its own idiom of truth, we shall surprise ourselves, as well as benefit the people, by the freshness of Bible thought.

A *different point of view*, or a *different light*, will sometimes vividly show up a text. Like a bas-relief it has its own character and beauty when the light is held full in front; but take the light to the side, and the piece is thrown out in bold shadow with startling distinctness. Do you recollect the emotions with which you first beheld a familiar land-

scape by moonlight? You had often admired it under a flood of golden sunlight, but the pale moonbeams made it another scene. You stood long, and gazed. You had never imagined that weird, fairy-like beauty in the well-known prospect. It was the magic spell of light. Such a variety you may secure in your texts by skilful changes of light upon them. Avoid the mental gloom that imparts its leaden hue to every subject, however varied. Such constant cloud-light is incompatible with freshness. I stood one day last summer in the Fairy Glen, near Bettws-y-coed. It is a romantic dell, down which a merry laughing stream leaps and frolics among the moss-green boulders that lie scattered in its bed. The rocks on either side rise to a height of forty or fifty feet, and are diversified and crowned with foliage; the opening at the extremity of the glen reveals in hazy blue the distant mountains, and a narrow strip of sky stretches overhead. I thought nothing could be more exquisitely beautiful. But while I looked, a cloud which had covered the sun passed away, and a sunbeam came glancing down into the glen. In a moment the scene was transfigured; like the indescribable transfiguration of a lovely character when it comes under the influence of divine grace; the colours all glowed with beauty, the stream sparkled and threw around the rocks a thousand careless brilliants, and the purple and golden crags shone out like jewels from their setting of emerald foliage. This is what I want in our sermonising—the power of obtaining the light which sets things in their true colours. Without this there may be much of the beauty of correctness, but this will give the additional beauty of life. The secret lies, I believe, in getting into the spirit of the text; the enthusiasm of the subject, I may call it. Every text possesses naturally its own colour; but if it undergo a dyeing process in the mind of the student, this natural variety is destroyed. No manufacturer anxious for diversity in his goods would plunge them all into the same dyeing-tub; and no preacher aiming at variety will make his texts all alike by exhibiting them through the coloured medium of his own mind: he will rather keep his mind in a state of crystal clearness that the natural beauty of his theme may be apparent. Every flower-bud ere it bursts is wrapped and hidden in its green covering, and the colour of the petals does not appear till the blossom unfolds. So each text wears at first sight the general hue of Bible truth, and only reveals its peculiar beauty as it opens under the light and heat of prayerful study. Let it be your aim to develop the native character of your text, rather than to melt down all its individualities, and recast it in the stereotyped mould of your own mind.

Perhaps it is not always absolutely necessary to have in our sermons heads, one, two, and three. Now, I believe in heads. They are useful to assist our own clearness of thought, as well as to help the memory of our hearers; but like the heads of sleeping birds, they may sometimes surely be concealed under the feathers. If occasionally we began at the starting-point, and went straight through the line of thought without stopping at the stations, gathering momentum as we moved, there might at least be the gain of variety in treatment.

Much importance attaches to the *manner* of the preacher. The great rule to be observed is, to observe no rule at all. Be natural. Imitate neither Ezekiel nor Isaiah, Barnabas nor Paul, nor any other

of the great preachers of the day. Allow me to say to each of you, without intending a compliment, your own style of preaching is the best; that is, if it be natural to you. Of course, your brother minister's manner is quite as good, and better; but that does not alter the fact of your own being the best for you. Have you never watched a good man aiming at something beyond himself? He was but a Barnabas, but he would swell himself to the bigness of a Boanerges. The result was he lost himself and his people too. He used all the means. There was the great and strong wind, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still, small voice: and now he had become himself again, and the people felt the presence and power of God. O to learn that lesson, "When I am weak, then am I strong;" not to value myself upon fancied preaching ability, but simply and fervently to deliver the message wherewith God has intrusted me, relying on him for the success. I do not mean that the natural style is beyond the need or reach of culture; far from it. The greatest preachers have owed much to style, and have paid to it great attention. This was Whitfield's power. His sermons, as we read them now, convey but little of the impression which their delivery wrought. There is all the difference between the printed sermons and the resistless harangues which overwhelmed the people, that there is between the corpse and the living man. Whitfield's manner and tones were the soul of his words; and those words, thrilled with life, charged upon the people with the impetuous shock of an army. It is not the matter alone which makes the sermon; the matter is its body, the manner is its soul. Indeed, a look, or a silent gesture will sometimes do a work which cannot be accomplished by words. A friend of mine heard Adolphe Monod in Paris. He was preaching on the Last Judgment, and began with a masterly argument from analogy, drawn from the sense of justice implanted in the constitution of human nature. Having cleared the way, he went on to picture the last great scene. Amidst a silence like death he depicted the groups standing before the white throne, the separation of families and friends, and the ghastly terror of the rejected. Overcome by emotion he ceased, and drawing his robe over his arm, he covered his face and stood silent amid the audible sobs of the assembly; and then, with a few affectionate and hopeful words of invitation to the Saviour, closed the sermon. An imitation of this would be execrable; but the flaming soul which thus burns its way through formal proprieties is above all price in one who is to influence masses of his fellow-men. Some under-rate a man who with little originality or profoundness, yet by means of an effective manner, makes his sermons accomplish a good work. This is unwise and unphilosophical. The end to be attained is the great thing; and if he gain it by means which appear to us inadequate, let him have the credit. But whatever your natural style may be, put your soul into the sermon, and there will not be much fear of your fresh and forcible matter being spoiled in the delivery.

Seek by all means within reach to impart to your sermons the quality which has been the subject of this paper. Pursue it eagerly, continuously, perseveringly. Be a hunter for it; send all your faculties

after it in full cry. Scour the whole field of thought; because it is an element of power, and power in preaching you must obtain. And so whether you achieve your variety in one sermon, and it becomes like a strain of music floating along the impressive aisles of a cathedral, rising now into jubilant ecstasy, now sinking plaintive to a minor cadence, holding the rapt listener under conflicting masteries of emotion; or whether you secure it in the general scope of your whole preaching, like the year with its changing seasons, each having its own peculiar beauty and use, or the earth with its varied lands and climes producing their diverse fruits, you will have gained your object, and so far have secured the greater efficiency of your preaching. But no freshness nor vivacity will make up for a lack of spiritual power. Secure this, above all, by a holy walk with God. Pray for your people; bear them on your beating heart before the Lord as the High Priest carried Israel on his breastplate; and you will not be unto them "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument," but rather like the minstrel seeking the captive king, the melody of your gospel will discover the prisoner in his dungeon, awakening the response from within; the Lord shall open the prison, and the oppressed shall go free.

The Two Babylons.

BY G. ROGERS.

“THERE is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed.” In the religion of Rome much is covered, and there is much, therefore, yet to be revealed. Its *origin* is still in a great measure unrevealed. The rise and progress of nations may be traced, and may be accounted for upon well-known principles; but the origin of Romanism comes not within the ordinary rules of social and political government amongst men. In one of Daniel’s visions, it is described as “diverse from all the beasts before it;” and in another it is pictured “iron mixed with clay.” Whence could a kingdom so vast, and yet so peculiar, arise? Where was its model? Where did it all come from? Not from Christianity certainly; for it is in direct opposition to its simplicity and spirituality. Not from Judaism; for it has neither its ark of the covenant nor its altar of burnt-offering. It is not from human governments; for it affects to have a far higher origin, and not to be subject to them. Where, then, has it come? From Heathen Idolatry, we reply, which originated in the first Babylon. It was at Babylon the system of idolatry was instituted which prevailed in Egypt, and Greece, and India, and among all the European and Asiatic tribes. As the apostacy of the Jewish church consisted in compliance with the blasphemous and licentious rites of the surrounding nations, so the apostacy of the Christian church consisted in the adoption of the idolatrous practices of Pagan Rome, and of the hordes of barbarians by which it was invaded. Romanism is Paganised Christianity. It is a compromise between Paganism and Christianity, much as the Church of England afterwards

became a compromise between Romanism and Protestantism. The mystery of iniquity, which began to work in the apostolic age, culminated in the conversion of Pagan into Papal Rome. Christianity met Paganism half way, in order that the Church might seize upon the State, and its highest officer might vault into Cæsar's throne. This is the true origin of the Church of Rome. It is on this account, and not merely from its relation to the captivity of the people of God, that it is styled a second Babylon. The Babylon of the New Testament was formed upon the model of the Old. Hence its title in New Testament prophecy: "Upon her forehead was a name written, *mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth.*" The term "mystery" is no part of the name. The proper rendering is, a mysterious name. Papal Rome is mystic Babylon. Literal Babylon, in time of New Testament Prophecy, was still in existence, though in a dilapidated state. This was not the Babylon to which the prophecy referred. It was not that reduced and almost forsaken city, but mystic Babylon, and Babylon the great. Like the first Babylon, it was the "Mother of harlots," because of the licentious practices that were associated with the worship of the licentious Semiramis, the founder of Babylon; and, "Mother of the abominations of the earth," because the abominable system of idolatry that most prevailed in the earth had its origin in the first Babylon.

These remarks have been suggested by a book, which has just reached its fourth edition, entitled "The Two Babylons;"* in which the resemblance between the idolatry of the one, and the so-called Christianity of the other, is traced in all their essential features, and in many of their minutest particulars. This is no fanciful interpretation of Scripture prophecies, neither is it any forced attempt to reconcile existing phenomena with a preconceived theory; but a careful deduction from a vast accumulation of well-authenticated facts. A large amount of scholarship and of patient research, as well as of moral courage, were required to confront the new Babylon with its exact features in the old; but the author has shown himself to be fully equal to the task. He has digged through the wall, and discovered the source of the abominations of Papal Rome, and presented them in their true light. Few could have believed the resemblance between the two Babylons to be so great as this volume has brought to view. Could any member of the church at Rome in the Apostolic age rise from his grave and look upon the church at Rome as it now is, and has been for many centuries past, he would scarcely recognise a single feature of its first institution, or aught remaining of Christianity as known to him but the name. Could any worshipper, on the other hand, of "the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone," in Belshazzar's time, look upon the religion of Papal Rome, he would at once recognise his own religion under new names and forms. In the words of the book to which we have referred: "What would even the old Pagan priests say, who left the stage of time while the martyrs were still battering against their gods, and rather than symbolize with them, 'loved not their lives unto

* "The Two Babylons." By the late Rev. ALEXANDER HASLOP. J. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row. A learned and valuable work. Should be in all libraries

the death,' if they were to see the present aspect of the so-called church of European Christendom? What would Belshazzar himself say, if it were possible for him to enter St. Peter's, at Rome, and see the Pope in his pontificals, in all his pomp and glory? Surely he would conclude that he had only entered one of his own well-known temples, and that all things continued as they were at Babylon, on that memorable night, when he saw with astonished eyes the hand-writing on the wall: 'Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.'

We shall give some of the leading points of resemblance between the idolatry of the one Babylon and the Christianity of the other, as they are exhibited to us in this volume.

Whence the worship of the Madonna and child? The reply is: From Babylon. Semiramis, the founder of that city, was here worshipped as a goddess, and Nimrod, whom she had aided in his conquests by a mythological fiction, was worshipped as her infant son. According to Jeremiah, she was styled "The Queen of Heaven." The Venus, and her son Cupid, of the Greeks, and the great goddess of Diana at Ephesus, were parts of the same idolatry. With these figures emblematic traditions of the woman's seed that was to bruise the serpent's head were mingled. "In the uppermost story of the tower of Babel or temple of Belus," says the book under consideration, "Diodorus Siculus tells us, there stood three images of the great divinities of Babylon, and one of these was of a woman grasping a serpent's head. Among the Greeks the same thing was symbolized; for Diana, whose real character was originally the same as that of the great Babylonian goddess, was represented as bearing in her hands a serpent *deprived of its head*. As time wore away, and the facts of Semiramis's history became obscured, her son's birth was boldly declared to be miraculous, and therefore she was called, '*Alma Mater*,' the *virgin* mother. That the birth of the Great Deliverer was to be miraculous was widely known long before the Christian era. For centuries, some say for thousands of years, before that event, the Buddhist priests had a tradition that a *virgin* was to bring forth a child to bless the world. That this tradition came from no Popish or Christian source is evident from the surprise felt and expressed by the Jesuit missionaries when they first entered Thibet and China, and not only found a mother and a child worshipped as at home, but that mother worshipped under a character exactly corresponding with that of their own Madonna, '*Virgo Deipera*,' the virgin mother of God, and that, too, in regions where they could not find the least trace of either the name or history of our Lord Jesus Christ having ever been known." The circle round the head of the Popish virgin, as descriptive of luminous rays, is also taken from the heathen goddess. How easy was the transfer from the heathen Madonna and her son to the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus, in the endeavour to effect a compromise between Paganism and Christianity!

Whence the festivals of the Roman church? The reply is: From Babylon. Whence the Christmas festival? "It is admitted by the most learned and candid writers of all parties, that the day of our Lord's birth cannot be determined, and that *within the Christian church* no such festival as Christmas was ever heard of *till the third century*, and that not till the *fourth century* was far advanced did it gain much

observance. How then did the Romish church fix on December the 25th as Christmas Day? Why, thus: Long before the fourth century, and long before the Christian era itself, a festival was celebrated among the heathen at that precise time of the year, in honour of the birth of the son of the Babylonian queen of heaven; and it may fairly be presumed that, in order to conciliate the heathen, and to swell the number of the nominal adherents of Christianity, the same festival was adopted by the Roman church, giving it only the name of Christ." "In Egypt, the son of Isis, the Egyptian title for the queen of heaven, was born at this very time, 'about the time of the winter solstice.' The very name by which Christmas is popularly known among ourselves—Yule Day—proves at once its Pagan and Babylonian origin. 'Yule,' is the Chaldee name for an 'infant' or 'litttle child;' and as the 25th of December was called by our Pagan Anglo-Saxon ancestors, 'Yule Day,' or 'Child's Day, and the night that preceded it, 'Mother-night,' long before they came in contact with Christianity, that sufficiently proves its real character." "The candles in some parts of England lighted on Christmas Eve, and used so long as the festive season lasts, were equally lighted by the Pagans on the eve of the festival of the Babylonian god, to do honour to him; for it was one of the distinguishing peculiarities of his worship to have lighted wax caudles on his altars. The Christmas-tree, now so common among us, was equally common in Pagan Rome and Pagan Egypt." "The yule log is the seed stock of Nimrod deified as the sun-god, but cut down by his enemies; the Christmas-tree is Nimrod *redivivus*—the slain god come to life again." Even the mistletoe-bough was derived from Babylon. "The mistletoe was regarded as a divine branch—a branch that came from heaven, and grew upon a tree that sprung out of the earth. Thus by the engrafting of the celestial branch into the earthly tree, heaven and earth, that sin had severed, were joined together, and thus the mistletoe-bough became the token of divine reconciliation to man, the *kiss* being the well-known token of pardon and reconciliation." Even the Christmas goose proves the union between the old and the New Babylon. "Yea, 'the Christmas goose,' and 'yule cakes,' were essential articles in the worship of the Babylonian Messiah, as that worship was practised both in Egypt and at Rome."

Whence Lady-day? It is celebrated by the Roman church in commemoration of the miraculous conception of our Lord, but without any evidence of its accordance with it in regard to time. The real reason of this festival is thus stated: "Before our Lord was either conceived or born, that very day now set down in the Popish calendar for the 'Annunciation of the Virgin,' was observed in *Pagan* Rome in honour of Cybele, the mother of the Babylonian Messiah."

"Then look at Easter. What means the term Easter itself? It is not a Christian name. It bears its Chaldean origin on its very forehead. Easter is nothing else than Astarte, one of the titles of Beltis, the queen of heaven, whose name as pronounced by the people of Nineveh was evidently identical with that now in common use in this country. That name, as found by Layard on the Assyrian monuments, is Ishtar. The forty days' abstinence of Lent was directly borrowed from the worshippers

of the Babylonian goddess. Such a Lent of forty days, 'in the spring of the year,' is still observed by the Yezidis, or Pagan Devil-worshippers of Koordistan, who have inherited it from their early masters, the Babylonians." It is also observed in Egypt and Sabea. The Easter buns even, and their very name, may be traced to Chaldea. Jeremiah, alluding to these, says, "The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven."

Whence the observance of Midsummer Day? "When the Papacy sent its emissaries over Europe, towards the end of the sixth century, to gather the Pagans into its fold, this festival was found in high favour in many countries. What was to be done with it? Were they to wage war with it? No. This would have been contrary to the famous advice of Pope Gregory I., that by all means, they should meet the Pagans half-way, and so bring them into the Romish church. The Gregorian policy was carefully observed; and so Midsummer Day, that had been hallowed by Paganism to the worship of Tammuz, was incorporated as a sacred Christian festival in the Roman calendar. But still a question was to be determined. What was to be the name of this Pagan festival? . . . If the name of Christ could not be conveniently tacked to it, what should hinder its being called by the name of his forerunner, John the Baptist?" "Now having fixed on the 25th of December for the celebration of the birth of Christ, and John Baptist having been born six months before, the Pagan festival of the 24th of June, was styled, 'The feast of the Nativity of St. John.'"

Whence baptismal regeneration? This also comes from Babylon. "So far as heathenism is concerned, the following extracts from Potter and Athenæus speak distinctly enough. 'Every person,' says the former, 'who came to the solemn sacrifice (of the Greeks) was purified by water. To which end at the entrance of the temples there was commonly placed a vessel full of holy water.' How did this water get its holiness? This water was consecrated, says Athenæus, by putting into it a *burning torch* taken from the altar. . . . Now this very same method is used in the Romish church for consecrating the water for baptism. The unsuspecting testimony of Bishop Hay leaves no doubt on this point: 'It' (the water kept in the baptismal font), says he, 'is blest on the eve of Pentecost, because it is the Holy Ghost who gives to the waters of baptism the power and efficacy of sanctifying our souls, and because the baptism of Christ is with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.' In blessing the water a *lighted torch* is put into the font."

Whence purgatory and prayers for the dead? Again, we reply, from Babylon. "In every system, except that of the Bible, the doctrine of a purgatory after death, and prayers for the dead, have always been found." "Plato, speaking of the future judgment of the dead, holds out the hope of final deliverance for *all*; but maintains that, of 'those who are judged,' some must *first* proceed to a subterranean place of judgment, where they shall sustain the punishment they have deserved." "In Pagan Rome, purgatory was equally held up before the minds of men; but there, there seems to have been no hope held out to any of

exemption from its pains. In Dryden's *Virgil* the differences of these purgatorial sufferings are thus pourtrayed :—

‘ For this are various penances enjoined ;
 And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
 Some plunged in water, others purged in fire,
 Till all the dregs are drained, and all the rest expire.
 All have their manes, and those manes bear.
 The few so cleans'd to those abodes repair,
 And breathe in ample fields the soft Elysian air.
 Then are they happy, when by length of time
 The scurf is worn away of each committed crime ;
 No speck is left of their habitual stains,
 But the pure ether of the soul remains.’

The Paganism of the Christianity of some Protestants may be discovered here.” “Prayers for the dead ever go hand-in-hand with purgatory.” When the Pharisees are said to “devour widows’ houses, and for a pretence make long prayer,” they are charged with the heathen practice of extorting money for praying for the dead.

In this way we might proceed to show that all of Papal Christianity, except the name, is borrowed from the idolatrous customs which had their origin in ancient Babylon. The Pontifex Maximus, the infallibility, the sacrifice of the Mass, the processions, the conclave of cardinals, the power of the keys, the mitre, the crosier, the priestly celibacy, the monks and nuns, the worship of images and of relics, the fastings and penance, the tonsure, the rosary—in fact, all Romanism is Paganism under the Christian name. Well might the reading of the Scriptures be prohibited to its votaries, since none of its requirements could be found there. Its reference to ecclesiastical traditions is purposely intended to put enquirers upon a wrong scent. The fact can no longer be concealed that Romanism is the reproduction and perpetuation of the old Babylonian idolatry, and it is so in all, even its minutest, particulars. This calls for the most serious consideration, not of the Church of England merely, which retains many features of resemblance to the church from whence it came, but of many Protestant churches, which are but one more remove both from the old Babylon and the new. “What concord hath Christ with Belial?” Belial is Bel or Baal, the chief deity of Babylon ; and is here mentioned as the type of all infidelity and idolatry. “Or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?” All are either of Christ or of Belial. There can be no union of the two. “Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing ; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.”

Pea Soup and Bread.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

IT was a bleak, wet morning, and the streets of London were coated with a liquid paste of intolerable consistency—such mud as few other cities can boast of, or would care to retain so long without energetic efforts for its removal. In a narrow court, situated in one of the least fragrant nooks of the thousands of insalubrious haunts of poverty in the great city, we came upon a mission chapel, which was being besieged by a crowd of youngsters, of both sexes and of every degree of wretchedness. Such a tribe of tatterdemalions is not to be seen in one group every day. Pushing, contriving, almost fighting their way through the narrow door that led to the area of the building, these children of want were seeking with no small anxiety to enjoy a feast to which they were unaccustomed in the miserable hovels they call their homes. At last they all succeeded in effecting, without accident or serious quarrel, an entrance, and when this was accomplished there was an amusing scramble for first places and chosen seats, which resulted, contrary to the Darwinian hypothesis, in the strongest going to the wall, for the weak children knew how to care for themselves, and the younger they were and the less protected, the more acute and determined they seemed to be. Those who secured the highest seats retained them with such resolution that he would have been a hero who could have forcibly dislodged them. What prehensile power these little fellows had! One thing they knew, if no other—that possession is nine points of the law, and for the remaining point they were utterly regardless. He might win who could, and he who could was permitted to win. So, questions of place settled, every one good-humouredly sets his or her little heart upon the expected treat. The girls maintain silence, and graciously smooth down the rumpled clothes of their sisters, while the boys chaff and whistle, and hurrah with evident satisfaction to themselves, making hideous discord with their mugs and jugs, and miscellaneous crockery: for “miscellaneous” is the only right word with which to describe the curious and varied assortment of utensils furnished them by their parents. Mugs without handles, jugs without spouts, basins that were out of proportion to the size of those who carried them, cracked china, dilapidated brown ware, shapely and shapeless—a more unique collection we never saw. Then for spoons—those who had any—pewter, tin, and iron, of varied age and disability—there was a singular variety. Wonderfully patient were they all until the arrival of the first can of steaming hot soup. Then began the “Hip, hip, hurrah!” of the boys, and the gleesome chatter of the girls; and the smallest child and the dirtiest (and small and dirty many of them were) looked bright with expectation. Some set to work to empty the well-filled basins, and mugs and jugs, with a sober earnestness, while others attacked the provender timidly, with an awkwardness partly due to novelty, but in some cases traceable to the peculiarly ungainly and inconvenient utensils containing the soup, and the equally inconvenient spoons or ladles with which they conveyed it to their mouths. There was no stint in

the supply; the most voracious was satisfied, and there was not the sign of a sigh for more, when they left the building with their empty, greasy, cracked crockeryware. Such a repast was sumptuous to them. On the next day they would have to be content with the less nourishing food furnished by their poor parents, but might remember, as no doubt they would, that pea soup and bread would be their fare again ere the week had closed; for during the severe winter two and sometimes three dinners were given to the poor children of the district at this commodious mission chapel, so that they were better fitted to brave the inclemency which carried to an untimely grave so many other little hungry ones.

Pea-soup dinners have of late been the fashion among the unfashionable. One would think that the virtues and properties of this decoction had never been fully understood before, or that its suitability and cheapness for the famishing poor had not been discovered. Certain it is, that we owe the establishment of the first metropolitan soup-kitchen to the distress caused in the autumn and winter of 1846 by the potato blight. From that day to the present the institution has been growingly popular. Charitable persons of all creeds, and of no distinctive creed at all, have found in this an opportunity for supplying a great want, and have vied with each other in dispensing freely the golden-coloured liquid to the needy and hungry. Scarcely a Christian church is without its soup-kitchen, and to many mission-halls it is a necessary adjunct; in some we believe it is the only really useful branch of the work. Those whose gifts or persuasiveness can only influence twenty persons to suffer the word of exhortation at a service of religion may attract a large number to a service of soup. Really we are not surprised that the poor should doggedly decline to be bored by some of the so-called evangelists, who have no qualification whatever for preaching, and are only, by their failure, illustrations of the necessity of treating even the poorest as somewhat higher in intelligence than infants. While chapels and mission-halls have done their share, schools have also dispensed cheap food. Indeed, so numerous are the public and private kitchens, and so many the appeals made for funds to carry them on, that an attempt to report upon them for the guidance of the benevolent deserves our heartiest thanks. Such an attempt has been made by a society, organized for charitable relief and the repression of mendicity. We do not now express our opinion on the work which this society seeks to do, although we object to district committees relieving people of whom they know nothing, and can know nothing, and fear that such an arrangement will encourage rather than repress mendicity. As a rule—the exceptions being where certain common-sense safeguards against imposition are violated—those who labour among the poor are best fitted to judge as to their worthiness to receive relief, while committees are easily befooled. A badly-dressed man recently succeeded in obtaining a loan of money from a committee, with which to purchase a suit of clothes, to enable him to obtain a situation; but if the said committee had only consulted an evangelist labouring in the immediate district, they might with far greater wisdom have retained their cash. We do not argue that every minister should combine the dispensation of temporal relief with his spiritual duties, but we are fully persuaded that

such a one who visits the poor, and who employs Bible-women and other agents to evangelise among them, is not ill-fitted to become the almoner and counsellor of charity. It is possible for soup to become the medium of proselytism, a practice which episcopal clergymen have so long indulged in that they are now crying out against the evil of it, as seen by the aid of a microscope in dissenting communities. In rural districts, coal tickets, blankets, and alms are the engines of demoralization, freely used by clergymen to counteract the growing influence of the dissenting minister; and we are not surprised, therefore, to learn that the slightest semblance to this practice among other religious communities, in towns not wholly enslaved by the clergy, and where the squire is unknown, should arouse the indignation of the gentlemen who are so sensitive of others labouring within their parochial preserves. Whether the establishment of soup-kitchens has robbed the clergy of any of their flock, we do not know; but if dispensing this form of charity has resulted in the ingathering of persons to hear the gospel from the lips of a Dissenter, who formerly attended no house of prayer, the objections of the clergyman are foolish and blasphemous.

The report to which we have alluded presents us with not a little interesting statistical information. From it we learn that the out-door relief list of metropolitan paupers amounts to 127,000 on a single day; but this must be doubled or trebled if we would ascertain the whole number relieved by the Poor Law system during the year. Such is the great army of London pauperism, and there can be no doubt that a very large proportion of this host are fed at the dinner tables provided by the charitable. Not a few depend wholly upon charity, and find that it pays. "In estimating," says the report, "the influence of this class of charities [soup-kitchens, etc.], it is impossible to leave out of sight the vast number of bread, grocery, coal, and blanket tickets which are distributed by district visitors and religious and charitable societies, the doles of bread made at the churches under ancient endowments, or the extensive system of out-door relief maintained in the metropolis under the Poor Law." There is nothing to prevent the same persons being the recipients of most of these charities. We have known cases in which a round of visits has been made by the same persons to all the charities of the district—church and chapel—and we have been told of cases in which the High Church has been visited in the morning for the sacrament money, and the mission hall in the evening for conscience sake. Unfortunately, all good objects may be abused, and the soup-kitchen has something to answer for in encouraging pauperism. The hospitality so gladly afforded to the poorer classes when the bread-winner is out of work or sick has been encroached upon wantonly. "We were told at one soup-kitchen," says the report, "that the applications from the families of workpeople are more frequent towards the end of the week, *when the wages have been spent*; and at another, that it was regarded as a privilege to relieve the family of an honest workman. Can we wonder that London workmen have lost, to a great extent, not merely the habit, but the very idea of thrift; and that, instead of saving when they are in full health and work against a bad time, they spend all they get in present indulgence,

knowing that others will provide for them and their families when they are in want?" It is noticed that gin-palaces and beer-shops do not decrease in number or languish in neglect where poverty is deepest: they must be largely supported by the class who profess the greatest indigence, and who, were they honest, might in many cases acknowledge the greatest *indolence*. Only a short time ago we observed a deplorably-attired woman leave a parochial school-room with a can of steaming soup, turn the corner of the street, and leaving her can in charge of another woman outside, she entered the public-house where probably she spent that which would have sufficed to cover the cost of the soup that had been given her. Still, there are hundreds of honest poor who suffer from insufficient food. Five medical gentlemen who are the inspectors of the Lisson Grove Dinner-table, state that though much of the sufferings of the poor is directly or indirectly the result of drunkenness, idleness, and vice, yet "that is not so extensively the case as some would have us believe. Whatever may be the causes, the effects are disastrous; the women become unhealthy, and the men die, till it seems as if half the poor population consisted of sickly widows, and puny, ill-fed children." The medical officer of the Privy Council tells us of the prevalence of relapsing fever, through poverty and privation—"so much so," he says, "that the disease is often known by the name of famine fever." The winter brings the inevitable disease, and with it the greater need for abundant relief. Imposition there may be, and the sufferings of those relieved may often be traced to their own folly and thriftlessness; but these sufferings must be mitigated by those who can do so. It is nevertheless true that "we are moving in a vicious circle. Increased destitution requires more abundant relief, and more abundant relief encourages those habits which lead to a further aggravation of the destitution, and so on." Here is a dilemma, and, says the report upon the soup-kitchens, if we would escape it, "we must endeavour, while giving present relief to the poor, to improve their permanent condition, and to restore them to habits of self-respect and self-support." "The problem to be solved," they again say, "is how to give charitable relief without inducing habits of intemperance, and to educate young and old to industry, temperance, thrift, and mutual help." They need, in short, religious and moral training. We could point to a well-filled mission-hall in St. Giles's where many have been rescued by the gospel from not only a condition of absolute want, but from the loss of self-respect, and who are well-dressed, respectable, hard-working and thrifty persons. That education is not sufficient to prevent a man losing his self-respect, we learn from the painful details given in the last year's report of this evangelical mission. "Not unfrequently do we meet with those who have at one time been respectably connected—sons of noblemen, clergymen, physicians, editors of newspapers, etc.—and in most cases they have been reduced to beggary either through excessive drinking of spirituous liquors, or dark deeds of crime." Such degraded persons are brought under the sound of the gospel, and made decent members of society—honest, industrious, temperate. And their first introduction to this higher life has often been accomplished through the soup-kitchen.

A "model soup-kitchen" is conducted on the principle of each

recipient paying something towards his dinner, but even this is liable to abuse, and to sell food at less than cost price has its disadvantages. It has been observed to encourage begging. Thus, a trustworthy gentleman, living near the Model Soup-kitchen in Euston Road, says that he saw the same cadgers come day after day, and that he once saw a man take ninnence in about an hour, under the pretence that he needed a copper to buy a penny basin of soup. Public kitchens, where wholesome food could be procured at the cost price, would be a boon and a charity. "We believe," says the report, "that, even now, the great majority of those who are indulged *in formâ pauperis* with buying at half-price at the soup-kitchens, could equally well pay the full price; and we are convinced that, if public kitchens were established in each district on the footing recommended, constantly increasing numbers of the poor would become ashamed of dependence, and turning their backs on the old pauperising soup-kitchens, would swell the ranks of the industrious, honest, thrifty, temperate labourers. We say 'temperate,' because we believe that the craving arising from insufficient or unsuitable food, is one main cause for the constant use of stimulants; and that, when an abundant supply of good, cheap food shall be provided, we shall hear less of the excessive number of gin-palaces, low public-houses, and beer-houses, which cause so much trouble to our community by fostering intemperance and crime, and by aggravating the poor rates, police rates, and prison expenditure. The social habits of our people must also be taken into account. Working people love to have a chat as well as those of higher rank, and the only places generally open to them at present are the public-houses. For this reason we hope that tea-and-coffee-rooms, well provided with the current newspapers and magazines, will be annexed to the public kitchens, and that workmen will be encouraged to bring their families with them."

These weighty words have our heartiest sympathy. Poor people who are either unable to read, or have but little taste, or have but little to read, nevertheless enjoy a little chat and innocent amusement. Their homes are no source of comfort to them; and if the mission-hall or the tea-room, or soup-kitchen could be made attractive, and be always open for them in the evenings, not only might they be kept from the public-house, but brought under the genial influences of Christianity. The great secret of the success which has attended the evangelistic and social efforts of one who has proved a religious and social reformer in a low metropolitan district, has been the keeping open of his building every evening, constantly offering some attraction, either of decidedly devotional, or intellectual, or entertaining character, and always baptising the whole in the social element. He has acted upon the words of the report long before they were written: "Useful information, counsel, and sympathy, the discouragement of idleness, improvidence, and drunkenness; the encouragement of thrift, with a view to make provision for want of work, sickness, and old age; assistance in sending the children to school and getting out the young men and women in life; the promotion of cleanliness in person and dwelling, and arranging for the proper execution of the sanitary laws—these are the means by which the poor of London may be

rendered self-respecting and self-supporting; and an upward progress may be secured by which each succeeding generation may arrive nearer to that standard to which we aspire for our country." Our friend has helped in this direction, first and chiefest, by preaching the gospel; then by lecturing on sanitary and other useful subjects; by starting penny and other savings banks, clubs, promoting emigration, ragged schools, and feeding the children of poverty. And whatever may be the social drawbacks attendant upon the gratuitous distribution of soup to adults, there can be no doubt that no harm, but unmixed good, must flow from a frequent distribution to the poor, hungry, ill-clad children to whom reference was made at the beginning of this paper.

Hugh Miller—Apprentice and Stonemason.

BY W. R. SELWAY.

THE brown moors, rugged hills, and craggy peaks of Scotland have produced many a worthy representative son of toil, but few of greater breadth, deeper intelligence, keener apprehension, or sterner character than he whose history has been so well placed before us by the author of the "Life and Letters of Hugh Miller."* The name of the Cromarty mason is known wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken, and from his own inimitable writings we have learned much of his struggles, his aspirations, his labours, and his successes; but not until these volumes shall have been perused will the full and rich story of his life be wholly apprehended, and those lessons gathered up which it is so well designed to furnish.

When the present century was in its babyhood, and no seers could have ventured to predict the wondrous development of intellectual and spiritual life which it has already witnessed; in a small seaport town on the north-eastern coast of Scotland, looking out upon the Mora Frith, in the lowly dwelling of a sailor's wife, was born one who was destined to exercise no small influence upon his countrymen, and through them upon the spread of freedom and free opinions throughout the world.

The infant boy, who upon 10th October, 1802, after some demur, made his first bleatings heard, was the first born of a girl of eighteen years only. His father had attained the mature age of forty-four; and appears to have been a man of energy and strength, very gentle, yet very brave; his son doubtless bore the manly lineaments of his father's mind as well as those of his strong and well-knit frame. We are told that throughout life Hugh's mother displayed no special force of mind or character, and indeed, she would appear to have been an impressionable being of somewhat superstitious tendencies, with whom it would have been dangerous for a young lad with so strong an intellect and ardent imagination to have wholly passed his time; but fortunately

* "The Life and Letters of Hugh Miller." By Peter Bayne, M.A. 2 vols. Strahan & Co. 1871.

for him, after the death of his father, the two brothers of his mother came to her aid in guiding the wayward life of his youth. These were both admirable men—honest, industrious, God fearing. In a dame school, at his sixth year, he mastered the mystery of the alphabet. Soon after he was able to read he was sent to the parish school, where he was under a teacher who lacked the power of individualizing his pupils, and thus leading each one in the fittest path; and so it happened that Miller found in the school on congenial pathway, and spent the greater part of his time in idling about the harbour, talking with the sailors aboard the ships, peering at the strange creatures of the sea lurking in the tidal pools, or in hunting the caves along the shore, which with all their hidden beauties and dark mysteries, were a source of infinite pleasure to him. After ten years of school work, such as it was, he was master of a large amount of desultory reading, penmanship clear and strong, a smattering of arithmetic, with spelling of which a boy of ten might be ashamed. Having had three schoolmasters in succession, all of whom had failed with him, he finally left school, closing his academical career with a pitched battle with the dominie! Was ever such an unpromising boyhood? His childhood had been spent, the days in apparently idle truancy, his evenings sitting by his mother's knee, while she plied her needle at *shroud* making, telling him the while weird stories of the unseen world. Afterwards he had with his uncles, or with some chosen companions, passed many an hour amid the grand solitudes of nature communing with the winds, the waves, and the rocks. The time had not been lost, however to human eye it might appear to have been misspent; God had been thus training a mighty intellect, and imprinting upon it a love to the wonders of his creative power, which was in later days to bring forth much ripe and valued fruit. Writing twenty years after to his friend, Miss Dunbar, he says, "ever since I recollect myself, I had a turn for the study of natural history. I was studying it all unwittingly, when my friends thought I was doing nothing or worse." Nor was his moral being uninfluenced for good all these years; the quiet undemonstrative piety and upright conduct of his uncles appear greatly to have moulded his mind, and it is most pleasing to hear him saying many years after, and when the world was smiling upon him, "I never knew a man more rigidly just in his dealings than uncle James, or who regarded every species of meanness with a more thorough contempt."

What is to be done with this stubborn, intractable youth who scorns pedagogues, and has a strong indisposition to work? It is true that he can talk in blank verse, invoke mimic heroes, describe with fascinating power suppositious scenes, write poetry, and never have enough of books; but none of these, or all of them, will provide food for the cupboard, or aid his struggling mother, who in the bitterness of her sorrow, after the death of his two sisters, remarked how different her condition would have been had it pleased heaven to take her son, and leave her one of her daughters. The time has come, however, when he must yield to stern necessity; his uncles, firm in their belief that his vagaries were not the mere impulses of an idle lad, but that he possessed the divine rays of true genius, and hoping that needful grace would be given, wished, as is so common with the pious Scotch, to see him enter the

sacred profession, and urged him to prepare for college; but it was a sufficient answer to men of their stamp that he did not feel called thereunto, and so we find him bound apprentice to another uncle, his mother's brother-in-law, David Wright, a stonemason, and taking his way to the quarry, in the cold of a February morning. He was a slender lad, by no means of a strong and robust physical structure, and was consequently oppressed by the unwonted toil, his spirits failed, and his health gave way. Yet he persevered, for ere he started in this career, good uncle James had hinted with some severity, that if he had found books too hard for him, he might find *labour harder still*; and had with that dogged determination, which in after life so strongly characterized him, resolved to show his uncle that he could work as well as play. He was very nearly at the commencement of his life of labour making a complete shipwreck of all his hopes, if indeed he then had any: his weakness and depression were temptations to become a dram drinker, and when at laying the foundation stone of a house, he with the other workmen was treated in a way which, alas! is still far too common, not with wholesome food, but with intoxicating liquor: he drank two glasses of whisky, and found on reaching his home that he could not understand what he attempted to read. A sense of the degradation took forcible hold of him, and he determined "never again to sacrifice his capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage;" "and with God's help," he adds, "I was enabled to hold by the determination." In the months of winter, when his work was in abeyance, he continued to read much, and to exercise his pen in short poems and other literary work. He had the inestimable advantage of the friendship not only of his two uncles, but of young men in like humble circumstances with himself, but of warm sensibilities, high minded, intelligent, and gentle, with whom he conversed freely, compared mental notes, and indulged in criticism of each other's productions. Such mutual criticism pruned the luxuriance without suppressing the vigour of Miller's spirit. These companionships softened his rugged asperities, and opened channels for the outpouring of his mind in letters singularly chaste and elegant. He fulfilled his apprenticeship with hearty dutifulness, and was at the end of the term an accomplished workman, his master declaring that Hugh had been "beyond comparison, more tractable and obedient than any indentured pupil he ever had." As Mr. Bayne has it, "The education of toil has done more for him than any previous education, and the unruly boy has become a thoughtful, docile young man." The young man is now his own master, and he will exercise his first free labour by erecting upon a piece of ground, he had inherited from his father, a cottage for his mother's sister, whose little cash alone sufficed to buy the timber and pay for carting the stone. This was the result of the same self-sacrificing spirit which induced him to take revenge upon a churlish landlord of a village inn, who had paid money to one of Miller's brother workmen for his hammer and trowel, but had not received them, by taking his own tools from his bag, and leaving them with the innkeeper's wife. He obtains work at Conon-side, and is sent to Gairloch, Ross-shire, whence in his twenty-first year he writes a letter affording evidence of that wonderful facility of description of which he afterwards became so

great a master. Our space forbids quotation in confirmation of this, but we may note in the following extract his force of character and conscious superiority, mingled with a quiet humour. What can be more naïve than his feeling that he *must* thrash the bullying, swearing, drunken carter, much his senior, in order to make his commission good? He writes, "I came here about a month ago, after a delightful journey of two days from Conon-side, from whence I have been despatched by my employer with another mason lad, and a comical fellow, a carter, to procure materials for the building. Though the youngest of the party, I am intrusted with the charge of the others in consideration of my great gravity and wonderful command of the pen; but as far as the carter is concerned the charge is a truly woeful one. He bullies, and swears, and steals, and tells lies, and cares for nobody. I am stronger, however, and more active than he, and must give him a beating when I have recovered my lameness, to make my commission good. My comrade, the mason, and I have been living in a state of warfare with him ever since we came here. On the morning we set out from Conon-side he left us to drive his cart and went to Dingwall, where he loitered and got drunk: we in turn, after waiting for him two long hours at the village of Contin, drove away, leaving him to follow us on foot as he best might, for at least thirty miles, and he has not yet forgiven us the trick."

Miller is now fairly launched upon the world as a journeyman stonemason; he travels from place to place within a limited range of Cromarty as his employer finds work and needs ready hands to perform it; his labour is not light, nor his fare the daintiest, while his lodgings are in barns or other outhouses. Writing to his friend, he informs him that he is one of a party doing some work at the house of a minister, and describing his own lodging says: "The sun is looking in at us through the holes in the roof, speckling the floor with bright patches till it resembles a piece of calico. There are two windows in the apartment; one of them filled up with turf and stone, the other occupied by an unglazed frame. The fire is placed against the rough, unplastered gable, into which we have stuck a pin for suspending our pot over it; the smoke finds its way out through the holes of the roof and window. Our meal-sack hangs by a rope from one of the rafters, at the height of a man's head from the floor—our only means of preserving it from our thievish cobabitants, the rats. As for our furniture, 'tis altogether admirable. The two large stones are the steadiest seats I ever sat upon, though perhaps a little ponderous when we have occasion to shift them; and the bed, which pray observe, is perfectly unique. It is formed of a pair of the minister's harrows with the spikes turned down, and covered with an old door and a bunch of straw; and as for culinary utensils, yonder is a wooden cog, and here a pot. We are a little extravagant to be sure in our household expenses, for times are somewhat hard; but for meal and salt, and every other item included, none of us have yet exceeded half-a-crown per week."

That could have been no ordinary working man who, in circumstances such as these, sustained his intellectual life by laying at full length on the ground and poring over the printed page so long as the peat fire smoking on the hearth could be coaxed into yielding a little light, and

only closing the book when the fire had become extinguished, or had been made incapable of blazing by the rain, which freely entered the holes in the roof. But these were not the worst of his surroundings; he not only in these wanderings lacked the sympathy of a congenial mind, but was often doomed to pass many hours of rest, as well as of toil, in the enforced company of dissolute, drunken, or otherwise vicious workmen, finding his solace in sleep when it was impossible to read or write. He, however, continued to ply his hammer and chisel, having his curiosity occasionally stimulated as his keen eye descried in the material upon the bench relics of animal or vegetable existence so entirely different from all that lived around, that neither he nor his fellow workmen could give them names, or form a reasonable opinion as to how they came within the masses of stone. Although it does not appear that at this period he was at all acquainted with the works of geologists, we learn from a lecture, delivered many years after, before "The Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh," that his capacious memory received impressions which in afterlife became of service in his scientific investigations. In this lecture he observes: "I was engaged as a stone-cutter a few miles from Edinburgh, and the stone in which I wrought was, I soon found, exceedingly rich in organic casts and impressions. Often have I detected in the rude block placed before me to be fashioned into some moulded transam or carved mullion, fragments of a sculpture which I might in vain attempt to rival." On pointing out to another workman on one occasion a beautiful impression where an animal had once been entombed, and had left a hollow cavity as the token of its former presence, the rejoinder was, "Ah! You have got one of these terrible tangle-holes; they're the dash'dest things in all the quarry!"

In his twenty-fourth year he ventured to send through the hands of a friend to the *Scotsman* newspaper, "An Ode upon Greece," but was doomed to disappointment—it was not published. He continued, however, to write, and making the acquaintance of Mr. Carruthers, of Inverness, ultimately published "Poems, written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason"—a book which, though now unknown, became the medium of introduction between Miller and several friends, one of whom was to a great extent instrumental in determining the future of his life. The publication was warmly received, and at first plaudits resounded sufficiently loud to turn the head of a weaker man; but the author on seeing his works in print, and bringing to bear upon them, in that condition, the usual critical bent of his mind, needed not, and indeed did not, wait until it was found they did not sell, to arrive at the conclusion that it was not in Pœtry he was to win either fame or profit. But his mind was too active, and his pen too ready—the one to be stilled or the other to be laid aside—as the result of a first failure. Writing to Mr. Forsyth, he says: "At this moment when I can look back to the complete failure of my speculation, I am as determined upon improving to the utmost of my ability, as a writer, as I could have been had the public by buying my work rendered the speculation a good one. . . . Could I decide whether I possess or be devoid of true genius, it would be an easy matter for me to anticipate the result. If destitute of this spirit, I shall certainly not rise to eminence; for my situation in life is not one of those in which fortune, or the influence of friends, can supply

the want of ability, or in which mediocrity of talent can become admirable by clothing itself in the spoils of learning. My education is imperfect; I cannot even subsist except by devoting seven-eighths of my waking hours to the avocations [of a laborious profession." He therefore determines to lay aside poetry and give all his leisure time to cultivating prose composition; not idly dreaming that he *has* genius which will one day make him successful, but earnestly labouring that he may attain that skill which shall compel attention. And how well did he succeed! His powers of description have rarely been equalled; and the judicious touches of his poetic imagination, like choice parterres of flowers in a richly cultivated landscape, by their perfume and beauty afford additional gratification to the beholder. The cultivated genius of Miller enriched and adorned every subject upon which he treated. His next essay at publication was in the columns of the *Inverness Courier*, which were freely opened to him by his friend, Mr. Carruthers. The letters thus published attracted considerable attention, and Miller became a man of renown in the little society of Cromarty as he wielded his mallet or plied his chisel, "building," as he says, "houses by day, and castles by night."

His letters to various correspondents are charming examples of epistolary skill, and must have produced in the minds of their recipients the most lively satisfaction, impressing them with a strong admiration of his character as well as of his skill. Upon no one, probably, did his letters have a stronger effect than upon Miss Dunbar, of Boath, a lady who was his senior by about twenty years, and who, while enjoying all the pleasures of his literary skill, evinced toward him an affection quite maternal, which induced her to address him letters of strong sagacity and earnest wisdom, and to her death to take the strongest interest in all that related to his welfare. Beneath the rugged exterior of this humble mason there must have dwelt a gentle spirit, or this high-born, educated, and intelligent woman would never have been drawn so closely toward him. She was wealthy: he was poor. Wishing to be of temporal service to him, Miss Dunbar offered him pecuniary aid, but he firmly, though respectfully, declined it; and, as if fearing he might be carrying his chivalrous independence to excess, he adds: "If the spirit which God has bestowed upon me to preserve me from all the little meannesses of solicitation and to secure to me in my humble sphere that feeling of self-respect, without which no one can fulfil the duties of a man or deserve the respect of others, should at times impel me towards the opposite extreme, and make me, in some little degree, jealous of even the kindness of a friend, will you not tolerate in me a weakness so necessarily, so inseparably connected with that species of strength which renders me, if anything does, in some measure worthy of your friendship?" There was yet another lady whose interest was excited by this poetic mechanic—Miss Fraser, who, writing from Cromarty to her daughter, then in England, sent a volume of poems and letters on "The Herring Fishery, by a Stonemason, whom I can see from my window engaged in building a wall." Miss Fraser, in her turn, became interested in Miller; and on meeting him in the limited society of the little town (into which, to their credit be it said, this plain and poor man was freely admitted, in recognition of the aristocracy of

intellect), the feeling ripened into friendship, and thence to a warmth which alarmed her mother, and possibly caused a pang of regret that she had unwittingly brought them together. The lady, who was young (many years the junior of Miller), inspired him with a new hope and new desires, and gave him an aim in life which he had hitherto lacked. He had been content to earn a scanty subsistence by his handicraft, finding solace and obtaining mental growth in books, meditation, and the use of his pen ; but this woman, who had cast her subtle but powerful spell over him, was of gentle birth, had received the best education then obtainable by young ladies, and was accustomed to a distinguished circle of society. With a strong sense of justice, Miller felt that it would be highly improper to make such a one the wife of a working man. Is he then to embitter his future life by relinquishing this his first love, or shall he strive to accomplish his wishes by bringing the beloved one down to his condition ? He does not adopt either of these unworthy courses, but manfully determines Miss Fraser shall be his wife, but not until he can bring her to the house of one who is no longer a mechanic. He will work, and work, and work ; his pen shall be the talisman which shall open a way of escape from manual labour, and provide a home to which he can, without a blush of shame or feeling of compunction, bring home his wife.

Some five or six years previous to the advent of Miss Fraser at Cromarty, a most important change had been wrought in the spiritual condition of Miller ; and the mode in which this was brought about affords great encouragement to the free use of epistolary appeals or counsel from one friend to another. We have already adverted to the pleasant and useful intercourse which subsisted between Miller and some of his youthful companions in the days of his apprenticeship. One of those young men had left his business under the solemn conviction that he was called to the ministry ; and writing from his place of study to Miller, he urges him to yield implicit faith in Christ, crying, with impassioned earnestness, "My dear Hugh, dost thou believe ? Do you believe that he lived ?—that he died to save sinners ?" To these questions Hugh's replies are not definite ; the arrow may have entered, but rather than admit the wound he tries to turn the direction of the correspondence. But Swanson, the young student, returns to his point, and again and again calls upon him "to accept of Christ," and to "see freeness and fulness of the gospel offers made to you." Although the letters from Miller to his friend at this time do not afford that satisfactory evidence of his conversion which would have caused Swanson's heart to bound with joy, there is no rebuff, no coldness, but a warmth of gratitude and of manly thankfulness which must have given rise to hope that the effort had not been made in vain. In December, 1825, we find him writing to Swanson : "I am an unsteady and a wavering creature, nursing, in my foolishness, vain hopes, blinded by vain affections : in short, one who, though he may have his minutes of conviction and contrition, is altogether enamoured of the things of this world and a contemner of the cross." Fourteen months after this, the decisive change had been wrought, as he informs his friend and early companion, William Ross : "I now believe what I did not once believe, and I have determined, relying on the help of God, to make the doctrines

of Christianity the rule of my belief: its precepts that of my conduct. Oh, William, how easy it is to write of virtuous deeds! how difficult to perform them! How easy is it to make a good resolve! and how difficult to abide by one! But the power, truth, and goodness of God are infinite, and he has promised to give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him." Of this friend to whom he thus unbosoms himself, and who was soon removed by death, he afterwards wrote to Mr. Strahan: "No sense of sacredness, no feeling of devotion, connected with either his genius or his worth, shall ever press on the minds of those who behold the nameless sod which covers his remains; and yet though thus obscure, he has earned a loftier fame than that which the men of this earth can bestow. Through the grace of God he had subdued his own spirit; he had striven against the ills of human life and human nature, and so far as these concerned himself he had overcome them; and as he had the merit of living without reproach, so he had the happiness of dying without fear. These, my dear sir, were achievements greater than any merely literary ones, and you know the fame awarded to such God has described as bestowed by his own lips and those of the pure spirits of heaven." Gentle must have been the nature and warm the heart of the strong, shaggy, hard-handed mason, who could write thus of a delicate journeyman house-painter, who had sickened and fallen into an early grave, leaving little behind him but the deep wellings of affection his goodness had evoked within the bosom of his friend. Henceforth the life of Miller is to be guided by the principle of the gospel; he is to be in the world to effect a great work therein, yet not to be of it. He does not allow his light to become dim or his warmth to grow cold. The fervour of his piety and the depth of his feeling are evinced in a letter written, in 1835, to Mr. William Smith, wherein he says: "Permit me again, my dear William, to recommend to you Jesus Christ as the only Saviour. Open all your heart to him, for he is man, and can sympathise in all its affections; trust yourself implicitly in him, for he is God, omnipotent to aid and unable to deceive. Faith can realize his presence, and there is happiness to be found in his society, where the full heart pours itself out before him, of which the world can form no conception. In life or in death, in health or in sickness, it is well to be able to lean oneself on him; as John did at the last supper, and to feel, as it were, the heart of his humanity beating under the broad buckler of his power. Whatever it may be your fate to encounter—whether protracted, spirit-subduing indisposition, or that solemn and awful change so big with interest to the human heart and so fitted to awaken its hopes and its fears; or whether you are to be again restored to the lesser cares and narrower prospects of the present life—in whatever circumstances placed, or by whatever objects surrounded, you will find him to be an all-sufficient Saviour, and the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Would that I were worthy to recommend him to you—more like himself! but I know you will forgive me the freedom with which I write, and that you will not associate with his infinite wisdom and purity any of the folly or the evil which attaches to, my dear William, your sincere and affectionate friend, Hugh Miller."

[In a second paper we shall see Hugh Miller as the Editor and Man of Science.]

On the Best Means of Promoting the Spirituality of the Church.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE LIVERPOOL UNION OF BAPTIST CHURCHES, AT MYRTLE STREET CHAPEL, LIVERPOOL, BY WM. H. KING, BIRKENHEAD.

THE subject which I have been asked to bring before you to-night is one which presses upon the attention, and challenges the most prayerful thought of every earnest Christian. The daily temptation and care to which all members of churches are subject, the unceasing contact with a world out of harmony with its purpose and aspiration, make the promotion of spiritual life the great task, the continual struggle of every renewed heart. To maintain a continual combat against the power of sin within, and the force of temptation from without, is the great life work of the individual Christian. How to promote the spirituality and purity of the churches amid the tainting atmosphere of worldliness, is the ever-recurring problem of our associated life as members of the church of Christ.

In introducing a subject of such vital interest, I have on my mind a feeling of great responsibility—a responsibility, however, which is much lessened by two considerations. The first is, that you are not depending upon me for the statement of the whole truth on this matter. My duty is simply to offer some observations that may furnish a starting point for further consideration—to set in train and possibly to stimulate your own thought, that out of the collected experience of those who are here met together, there may be brought some practical conclusions.

The second is, that on such a subject you will not expect me to advance anything new or striking. This old, yet ever present, anxiety of the church of Christ has drawn forth some of the choicest productions of the sanctified thought of God's noblest servants; and there is not one who has any right to be regarded as a teacher in the church who is not in the habit of giving to it his most prayerful attention. It would be almost an impertinence therefore to try to bring before you any absolutely original ideas. I can only hope to arrange and bring to your remembrance truths and facts with which you are already familiar. It is a fair presumption that among the opinions expressed on such a subject, those which may be new will not be true, and those which are true will not be new.

My purpose in this paper will be twofold: first, to lay a broad and, as I hope, scriptural foundation, on which our opinions may be firmly based; and then to throw out some remarks of a practical character which may challenge attention and promote conversation.

Now let us, in the *first* place, consider what is meant by the phrase "spirituality of the churches." To begin at the beginning, what is meant by the word "spirituality?" Now, observe, it is not simply a refined sort of morality. It is not exactitude of conduct. It is not respect for, or a punctilious-attendance on, the ordinances of religion. There may be careful attention and reverent demeanour at the stated services for public worship, a thoroughly intelligent appreciation of

thoughtful preaching; and further, an earnest enthusiasm on behalf of some principles of Christian truth, while there is but little or no true spirituality. Spirituality is nothing else than life. That which we regard as the evidence and proof of spirituality is not genuine if it be not the true and proper expression of spiritual life. The mere routine of outward observances without the loving desire to serve him who is the centre and life of them all, can never bring joy or strength to the heart. If there be life in the souls and love in the hearts of the worshippers, if the body of Christ be thrilled to its remotest members with the living power of its indwelling Lord, then the outward services become the appropriate garments in which the living church clothes and displays itself; but if in the place of life you have only the dull, cold round of mere formality, then these observances of external worship are to the church only the clean white cerecloth which enshrouds and hides the repulsiveness of death.

If spirituality is life, the next point to be determined is, what is that spiritual life? Whence comes it? How is it produced? I apprehend that those who are here to-night will admit but one answer to these questions. Spiritual life is the gift of God. It is a divine inspiration. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Let others talk of Christian life as though it were a product of moral cultivation, and might be obtained by a process of education or culture, it is the glory of our churches to bear unfaltering witness to the truth that no explanation can meet the facts of Christian consciousness, nor harmonize with the words of Scripture which does not refer the birth of spiritual life to the special contact of God with the soul of man. Spiritual life is divine life—the life of God in the soul. Every heart that has become quickened into love for Christ has been changed by the Spirit of God. The new hope, and fear, and joy of the awakened soul are as much the result of divine inspiration as the truths proclaimed by prophets and apostles. Seers of old were inspired to write: servants of God now are inspired to live.

It is at our peril as churches of Christ that we keep in the back ground, or explain away this fundamental truth of the gospel. Without this as the central fact of our creed, and the living power in our churches, we shall become as salt which has lost its savour, as lamps which have ceased to give light. All deliberation as to the best means of promoting spirituality which does not take this into account will be utterly useless, or worse still, terribly deceptive, for it will tend to bring the church down to the level of organized bodies which are kept in motion by the mere mechanical power of an external and human impulse instead of the divine force of an inward and all-pervading life.

So far as we have come, then, we see that spirituality is an intensely personal thing; it is spiritual life in the individual soul. The phrase, "spirituality of the church," can have no other meaning than the spirituality of the separate members who together make up the church. The difference between a spiritual and vigorous church and one that is cold and powerless, is simply this—that in the one there is a larger proportion than in the other of earnest, enlightened, spiritual-minded men and women. Now this truth, so obvious and simple when thus stated, is one which, nevertheless, is practically much overlooked. Some church

members talk as though the church possessed a life altogether distinct from their own, and as though their own influence had nothing whatever to do with its condition. It is not uncommon, at times, to hear persons of this sort say, "How cold the church is! How lamentably low is the spirituality of the church;" when, perhaps, that which they see around them is but the reflection of their own spiritual state. Every minister and office-bearer will doubtless bear out the assertion, that it is precisely those who complain most of the church's poverty who contribute the least to its spirituality and power. The earnest, devoted heart that finds its delight in the service of God, that prays and labours for the extension of the Saviour's kingdom among men, looks upon the church in the light of its own hopeful confidence, and sees proof of blessing where the barren heart sees only barrenness. However this may be, the fact is clear, that each member of the church is, in his measure, responsible for the purity and spirituality of the whole. As the fellow-servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, we are bound together by the closest possible ties. We are not to think of ourselves as separate atoms floating down the stream of time, just now and again in transient companionship with each other. We do not possess a distinct life which is linked together only by outward ties and for a merely selfish or temporal purpose. Our spiritual life is, and must be, part of that larger life—the life of the universal church. By mysterious, yet most potent links of influence, we are joined to each other and to the whole family of God.

It has been necessary to give distinct enunciation to these primary facts, in order that whatever effort may be suggested may be in harmony with the essential spirit of the gospel. Our deliberation will be worse than useless if we do not begin upon a sound basis of scriptural truth.

Having come so far, we can now see distinctly that, inasmuch as spirituality is but the expression and the result of spiritual life, and that life the gift of God to individual men and women, our enquiry must branch off in two directions. We must ask, first, What are the influences which tend to repress and obstruct spiritual life in the soul? and then, What are the means which, in the light of experience and Scripture, God uses to promote it?

In answer to the first question, let it be observed, that one great obstacle in the way of promoting the spirituality of the church is, the engaging in questionable business transactions on the part of Christian men. There is, perhaps, no influence at work more deadening to the spiritual life of a man, more essentially adverse to his growth in piety, than to be guilty of practices which his conscience does not approve. Such practices need not be dishonest in the eyes of the world; it is enough to make them intensely mischievous to himself, if they be not in harmony with his own sense of right. Entanglement in such unhappy snares soon makes a man lose his relish for Christian engagements and duties. The irksome feeling grows upon him that it is something like hypocrisy to leave his business and attend a prayer-meeting. Sooner or later, if the unrighteous thing be not repented of and forsaken, it produces one of two results: it either makes him neglect altogether the duties of a church member, and he becomes a mere walker in the outer courts, dwelling just within the boundary line

that separates the church from the world; or else he does violence to his own nature by making a gulf between his business and his religion, and ceasing to regard Christianity as a matter of life and conscience, he sinks to the level of a mere formalist, having a name to live while he is dead. In either case he has ceased to be an element of power in the church. Nor is this all; if it were, the mischief would not be so great. He is not only so far a loss to the church's power; worse than that, he becomes an obstruction in it. His history is not a secret to himself. Others can read his character. His declension suggests doubt and distrust to the minds of his brethren. He becomes a stumbling-block to those who are desirous of joining the church. And his conduct gives point to the worlding's satire, that men who profess to be Christians are no better than anybody else.

Another great obstacle to the church's spirituality is, the absorbing eagerness with which so many Christians join in the race after wealth and worldly position. I have no faith in any refined theories about the incompatibility between riches and religion. There can be no question that wealth is power—power for evil, if a man use it wrongly; a power for good, if wisely and righteously used. But, to the Christian, wealth must be a servant, and not a master. Let the disciple of Christ keep the desire for wealth in its subordinate and rightful place, and then its acquisition may become even a religious duty. It is not without deep significance that the apostle has put into one sentence the threefold exhortation, to be “not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.” But while asserting most strongly that contentment with poverty is not piety, and while admitting that the acquisition of wealth may, when prompted by a high and pure motive, be raised to the dignity of a Christian duty, it cannot be questioned that the greatest of all impediments to a church's spirituality is the intense eagerness with which so many Christians devote themselves to the world. How is it possible for a man's spiritual life to be vigorous, when the love of Christ has become dethroned from his heart by the desire for worldly prosperity? How can he become a power in the church of Christ, when the claims of the gospel are crowded out of his mind by the obtrusions of worldly ambition?

And, let it not be forgotten, that this paralysing sin of worldliness is not confined to those who are immersed in business. Indifference to the claims of spiritual religion may, and often does, exist where the pressure of business engagements cannot be pleaded in extenuation of it. The pleasures of the world ensnare, as well as its duties and cares. How many of those who, in the early warmth of their Christian life, are diligent in the prosecution of their duties, at length become cold and apathetic, and allow themselves to be drawn off from their church obligations by the attractions of the world! One duty after another is given up, until the only evidences that can be seen of their Christian position are, that their names are written in the church roll, and that they attend public worship once on the Lord's-day. None of us are free from the encroachments of the world upon our hearts. It may invade the pulpit and fetter the preacher; taking from his utterances all life and unction. The atmosphere of the world affects the soul as the freezing cold of the Alpine heights affects the body; it makes our

steps drag in the upward course; it brings a stupor upon the faculties; it induces the cessation of all activity, and then locks the soul in a slumber from which, if there be not the interposition of a higher power, there is no awakening but that of death.

And now let us turn briefly to the more positive side of our enquiry. If the defects of our church life are painfully palpable, it is a blessed fact that the remedy is equally obvious.

We want to see first of all in our churches, the cultivation of a spirit of earnest prayerfulness. By prayer we take hold of the power of God. Upon our knees before the throne of infinite love we may drink deep draughts of living water. It is by communion with the living and life-giving God that our souls may grow into a purer and more vigorous life. But to be acceptable to God and strengthening to our own spirits prayer must be the real outpouring of our hearts. Words are but empty husks if they be not the true disclosure of our desires; they are lighter and more worthless than chaff, if they carry not the burden of our deepest thoughts and most earnest longings. Could we see in our churches a growing desire for persevering, united prayer, we could have no doubt of the speedy coming of a divine blessing which would quicken the life and deepen the spirituality of every one of them.

Another means for the promotion of spirituality is, a patient and reverent study of Scripture. True piety is mightily sustained by the habitual reading of the Word of God. Spirituality is largely promoted by an intelligent understanding of the truth. The devotion which is born of ignorance is but a sickly dwarf. No one who is at all acquainted with large numbers of our church members can for a moment question that the habit of neglecting the study of the Scriptures is a great hindrance to the spirituality of the churches. God has given his own Word to be the light and strength of his people. Spiritual truth is the food on which the spirit lives. "The words that I speak unto you," said our Lord Jesus Christ, "they are spirit, and they are life." And in his intercessory prayer he said, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth."

We want, further, a more sincere cultivation of Christian brotherhood. With but too many the fellowship of the Spirit is little more than a name. There are, of course, differences of position in the church and in the world, and these ought to be maintained in a befitting manner. Christianity is not socialism. But, nevertheless, men who are joined to the same Lord, who are possessed of the same great hope, whose hearts are stirred with the same great purpose, have so much in common that, when within the church, they can well afford to forget their differences of station outside. If the church of Christ be not a socialistic society, it is a true brotherhood. There are few things so refreshing and invigorating to a man's spirit, when oppressed with care or doubt, as to be able to look for genuine sympathy from those who are joined with him in the same church fellowship. The pride which throws up a barrier between the members of the same church, and insulates the flow of brotherly feeling, is one of the most fatal obstacles to a church's growth in spirituality.

One thing more: we need a more careful development of the power in the church, a more complete employment of the talents for usefulness,

which every member possesses. Every Christian who has a right to the name ought to be a worker in the church, and in the world. There is abundant room for the labours of all. There is heathenism at our very doors. The moral wastes around us need reclaiming. There is within the church a vast amount of power unused. We must not be guilty of the strange mistake of supposing that only those ought to labour for their Lord who can do great things. It may seem a paradox, but it is nevertheless a truth, that the number of talents in the church possessed by the class who have only one each, is much greater than that possessed by the class who have ten. Among the disciples of Christ, as in the world, the highly gifted are but few. Greatly as we prize all the eminent servants for their works' sake, the church can better do without them than without the hosts of lowly, earnest labourers who can do but little, but who do that little with the whole heart.

Can anything be done by modifying or extending our present services which shall tend in a larger measure to promote this prayerfulness, Scripture study, brotherliness, and activity? Let it be remembered that, as a rule, it is a weak subterfuge to multiply methods of action for the purpose of counteracting the indifference with which the more ordinary modes are regarded. But still as it is one great purpose of the meetings which are already held to develop piety as well as to proclaim the truth to the unconverted, if any other plans can be suggested more in harmony with Scripture precedent, and more likely to promote the great object we have in view, by all means let us adopt them.

I think there is one direction in which a change may be advantageous. Might not good results follow if there were more frequent meetings of Christians for the especial purpose of promoting the objects indicated? There are at present multitudes of church members who are seldom or never seen at any meetings of the church except it be at that for commemorating the Lord's Supper. The proportion of those who attend the ordinary monthly meetings is, as a rule, but small; and it is, to say the least, an open question whether these, as commonly conducted, are adapted to promote spirituality even if much larger numbers were present. Would it not be a great gain to a church's spirituality if the members were to meet steadily for the purpose of mutual edification? The Wesleyan denomination has found the social meetings for the interchange of Christian experience a source of great power. I certainly should not be prepared to recommend the adoption of such meetings among ourselves. The weekly or monthly analysis and statement of our religious feelings does not seem to me to be either a wise or scriptural mode of strengthening spiritual life. But a meeting for the careful study of Scripture, for the especial object of assisting those who have but recently begun the divine life, would, I think, have all the advantages of a class-meeting with none of its dangers. It would tend to unite the members of the church in the closest sympathy. By deepening the convictions of believers and intensifying their love for the truth, it would expand their hopes and give power to their faith. The close contact with the mind of the Spirit which such habitual study would produce, would of necessity tend to increase the desire for spiritual fellowship, and therefore strengthen the grace, and draw out the gifts of all who took part in it.

Such meetings, however, would have to be kept under most careful supervision, and their power for good would in a large degree depend upon the discretion of those who undertook the oversight of them.

Before sitting down, let me again say that our only hope for a deeper spirituality is in the personal consecration of the members, and officers, and ministers of our churches. It would be a miserable blunder to imagine that the adoption of any additional modes of action will compensate for the want of earnest prayer and prompt activity. It cannot be too much insisted on that our great want is not more machinery, but a stronger motive power—not new methods, but a more vigorous life. Let us each and all, with a due sense of our indebtedness to the Lord, find out our own place in his field of service, and keep to it. Let us do well the work that lies nearest our own doors. By keeping at our own work, modest though it may be, we conserve our strength. If our influence be spread over too wide a surface, it will often become dissipated; it will lose in intensity what it may gain in breadth. Let us be watchful to give no occasion of offence to others, to put no stumbling-block in a brother's way. Let us come to the assemblies of the church already charged with the spirit of prayer. Let us keep prominently before our minds the fact of our individual responsibilities to the world, the church, and the Saviour.

It is the glory of the gospel of Christ that it does not deal with men in the mass: it singles us out and endows each soul with its divine blessings. All the gifts of God's grace are personal gifts, and the great power with which God builds up the church, and makes his name honoured in the world, is the power of personal consecration in his servants. The influence of a true Christian's life is a sacred perfume that cheers and strengthens all that come within its range. It is true that eminent spiritual gifts, like great intellectual powers, are bestowed only upon few. But as each one of us is not without some degree of intellect, so each possesses some degree of spiritual power. Let it be our aim to use it for the welfare of men, and the glory of God. A higher purpose could not thrill an angel's heart. I had rather be chosen of God to add one impulse to the church's spiritual life, which, like the ripple on the surface of a lake, should extend in ever-widening circles, than discover a planet or found an empire. The world will pass away. The aims and distinctions of time will be forgotten. But they that be wise will shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

The Attraction of Christ.

AMONG the several wonders of the loadstone, this is not the least, that it will not draw gold nor pearl, but, despising these, it draws the iron to it, one of the most inferior metals: thus Christ leaves the angels, those noble spirits, the gold and the pearl, and he comes to poor sinful man, and draws him into his embraces.—*Thomas Watson*

Physical Cause of our Lord's Death.*

A LETTER BY SIR J. Y. SIMPSON, M.D.

MY DEAR DR. HANNA.—Ever since reading, some ten or twelve years ago, Dr. Stroud's remarkable treatise *On the Physical Cause of the Death of Christ*, I have been strongly impressed with the belief that the views which he adopted† and maintained on this subject are fundamentally correct. Nor has this opinion been in any way altered by a perusal of some later observations published on the same question, both here and on the Continent.

That the immediate cause of the death of our blessed Saviour was—speaking medically—laceration or rupture of the heart, is a doctrine in regard to which there can be no absolute certainty; but, assuredly, in favour of it there is a very high amount of circumstantial probability.

Let me try to state the arguments for this view in the form of a few brief propositions.

I. His death was not the mere result of crucifixion; for 1st., The period was too short; a person in the prime of life, as Christ was, not dying from this mode of mortal punishment in six hours, as he did, but usually surviving till the second or third day, or even longer. 2dly. The attendant phenomena, at the time of actual death, were different from those of crucifixion. The crucified died, as is well known, under a lingering process of gradual exhaustion, weakness, and faintness. On the contrary, Christ cried with a loud voice, and spoke once and again—all apparently within a few minutes of his dissolution.

II. No known injury, lesion, or disease of the brain, lungs, or other vital organs could, I believe, account for such a sudden termination of his sufferings in death except (1) arrestment of the action of the heart by fatal fainting or syncope; or (2) rupture of the walls of the heart or larger blood-vessels issuing from it.

III. The attendant symptoms—particularly the loud cry and subsequent exclamations—show that death was not the effect of mortal fainting, or mere fatal arrestment of the action of the heart by syncope.

IV. On the other hand, these symptoms were such as have been seen in cases of rupture of the walls of the heart. Thus, in the latest book published in the English language on Diseases of the Heart, the eminent author, Dr. Walshe, Professor of Medicine in University College, London, when treating of the symptoms indicating death by rupture of the heart, observes, "The hand is suddenly carried to the front of the chest, a piercing shriek uttered," etc. etc. The rapidity of the resulting death is regulated by the size and shape of the ruptured opening. But usually death very speedily ensues in consequence of the blood escaping from the interior of the heart into the cavity of the large surrounding heart-sac or pericardium; which sac has, in cases of rupture of the heart, been found on dissection to contain sometimes two, three, four, or more pounds of blood accumulated within it, and separated into red clot and limpid serum, or "blood and water,"—as is seen in blood when collected out of the body in a cup or basin in the operation of common blood-letting.

V. No medical jurist would, in a court of law, venture to assert, from the mere symptoms preceding death, that a person had certainly died of rupture of the heart. To obtain positive *proof* that rupture of the heart was the cause of death, a *post mortem* examination of the chest would be necessary. In ancient times, such dissections were not practised. But the details left regarding Christ's death are most strikingly peculiar in this respect, that they offer us the result

* Extracted from Dr. Stroud's work mentioned in our *Reviews*.

† Dr. Stroud himself points out that Russell, Edwards, Rambach, and other writers, had more or less correctly anticipated him in the belief that Christ had died from rupture or breaking of the heart.

of a very rude dissection, as it were, by the gash* made in his side after death by the thrust of the Roman soldier's spear. The effect of that wounding or piercing of the side was an escape of "blood and water," visible to the apostle John standing some distance off; and I do not believe that anything could possibly account for this appearance, as described by that apostle, except a collection of blood effused into the distended sac of the pericardium in consequence of rupture of the heart, and afterwards separated, as is usual with *extravasated* blood into these two parts viz. (1) crassamentum or red clot, and (2) watery serum. The subsequent puncture from below of the distended pericardial sac would most certainly, under such circumstances, lead to the immediate ejection and escape of its sanguineous contents in the form of red clots of blood and a stream of watery serum, exactly corresponding to that description given in the sacred narrative, "and forthwith came there out blood *and* water"—an appearance which no other natural event or mode of death can explain or account for.

VI. Mental emotions and passions are well known by all to effect the actions of the heart in the way of palpitation, fainting, etc. That these emotious and passions when in overwhelming excess, occasionally though rarely, produce laceration or rupture of the walls of the heart, is stated by most medical authorities, who have written on the affections of this organ; and our poets even allude to this effect as an established fact—

"The grief that does not speak
Whisper the o'er fraught heart, and bids it break."

But if ever a human heart was riven and ruptured by the mere amount of mental agony that was endured, it would surely—we might even argue *a priori*—be that of our Redeemer, when during these dark and dreadful hours on the cross, he, "being made a curse for us," "hore our griefs, and carried our sorrows," and suffered for sin the malediction of God and man, "full of anguish," and now "exceeding sorrowful even unto death,"

There are theological as well as medical arguments in favour of the opinion that Christ in reality died from a ruptured or broken heart. You know them infinitely better than I do. But let me merely observe that—

VII. If the various wondrous prophecies and minute predictions in Psalms xxii. and xlix., regarding the circumstances connected with Christ's death be justly held as literally true, such as, "They pierced my hands and my feet," "They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture," etc., why should we regard as merely metaphorical, and not as literally true also, the declarations in the same Psalms, "Reproach hath broken my heart," "My heart is like wax, it is melted in the midst of my bowels?" And

VIII. Death by mere crucifixion was not a form of death in which there was much, if indeed any, shedding of blood. Punctured wounds do not generally bleed; and the nails, besides being driven through parts that were not provided with large blood-vessels, necessarily remain plugging up the openings made by their passage. The whole language and types of Scripture, however, involve the idea that the atonement for our sins was obtained by the *blood* of Christ shed for us during his death on the cross. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." This shedding, however, was assuredly done in the fullest possible sense, under the view that the immediate cause of his dissolution was rupture of the heart, and the consequent fatal escape of his heart and life-blood from the central cistern of the circulation.

It has always appeared—to my medical mind at least—that this view of the mode by which death was produced in the human body of Christ, intensifies all our thoughts and ideas regarding the immensity of the astounding sacrifice which he made for our sinful race upon the cross. Nothing can possibly be more

* Its size may be inferred from the Apostle Thomas being asked to thrust not his "finger," but his "hand" into it.—John xx.

striking and startling than the appalling and terrible passiveness with which God as man submitted, for our sakes, his incarnate body to all the horrors and tortures of the crucifixion. But our wonderment at the stupendous sacrifice only increases when we reflect that, whilst thus enduring for our sins the most cruel and agonising form of corporeal death, he was ultimately "slain," not by the effects of the anguish of his corporeal frame, but by the effects of the mightier anguish of his mind; the fleshy walls of his heart—like the veil, as it were, in the temple of his human body—becoming rent and riven, as for us. "He poured out his soul unto death;"—"the travail of his soul" in that awful hour thus standing out as unspeakably bitterer and more dreadful than even the travail of his body.

Believe me, my dear Dr. Hanna, ever sincerely yours,
Edinburgh, May 1, 1862.

J. Y. SIMPSON, M.D.

The Book of the Revelation.

QUAINT old Joseph Hall has the following remarks upon the Apocalypse, which strike us as being not more pithy than true. When a man sets himself up as one who is thoroughly able to loose the seals, we expect to hear from him next from Bedlam or Hanwell:—

"If there be any deeps in Divine Scripture wherein the elephant may swim, they are surely to be found in the Book of the Revelation; wherein many great wits have both exercised and lost themselves.

"Arias Montanus, that learned Spaniard, whose labours are famous for that noble edition of the whole Sacred Volume of God, when he comes to illustrate the Revelation with his Commentary, shames himself with his improbable glosses; and, by his ridiculous abstracts, moves both the wonder and pity of the judicious of either religion. Castello, whose elegant and painful version of both Testaments hath wont to pass with the learned for an useful paraphrase, when he comes to this Book of the Revelation, is not ashamed to pass a *non intelligo* upon it. Master Junius, though given to this last age for a great light to the Holy Text, yet professes himself in many of these mysteries to be in the dark: and no marvel, when Diodati grants that there are some parts of this book still reserved under God's secret seal; the explication whereof is utterly uncertain. And, amongst ourselves here at home, one,* whom no man will envy the reputation of one of the greatest clerks in his age, when a plain man came seriously to him, and asked his opinion concerning an obscure passage in that book, answered, 'My friend, I am not come so far.'

"Yet, I know not how it comes to pass, such is the nature of our inbred curiosity, that there is no book of the whole Scripture wherein men are so apt to spend both their time and judgment: like as every man is apt to try his strength in lifting at an over-heavy weight, and to offer at the string of that bow which is much too strong for him to draw.

"Whereupon have issued those strange obtortions of some particular prophecies to private interests. Mr. Brightman, a learned and godly divine, thinks to find, not England only, but Cecil and Walsingham there. A Belgic doctor, in the Synod of Dort, thought to find Grave Maurice there. Joannes Brocardus thinks to find Venice there: and a grave divine, whose name I will spare, was so confident to find the Palatinate there, both in the loss and recovery of it, as that he would needs present his thoughts to the judicious eyes of King James himself, with small thanks for his labour. Neither wanted there some that made full account to find the late victorious Gustavus Adolphus therein plainly designed. As if the blessed Apostle, now in his Patmos, overlooking all the vast continent betwixt us, should have had his thoughts taken up with our petty

* Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester.

occurrences in this other side of the world. What, should I tell how many, both of our own and foreign divines, have baffled and shamed themselves in predefining, out of their mistaken constructions, the utmost period of the world; and have confidently set God a day for his Final Judgment!

"As for this place* which we have in hand, how rocky and shelvy it is, appears too well in those ribs of splitted vessels which lie still scattered on the sands.

"Not that I think the opinion of our new Chiliasts so deadly and pernicious in itself, as to make shipwreck of their own or others faith. Far be it from me to be guilty of so much uncharity, as to lay so deep a charge upon my fellow Christians: for, what prejudice is it to me, if the souls of Martyrs get the start of me, in resuming their bodies a thousand years before me, if, in the meanwhile, my soul be at rest in a paradise of bliss? And what can it import any man's salvation, to determine whether the saints reign with Christ on earth or in heaven; while I know that, in either, they are happy? Surely, in its own terms, the tenet seems to carry no great appearance of offence.

"But all the danger is in that train of strange paradoxes and uncouth consequences, which it draws in after it specified in the following discourse: and in the ill uses that are made too commonly of it, by some ill-advised and mistaken clients. Whereof some,† vainly imagining this reign of the saints already begun, cast off Scriptures and ordinances as utterly useless, and please themselves in a concerted fruition of their happy kingdom, and an immediate conversation with the King of glory. Others, construing all mutations which befall the church, as either the harbingers or several stages of their Saviour's approach to his new kingdom and theirs, applaud themselves in their imminent and already descried glory; rejoicing to tell us how far he is on his way; and, lest we should appeal to our own eyes in so important a case, tell us that this object is not for our discerning, but for qualified persons only; men, not like the ordinary sort of professors, who are of a low, poor, pusillanimous spirit, but for such only as are deeply engaged in the church's cause, and sharers in her troubles and sorrows: whereas, certainly, if those which suffer most may be allowed to be the most quick-sighted, it may easily be known whose eyes we may best trust for intelligence. Hence have followed heavy censures and harsh entertainments, of the otherwise affected; and an insultation upon dissenting brethren, as the oppressed and down-trodden enemies of this kingdom of Christ.

"I desire not to aggravate either these or any other inconveniences, which do usually attend this opinion: as one that wishes rather to heal than to corrode the public sores.

"Let me, therefore, pre-engage my reader not to mistake my discourse or my intentions. For my part, I am persuaded in my soul, that the coming of our Saviour is near at hand: and that, before that great day, God hath decreed and will yet effect a more happy and flourishing condition of his church here on earth than we yet see; which I do humbly pray for, and hopefully expect; ambitiously suing to my God that my poor endeavours might be thought worthy to contribute anything to so blessed a purpose. But for the particularities of the time and manner, I both have learned and do teach silence. And, if any man think that he hath sufficient intimation of either or both of these, in the words of Holy Scripture; yet, since those clauses are involved in some obscurity and may afford multiplicity of sense, my desire and whole drift is, to beseech him to suspend his judgment concerning these so deep and intricate doctrines, till God shall be pleased to clear them by apparent events; and, in the meantime, to rest contented with those evident and unquestionable truths of the gospel, which the church of Christ hath hitherto unanimously taught and maintained: wherein he shall do that which may happily conduce both to the church's peace and his own."

* "Concerning the Thousand Years' Reign of the Saints with Christ upon Earth."

† "Five Lights at Walton."

A Brotherly Word to Christian Pastors.*

BY C. HEWITT, BREACHWOOD GREEN.

PRESUMING that the pages of this excellent periodical are perused by a considerable number of my brethren in the ministry, by the kind permission of the esteemed editor, I humbly submit to them a word of friendly and earnest counsel. I do not desire to assume the responsibility of instructor, but it has long been my cherished wish to offer a few suggestions touching our common trials and experiences. I would venture first to remark that the "chastisements" endured by gospel ministers, while they are very similar to those inflicted upon other believers, nevertheless deserve special consideration. When we speak of affliction, we include in that term trials of various kinds. We may be chastised by bodily infirmity, losses, disappointments, hidings of God's face, or the withering of our hopes, and the thwarting of our purposes. In short, chastisement seems to be "the crossing of our wills and wishes." It would relieve us of a considerable weight of anxiety if we could ascertain the reason or design why we are afflicted. May we not suppose that—

"Our Heavenly Father chastises us for our folly."

Perhaps ministers more than most Christians have to smart for their follies. Let it not be deemed imprudent to speak upon a topic so painful and suggestive, far better to expose the evil, however humiliating it may be, than conceal it, to the injury of those most concerned in its revelation. Is it not a fact to be lamented, that we are, dear brethren, frequently liable to commit gross mistakes? This danger may arise in attempting the impossible; or it may be by a too ready reliance upon our abilities, or upon our judgments and acquirements. We often exhibit our folly by rashness of speech, and it is too readily manifest when we are thrown into the society of our friends. We should be the last to decry the great benefits accruing to us from a college training, but are there not perils in connection with an institution of that character? We well remember while in college the tendency we felt towards excess of levity when surrounded by so much humour and youthful wit, and the same inclination to become vain and trifling is still inherent in us. For our frequent folly, then, we conclude that God chastises us.

"We are corrected for our worldliness."

Considered professionally as men set apart from the world, looked upon by our fellows as spiritually minded and holy men, alas, alas! let us take to ourselves shame and confusion of face. Let us take up our lament for the ministers of the sanctuary, because of the worldliness that abounds among us. Can the Lord bless us while we continue to be so carnal? Does not our earthliness of mind injure our reputation, and prevent our success? Shall we condescend to make our great life-work a trade, a profession, to be pursued from motives of pecuniary profit and loss? Must we necessarily be foremost to interest and amuse, by our conversational tact, the gay and thoughtless of our respective neighbourhoods! O let us not bring into contempt our solemn calling, or the glorious Master and cause we serve by such inconsistency. If in any of these respects we are criminal, no wonder that we are chastened.

"We are also rebuked for our prayerlessness."

We are frequently in the attitude of supplication, but is there not a great lack of the spirit and grace of prayer in ourselves and in our services? Does it not require much watchfulness and self-denial in order to maintain the life of devotion? Far, far be it from us to congratulate ourselves upon the ease and readiness with which we conduct devotional exercises. God deliver us from addressing the divine footstool mechanically and formally. We have to

* We are glad to insert this zealous, fraternal word from a country pastor. Its simple pleadings will do us all good.

deplora the fact that we too frequently make the mere act and word of prayer suffice. If, on the other hand, we try to pray with the assistance of the inspiring Spirit, do we not even then, at times, feel prayer to be a task and a burden? There are, we regret to confess it, hours in which we entirely neglect the mercy-seat, and seasons when secret prayer is almost forgotten. Oh, if we were more with God, surely God would be more with us. How much more pleasant would our lives be, how much more joyful and calm our souls, were we found more frequently in communion with Jesus! Our work is vast and momentous, we need, therefore, much prayer mingled with our labour. An American preacher has said, that "we preachers have to think so much for others, that often we have hardly time for prayer, unless we think and pray at once; and yet nothing but prayer can keep our thinking from withering up the life of our personal godliness." It is sadly and painfully true that we spend too little of our time in fellowship with Christ. Luther must needs have his three hours a day with God, hence the mighty work he accomplished. Let us not be amazed, then, if we receive the stroke of our Father for our prayerlessness. For many other reasons we are tried; even for our "pride, ignorance, wilfulness, indifference, indolence and rebelliousness; but I must forbear.

I would close with a few observations upon another topic, namely—

"The spiritual attainments of the Christian minister."

We are not all born geniuses, neither are we created with the full development of our faculties. The heights of learning are still far above us. "We have need of more knowledge." Now, in all our gettings we are urged to get understanding and wisdom, and it is no small privilege to possess a right understanding of the heart, nor should it be a matter of indifference to become acquainted with "that wisdom which cometh from above," even with Christ who is the true wisdom. While then we may learn a thousand things useful and profitable, let us not omit to learn savingly of him who is meek and lowly. It is desirable that the book of God be understood in the original, and critically examined, but it is of superior moment that we be experimentally conversant with its precious truths. May we learn to rely more implicitly upon the leading and teaching of the Holy Spirit to make us practically acquainted with its sublime mysteries.

"A more complete state of sanctification is required personally."

To reach such a condition, one of the most efficient means to be used is to contemplate the cross, and meditate upon the sufferings of our adorable Lord. In viewing his agonies we shall be incited to renounce those things which are displeasing to him. Sin nowhere and under no circumstances appears so heinous as in sight of the cross; and while we might wisely eschew evil because of the guilt and punishment consequent upon its committal, we shall endeavour to abstain from it because of the suffering our Redeemer endured to redeem us from it. Can we indulge in sin since the eye of God is ever resting upon us? It was enough to cause the ancient Roman to be circumspect, if the words "Cato sees you" were whispered in his ear. It is said that when the Doges of Venice had degenerated into imperious and oppressive rulers, if only four of the inquisitors whom the state secretly employed were present at any of the great processions or festivals for which that city was famous, it was sufficient to overawe the mighty throng of people present. How much more guarded and serious should our deportment be, seeing that we are ever watched by him whose eyes are like a flame of fire! Thinking often of Jesus and abiding near his side, cherishing in our heart his word of promise, and frequent visitation of his throne, will aid us to arrive at a more perfect state of holiness.

Lastly, "let us seek to acquire a greater robustness and success in our work."

There can assuredly be no alternative short of utter failure in our ministry, unless we realise personally the saving efficacy of those doctrines we preach to our fellow mortals. Granted that our theories upon gospel verities be sound, and our creed orthodox, but what of this, if we are not savingly blessed by those truths in our heart? The question arises, have these divine realities been tasted and handled by ourselves? Have the truths of Scripture humbled us,

soothed our spirits, and sanctified our souls? If so, all is well. We speak before our congregations of God's sovereign choice of his people from eternity, a comforting truth, and if we ourselves are sincere, we shall want to feel a sense of that truth in our hearts. The Holy Ghost reveals unto the children of God their utter ruin and depravity, their emptiness and wretchedness, and in the depths of their spiritual destitution, they admire that grace which chose and set them apart from others. We tell publicly of the everlasting love of God to his redeemed. Oh, sweet and joyful theme! Are we, as pastors, vitally acquainted with that love? Has it saved, cheered, and supported us? We know it is potent to sustain the weak and suffering sons of God; precious to animate and invigorate the labourer for Christ. Let us, brethren, seek to live beside its still waters. A saving faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ is essential. Talent however brilliant, learning however profound, cannot avail to redeem us and impart to our guilty spirits peace and hope, if we remain destitute of the faith of God's elect. O that we may lay it to heart that God can never own us or our preaching, if we rely upon our natural gifts and official relations! No, our God hath provided a sacrifice, and of the paschal lamb our own souls must participate if we are to stand in the great day accepted before him. We must take our stand individually upon one common platform, with the poorest of our flock; even that of acknowledging our lost condition before God, and supplicating for mercy through the merits and finished work of Christ. There is no supernatural virtue attaching to our garments, no righteous merit latent in our ministerialism. Let us then, beloved brethren in Christ, cast ourselves afresh upon the all-sufficient efficacy of the atonement, and look up to our mediator and Lord for his benediction and support. Doing this we shall enjoy his loving smile, and see "the work of the Lord prospering in our hands."

The Pastor's Illness.

A PAPER BY MR. G. ROGERS.

OUR friend, Mr. Spurgeon, had hoped to the last moment to be able to have added some words of counsel and encouragement from his chamber of affliction, at the close of the present number; but he is prevented by the restlessness and pain of his bodily frame. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." His sufferings are still great; but they are the effect, we trust, of the severe remedies that have been applied in conquering the disease rather than of the disease itself. He is sustained and cheered in his long affliction by the intelligence that reaches him of the good attendance at the Tabernacle, the acceptableness of the preachers, the remembrance of the weekly offerings, the continued prosperity of the College, and the unfaltering step with which the several agencies, instituted by him as auxiliaries to his ministrations, are still going forward. Though absent from his co-workers in the flesh, yet he is with them in the spirit, joying and beholding their order, and the steadfastness of their faith in Christ. Nor are his people less present with him than he is with them. Nor they alone, but the sympathies of the many thousands of Israel encompass his chamber, and their prayers are continually ascending on his behalf. We have witnessed the consolation derived from the sympathy which some few in humble life have had the opportunity of showing in his affliction, which enables us to assure the humblest of his friends how much he values their interest in him and their prayers.

Let none be surprised when the most useful agents are laid aside, and that, too, just at the time when their presence seems to be most needful, as though

some strange thing happened unto them. Ministers cannot do as they would any more than others. They need, as much as others, to say, "If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that." Even Paul speaks of having been much hindered in his work, and yet the hindrance may have been a real assistance. Just at the time that he had planted churches in many cities and nations, and all needed his spirit and counsel to set in order the things that were wanting, and he seemed to be the life and soul of the grandest and most divine movement in his day, he was imprisoned at Cæsarea for upwards of two years. How did he look upon this great mystery? He had this consolation, that the word of God was not bound, that the things which happened unto him had fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel, and that many of the brethren in the Lord, waxing confident by his bonds, were much more bold to speak the word without fear. The history of the church from that greatest of apostles down to the present age attests that the Great Head of the Church, as he himself at times retired from observation, has laid aside his choicest instruments in the midst of their usefulness. Let us not wonder, then, nor be discouraged, when the most powerful and successful advocates of the good old gospel amongst us, at a time when they are most needed, are compelled for a season to retire from the field, knowing that the same afflictions have been accomplished in their brethren that were in the world.

Our friends in the country, who have been long anticipating a visit from Mr. Spurgeon, and made preparations for the occasion, will share not a little the disappointment of his flock, and need the same submission. Many, too, who had general promises of the same favour, must be content to hold them in abeyance. To his power, yea, and beyond his power, he has been willing to help others, insomuch, that the greatest prostrations have often resulted from unwillingness to occasion disappointment, when physically incapacitated for public service. It may be hoped that during his gradual return to his full pastoral duties, and for some time afterwards, he will receive more consideration and indulgence from his friends in this respect. We speak this not of commandment, nor by permission, but of our own judgment, as having obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful.

The excitement of the last Conference of the former and present students of the College had its part, we fear, among the predisposing causes of the President's severe indisposition. The period having arrived when the annual recreation was greatly needed, and nearly due, the many engagements of the Conference came upon a nearly exhausted frame; while the interest excited by the mere sight of so many young and valiant soldiers of the cross, who had imbibed his spirit, and had been trained through his instrumentality—and much more the deep and varied exercises of the mind and heart, produced by the intelligence and devotion displayed in the papers that were read, could not fail to put his strongest sensibilities to the severest test. These, under other circumstances, would have strengthened the mind, which in a nearly exhausted state, they served to overpower. One of the papers, to which allusion has been made, will be found in the present number, and two others will afterwards appear. Many of us may well wonder that we should be continued in active service when abler men are laid aside. Let us so labour that when our powers shall fail we may have the same consolation which they have, of having used them to the utmost, in dependence upon Divine assistance, in the service of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and for the eternal welfare of our fellow-men.

Reviews.

A Collection of Rare Jewels. From the Mines of WILLIAM GURNALL (1680). Dug up and deposited in a Casket, by ARTHUR AUGUSTUS REES (1853). Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Row.

Of all the Puritans, Gurnall is the best adapted for quoting. He is sententious, and withal pictorial, and both in a high degree. Our beloved friend, Mr. Rees, has made his selections with a discerning eye; they are not mere clippings at random, but extracts chosen with judgment. Our publishers have made quite a handsome book of these "Rare Jewels," and we recommend our readers to order it at once. The price is two shillings.

The Physical Cause of the Death of Christ, and its Relation to the Principles and Practice of Christianity. By WM. STROUD, M.D. Hamilton & Adams.

THIS is now recognised as the standard work upon its own deep and solemn subject. We are happy to see this second edition, and we have, in order to excite in our readers a desire for the whole volume, printed elsewhere the appendix, consisting of a letter from our dear friend, the late Sir James Simpson.

The Lost Blessing. By ANNA SHIPTON. Morgan, Chase, & Scott.

WERE it only for the charming sonnets of this book, it would be a precious gain to the church of God; but the various chapters are mines of richest experience. The authoress lives at the feet of Jesus, or rather in his bosom, and she receives intimations of guidance which none but such can know. At the same time there is far too much of the fanciful and impulsive in some of the chapters, rendering caution necessary in the reader. If nine out of ten of Anna Shipton's readers were to follow their impressions, they would go wrong, perhaps very wrong, for they would mistake their own day-dreams for the voice of the Holy Spirit. The book is hardly a safe one for babes in grace on this account, but to those who really dwell in the inner circle it will be very dear. It is no thing to fancy that you live near to

God, and quite another thing actually to do so. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him," but strangers must beware of intermeddling. We spoke of our authoress's sweet poetry; will not our readers agree with us as they read the following?—

"Lord, I would be nigh thee,
Looking in thy face,
Listening for thy whisper,
Feeling thine embrace.
From all other refuge
To thine arms I flee;
Spirit, soul, and body,
Consecrate to thee.

Lord, I would be like thee,
I would walk in white,
Choose the thing thou lovest,
Serving in thy sight.
Blood is on the altar,
Incense mounts for me;
Spirit, soul, and body,
Consecrate to thee.

'Wouldst thou follow me, child?
Mark the way I came;
Thou must meet the mocking,
Wilt thou share the shame?
Canst thou bear rejection,
When thou long'st to bless;
For thy true affection
Only loved the less?'

Lord, it little moves me
Where my steps must tread,
With the sweet assurance,
'Christ this way hath led.'
If through tribulation
This alone can be,
Spirit, soul, and body,
Consecrate to thee.

'Wouldst thou walk beside me?
Thou my voice must learn;
Thou must trust my silence,
And my will discern;
Lose thy life in living,
Nor bewail it lost.
For thy soul's desire
Dost thou count the cost?'

Jesus! Lord! Jehovah!
I would onward press;
Every woe will whisper
Of thy faithfulness.
From each snare beguiling
Thou wilt set me free;
Spirit, soul, and body,
Consecrate to thee.

'Take thy cross up daily,
Seek the path I trod,
Nearer than a brother
To the living God.
For a little season
Fierce thy foes may be,
Go in this thy power—
Fellowship with me.'

Scriptural Baptism: its Mode and Subjects; as Opposed to the Views of the Anabaptists. By Rev. T. WITHEROW. Hamilton & Adams.

IF Mr. Witherow means by Anabaptists the Baptists, his insolence is beneath our contempt, and his book shall remain unopened by us. We are not, and never were Anabaptists, but some Pædobaptists are such, beyond all doubt. At an elder's meeting at the Tabernacle, the other day, we asked our elders how many of them had been sprinkled in infancy, and to our surprise, found one who had been rhtansed twice, and another who had suffered the ceremony three times. The first had received the ordinance from a Congregational minister, but as his parents wished to have him admitted into a public school which only acknowledged Episcopal rites, a clergyman did the dear babe again. Our brother does not appear to have been much the better for the double dose. The other friend was a sickly infant, and so was *half-christened* at home, whatever that may be. He was in due time taken to the parish church, where the parson attempted to complete the business, but being half-seas-over, the reverend gentleman hiccoughed out one name, and wrote another in the register—we half think one of the names was a female one; and to prevent future trouble, and make sure of the ecclesiastical benediction, the child was carried to another successor of the apostles, who managed the matter in a satisfactory style. Next time you write the word Anabaptists, be sure, Mr. Witherow, that you apply it to the right persons; and when you want to argue with Christian people, do not begin by calling them by a name which is as unjust as it is opprobrious.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. The Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

A NEW, cheap, and good edition of the incomparable dreamer's great work. We cannot have too many editions of this book. Most heartily do we wish it "God speed." To commend it would be an impertinence. The printer and artist have done their best, and for half-a-crown our readers will have a beautiful volume of choicest reading.

The Story of a Working-man's Life. By FRANCIS MASON, D.D. Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster Row.

A BOOK the literary merits of which are below par. It is, however, interesting as giving the views of one who has travelled much and done good work for the Master in the mission field. The quiet talk of a veteran in the evening sunshine will ever have an interest to the circle of friends who are attached either to the champion himself, or to the good cause in which he has spent his life. A suitable book to lend to a senior youths' class. B.

The Baptist Hand-Book for 1871. Yates & Alexander.

MUCH better than former issues, but still inaccurate. This fault lies mainly with the pastors who will not correct their church-rolls, and even in many cases send no replies to enquiries. There is surely "something rotten in the state of Denmark," when a truthful census cannot be obtained. The drawings of new chapels are interesting, but we do not see why Congregational chapels are among them. Why not Primitive Methodist chapels, or Presbyterian buildings? Let the Hand-Book attend to its own business: it has enough to do to do that well.

Father Hyacinthe: Orations, with a Sketch of his Life, and Portrait on steel. Morgan, Chase, & Scott.

FOR a shilling the reader here obtains a fair view of Hyacinthe in person, work, language, and thought. He is undoubtedly a representative man, but we have small hope of his achieving much till he breaks the last link between himself and Rome. "Come out of her my people" is the command. We do not, as the editor does, "see the hand of God" in keeping this man in that apostate church; we think a very different hand is mainly concerned in that business.

Annie; or, Heavenly Wisdom. Edited by ELIZA RICHARDSON. Morgan, Chase, & Scott.

THE Life of a holy child. It has been made useful in conversions; and, therefore, having the seal of divine approval upon it, it is beyond our criticism.

Shall we Know One Another? and other Papers. By Rev. J. C. RYLE, M.A. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

WE have been taken in. We looked for a book on the pleasing question which forms the title, and we find only a short paper on the subject. We wish this foolish and deceptive way of giving titles would go out of fashion; it is not truthful. We do not in special censure this instance, but mean it to apply to all cases. This is a very tasteful, useful, good little book, and deserves a large sale. We suppose it to be a shilling; and if so, it is a very pretty little *bijou* for the price.

Frank Spence's Rule of Life; and How it led to his Prosperity. (Founded on fact.) By J. W. KIRTON. Partridge & Co.

FATHERS, give this attractive book to your big boys. Young men, you will do well to read, and, better still, to practise its lessons. The binding and engravings deserve a special word of praise.

Life and Labours of Duncan Matheson, the Scottish Evangelist. By Rev. J. MACPHERSON. Morgan, Chase, & Co.

THE life of a real man consecrated in life and full of zeal for the Lord. This biography will not only interest, but benefit a wide circle of readers. We had the happiness of frequent correspondence with Duncan Matheson. We valued him as a successful soul-winner, and especially for his soundness of doctrine and innocence of cant. We are right glad to see so worthy a memorial of so worthy a man. We shall give an outline of this useful life-story in our magazine. The following sketch of the *Moderates* of Scotland is worth quoting, as showing what England will soon come to if the old-fashioned gospel be neglected among us:—"Strange doctrines were given forth from the pulpit of many a parish church. One taught the people that if they paid their debts and lived a quiet life they were sure of reaching heaven. His brother in the neighbouring parish declared, on the other hand, that nobody can attain to assurance of salvation until the day of judgment, and that the children of God generally die under a cloud—a doctrine he clenched with the Scripture, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' A third publicly stigmatised praying people as hypocrites.

A fourth acknowledged his dislike of preaching, by calling Sabbath the 'hanging day.' Another apologised to his audience for having once used 'that offensive and unpolite expression, HELL.' Several of these pastors were famous for their skill in agriculture; but while they kept a well-stocked farmyard, their scanty supply of sermons grew more dry and mouldy year by year. The preaching was no more likely to awaken a slumbering congregation than was the chirping of the sparrows in the hedge to arouse the still sad sleepers in the neighbouring kirkyard. A clear, full statement of the 'finished work' of Jesus as the one only and all-sufficient substitute and sin-bearer, was seldom heard. As for the grace of the Holy Spirit, the people were no more taught to expect comfort from his fellowship than from the wind howling among the forest trees. In a certain parish contiguous to the district in which our missionary laboured, the minister was one day catechising the people, and put to a woman, noted for the then rare qualities of earnestness and zeal, the question, 'How many persons are there in the Godhead?' To the astonishment of all present, she replied, 'There are two persons in the Godhead—the Father and the Son.' Again the minister put the question, and this time with a caution. The same answer was given. 'You see,' said the parson, turning pompously to his elders, and glancing round upon the people, 'you see what comes of highflown zeal and hypocritical pretence. This woman thinks to teach others, and herself is more ignorant than a child. What gross ignorance! Woman, don't you know that the correct answer is, There are THREE persons in the Godhead—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, &c.?' 'Sir,' replied the woman, 'I ken verra weel that the catechism says sae, but whether am I to believe, the catechism or yerself? We heard you name the Father, an' sometimes, but nae often, ye mak mention o' the Son, but wha ever heard you speak about the Holy Ghost. 'Deed, sir, ye never sae muckle as tould us whether there be ony Holy Ghost, lat alone oor need o' his grace.' The minister stood rebuked, and the people went away home to discuss and think."

Memoranda.

NEW WIMBLEDON.—Palmerston Hall, which for some months past has been occupied by our Independent brethren as a preaching station, has just been taken by our friend, Mr. J. L. Keys, with the view to raising a Baptist church in this rising neighbourhood. We commend the effort to the sympathy and co-operation of our friends in the locality.

Mr. Wm. Acomb, of our College, has accepted the call of the second Baptist church, Chippenham, to become their pastor.

Mr. J. M'Alster has accepted the pastorate of the church at Cranfield, Beds.

Mr. Wm. McKinny, late student at our College, has become the pastor of the Baptist Church, Port Jarvis, near New York, U. S.

Mr. James Smith, of Redhill, has accepted the invitation of the church at Haddenham, Cambridgeshire, to become their pastor.

Recognition Services have been held at the Baptist Chapel, Bushy, to welcome Mr. T. R. H. Sturges, of the Pastors' College, as its minister. Mr. D. Gracey presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. G. Rogers and other ministers.

Mr. Fletcher has accepted the invitation to become pastor of the Baptist Church at Potter Street, Harlow, Essex.

On Wednesday, March 15, a meeting was held at the Baptist Tabernacle, Enfield, in connection with the recognition of Mr. G. W. White (student of the College) as

pastor of the church. The chair was taken by Mr. S. J. Smith, B.A., Congregational minister of Enfield. Appropriate selections of Scripture having been read by Pastor J. Cobb, of Stradbroke, the Deacon stated the circumstances which led to the choice of Mr. White. Mr. White then gave an outline of his Christian experience and theological views. He was then commended to God in prayer by the chairman. Mr. G. Rogers delivered the charge to the Pastor; and Pastors A. G. Brown and J. T. Wigner also took part in the service. The proceedings of the evening were rendered especially interesting by the presentation of a purse, containing £10, to Mr. White, as an expression of the attachment of the people. The following ministers also took part in the service, viz: Messrs. J. Such (Wesleyan), D. Russell, W. J. Mayers, and D. D. Bird.

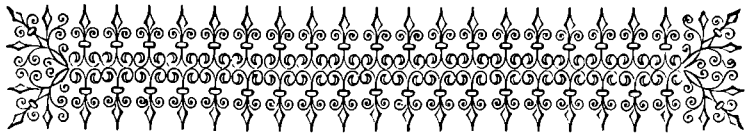
On Sunday, 14th May last, the church worshipping in Ebenezer Chapel, Leeds, held its first anniversary, when Mr. T. W. Adey, of Burley Road Chapel, preached in the morning, and Mr. J. Jack in the evening, to good congregations. The church, which was formed in Ann Carr's Chapel—now in the possession of the Roman Catholics—in May, 1870, of forty baptised believers, now numbers fifty-seven. There are six candidates for baptism and three other to be added from other churches.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by J. A. Spurgeon, April 27th—twenty-four.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 19th, 1871, to May 19th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Elgin	2	10	0	Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
A Friend, Lochee	0	10	0	Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. H. Marshall	1	0	0	Mr. Marsh	50	0	0
Mr. Hollings	2	0	0	Mr. M. Tutton	2	10	0
Dr. Super	2	2	0	Mr. J. Wilson	10	0	0
A Tenth of my First Earnings, E. W.				Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
Simpson	0	10	0	Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Mr. Booth	1	0	0	Mr. H. Speight	1	0	0
Mrs. Renders	0	1	0	Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
J. K. E.	2	10	0	Mr. H. Fuller	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Fisher	1	0	0	J. C.	20	0	0
Miss Frances B. Hall	1	0	0	Mr. Daniel Bourne	3	3	0
A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips	3	15	0	Mrs. Johnstone	0	5	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	2	6	S. L.	1	0	0
Mr. Burlett	5	5	0	Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	5	0
R. W. M.	5	0	0	A Lincoln hire Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's			
E. B.	50	0	0	Sermons	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pickworth	10	10	0	Mr. John Leonard	0	2	6
J. L.	1	0	0	Collected at Cornwall Road, Brixton,			
Mr. J. Neal	2	2	0	Sunday School	1	5	1
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, April 23	20	11	1
Mrs. Bell	5	0	0	" " " " May	30	22	6
Mrs. Jones	0	15	0	" " " " "	7	33	5
M. H.	0	10	0	" " " " "	14	34	1
Irvine	1	0	0				
T. and E. P.	0	5	0	£320	0	5	0
Mr. W. Davison	0	3	0				



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

—o—
JULY 1, 1871.
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The Personality, Deity, and Proper Honour of
the Holy Ghost.

A PAPER READ AT THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE, 1871.

BY PASTOR W. ANDERSON, OF WARKWORTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.



It is with diffidence I attempt the treatment of a subject so recondite and vast in an assembly like the present. Perhaps the proper place for ministerial youth with regard to this theme would be, the feet of "such an one as Paul the aged." The temerity and superficiality inseparable from the thinkings of the immature, are far from being helps in dispelling the darkness which envelops the constitution of the Deity. Whilst candidly confessing this, allow us to remind you that, were we to delay the discussion of the Deity until we could adequately do so, our pen would remain for ever still and our lips for ever silent. Nor need the attempt of the inexperienced to gain and systematise a knowledge of God provoke censure; for as naturally as the flower bursts its bud to look upon the sun, the stream gushes to its ocean home, and the child turns his first filial feeling parentward, so natural is it for the renewed heart to seek after God; and provided it pursues its investigation reverently and inductively, the blessing of the pure in heart shall rest upon it. On the threshold of this theme we are met by the enquiry, What are the means and light placed within our reach for understanding the Godhead? To this we know of many, but can give only one satisfactory answer—the inspired Word of God. We are not, we hope, entirely unacquainted with the broken tones which rise from the deep of our sublime, though fallen nature, and which rightly

interpreted are cries after the Infinite. We have marked the efforts of Reason, in what is commonly called the field of natural theology, endeavouring, by *a priori* and *a posteriori* processes, to build an intellectual Babel, and thus form a view-point of God. We have pondered heart intuition, dwarfed and deadened by sin, or fostered and cultured by virtue, in its earnest but blind strivings after its Fount and Author ; or, to pass from the abstract to the concrete, we have seen men receiving earth's dainties only to find them unsatisfying husks, pursuing pleasures only to meet bitter disappointment, as the hot hand grasps these sparkling dew-drops ; and we have thought that from needs too vast for the universe to satisfy, we could form a faint guess of God. We have looked upon those whose ear has heard the calls of Conscience, and whose feet have tremblingly trodden the dimly-lighted path of virtue, and as we have listened to their plaintive prayer, "Give us light, and let us die," we have said, "Faint these sparks, but born to die ; yet in their effort to fly upward, do they not tell of a central and undying sun ?" Thus Reason, Intuition, the needs of the sinning, and the ideals of the virtuous for ages in classic heathendom, sought after God, finally resulting in the practical polytheism of the masses, the satiric scepticism of the many, and the vague theorisings of the noble few. Turning from these nearly effaced heart-hieroglyphics, to a land some three hundred by two hundred miles, we find God for fifteen centuries giving a gradual apocalypse of himself. As in the Mosaic account of the creation, we are told, the work of the fourth day was, to centre in two ruling orbs the formerly existing light : so the sixty-six revelation fragments are now centred in the Old and New Testaments—the concentrated light of a thus completed Bible falling full upon the Deity. If, however, we conclude that therefore doubt and difficulty must end, we egregiously err. "Mystery," says Vinet, of Lausanne, "is the cup which holds the wine of truth ; break the cup, and the wine is spilt." The Scripture revelation of the Godhead brings to us a mystery all its own—the doctrine of the Trinity—break, deny it, and you lose the soft aspect of Fatherhood, the tender relationship of Brotherhood, and the potently peaceful feeling of indwelling Deity. We have alluded to the doctrine of the Trinity here, lest in a close and separate study of its persons we should make over-prominent the Spirit, to the marring our views of the Father and the Son. Indeed, it appears to us impossible rightly to treat of one person unless we have clear and orthodox views of the Trinity. On this, time forbids that we should dwell, yet ere passing, let us hint at three heresies that beset the ponderer of any of the persons of the Godhead. We need hardly say we refer to the *ὁμοίωσησιν*, which degrades the second and third persons to the first rank of creatureship ; to Sabellianism, which would give us unity in three phases, as the moon now seems a horn, then forms the arc of a circle, ultimately appearing globular ; to Tritheism, which would give us the absurdity of three infinite and distinct Gods. In opposition to the first, we hold the *ὁμοουσιον* ; in opposition to the second, we believe in the personality of the Father, Son, and Spirit ; and in opposition to the last, we receive the unity of the essence.

Having looked at the faint Godward pointings of the human heart, taken the Scriptures as our infallible guide, and expressed our belief in

the Trinity, we now find our way disencumbered, and may at once advance to a separate study of God the Holy Ghost.

I. We shall first attempt to prove his personality. Let us preface our proof by showing the necessity for such a demonstration from bygone ecclesiastical history. According to Neander, the ancient church generally agreed in holding the personality of the Holy Ghost; it has also continued the common Christian belief of succeeding times. Yet there never have been wanting some to discard and deny it.

In the Patristic period, Lactantius and the Monarchians explained the Holy Ghost as the sanctifying energy of the Father and the Son. The uncle and nephew, Socinus, in the sixteenth century, of course endorsed the same tenet, differing only in holding that the energy came from the One God. Dr. John Owen, in his work on the Spirit, tells of some whom he calls Quakers (whether he always means by that appellation the definite sect, or whether he uses it often as a term of opprobrium, to designate those whom he deemed grievously heterodox, we are unable to determine), who, though receiving the divinity of the Son, believed not in the personality of the Spirit. And, strange as it may appear, that giant of evangelical Nonconformity, Robert Hall, was, we are told in his memoir by Dr. Gregory, a dualist up till about the year 1800, calling the third person of the Trinity in guarded words, "the influence of the Spirit of God." In view of such a past of doubt and opposition to what we believe Scriptural and important, it becomes us to have clear, and as far as may be, thorough convictions of the Spirit's personality. In explaining personality as subsistence, or mode of subsistence, we are apt to make it darker than before. In preference to any such definition, we shall consider it as possessing three constituents—*consciousness*, *character*, and *will*. If these can be affirmed of the Spirit, then most irrefragably can it be demonstrated that he is a person.

1. Let us attend, first, to the lowest part of personality, *consciousness*. Here at once the Scripture claims of the Holy Ghost join issue with the theory of his being an attribute or influence.

It may be well at the outset of our reasoning to make a frank confession, and guard against a false canon. We feel no hesitancy in allowing that many times in the Old Testament the words "Spirit of God" do not mean the third person of the Trinity. One would scarcely like to hazard his consciousness on Job xxvii. 3: "The Spirit of God is in my nostrils." But this concession is by no means to be cooled down into the dogmatic canon, that *we* are to see no more meaning in the Scriptures than they to whom they were at first given—that because they thought the breath which moved upon chaos was only an influence from God, that we are to arrive at the same conclusion; that because they looked upon prophetic inspiration as being a divine afflatus, we are wrong in looking upon it as the especial work of the Spirit. Those who would have us believe so, forget that God has sown his revelation field with acorn principles; that as seeds have been found in the cerements of Egyptian mummies, and have germinated and grown thousands of years after, so in the Old Testament Scriptures do we find germs of the doctrine and many works of the Spirit—largely unperceived, we doubt not, by the most pious and enlightened Jews, yet ready to rise into prominence under the revealings of Christianity. We own that sometimes

spirit may simply mean breath, and sometimes influence; yet we leave ourselves uncommitted and unbound, ready to claim all passages whose pointings, from contextual and New Testament allusion, are clear. From the feelings attributed to the Spirit, "being vexed and grieved," from the acts performed by him, convincing and sanctifying the soul, we are irresistibly compelled to acknowledge and receive the *consciousness* of the Spirit. We neither, we hope, overlook nor dispute the vast, almost boundless power of influence. We are ready to admit that even the *indirect influence* of a praying Redeemer prompted the request, "Teach us also to pray," that even the *indirect influence* of a peerless sufferer pierced the criminal darkness of the heart of the dying thief. We allow the potency of the brave Captain's influence on his fainting, despairing warriors; we glory in the influence of thoughts incarnate, sometimes coffined in words and buried in boards, asserting ages after the prerogative of all original thinking to reproduce itself in other minds; we concede to influence an eternal power. That God might have accomplished by it all we believe is performed by the third person of the Trinity we do not deny, but content ourselves with reiterating our previously proven averment, that the Spirit *is* conscious, and consequently cannot be an influence.

"Yet," it might be asked, "Do not the phrases, 'baptised with the Holy Ghost,' 'filled with the Holy Ghost,' 'the Holy Ghost fell on them,' indicate and imply simply a divine influence?" To this a common reply would be, "Christ is represented as a Sun, Star, and Branch. Does the appositeness of these figures endanger the consciousness of the Son? By such an answer the questioner may be silenced, but hardly enlightened. The true way, we think, in dealing with passages which seem to indicate that the Spirit is an influence, is, not evasively to lessen their force by an appeal to their figurative form, but fearlessly to seek in their application and operation a solution of the difficulty. Can spirits directly and consciously, without any medium, act upon each other? We think not. Were a rose and the sun unseen, how could we judge of their existence, but by the fragrance of the one and the beams of the other? Were an unseen musician to enchain our souls, while with ductile and skilful fingers he sweeps the cords or keys, how could we judge of his presence but by what we heard? To rise to ourselves. We really see not our friends; their spirits act upon us by the looks of their eyes, the words of their lips, or the grasp of their hands; so that we act and are acted upon mediately. If this be a general law of the intelligent universe—and we cannot conceive of its being otherwise—then the descent of the Holy Ghost was experienced as the rain falling on the parched ground, as the body being enclosed in the waters of the pool, or as a cistern and reservoir being filled.

2. The second constituent of personality is *character*. The word *χαραρ*, from which character is derived, is translated in Heb. i. 3, "express image." You know it comes from *καρρρρ*, to engrave, so that the image on a coin is a character. Those mental and moral powers which we possess are God's image or character upon us, although sadly defaced and marred by sin. We cannot say that we are great admirers of the common division made of the character of man, for like all arbitrary divisions, it is faulty and apt to mislead, yet it forms

two sufficient centres around which all else may rotate—we mean the head and the heart, the intellect and the affections. These two in a greater or less degree of perfection form a character. Uncommonly cold intellectual beings we have met, yet we never doubted they had a heart somewhere, although we have felt puzzled how to reach it. Warm natures we, too, have come across, and though the intellectual seed was rotting, and the powers rusting away in disuse, we have been led to believe that were only something to crack in their heads, as in Dr. Adam Clarke's, they, too, might yet enjoy the pleasure of intellectual freedom and exercise.

Two works are again and again spoken of as being performed by the Spirit; teaching and comforting, both of which evince his character; the one in the intellectual, and the other in the heart aspect.

(1) He is spoken of as his people's teacher. The qualifications of an apt and successful teacher are so well, and we hope experimentally, known by you, as to render dilating upon them unnecessary. Let us only hurriedly indicate a few. He who would teach must think fairly, deeply, and perseveringly. An unthinking teacher can be but one remove from parrotism. A teacher must have good judgment to know the times when, the truths which, and the persons to whom he may communicate his instructions in their fulness and variety. A teacher must at least, to be successful, have some measure of imagination; that power which opens the gates of hades, and renders near and palpable the misery of the lost; that annihilates for a little time and space, filling the soul with the restful joy of heaven. And so must he likewise possess memory and power of persuasion. Thus we see that the work of teaching rightly done involves the exercise of thought, judgment, imagination, and memory, and these combined form the intellectual part of character. We have seen that the Holy Ghost is the church's teacher, and must therefore have the intellectual part of character.

(2) He is called his people's paraclete or Comforter, and all heart affections cluster around this office. He who would be a Barnabas must preserve his heart unveteranized by contact with suffering, having a large love ever ready to melt into sympathy with the tried, the contrite, and the sad. He who would be a comforter must possess a deep, intuitive heart knowledge. This Job's friends lacked, and lacking, wounded more painfully rather than soothed him. He who is the saint's perfect Comforter, must have every heart-affection completely developed and exercised. And thus from these two offices, though we are by no means restricted to them, we have shown that the Holy Ghost, in the intellectual and heart aspect, has perfect character, and character is the second constituent of personality.

(3) The last composite of personality is *will*. This is the faculty which completes personality. Hodge,* quoting and clothing Sir William Hamilton's thought, says: "There is included in the will, that in the exercise of the faculty of volition, or self-decision, the soul truly originates action; *i.e.*, acts as an original cause of its own acts, therein differing from all material causes, which act only as they are acted upon. This is the transcendental element of the human will, generally

* In "Outlines of Theology," p. 222.

marked by the term spontaneity, which has rendered the whole subject so obscure. The action of an absolute cause, that is, of one really originating action, is a mystery to our understandings, though it be daily part of our personal experience." If the theory of the absolutely self-determining power of the will were correct, then indeed its possession would be the crowning evidence of personality. But we must not strengthen our position with what appears to us to be error. Dr. Chalmers' "Institutes," vol. ii., in a chapter on the necessity of human actions and of the human will, demonstrates, that while every man may do as he wills, yet he wills to do some things to the neglect of others, by the laws of suggestion and pathology. To use his own illustration: "A sweet and a bitter apple are presented to us for choice: if we prefer the sweet, it is easy to discover what has caused the volition; or if obstinately bent on showing the freedom of our will, we choose the bitter, it then becomes still more easy to detect that the love of conquest in debate has overcome the predilection for the sweet apple, and so fixed our choice." What philosophers call "absolute causation," a kind of Deity in the mind, is acted upon and altered by a thousand slight material causes. Giving up this high, and, as we think, untenable ground, will still remain the chief evidence of personality. Give us a man of strong will, not one swelling with egotism, for a brave heart never thinks of assuring you it is not afraid—and we will point you to one who will make a mark on his age, and wield an influence over his brother men. Without entering amply into this question, let us observe, will acts affirmatively and negatively. It commands and forbids. The former the Holy Ghost did when he said, "Separate unto me Paul and Barnabas;" the latter, when "the Holy Ghost forbade Paul." Lengthily, and we fear tiresomely, have we dwelt upon this division, only because we knew of no other way of giving our meaning more briefly. To sum up, then, our argument, we have proved the consciousness of the Spirit, because he feels and acts. We have proved the character of the Spirit in its intellectuality, from his office of teacher, and in its heart work from his office of comforter. We have proved his possession of will, because he commands and forbids. He who feels and acts, he who teaches and comforts, he who commands and forbids, *must be a person.*

II. Let us now deal with the Deity of the Holy Ghost. Some few there have been who, acknowledging the personality, have denied the Deity of the Holy Ghost—Patripassianists in the primitive period, and Dr. Samuel Clarke in more modern times. The latter in his "Scriptural Doctrine of the Trinity," says: "The Holy Spirit of God does not in Scripture generally signify a mere power or operation of the Father, but more usually a real person; that that person is not self-existent, but derives his being from the Father by the Son; that as he is subordinate to the Father, so he is also in Scripture represented as subordinate to the Son, both by nature and the will of the Father." Who can, upon a careful study of the history of doctrines, doubt that God has sovereignly caused heresy to exercise a most blessed ministry? Israel's Samsons have never ceased to obtain sweetness out of the rent lions of heterodoxy. May the Deity of the Spirit be more studied and prized by us, because Satan has sought to wrest it from us.

Our first proof of the Deity of the Spirit is—

1. That divine attributes are ascribed to him.

(1) Omnipresence. Psalm cxxxix. 7. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

(2) Omniscience. 1 Cor. ii. 10, 11, "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." "The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God."

(3) Omnipotence, or at least, power. Romans xv. 19, "Through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God."

(4) Wisdom. Isaiah xi. 2, "The spirit of wisdom shall rest upon him."

(5) Goodness. Psalm cxliii. 10, "Thy Spirit is good."

(6) Holiness. Isaiah xlix. 7, "And his Holy One."

(7) Truth. John xvi. 13, "The Spirit of truth."

That some of these proof passages may be received with hesitancy and doubt will not excite our wonder, yet we feel sure the more they are examined the more capable will they appear of bearing the burden of proof that has been laid upon them. As omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence, wisdom, goodness, holiness, truth, are predicated of the Holy Spirit, he must therefore be God.

2. The second, which is indeed a class of proofs of the Deity of the Holy Spirit, is the works performed by him.

(1) The first work known to us performed by him was creation. Gen. i. 2; Job xxvi. 13. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." "By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens."

(2) The second work we notice is inspiration. The sixty-six books of which the Bible is composed contain all possible variety of matter. Their forty writers are drawn from all ranks, with differences of temperament and culture; yet were all prompted to write and speak by the inspiring Spirit.

(3) The third work we notice is, the Spirit operating in and through bad men. Balaam and the disobedient prophet, spoken of in Kings. In Exodus xxxi. 3, we read of Bezaleel, the artificer, having the supernatural help of the Spirit. May not many of the inventions, original books, and sciences, owe their existence and development to the influence of the Holy Spirit upon the mind?

(4) A fourth work of the Spirit is miracles.

(5) A fifth work of the Spirit is his resting upon Christ. Besides the perfect human soul and body of the Second Person of the Trinity of Immanuel, the Spirit came upon him in the form of a dove, and was given to him without measure. It has often been matter of speculative wonder to us, whether the Spirit was *Christ's* paraclete, solacing *him* in *his* hours of weakness and sorrow; whether he wrought his miracles by the Spirit's power: here we touch on the trinal constitution of the Godhead, and all grows dark with insufferable light.

(6) The sixth and last work of the Spirit we shall mention is the resurrection. Romans viii. 11. "If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you."

The works of creation, inspiration, miracle, and resurrection form a body of overwhelming proof for the Deity of the Spirit. Did time permit we might from the baptismal formula, and the benediction,

occurring in 2 Cor. xiii. 14, show that he was co-equal with the Father and the Son.

III. We shall now, in the third and last place, ponder the proper honour of the Holy Ghost. There appear to us to be three ways of understanding and rendering honour to the Holy Ghost, which time will allow us but briefly to hint at.

1. The first is by recognising with the heart that this is the dispensation of the Spirit. As the advent of the Redeemer was the subject of Old Testament prophecy, so the coming of the Spirit was the prophetic burden of the Messiah ministry. At the birth of the Redeemer the angels sang, the star shone, and the shepherds worshipped; at the descent of the Spirit mighty signs and wonders were wrought. During the earthly life of the Redeemer the docile few flourished as trees planted by the rivers of waters, while the enmity of the opposing was stirred into greater fierceness. In this ministry of the Spirit the church is being saved, sanctified, comforted; while the hearts of the unsaved are becoming harder by withstanding his gentle drawings.

Had the Jews known the day of their merciful visitation, they would have wistfully hung on the words of him who spake as never man spake. Let but the church and the world fervently believe that this is the dispensation of the Third Person of the Trinity; that he is now in our world, in our sanctuaries, in our homes, in our hearts; and whilst the consciousness will quicken languid Christian life and work, it will bring to the Spirit a revenue of glory.

2. Again, we honour the Spirit by practically attending to the doctrine of instrumentality. Angelic and human ministries are alike exhibitions of the doctrine of instrumentality. Honours he God more who with reefed sail allows the favouring gale to pass, than he who, with anxious effort, makes the winds his coursers, speeding him over the liquid pathway? That minister, that Christian, honours the Spirit most, who with single-heartedness attends to instrumentality, expecting the Spirit's blessing, not apart from, but through the diligent use of means.

3. Again, we honour the Holy Spirit, as must be obvious to all, by addressing him in prayer and exalting him in praise, as we do the Father and the Son. During these troubled ages the Spirit has been secretly working in every heart, savingly and sanctifyingly working in the church. Softly as the night dew in the conversion of the ones and twos, publicly and loudly as outpoured torrents in revivals and reformations. Nor can we bring ourselves to believe that the prophecy of Joel has yet received its complete fulfilment, "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." In this outstretched valley of spiritual death must the Christian prophet stand, and though he sees under the word the bones becoming bodies, and though the hideous ghastliness of the charnel-house is now partly modified, and corpses seem quietly to rest as in a peaceful dormitory, he knows that death still exercises over them his, to human power, inexorable dominion, and he lifts his eyes Godward, pleading, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." Yes, O long-limited Spirit, come from any one, or all of the four winds, from any denomination, any preacher, any spiritual agency, and breathe upon these slain, that this Golgotha world may become a deathless, sinless Eden.

The Bible and the Poor.

IN pursuance of the more important part of the original design of this magazine, Editor and contributors have sought to make its pages of practical interest. Every mission that has for its object the religious and social benefit of the poor has our goodwill and prayers. We have not withheld hearty praise where it was due, and have commended to the sympathies of our numerous readers the honest labourer in God's vineyard, and besought their interest in his work. In many cases, our visits to the scene of the operations of those who serve the Lord in comparative obscurity, and our sketches in these pages, have been of considerable pecuniary help to them, and have led to the inauguration of new efforts for the evangelization of the lowly classes in this great metropolis. As opportunity offers, it is our intention to continue these sketches, reporting, at varied intervals, the further progress of those institutions which have already been noticed in our columns. We are glad to escape the din of confusing theologians who wrangle about hair-splitting theories, or who vainly seek to impose upon us another gospel which is not another, because, forsooth, it better consists with their whimsical notions of modern culture and progress, to witness how godly men and women, untroubled by these fancies of respectable do-nothings, are grappling with the sterner problems of daily life, and effecting wonders and performing miracles by the Spirit of God, any one of which is worth all the sublime speculations of modern thought. While so many are seeking to destroy the faith once delivered unto the saints, these lowly messengers of God's truth, untutored in elaborate reasonings and uninfluenced by argumentative quibblings, are taking men captive to the obedience of Christ. Often feeling their own gifts to be miserably inadequate to the work their Master has given them to do, they are glad that their weapons are superior to those of culture and intellectual ability; they rejoice to wield the sword of the Spirit, which is "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

The publication of a series of interesting papers, in a volume entitled, "God's Message to Low London" (published by Nisbet), affords us the opportunity of giving some further information relative to the work of the Bible-women of London. In "The Sword and the Trowel," of August, 1867, we gave a sketch of this quiet but effective work. It is now in the fifteenth year of its existence as an organization, and is still conducted by Mrs. Ranyard and her council of friends. It began with a simple-hearted woman connected, we believe, with Dr. Brock's church, in Bloomsbury, who sought to persuade the poor of St. Giles to purchase Bibles by small instalments. She was the first agent employed by the Bible-women's Mission. "The messenger was so humble," writes Mrs. Ranyard, "and acquainted with all the ways of St. Giles—that the people *did* listen; her fellow-feeling and sympathy were a comfort to them, and they would often let her come in and find the message for them. Then she did some kind little thing for father, mother, or child, and won her way to their hearts; then a few of them came to tea with her, and brought their own mug or chair, and heard about more comfortable homes." To get them to listen to the simple message of the

gospel was the first, chief purpose of the mission then, as now; and having created a desire, or aroused a curiosity before unknown, the next object was to furnish them upon easy terms with the sacred volume.

With what measure of success has this effort been attended? Is the Bible better known and better read among the millions of the metropolitan poor? "How wears the missing link?" The originator of the enterprise commenced with a five-pound note, not suspecting that an army of women would be supported in the course of a short time. "The first five pounds to meet and sustain these temporal aims of the mission came, unasked, from Ireland, from a Christian lady who hoped that her own country-people would be comforted and raised; and in fourteen years this five pounds has expanded into one hundred and fifteen thousand pounds, still all unasked, in the form of individual petition—unasked, save by the eloquence of facts in the mission history." And now two hundred agents are employed and supported. At the end of the first month's labours of "Marian," the first Bible-woman, seventy Bible subscribers were placed upon the books, and the Bibles sought for were mostly those adorned with gilt edges. The purchasers in St. Giles were of the lowest class of street bread-winners, many of them gaining a livelihood, such as it was, by selling articles of small value. The promise to purchase and to read the Scriptures was not enough; the word must be spoken to them. Free conversation upon religion must be sought. "It was found impossible to sit down to read to them in the midst of their dirt. The Bible-woman proposed to ask a few of them to tea with her that she might have a little talk with them, and see if they could help each other to secure some more comfortable homes in St. Giles. Her own poor but tidy room was the pattern, and eight of the most punctual Bible subscribers honoured the invitation by coming as clean as they could. Being alone together they talked freely, and in one or two things they were all agreed. They had all bad husbands, and they could not attend public worship for want of clothes. Their hostess proposed their following the example of a family who had become teetotallers. Then clean and cheerful rooms were spoken of, and how these, with a kind and sober wife and tidy children, tended to make good husbands. Then they heard a chapter of the 'great Book' explained and prayed over. On the whole they thought they had never spent such a pleasant evening in their lives. Some gradual and important modifications took place afterwards, but this was the beginning of our now wide-spreading mothers' classes for the outcast poor." It was not pecuniary help that these poor women most needed, but SELF-HELP, the great want indeed of the poorest classes. If the Bible had been given, it would probably have been sold for gin; if it were purchased, it would be better prized. So with clothing—to give it would injure rather than help them. To teach them how to get more comfortable and tidy clothes, was the better way of raising them in position. This has been a principle never forgotten by the mission.

Of the spiritual character of the results we have many interesting notices, written for the most part by the ladies who act as superintendents to the Bible-women. One writes that she has more than one hundred women at her mothers' meeting, and many seem in earnest

about their souls; another has eighty mothers, to whom the Lord is so greatly blessing the word that it would take hours to relate it all. Another writes: "One day I invited a woman to our mothers' meeting; her answer was a striking one: 'I'll come, marm, if they be all bad and ragged like myself; but I'll never go to no more churches. I went once, and got a seat by a quality; and if she didn't pull all her things so close round her that I up and went out.' The joy of this poor heart, when she found our room was open on purpose for such as she, was very cheering. She is a regular attendant now, and is often seen to drop big tears as the word of life is read; and she has brought to the room seven others like herself." The ladies who superintend the districts, and the Bible-women who work under them, must not be afraid to associate with those who are far from clean either in person or in attire. "It is sometimes," writes one lady superintendent, "by shaking dirty hands that we reach dirtier hearts." One such dirty-looking young woman was brought to receive Jesus Christ as her Redeemer through the message delivered in the mothers' meeting; but she is no longer unclean in appearance. Her home is tidy; her baby well looked after, and the little thing wears a hood hemmed by its mother—an accomplishment quite unknown before she was brought under Christian influence. The conduct of the Bible-woman often wins the approval of the roughest and most reckless of men. "I likes that new woman o' your'n," observed a man one day to a lady superintendent, "and I'll tell ye why—'cos she's never bin in this room yet five minutes before out comes the Book. Now, I'm a rough chap, as you well knows, and I'm not too good; and if there's one thing that I dislike more than another, 'tis havin' to sit and listen to the Bible, for it makes me feel awful uncomfortable—you knowa how I fidgets about." To which appeal the visitor responded, "And yet you tell me you like the new Bible-woman, *because* she reads this Bible to you." "Well, ye see," was the reply, "I reckons this way—you knows what a sight I think o' my little 'Tom, there; well, whether folks likes it or not, I can't help talken about him, and catchen hold on him, and shoven him off; and I says to myself—If these 'ere good people loves God so much as they say they does, and thinks so much of his Book, then they *ought* to talk on him, and pull out the Book that shows him off, and I respects 'um for it, too, and I ain't without a few thoughts of being like 'um." What good reasoning is this! Many Christians we know might greatly profit by it were they to take it to heart. Let us hope that this "rough chap," as he describes himself, is "not far from the kingdom of God."

Not only are the mothers cared for, instructed and helped, but a lively concern is shown for the fathers; and Mrs. Ranyard makes a very earnest appeal to Christian gentlemen to inaugurate Bible-classes, to be held in the evening, for the fathers of families. "Where," she asks, "are the educated Christian gentlemen of any neighbourhood, who will individually take up the classes of fathers, whom they might weekly see around them, to influence for good; to whom they too might 'lit up Jesus,' and in such a way as would keep them from the debasing society of the public-house all the rest of the week?" This work, of course, is not neglected by the many city missionaries and Scripture-readers; but

what we suppose Mrs. Ranyard desiderates is something more efficient, and after the pattern of the mothers' class. The late Duchess of Gordon subscribed £100 for this special object, and the mission has been founded. We have one illustration of what has been done in this direction. The class was formed in consequence of a husband of one of the mothers attending the meeting observing to the Bible-woman, "I wish the lady would do something for us, as well as for the missuses." The lady felt it to be hardly within her province, but resolved upon making the experiment. Six men met on the following Wednesday evening in the Bible-woman's home—men who were living recklessly and sinfully—and the number did not increase for some time. Afterwards, the class met in a more suitable room, and was attended by about fourteen men, some employed in a neighbouring gas-factory and some in the cemetery. Their numbers considerably increased, and their interest grew, and we read some interesting details of the results of these gatherings. Two of the men were great drunkards, but learning habits of sobriety they also acquired habits of thrift, and ultimately became possessed of pigs and poultry, "having quite little farmyards." "They showed me their stock," says the lady teacher, "triumphantly saying, 'There you see, these be fine fellows! Thanks to the men's meeting.'" One young man was converted during prayer, and he has become useful in distributing tracts among the gasmen with whom he labours. "Three of our working men have agreed to visit twelve families every Sunday morning before divine service, leaving a tract with each, and to enquire whether they go to any place of worship: if not, to try and induce them. We have a club into which the men pay as much as they can spare, and half-yearly their savings are returned to them. They find the benefit of their pence being returned to them in silver, and their silver in gold."

The Bible-women's Mission has not been altogether neglectful of the City Arabs, and tailors' classes for wild boys have been formed—a good idea, which some Ragged Schools we know have long carried out with considerable success. "We choose the cleverest boy for a captain, and appoint him storekeeper of needles and thread;" while the Bible-woman dispenses and guides the whole. Sometimes a poor old tailoress is employed for a small payment. "The first twelve in this district were afterwards glad to go to a Ragged School, when they were so well patched, by their own fingers, as to excite the envy of their new mates, who demanded of their governess to be taught to patch also."

A new work, hitherto unnoticed in these pages, has been started. Some of the Bible-women are trained for nurses for the helpless and the sick. This has grown out of the other work. The Bible-woman has defied the rules which restrict her to her particular work, through feelings of sympathy with the suffering. As it was rightly deemed too much for her to act as nurse by night and Bible-woman by day, a "second arm" of the mission was thought of, composed of those who were well fitted for nurses, and who by a little training might be devoted to the gratuitous nursing of the very poor. A gentleman and his wife provided a suitable "Mother House" for the nurse department of the mission, and a few women who had the faculty for this work were appointed. Some of these nurses were first led to Christ at the mothers'

classes, and the better acquainted they are with the condition of the poorest and the untidiest, the more successful do they become in their new occupation. "Our very first month's experience of the working of our 'Mother House' showed, as might be supposed, the great want of the London poor of nursing at their own homes, and the desirableness of gradually setting apart to this service all the suitable women who weekly apply to us for evangelising work." The Bible-women nurses "have often to sling their tin basin round their waist, and, besides their provision basket, travel with a leather postman's bag, in which they can find all they want, ready to hand, that will be lacking in the poor man's house—rag, lint, lotion, and oil-silk for dressing wounds; thimble, thread, needles and pins, knife and scissors; and then what itinerant blessings they prove to countless numbers who are not only 'lost for want of a word' to their souls, but often lost for want of some early and simple care for their bodies, and who suffer long sicknesses from the neglect of common remedies." The demand for these nurses has been greater than was anticipated, and medical men, and the medical lady superintendents, have spoken highly of the way in which their delicate duties are performed. We give an extract from one of the reports:—

"Mr. S— speaks so gratefully about nurse. He cannot lie down in bed, so his fish-basket and his own clothing were piled up for him to lean against. These things were so hard that his back was very sore. Imagine the comfort of an air-pillow to him.

"She's the right sort of woman, mum,' said he, 'this here nurse; she understands everything. The poor was never waited on in this style afore, to my knowledge. Then she's a Christian. I don't want no gossips, only I wish I could read?'

"We told him the story of one of our mothers now in glory, who 'thanked God that he would not shut her out of heaven because she could not read,' and entreated him to believe the good news that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Many similar testimonies are given in the book from which we quote, sufficient to show that the mission did wisely in starting this department, and in not losing sight of the distinctively religious part of its work. The dormitories for working girls have also been highly successful: indeed, the work of the mission seems to increase year by year, so that it is impossible to tell whereunto it will grow. Not the least satisfactory portion of the result is the influence which it has exerted upon Christian churches. Many of us prefer to see churches sending visitors and Bible-women to the poor rather than leaving it to great societies, however wisely formed or successfully managed those societies may be. We are not frightened by the bugbear of denominationalism, which alarms so many who prefer everything that is unsectarian to the work done by the Christian church. On the contrary, we hold that unsectarian societies are mainly useful in filling up the gaps which the churches have left alone. We are glad, therefore, to find that many churches have been aroused by such noble efforts as the Bible-women's Mission to look after the poor, and if this society had done but little else it would have effected much to justify its existence. Certainly, in these days of cheap Bibles, it is a shame if every effort be not made to bring the word of God to the homes

of the humblest classes in our great cities, and to induce them to read, mark, and inwardly digest the Word of Life. And considering the great needs of London—needs that have been far from fully supplied—we hail with joy every attempt made by those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth, whether working in connection with church organizations or in avowedly unsectarian societies, to extend the kingdom of our dear Redeemer.

A Few Summer Reminiscences of Iona.

IN a former paper we showed how, ages ago, Iona became the principal seat of Christianity in the north of Britain, and consequently the most favoured of the Hebridean Isles. If she withheld not her spiritual wealth, but freely distributed knowledge among surrounding heathen clans, posterity has not forgotten the obligation; for the condition of the island in our own day shows that, at least, good has been returned for good.

What may be called the Free Church history of Iona is both instructive and encouraging. At the time of the memorable disruption in the church of Scotland, one devoted pastor, with his wife, left a comfortable manse and the good things of time for conscience sake, and found an abode in this place, his home having been an indifferent hut, with its thatch secured by stones, which, to the terror of the uninitiated, would sometimes fall through to disturb a dinner or to awaken a sleeper. "It was not without emotion," wrote D'Aubigné to Dr. Chalmers, "that I landed on the shores of Iona, whence so many centuries ago Christianity was borne to a part of the Continent, and even to our own Switzerland; and when crossing the churchyard, where the chiefs of the clan rest, I heard that there the Free Church assembled. When entering one of the miserable huts, almost exposed to the inclemency of the weather, where the minister and his family had taken refuge—then, dear doctor, I better understood the Free Church."

Happily things are altered for the better. The Free Church having passed from strength to strength, its Ionian agent now occupies a neatly-constructed manse, and ministers in a sanctuary suited to the requirements of his congregation. What a piquant chapter in the annals of providence is the history of secession in Scotland! The testimony of the Free Church for Christ is full and faithful; and, while rejoicing in this fact, we feel a growing interest in the isle whence the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, first arose to bless the mountains and plains of Britain with fertilizing showers.

Much may be said against the vice of hero worship, and of the vanity of posthumous fame; yet nevertheless, for Columba's sake, a lasting interest has attached itself to Iona. The Romanist may come in search of worthless legends, the mere dross of history. We visit the ground, as we think for the sake of no unprofitable remembrances. True to the famous prophecy—whether uttered by Columba, or whether the invention of a monkish chronicler does not affect the subject—the island continues to draw to its shores a crowd of Christian antiquaries, most of

whom, we hope for their own sakes, find the steamboat's allotted hour a space not long enough to satisfy their curiosity, and too brief for doing those generous actions, and for speaking those kind words by which tourists may express their gratitude for newly allotted health and pleasure.

Perhaps one of the pleasantest memories of Iona is the visit of Legh Richmond half a century ago. The Isle of Wight pastor possessed a keen eye for detecting opportunities of sowing the seed of the Kingdom, and among these bleak homes of the Atlantic—the Hebridean Isles—he left a good name which lived in the memory of certain inhabitants for at least thirty years. A descendant of the author of "The Dairyman's Daughter," who visited "Columba's happy Isle," in 1850, found a parish schoolmaster, verging on ninety, who dwelt on Richmond's visit to the western coast of Scotland as the sunniest passage of his life. The old scholar never wearied of expatiating on "the eminent divine, who loved to trace in the works of creation the wonders of grace."

As regards Richmond himself, he at once became apparently at home in the Hebrides, and set about doing his Master's work with the zest so characteristic of his whole life. The Highland scenery gratified his love of the beautiful, while his genial nature won the affection of the simple inhabitants of Mull and Iona. The islanders were then in a pitiable condition of religious destitution. The liberal arrangements made by the Established Church required that the pastor of Mull should pay four yearly visits to Iona; but that worthy did not look on his prescribed task of putting to sea, Columba-like, to carry forth the gospel, with any eye of admiration; and such was his capacity for despatching business—a gift doubtless more profitable on the exchange than in the church—that he has been known to "do" the four annual services in a single day. Yet notwithstanding this miserable neglect, these poor Hebrideans possessed warm hearts readily moved by the gospel. Legh Richmond preached to them through the medium of an interpreter and otherwise, meanwhile remarking of his experience, "A rock was my pulpit, and heaven my sounding-board. May the echo resound to their hearts."

Religion and knowledge were then making way in these solitudes; and the manner in which the Ionian schoolmaster endeavoured to break through the barriers of ignorance should encourage our readers to copy his example, as opportunity may occur. In the last century, even such as were taught English at all were often treated more like parrots than reasoning creatures, being trained to sound mere words without knowing their meaning. The old island tutor nobly resolved no longer to tolerate an undisputed reign of ignorance; and so taxing his adult constituents to the amount of funds sufficing for the expence of lamp oil—his own means being inadequate to provide common candles—he established a night-school, in a hut sufficiently narrow and uncomfortable, but above its neighbours on account of its luxuriously boarded floor. Here night after night he toiled, not only as the secular schoolmaster, but as the religious instructor of his benighted though willing learners.

When Legh Richmond visited the island, fifty years ago, he had the eye of a real antiquarian to detect its salient objects of interest, but his Christian nature yearned over the people whom he saw sunk in spiritual and moral darkness. He commands our sympathy as amid

the tombs of kings and lords of the isles, he spends two hours in "solemn and peaceful meditation;" just as he does when, in the open-air, he commends the gospel to the islanders. The high example of the old schoolmaster, just narrated, struck him forcibly, and indeed took such deep hold of many who beheld it, that even to-day it is bearing its good fruit. To encourage the worthy teacher, Richmond set about collecting funds for a new school-house—an example which, acting on the Duke of Argyll, prompted his Grace to provide the needed building at his own cost, leaving the £115 collected by the pastor to remain as a permanent endowment for replenishing the library.

Several things occurred during the pleasant sojourn of Legh Richmond which practically proved the warm-heartedness and religious susceptibility of these poor islanders. We call them *poor* in a literal sense; for, as is well-known, the inhabitants of western Scotland were, as they still are, extremely primitive in their habits, money, as a circulating medium, being not only scarce, but perhaps less needful than we may suppose. The chief place of assembling on Iona was the school-house, and there being invited to preach, Richmond did so in a style suited to the occasion. In one of his discourses he ventured on telling the assembly something about the Jews, of their woes springing from unbelief, and of their pressing gospel necessities. We can imagine the preacher impressing on his humble auditors, that it is pre-eminently God's work to break the stubbornness of Israel; but not on such account must we diminish our aid to, nor our solicitude for, the success of the good work of Jewish missions. The people were affected, and then a murmur went round the room calculated to surprise and perplex the speaker, "We will give; we will give." The idea of collecting missionary funds among the uncouth island huts had never entered Richmond's mind, and he tried hard to repress the generous enthusiasm so unintentionally kindled. It was all of no avail. The children desired to contribute their pence, and accordingly a cry arose, "The bairns will have it; the bairns will have it." An amount of two pounds and ninepence was subscribed, which "large sum for Iona" the pastor vainly sought to decline accepting. He was forced, however, to carry the money away, and devote it to the weal of benighted Israel. But deeply moved as were the Ionians by his too brief visit and earnest words, and loving presence among them, perhaps the impression produced by the events attending Richmond's departure, was as deep and as lasting as that produced by his work on the island. Nearly the entire populace accompanied him to the place of embarkation, and many shed tears. Then the boatman refused accepting any wages for rowing him across to Mull. "No, no, sir," cried the hard-handed Hebridean seamen; "love brought you here, and love shall find you a boat." The gratitude of those whom they benefit is one of the richest rewards of Christian workers.

About thirty years after the visit paid to the island by the pastor from the Isle of Wight, another member of his family, an American clergyman, set foot on Iona to find the little community in a much more satisfactory condition, religiously and socially, than they had enjoyed for centuries. There was a Free Church, a manse, and a hard-working minister, who had been the means of effecting many radical and needful

reforms. He was, moreover, a pastor after the true missionary model. He was the only island doctor, and the people's chief instructor in husbandry; and so effectual had been his veto put upon whisky-drinking, that none of that spirit, so pernicious when used in excess, could be purchased in his dominion; but the general aspect of affairs will be found well described in James Richmond's own words: "The minister was at once not only the spiritual and temporal teacher and almost physician to the bodies and souls of the people, but he was also obliged to be ecclesiastical architect. Some surprise will be expressed should I add, that I even had the pleasure—no longer ago than yesterday—of riding out with him and his interesting children, in his carriage; but the way was upon the rolling billows, in the sound of Iona; the destination was to visit a sick parishioner in Mull; the carriage was the open boat in which I had just before been exercising the primitive vocation of catching fish for our breakfast: the horses were two stout oars, and at the end of the road of waves lay a toilsome walk of seven miles for my friend, in the dark and dreary isle of Mull."

This is not an unpleasant picture; but to the success which has attended the effort of Free Church teachers to carry religion and its attendant code of moral rectitude into these far-away isles, we have other testimony. There is a good story told of a certain French gentleman, who, after satisfying a laudable antiquarian curiosity, among the relics of Iona, desired forthwith to be rowed to Staffa. But it was the Sabbath day, and on the Sabbath no boatman would loosen a barque from her moorings. The Frenchman waxed angry, though when passion proved ineffectual, he offered double or even treble the usual fare of seven shillings. Yet he could not prevail; for the money acted as no temptation to the men, to whom, under ordinary circumstances, it would have proved a considerable boon. The gentleman being exceedingly anxious to depart, at last prevailed on two boys to carry him to the desired haven, for a consideration of nine times the usual price. Though the lads started, it was to row against conscience, for the better part of their nature strove hard to rise in ascendancy. Nevertheless, as we have said, they started—the voice of conscience for the moment being suppressed. Then it happened that, when not many boat-lengths away, a godly relative was seen hastening to the shore, who vigorously employed voice and gesture to rebuke what he thought to be a desecration of the holy day. This was found too much for the poor boat-boys; and so, notwithstanding their passenger's exasperation, and the little fortune a compliance with his wishes would have insured them, they re-landed, and the Frenchman had to put up with Ionian accommodation until Monday morning. Not less particular have the natives proved on other occasions. They have even refused admitting a grand duke to their cathedral remains on the Sabbath day. May this deference to conscience meet with due reward; and may the island home of Iona, which long ages since was the capital of religion and civilization in the Hebridean seas, continue to hold fast the gospel so dear to its primitive apostle; and though its church may be poor, may the full promise—the last words copied by Columba's pen—compensate and console: "THEY THAT SEEK THE LORD SHALL NOT WANT ANY GOOD THING."

Nonconformist Worthies of Old Southwark.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IN a recent publication* on the Nonconformist Antiquities of Southwark, notice was especially taken of the rise and growth of the Baptist interest. The kind reception awarded to that work encourages the preparation of an additional sketch of sister denominations as they were in olden times. Probably no city in Europe retains so many refreshing memories as does our Metropolis, and no quarter of London is richer in sacred associations than is Southwark.

Well-informed explorers of London are not ignorant of the oftentimes full meaning of the street nomenclature; names, in many instances, having sprung from historical events or memorable places. Now hidden ditches, graveyards long since covered with homes for the living, and obsolete markets have left remembrances likely yet to linger for centuries. To this class of localities belongs Deadman's Place—a site bearing a name of sad significance, when in a certain time of pestilence it served as a huge graveyard for the falling inhabitants of the surrounding district. The vicinity seems to have been a meadow, spreading away from a pleasant farmhouse, a field which on the cessation of the plague remained a place of sepulture till its connection with the Nonconformists imparted to its history a new interest. At Deadman's Place flourished an important church, the pastors of which held respectable stations in the religious world of London.

This vicinity at an early date became a settlement of the Brownists, and subsequently of the Fifth Monarchists. After the Revolution, the Independents entered into possession, and worked successfully for a long period. First amongst the pastors is John Woven—a man who joined the Dissenters in 1662, but not having held a parish he cannot properly be counted among the seceding two thousand. It is little we know of the lives of such men as these; a few leading facts beside their life-work having been deemed a sufficient memorial for many eminent divines. On some accounts Woven must be classed among the unfortunate. He laboured hard in the cause of righteousness, and though, in the main, head and heart were right, some paltry failing always stepped in to deprive him of success. His shining abilities and sound doctrine at first attracted a fine assembly, which a fatal want of geniality as soon sufficed to disperse. Mistaking the cause of failure, and judging Southwark to be too narrow a sphere, he settled at Pewterers' Hall; but as human nature on one side of the Thames is similar to what it is on the other, want of success still attended Woven's endeavours, and he died in the reign of George the Second, a good but unsuccessful man.

After serving the Pædobaptist body till advanced in life, Woven joined the Baptist denomination. It may be inferred that the convert

* "The Metropolitan Tabernacle; or, an Historical Account of the Society from its First Planting in the Puritan Era to the Present Time, with other Sketches Relating to the Rise, Growth, and Customs of Nonconformity in Southwark. With an Introduction by C. H. Spurgeon." London, 1870.

occupied a high position, for the case occasioned some noise about town. He was in means an independent gentleman of good social standing, and report went among coffee-house loungers and others that this venerable minister nearly lost his life by the shock of immersion. In those days, when even the best were bitterly sectarian, denominational converts were magnified into objects of extra interest; and as regarded this convert, one party said some hard things which others thought they refuted. Even the newspapers opened their columns to the discussion, and in the spirit of those days made sport of sacred things. Woven subsequently removed to Bristol, where he lectured at Broadmead at five o'clock on Sunday afternoons. The above facts will suffice for this Southwark worthy, who during his continuance in the Borough was assisted by Philip King, a young man who enjoyed "a more than ordinary acquaintance with the mysteries of the Gospel."

John Killinghall, who succeeded Woven at Deadman's Place in the momentous year 1702, had previously been popular at Beccles. What the Southwark streets and homes appeared like in times when the Whigs had successfully raised the war mania, and when the great King General was fast sinking into the grave, the page of history cannot truly picture. The old Borough inns—old then—were accounted comfortable hostelries by hop-merchants and others, who brought their gear to market up the Old Kent and Southern Roads. In the identical apartments which still interest the curious, farmers and buyers have discussed the contemporary events of the Revolution, and have become excited over the wars of Marlborough. The Southwark of the reign of Queen Anne sent many strong arms to be laid low in the War of the Spanish Succession—a war in which men fought and died to increase the burdens of posterity.

Though Killinghall at Beccles had been much applauded, his character became suddenly tarnished, and in a manner which history does not explain. As his transgression, whatever it may have been, entailed his separating from his flock, the fallen pastor engaged in business, and by a course of penitent uprightiness, regained the good opinion of his people and re-entered the ministry. He settled in Southwark; but could not command a blessing equal to the success of former years, and at length his flock was scattered. Not many things of interest are attached to this pastor's life. He aided the Charity School at Horselydown, sided with the Subscribers at Salters' Hall, in 1719, and died in 1740. For a few years longer the Presbyterians retained possession of the old meeting; but finally the site was taken by Thrall's (now Barclay's) brewery.

Though not now a polite neighbourhood, the streets about Maid Lane have connected with them a cluster of eminent names. In Globe Alley—named after Shakespeare's Globe Theatre—the Presbyterians pitched their tent early in the seventeenth century. Their quaint wooden meeting-house had no ornaments to attract the eye, but with its three substantial galleries it was roomy and convenient. The planter of the church—Thomas Wadsworth—was the ejected minister of Laurence Pountney, London. As it happened with many other solid divines, Wadsworth was followed from the Church of England by the best of his hearers, to the lasting gain of Nonconformity and the

weakening of the Establishment. Such seceders commonly began their church life by meeting in their leader's parlour, or in some other nook comparatively free from molestation. When the Dissenters rejoiced over that illusory gleam of hope, the Indulgence of 1672, many chapels were erected; and among them, this old wooden sanctuary of Maid Lane, which during its continuance of a century was the scene of the labours of many men of sterling character and great abilities. When falling away did come, Arianism was its immediate agent. Forsaking sound doctrine is turning aside into the track of ruin. How many times in the history of Nonconformity in London has the dismal story been repeated—Arianism; Socinianism; decay; extinction? Thus was it in Maid Lane.

Wadsworth was a talented and scholarly divine of the true Puritan stamp; and being a native of Southwark, his earliest home was in St. Savion's parish. Sickly as a child, life hung on so slender a thread that it was feared a throat affection, to which he was subject, would terminate fatally. This giving place to the strength of youth however, he very diligently followed the usual paths of learning, and as a student of Christ's College, Cambridge, very creditably distinguished himself. He so keenly realised the worth of the Gospel, that while staying at the University, he became renowned as a zealous evangelist among his fellows, and one of the gownsmen, who sickened and died, spent his last hours in rejoicing, and in expressing thankfulness for Wadsworth's exhortations. The latter left college sooner than was usual in the ordinary course, his means being reduced by the death of his father. But in the instance of a youth of talent and education, the Puritans were not averse to his entering the field betimes; and all acknowledged Wadsworth to be rarely gifted. His first charge was the parish of Newington Butts, and the manner of his election is curiously characteristic of the unsettled times of great national changes. Those were the days of Triers and Examiners—fearful obstacles to noodles and pretenders—and days, moreover, when parishioners had a voice in choosing their pastors. Newington Butts was supposed to be divided against itself. Two parties, each regarding the other with no friendly feeling, fixed on their candidate, and without letting each other know whom they had chosen, petitioned the dignitaries at Westminster to listen to their separate pleas.

When the letters were opened it was found that each party had selected the same man, and this being Wadsworth, he henceforth became a bond of union in the parish. The unanimity of the people imparted an enthusiasm to the pastor, and he gladly refused a comfortable college fellowship to serve those who had so signally honoured him. After settling in Newington he manifested a flaming zeal. Children were catechised; a house-to-house visitation was instituted; the destitute were relieved, and Bibles gratuitously distributed. Newington Butts was undergoing a transformation similar to what Kidderminster experienced under like circumstances, when the Restoration, as though it had been a chilling blight on religion and morality, rudely interrupted the good work. At that crisis of wild rejoicing there were numbers among the time-serving crowd only too anxious to make a profit out of the political changes, and among such were many who eyed with

covetous longings the Puritan vineyards of the Establishment. James Meggs being a sycophant of this species, he represented to those in power that the living of Newington Butts properly belonged to him, and so obtained possession—a piece of wickedness which embittered his dying hours.

Though deprived of his living, Wadsworth still continued a lecturer in the Establishment; and obtaining the cure of Laurence Pountney, he laboured there until the general secession of 1662. As a Nonconformist he gathered a congregation at Theobald's, and another at Newington, his residence having been at the former place. Finally, he closed his work in Southwark, dying at the comparatively early age of forty-six, in 1676. The accounts of his death very pointedly illustrate the manner in which the gospel can support under painful weakness; for though the pastor's sufferings were acute and prolonged, he rebuked those whose care watched him with too fond a solicitude. "What!" he cried, "are you troubled that God is calling home his children? You know my pains, but not my consolations."

Wadsworth was assisted by another worthy, Andrew Parsons, of Wem, in Shropshire. His experience included many rough adventures. He once endangered his life to serve Charles the First in a time of danger during that monarch's misfortunes—a noble action in a man who sympathised with the popular party. When the tide of civil war carried desolation into Wem, Parsons fled from the town, but returned when the Parliamentarians retook the citadel. At the Restoration he fared with those who for any sympathy they had shown the royal family were repaid with sour looks and hard words. A cry of sedition being raised against him, and a fine of £200 imposed, he was imprisoned for three months until released by the King himself. Within the pale of the Establishment he had been extremely well provided for; but now poverty and Nonconformity were synonymous. His wife eked out their income by manufacturing lace; and thus in the darkest times the family were able to maintain an example of hospitable charity.

At one period Richard Baxter was a lecturer in the meeting-house of Maid Lane; but having already given ample details of his life we shall not here renew the subject, and one anecdote of the great Puritan, which does not seem to have been so extensively circulated as some other things about him, is all we shall now relate. While out one day, the divine met Buckingham and Rochester, who to celebrate so happy an accident were anxious that their wit should shine. "Pray, Mr. Baxter, which is the nearest way to hell?" they enquired. Severely surprised, or even shocked, Baxter's placid solemn countenance probably remained unruffled as he pityingly replied: "Rochester, some say; but Buckingham's the nearest way."

During his last hours, in the short days of the memorable December of 1691, Baxter doubtless fondly remembered his work at Maid Lane. Such a man could not go from a sphere without leaving many a trace of life behind; and the good seed he sowed in Southwark may not even yet have ceased to grow. Baxter's next successor, James Lambert, though not a Bartholomew confessor, was in training for the Church of England when the ejection occurred, and from that date sided with the Nonconformists. He also rose high in favour with such

merchant citizens as loved to leave the world awhile on a week-day morning for the sake of a lecture set up in Exchange Alley, Cornhill. The pastor scarcely survived the Revolution, having died in middle life about the year 1688. Another name, once a favourite one with Londoners, was that of Thomas Kentish, a descendant of the ejected minister of Middleton, Durham. He was a scholar of the indefatigable Charles Moreton, of Stoke Newington Green, whose academy for university learning braved the perils of many dangerous years.

To explore the murky and densely populated streets of Southwark is to hear many a voice and see many a hand, inaudible and invisible to the thronging masses whose abodes are, in too many instances, but refuges for ignorance and vice. It is an awful consideration how much wickedness can be packed in a single street; how the people live only for to-day, and too often very wretchedly for that; how the past history of the world is to them a blank, and how the absence of faith makes the future as dark as the present is hopeless. Yet here and there, in these same cheerless thoroughfares, we detect the faint footprints of Religion. How did it happen, when, in addition to the old centres of light, new ones were needed, the old ones should have gone out to leave a pall of gloom and the seeming undisputed ascendancy of evil?

Before leaving the meeting-house in Maid Lane, we must give a parting notice to the brothers Nathaniel and Joshua Oldfield, who belonged to a staid and able family, their father having been a Derbyshire pastor and one of the confessors of 1662. Divers of the Oldfields returned to the Church of England, but those best remembered declared for Nonconformity. Nathaniel, as a diligent student, so cultivated a chaste style—and in those days many good people set little value on the art of writing—that when he died, in 1696, he was supposed to be a victim of extreme industry. His brother Joshua, early discovering distinguished abilities, completed his education at the University of Cambridge. His principles were fixed in youth; and he refused a degree rather than subscribe the Anglican Articles. On leaving college he successively filled the office of tutor in some families of distinction—a manner of starting in life gladly taken advantage of by educated Dissenters in that era. The severest test of principle is when a needy man is required to sacrifice tempting prospects of opulence to his opinions, and from this ordeal Oldfield came forth triumphant. On being offered a living by the Speaker of the House of Commons, he reconsidered the entire controversy between Conformists and their opponents, and the process strongly confirmed his Nonconformity. He turned from plenty in the State Church to settle in an obscure corner at Tooting, whence he retired to Oxford University for further culture; and among other exercises in that city of learning he publicly disputed with the Baptists. His worth and congeniality won him the friendship of many men of mark, and among others of John Locke. From Oxford, Oldfield went to Coventry, and there working with William Tong, the two were principal agents in planting many of the Nonconformist churches of those districts. In their longing desires to relieve the appalling darkness characteristic of the early years of the eighteenth century, Oldfield and Tong founded a training college for students, and in this work, according to the spirit of the age, they were

threatened with the terrors of the ecclesiastical courts. Dark, however, as were the times, they became too light for this extreme intolerance to thrive after the accession of the House of Brunswick. On leaving Coventry, Oldfield settled at Maid Lane, and as he also removed his academy, Southwark gave a site to an institution which became the nucleus of Hoxton College. These labours, joined to those of an earnest and blameless pastorate, won for the labourer many distinctions and the real affection of the Three Denominations. When, in 1719, disputes rent the Dissenting interest, he did what he could to heal division, but went with the non-subscribing section and presided over their deliberations. As we have said, Locke valued his friendship, and, it may be added, Newton respected his mathematical skill. In private life he was an instructive companion, and knew how to be patient under trials. As a tutor his chief fault was probably a spurious liberality. As did Doddridge in following years so did Oldfield—he pushed free enquiry to an extreme. Truth is not dangerous; but the cause of truth will never be advanced by the pernicious procedure of too freely introducing the subtleties of error to minds in training. Nevertheless the tutor was a very considerable man. In the pastorate he was ably assisted by Obadiah Hughes and Benjamin Grosvenor. The minor events of Oldfield's life included his losing an eye by falling down in a fit of apoplexy.

William Bushnell, who belongs to the succession of pastors at Maid Lane, belonged to a Nonconformist family of Wallingford—a town where the seeds of Nonconformity were successfully sown by the energy and noble learning of the Stennetts. The Bushnells were merchants; but as William gave evidence of strong-mindedness and a proper disposition, he was trained for the ministry, in an academy at Bridgewater. His life-experience illustrates the low condition of Dissent in rural England during the first half of the eighteenth century; for, during an eighteen years' stay at Potterspurty, in Northamptonshire, and other changes, he spent an ample fortune. He was esteemed and loved in the religious circles of those days; but only once administered the Lord's Supper after removing to the Metropolis. He died in 1744, having lived long enough to see his longing hopes, and the ardent wishes of the entire Dissenting community, realized in the triumph of the Protestant Succession.

The last days of the Presbyterians in this vicinity were fraught with sadness. John Ward, their last representative, was a native of Coles-hill, in Warwickshire. While he remained still very young, the agitation springing from the Pretender's outbreak of 1715, distracted the town, and, as a Whig, John's father very severely suffered. Business not only fell off, but threats and insults were written on his street-doors. The family were also intimate with Defoe; and in some business relations with that writer, they met with other misfortunes. Having been tutored in so uncompromising a school, John was not found wanting when, in 1745, the final passage of arms with the Stuarts again put English patriotism to the test. At that great crisis, Ward was pastor at Witney, in Oxfordshire; and by influencing the country-people, and by actually bearing arms himself, he did almost more than his share in defending the crown. As a divine, he corresponded with

the chief ornaments of the Dissenting interest; and, as a private gentleman, he could be instructive and entertaining. Among the appointments he held were those of Yeovil and Taunton, and in both those towns his teaching appears to have been satisfactory. It was not until the evening of life that lamentable symptoms of decay appeared. He forsook the good old way, and growing extremely bigoted in his new opinions, he would worship with none but those of his own party. Ruin and extinction naturally followed; for if our researches among these busy streets teach us one warning-lesson more forcibly than another, it is, that the breath of Socinianism is not only chilling and blighting, but certain death to religious life. The Independents endeavoured, without success, to transform into a fruitful field this valley of dry bones; and no effort of their representative, Charles Skelton, could save this old Nonconformist landmark from being transformed into a bone mill.

Some remarkable incidents imparted an interest to the labours of Skelton. In his early manhood he followed the profession of a strolling player; but on being arrested by the truth, under one of Wesley's itinerants, he forsook a disreputable employment for the calling of an evangelist. In the service of the gospel he was zealous and successful. Perhaps one of the pastor's most striking adventures was his meeting two Romanist malefactors on their way to execution, to whom he spoke of Christ and salvation until they threw away their errors, and amid tearful rejoicing, gave strong evidence of genuine contrition.

Hugh Miller—Bank Accountant and Editor.

BY W. R. SELWAY. PART II.

MILLER'S capacious and retentive memory contained a large store of legends and traditions pertaining to the neighbourhood which he knew so well and so dearly loved. In these he saw materials for a prose work which should be his passport to fame, if not to independence. His leisure hours were therefore given with unsparing labour to the preparation of "Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland," which although written by a mason was not published by one, because he had, on the eve of its completion, received the unexpected offer of the post of accountant in the Commercial Bank at Cromarty. He at first hesitated to accept a place the requirements of which were so altogether different from his previous avocations; but, he adds, "the appointment came to me so unthought of, so unsolicited, and there seemed to be so much of the providential in it, that I deemed it duty not to decline." At thirty-two years of age, then, the mason's mallet was laid aside, and Miller proceeded to Edinburgh to be initiated into bank duties, but was sent on to the branch office at Linlithgow: from whence he writes interesting letters to Miss Fraser, which give many traits of character. He remarks, "My lodgings here are much too fine and expensive, but they were taken for me at the request of Mr. Paul, and so I could on no account decline them. I dislike expense, even for its own sake, and

independent of the embarrassment which it always occasions; especially when 'tis incurred for a man's self, for food a little more delicate, and clothes a little finer than ordinary." We fear that his letters to the lady of his love would not be regarded by the young ladies of the period as the most suitable models for the composition of love epistles, as he indulges her, and it is interesting to note the growth in his mind of geological studies, with a description of the stratified and basaltic rocks around Linlithgow, and of the—to him then—strange fossils found in the limestones or in the great coal fields of Scotland; he describes the architecture of the castle and the church; telling her that "the clergyman is a fine useless preacher of the Moderate party, who gives us rather ordinary matter dressed up in pretty good language. He does not pray on Sabbaths, like our North-country ministers, to be 'preserved from thinking his own thoughts,' and may indeed spare himself the trouble—he has none of his own to think."

His book at length being published, brought him the warm encomiums of many friends, but perhaps not one which afforded him so much mingled pleasure and sorrow as that from his dear friend, Miss Dunbar, who, almost from her death-bed, wrote—"But to the book; contrary to all my anticipations, I have lived to have it in my hands. What shall I say of it? It would seem, from the very little of it I have yet read, as if I were quite satisfied with seeing and handling it. I look into every chapter, I glance over the whole; but, somewhat childlike, I feel too happy to read." Of her, soon after, writing to his future wife, Miller says, "My poor friend, Miss Dunbar, is dead. She is gone, and I have lost a kind and attached friend. But it would be selfish to regret that suffering so excruciating as hers should have terminated . . . Her heart was in the right place; it was ever an affectionate one, perhaps too exquisitely so; but it seems finally to have fixed on the worthiest of all objects. She had learned to look for salvation through him only in whom it is alone to be found. There are many whom suffering has the effect of so wrapping up in themselves that they can feel for no one else. But it was not thus with Miss Dunbar; she could think, even when at the worst, of the little comforts and interests of her friends: half her last letter to me is occupied with a detail of what she had thought and heard regarding my traditions. I was engaged in writing her when the note was brought me which intimated her death." Thus closed a singular, but most touching episode in the life of this man who, with the hard hand and rough exterior of a labouring mason, possessed so gentle and loving a spirit, and such refined and enlightened intelligence, as to win, all unsought, the warm attachment of this high born, delicate, and cultivated gentlewoman.

He had waited five years for his bride, he had attained to a respectable position, his name was known, and his character respected; the time had therefore arrived when, without sacrificing his sense of honour, he could make Miss Fraser his wife. But he did not bring her to a very sumptuous abode; his salary was but sixty pounds a year, and his earnings by literature were but small. Mrs. Miller continued to take pupils, and so their table was prepared. To Mr. Robert Chambers, whose loss we have had so recently to deplore, one of the firm of enterprising publishers which has perhaps done more than any other

to diffuse cheap and healthy literature among the people, Miller soon after his marriage sent some pieces for publication, and says, "I am leading a quiet and very happy life in this remote corner, with perhaps a little less time than I know what to do with, but by no means overtoiled. My mornings I devote to composition; my days and the early part of the evening I spend in the bank; at night I have again an hour or two to myself; my Saturday afternoons are given to pleasure—some sea excursion, for I have got a little boat of my own, or some point of observation among the rocks and woods, and Sunday as a day of rest closes the round."

The first real sorrow of his life followed upon the exquisite pleasure which the birth of a daughter brought to him; she early sickened and died, and Mrs. Miller says of her husband, "All the strong man was bowed down. He wept, he mourned, he fasted, he prayed. He entreated God for her life. Yet when she was taken away a calm and implicit submission to the divine will succeeded, although still his eyes were fountains of tears. Never again in the course of his life was he thus affected." The bank accountant resumed his chisel, and cut the headstone which marks the resting place of his firstborn, and then laid it aside for ever.

It has already been remarked that his mind had been excited, while a workman, by the singular forms discoverable in the stone which came under his hand: and in his "Scenes and Legends," he had given indications of the hold geological science was then beginning to take of him. In a letter, written in July, 1835, to his future wife, he says: "I have picked up of late, in the little bay below the willows, a fossil fish in a high state of preservation; the scales, head, tail, fins, are all beautifully distinct, and yet so very ancient is the formation in which it was found, that the era of the lias is comparatively recent." He had commenced to gather up fossils from the beach, and had then formed the nucleus of that collection of animal remains peculiar to the old red sandstone formation which has made his name famous and his native district classic ground; he devoted much of that moderate amount of leisure time which his duties at the bank permitted him, to searches among the rocks, and to breaking the large flattened nodules of stone, which were often found to contain heretofore unknown treasures. And thus, amid the relics of a long bygone life period, he laid not only the foundation of his own fame, but prepared the way for affording to all students a vastly extended acquaintance with the beautiful, yet wondrous forms of living creatures, which at one time crowded the waters in which was deposited that sediment which in its turn became land, and is now known as Cromarty.

He was, however, to be called to a new sphere of active mental labour. The Scottish people had become much excited respecting the famous Auchterarder case, the precursor of the separation which resulted in the formation of the Free Church. The leaders of the non-intrusionists wishing to establish a newspaper in the interest of the movement, and being attracted by a stirring pamphlet, published by Miller, on the subject, invited him to Edinburgh, where he was installed as the editor of the *Witness*, to commence at thirty-seven years of age the third great change in the history of his life. It is

idle to speculate upon what might have been Miller's career had this call not have reached him; but we cannot help feeling that science and literature both suffered, and that had he continued his quiet course in the bank, the world might have possessed still choicer productions of his ripened intelligence and more fully cultivated science. However, the call came, and it was one to devote the whole energy of his being to the cause of freedom, and the assertion of the religious independence of the people. The call stirred him to the inmost depths, and he responded with all the earnestness and power of his nature. His conduct of the newspaper, his bold and vigorous writing, and the unflinching persistence of his attack upon the State-created patrons of the church, notwithstanding the opposition of interested and prejudiced partisans, contributed in a large degree to bring about that state of opinion which culminated in the great disruption in 1843, when hundreds of the ministers of the State Church voluntarily laid down their livings, going out from the Established fold, leaving their manse, and the source of their daily bread, depending for their future supply only upon him, whose servants they professed to be. Grand as this movement undoubtedly was, and much as Miller had wrought in order to bring it to pass, he did not understand, nor did he appreciate, Voluntaryism. His ideal church was one endowed, and upheld by the State, the people having the right to elect their ministers: he never appeared to be able to see that these things are as irreconcilable as light and darkness, for so long as the State pays, the State must elect the officers. There are amiable enthusiasts of the present day who would, if they could, concede to the flocks the choice of their spiritual guides and teachers, who should draw their sustentation not from the willing gifts of a loving people, but from the State treasury; and they would fain have us believe that in this way a church, broad and comprehensive as the English nation, would be formed. The "Free Church of Scotland," a glorious designation for which the world is indebted to Hugh Miller, has given one more illustration of the great lesson, that breadth of base and firmness of purpose, together with that true vitality, which is indicated by growth in numbers, in piety, in intelligence, and in devotion, is only to be attained in the free air of a people unbound by any shackles of State, and by the warm beams of the Sun of Righteousness invigorating every heart of a community, united by the ties of love to the Saviour, and to mankind for his sake.

In the midst of the enthusiasm and excitement of the church conflict, his mind reverted to his now favourite study, and the columns of the *Witness* gave to the public several articles on "The old red sandstone," which speedily attracted the attention of the foremost scientific men. Writing to a little boy, who had given him some account of the Battle of Hastings, he tells him: "I have of late been giving much older news to the public: you remind me, dear Alie, of the stones and fossils which I used to point out to you on the shore of Cromarty. I have written a whole book about them, with curious looking prints in it—the portraits of fish that lived so very long ago, that there were no men in the world at the time to give them names. But they have all got names now—stiff-looking Greek names, which only scholars can understand. One of them has been named after me,

'*Pterichthys Milleri*,' which means, '*Miller's winged fish*.'" That was a proud day for the quondam mason, when the distinguished naturalist, Agassiz, proposed, in the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, this name for the fossil which Miller had brought to light. The power of imagination and poetic composition, which gave so great a charm to his writings, is perhaps nowhere better seen than in one of a course of lectures upon geology, where, descending upon this old rock formation, and the singular creatures which peopled the seas during its deposition, he describes this animal; of which Agassiz remarks, in his work on fossil fishes: "It is impossible to find anything more eccentric in the whole creation than this genus." Miller says: "When, in laying open the rock in which it lies, the under part is presented, as usually happens, we are struck with its resemblance to a human figure, with the arms expanded, as in the act of swimming; and the legs transformed, as in the ordinary figures of the mermaid, into a tapering tail. On further examination, we ascertain that the creature was encased in a complete armature of solid bone, but that the armour was of different construction over the different parts. The head was covered by a strong helmet, perforated in front by two circular holes, through which the eyes looked out. The chest and back were protected by a curiously-constructed cuirass, formed of plates; and the tail sheathed in a flexible mail of osseous scales. The arms, which were also covered with plates, were articulated rather to the lower part of the head than to the shoulders; and this, by what at first appears to be simply a ball-and-socket joint, like that of the human thigh, but which, on further examination, proves to be of a more complex character, as we find a pin-like protuberance from the socket, finding, in turn, a socket in the ball. The abdomen of the creature was flat; the dorsal portions strongly arched; and not in our Gothic roofs, constructed on strictly mathematical principles, do we discover more admirable contrivances for combining in the greatest degree lightness with strength, than in the arch of osseous plates which protected the *Pterichthys*. Nay, we find in it the two leading peculiarities of the gothic roof anticipated—the contrivance of a series of ribs, that radiate from certain centres, and the contrivance of the groin. The helmet was united to the cuirass by a curious and yet very simple joining, that united the principle of the dovetail of the carpenter to that of the keystone of the architect. Further, the creature with its inflexible cuirass, and with its flexible tail, and with its two arms, that combined the broad blade of the paddle with the sharp point of the spear, might be regarded, when in motion, as a little subaqueous boat, mounted on two oars and a scull. And such was the *Pterichthys*—the characteristic organism of the old red sandstone."* We may imagine the honest pride with which, on his visit to London, the author of such an enthusiastic, but minute description, beheld, printed in large characters over one of the specimens in a conspicuous portion of the galleries of the British Museum—"*Miller's winged fish*."

The prophetic intimation of his good friend, Miss Dunbar, that the day was coming when "his country's greatest would court his acquaintance,"

* "Sketch Book of Popular Geology," by Hugh Miller.

had been literally fulfilled. His name had become known and honoured in the church; among the votaries of science, and in the circles of literature; but he does not falter in his work: the cause of ecclesiastical freedom, so far as he understood it, is to be defended, expounded, or enforced; and the unfolding of the "Footprints of the Creator" must be continued. His mind was deeply imbued with religious truth, and while he had no sympathy with the dry and cold exponents of science, who would eliminate the Creator from his own works, he looked with as little favour upon those religious teachers who were constantly assailing scientific truth, and seeking to bend all minds to their own narrow standard. He delved in the quarries around Cromarty, he examined the wondrous and beautiful fossil vegetation of the Scottish Coal Fields, and wandered amid the basaltic and other volcanic rocks of his country, not merely to build up a theory, or to trace a probable succession of events, but to show that the same hand which fashioned the earth and its myriad inhabitants, as we now know it, was at work in the bygone ages, whose history is alone to be found in the remains which have come down to us. His aim was to show from the "Testimony of the Rocks" themselves, that the earth was as fully the temple of the living God, when no human eye saw his works, as it is now when his praises may be sung by the more recently-created beings into whom he breathed the breath of life. Much heart-burning and fierce controversy would have been spared, had the theologian borne in mind that it is the province of the man of science to make known the *works* of God; and had the latter regulated his theories by the belief that it is by the divine word alone that we can know anything of the *ways* of God to man, or as Miller has it: "The geologist, as certainly as the theologian, has a province exclusively his own, and were the theologian ever to remember that the Scriptures could not possibly have been given to us as revelations of scientific truth, seeing that a single scientific truth they have never revealed, and the geologist that it must be in vain to seek in science those truths which lead to salvation, seeing that in science these truths were never yet found, there would be little danger even of difference among them, and none of collision."*

His visit to England provided him with materials for an interesting book, giving the impressions produced upon his mind by the country and its people; but of all his works, that which has acquired the greatest renown is the one giving his own autobiography: "My Schools and Schoolmasters." This book induced a most interesting letter from Mr. Robert Chambers to Miller, in which he says: "I have read your first three hundred and fifty pages with a heart full of sympathy for your early hardships and efforts, and an *intense* admiration of the observant and intelligent mind which I see working in that village boy on the shore of the Cromarty Frith. I cannot refrain from congratulating you on the triumphs you have achieved over the great difficulties of your early position, which now appears to me far beyond anything I had previously imagined." Mr. Chambers goes on to give some glimpses of his own early career, setting out "at sixteen as a bookseller, with a collection of books for stock not worth more than two pounds," which

* "Testimony of the Rocks." By Hugh Miller.

induces us to hope that some friend will give the public the history of his remarkable career, as the world is the better for knowing the heroic struggles and perseverance of such men.

The strain upon the mental power and nervous susceptibility of Miller had been very great for several years: and now with the constantly recurring claims of the editorial columns, an extensive correspondence, and much scientific and literary work, the labour is by no means lessened. Notwithstanding his attachment to the facts of science, and that he possessed deep religious faith, his mind never quite freed itself from the impression of the supernatural imbibed at his mother's knee and in the society of his early youth, when he was subject to visions of unearthly things, and to dreams which made a deep impression upon his susceptible mind. At times he was of a gloomy and suspicious temperament, which weighed down his spirits; and the retiring modesty of his character, which led him to prefer the world of thought and phantasy to that of every-day bustle, and the companionship of living men, gave additional facilities for the development of a sombre melancholy and timidity which induced him to see murderers or burglars in every shadow, and to hear whispered warnings in every breeze. His health had long been weak; indeed, his frame had never shaken off the effects of working, when a mason, for some hours in water up to his middle; or of the dust particles of stone, which had entered his lungs, producing masons' diseases of a serious character: yet his will was one of iron. He continued to work on and on; if his mind could not work by day it *should* work at night, and so hour after hour he continued plodding at his last book, "The Testimony of the Rocks," which, although it may not meet all the difficulties of the case, was an honest and earnest attempt to show how the Geologic and Mosaic records of the creation could be reconciled; and it is some alleviation of a great loss to know that his final efforts were spent in defence of the truth.

The closing scene of his life is a warning, not that too much work should be thrown upon the brain, but that the mind should be maintained in due harmony with the body. It may be argued that the mind is superior to the physical framework, and the latter must do its bidding. If it be so, the physical organs have at least the power to cease their functions, and how, then, is the boasted superiority of the mind to make itself felt? God's laws are infallible, and the man who allows his spirit to dwell too much in ideality, who sleeps when he should be awake, and works when nature calls for rest, eating heavily when the body is unfit to assimilate food, is sure, sooner or later, to be called upon to pay the penalty; and however we may mourn at the sudden extinguishment, so far as this world is concerned, of a noble spirit, we think we can discern in Hugh Miller's life causes which gradually led up to the terrible result which rendered it possible for the medical men to certify (December 26th, 1856), "that the cause of death was a pistol shot inflicted by his own hand," and that "the act was suicidal, under the impulse of insanity."

Sabbath Meditations.

V.—EXCESS IS EVIL. VAIN GLORY IS NO GLORY.

“It is not good to eat much honey : so for men to search their own glory is not glory.”—Prov. xxv. 27.

It is a true proverb, if applied to creature-comforts : *Omne nimium vertitur in vitium* ; too much of one thing is good for nothing. The *excess* even of a good and lawful thing is evil and unlawful. *Honey* is very sweet and comfortable, but too much honey causeth ill humours in the body, breedeth choler, and bringeth diseases. *Fragrant flowers* are sweet to smell to, and refresh the brain if used moderately, but too much smelling of them causeth the headache, as experience testifieth. How delightful is *light* to our eyes ! But too much staring into the sunbeams is the dazzling of the eyes, if not the blinding of them. We may take of the good creatures of God, upon a knife's point, as it were, or a spoonful at a time : I mean, a stinted, moderate quantity, in due measure. If we fall a-grasping with both hands, or drink down deep draughts at once, we may easily surfeit unto death. The rule of philosophy holds true : *vehemens sensibile laedit sensorium*. Moderate sounds, such as in *music*, may much affect the ears with singular pleasantness, but vehement sounds, as your ringing of bells near hand, or beating of drums, or blowing of trumpets, benumbs the hearing. Temperate joys and delights are ever best, least hurtful, and most contentful and comfortable to our spirits ; whereas immoderateness mars all pleasures and delights, though never so pleasant and delightful in themselves.

Now, to make Solomon's application according to this text, let it be observed that the middle sort of honour and glory here upon earth is the safest and surest. He that is climbing higher, and aspiring after more and greater eminency, loseth often that which he hath, by striving to have that which he would have and cannot obtain, as Solomon speaketh : “*For men to search their own glory is not glory.*” To seek and search after glory is the only way to lose it. The force of the sentence is laid upon the word *searching*, when a man will *eagerly search*, seek and strive after more and more honour and glory, not being satisfied with his degree or place that God hath allotted him, he loseth his true glory in the hearts of those that are wise and able to discern and discover his ambition. The simile runs perfectly upon both legs, and it is not a lame or halting comparison ; as sweet honey, if too much of it be eaten, turns its sweetness into bitterness in the belly ; so honour and glory much sought after, turns but to disgrace or dishonour in the end. And as honey is not fit food for a gluttonous person, so honour or glory is not fit for an ambitious person. That man, of all men, is not worthy of glory, that seeks to glorify himself. Man must not get honour as he gets a wife, by *wooing* ; but as the wife gets a husband, by being *wooed*. True glory must come *unsought for* and unlooked for. *Gloria crocodilus*, honour is like the crocodile in the river Nilus in Egypt, which pursues only those that fly from him, and flieth from those that pursue after him. *Quo minus gloriam petebat, hoc eam magis assequabatur* ; the less he sought for honour, the more he

found it. It were to be wished that it might be written as an unalterable law upon the gates of all the courts of states and princes, according to this saying of Solomon: *Let no man have honour that seeks it.* Certainly it is an *unglorious* thing to *search* glory, and a vain-glorious mind is the character of a vain man. The most aspiring spirits that lay deep designs for the highest honours in the world, are indeed the most abject, base, vile, unworthy, and dishonourable persons in the sight of God and all good men, and their honour found by their own seeking shall be lost, and not be long enjoyed: On the contrary, that honour is true honour and most lasting which God casteth upon a person that is an humble despiser of earthly glory; and he finds true and *real* glory, that *finds* it though he never *sought* after it.

VI.—LABOUR AFTER PERFECTION.

“Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.”—Matthew vi. 10.

Is this a possible thing, that men *on earth* should be and do as angels *in heaven*? No, sure; yet, notwithstanding, we must pray this prayer whilst we are on *earth*; yea, it ought to be both our prayer and our endeavour, in our *earthly* weakness, to attain to *heavenly* perfection; and before we *die*, to attain to the same degree which shall be at the *resurrection of the dead*. Phil. iii. 11. It is the nobleness and divine height of a Christian spirit to strive after eternal perfections in this temporal imperfection; and it is the excellency of an excellent spirit to seek for that *infinite excellency above*, even while we live in this *finite world below*. The heroic heart of a holy man is not daunted to grapple with appearing *impossibilities*.

VII.—MAN'S VANITY.

“Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.”—Psalm xxxix. 5.

NOR to speak of the vanity of other creatures, how vain a vanity is man himself, even the highest kings and emperors in their greatest state, pomp, and glory. When scholars of largest reading have studied most, dived deepest, and searched farthest into the passages of human affairs, piercing through the *res gestas* of all nations in the world, from the first day of the creation to this present moment, they must needs confess and lament at last the exceeding vanity of man. For what is the sum of all the vast volume of history and chronology but a continual testimony of man's vanity? The records of all kingdoms on earth are but large *notes* or great *commentaries* upon this point. When one monarch is down, another is up again; when one king is off, another is on again; when one winneth, another loseth; when one goes to the tomb, another comes out of the womb into his room. All things wheel about from one point of vanity to another, in much variety, with a certain uncertainty, and with a constant inconstancy. Well may the world be pictured as a *round globe*. Cast it which way you will, and it will run round. It hath been counted a matter of heresy in philosophy to hold the earth movable; but upon enquiry we shall find that this lower globe hath walked about as well as the spheres of heaven. Man and all that is about him is in a swimming

motion, and the best music man can make is but a noise of vanity and a din of mutability. Extract the quintessence of all the greatest matters of mankind, and you shall see them presently dissolved into a smoke or into the spirit of vanity. The changes of nations and kingdoms, the secret suspicions of friends, the conspiracies of commonwealths, the false impeachments of one against another, the treasons, the murders, the massacres, the bloody wars that have been, and the certain unavoidable death of all men, may mind us of the mutabilities of man. Alas! what a ridiculous, or rather what a piteous, hurley-burley hath ever been up and down in the world amongst all the sons of men! Here is matter enough for Democritus's laughter and Heraclitus's tears. If we look upon man not only in his *worst* condition, but in his *best estate*, in his full strength, in his greatest wealth, in his highest prosperity, we shall find him stuffed full and puffed up with all manner of vanity. By experience it may be made good, upon sufficient proof and trial, that (1) "*Every man*" (2) "*in his best estate*" (3) "*is vanity*," yea, (4) "*altogether vanity*." Not only *vain*, in the concrete; but *vanity*, in the abstract. Even vanity itself cannot be more vain than vain man is.

VII.—HEAVEN IN HAND.

"Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance."—Hebrews x. 34.

THE English hath made a transposition of the words without need. In the original it runs most excellently thus: γινώσκοντες ἔχειν ἐν ἑαυτοῖς, *knowing that ye have in yourselves*, with a preposition, as some copies read (ἐν ἑαυτοῖς), or without a preposition, as other exemplaries have it, only in the dative case (ἑαυτοῖς), *to yourselves*, or *for yourselves*. However, the verb ἔχειν is the *present tense*, and not the *future*, both in Greek and English, which palpably importeth a *present right and title*, yea, a kind of *present possession* in hand already, and not only an *estate* to come hereafter without present fruition. Saints have a *heaven* in their souls, and are here in this life possessed of eternal life. First, by *proxy*. Christ our Head, who is our Trustee, hath entered upon actual possession in our stead and in our behalf. Heb. vi. 20; John xiv. 2, 3. Secondly, by *faith* we are as certainly assured of it as if we were reigning there already, believing not only the reality of the thing itself (Heb. xi. 1), but our particular and personal interest therein. 2 Tim. iv. 8. Thirdly, by *grace* we have a taste of glory, and grace in us is the first-fruits of glory in heaven. Glory is the consummation of grace, and grace the embryo of glory. Rom. viii. 23. Lastly, the *Spirit* is the earnest-penny, in part of payment. 2 Cor. i. 22; v. 5; Eph. i. 14. We have a good piece of our reward before all our work be done. Thus whilst we are on earth we are in the suburbs of heaven, and *as soon* as we are passed from darkness to light we are *entered* into the very borders of the land of promise. Then we may be *sure enough* of our future inheritance. If we could not be *sure* of heaven before death, we should have no more *comfort* from the thoughts of heaven than from this world and the things of this world. And if we could be no more certain of *eternal life* than of this *temporal life*, who would part

with a present enjoyment for future uncertainty? Who would change a bird in the hand for two birds in the bush? But this is all the comfort that a believer hath, that though he cannot be sure of the comforts of *this world*, yet he is sure and certain of the comforts of *another world*; he knows there is an inheritance above, and that this inheritance is his own. 2 Tim. i. 12; Job xix. 25—27. This one thing made those Hebrews *so joyful in suffering the spoiling of their goods, because they knew that they had in themselves a better and an enduring substance in heaven*, as this text tells us.

The Teaching of Nature.

AMONG the disciples of Hillel, the wise teacher of the sons of Israel, was one named Saboth, to whom every work was a great trouble, and who gave himself up to idleness and sloth. Hillel was grieved thereat for the youth, and resolved to cure him of his fault.

To this end he took him out to the valley of Hinnom, by Jerusalem. There was a standing pool full of snakes and vermin, and covered with muddy weeds. When they reached this place, Hillel put down his staff, and said, "Let us rest here from our way."

The youth was surprised, and said, "How, master, near this foul bog? Dost thou not perceive what poisonous vapours it exhales?"

"Thou art right, my son," answered the master: "this bog is like the soul of a slothful man. Who would wish to be near it?"

Then Hillel took the youth to a waste field, producing nothing but thistles and thorns, which choked the corn and the salutary herbs. Now, Hillel leaned on his staff, and said, "Behold this field has good soil to produce all that is useful and pleasant, but it is forgotten and neglected, therefore it brings forth thistles, and thorns, and poisonous weeds, beneath which lurk toads and serpents. A little while ago thou didst see the soul; now behold the life of an idle man."

Then Saboth was full of shame and repentance, and said, "Master, why leadest thou me to these lonely and dreary spots? They are the reproachful picture of my soul and life."

Hillel answered, and said, "Thou wouldst not believe my words, therefore I tried whether the voice of Nature would penetrate to thy heart."

Saboth pressed his master's hand, and said, "Thy endeavours shall not be in vain; thou wilt see that a new life has begun within me."

And after this day Saboth became an active youth. Then Hillel took him into a fertile valley, by the side of a clear brook, which flowed meandering between fruitful trees, flowery meadows and shady shrubberies.

"See here," said the old man to the rejoicing youth, "the picture of thy new, industrious life. Nature, which warned thee, will now reward thee. Her beauty and grace can only give joy to him who sees in her life a picture of his own."

F. A. KRUMMACHER.

Great Mercies.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IF the ungrateful man were asked to count up his *great mercies*, he would mention two or three things, and fancy that he had completed the catalogue. The most of us, in our ordinary moods, would not require a ream of letter-paper to write out what we carelessly conceive to be a comprehensive and extended list. Now, this comes of our forgetfulness and shallow understanding, and will, perhaps, never be remedied till all our faculties are perfectly developed and sanctified, as they will be in the land of the perfected. When we are a little awakened, it is astonishing how the area of our mercies is increased in the estimation of our judgment; the eye is cleared with a few briny tears, and straightway it sees a hundred objects which it observed not before. To the soul chastened by divine correction, mercies swarm and teem where aforesaid there seemed but few.

Take note of this, reader. I jot it down while I am newly escaped from the chamber of affliction, and the impression is fresh on me: *it is a great mercy to be able to change sides when lying in bed.* Did I see you smile? I meant no pleasantry, but intended to write a sober, serious sentence. Did you ever lie a week on one side? Did you ever try to turn, and find yourself quite helpless? Did others lift you, and by their kindness only reveal to you the miserable fact that they must lift you back again at once into the old position, for bad as it was, it was preferable to any other? Do not smile again, but listen while I add—*it is a great mercy to get one hour's sleep at night.* You go to bed, and never reckon upon opening your eyes again till your seven or eight hours are over, but some of us know what it is, night after night, to long for slumber and find it not. O how sweet has an hour's sleep been when it has interposed between long stretches of pain, like a span of heaven's blue between the masses of thunder-cloud! We have blessed God more for those dear moments of repose than for whole weeks of prosperity.

We are not about to continue our enumeration of choice and precious mercies at any length, for having once introduced the reader to a Christian invalid, we have placed him under the tuition of one who can continue the blessed schedule of mercy indefinitely; and if the record of one sick chamber should be all rehearsed, the next, if tenanted by a gracious sufferer, would, with sweet variations, prolong the strain. What a mercy have I felt it to have only one knee tortured at a time! What a blessing to be able to put the foot on the ground again, if but for a minute! What a still greater mercy to be able to get from the bed to a chair and back again!

What folly it is, however, to put down a few of these benefits selected from so many more! it is as though we would catalogue the cattle on a thousand hills, or enumerate the waves of ocean. We pick and cull a few mercies; but on what principle? Is it not a childish, vain, and ignorant feeling which prompts our selection? We call those things mercies which please us, ease us, suit our wants, and fall in with our cravings. Truly they are so, but not less gracious are those benefits which cross us, pain us, and lay us low. The tender love which chastises us, the gentle kindness which bruises us, the fond affection which crushes us to the ground—these we do not so readily recount; yet is there as much of divine love in a smart as in a sweet, as great a depth of tenderness in buffeting as in consoling. We must count our crosses, diseases, and pains, if we would number up our blessings. Doubtless it is a mercy to be spared affliction, but he would be a wise man who should tell which of the two was the greater boon,—to be for the present without chastisement or to be chastened? We judge that in either case "It is well" with the righteous, but we will not have a word said to the disparagement of affliction. Granted that the cross is very bitter, we maintain with equal confidence that it is also very sweet.

We have a cloud of mercies around us as well as a cloud of witnesses. As the meadow is besprent with a thousand gay flowers, and we tread upon them without attempting to count them, even thus is it with our life in Christ Jesus: it is mercy, all mercy—mercy too great for reckoning. Our life is a wood, wherein are tangled thorns; but listen a moment! Is it not full of sweet song-birds, akin to those of Paradise? God is good to us at all points, and greatly good too. There is no royal road to learning, but there is a royal road to heaven—a causeway of lovingkindness, paved with crystal blocks of grace, all of pure gold, like unto transparent glass. In the wilderness a highway has been made straight for the chosen people: every valley has been exalted, and every mountain and hill laid low. "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand."

Baptism—Immersion.

BY THE REV. G. D. B. PEPPER, PROFESSOR IN NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

[We extract this from that valuable volume entitled "Madison Avenue Lectures." The Lecturer's first point is that Christ instituted for his followers an external rite called Baptism: he then advances to the proposition that Christ instituted the rite as a permanent, perpetual ordinance; he then shows that water was essential to the rite. So far nearly all Christians are agreed, and we therefore commence our extract with his declaration that the rite—already proved to have been divinely instituted (and that as a perpetual ordinance), as originally given was the person's immersion in water. We issue this extract, not at all in the spirit of controversy, but because, as Editor of this magazine, as well as a Christian minister, we feel in duty bound to give a reason for our faith and practice. It will at least be interesting to Pædobaptists to know some of the grounds on which we stand.—C. H. S.]

“IT remains now to prove, that immersion was also originally essential to baptism. This is not to say, that it was or is essential to salvation, but only, as the use of water was one constituent of the rite, so also its use by immersion was the second constituent, like the first, essential, inseparable, and indispensable. And here it will at once occur to every mind, that immersion is only a mode of using water. I do not say a mode of applying it, for it can hardly be said to be applied, except when taken and either sprinkled or poured upon the person. The phrase, 'mode of application,' has arisen from another practice than that of the original Christian baptism. Still, though this phraseology, which has sometimes been made to play no unimportant part in so-called argument upon this theme, be disallowed as inaccurate, it is yet true, and must be conceded, that immersion is only a mode of using or employing water. But, as soon as this is conceded, there arises the question, how can mere mode, or manner, be essential to a thing, and one of its constituents? Does not this involve an absurdity and self-contradiction? With great energy and frequency this question has been answered in the affirmative; and this answer has been made the basis, sometimes of pity for Baptist blindness, and sometimes of indignation at Baptist bigotry. If there really is absurdity and self-contradiction necessarily involved in making mode constitute in part the essence of a thing, the proposition which I have promised to prove is self-destructive, admitting neither confirmation nor refutation. But it does not involve a self-contradiction. It is therefore not self-destructive. And it does admit of confirmation. It does not involve any absurdity, for mode or form is not necessarily without character, and may be itself the thing prescribed. But, if the thing prescribed is in whole or in part a form, then surely of that thing form belongs to the essence. Take, for example, the signal-service, by which the movements of a fleet are determined and the issues of battle decided. If the code prescribes that a flag of

a given form shall have a given meaning, is the form nothing? Is the form non-essential? Let the signal officer disregard the form, and display a flag of different pattern! It was only form that he disregarded, but he has caused disaster. Or, let the law prescribe that a given motion of the flag shall be understood to mean a given thing. That is but a mode of using the flag. Does it, therefore, not belong to the essence of the signal? It is the signal. The mode is the thing. So a nod of the head, and a shake of the head, are each only a way, or mode of its use, but the child is not long in learning that they are by no means interchangeable. It is, therefore, not random talk to call immersion essential to the external rite known as baptism; nor is it a bewildering of the logical faculty to undertake to prove the same.

"There are two separate points to be established. The first is, that IN ADMINISTERING THE RITE, IMMERSION WAS ORIGINALLY PRACTISED; and the second, that THIS IMMERSION WAS ITSELF OF THE ESSENCE OF THE RITE. And here, also, before hearing the more direct evidence, one or two thoughts will suggest themselves, which ought not to be wholly without influence. One of these is, that in the person's immersion, and immediate consequent emersion, there is an obvious natural fitness to body forth forcibly to the eye vital truth connected with the spiritual birth. If this change were only an inward cleansing, without reference to Jesus Christ, and quite independent of any known facts in his history, the mere symbol of purification might be thought to cover the whole ground. But there are these two grand facts—the Saviour's sacrificial death, the Saviour's triumphal resurrection. The genuine Christian's consciousness can never suffer these to fall into the back ground in his remembrance of the new birth. He becomes a new creature, not in his solitary separate self, but in Christ Jesus, the crucified and risen. To these external facts correspond the two chief phases of his inward experience. He dies to self, to the world, to sin; he rises in newness of life, to holiness and to God, in Jesus Christ. Now, both these outward facts in our divine Lord's life, and both these corresponding facts in the soul's own inward experience, are beautifully and forcefully expressed by immersion and emersion. Neither of them is even hinted at by the simple symbol of purity. Is it not as easy for the Christian heart to conceive, that a rite which divine wisdom should institute to express the new birth, would leave unnoticed the idea of purity, as that it would wholly pass by these other sublime verities? Another thought is, that in a rite whose design it was to express silently to the eye invisible realities, the mode of using the element was a feature of too much prominence to be without significance. It would be quite as natural to believe the element destitute of meaning. How striking this circumstance of mode! How diverse and unlike the different possible modes! What scope for the introduction of confusion, and the loss of original unity, if the mode had been declared valueless! Such thoughts as these ought not to be without force in our examination of testimony.

In confirmation of our first point, namely, that immersion, and that only, was originally practised, stands at the beginning the undeniable fact, that *the word baptism in all its other uses means immersion*. Sane and intelligent men, when soberly discoursing in a language with which they are perfectly familiar, are accustomed to use words in their proper and established meanings. An English writer, attempting in good faith to describe to his readers the act of crying, would not invariably use the word laugh. At least the presumption would be, that he meant what he said. He who denied would have to make good his denial, or stultify himself. Still stronger is the case when several persons, equally intelligent, agree in describing the same familiar act by the same familiar word. If ten witnesses, independent and trustworthy, were to relate the destruction of a certain city by a great fire, could any thing be more preposterous than the assertion, that, in fact, it was a flood which they intended? And how would the case be still strengthened, if different witnesses were speaking under

Divine inspiration, describing some act of great religious import, and enjoining it upon others as a duty for them solemnly to perform. Can language describe the boldness which, without convincing proof, would deny to a term, uniformly used under such circumstances, its fixed meaning, and affix to it an opposite signification? Now, the Greek language has a word which means to immerse. The most exhaustive and critical examination of its use in all other known connections has repeatedly been made, but not an instance has been found where it could be made to appear, that it did not involve the idea of immersion. It holds in the Greek exactly the same place that the word immersion holds in the English. Even the primary word from which it is derived, is proved to have with equal uniformity the conception of dipping, or submerging, in all its uses. I shall not weary you with an array of authorities, nor conduct you through a tedious examination. I state only that which is well established, and, by intelligent scholars, well understood. Now, in this same Greek language there is a word equally explicit to denote the act of sprinkling, another to designate pouring, another which means to wash, and another signifying to cleanse. These are all common words, as well known to one who can speak Greek, as even the English terms to any one of us. The word which means to immerse is βαπτίζειν (baptizein), the noun meaning immersion βάπτισμα (baptisma). We find in our English Bible these terms, not translated, but transferred. Now, are we to be told, that as often as the different inspired writers use the word baptism, or immersion, they mean sprinkling, or pouring, or cleansing? Why will a man, how can a man, venture to deny that the writers of the New Testament meant immerse when they said immerse? It is not because there is any evidence compelling the perversion, for every candid scholar, who knows anything of the controversy upon this point, is aware that not even a plausible objection has as yet been urged against the literal and established sense of the word. I have no heart to touch upon those puerilities, the pretence of a scarcity of water in a city abounding in baths; the pretence of lack of time to accomplish what is reported to have been done, when the notion of such lack has often been shown to be utterly groundless, and when the objection is also equally valid against sprinkling or pouring—for immersion, as a sacred rite, can be decently performed as rapidly as can either of the others; or that other pretence, which never had even a shadow of support, that the term baptise had become entirely emptied of all significance except to denote a sacred rite; or those other half dozen pretences, yet more absurd, which misguided ingenuity in the interest of party has succeeded during some centuries of effort in inventing and raking together.

“This testimony, from the meaning of the word baptism, is corroborated by the descriptions of the administration of the ordinance. Mark writes, that Jesus was baptised by John ‘into the Jordan.’ True, our English version has it ‘in Jordan,’ but the Greek is ‘into.’ Now, it is quite natural to speak of immersing a man ‘into’ the river, but how would you sprinkle or pour him into the stream? This, however, is the only passage where the preposition into stands in such connection; and if there were any necessity, it might be understood as a condensed mode of saying that Christ went into the Jordan, and was then baptised. But there is no reason for giving it another than its obvious interpretation. The preposition in is the one which commonly connects the word baptism with the element. No other is used, except in the single instance already adduced. Dr. Hovey, in some unpublished notes, says that, besides the instance just noticed, ‘the element of baptism is mentioned sixteen times in the New Testament. In ten of these it is water, and in six it is the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is always in the dative, and preceded by εν; water is likewise always in the dative, and preceded by εν in seven cases out of ten.” (See also 1 Cor. x. 2.) Accepting these results of his careful investigation, their bearing can easily be seen. The dative case, which is three times used without the preposition εν, expresses the sphere in which a thing is done, as well as the instrument by which. The preposition εν (in), with the dative, must

be understood to express 'the sphere in which,' unless there is some decisive reason for giving it another meaning. Its first, natural, and common meaning is this. It is clear that the idea of immersion is decidedly favoured by these passages especially when it is remembered that never is the Greek words for *with* or *by* employed in such connections. It is more natural to speak of immersing in water than of sprinkling or pouring in water. We sprinkle, but not pour, a person with water; or yet more accurately, we sprinkle or pour water upon a person. But the Greek writers never speak of baptising one with or by water, much less of baptising water upon one. With this exactly agrees the circumstance that candidates are said to have gone down into the water. No good reason was ever yet assigned for such an act unless they were to be immersed after they had gone down. But the case is made yet clearer by passages which speak of the selection of certain places for baptism because of the abundance of water. John selected Enon for this reason, and frequent mention is made of the Jordan. There is no one feature of any of the recorded descriptions which does not harmonise entirely with the theory of immersion, nor is there one feature which favours the notion of sprinkling or affusion. *Further corroborating evidence is contained in references to the symbolic import of baptism.* There are several passages which show that purity was symbolised. There are others entirely different, which show that purity was not the only fact expressed. In Romans vi. 3—5, Paul writes—'Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptised into Jesus Christ were baptised into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.' Again, in Col. ii. 12, he speaks of being 'buried with Christ in baptism,' and also 'raised with him' in it. These passages teach, with all possible plainness, that baptism was understood by the apostle to represent to the eye a burial and a resurrection. This is here declared to be a part of its symbolic design, with no less clearness and force than elsewhere purity is declared to be expressed. But by no use of water is a burial and resurrection exhibited, except by an immersion and an immediate consequent emersion. No man needs any comment upon this plain language of the apostle; but if comment were desired, it is at hand; for the scholarship of the church, past and present, with only the feeblest controversial dissent, has affirmed that in these cases immersion must be presupposed as Christian baptism.

If further evidence were needed it is furnished in the fact that *the early church, after the apostles, knew no baptism but immersion*, and that, as is well known, the Greek church still retains immersion. Dr. Conant, in his valuable 'Critical and Philological Notes,' at the end of his revised version of the gospel by Matthew, has collected in the original Greek of the church fathers their language, as it was that of the New Testament writers, and has translated into English a multitude of passages which show the position of the early church upon this matter. To these he says many others of the same tenor might have been added. What their tenor is will sufficiently appear from a single example, which is a fair representative. Cyril, bishop of Jerusalem, in the last half of the fourth century, writes—'For as Jesus assuming the sins of the world died, that having slain sin he might raise thee up in righteousness; so also thou, going down into the water, and in a manner buried in the waters, as he in the rock, art raised again, walking in newness of life.' Very many eminent scholars in churches which practise sprinkling or affusion have borne strong testimony to the fact that originally only immersion was known. The language of Calvin, in his comment upon John iii. 23, is as follows:—'From these words it may be inferred that baptism was administered by John and Christ by plunging the whole body under water. . . . Here we perceive how baptism was administered among the ancients, for they immersed the whole body in water.' This fairly represents the admission of a multitude of this class. Would such and so many men have borne witness against themselves, except compelled to

it by the weight of evidence? All these facts which have been adduced must for ever stand a full and sufficient justification of the assertion that baptism, as originally practised, was immersion. They constitute a defence never to be shaken by the petty objections which, in Liliputian mimicry of war, are marshalled and arrayed against them. There are some who try to ignore this solid granite mountain of truth. Like certain animals which burrow in the ground, they dig a little way into the looser covering which is over the rock, and when they have thus buried themselves cry out that they see no such mountain.

“ We have next to show that THE IMMERSION ORIGINALLY PRACTISED WAS OF THE ESSENCE OF THIS RITE, AND NOT A MERE ACCIDENT. Here recall the two preliminary considerations already noticed—the first, that of the natural fitness of immersion to constitute such part; the second, the antecedent improbability that a feature so important should be merely accidental. Add to these the significant fact that the very name of the rite is immersion. How unreasonable that intelligent men, and especially if inspired, should name the initiatory and perpetual rite of the church from a mere accident of that rite, and not from that which pertained to its essence. Every one would expect that its name would have been a word containing the idea of water, or at least of cleansing, if *water* had been the only essential thing. Still further, if water alone were essential, and the mode of its use quite indifferent, why was the most difficult, and, as some allege, indelicate mode adopted and employed? Is it of the genius of Christianity to impose upon its professors needless and senseless burdens? And yet, once more, why, when the apostle gave an interpretation of the spiritual import of the rite, did he once and again in his epistles, and, without doubt, habitually, in oral instruction, seize upon the mode, to the entire omission of the element? Did he coldly purpose to mislead, or was he ignorant? There can be no other reason for his course than that immersion was then essential to the rite—a constituent and inseparable part of it. I trust that the assertion has been made good, that the divinely instituted and perpetual rite of baptism, as originally given, was the immersion of the candidate in water; that the element water, and the immersion with the consequent emersion, were both and equally essential to that rite.

“ Let us now advance together one step further. The divine, perpetual rite, as instituted, was never to be altered. There are three conceivable grounds, any one of which might justify, or be supposed to justify, an alteration. The first is an express command, or permission; the second, the lodgment in the church, or some part of it, of a power to change the rite at will; the third, its little importance. No command or permission to change the ordinance has ever been found, unless such permission or command exist in the impossibility or impropriety of its administration in its original character. Those who are pleased to stigmatise immersion as indelicate, unbecoming, and improper, unfitted to the refinements of our modern civilisation, and therefore to be set aside for something more genteel and elegant, are perhaps honest, are surely silly. To set their taste above Christ's law would be monstrous, if it were not ridiculous. As to the impossibility of immersing, it does sometimes exist. Persons who are proper subjects are sometimes too feeble, or otherwise unfitted to observe the ordinance. But what is the rational view to take of these cases? Is it that for such persons another and different rite shall be substituted, or rather that these persons are, by divine providence, for the time excused from performing the outward act, and, instead of that, the inward disposition is accepted? The question carries its own answer. But how much more emphatic would be this answer if it were claimed that the inability of a few exceptional persons to be immersed justified such substitution, not for these only, but for the whole body of believers, sick and well, lame and sound? This would be a leap of logic astounding, bewildering. But it is said that there are countries too cold to allow immersion; and, as Christ's religion was for the race, he must have intended that the rite should be modified to make it tolerable. In this, then, is the divine

permission. Permission for what? Not merely to excuse those of the cold clime from the outward act, which *impossibility* of performance would certainly justify. Is it then in those special cases to substitute another act in its place for them? No; it is even worse; it is a permission to give another rite to the whole church, in frigid, temperate, and torrid zones. But where are those regions whose cold makes immersion impracticable? The practice of the Greek church shows that they form no habitable part of this earth. Are they, then, on the dark side of the moon? I suspect they lie somewhere in the drear imagination of partisan objectors. This ground of divine permission or command to change Christ's ordinance is supported by no argument which can fairly be called respectable, even if courtesy shall concede the name of argument.

"How, next, is it with that second ground, the lodgment in the church or its officers of an authority to change the ordinance at discretion? Does it not require precisely the same authority to change a law that it does to repeal? and the same to either change or repeal that it does to enact? Has Christ delegated this authority? We have already found the answer. We know that not even to apostles was such authority delegated. How much less to their successors or the church of subsequent time!

"And now can I speak soberly and temperately of that other supposed ground for changing God's law, to wit: its little importance. 'Only a form;' 'Merely external;' 'Not essential;' 'A mere question of the amount of water.' Is it possible that men, who call Christ Lord, can use such a plea to justify a known change of his sacred ordinance? Are they really in earnest? Why do they not say of the Bible, 'It is made up only of words and sentences? Words are but trifles. Why be so scrupulous to retain them, just as they come from the pen of inspiration? Phariseism! Bondage! Judaism! Let us, in the free Catholic spirit, which is the very genius of Christianity, drop a letter here, a word there, and a sentence elsewhere. Let us at will add and change, for elegance, convenience, or utility. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. The letter killeth! Then kill the letter.' No! Christian men dare not thus reason of the written word. They well know that to kill the letter, is to kill the indwelling spirit. How, then, dare they reason thus of that grand symbolic, pictorial language, in which our Lord incarnated, and visibly bodied forth to the view of the race, the central sublime verities of his holy religion? If possible, the sin is greater in the case of the rite than in that of the written word. The rite is alone, solitary. In the word, a multitude of passages contain the same grand truth. The rite is a summary, gathering into itself many truths. Often the word holds but one feature of the truth. The rite embodies verities which are at the very centre. Much of the Bible treats of exterior truth. But worse though the sin be, in some of its features, yet in principle it is just the same. It is vicious in the extreme. It degrades the authority of Christ. Suppose the rite worthless. You bid your child take from the floor a pin; may he disobey you because it is a pin, and not a diamond? It degrades the wisdom of Christ. Is he to be charged with the institution, and the perpetual requirement, of a trivial or worthless rite? It degrades the judgment, and outrages the Christian consciousness of the whole family of Christ; for the church deems the rite invaluable—her heart cherishes it as a sacred legacy. But, if it is so unimportant that one of its constituents may be cast aside, then, either or both may be rejected, and the whole ordinance discarded. There is, there can be, no ground which justifies any, the least change of that which belonged to the essence of the rite; hence there is no ground which will justify the substitution either of another element in place of water, or of another use of water in place of immersion. Every argument which binds the church to retain the ordinance of baptism, and all those arguments combined which the church so unanimously and heartily, in word and practice, pronounces invincible, equally bind it to retain the rite as it was instituted. Indeed, not otherwise does she retain Christ's ordinance, but substitutes another and different. The command to observe it, given without

any kind of limitation, expressed or implied; the non-existence of even the shadow of authority to repeal; the express declaration of its perpetuity to the end of time; its relation to the Lord's Supper, which by independent evidence is shown to be perpetual; and the continuance to the last of the same need which originated—all these, several and conjointly, lift up the clear, articulate, solemn voice of authority, and command the church and the world to lay no desecrating hand upon God's ordinance, or change in the least his abiding decree. These all warn the erring to return to the right way, and those in that way to turn not one hair's breadth to right or left.

Shivering Jemmy.

A MISERABLE impostor in the streets of London was accustomed to extract money from the pockets of the charitable by standing in a public position in the winter weather, clothed in rags, and shivering as with ague and extreme cold. He was a great adept at shivering, and could imitate it to a marvel. At last he shivered in very deed without shamming, and could not cease from it, whether he would or not. Summer or winter, in all places, his shivering was as constant as that of an aspen: he had violated Nature's laws in his attempts to deceive, and she took a dreadful revenge upon him; for the rest of his life he carried with him the name of *Shivering Jemmy*, and no explanation of the title was required by those who looked upon him.

Eat one plum from the devil's trees, and you must eat a bushel. Talk falsehood at a trot, and you must soon lie at a gallop. Beware of anything approaching to the false, for falsehood has a terrible fascination about it. Like the spider, it casts film after film over its victim, but it never suffers him to escape its toil. Paint the face, *and it must be painted.*

The same is true of other vicious habits. He who brags once is sure to boast again, and at last he unconsciously pitches all his conversation on the high key, and becomes renowned for "tall talk." A religious professor who runs over his devotions in a formal manner, will find formality grow upon him, till genuine prayer and real emotion will utterly leave him; the man will become for ever a heartless pretender. It is dangerous to preach an affected sermon, in which the lips utter more than the heart can actually endorse, the tendency will be for the minister to be always talking above himself, and what is this but to be a professional liar? We fear that some have feigned sympathy with others till now their tears lie ready salted in the corners of their eyes, and their cant is something more than stale. Others have so often expressed emotions which they did not feel, that it has become habitual with them to roll their eyes and clasp their hands under a sermon, or during the singing of a hymn: they are "Shivering Jemmies" in the streets of the New Jerusalem, a pitiable and a disgusting sight.

Nothing is more to be dreaded than the insensible growth of hypocrisy. Since we are none of us free from a measure of self-deception, the danger is that the false within us may grow to power, and obtain a sort of established respectability within the little world of our nature. Better anything than a religious windbag. It were impossible to imagine a fate more horrible than to be all smoke—a pious fraud, a holy sham, a nothing blown out with foul gas. It were better to think ourselves incapable of a holy emotion, and to be breaking our hearts because of our obduracy, than to be shivering with a sham sensitiveness, to which we have attached the idea of eminent tenderness of spirit. O Lord, deliver us from every false way. Save us from deceit.

C. H. S.

Father Sewell, and the Collection.

HE could not help being absent from the meeting, but his heart was there. His feet would have carried him down to the chapel two hours before, only duty forbade. As soon, however, as he had concluded his business, off the old gentleman walked, saying to himself, "I'm afraid I shall be too late, but I shall at least see how they have got on. The Lord grant a blessing on the meeting and the work in hand!" It was Father Sewell—an Israelite indeed—the very image of Old Honest in Bunyan's Pilgrim. There had been a meeting to raise money for home mission work, and the collection had just been made when the old gentleman entered, and the deacons had brought all the plates into the table-pew. The pastor no sooner caught sight of his aged friend than he said, "Our friend, Mr. Sewell, will I am sure close the meeting by offering prayer for God's blessing on the proceedings of this evening." Father Sewell stood up, but he did not pray. He did not shut his eyes, but on the contrary seemed looking for something. He did not clasp his hands, but put them into his pockets, and fumbled there with much perseverance. "I am afraid," said the pastor, "that my brother did not understand me. Friend Sewell, I did not ask you to give, but to pray." "Ay, ay," said the straightforward, bluff speaker, "but I could not pray till I had given. It would be hypocrisy to ask a blessing on that which I did not think worth giving to." There was not a bit of ostentation in the old man; it was his honest heart pouring out its true feelings, and, odd as his behaviour seemed, his conduct preached the whole congregation such a sermon as they will not soon forget.

Prayer unattended by effort is, before the Lord, as when the churl saith: "Be ye warmed and be ye filled," to a hungry man. It is a mockery and no more. Clasp in supplication hands that have been free in offering. Let none of us appear before the Lord empty. To be allowed to give to the Eternal God is an honour so great that none but brutish worldlings will decline it. If we are liberal in serving the Lord's cause with our substance, we may expect him to grant the prayers in which we ask him to establish the work of our hands upon us.

C. H. S.

Reviews.

Short Tales for Young Readers. Edited and Revised by ROBERT PASTOR. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

THE first six of these tales are by Mr. John Ashworth, the prince of sketchers of humble life; this is quite enough to gain them attention on all sides. The other seven tales are by the Editor, who assumes the title of Robert Pastor, and are quite worthy of the first six. In fact, we think them better than those by Mr. Ashworth, which are evidently among his earlier essays in the art. The collection of stories is likely to do much good, and deserves to be read by all our youth. The more of these truthful, warning, and encouraging incidents and narratives the better. Real life is a far better teacher than fiction.

England's Curse, and its Cure. By Rev. J. WALKER. With an Introduction by Rev. CHARLES GARRETT. Elliot Stock.

A BOOK for teetotallers: vehement, vigorous, thorough-going.

How Little Bessie kept the Wolf from the Door. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER delicious story after the order of "Little Meg's Children" and "Jessica's First Prayer." All our scruples about fiction are nonsuited when we come across tales like these; they are so life-like, that if they are not true they ought to be. "Little Bessie and the mysterious wolf" will be a great favourite in thousands of English homes, and help to keep alive the flickering flame of charity.

Eternal Suffering of the Wicked. By R. GOVETT. Nisbett & Co.

A FRIEND observes that this treatise "in a few pages exhausts the subject, and leaves the adversaries not a foot of ground to stand on." We are very much of his mind. The writer is a man whose past course has proved his close adherence to conscience at all hazards, for he left the Church of England and all its emoluments, to take his place among the faithful and consistent. His ability is equal to his sincerity. The subject is one of the utmost importance, and the work is calculated to give rest to the minds of those who are tossed about by modern opinions.

Counsels to Sunday-School Teachers, on Personal Improvement and Practical Efficiency. By J. A. COOPER. Sunday School Union.

GOOD, good, good. Wise things expressed in a lively manner by one who speaks from experience. If books really sell in proportion to their value, we predict a large sale for these counsels. Here are one or two anecdotes culled from the work, they will go to show that its author is not fastidious, and that his style is not sleepy:—

"A lady teaching in London, and reading in the Bible about 'wheat and chaff,' found that not one of her scholars had an idea of what wheat was; but on asking them what 'chaff' might be, there was an immediate holding up of hands in signal of comprehension, and a unanimous reply of—

"Impidence, ma'am!"

"On another occasion the writer proposed to a class of lads of about sixteen, the question, 'What was conscience?' Immense difficulty was found in giving an answer, but eventually the following ingenious definition was supplied:—'Conscience is a thing which a gentleman aren't got, who, when a boy finds his handkercher and gives it him baek, doesn't give the boy sixpence.'"

"The lesson that was given to me, how I should manage my class aright, came from the present Bishop of St. Asaph. He was in those days Rector of Bloomsbury, and I went with him one day into his national school-room, near the old Rookery in St. Giles's, which happened on the day of our visit to be in a state of high disorder. Dr. Short, on witnessing the tumult, did not raise his voice; but going well forward into the room, and looking round him, said, in a very distinct but in a gentle voice, 'I think one little boy is speaking louder than is necessary.' The school was instantly stilled; for every conscience-stricken

offender applied the remonstrance to himself."

Max Kromer: a Story of the Siege of Strasbourg. By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer." Religious Tract Society.

A DELICIOUS tit-bit. The renowned authoress is always great with little children, and in no case has she been more successful than in the present. We gave the story our rapt attention, and now award it our admiring commendation.

The Impending Crisis of the Church and the World; or, the War in its Relation to Prophecy. By Rev. J. A. WYLIE, Author of "The Seventh Vial." Hamilton, Adams & Co.

WE here learn that the Ecumenical Council was Armageddon, and that the drying up of the Euphrates referred to the overthrow of the Spanish monarchy. This is quite enough for us. With such latitude we could find the Eltham murder, the Tichborne case, and the last Derby winner all referred to in the Revelation. We cannot help observing that the more of these prophetic books we are doomed to review, the more sick are we of the entire business. When will men leave the mysterious oracles of God to be interpreted by providence? Their schemes, and outlines, and prognostications dishonour the sacred word from which they profess to draw them. We hope Dr. Wylie will leave this business, and, as aforetime, turn his pen to something useful.

The Sunday Magazine. Strahan & Co.

WE are not sure that it would not be an improvement if the name were turned into Saturday or Monday Magazine, for its Sunday adaptation is not beyond dispute. The magazine is of first-rate literary quality, but is frequently a deal too churchy for our taste.

Happy Hours. James Clarke & Co.

A SUPPLANTER of the "Family Herald," with most of its attractions, but a far higher tone. While periodicals of this order are needed, we are glad to see them rendered as unobjectionable as possible; but we look for a time when good, solid history will be more valued than the best elaborations of fiction.

The Sunday-School Teacher. Sunday School Union.

WORTHILY fills its own sphere. We are obliged by its very kind notice of our "Treasury of David," and shall be glad if our laborious work is found worthy of a place in all Sunday-School libraries. The same Society issues *The Biblical Treasury*, which every minister should subscribe for: *The Bible Class Magazine*, full of lively reading for youths; and *The Child's Own Magazine*, a little half-penny affair of so old-fashioned a cut that it carried us back to the "Juvenile Herald" and "Child's

Companion" of more than thirty years ago; for all that it is such a half-penny worth as the little ones will relish.

The Christian Witness. John Snow.

To our mind this has grown into one of the most solid of the monthlies, and is conducted with great ability. *The Christian Penny* also has taken quite a new start, and is worthy of its palmy days, when the vigorous pen of Dr. Campbell was at its best. *The Congregational Miscellany*, a paper issued by the Independents of Scotland, is always full of interesting and useful matter.

Memoranda.

MAN proposes, God disposes. The Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel" had proposed to himself to take a little needed rest on the Continent, instead of which he has been called to three months of pain and weakness. For thirteen Sabbaths the Tabernacle pulpit has been occupied by others, while the pastor has been suffering among other sorrows that of a constrained silence. He is now better, and hopes to resume his ministry with the month of July, for which much praise is rendered to Almighty God.

As the first person seems most suitable in this paragraph, I use it.

It is for me a duty as well as a pleasure to record the goodness of God during my sickness. My beloved people have overflowed with love to me. Everybody has been kind. Prayer has been fervent. Our various works for the Lord have been well sustained. The congregations have been excellent, and the prayer-meetings especially large.

I have to ask of friends the great kindness of letting me alone as to preaching for the next few months; for I cannot comply with their requests without incurring fresh sickness. A friend suggests that I should evangelise a few months in every year, and also start a weekly paper and edit it. These suggestions are kindly meant; but why not expect me to become the rival of Atlas and carry the world, or the successor of Hercules with twice his labours? A five-pound note for the Orphanage is of more value than the wisest inventions of new tasks for an over-wrought man.

Friends like to know how matters go with us financially, and therefore we would say that the College has been well supplied, but the balance on the Orphanage is lessening, while the income is slack just

now. We are never brought down to our last shilling, as our dear friend, Mr. Müller, was in his earlier days; for God deals gently with our poor weak faith, but if he were pleased to try us more severely, we doubt not that he would give proportionate grace. The work is his own, and therefore we cannot imagine that he would ever leave it.

The Orphanage has been kept from small-pox and other epidemics, and where there are nearly two hundred children, this is a great mercy. We have four boys who are much afflicted, for whom we have had to take a house at Margate, that they may have the benefit of sea-air. The infirmary is proving of great service to us; the separation of sick boys is a great preventative, confining any disease within a narrower area.

We have need of more students at the College. Many have gone to pastorates. Several have been removed by sickness. We are waiting for the Lord to send us really gracious earnest young men, no matter how poor, nor how many. They should apply at once, for a new session begins in August, and we require a few weeks in which to investigate the character and fitness of the applicants. Only devout, hardworking, studious, holy men need apply. A life of toil and probable poverty lie before them; and if they are not called of God to the work, woe unto them. Whosoever is truly called, we shall be glad to take as Aquila did Apollos, and show him the way of God more perfectly.

We greatly need new rooms for the College, and are hoping that the means will be sent in due time. If it came in connection with the following occurrence, we should rejoice. During the month of July

we shall (D.V.) publish our one thousandth consecutive sermon. We had intended to have celebrated the event, but fearing lest it should be a suggestion of vainglory, we pass it over without any public meeting. We may, perhaps, call our own friends together at the Tabernacle, and may also say a few extra words in the printed sermon, but it suffices us here to record our personal gratitude to God for the unparalleled favour of being allowed to issue a thousand sermons week by week for one penny, in such numbers that we must have had many millions of readers. More profound is our gratitude for the souls which, to our knowledge, have been led to Jesus thereby. That such hasty, faulty, and feeble productions should be made useful in the kingdom of Christ is a great joy to us.

"John Ploughman's Talk" has now reached the 140th thousand. John's pen has been rather rusty of late; but we hear he has some thoughts of buying a fresh bottle of ink, and he is looking on the Common for a new quill. In that case, "The Sword and the Trowel" readers may hear from him again.

We cut the following from a St. John's paper, and insert it, not only because we rejoice in the prosperity of Mr. Harley, who was one of our earliest students, but because we wish other churches would "do likewise." We once wrote a personal letter to the deacons of many Baptist churches, begging them to insure their pastors' lives, but we fear nothing came of it. We should like now to try a public appeal; perhaps this example will speak more loudly than our precept. Here is the extract:—

"On Wednesday evening, March 1st, 1871, after the regular weekly service in the Brussels Street Baptist Church was concluded, the Pastor, Mr. T. Harley, was made recipient of a very valuable gift, accompanied by an address. The following is a copy of the latter, and will explain the whole:—

"ADDRESS.

"REV. TIMOTHY HARLEY,—*Beloved Pastor:* We, members of your church and congregation, actuated by the most sincere regard for yourself as our pastor, and by the high esteem we entertain for your beloved companion, Mrs. Harley, ask your acceptance of a life insurance policy on the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, for the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, in Mrs. Harley's name, with one year's premium paid.

"Knowing, as we do, that so limited are the salaries of our Baptist ministers generally, that little margin is afforded them for laying aside even a small amount for any future wants or contingencies, we deem it an imperative duty to aid you, as our pastor, to use

the means God has placed in your power to make provision for your family, in view of being called, in the providence of God, to enter before them to the heavenly home. This we deem perfectly compatible, with a firm trust in the providence of Almighty God in favour of those who place their reliance on him. We find our opinion corroborated by the general feeling of our ministers in this Province in favour of having their lives insured, and hence the appointment, at the last meeting of the Western Baptist Association, of a Committee to ascertain in what way life assurance could best be mutually effected.

"Also, please accept in addition the sum of Seventy-four Dollars Sixteen Cents, as a further mark of our gratitude for your indefatigable exertions to promote the best interests of the church and congregation. We pray that you may be abundantly blessed in all your relations to your family, to the blessed cause of Christ our Saviour, and to the church and congregation over which the Holy Ghost has made you overseer.

"By request, on behalf of donors,

"Z. G. GABEL.

"The address was read by Mr. Z. G. Gabel, the insurance policy was presented by Mr. Henry Vaughan, and the money-gift by Mr. Gilbert White. Mr. Harley made a very suitable acknowledgment at the close, expressing the gratitude of himself and wife for the mark of appreciation shown by his congregation in the gift bestowed."

A piece of ground having been kindly offered us at WORTHING, one of our students, Mr. Joseph Tansley, has commenced preaching in the Montague Hall, with the view of forming a Baptist church.

A Christian lady has offered us a piece of ground in Norbiton, near Kingston-on-Thames, for a chapel. We are thankful for these gifts of sites, but shall need much help in order to place chapels upon them.

We are much pleased to see that two such noble donations (£100 each), have been given to the Colportage Society: they were acknowledged last month. These liberal gifts ought to be a stimulus to others to do the like. We know of no way of doing good, so cheap, so necessary, so useful as the work of colportage. Why is it that this department of our work falters? It is so useful, why so feeble? If it is not to prosper in our hands, we wish some other labourer would take it up. The young brethren who form our committee work most commendably, but they cannot make bricks without straw, or keep colporteurs without cash. Our treasurer is a noble man, but he cannot be expected to find all the money, and ought not to be left in the lurch.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by J. A. Spurgeon, May 25th—eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON. NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 60.

Amount required for maintaining students, and the general work of spreading the gospel, about £6,000.

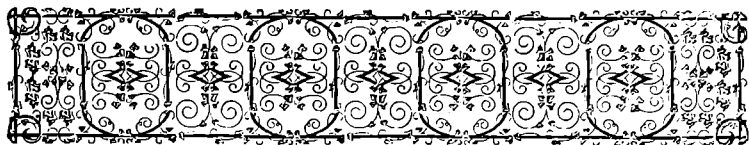
Statement of Receipts from May 20th, 1871, to June 19th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0	Mr. G. Shepherd	0 4 0
Mr. T. Pewtress	5	0	0	Miss Wade	1 1 0
Mr. Jenneret	1	1	0	Mrs. Tunstall	0 10 0
Mr. W. Finlayson	0	2	6	Mr. Alfred Searle	1 0 0
Mrs. R. Morrell	0	2	6	Mr. J. Wilson	0 10 0
J. L.	0	2	6	Mr. J. Campbell	1 0 0
S. B.	0	1	0	Mrs. Hinton	0 5 0
S. Atkinson, New York	0	2	6	Mr. W. Davison	0 3 0
Mary Bartle	0	2	6	The Misses Dransfield	2 2 0
Mr. W. J. Heath	1	1	0	Mrs. Matthews	0 10 0
Collected by Miss Jephth	1	5	6	Mr. Wigner's Family	1 1 0
S. N.	0	2	0	Mrs. Lewis	0 10 0
The Misses Johnson	3	3	0	Mrs. Fountain	1 1 0
Mrs. Gooch	1	1	0	A Widow's Mite	0 10 0
Mr. & Mrs. Salter	0	10	6	S. B. P.	1 0 0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	2	6	Collection at Stepney Green Tabernacle,			
Mr. & Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0	per Rev. A. G. Brown	10 6 6
Mr. W. Day	5	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, May 21	42 15 4
Mrs. Bickmore, quarterly subscription	2	0	0	" " " "	28 30 2 9
Mr. F. M. Woodhams	0	5	0	" " " "	June 4 33 5 8
Friends in Littledeale, per Mr. J. Dodson	22	0	0	" " " "	" 11 32 2 3
Mr. J. Duncan	100	0	0	" " " "	" 18 20 11 1
Mrs. Simpson	2	2	0				
Miss Spurgeon	1	1	0				
Mr. Mc Arthur, Greenock	2	2	0				
							£354 0 7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th, to June 19th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Constant Reader	0	5	0	Ephesians v. 21, 26	0 10 0
W. A. M.	0	2	6	Mrs. Rutherford, Victoria	1 0 0
Mr. W. Finlayson	0	2	6	Mr. Prince, per Mr. T. Greenwood	1 0 0
A Tenth for a Thankoffering	0	10	0	A Christian Friend, per Rev. P. Gast	100 0 0
J. B. C.	0	10	0	Mrs. L. Barker	1 0 0
A. G. P.	0	15	0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	0 10 4
H. Turner	0	3	0	Annual Subscriptions—			
The Misses Johnson	2	2	0	Per Mrs. Withers—			
A Friend	0	2	6	Mr. W. J. Palmer, quarterly	0 10 0
Mrs. Gooch	1	1	0	Mr. J. Huntly	0 10 0
Mr. & Mrs. Salter	0	10	6	Mr. J. O. Cooper	0 5 0
Mrs. Doggett	3	0	0	Mr. W. Moore	0 5 0
Mrs. Evans	0	10	0	Mr. John Leach	0 5 0
Mr. J. P. Mc Bean	1	0	0	Mr. James Withers	0 5 0
Mr. Gibson	0	10	0	Mr. Blackman	0 1 1
Mr. J. Marsh	1	0	0	Mr. T. Gregory (Annual Sub.)	0 5 0
Mrs. Vynne	0	11	0	Mrs. Searle	0 2 6
Miss L. Torquay	1	0	0	Mrs. R. Poulton	0 3 0
Miss Wade	1	1	0	Mr. T. Pocock	2 2 0
Miss Wade's Collecting Book	0	13	0	Perey and Amy	1 0 0
Mr. T. Gamman	0	5	0	Hairy and Fred	1 0 0
Mr. A. W. Anden	0	10	0	Walter	0 10 0
Mr. Alfred Searle	1	0	0	Messrs. Bennecke, Brothers	1 1 0
Miss Bateman	0	10	6	Mr. John J. Gregory	1 1 0
Collected by Master O. Spurgeon	1	7	3	Mrs. Gregory	0 10 6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Amounts collected by the Friends of			
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0	the Orphan Boys, per Mr. Charles-			
Mr. W. Davison	0	3	0	worth:—			
Mrs. Rutherford	1	1	4	J. W. Abbey	0 11 0
Per Rev. J. T. Wigner	10	2	0	H. Amey	0 6 0
Miss Spieidt	5	0	0	F. Apted	0 5 0
III. Peter i. 1—7	0	5	0	C. Bailey	0 5 0
II. Timothy i. 9—12	0	3	0	J. Baker	0 4 0



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST 1, 1871.

The Scriptural Mode of Dealing with Backsliders.

A PAPER READ AT THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE, 1871.

BY PASTOR S. M. HONAN, OF SUDBURY.



THE subject intrusted to me for opening is, "The Scriptural Method of Dealing with Backsliders;" and we remark at the outset that its very wording contains a most painful and humiliating assumption, namely, that *there are* backsliders to be dealt with. Is the assumption correct? Can any man, having tasted the deep blessedness of fellowship with God, forsake this crystal fountain for the turgid waters of the world's pleasure? Reason would seem to say, No. Yet Scripture, experience, and observation unite their voices in declaring the assumption an indisputable fact. Without going beyond the limit of our own spheres, do we not know those who are the reverse of what they once were? Through yielding to the temptations of the enemy and the inclinations of their own hearts, they have been carried away, as by a centrifugal force, from the grand centre of goodness. Their heart has lost its softness, their conscience its tenderness, and their love its intenseness; and as a consequence, the throne of grace is not visited, the word of God is not read, and the cross of Jesus is not embraced. Private devotion is now a weariness; public services are tedious; the company of the saints is dull and uninteresting. True, they still attend the sanctuary, and keep up a measure of religious respectability; but this does not alter the fact of their declension. Though the tree retains its foliage, beautiful it may be, it yields no useful fruit, for the vital and generous sap has decreased in quality and quantity. The altar, though still standing, affords no pleasant savour, the fire which consumes the

sacrifice being almost extinguished. And what helps to make this fact the more deplorable is, that some who have thus declined were once as distinguished for their usefulness as they were for their piety. They were not idlers in God's vineyard; not merely rank and file in God's army; but active, enterprising leaders, of whom it might be said, "the world was not worthy;" men of courage and prowess, who, having sustained the fury of many conflicts, were crowned with laurels and laden with the spoils of victory. But possibly their success was their ruin. Fortune, with her sunny smiles, lured them from their fortress of safety; and now, beholding their shields battered, swords broken, and colours stained in the mire, we involuntarily exclaim, in the mournful words of Israel's weeping bard, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

Now the question before us for discussion is, *How are such persons to be dealt with?* What is the divinely-sanctioned way in which they are to be met? The method of Scripture appears to me to be comprehended under two branches, and with as much brevity as possible we shall advert to both.

I. First, there is the RESTORATIVE METHOD. This is referred to in the concluding chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, and stands out prominently among the practical duties there prescribed. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." The case here supposed is not of a trifling character; it is not that of a Christian committing a minor offence; but, as a critical investigation of the passage will prove, a veritable transgression, a serious fall. The word which in our version is rendered "fault," is translated "transgression," or "fall," in the excellent critical commentary of Brown and Fausset; and as the great object of the epistle was to fortify the Galatian converts against Judaic error on the one hand, and heathen immorality on the other, a lapse into either of these evils must be the fall referred to. From the nature of the context, as well as from the structure of the passage, I infer that a fall into some of the heathen crimes is intended. Towards the conclusion of the preceding chapter, we have an outline of what those crimes were. The apostle specifies such sins as "Idolatry, fornication, sedition, envy, wrath, drunkenness, murder;" adding that those who were Christ's did not practice such evils, "having crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." But although the indulgence of such crimes was not common among Christians, he well knew that Christians were not infallible; that saints are still sinners; that as the clearest fire has some smoke, the brightest sun some spots, and the finest specimen of art some flaw, so every Christian has some vulnerable point where the foe's sudden and impetuous attack might be completely successful. In the event of such an occurrence, if, through unforeseen circumstances, a brother should be surprised, thrown off his balance, and in an ill-favoured moment morally overcome, the passage intimates that the church has a duty to perform towards the erring one. What is that duty? To give publicity to the fact by making it table-talk? To drag the unhappy victim before the tribunal of the church, have him condemned, and forthwith excommunicated? Nay. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it

not in the streets of Askelon." What then? Connive at the failure and treat it with indifference, as if the wretched delinquent, like the life-boat, would regain his integrity by virtue of some self-righting principle? Nay, that were unphilosophic and unkind. When an accident occurs, and a member of the human body is dislocated, amputation is not immediately resorted to, neither is the injured member allowed to remain in a state of dislocation without attention; but the physician is called in, and all his skill is employed in *re-setting* the broken limb. This, then, is the identical duty enjoined by the apostle. If through accident any member of the spiritual body should become dislocated, if through falling into sin any bone should be broken, it was to be immediately restored; or, more literally, for in the original the term is a surgical one, *re-set*, or *set in joint again*. And surely nothing could be more natural or reasonable than this. It has always been a recognised duty, that if a man saw his neighbour's beast in a ditch, or suffering from accident, he should, if possible, rescue the endangered animal. And if nature and Scripture dictated such an act of kindness towards a man's cattle, how much more so towards his precious and never-dying soul. One who well knew the worth of both has asked, "How much better is a man than a sheep?" Infinitely better is the only reply; for man has reflection, conscience, responsibility, immortality. If, then, that which is inferior is to be restored, how natural that that which is so much superior should be restored also.

But it is possible to bandage a limb without really setting it. I shall therefore mention a few prescriptions that have suggested themselves to me as embodying the Scriptural method of performing this necessary but very difficult operation.

1. And first, *it is of primary importance that the erring one be shown the real nature of his sin*. Backsliding, of whatever kind, is a crime, a great crime, and nothing less than a crime. It involves the violation of the most solemn vows, the indulgence of the basest ingratitude, and the perpetration of the most extreme and singular folly. But, strange to say, the backslider is not, as a rule, entirely sensible of this. His declension acts as an opiate on his conscience, it lulls it to sleep, stupefies its faculties, and temporarily deprives it of its sin-detecting power. Now, in attempting his recovery it is absolutely necessary that this ill-timed and fatal slumber be disturbed; for as a patient will not submit to an operation for the body unless he is convinced there is disease, neither will a backslider unless he understands the moral turpitude of his wrong-doing. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of David. Though a good man, and even illustrious in some features of excellence, he perpetrated crimes of astounding enormity. He was guilty of adultery, treachery, murder. Knowing his sensitiveness to wrong in earlier days, one might have supposed he would be immediately horrified at his deeds, and overwhelmed with sorrow on their account. But no. As if smitten by an infernal paralysis, his conscience became inert, utterly torpid, and appeared not to have disturbed him in the least degree. In effecting his restoration, mark how God acts. He sends his prophet Nathan to address him; puts an inimitable parable into his mouth; thereby

kindles the monarch's rage, and leads him unwittingly to pass judgment upon his own conduct. In order that he may be thoroughly penetrated with a sense of his guilt, the prophet is moved to exclaim, with pointed finger, flashing eye, and in tones of terrific energy, "THOU ART THE MAN." It is enough. The operation is over. The arrow has reached its mark. The veil is torn in shreds. The sword of divine truth has divided asunder and made bare the thoughts and intents of the heart. David *sees himself*. His long-concealed sins are set in the light of God's countenance, and now his newly-awakened heart pours forth the penitential confession, "I have sinned against the Lord." 2 Sam. xii. 1—14. In dealing with backsliders now, a similar plan must be adopted. They must be shown the nature of their sin; for if a period of self-recognition does not dawn, repentance and restoration will never follow.

2. A second thing that should be attempted is, *to convince the backslider that his sin, though heinous, has not severed his relationship with God*. This point, like the one already mentioned, is of vital moment. Those who have had any experience in dealing with backsliders well know how apt they are, when reflecting, to regard their state as fixed and unalterable. Having revolted and broken their oath of loyalty, they imagine themselves cast off by the government of heaven, and given over to perpetual ruin. The Devil tells them they never were Christians, or if they had been, they are Christians no longer. Knowing their folly and sin, they readily believe him, and involuntarily exclaim, "The die is cast; it is all over; there is no hope. I have loved strangers, and after them will I go." This is an error. Nay, it is a stratagem of Satan to keep them away from Jesus. "Once in Christ, in Christ for ever," is the teaching of Scripture; and when rightly used, this truth becomes a mighty lever to lift the soul from the sin and doubt into which it has fallen. Of course, those of Arminian tendency will demur to this, and denounce it as pernicious doctrine, and a style of procedure fraught with the gravest consequences. But we humbly suggest that this opposition arises from a limited view of Scripture, and from the absence of true enlightenment as to the indestructibility of divine grace. The Bible teaches very clearly that we are made the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, and that we are as much his children by union with Christ, as we are the children of our natural parents by birth. Gal. iii. 26; John i. 12; Romans viii. 14—16. But can a child's relationship to his parents be destroyed? Can he ever lose his property in them and their affection for him? We think not. He may leave his parents' roof; besmear his garments with mud and mire; but he is their child still. He may disgrace their time-honoured name, and be sentenced to penal servitude for his crimes, but he is their child still. He may rebel against their authority, break their hearts with anguish, and bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Still, as in the case of Absalom, he is their child. 2 Sam. xviii. 33. And so it is with the child of God. He may wander from his father's home, contract defilement by falling into sin, disgrace the profession and name by which he is called, grieve his heavenly Father's heart, and ill requite his Saviour's love; still he is God's child, and all the powers of earth and hell cannot unchild him. The prodigal, having

wasted his substance in riotous living, desired to be a servant only; but the father received him with open arms, saying, "This my *son* was dead, and is alive again." Luke xv. 24. The children of Israel committed two evils, in departing from God and adopting idol worship; but a voice said, "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you." Jer. iii. 14. Though they had backslidden, they were children still. Some will say, "But God poured judgment upon them, sent them into captivity, and made them strangers in a strange land." Yes, he did. But what says God of this? "I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hand of her enemies." Jer. xii. 7. Though exiled, and apparently forsaken, they were *dearly beloved still*. But Paul condemned the church at Corinth for its pride, factions, and immorality, declaring it carnal and not spiritual. True; but he begins his epistle by saying, "Unto the church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus." 1 Cor. i. 2. Though guilty of the aforementioned evils, they were still *God's church*, and still *set apart in Christ Jesus*. But Christ said to Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me." Doubtless. But on the fair morn of the resurrection, the angel said, "Tell his disciples *and Peter*" (Mark xvi. 7), thus giving him special prominence, and proving that though he had shamefully denied his Lord he was a disciple still; and that although he had relaxed his hold on Christ, Christ had not relaxed his hold on him. One can easily imagine how these words came like wine and oil to the broken heart of the denier, diffusing the light of hope in his bosom, and encouraging him to believe that his sin, though grievous, had not deprived him of a position the privileges of which he previously enjoyed. From these remarks it will be seen that this point, so far from being a pernicious doctrine replete with the most disastrous consequences, is really a divinely kindled light,

"Shining upon the road,
To lead us to the Lamb."

3. A third thing to be done is, *to explain the way in which forgiveness and restoration may be obtained*. When made sensible of his wrongdoing, and that his case, however bad, is not hopeless, the poor wanderer's inquiry will be, "Wherewithal shall I come before the Lord?" and it will add greatly to his comfort if we can at once give him a clear and scriptural reply. Though not generally understood, God's way of restoring the backslider is as simple and rapid as that by which the sinner is converted and saved. It is as *simple*, because all that God demands of him is a penitential avowal of his sin. This evidently is the teaching of both Old and New Testament Scripture; and to prove it we shall cite a passage from each. The first is from Jeremiah iii. 12, 13. "Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you." Here God tells faithless Israel, in language too plain to be misunderstood, that if they will **ONLY ACKNOWLEDGE** their sin, he will welcome them back again to his bosom. And he encourages them to take this step by assuring them of the graciousness of his character, "for I am merciful," saith the Lord." The other passage is from 1 John i. 9. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and

to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Here the inspired apostle tells his fellow-believers, that if they will *confess* their sins, God will pardon them and cleanse them from every particle of defilement. This passage, as a rule, is applied to the sinner; but a simple glance at the context in the first and second chapters will show that its primary reference is to those who have been already converted. It points out God's provision for the washing of his people's feet from the defilement contracted during their march through the world. How easy, then, is this; for when one has done wrong, what more simple as a condition of pardon than that he should frankly acknowledge it? Truly, the yoke here is easy and the burden light. God's terms are not self-mortification, gifts of gold and silver, long series of religious exercises, painful pilgrimages to holy shrines, attending the confessional, repeating litanies, and all such inventions of superstitious man. No; all that God demands, and we would assert it with the weightiest emphasis, is, "ONLY ACKNOWLEDGE thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God, and hast scattered thy ways to the strangers." But, as we have said, God's way is *rapid* as well as simple. No sooner is the sin confessed than it is forgiven. This is fully implied in the passages we have just quoted, and is beautifully illustrated in the case of David. He had long been silent about his offence; quite a year had elapsed since it was committed; but when charged with its guilt he candidly acknowledged it, saying, "I have sinned against the Lord;" and the moment the words fell from his lip, the prophet, without exordium or hesitancy, announced the joyful news, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin." 2 Sam. xii. 13. Thus the instant he confessed, the Lord forgave, and the confession and the pardon stand side by side, glistening in the historic narrative like two jewels in a royal crown. There is also another beautiful illustration in the parable of the Prodigal Son. The wayward and improvident youth, having wasted his substance and strength, being reduced to the lowest extremity, resolved, footsore and weary, to return to the long-deserted home of his happy childhood, vaguely hoping he would be allowed a servile place; and that like Absalom, who was two years in Jerusalem before seeing his father's face, he would *by degrees* regain the favour and position he had so foolishly forfeited. But, greatly to his amazement, he was no sooner in sight of the "old house at home," than his venerable and tender-hearted sire, filled with parental compassion, ran to meet him, and, without giving him time to complete the recital of his pre-arranged confession, fell upon his neck, kissed him, there and then bestowed an immediate pardon, and at once fully restored him to his original place in the family circle. Luke xv. How touching and encouraging is all this to the backslider, and in it how clearly may he see the road by which he can retrace his steps. His God is not an austere judge, not an implacable deity, but a forgiving, loving Father, ever waiting to be gracious, and ever ready to rejoice over the recovery of his fallen children. Instead, therefore, of styling this allegorical representation the "Parable of the Prodigal Son," let us denominate it, "THE PARABLE OF THE LOVING FATHER;" for the love of the father in receiving the son is much more conspicuous than the prodigality of the son in deserting

the father. Oh! tell it out, then. The festival of love is spread; Christ has been crucified; his blood is on and before the mercy-seat; the returning wanderer has but to fix his eye on that, and say, "O Lord, I have done wickedly; pardon me, for Jesus' sake." And forthwith the voice of mercy, loud above the broken accents of confession, will be heard saying, "I have blotted out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins." Isa. xliii. 25.

Before leaving this branch of our subject, it may be well to give prominence to another matter mentioned in the verse quoted from Gal. vi. which we have made the basis of our remarks, I mean the temper of mind in which the work is to be done: "In the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." From these words we infer that the restorative spirit is *a spirit of kindness*. Considering the delicacy of the undertaking, and how difficult it is to render it successful, the necessity of this qualification is apparent. An operation so important must not be performed with roughness and severity, but with as much gentleness and softness as possible. If we have not an eagle's eye in detecting where the disease lies, or a lion's heart in dealing freely with it, let us at least show the lady's hand in endeavouring to eradicate it; and if we cannot do this, it will be far better not to do anything at all, for without meekness we shall exasperate rather than reclaim. What amazing tenderness Jesus showed in restoring poor Peter! He did not upbraid him for being so faithless, nor rebuke him in harsh language for acting so cowardly; but, turning round from the elevated bench where his trial was going on, he looked down at Peter in the hall beneath, and that *look*, though not a word he spake, was so full of love and tenderness that it pierced the heart of the swearer, opened up the deep spring of penitential grief, and compelled him to retire from the judgment-hall weeping bitterly. Luke xxii. 60—62. There was a private meeting on the day of the resurrection, for we are told, "the Lord appeared unto Simon." What transpired there remains a secret; but the same tenderness was beautifully exhibited at a later period, when he was publicly restored to his apostolic office. John xxi. 15—17. Let this spirit, then, be in us which was also in Christ Jesus the Lord.

It is also clear that the restorative spirit *should be a spirit of self-reflectiveness*. We are to consider our own personal infirmity and fearful liability to fall; how helpless we are when the strong temptation and inviting opportunity come together; and how probable it is that if we had been in the same circumstances we might have fallen into the same sins. We are not to do as the man in the fable, who carried other people's sins before his face and his own behind his back, but the reverse. We are to be so conscious of our own frailties as to be almost unmindful of those of others, ever remembering that we are in reach of the tempter, and may fall into the same sins or even worse. Bernard speaks of a man who, on hearing of the falls of others, was accustomed, tremblingly, to say, "Is it me next, Lord?" And John Bradford, on seeing prisoner after prisoner going to gaol, was wont to exclaim: "There goes John Bradford, but for the grace of God." This is the feeling that should pervade the minds of those who now seek to rescue the fallen from the deep pits into which they have stumbled. There

must be no desire to impute blame and find fault; no harshness or haughtiness, no stooping of conscious superiority; but a full manifestation of a loving, self-distrusting spirit.

II. Secondly, there is THE JUDICIAL METHOD.

This method is propounded in various parts of the New Testament, and is closely connected with the other, and supplementary to it. Through the pride and obstinacy of the human heart, it sometimes happens that the restorative method fails to bring the offender to a sorrowful sense of his sin, and a practical renunciation of it. In such a case disciplinary measures are to be adopted. If the gentle influence of exhortation and private entreaty is not effectual, the bit and curb of public judgment is the only alternative, and being divinely ordained, is as imperatively binding. It is commanded by Christ himself in Matt. xviii. 15—17, where he says concerning the trespasser, "If he will not hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, *let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.*" It is also commanded by his servant Paul in several of his epistles, especially those to the Romans, Corinthians, Thessalonians, and Timothy. That our remarks on this method may be the more definite and easy of remembrance, we shall arrange them under the following divisions:—

1. And, first, we must explain *the nature of the discipline enjoined.* In the majority of cases, admonition in the presence of the church appears to be the first step. This is intimated in 1 Tim. v. 20, where the apostle says, "Them that sin rebuke before all;" and also in the Saviour's words just quoted, "Tell it unto the church; and if he will not hear the church," implying that if he did, and was thereby brought to repentance and public acknowledgement of his sin, they were not to proceed further with the disciplinary process. But in some instances, that is, where the offence is public, of a very scandalous nature, and there are no signs of repentance, and in all cases where private remonstrance and public admonition fail, the sentence of excommunication is to be passed, and the delinquent absolutely excluded from all the honours and privileges of his church standing. This, we confess, is a most solemn and painful duty. It is like that of the judge when he passes sentence of death on the guilty culprit, and it ought therefore to be discharged by us with much sorrow of spirit and tenderness of heart. Indeed, in Austin's time, it was thought better to be executed by law than to be excommunicated by the church. But, however painful, it is imperative. If the leprosy cleaves to the house, the building must be pulled down; if the dislocated limb cannot be set in joint again, it must be amputated; if the branch, though pruned, will not yield holy fruit, then nothing remains but that it be cut off and cast on one side. In 1 Cor. v. 13, this procedure is authoritatively enforced by the apostle Paul. From the first verse we learn there was an individual in the church at Corinth who had been guilty of a crime so heinous that its name was not mentioned among the more civilised heathens, and so public that it was matter of common report far and near. From the second verse we learn that the church had neglected to judge the evil and censure the offender, and were more proud of their gifts than sorrowful for their faults. In the third, fourth, and fifth verses the apostle expresses his feeling about the matter, and commands the church

promptly and collectively to pass sentence, and expel the incestuous person from their midst; concluding the chapter by saying, "Put away from among yourselves that wicked person."

2. Secondly, we must mention *the persons amenable to this discipline*. Who are they? 2 Thessalonians iii. 6, says, "Every brother that walketh disorderly." And we learn from various passages who these disorderly walkers are. In Rom. xvi. 17, we are entreated to "mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine received, and to avoid them." Who are included under this denomination? All who teach false doctrine, and spread schism through the church. Tit. iii. 10, 11; Rev. ii. 14—16. In 2 Thess. iii. 11—14, the apostle says, "We hear that there are some which walk disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies." "Them that are such we command by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work." "And if any man obey not our word, note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed." Who are included here? All idlers and busybodies, who habitually loaf about and officiously interfere in matters not belonging to them. In Matt. xviii. 15—18, it is said, "If thy brother trespass against thee," etc., etc. Who are intended here? Those who injure others in body, mind, or estate. In 1 Cor. v. 11, the apostle says, "I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one no not to eat." It is unnecessary to define a fornicator, idolater, or drunkard; but we may ask what is a railer? One who indulges in reproach; who, by harsh and bitter language wounds the feelings and vilifies the character of others, and insults and abuses where he thinks he can do so with impunity. What is a covetous man? One who is avaricious and greedily desirous of being possessed of the wealth of others. What is an extortioner? One who systematically overcharges for the goods sold, or the service rendered. But is it possible that any such persons are to be found in the church of Christ? Alas! we fear there are a great many. Judging from what one sees and hears, we are inclined to think that most of our churches have a tolerably good share of them. Have they any right to be there? If Scripture means what it says they certainly have not. Their names are put down in the same category with the idolater, the fornicator, and the drunkard; and, for ought I know, they are to the all-searching eye of God equally culpable, and evidently are regarded by him as unworthy of a public connection with that kingdom whose distinguishing title is *righteousness* as well as joy and peace in the Holy Ghost.

3. Thirdly, we must notice *by whom this discipline is to be administered*. This question is one of acknowledged difficulty, and great difference of opinion prevails with regard to it. Among Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, it has generally been done by high ecclesiastical functionaries, such as the cardinal, bishop, or synod; but among Dissenting bodies it has been usually looked upon as the work of the church and officers concerned, with the suggestion, sanction, and agency of the pastor. The latter certainly appears to be more in harmony with the words of Scripture. In the case of discipline recorded in 1 Cor. v., the apostle declares the necessity of judicial action, directs the members

to assemble together for that purpose, and announces the nature of the punishment to be inflicted. The church accordingly met, and the sentence of excommunication was passed by the vote and sanction of those present. I Cor. v. 4. Though an apostle, and although he had excommunicated Hymenæus and Alexander by his own judicial authority, he did not in this case act alone. There being an organised church, he requested them to do it as the most proper persons. This is a strong proof that the power of discipline is in the church collectively, including its pastor, officers, and members, and not in any independent individual or body of men apart from the church. It will be prudent, however, where the case is delicate and difficult, to confide the work of investigation and decision to those who take the oversight of the church, as it may be supposed they represent the wisdom and piety of the assembly. This plan has been adopted in several places with the most gratifying results. It is not always wise to publish the details of a fall in the presence of a whole church consisting of persons of various ages and conditions in life.

4. Finally, we shall specify *the ends for which the discipline is instituted*. These are, at least, two. In the first place, there is *the wellbeing of the community*. It is essential to its *purity* that unworthy persons should not be tolerated in its midst. Sin is a contagion, and if allowed and excused in one member it will extend its poisonous infection to others. It was a proverbial saying among the Jews, and the apostle has availed himself of it, that "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Leaven was the type of sin in its permeating and corrupting power. It is of a spreading nature, and however large the measure of dough, a comparatively small quantity of leaven will diffuse itself through it. Says Paul, such is evil in a church. Though small, if not removed it will spread its deteriorating influence throughout the entire assembly. One insurgent may give rise to a widespread revolt; one leak may sink the largest vessel; one spark may set on fire an entire factory; and so one sin winked at may pollute and ruin the sanctity of the noblest church.

" One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest."

Moreover, when preparing for the celebration of the Annual Passover, the Jew was scrupulously diligent in removing all leaven from the house; searching even with lighted candle lest the smallest particle should be left behind. He did this because it was enjoined by God, and because the act was emblematic of the putting away of moral evil from their hearts. Paul writes to the church at Corinth, in reference to the incestuous person, "Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump. For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."

But, discipline is essential to the *progress* as well as the purity of the church. In Christian life holiness is the divine condition of prosperity, and in this respect, what is true of the individual is equally so of the church. Impurity, whether practical or doctrinal, is like a poison or a disease in a vital organ: it hinders the healthy development of the whole body; or, to change the figure, unholy professors are like the barren fig trees, whose fruitless branches impede the fertility of the

garden to which they belong ; or like the tares, worthless in themselves and detrimental to the growth of the golden grain by which they are surrounded. If, then, we would have the garden blooming and blossoming like a rose, such serious impediments must be thoroughly removed, whatever pain or labour may be involved in the exercise.

A second object should be the *wellbeing of the offender*. This is of vast importance, and should ever be kept before the mind in all disciplinary work. Indeed, the work should never be commenced without the desire to benefit him as well as the church of which he forms a part. His peace, happiness, restoration, and permanent improvement, may be, and often have been, promoted when the work has been undertaken with this design. The sainted and loved M'Cheyne, in one of his paragraphs in a serial edited by Dr. Bonar, mentions an illustration of this. He states how reluctantly he set about the excommunication of a certain transgressor, fearing the consequence would be bad. However, he did it prayerfully and with good intent, and to his great surprise and joy, it issued almost immediately in his repentance and reformation. He said he must henceforth regard discipline as a means of grace in the hand of God for bringing his wandering children to himself. Another very striking case is recorded in the works of Andrew Fuller, but space forbids our giving it. We may add, that we cannot conceive how discipline can be right or salutary that is inflicted from a less worthy motive. Whenever it is pursued from private pique, dislike, rivalry, lust of power, or ambition to obtain a good name in the eyes of the world, it is wrong. Even the incestuous person already mentioned was to be expelled "for the destruction of the flesh," not the literal flesh, because death did not follow (1 Cor. v. 5); but the corrupt, sinful flesh, and all its depraved tendencies, "that the spirit," his soul, "might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." 1 Cor. v. 5. And we would observe that, even after the act of excommunication is completed, every possible effort should be made for the backslider's amendment, and every inducement held out to bring him back to the fold, unless we have reason to believe that he is a confirmed hypocrite. Discipline is not exhausted by excision ; nor is it the highest part of discipline. True, the excluded party is not to be fraternised with as if he were innocent; that is expressly forbidden ; but he is not to be treated "as an enemy, but admonished as a brother." 2 Thess. iii. 6—8. Has the church usually done this with its deposed members? We think not. A man falls; he is turned out, and forthwith consigned to a kind of social perdition, and scarcely one has enough of kindly concern and Scripture light to go after him and show him the way back. It is right to exclude; but is the excluded never to be sought for, and, if possible, restored to his lost position? Scripture teaches that he should, and that having fulfilled the law of penalty, we should recommence the law of restoration. 2 Cor. ii. 6—8. The father in the parable never ceased watching until the prodigal had ceased wandering; and the church should never cease seeking the prodigal member till he has left off sinning. The blessed Saviour, it would seem, did not enter upon the full joy of his resurrection triumph until blaspheming Peter was reclaimed; and we should not account ourselves entitled to the

victor's joy until every warrior, however unworthy, is restored to his own place in the regiment, and enrolled beneath the banner of the Lord of hosts. Let the church, then, awake and diligently discharge this part of its duty, remembering "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." James v. 20.

"Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.
Return! return!"

The Last Days of Calvin.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

CALVIN'S life in Geneva, for some time after 1553, was little better than a daily cross. During his last days in the summer, the name of Servetus had been made the rallying cry of the Libertines; and the prisoner, in turn, had unsuccessfully sought to make that party an instrument of deliverance for himself, and a means of encompassing the Reformation with ruin by the death of its guiding spirit. After the execution of the Spaniard, a cry of injustice and cruelty was raised against the Reformers; the Libertines showing a dogged determination to make capital out of what has been styled a theological tragedy. While the arch-heretic yet lived a captive within the city, disputes ran high on the right of civil councils to revoke consistorial judgments. These quarrels were nothing less than the clashing of opposing forces, expressed in the terms good and evil. The Consistory as surely defended the cause of righteousness, as the factious majority of the Council represented the worst spirit of worldliness. Two leading members of the Libertine party were Perrin and Berthelier, and the latter, having been excommunicated by the pastors, now enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the senate refuse to ratify a righteous sentence. By bringing the religious censorship and the civil power into collision, the anti-Calvinists supposed they were laying a snare in the Reformer's path, the meshes of which he could scarcely elude. The pastors had expelled Berthelier; the Council refused to sanction the vote. How did Calvin's traducers rejoice over this unparalleled dilemma! Not to stand by the Consistory would be to quail before and succumb to the godless. By doing what conscience dictated he would challenge the ruling power.

It turned out, however, that what appeared to be a dilemma to common observers, was to Calvin no dilemma at all. Strikingly interesting, as an historical crisis, was the scene in the Church of St. Peter on the communion Sabbath of September. St. Peter's was the sanctuary frequented by the wealthy classes, and on this occasion excitement warmed the faces of a large congregation. What would the pastor do? Could that fragile form repulse the assaults of sin, which with brazen impudence

was desecrating the very precincts of the Lord's table? Time soon showed whence victory would come. In the sermon the Reformer solemnly declared he would never dispense those elements to known revilers of Christ; and when he stood before the table, towards which the expelled members indecently pushed their way, he told them, as he spread his hands over the bread and the wine, that their taking his life should not hinder him from doing his duty. Wilful wrong-doing can turn the bravest into abject cowards. The Libertines, completely crest-fallen, hastily retired.

It is but doing justice to our subject that we explain what the Libertines were at heart. Because human nature is radically the same in all ages, our social and political enemies of the nineteenth century are actuated by the same spirit of evil which perplexed Geneva three hundred years ago. Those atheistical socialists who to-day impose on the good nature of the ignorant, and draw constituents from the purlieus of discontent, and who shout "Liberty," when they mean "Licence," are morally descended from the Genevese agitators who excited popular passions by proclaiming: "The Romanists compelled our going to mass; the Protestants oblige us to go to church." Calvin opposed these men even with more spirit than he did the papacy. "A dog will bark when he sees his master attacked," he said; "and should not I be a cowardly wretch if I could see God's truth assailed and stand silent?" This was indeed a stern controversy; and it becomes hard to understand how Calvin's weak body, governed though it was by an indomitable will, so well bore the brunt of the conflict. Whatever opinion we may hold on his procedure, only wilful blindness will deny that Geneva, under his rule, became an oasis in a wide desert. Whatever we may say against encouraging virtue by the civil code will not alter the fact that the republic was benefited by the restraints put upon vice; or that numbers, who were possibly not subjects of genuine faith, exhibited a degree of moral decorum, in a high degree salutary, when masses of people were groping their way from the shades of popish corruption into the open day of gospel liberty.

In the year following the death of Servetus, faction was busy in Geneva. A sly caution characterised the Libertines, but their action showed an intense hatred of Calvin's rule. Yet what other could be expected from men who had only welcomed the Reformation because it exempted them from political and prelatical tyranny? Now and again, it is true, a show of reconciliation was patched up between the factions and the Reformers; but probably they remained as antagonistic as is Christ to anti-Christ. At a public dinner given in 1554, Calvin being present, the members of the Two Hundred affirmed with uplifted hands, that they would advance the principles of the Reformation, while in reality many of them were the pastors' chief crosses. Subsequently an atrocious libel on Calvin was sent to the Council; but the author, by very violence, overshooting his mark, saw his abuse fall flat and harmless. A more insidious and insulting manœuvre of the enemy was an attempt—for a time successful—to set up a press censorship, with authority to inspect all writings intended for publication, and to forbid the printing of such as were not approved. Calvin declined to acknowledge this tribunal, refusing to submit his manuscripts for "ignorant

dolts to nibble at." Then the common people, tutored by bad masters, would sometimes assume a threatening bearing towards the Reformer, who of those days observes, "Dogs bark at me on all sides."

Imaginary grievances cropped up; even the English and French refugees who flocked into the city were made a bone of contention. Because these poor people were received with open arms by the Consistory, they were wantonly insulted, or even maimed by the evil disposed. Yet the refugees were warmly welcomed by the Christian population. The republic was not wealthy, and in preceding years of agitation and war, the city walls and forts lapsed into a ruinous condition. The foreign families, who now with their wealth settled in the town, were reckoned by the wisest citizens as an equivalent to stone and money wherewith to rebuild the walls; and being in a position to afford them a haven from the violence of Romish inquisitors, gave Calvin high satisfaction. To turn from the sickening cruelties then common to England and France, and to look into such cities of refuge as Geneva, Basle and Zurich then were, is to enjoy a sunny contrast. For the most part the refugees were industrious persons, who in return for shelter, benefited the states they settled in either with their arts or learning. Some were manufacturers: others were scholars. The former were allowed to establish factories, while the learned served as pastors, as tutors, and as printers' readers, the last calling then being considered an occupation suitable for gentlemen. Lodging at Basle, Foxe there began the Book of Martyrs, and, as is well known, Knox learned his system of church government while in exile. Yet praiseworthy as was the hospitality of other cities, the refugees fared nowhere so comfortably as at Zurich under Bullinger. They occupied a separate mansion as though at a university, and the pressing generosity of the authorities would have supplied the whole cost of their living had the visitors been less independent.

There is no doubt that life at Geneva, with its light and shade, was a bracing discipline to such a spirit as Calvin, who from his humble manse could take in at a glance a view of Christendom. In 1554 he was engaged over some disputes with his neighbours of Berne, and later in the same year he gained a signal victory over the Libertines. That determined party, in their animosity against naturalised foreigners, matured a plot of insurrection, and had not their machinations been discovered and frustrated, Geneva might have had to mourn a Protestant Black Bartholomew. Spending their strength, however, in an insignificant riot, the conspirators paid a salutary penalty. Some were executed; and the firebrands Berthelier and Perrin relieved the city of their presence by ignominiously absconding.

It is indeed surprising that pious families, driven from their homes by Romish abominations, should have awakened contention among Continental Protestants. But so it was; and the behaviour of Swiss Calvinists to these poor wanderers happily contrasted with the procedure of Lutheran Christians. A shipload of Protestants, escaped from London, on being refused a landing at several Lutheran ports, could only find a welcome in the south of Germany and among the Swiss Calvinists. It would seem that Lutherans of those days were so weary of their friends that when Cranmer discovered an inclination to make an alliance, their

admiration for the English order did not nearly equal the prelate's respect for the German *regime*.

Even after the example it had made of Servetus, Geneva was troubled by anti-trinitarian teachers. The false doctrine chiefly affected the Italians, who, on account of their language, maintained a separate congregation. The Consistory successfully interfered. The abettors of heresy either fled or were banished, while one recanter was required to walk bareheaded, and to carry a torch through the leading thoroughfares. Singular is the fact, that while the principle of toleration was almost universally rejected, and while the Reformers were combating error with carnal weapons, Poland, now so unhappy, because of the liberty she allowed, became the common home for all shades of opinion.

In those days of no newspapers and few books, the private life of public men was often subjected to inconvenient scrutiny. It was so with the Reformers. What a grateful morsel fell into the lap of the gossips, when, in 1558, rumour announced that Farel, the dear friend of Calvin, was about to wed his housekeeper, a girl scarcely half his age! Spiteful wit over this occurrence found many opportunities for exercise; but such things touched not the men whose zeal for the gospel rendered them callous to all save success in their calling.

Other matters, besides an old man's wedding or prosecutions for heresy, attracted attention in those same months of 1558. Calvin was confined with an intermittent fever. As we look into his sick room at this time, we see the Reformer depressed by reason of an inability to preach, and bitterly complaining of the miseries of idleness. But Calvin in weakness—so friends averred—did more than others in their strength. During a compulsory seclusion of eight months he wrote numberless letters, issued the last edition of the Institutes, and composed other things. The Commentary on Isaiah was now dedicated to Elizabeth, who though her accession to the throne of England gave high satisfaction at Geneva, did not return the esteem she commanded. One act of Calvin's sickness was his writing to Secretary Cecil, imploring his aid in the cause of truth: another act was his replying to a message from an English prelate by sending his own amanuensis to settle over the French congregation in London. About this time, Knox quitted the land of exile and returned to Edinburgh. The Scotch leader trusted Calvin's judgment before his own, and many letters passed between Scotland and Geneva, asking for, and containing solutions of difficult questions of church polity. Knox loved a rough-and-ready cure for abuses and human weaknesses; but Calvin, who is also supposed to have been stern and uncompromising, could advise his friend to practise gentleness, and to live an example of kindness among a people just emerging from centuries of darkness.

In the meantime an unfortunate jealousy springing up between Geneva and Berne hampered the progress of the Reformation; but as both cities acknowledged the importance of continuing friends, their alliance was renewed. Nevertheless, these bickerings of rival systems perplexed the church; for the Bernese adopted a lower standard of theology than the Calvinists tolerated. Then a rupture occurring between the preachers of Berne and the civil authorities, Viret and others

swelled the crowd of refugees in Geneva. This being the conjuncture of the refounding of the college, Beza became lecturer in the class-room as well as a stated preacher, while Viret and his compeers accepted other appointments. This little university has been largely useful in spreading Calvin's system of theology over Europe. In his day the rules observed by students were wholesomely strict, and great attention was given to classical literature. The school growing in popularity, attracted many favours. One citizen bequeathed his substance to the institution, and a printer gave to the library a copy of every work he issued. So appreciated were its advantages, that the college at once became a favourite resort for students, as many as a thousand youths having attended Calvin's lectures. The refounding of the college was among the last acts of Calvin's life. This institution originally sprang from the munificence of a wealthy burgher, who devoted his wealth to the cause of education. After surviving a century it succumbed to the influence of civil discord, and died a natural death; but since his return to the chief pastorate the resuscitation of the school was aimed at by Calvin.

Since 1549, when his wife died, he may be said to have relinquished the world and its comforts. He not only lived humbly, but in a manner which astonished such scholars as, in passing through Geneva, expected to find the greatest theologian of his era housed in a style corresponding to his influence. But he was great enough to make a friend of poverty. Though bent on re-organizing the college, it was not until 1558, when the republic had grown tranquil by the absence or defeat of the Libertines, that earnest efforts were made to accomplish the design. The sum required was a very formidable one for so small a state; but evidence of the citizens' good-will and liberality was shown when the Reformer himself collected ten thousand florins. The Genevese knew of other methods of diverting money into needy channels. The public notaries were instructed to advise their clients to remember poor students while bequeathing their property. How much we see of Calvin in these transactions! How amply can a strong will compensate for a fragile body! He could leave a sick room to traverse the city with toil-some perseverance, and to speak grateful words to the workmen who were rearing the college walls. Calvin's triumphs were only valued as they beneficially affected mankind. His sympathy with Christians in their trials and dangers widely differed from what a cold nature would have evinced. He esteemed no effort too costly if it only benefited one soul; nor did he think his sacrifices of worldly advantage too great when his self-denial served the church.

Margaret of Navarre, as a true friend of Protestantism, was able occasionally to influence her brother in the Reformer's favour even against his inclinations. To the agency of good and bad women, the church has too often ascribed her seasons of peril or tranquillity. The accession of Henry the Second of France increased the trials of the faithful, for till the king's death, twelve years later, truth was repressed, and the inquisition established in France, while the court for trying heresy became known as the "Burning Chamber." Yet in spite of all enemies the tenets of Calvin struck deeper root and spread their branches until one portion of Old Paris won the sobriquet of Little Geneva. Then

came a time of unspeakable trial. The Calvinists were troubled by a crusade, instituted against them on the accession of the almost imbecile Francis the Second, in 1559. Priests inflamed the populace against the Reformation, and encouraged them to show their piety by erecting crosses and images and by extorting money. Hundreds of householders forfeited their goods; but as it has ever happened, the faith grew apace when fiercely opposed. Religion found a home in Normandy, so that the people, after the manner of the Parisians, called it Little Germany. The Protestants petitioned for leave to assemble in open day, since unfounded calumnies had sprung from their congregating at night; and as fifty thousand persons signed the document, the awakening must have been genuine and extensive. Anon, an unsuccessful conspiracy to exterminate the Guises excited false fears and brought real danger. The Genevese Reformers being suspected of complicity in the plot, were jealously regarded, and their city threatened.

On the death of Francis the Second, in 1560, the hopes of French Reformers brightened; but their elation had no deeper foundation than the political necessities of Catherine de Medicis. Calvin was delighted at seeing the principles of the New Testament so widely spread and eagerly embraced. The Protestants best loved those pastors who bore the Genevan mark, and such as were educated in the republic they doubly prized. The colleges were strongly importuned to send forth preachers, and the sudden demand obliged some to enter the field whose preparatory training was scarcely completed. Farel received letters testifying to the people's longing for the Bread of Life. Three hundred parishes, which had cast aside the mass, craved instructors, and so great was the crisis that it was computed six thousand evangelists would have been gladly welcomed.

In the last years of his life nothing sufficed to draw Calvin away from the now beloved Geneva. He was asked to settle in Paris; but the republic would not hear of his leaving. In 1561, the Reformation needed his presence at the Council of Paissy, held for the settlement of religious differences; but Beza necessarily went instead, and is said to have greatly distinguished himself. With what yearnings did Calvin now, from his lonely study, look towards his native France; and with what joy did he welcome the decree in favour of the Huguenots, which, with certain restrictions, allowed of their meeting in public assembly. Yet at the best it was weary working—now to catch a gleam of hope, anon to see the wretched priestcraft of Rome stopping the progress of everything good. Beza's experience tells how a Protestant usually fared in Paris about this time. As soon as his sermon began a clashing of bells and other unmusical arguments drowned the preacher's voice, and the most unoffending were in danger of losing their lives in a religious fray. Truth only asked for liberty and an open field, popery could only thrive when protected by tyranny.

In the midst of the troubles of France, the Queen-mother employed divers subtle arts to corrupt and win over to her ambition the leaders of opposite parties. The reformed tenets had spread till Catholics and Protestants made a show of becoming evenly balanced, when the good cause was rudely checked by King Anthony of Navarre declaring for Rome. Ever faithful to his trust, Calvin severely rebuked the renegade.

The political horizon was darkened. In an affray at Vassy the troops of the Duke of Guise maimed more than a hundred persons who were assembled to celebrate the Lord's Supper. War and devastation followed. Even Beza served as an ensign till the Prince of Conde fell a prisoner into the hands of the enemy. But the event which made most noise in those days was the murder of the head of the Guises; for the assassin was not only a Calvinist, but an enthusiast who gloried in the supposed act of piety which had purged Europe of the arch-enemy of the faith. For such actions we offer no apology; nor were the Reformers responsible for whatever fanatics chose to couple with their names. As regards this unfortunate duke, while cruel and bigoted, he yet could show qualities becoming the gospel. One day a man was presented to him, charged with having murderous designs. "I will show you how much gentler my religion is than yours," said the general. "Yours permits you to kill me without hearing; mine commands me to pardon you, convicted as you are of having sought to slay me without a cause." This may have been worldly wisdom or real religious sentiment; but had the distinction been just, as drawn between Romanism and the light from Geneva, the Reformation would have been a gigantic disaster.

Yet God so ordered events that no human power could eclipse the faith in its ascendancy. In his life-time Calvin could count six hundred martyrs to the good cause, and not one died in vain. His last days afford a remarkable example of the manner in which burning zeal can sustain a weak body. He never really recovered from the long illness already referred to; and at length his works were continued in spite of headaches and fainting sickness. Fasting for more than a day together, and at the best but taking a single meal in the twenty-four hours, were the remedies he himself prescribed. Then the gout joined itself to his other ailments, necessitating his being carried to the pulpit of St. Peter. Though unable to walk, tormented with stone, and weakened by spitting of blood, he yet toiled on to the very last, the Commentary on Joshua having been finished on his death-bed.

Of his closing days the surviving accounts are valuable as showing how much may be done by the weakest frame when the will to work is sustained by the grace of God. Beza vainly warned his friend of the necessity of curtailing his labour. "What!" cried Calvin, "would you have the Lord find me idle?" Strength and voice were failing; but his joy of heart welled up from a perennial spring. On the 10th of March, 1564, the Consistory went in a body to his house. Pale and wayworn, the pastor still sat at his table. "I thank you, my dearest brethren," he said, "for your care of me, and I hope that in a fortnight I shall be among you for the last time." True to this arrangement, he attended the next assembly. Three days after he visited the Council-house, where he thanked God for the favours received from that body. The Council showed real solicitude for the sinking pastor by sending money, which he refused, and by ordering public prayers for his restoration. Approaching death was teaching the senators the worth of Calvin's life. His wan and emaciated appearance moved them greatly, and his words—"I feel this is the last time I shall appear in this place"—agitated them still more. On Easter-day he took the Supper from the hands of

Beza, in the Church of St. Peter, his countenance beaming as though reflecting the light of purer worlds. Moved by a desire to address the senators, he would have gone to the Council Chamber had not these friends insisted on attending at his own house. Calvin's last address to the Council may only be spoken of as touching and noble. Three days later the pastors of the republic also came by appointment, and to them he delivered many moving words. His last letter was one written to Farel, bidding him farewell, and dissuading him from incurring the expense and inconvenience of visiting Geneva. Crowds assembled about his door, and would have pressed into the dying pastor's chamber, but for his request that they should rest satisfied with giving him their prayers. One of the last scenes of all was the annual Whitsuntide dinner, which a few days prior to his death was held in Calvin's house. On being carried from his bed and placed at table, he ate a morsel, and remarked to his guests, "This is the last time I shall meet you at table;" and, on returning to his room, he said that the wall which separated him from them would not prevent his being present in mind. Then came earth's last stage. On the 27th of May, about eight in the evening, just after Beza had retired, Calvin's spirit quietly took its departure. He seems to have died alone, and the last struggle—too often feared more than the ills of life—in this instance exactly resembled a welcome falling into sleep.

Use the Pen.

AN EXHORTATION. BY THE EDITOR.

YOUNG ministers would do well to remember that for purposes of teaching there are *two* fields of usefulness open to them, and that both deserve to be cultivated. The utterance of truth with the living voice is their main business, and for many reasons this deserves their chief attention; but the publishing of the same truth by means of the press is barely second in importance, and should be used to the full measure of each man's ability. It is a surprising thought that what is written to-day in our study may in a few weeks be read beyond the Alleghanies, and before long may lift up its voice at the Antipodes. And as space is thus overleaped, so also is time; for if the world should last another five hundred years, the author of an immortal sentence will continue still to speak from the glowing page. The press performs marvels. So noble an agency, so far reaching, so potent, so available, ought not to lie idle. Every man who addresses his fellow creatures with the voice should try his hand at pen and paper, if only for his own sake; it will correct his style, give it more accuracy, more condensation; probably, therefore, more weight. The possibility of doing good to the souls of men is a grand incentive which needs no other to supplement it, and such a possibility beyond all question exists when warm-hearted thought is expressed in telling language, and scattered broadcast in type among the masses. Young men, look to your goosequills, your Gillets, or your Waverleys, and see if you cannot write for Jesus.

“*What, in the name of reason, can move an Editor to perpetrate such a paragraph as the above, when we are already bored and pestered with the immeasurable effusions of hundreds of scribblers, who are only spoilers of good foolscap?*” We admit the naturalness of the question, and we feel its force: feel it all the more because we have just now been for some hours up to our neck in a stagnant pool of printed dulness, and have almost caught a literary cramp. Look at that volume of poetry. We cannot review it; we have tried till we do not mean to try again; we fear it would worry us into a fresh attack of our ever-ready enemy—the gout. “Our brain is tired, our heart is sick.” The poems are just an everlasting ding-dong, ding-dong of commonplaces and pretty phrases, all meaning nothing at all. Do you see that volume of sermons? The good man who issues them declares that he did it in deference to the wish of his hearers (a very common excuse, by the way). He might well have prayed, “Save me from my friends.” The discourses are no doubt pious, and well intended, but to print them was a blunder of the first magnitude. There is a book on Romanism, and another on Matrimony. We have read them both, and expect some day or other to be rewarded for our patient perseverance, but as yet it is numbered among those good deeds which bring no present profit to him who performs them. But indeed the list of volumes over which we have done penance is too long for rehearsal. We shudder at the recollection. We frequently wonder how we survive our sufferings in the review department; sifting a waggon load of chaff to find one solitary grain of wheat is nothing to the labour in vain which is allotted us by many authors. We pride ourselves upon our extreme gentleness in criticism, but we should soon lose all repute among our readers for this amiable virtue if we *did* criticise in print all the books sent to us; a considerable number of them it would be cruelty to notice, and in mercy to the authors we pass by their offspring, and say nothing where nothing good could be said. [N.B. Those gentlemen whose books are not yet noticed in our magazine will please not to write and scold us next post. Let them hope that their productions are so good that we are too fascinated to begin as yet to criticise; at any rate, let no author wear a cap unless he finds it to be a correct fit.]

All this is a digression, to show that we are not forgetful of the fact that this press-ridden nation already groans beneath tons of nonsense and platitude, and needs no addition to the enormous burden. We frankly own that if another great historical fire should do for modern literature a similar work to that which was so providentially wrought at Alexandria, we should not fret. If we saw the commencement of the blaze we should be in no hurry to arouse Captain Shaw and his men with the brass helmets, but should like to see it burn merrily on, especially if it would consume for ever all the small-beer poetry, the interpretations of prophecy, and—well—well, nineteen books out of twenty, at the least: ninety-nine out of every hundred would be a still more desirable purification.

“*Yet you began by stirring up young men to write. Where is your consistency?*” Our answer is that we did not exhort anybody to write such stuff as commonly is written. On our bended knees we would say to many a man who threatens to commit authorship, “we pray you do

no such evil." But we return to our first paragraph, and say again that the pen is a great means of usefulness, and it ought not to lie idle. Let a man wait till he has something to write, and let him practise himself in composition till he can express his meaning plainly and forcibly, and then let him not bury his talent. Let him revise, and revise again. Let him aim at being interesting, endeavouring to write not for the butter-shop, but for readers; and above all, let him write under the impulse of a holy zeal, burning to accomplish a real and worthy end. The columns of religious magazines and newspapers are always open to such contributions, and if the author has no other broadsheet in which to publish his thoughts, he may be well content with the pages of periodical literature. Whatever may be the faults of our reviews and other periodicals, they are undoubtedly a great institution, and might be made far more influential for the highest ends, if men of greater grace were found among their writers. It is a worthy ambition to endeavour to seize these moulders of the public mind, and make them subservient to true religion. The words of Dr. Porter, in his "Homiletics," may be most appropriately quoted here:—

"Young men destined to act for God and the church, in this wonderful day, think on this subject. Recollect that religious magazines, and quarterly journals, and tracts of various form, will control the public sentiment of the millions who shall be your contemporaries and your successors on this stage of action for eternity. To whose management shall the vast moral machinery be intrusted, if the educated sons of the church, the rising ministry of the age, will shrink from the labour and responsibility of the mighty enterprise? Learn to use your pen, and love to use it. And in the great contest that is to usher in the triumph of the church, let it not be said that you were too timid or indolent to bear your part."

Good men there have been and are who could do far more service for God and his church by their pens if they would write less and write better. They flood our second-rate magazines with torrents of very watery matter; their style is slipshod to a slovenly degree; their thoughts are superficial; their illustrations hackneyed; they weary where they mean to win. Let such brethren take time to mend their pens, the world will continue to rotate upon its own axis if we do not see their names next month at the head of an article. Work must be put into papers if they are to last. Easy writing is usually hard reading. The common reader may not observe the absence of honest work in a poem, sermon, or magazine article, but he manifestly feels the influence of it, for he finds the page uninteresting, and either goes to sleep over it or lays it down. Young man, earnest in spirit, if you have any power with the pen, make up your mind to cultivate it. Do your best every time you compose. Never offer to God that which has cost you nothing. Do not believe that good writing is natural to you, and that you need not revise; articles will not leap out of your brain in perfect condition as the fabled Minerva sprang from the head of Jove. Read the great authors, that you may know what English is; you will find it to be a language very rarely written nowadays, and yet the grandest of all human tongues. Write in transparent words, such as bear your meaning upon their forefront, and let them be well

chosen, correctly arranged, and attractively ordered. Make up your mind to excel. Aim high, and evermore push on, believing that your best efforts should only be stepping stones to something better. The very best style you can attain will be none too good for the glorious themes upon which you write.

But, remember, there is a more material business than mere excellence of composition. Your manner is important, but your matter is far more so. Tell us something well worth knowing when you write. It is folly to open your mouth merely to show your teeth; have something to say, or speak not at all: ink is better in the bottle than on the paper if you have nothing to communicate. Instruct us, impress us, interest and improve us, or at least try to do so. It is a poor achievement to have concocted a book in which there is neither good nor hurt, a chip in the porridge, a correctly composed nothing; but to have pleaded with men affectionately, or to have taught them efficiently, is a result worthy of a life of effort. Try, brother, not because it is easy, but because it is worth doing. Write until you can write; burn half a ton of paper in the attempt, it will be far better in the flames than at the printer's; but labour on till you succeed. To be a soul-winner by your books when your bones have mouldered is an ambition worthy of the noblest genius, and even to have brought hearts to Jesus by an ephemeral paper in a halfpenny periodical is an honour which a cherub might envy. Think of the usefulness of such books as "James' Anxious Enquirer," and "The Sinner's Friend." These are neither of them works of great ability, but they are simple and full of the gospel, and therefore God blesses them. Is it not possible for others of us to produce the like? Let us try, and God helping us, who can tell what we may do.

One concluding word to our young brother. We would not recommend you to try poetry. Write reason before you write rhyme. The usual way is to sacrifice the sense to the jingle: do you adopt the other plan. Do not expect public men to spare time to read your manuscripts: apply to some judicious friend nearer home. Do not be thin-skinned, but accept severe criticism as a genuine kindness. Write legibly if you expect your article to be accepted by an editor: he cannot waste time in deciphering your hieroglyphics. Condense as much as possible, for space is precious, and verbiage is wearisome. Put as much fact as you can into every essay, it is always more interesting than opinion; narratives will be read when sentiments are slighted. Keep the main end in view, but aim at it prudently; do not worry readers with ill-timed moralisings and forced reflections. Ask a blessing on what you compose, and never pen a sentence you will on your dying-bed desire to blot. If you attend to these things, we shall not repent of having said to you, "*Use the pen.*"

On Being Apt to Teach.*

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH, OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

"It is not the will of your father that one of these little ones should perish."

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

APTNESS to teach is the keystone of the arch of the Sunday-school system; without it the most elaborate schemes of instruction, the most perfect machinery, and the most devoted application to the work, will result in failure. An incompetent ruler is the parent of national misfortune, and leaves, as his bequest, a heritage of sorrow and disgrace; but an incompetent teacher, who gives a wrong bias to his scholars, is responsible, to a great extent, for consequences which involve eternal issues. The subject before us is of the utmost importance, and should engage the earnest attention of every Sunday-school teacher.

To be apt to teach, a teacher must possess certain personal qualifications; he must be acquainted with the subjects he has to work upon; he must also know the tools he has to use, and employ only right methods.

I. Personal qualifications. These must be determined, and their possession required of all those who are admitted to the ranks of Sunday-school teachers. However willing a person may be to accept an appointment as teacher, this by no means proves his fitness for the work. I know it is a difficulty felt by many, how to sustain the classes of our established schools by those who are apt to teach, and thus many are pressed into the service whose vocation is certainly not that of teaching.

Would it not be the more prudent course to convert the school into a children's service under an efficient leader, rather than allow the work to languish in the hands of those by whom it must inevitably be marred? A too rigid conformity to a definite system is to be deplored, if we are not able to commend the instrumentality which will enable us to realise the end for which the system exists. Christian work, in all its departments, requires elasticity. It is easy to produce a stereotyped copy of any model, but we want the energy of life, not the cold symmetry of a marble statue. God can only use a living soul, and then only by bringing that soul into sympathy with himself. It is a mistake to construct a system, and demand that God should fall in with our narrow ideas of how his work shall be done, and his purposes of grace accomplished. We must be "workers together with God." He was at work before we came into the world, and we must fall in with his methods, for he "is excellent in working." It is time enough to be conservative when our schemes are worked in harmony with the divine plan.

* This article is published separately, and may be had of W. Champion, 161, New Kent Road, London. Price One Penny. For distribution, 25 copies 1s. 6d., or post free, 1s. 8d.

There are three kinds of personal qualifications we must insist upon—of the heart, the intellect, and the character. No one is apt to teach who lacks the primary qualification of love to God. The heart must throb with the impulse of the divine life, if God is to use us in his work. He who has never tasted that the Lord is gracious, is not likely to be wise in winning souls. The true attitude of the Christian teacher is expressed in the words of the psalmist: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." Then there must be that sympathy with child-nature which is born of love. Sunday-school work is the most irksome drudgery if love to God and love to the souls of the children is absent from the heart. Purity of motive must be apparent, and no ulterior object can be admitted for a moment. We must view the work in the light of the divine love, and prosecute it in obedience to a divine commission, if we wish it to issue in a glorious success.

Then as to *intellect*—aptness to teach pre-supposes capacity to learn, and respectable attainments in knowledge. If the mind of the teacher is not cultivated his ideas will be confused, and his knowledge a shapeless mass; he will live in a chronic fog, and be powerless to conduct others into the fair temple of truth. A teacher sacrifices his influence over his scholars if he has to shelve their questions from his inability to answer them.

Personal habits must be studied, which are the true index of character. Sham teachers are of no use at all; success demands intense earnestness and entire consecration. The work is too important to admit of trifling. If it is not the solemn business of a man's life, he had better not undertake it. Diligence is essential to being apt to teach; earnest study is indispensable. It will not do to make your lessons in your class; they must be thought out beforehand. A minister of my acquaintance was once told that his week-night sermons were pretty good, but *they smell of the omnibus*. Let your teaching be as fresh and fragrant as the new-mown grass, if you like, but give your ideas time to grow. An apt teacher will be punctual; his engagements will be held sacred. He will take care to wind up his watch on the Saturday night, and have his umbrella ready should it chance to rain in the morning. He will take care to be included in the first of three classes comprised in a prayer by Rowland Hill: "O Lord, bless those who are in their places; have mercy upon those who are on the road; and save those who are getting ready to come." Working in fellowship with others, an apt teacher will study his work, and not his own prejudices. He will not throw the school machinery out of gear to compass any selfish end. He will not be too stubborn, nor, on the other hand, will he be too pliable, for, as John Ploughman says, "A man must have a backbone, or he couldn't stand upright; but he must learn to bend it, or he will soon crack his skull against a beam."

II. Acquaintance with the subjects. No one is apt to teach who has never tried to understand the wonderful nature of the material he has to deal with. Human nature is very complex, and ignorance of certain fundamental laws will involve failure.

1. He must know something of the *mind*, with its various faculties—perception, judgment, memory, and will. To ignore the perceptive

faculty is to labour in the dark. He will study to bring the truth within the range of the child's perception. The same truth may be presented as a deal board, falling crosswise, or as a pointed arrow from the bow of a clever archer. When a truth is submitted to the perceptive faculty, he will present it in such a way as to commend it to the judgment, if he is apt to teach. He will not try to win a reluctant assent by the affectation of authority or status. If the judgment be not convinced, the teacher's work is not begun. Then the truth commended to the judgment must be so arranged that it may be retained by the memory. The end you have in view will not be gained if your teaching passes through the mind as water through a sieve. Guiding principles of conduct must be lodged in the mind, to stand the possessor in good stead when necessity arises. The whole will be crowned if the will is enlisted on the side of right. These are the principal mental faculties with which you have to deal as educators of the young: perception, judgment, memory, will—and you must do your best to understand them if you would be apt to teach.

2. Then an apt teacher must possess a right acquaintance with the *moral condition* of his charge. The shadow of original sin, and the darkness of actual guilt rest upon the soul, hence we are said to be "darkness"—to be in the "kingdom of darkness," and "of the night." The heart is selfish, self-deceived, self-satisfied, ungodly—"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child." None are too young to need the converting influences of divine grace. Nature's darkness is dispelled only by the light of divine truth; nature's selfishness corrected only by the benevolence of divine love; and nature's sinfulness cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, applied to the heart by the Spirit of God. The poetry of childhood is often beautiful, but it is not always true.

3. Dispositions must be studied, which reveal or indicate *special character*. As no two children are alike in their features, so they are not alike in their individuality. Each one seems to develop according to a law of his own. In most families and classes there are dull and slow children, who belong to the age of stage coaches—they are a little behind the times. And there are others so bright and quick, that they remind one of a Great Western Express. Some are open-hearted, frank, and generous; others are sly, cunning, deceitful. Again, there are sensitive little souls, who are timid and reserved to a fault; and contrasting with these, there are others who are bold, forward, vulgar. Instruction will be so wisely adapted, that the slow will be stimulated, the fast checked, the generous praised, the cunning detected, the timid encouraged, and the forward repressed, if you are apt to teach.

III. Knowledge of the right instruments, and how to use them. Every end can be reached by its appropriate means. Improper tools in the hand of the best workman will defeat his object.

1. The educator's first instrument is language. "How forcible are right words!" "A word fitly spoken" how good is it! But the grain of good thought may be lost in the verbiage of bad diction. There is no teaching in mere talk. Words are worthless unless they are the setting of true thought. Some people cannot see a noun unless they approach it through an avenue of adjectives. They can only express

themselves in stately sentences composed of Latinised words. Now, if you are apt to teach you will prune your language of recondite words, and express your ideas in terse and pointed Saxon.

2. Fitly chosen words will be pronounced with natural inflection and proper emphasis. A monotony of tone, to the drawling rhythm of which the children are soon scut to dreamland, will be studiously avoided. Your teaching will not be lost in the din of your verbal artillery, but will distil into the soul like the noiseless dew of a summer's night, if you are apt to teach.

3. Another instrument of immense importance is that of manner. The teacher's personal bearing is potent for good or evil. A spirit of levity is contagious in the extreme, and so is a spirit of seriousness. If we are much with children we shall impress our character upon them, for their minds are "plastic as soft wax." Some teachers I have known are like hedgehogs with their bristles extended, repelling all who happen to be near them, while others are like a magnet, attracting towards them all who come within the sphere of their influence. There is a subtle, refining power in a genteel manner, therefore always act with discretion, and never compromise yourselves as ladies and gentlemen in the presence of your scholars.

4. Keep a pleasant countenance, and the light of your smile will gladden many a young heart, and prove a very valuable educative instrument. If a genial soul lights up the face, you will soon win their confidence and love. By mere facial expression you can reprove or commend without the utterance of a single syllable. The words of Sinai, all aglow with lightning, and resonant with thunder, may coerce men into a reluctant submission, but God loves the filial obedience in response to the guidance of his eye. "I will guide thee with mine eye." This suggests our course of action, and the means of success.

5. The grand instrument, however, is the truth of God's word. The communication of truth to the mind is not merely the end you seek, but an instrument by which you seek to impress the heart and mould the character. If the Bible is regarded as a text-book which you must teach, your teaching will lack life and power. You may get a sublimer philosophy, and a higher code of morals from the teaching of the gospels and the epistles, but Jesus and the apostles will be placed, on a higher pedestal it is true, but on the same ground as Plato and Socrates. Failure will crown your work, if what you teach is not made to subserve the grand aim of soul-winning.

6. Do not neglect prayer as a means of your own soul-culture, and do not disregard it as an educative instrument. Conceive the truth in the atmosphere of prayer, teach it in the spirit of prayer, and God will own your labour to the salvation of the souls of your children, and the glory of his own great name.

IV. Right methods: the instruments must be used in the right way, or you will not achieve the right thing.

1. Ascertain the groundwork in the minds of your scholars; make sure of your foundation, and then take heed how you build. Do not assume they know more than they do, or you will shoot over their heads; do not assume they know less, or you will shoot beside the mark. Study simplicity, but do not babyfy your teaching. Goody-poody

children, who always do as they are toldy-poldy, exist only in the juvenile literature of a past generation.

2. Let your teaching be nicely graduated. If you do not lead your scholars on, you will soon drive them off. You have a structure to build, let each lesson be in advance of the last. Do not take too rapid strides, but lead them gently along the flowery path of knowledge, and endeavour to charm into admiration of the panorama, as fresh views are unfolded at each successive stage in the journey. It is a mistake to regard your children as though they were cooped up in a parish pound, to be kept in existence by the supplies you bring them from week to week. Progress is the law of being, and progress is the law of all true teaching.

" Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."*

3. Have regard to harmony—the law of association of ideas. Do not let your lessons be mere fragments, like the pebbles on the beach ; let there be such a thing as affinity between all you teach, then the grains will crystallise into the solid rock of truth. Method in teaching not only economises labour, but gives one of the best guarantees of success. It may be pleasant to roam through a pathless forest and examine single trees, but you miss the view of it as a whole.

4. Remember, harmony grows out of variety ; then let your teachings be as varied as the seasons, but one as the year. Let there be the bracing winds of Spring, when sunshine struggles with clouds ; the beauty and melody of Summer ; the fruitage of Autumn ; and the purity of Winter's driven snow. Perpetual reproof is like the biting wind of early March, nothing grows under it, and what buds begin to shoot are soon nipped. But reproof is necessary ; let it come in season. To deal in nothing but poetical imagery and prettiness may please for a time, but flowers soon fade and birds cease their song. But the Summer is essential to the year, so is poetry and song in teaching. Always let the Spring and Summer of your teaching lead up to Autumn's luscious fruits. In every lesson give your children some fruit worth the toil of gathering, and let the purity of Winter's snow characterise the whole. The Bible is an exhaustless store, and vastly varied ; teach the Bible and you will never lack variety. Avoid crochets, and do not be theological Pagininis, always fiddling on one string.

5. Use judicious repetition, but do not bore the children by constantly using well-worn platitudes. Present the same truths from time to time in new forms and from new stand-points. The Apostle Paul says, in his epistle to the Philippians, " To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe." Wise reiteration clenches the nail, and fixes the truth so securely in the mind that it demands an effort to forget it.

6. Interrogation is the last method I shall mention. The art of questioning should be studied by all who wish to be apt to teach. Never put a question which requires " Yes," or " No," for the answer.

* Tennyson.

By the Socratic method of teaching you can make your scholars masters of an entire subject. The effort to answer a question puts the learner's knowledge to the test, and grounds him more thoroughly in the subject taught.

I have thus endeavoured to sketch a teacher who is apt to teach. If you have not attained to my ideal, do not grow discouraged and give up the work. The recruit on the parade-ground does not regret his enlistment, when he is reminded of Wellington, but resolves to attain the standard of his lofty ideal. The qualifications and the means are yours to command, and the methods are easy of adoption. Your dissatisfaction with the past may prove an incentive to diligence in bringing about a better future. There are infinite possibilities in us all; let us labour to become apt to teach. The work is Christ-like. It is for his glory, and what other stimulus do we want? The sacrifice by which we can qualify ourselves for the work is not worth naming—a *little personal ease*. To achieve his life-work our blessed Saviour gave up everything; yea, laid down his life! Oh, is it not time to be in earnest? Our period of service is short, and the golden opportunity to labour in the Master's vineyard will soon be past. We have only to prove true to our mission, and God will honour his own gracious promise: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Then "go forth." Let duty be your watchword, and the glory of God in the salvation of souls your supreme aim. The tear of sympathy for the suffering, and the tear of regret for the lost, will soften many a hard heart, and make it more receptive of the "precious seed" you bear—then go forth "weeping." Thus your path shall not be dimmed by the shadow of irresolution, nor your spirit saddened by the gloom of mistrust. The promise shall be your pole-star, and the soft radiance of its light shall cheer you onward to the time when, with a rejoicing heart, you shall bear your "sheaves" into the garner of the Lord, to the universal shout of an eternal harvest home.

The Little Brickmakers.

ONE of the most pathetic choruses in Handel's overpoweringly grand oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," is that which illustrates the sufferings of the children of Israel under their cruel and unreasonable taskmasters. Few passages in that masterly production have greater power to touch the sympathies than the affecting opening chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage." The wonderful old story of a nation's sufferings under the reign of rigour has been recently quoted in illustration of another class of brickmakers, who in this nineteenth century are sighing for deliverance from an unnatural bondage. The demand for child-labour in some parts of England has for many years been very great; and the sufferings and hardships of the children of poverty have not failed to receive public attention. A very great improvement in consequence has followed. To one of the noblest of noblemen, the Earl of Shaftesbury, we are indebted for not a few

radical changes in the treatment of youthful toilers. Factory children are better protected, the sons and daughters of agriculturists are less degraded, and it is hoped that whatever may be the defects of the Education Bill of last session, it will free us from some of the reproaches under which England has been laid. The cry of the little matchmakers of Bethnal Green has awakened universal sympathy, and we are called by an earnest voice to express our sympathies with another and equally ill-used race of children whose case has not hitherto received much attention.

Throughout the brickyards of Staffordshire and several of the Midland Counties, a large number of children are employed in carrying clay from the clay-heap to the brickmaker. The great demand for lads of from fourteen to eighteen years of age in the ironworks and collieries has led to the employment of mere boys and girls in the clay works. Children of nine or ten years find, therefore, ready employment, although, in justice to the manufacturers, it should be said that they do not all favour the plan, and some are openly opposed to it. One master brickmaker states that many efforts have been made to dispense with the labour of women and children, but "they have always found insuperable obstacles in that direction." The cheapness of female labour, and the difficulty of obtaining men and boys, have operated against reform. It is said that seventy-five per cent. of the persons employed are females, and perhaps two-thirds of these are young girls from nine to twelve years of age. Elihu Burritt, who has written his impressions of a brickyard in the Black Country, thus describes a scene at the moulding bench:—"A middle-aged woman, as we took her to be from some dress indications of her sex, was standing at the bench, butter-stick in hand. Apparently she had on only a single garment reaching to her feet. But this appearance may have come from her clothes being so bespattered and weighted with wet clay, that they adhered so closely to her person that it was as fully developed through them as the female form of some marble statues through the thin drapery in which they are clad by the sculptor. . . . The only thing feminine in her appearance was a pair of ear-drops she wore as a token of her sex, and of its tastes under any circumstances. With two or three moulds she formed the clay dough into loaves with wonderful tact and celerity. With a dash, splash, and a blow, one was perfectly shaped. One little girl then took it away, and shed it out upon the drying-floor with the greatest precision to keep the rows in perfect line. Another girl, a little older, brought the clay to the bench." This girl was about thirteen, pleasant in appearance, but evidently suffering from exhaustion. "She first took up a mass of the cold clay, weighing about twenty-five pounds, upon her head, and while balancing it there, she squatted to the heap without bending her body, and took up a mass of equal weight with both hands against her stomach, and with the two burdens walked about a rod, and deposited them on the moulding bench. No wonder, we thought, that the colour in her cheeks was an unhealthy flush. With a mass of cold clay held against her stomach, and bending under another on her head, for ten or twelve hours in a day, it seemed a marvel that there should be any red blood in her veins at all. How such a child could ever grow an inch in any direction after being

put to this occupation was a mystery. Certainly, not an inch could be added to her stature in all the working-days of her life. She could only grow at night, and on Sundays." Mr. Burritt's attention was arrested by a little boy, exactly nine inches higher than his umbrella (three feet and a half high) whom he found, to his great surprise, to be seventeen years old. No wonder that Mr. Baker, one of the best-informed inspectors of factories, should regard the employment of children in brickyards as absolutely cruel. "I have seen," he says, in one of his reports, "a boy of five years old, working among two or three and twenty females, being 'broken in,' as they call it, to the labour. In one case, a boy of eleven years of age was carrying fourteen pounds weight of clay upon his head, and as much more within his arms, backward and forward, from the temperer to the brickmaker, walking eight miles a day upon the average of six days; and in another, a boy of sixteen was carrying green bricks to the floor in the mould, weighing fourteen pounds there, and three pounds the empty mould back, and walking eighteen miles a day upon the average." Similar, if not more astounding evidence is given in one of the Blue Books (1864); and Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, Leicester, has recently published a most arousing appeal, entitled, "The Cry of the Children from the Brickyards of England," which cannot fail to reach the hearts of all who read it. Mr. Smith writes with all the vehemence of indignation against a system from which he personally suffered in early life, and the marks of which remain to this day. He has seen thousands of boys and girls bearing the burdens which he himself bore; suffering in body and soul through the polluting moral atmosphere which they have breathed; has sought by telling, as he says, simply a dark chapter in the "annals of the poor," to awaken a deep and practical interest in this class of sufferers. Stung by opposition from only one brickmaster, he has indulged in perhaps too vigorous language; but the whole tone of his pamphlet bears testimony to his intense and earnest desire that the little brickmakers may be protected by the law from the perils in which they are now placed. The fact which he is anxious his countrymen should know is, that "in our brickfields and brickworks there are from twenty to thirty thousand children—from as low as three and four up to sixteen and seventeen—undergoing a very 'bondage' of toil, and a horror of evil training that carries peril in it." His own personal experiences are, he insists, illustrative of thousands of others, and they are certainly extremely painful. He commenced life's labours at nine years of age by carrying about forty pounds of clay upon his head, from the clay heap to the table on which the bricks were made. When there was no clay, he had to carry the same weight of bricks. "This labour," he says, "had to be performed, almost without intermission, for thirteen hours daily. Sometimes my labours were increased by my having to work all night at the kilns." He was cruelly treated by the adult labourers—not a new experience in the history of the children of poverty. It seems almost incredible that the sons of toil should practise such unnatural cruelties upon the children under their control; but he who is acquainted with factory life will not be wholly surprised at Mr. Smith's statements. "On one occasion," he writes, "I had to perform a very heavy amount of labour. After my customary day's work, I had

to carry one thousand two hundred nine-inch bricks from the maker to the floors on which they are placed to harden. The total distance thus walked by me that night was not less than fourteen miles, seven miles of which I traversed with eleven pounds weight of clay in my arms, besides lifting the unmade clay and carrying it some distance to the maker. The total quantity of clay thus carried by me was five and a half tons. For all this labour I received sixpence! The fatigue thus occasioned brought on a serious illness, which for several weeks prevented my resuming work."

If these experiences are by no means uncommon—and facts are adduced that are strongly corroborative of them—the immoral and irreligious results can be readily imagined. The present system is a prolific source of immorality and vicious habits that leave their traces indelibly behind. It seems pretty generally acknowledged that, to use the words of Mr. Mundella, M.P., "There is no trade in which ignorance, vice, and immorality prevail to a greater extent than amongst the *employés* in brick and tile yards." "Out of the many hundreds of brickyard girls," Mr. Smith stated in a paper read at the Social Science Congress at Newcastle, "whose career I have personally marked, not more than a dozen have become decent and respectable wives." This statement is very awful, and we should hope that it cannot apply to all the brickyards of the Black Country; but we fear from the published details that the evil is more general than is supposed. A master brickmaker laments the extreme ignorance and viciousness of the girls and women. Not one in ten of them can write: not more than one-half have ever entered school. Their parents' main concern seems to be to make whatever money they can out of their illiterate and prematurely faded children; and they regard even elementary schooling as the luxury of other classes. Not that poverty is the only or general excuse for sending their children to the clay-yards. "I have known parents," says one master, "in receipt of two, three, and four pounds a week, send their children out to work at clay-works, for a few shillings per week, hung in rags, whilst the parents themselves rioted at home in luxuries and drink."

Happily, however, there is another and a brighter side of the picture. "On the other hand," says this same witness, "I have seen, and I say it with pride, two or three little girls, working hard, anxious for over-time, always cheerful, always at their post, striving like the good angels they were, to win an honest crust for a poor kind sickly mother or grandmother." Still, the evils to be witnessed in brickyards are so palpable, and the type of character formed in early life so degrading, that some severe remedy should be applied by the Legislature. The law prohibits child labour in other pursuits; why should it allow young girls to work in brickyards? It is only reasonable that the law which applies to factories and agricultural gangs should also apply to the brickmakers. But it appears that the Factory and Workshops Acts do not apply to establishments in which less than fifty persons are employed. Surely this can be remedied, the employment of girls for a labour so unsuited and demoralizing stopped, and the working hours of the boys considerably shortened. The present system is deliberately cruel. A newspaper published in the Potteries

corroborates the statements made in the pamphlet already alluded to,* and says:—"There may be now less carrying of clay than Mr. Smith describes in his interesting paper, the clay being in many cases wheeled to the maker of the bricks; but the hardships endured by the children, the long hours of labour, the lax moral discipline, the ignorance and low moral tone that he alleges prevails in brickyards are quite true, in too many cases, we believe. We have known lads in earthenware manufactories compelled to carry lumps of clay that have forced the head into the neck, and almost cracked the backbone of the lad or girl, when by thoughtless men they have been made to carry pieces beyond their strength; and many lads have been stunted in their growth through the folly, and in some cases—we speak plainly—the cruelty of working potters."

It is very obvious that children living under such demoralizing influences are not easily impressed for good. Brought up in ignorance, they are the ready prey of Vice, and soon begin to regard religion with suspicion and dislike. Their minds uncultured, their tastes degraded, they are sorry material for the Christian to work upon. As for the Sabbath-school—very little can be expected from it. Overworked during the week, the children are more disposed for rest on the Sabbath than for instruction; surrounded by the vicious, and morally dwarfed by their example during six days, they are more inclined to swear and curse, and to indulge in rude and harmful amusements on the Lord's-day than to listen to the voice of the Christian teacher. We hope that vigorous agitation will follow the dissemination of Mr. Smith's pamphlet for Parliamentary interference, and that our Christian brethren who are acquainted with the facts will assist in this laudable movement to relieve the children of their burdens.

[It is with no small pleasure that we have learnt since this paper was in type that the Government have promised to take up the matter. It should be done at once.]

Covenants with God.

IT was the custom of our Puritanic forefathers to make a formal covenant with God at the time of their first conversion, and this solemn act they reverently renewed either at set seasons, or upon the occasion of remarkable mercies. It has been said that such a formal proceeding is apt to engender bondage and savours of legality; if so, it is a singular circumstance that it should have been so common among the most evangelical divines that ever lived. We rather incline to the belief that the practice ministered to edification, and was one cause of the vigorous personal piety of the Puritanic period. At any rate, the spirit of complete surrender to God is absolutely necessary to true religion, and the more thoroughly our belonging unto God is practically recognised, the more energetic will our religion become. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price," is a truth which cannot be too

* It can be had of Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

deeply impressed on the minds of believers. As a specimen of the mode in which holy men of the seventeenth century devoted themselves unto God, the reader will be interested in the following "occasional covenant" of Mr. Oliver Heywood, drawn up after a period of secrecy and self-examination, and signed before participating in the Lord's Supper. He says of it: "Having experienced some degree of enlargement, I am pressed in spirit to lift up my hand to the Most High, and bind myself to the Lord in a further vow of self-dedication to him."

MR. HEYWOOD'S COVENANT.

"INFINITE Jehovah! It is no small encouragement to this poor, sinful creature, that I live under a covenant of grace, and not of works, wherein, though I sin, as thou knowest, to the grief of my heart, repentance is not unavailable, nor the sentence irreversible; but an appeal is admitted from the bench of justice to the throne of grace, from the law to the gospel, from Moses to Christ. God himself, even thou, my Father, having provided a plank after shipwreck, and a city of refuge to secure my poor, trembling soul: according to this blessed covenant, I return to thee this day after my backslidings. It grieves me that I have grieved thy Spirit by deadness, distraction, pride, unbelief, worldliness, hypocrisy, and formality. I here prostrate myself at thy footstool, acknowledging thy justice, if thou condemn me, adoring thy free grace, if thou receive me; and who knows but God will accept? O that ever it should enter thy heart to send thy Son to redeem sinners! O that overflowing love should provide a surety to pay the debt of bankrupts! I accept it, Lord, with a hearty welcome; I acquiesce in this thy way, and will seek for no other to secure my precious soul. My soul embraceth a dear Saviour in the arms of my faith. Welcome Christ, with his yoke! Welcome the cross of Christ! O that my soul may come to Christ aright! I am willing to part with the world, sensual gratifications, and all for Christ, and to give myself up to Christ. I have no other Saviour, no other Sovereign; the Lord my Righteousness is the Lord my Judge; the Lord my King will save me. Dear Lord Jesus! thou art my hope, my help, my light, my life; thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore my soul loveth thee, my heart goeth after thee. I have none in heaven or earth besides thee; thou art the Sun of righteousness; thy grace alone heals, thy beams enlighten me, thy rays refresh me. If thou withdrawest, my spirit faints. Whom should I admire but thee? To whom should I give up myself but unto thee? Here I am, Lord, devoted to thy fear, thy servant, the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds. My person and all I have are thine; yea, I look upon it as my greatest privilege to be the Lord's devoted servant. Lord, if thou hast given thy worthless worm any gifts, I will not use them to get myself credit, but the glory. No matter what men think or speak of me, so that they have exalted thoughts of God. Let me disappear, that the eyes of men may be fixed on the Lord. My house and goods, and all I have, are at thy service. I proclaim liberty to thee to do with all I have what seemeth good to thee. If I may glorify thee better without than with these things, I am as willing to be deprived of them as ever I was to receive them. My wife, children, and all my comforts, are more thine than mine. I am but a steward: these are borrowed; and when my

Master calls, I will freely let all go for thy sake and pleasure. I despise all things in comparison of, or competition with, my dear Lord Jesus. What is this world to the pearl of great price, the Mediator of the new covenant? My soul even scorns and hates these poor unconsiderable things, that I may win Christ and be found in him. 'I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.' I have renewed my covenant, taken the bounty money, given my hand, and, through grace, my soul desires to stand to it, to be the Lord's and only his. I am more the Lord's than my own. O that I could be more for God than for myself! I must, and through grace, will take more pains in my study, be more at the throne of grace, and preach with more compassion for poor souls. Lord, say Amen, and give success to

"Began, Feb. 1, }
 Ended, Feb. 3, } 1673."

"Thy worthless servant,

"OLIVER HEYWOOD.

It is Dark.

THERE come seasons of darkness in all our lives—times when there are neither sun, nor moon, nor stars in the sky, and we stand still in fear, or grope, trembling. A few years ago there fell upon my life one of these seasons, in which I could see neither to the right hand nor the left. A terror of darkness was upon me. One night I lay awake, thinking, thinking until my brain grew wild with uncertainty. I could not see even a step in advance, and feared to move onwards lest with the next footfall I should plunge into hopeless ruin. Very strongly was I tempted to turn aside from the way in which I was going—a way reason and conscience approved as right; but something held me back. Again and again I took up and considered the difficulties of my situation, looking to the right hand and the left for ways of extrication; now inclining to go in this direction, and now in that; yet always held away from resolve by inner convictions of right and duty that grew clear at the moment when I was ready to give up my hold on integrity.

So the hours went heavy-footed until past midnight. My little daughter was sleeping in the crib beside my bed. But now she began to move uneasily, and presently her timid voice broke faintly the still air:—

"Papa! papa!" she called. "What is it, darling?" I asked. "Oh, papa! It is dark! Take Nellie's hand." I reached out my hand and took her tiny one in my own, clasping it firmly. A sigh of relief came up from her little heart. All her loneliness and fear were gone, and in a few moments she was sound asleep again.

"Oh my Father in Heaven!" I cried, in a sudden, almost wild outburst of feeling. "It is dark, very dark. Take my hand!" A great peace fell upon me. The terror of darkness was gone. "Keep hold of my hand, oh, my Father!" I prayed fervently; "and though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Let not my feet wander to the right or to the left."

Sleep fell softly on my eyelids, and morning broke with scarce a seeming interval of time. I felt calm and strong. The day was to be one of severe trial. Dark uncertainty rested over it. But I was resolved to walk steadily through its trials and its pains, holding tightly the hand of my Father. Oh! is not the Lord better to us, if we will trust Him, than all our fears? There came fierce assaults upon my integrity. I was lured by golden promises. I was threatened with disaster and disgrace: but my hand lay in the firm clasp of one who "sticketh closer than a brother," and who is strong to save. In my rectitude I found safety. Had I swerved, I should have gone down to hopeless ruin. Even my tempters, who had hoped to gain through my defections from honour, bore witness to my integrity. And now, having escaped the perils of this difficult and dangerous pass, peace, prosperity, and honour opened on my view; but the highest and dearest of all my possessions is mine integrity, which, but for the hand of my Father grasped in darkness, I should have lost.—*Home Magazine.*

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LXI.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician upon Neginah, a Psalm of David.—*The original indicates that both the hymn and the musical instrument were David's. He wrote the verses, and himself sang them to the stringed instrument whose sound he loved so well. We have left the Psalms entitled Michtam, but we shall still find much precious meaning though the golden name be wanting. We have met with the title of this Psalm before, in Psalms IV., VI., LIV., and LV., but with this difference, that in the present case the word is in the singular number: the Psalm itself is very personal, and well adapted for the private devotion of a single individual.*

SUBJECT AND DIVISION.—*This Psalm is a pearl. It is little, but precious. To many a mourner it has furnished utterance when the mind could not have devised speech for itself. It was evidently composed by David after he had come to the throne,—see verse 6. The second verse leads us to believe that it was written during the psalmist's enforced exile from the tabernacle, which was the visible abode of God: if so, the period of Absalom's rebellion has been most suitably suggested as the date of its authorship, and Delitzsch is correct in entitling it, "Prayer and thanksgiving of an expelled King on his way back to his throne."*

We might divide the verses according to the sense, but it is preferable to follow the author's own arrangement, and make a break at each SELAH.

EXPOSITION.

HEAR my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock *that is higher than I.*

3. For thou hast been a shelter for me, *and* a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Selah.

1. "*Hear my cry, O God.*" He was in terrible earnest; he shouted, he lifted up his voice on high. He is not however content with the expression of his need: to give his sorrows vent is not enough for him, he wants actual audience of heaven, and manifest succour as the result. Pharisees may rest in their prayers; true believers are eager for an answer to them: ritualists may be satisfied when they have "said or sung" their litanies and collects, but living children of God will never rest till their supplications have entered the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. "*Attend unto my prayer.*" Give it thy consideration, and such an answer as thy wisdom sees fit. When it comes to crying with us, we need not doubt but that it will come to attending with God. Our heavenly Father is not hardened against the cries of his own children. What a consoling thought it is that the Lord at all times hears his people's cries, and is never forgetful of their prayers; whatever else fails to move him, praying breath is never spent in vain!

2. "*From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee.*" He was banished from the spot which was the centre of his delight, and at the same time his mind was in a depressed and melancholy condition; both actually and figuratively he was an outcast, yet he does not therefore restrain prayer, but rather finds therein a reason for the louder and more importunate cries. To be absent from the place of divine worship was a sore sorrow to saints in the olden times; they

looked upon the tabernacle as the centre of the world, and they counted themselves to be at the fig-end of the universe when they could no longer resort to the sacred shrine; their heart was heavy as in a strange land when they were banished from its solemnities. Yet even they knew right well that no place is unsuitable for prayer. There may be an end of the earth, but there must not be an end to devotion. On creation's verge we may call upon God, for even there he is within call. No spot is too dreary, no condition too deplorable; whether it be the world's end or life's end, prayer is equally available. To pray in some circumstances needs resolve, and the psalmist here expresses it, "*I will cry.*" It was a wise resolution, for had he ceased to pray he would have become the victim of despair; there is an end to a man when he makes an end to prayer. Observe that David never dreamed of seeking any other God; he did not imagine the dominion of Jehovah to be local: he was at the end of the promised land, but he knew himself to be still in the territory of the Great King; to him only does he address his petitions. "*When my heart is overwhelmed:*"—when the huge waves of trouble wash over me, and I am completely submerged, not only as to my head, but also my heart. It is hard to pray when the very heart is drowning, yet gracious men plead best at such times. Tribulation brings us to God, and brings God to us. Faith's greatest triumphs are achieved in her heaviest trials. It is all over with me, affliction is all over me; it encompasses me as a cloud, it swallows me up like a sea, it shuts me in with thick darkness, yet God is near, near enough to hear my voice, and I will call him. Is not this brave talk? Mark how our psalmist tells the Lord, as if he knew he were hearing him, that he intended to call upon him: our prayer by reason of our distress may be like to a call upon a far-off friend, but our inmost faith has its quiet heart-whispers to the Lord as to one who is assuredly our very present help.

"*Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.*" I see thee to be my refuge, sure and strong: but alas! I am confused, and cannot find thee; I am weak, and cannot climb thee. Thou art so steadfast, guide me; thou art so high, uplift me. There is a mint of meaning in this brief prayer. Along the iron-bound coast of our northern shores, lives are lost because the rocks are inaccessible to the shipwrecked mariner. A clergyman of one of the coast villages has with immense labour cut steps up from the beach to a large chamber, which he has excavated in the chalk cliff: here many mariners have been saved; they have climbed the rock, which had else been too high for them, and they have escaped. We have heard of late, however, that the steps have been worn away by the storms, and that poor sailors have perished miserably within sight of the refuge which they could not reach, for it was too high for them: it is therefore proposed to drive in iron stanchions, and to hang up chain ladders that shipwrecked mariners may reach the chambers in the rock. The illustration is self-interpreting. Our experience leads us to understand this verse right well, for the time was with us when we were in such amazement of soul by reason of sin, that although we knew the Lord Jesus to be a sure salvation for sinners, yet we could not come at him, by reason of our many doubts and forebodings. A Saviour would have been of no use to us if the Holy Spirit had not gently led us to him, and enabled us to rest upon him. To this day we often feel that we not only want a rock, but to be led to it. With this in view we treat very leniently the half-unbelieving prayers of awakened souls; for in their bewildered state we cannot expect from them all at once a fully believing cry. A seeking soul should at once believe in Jesus, but it is legitimate for a man to ask to be led to Jesus; the Holy Spirit is able to effect such a leading, and he can do it even though the heart be on the borders of despair.

How infinitely higher than we are is the salvation of God. We are low and grovelling, but it towers like some tall cliff far above us. This is its glory, and is our delight when we have once climbed into the rock, and claimed an interest in it: but while we are as yet trembling seekers, the glory and sublimity of salvation appal us, and we feel that we are too unworthy ever to be partakers

of it; hence we are led to cry for grace upon grace, and to see how dependent we are for everything, not only for the Saviour, but for the power to believe on him.

3. "*For thou hast been a shelter for me.*" Observe how the psalmist rings the changes on, "*Thou hast,*" and "*I will,*"—verses 3, 4, 5, and 6. Experience is the nurse of faith. From the past we gather arguments for present confidence. Many and many a time had the persecutions of Saul and the perils of battle imperilled David's life, and only by miracle had he escaped, yet was he still alive and unhurt; this he remembers, and he is full of hope. "*And a strong tower from the enemy.*" As in a fort impregnable, David had dwelt, because surrounded by omnipotence. Sweet is it beyond expression to remember the lovingkindnesses of the Lord in our former days, for he is unchangeable, and therefore will continue to guard us from all evil.

4. "*I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever.*" Let me once get back to thy courts, and nothing shall again expel me from them: even now in my banishment my heart is there; and ever will I continue to worship thee in spirit wherever my lot may be cast. Perhaps by the word "*tabernacle*" is here meant the dwelling-place of God; and if so, the sense is, I will dwell with the Lord, enjoying his sacred hospitality, and sure protection.

"There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home."

He who communes with God is always at home. The divine omnipresence surrounds such a one consciously; his faith sees all around him the palace of the King, in which he walks with exulting security and overflowing delight. Happy are the indoor servants who go not out from his presence. Hewers of wood and drawers of water in the tents of Jehovah are more to be envied than the princes who riot in the pavilions of kings. The best of all is that our residence with God is not for a limited period of time, but for ages; yea, for ages of ages, for time and for eternity: this is our highest and most heavenly privilege, "*I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever.*"

"*I will trust in the covert of thy wings.*" Often does our sweet singer use this figure; and far better is it to repeat one apt and instructive image, than for the sake of novelty to ransack creation for poor, strained metaphors. The chicks beneath the hen how safe, how comfortable, how happy! How warm the parent's bosom! How soft the cherishing feathers! Divine condescension allows us to appropriate the picture to ourselves, and how blessedly instructive and consoling it is! O for more trust; it cannot be too implicit: such a covert invites us to the most unbroken repose. SELAH. Rest we well may when we reach this point. Even the harp may be eloquently silent when deep, profound calm completely fills the bosom, and sorrow has sobbed itself into a peaceful slumber.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given *me* the heritage of those that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: *and* his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever: O prepare mercy and truth, *which* may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

5. "*For thou, O God, hast heard my vows.*" Proofs of divine faithfulness are to be had in remembrance, and to be mentioned to the Lord's honour. The prayer of verse 1 is certain of an answer because of the experience of verse 5, since we deal with an immutable God. "*Vows*" may rightly be joined with

prayers when they are lawful, well-considered, and truly for God's glory. It is great mercy on God's part to take any notice of the vows and promises of such faithless and deceitful creatures as we are. What we promise him is his due already, and yet he deigns to accept our vows as if we were not so much his servants as his free suitors who could give or withhold at pleasure. "*Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.*" We are made heirs, joint-heirs with all the saints, partakers of the same portion. With this we ought to be delighted. If we suffer, it is the heritage of the saints; if we are persecuted, are in poverty, or in temptation, all this is contained in the title-deeds of the heritage of the chosen. Those we are to sup with we may well be content to dine with. We have the same inheritance as the Firstborn himself; what better is conceivable? Saints are described as fearing the name of God; they are reverent worshippers; they stand in awe of the Lord's authority; they are afraid of offending him, they feel their own nothingness in the sight of the Infinite One. To share with such men, to be treated by God with the same favour as he metes out to them, is matter for endless thanksgiving. All the privileges of all the saints are also the privilege of each one.

6. "*Thou wilt prolong the king's life;*" or, better, "days to the days of the King thou wilt add." Death threatened, but God preserved his beloved. David, considering his many perils, enjoyed a long and prosperous reign. "*And his years as many generations.*" He lived to see generation after generation personally; in his descendants he lived as king through a very long period; his dynasty continued for many generations; and in Christ Jesus, his seed and son, spiritually David reigns on evermore. Thus he who began at the foot of the rock, half drowned, and almost dead, is here led to the summit, and sings as a priest abiding in the tabernacle, a king ruling with God for ever, and a prophet foretelling good things to come. (Verse 7.) See the uplifting power of faith and prayer. None so low but they may yet be set on high.

7. "*He shall abide before God for ever.*" Though this is true of David in a modified sense, we prefer to view the Lord Jesus as here intended as the lineal descendant of David, and the representative of his royal race. Jesus is enthroned before God to eternity; here is our safety, dignity, and delight. We reign in him; in him we are made to sit together in the heavens. David's personal claim to sit enthroned for ever is but a foreshadowing of the revealed privilege of all true believers. "*O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.*" As men cry, "Long live the king," so we hail with acclamation our enthroned Immanuel, and cry, "Let mercy and truth preserve him." Eternal love and immutable faithfulness are the bodyguards of Jesus' throne, and they are both the providers and the preservers of all those who in him are made kings and priests unto God. We cannot keep ourselves, and nothing short of divine mercy and truth can do it; but these both can and will, nor shall the least of the people of God be suffered to perish.

8. "*So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever.*" Because my prayer is answered, my song shall be perpetual; because Jesus for ever sits at thy right hand, it shall be acceptable; because I am preserved in him, it shall be grateful. David had given vocal utterance to his prayer by a cry; he will now give expression to his praise by a song: there should be a parallel between our supplications and our thanksgivings. We ought not to leap in prayer, and limp in praise. The vow to celebrate the divine name "*for ever*" is no hyperbolic piece of extravagance, but such as grace and glory shall enable us to carry out to the letter. "*That I may daily perform my vows.*" To God who adds days to our days we will devote all our days. We vowed perpetual praise, and we desire to render it without intermission. We would worship God *de die in diem*, going right on as the days roll on. We ask no vacation from this heavenly vocation; we would make no pause in this sacred service. God daily performs his promises, let us daily perform our vows: he keeps his covenant, let us not forget ours. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth, even for evermore.

Mr. Orsman's Work described by "One of the Society of Friends,"*

“IF there is a wretched spot in London it is the Lane called “Golden,” writes a journalist. The whole district behind Bunhill Row and Goswell Street, Old Street, and Beech Street, Barbican, is a perfect labyrinth of courts, alleys, and passages. It has been said that in this district ‘humanity is at its worst, and crime itself at its lowest, dirtiest, and slimiest ebb of degradation.’ It is the Belleville of London. Thirty per cent. of the population are costermongers and street-hawkers, probably twenty per cent. persons of very doubtful occupation, artificial flower-makers, toy and skewer makers, crossing-sweepers, searchers in the gutter for cigar ends, and in dust-bins for doctors’ bottles, sorters of warehouse cleanings, bone-pickers. Two kinds of shops flourish there, the public-house and the dried fish-shop. Low foreheads and unkempt hair, ragged and filthy dress characterise the population. Half-naked children swarm in the noisome alleys, idle women and girls stand loitering at the corners or gossip in the doorways. As a specimen of the interior arrangements of the houses ‘a family of five persons, four dogs, and a cat, sleep in one small room, in another an old woman with eight cats; close by is a room where a family of seven live and sleep together, besides cooking and selling fried fish in the same room during the day. In a desolate room into which oozed the filthy sewerage from the open drain in the court, lay a poor sick mother enveloped in a rug; on a rickety table stood a beer can, a doctor’s bottle, and a candle stuck in a turnip. Two little half-naked children were crouching in front of the fire-place, trying to keep baby warm by lighting a few sticks.’

“We should advise some of our friends some first-day morning during our next Yearly Meeting, to forego the luxury of hearing six or eight sermons, and subject themselves to a discipline which might be worth a hundred sermons. We mean a stroll down Whitecross Street, when the church-bells are chiming, and the market is in full swing. Costermongers’ stalls thickly line the streets. ‘Buy! Buy! Buy!’ cries the butcher. ‘Chops at 6d. per lb., pieces at 3½d. and 4½d. per lb., bullock’s liver at 2d., ox cheek at 4d. per lb., prime bacon at 4d. and 5d. per lb., fine young (?) fowls at 5d. per lb.’

“Don’t forget your spice, ladies!’ ‘Two ounces of best (?) Durham mustard for one penny!’ One penny will make you the fortunate possessor of a packet of black lead, two skins of blacking, a box of matches, and a ball of blue.

“The second-hand shoedealer praises his wares, the tinware man tinkles, and the crockery stall clatters. The faded vegetable stall drives a great trade, and throws its leaves all about the street. Such are a few of the characteristics of Whitecross Street, on any day of the week, but to see it in its perfection go in the evening.

“Can’t be religious, sir, nohow; can’t let the barrer be lazy on Sunday,’ said a costermonger who was begged to give his heart to Christ. Another said after he had been reasoned with, ‘Well, sir, I ain’t an eddicated person, but I know wot’s wot, and I know God never meant costermongers to be religious—why don’t you see, it never could be done!’ When a costermonger becomes convinced of sin, the first thing he does is to give up Sunday trading. If a man can *only live with* Sunday trading, it requires strong faith to give it up, but it is done and is blessed.

“What is impossible to man is possible to God, and here Mr. Orsman, a

* We extract the following from “The Friends’ Monthly Record,” where it would be seen by comparatively few. We thank R. B. for his generous remarks on our own work, but especially for his well-deserved encomiums on our beloved friend, Mr. Orsman.

clerk in the Civil Service, commenced his mission. All that has been done, has been done **AFTER OFFICE HOURS**. It is a mark of the divine character of Christianity, that it not only animates men like Mr. Orsman to undertake such a task, but that it is fitted to effect what all the worldly and sceptical philosophy in this country cannot do, and this is to raise thieves, harlots, the wretched and degraded, from the dunghill, to the position of sons and daughters of God. Let us be sure of this, it is the sin which is the cause of the misery—not the *misery* which is the *primary* cause of the sin. When we found ourselves at last in the Mission room, we could hardly persuade ourselves that we were looking at a congregation of costermongers, sweeps, and artificial flower girls, such is the change in the outward appearance which the blessed gospel by the living presence of the Holy Spirit effects.

“The waves of sin and sorrow of this vast metropolis surge round the Mission House, which is like an islet in the troubled sea. The hoarse murmurs of the conversation of wretched groups of men, women, and girls, the quarrelling, the cursing, and the more hideous and revolting laugh, are heard now falling, now rising in *their* notes, when there is a break in the service. Sweet indeed was the assurance that the whole of God's earth is not so dark a spot as the hymn sweetly rose:—

“Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs are ringing,
O'er earth's green fields and oceans' wave-beat shore.
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new Life where sin shall be no more!”

The worship was very simple. A hymn—the Bible read and familiarly illustrated and expounded—prayer in which we were asked to engage—a simple, well-arranged, clear, and educated sermon—a sermon which encouraged us personally. City life sharpens the apprehensions of the classes who live by their wits, and a clear line of thought, and apt illustrations seem to be well understood. An address of this character would have been listened to with respect and attention from any congregation. It is noteworthy that a period of silent prayer forms part of the proceedings, and the congregation are asked to pray, each for what they most need. Our attention was specially called to an important fact, that this is not merely a ‘preaching place.’ It is where a Christian church assembles, having a regular membership, and we have been interested in seeing five Catechumens baptised by immersion on a profession of faith in Christ. Two young women, in neat white dresses, and three men, rose from the mystical burial with Christ by baptism; we trust to the new life in him. There could be no place where baptism could be truly more emblematical of the purity of the character of the Christian ‘washed, cleansed, and sanctified’ by the Spirit of our God. ‘I,’ a poor sweep said on one occasion, one of the converts, ‘am glad to wash my face when my day's work is done, but how much better to have Christ to wash your black soul!’ There were perhaps three hundred to three hundred and fifty present, but the evening was wet, and at times four hundred to five hundred attend. ‘Our converts,’ writes Mr. Orsman, ‘are not of mushroom growth; very few have caused us sorrow.’ Many are scattered in foreign lands. ‘Conversions,’ writes Mr. Orsman, ‘caused by fleshly excitement, are mostly effervescent. Our audience is *not drawn together by any prospect of any temporal gain*, in fact, not a few have had to suffer not only persecution but pecuniary loss, in consequence of their religious views.’

“We will now endeavour to describe the agencies employed. Services have been carried on three times weekly, with great success. A large bell is rung for half an hour previously, the inhabitants of the district are mostly without the luxury of clocks and watches. For open-air preaching, the dark evening is everywhere found most suitable, because there are in these days a great many people who, like Nicodemus, like to come to Jesus ‘by night!’ At prayer-meetings, the attendance on Sunday evening often exceeds 500, most of whom are youthful converts, whose earnest devotional spirit is a source of

great joy to Mr. O.; silent prayer forms a prominent feature of these meetings. Five Bible classes are held weekly. The Sunday-school has sixteen voluntary teachers, 'all converts from missionary services'; 372 children are on the books; 172 special services for children, the room being filled. The majority of the children spent Sunday evening in the gutter; they now attend the services regularly, and so high a value do they set upon them, that the most successful way of punishing them, is to threaten to exclude them for a week or two! A free day-school with attendance of 200 children. The ragged boys' patching class; this is a very successful and notable class. So grateful are the boys for the interest taken in their welfare, that they often express their gratitude thus:— 'I say, teacher, don't you be afeerd of ever havin' to go to the workus, we'll see as yer never wants a crust; wait till we gits to be men, and we'll look arter yer!'

"Free evening classes for reading and working—aggregate attendance 72 per week. The costermongers have a yearly free tea, and for their special benefit there is a costermongers' barrow and donkey club. Then there are sewing classes, clothing and shoe clubs. The temperance cause has great attention. There are three organisations, which are decidedly aggressive. 'The Christian Temperance Life Boat Crew,' 'The Golden Band of Hope Volunteers,' who appear to have uniforms, and an Emigration Club. 'The Golden Lane Mission Magazine,' a Drum and Fife Band, and a Choral Union, with a Lending Library. A Juvenile Lord's Day Rest Society numbers 125 members; and last, not least, a printing press constantly going shows vividly the activity of this Mission Church. Mr. Orsman is collecting money for a building fund, as the present premises are far from convenient.

"Will any reader of the *Monthly Record** who inclines to contribute to the funds of so admirable a working church, send their cheque to the editor? They may apply money as well, but could they apply it *better* than to help a well-educated and intelligent man, who for *eight years* has laboured without fee or reward, in a district from which the stoutest hearted might well turn away with loathing and disgust? A striking incident is related in connection with the Mission services.

"Mrs. O. was awaked by a dream, repeated three times, in which the Good Shepherd appeared and led her to the Mission. As she entered in her dream, they were singing the hymn:—

" 'I have a Friend, a précieux Friend.'

"The Saviour said to her, 'I am that Friend,' and she awoke; accordingly, that day she resolved to go *for the first time* to the Missions, and they were singing the very hymn she heard in her dream. This was felt by her to be a token for good; she is now a follower of Christ.

"The value of hymns sung is strikingly illustrated by two young women, who were led to Christ by the singing of Newman's beautiful hymn:—

" 'Lead, kindly light, amid the circling gloom,
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.'

"The singing of the hymn—

" 'Shall we meet beyond the river?'

was instrumental in the conversion of one young man.

"A touching story is told of how a child lifted the lid of the coffin in which her little sister was lying dead, and was kneeling and praying by the side of the dead body. The unconverted mother listened to the child's prayer: 'Gentle Jesus, come and take little Annie up to heaven, to live always with thee and sister Sally. Blessed Saviour, teacher says I am one of thy lambs, so I want to

* Reader, please substitute *The Sword and the Trowel*, and the remark will hold good.

leave this wicked world. Come and take mother too, and make her fit to die. Amen.' The tears trickled down the mother's cheeks as the child, turning round, said, 'Tell the man to bring me a larger coffin, and tell teacher next Sunday that I am gone to heaven along with Sally.' In the night she was taken ill, and on the following day died, singing:—

“ I love Jesus, Hallelujah!
Jesus smiles and loves me too.”

“ From the day of the child's death the mother became an altered character; she gave up drinking and swearing, and now she rejoices in her Saviour. Reader, art thou a Christian? and if thou art, canst thou not do something for thy Lord? Will he not stretch out his arm to nerve thine, if thou art willing to serve him?”

Reviews.

Biblical Commentary on the Psalms.

By FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D., Professor of Old and New Testament Exegesis, Leipsic. T. & T. Clarke.

WE hasten to announce the issue of this learned exposition. We cannot just now give a lengthened notice. We do not look into these two volumes for spiritual savour, but for scholarly criticism, and we are not disappointed. No one who wishes to study the original text can afford to neglect Delitzsch.

A Suggestive Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans; with Critical and Homiletical Notes. By Rev. THOMAS ROBINSON. Dickinson, Farringdon St.

THIS is another volume of the Van Doren series, and like its predecessors will prove of great value to men with small libraries, since it gives them the cream of all the great expositors in a small compass. We hail the multiplication of such works as one of the best signs of the times.

Subjects of Baptism. By R. INGHAM. E. Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A SECOND volume of the Handbook on Christian Baptism, and worthy of the former, which we heartily commended some time ago. Mr. Ingham has a keen eye for every point in this question of obedience to our Lord's command, as opposed to the traditions of men; and when the coming time shall have arrived, this book will play no small part in helping on that inevitable spread of our views which an awakened church will surely exhibit. This is a huge piece of

artillery, and we hope to see it fired off with much effect by many of our gallant soldiers. The number of authorities quoted, and the extent of reading displayed is prodigious. It is an exhaustive work, and must have taxed the author's time and patience in a way that a sense of duty could alone have enabled him to sustain. All the trouble and pains, however, will yield ample return in the treasure of quotations and arguments brought under the hand of readers anxious to be guided in the matter. To them will be the harvest so patiently sown by the writer. It is by far the most able book we know, and will be the standard work on the subject for years to come.—B.

Sermons and Lectures. By the late WILLIAM M'COMBIE. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke.

A SERIES of very thoughtful discourses and addresses by a member of the Baptist Church, John Street, Aberdeen. In some points the theology is not our own, but the tone is good; and the congregation, which in the absence of a regular minister was able to secure so efficient a supply was fortunate indeed. As editor of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, the author wielded a vigorous pen; and as a lecturer he was esteemed for sober thought and breadth of ideas. Would that we had in all our churches many men of like power to help in a department of Christian work which needs more and more the attention of the church.—B.

The Problem of Evil. By ERNEST NAVILLE. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke.

SEVEN lectures, delivered at Lausanne, and also at Geneva, before very large audiences. The author has earned a name throughout the Continent as an eloquent expositor of philosophy in popular forms. We hardly expected to find any solution to this much perplexed problem, and we are not disappointed. So far as we can gather of the author's meaning through the translation under review, he confounds the *occasion* with the *cause*, and thinks that evil arose because it was possible to man, and man made the possible actual by not resisting it long enough to make it impossible. One paragraph will suffice to present the theory, which is certainly as unphilosophical a one as we could well conceive:—"Setting out from a state in which Evil was simply possible, that is to say, of innocence, it had by the effort of a free creature resisting this possible Evil, to put an end to the possibility itself, in order to arrive at the state of perfection, or of holiness, a state which derives its character from the fact that liberty has devoted itself to Good; such was to be the development of virtue. If the will does every moment what it ought, it obtains at last a decisive victory over the possibility of Evil. Evil has not appeared, without ever having been destroyed, it has become impossible, because it has never actually existed." Rubbish!—B.

The Pearl of Story Books. T. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster Row.

SELECTIONS from the Bible, arranged in order and in the language of Scripture: such is this book; and if it had been properly labelled, we should have rejoiced to see it; but the title is apt to mislead, and we should scarcely like to disappoint a young friend by giving it to him. We deem a Bible to be one of the most interesting books for young people, and, as such, would gladly see one in the possession of all; and we have no objection to give it the title at the head of our notice; but to cull portions, and claim for that selection so pre-eminent a name, is not, in our judgment, a wise or straightforward thing.—B.

The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church. By R. W. DALE, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A SECOND edition of a very able book. Both the author and his work are known to many of our readers, and to be known in their case is to be esteemed. We have perused this series of sermons on the Epistle to the Hebrews with much interest: designed not for scholars, but for ordinary readers, they nevertheless furnish evidence of much biblical knowledge, and will serve as a commentary upon an epistle full of types and Jewish symbols.

Martin the Weaver; or, the Power of Gold. From the French. By Mrs. C. OVEREND. Edinburgh: William Olliphant & Co.

A SILESIA narrative, admirably illustrating the power of gold to harden the heart. The poor weaver is indignant at the harshness of his employer, and yet when he himself becomes a master, he practises precisely the same oppression on the very workmen who were once his comrades in toil.

Quiet Hours. By JOHN PULSFORD. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THIS volume comprises in one the two series heretofore known under the same title. We welcome an old friend again, with whom we have had quiet hours before, followed by thoughtful ones as the result. Few books stir up and suggest more fresh ideas than the one we now pass under review. If you disagree with the author, you are helped to some fresh light, though it may be in an opposite direction to that intended by the writer. It is a treat to pass a quiet hour with this book, and we advise our more advanced readers, who have had their senses exercised to discern between good and evil, to try it at the earliest opportunity.—B.

Eternal Life set forth: being a complete Series of the Christian Mission Tracts. Edinburgh: Johnston & Co. London: Partridge.

ONE of the best series of little tracts we have ever come across; they have our hearty commendation. They ought to be scattered "thick as leaves in Valambrosa."

The Temperance Manual. By Rev. JUSTIN EDWARDS, D.D. Partridge.

WE suppose abstaining friends will consider this to be a forcible, temperate, and convincing production. We do not agree with them. In the most vehement denunciation of drunkenness we are ready earnestly to unite; but we cannot agree to condemn estimable and holy men by asserting "that all who use alcoholic beverages are aiding in increasing the wickedness, augmenting the guilt, and perpetuating the wretchedness of their fellow men." Such a censure would have included in its sweep one whom we call "Master and Lord."

Three Score and Ten; a Memorial of the late Albert Barnes. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

WHY not give the good man a well-carved monumental stone? This is only a cairn—a heap of stones thrown together any how. Here is first a sketch—a mere sketch of Barnes's character, by his friend Dr. March; then follow eighty-five pages of sermon, by the departed himself; and then an account of his funeral and the transactions by which his congregation and session expressed their esteem. We submit, that although all this is very well, it is not up to the mark as a memorial of the world-renowned commentator.

Things New and Old, relative to Life; being Sermons on Different Subjects. By T. H. Hodder & Stoughton.

THESE are not at all commonplace discourses, but are evidently the productions of a thoughtful and independent mind; yet we do not think them adapted for very wide usefulness, for we do not discern in them the unction which endears gospel ministry. The author is evidently a man of great ability; we should like to meet with him when nearer to the cross.

Rills from the Fountain of Life; or, Sermons to Children. By Rev. R. NEWTON, D.D. Partridge & Co.

DR. NEWTON is quite another person from the pretender to healing powers, who shocked us all so much last year. This Dr. Newton has a special gift with children, and his books are among the

best of their class. His sermon to children at the Tabernacle was a failure, because very few could hear more than a word here and there; but with an ordinary-sized audience he is powerful; and in a book he is, as Dr. Fletcher once was, the prince of preachers to the young.

John Wesley: his Life and his Works. By the Rev. MATTHEW LEFEVRE. Wesleyan Conference Office, 66, Paternoster Row.

THIS life, in the French language, gained the prize offered by the French Conference of Wesleyan Methodists for a biography of the great founder of Methodism divine. In its English form it is very readable, and will secure a large sale. John Wesley is in a fair way of having his life-story widely known. So much the better. Where could we find his equal?

The Evangelist's Hymn Book. Price 3d. Yapp & Hawkins, Welbeck Street.

"AND still they come." Hymn books big and hymn books little, hymn books for the Church, and hymn books for Dissent—have we not yet enough? "The Evangelist's Hymn Book" is a very excellent, cheap, and useful collection.

The Great Social Evil: its Causes, Extent, Results, and Remedies. By WILLIAM LOGAN. Hodder and Stoughton.

A CHAMBER of horrors: a collection of terrible facts and utterances upon a hideous subject. We confess we do not see the particular good of such a book, or of our noticing it; it looks rather like plucking the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Perhaps, however, here and there a labourer in the field of reformation may be stimulated by seeing how dreadful is the evil with which he is called to struggle.

The School Board Guide and Teacher's Manual: containing the Elementary Education Act, 1870; the New Code, 1871; &c. By THOMAS PRESTON. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

A VERY useful two shillings' worth, exceedingly handy for those who take a practical part in the working of the New Act.

Dr. Cornwell's Spelling for Beginners, and Poetry for Beginners, both to be had of Simpkin & Marshall, are capital school-books. The poetry consists of pieces fitted for children's reading, and in the spelling-book words which have the same vowel are formed into groups, with an obviously instructive design. If boys and girls do not learn rapidly from such excellent books we would not give a pin for them.

Life's True Beatitude; or, Who is Wise? a Poem. By the Rev. J. C. BASS. Wesleyan Book Room, 66, Paternoster Row.

HOLY sentiments expressed in verse. The printer, publisher, and binder have done their part remarkably well. Our copy is fit to present to a nobleman.

The Creation, and other Original Poems. Sacred and Secular. By EBENEZER BURR. J. SNOW & Co.

As these poems were published by subscription, and among the subscribers we observe the names of Thomas Binney, Charles Reed, and others, whose judgment stands for much, it is not needful for us to venture upon a criticism. The pieces are marked by a reverent treatment of things sacred, and a cheerful handling of things secular. The versification is pleasing, and the author's aim is to do good. Some of the hymns are of such quality, that we could have wished for more, while certain trifling rhymes might well have been omitted.

Anti-Nicene Library. Volumes XIX. and XX. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke.

Two more volumes of this well got up and admirable series. We question if any shelf in our library has half the rubbish upon it that could be hunted up in the works of these venerated Fathers. We have conscientiously read the books as they have appeared, and we bless God that if they were not valuable for their age, they would be worthless for any practical purpose now. As it is, they are a capital fence to keep men shut up to the Scriptures for a rule of faith. If we are prepared to leave the Bible and take tradition as our guide we can clearly see from this series that there is no rest for the sole of our foot; for all

is a wild waste of deluge, covered with loathsomeness, hidden by a darkness which may be felt. We hope that Messrs. Clarke will be well repaid for the service they have done the church in disinterring the fossils of those former times, which certainly were not better than those in which we now live.—B.

Memoir of Isabella Macfarlane, of Strathbraan. By the Rev. D. SHAW, Free Church Minister, of Laggan, Dumfriesshire. Edinburgh: John Maclaren.

THE memorial of a true daughter of The Great King. The Highlands of Scotland possess within their glens and straths jewels very precious to the Lord of angels, and Isabella Macfarlane was one of them. A deep, experimental godliness was hers, and yet it was eminently practical and zealous. It was meet that some record of such a woman should be preserved.

Granny's Groans. Price 6d. Jarrold and Sons.

WE have a good deal of sympathy with Granny; he groans well, and we hope he will groan again. We suppose he meant to be a female Granny, but the fact of his being the male bird peeps out in a place or two very amusingly. The groans groan at the modern fashion of spoiling boys and girls, and at the Braddonizing of our young women. Herein is enough to make any man or woman groan, whether granny or not.

Title-deeds of the Church of England to her Parochial Endowments. By EDWARD MIALL, M.P. Second Edition. Elliot Stock.

WE hope that all our more intelligent Nonconformist brethren will master the contents of this important work, whose re-issue is most opportune. We have a severe struggle before us, which we must face like men, and it well becomes us to be fully armed for the fray. To be well acquainted with all the bearings of the great question of ecclesiastical endowments will be one of the best preparations for the controversy. Mr. Miall is so singularly cool and judicious, both as a speaker and writer, that he is always to be relied on, and the information which he gives may be used with confidence.

Memoranda.

To all enquiring friends we beg to say that we hope we are really better, though still very feeble. We have taken one service of each Sabbath in the past month. Though greatly pressed to rest, to travel, to take a voyage to Australia, to go to a Hydro-pathic Institution, to make a trip to America, to visit Switzerland, to stay in Scotland, to try Buxton, Bournemouth, Scarborough, etc., etc., we feel it our duty to begin work gently and prudently, little by little, but still to begin. Thanks, therefore, very hearty thanks, but we must decline anything but duty just now.

A beloved friend, who desires to be unknown, has sent £500 towards our College Buildings, to celebrate the publication of Sermon, No. 1,000. A thousand blessings rest on that generous heart! Our esteemed brother, Mr. Ness, who is we fear very ill, also sends £10 for the same reason and object; and another kind friend sends his guinea, with the proposal that a thousand readers of the Sermons should do the same. Again, thanks to all. We need College Buildings, because the rooms under the Tabernacle are very dark, being more and more surrounded by other erections, which diminish the light. We have to burn gas nearly all the year round, all day long, and this renders the rooms unhealthy. Besides, all our classes and other meetings increase, and ought to increase, but our space is limited. We feel we are not about to enter on a needless but absolutely necessary work, and we look up for help.

The first boy who has left the Orphanage to be settled in life, set out for Redditch July 25th. May he turn out well, and be the pioneer of many more. We shall in a few months need more openings for the lads. We thank the Christian sister who remembered us in this first case.

The Orphanage boys had a grand excursion to the farm of our friend, Mr. Priest, at Lower Morden. A kind friend took them all in his vans. Mr. Tebbutt, and other kind friends at Melton Mowbray, sent 150 pork pies, of half a pound each, for the boys' dinner, and many others sent other stores. The President was able to look on for an hour, and see the dear lads at their sports. A band of parish boys, from the Lambeth Industrial School, enjoyed the day with the orphans, and discoursed sweet music at intervals. All expenses were met from extra gifts.

The Orphanage funds will soon need replenishing. On the Sabbath upon which C. H. Spurgeon preached his thousandth

printed sermon, the love of the congregation was shown by the spontaneous offering of £130. There was no collection. It was a loving, free-will gift to the College. Such actions prove the affection of our ever generous people.

We hope to make a decided step very soon towards erecting a chapel for Streatham. We only wait for a site, and hope to find that very soon.

The friends at Angel Town, Brixton, with Mr. Kew, are, we hear, putting up an iron chapel near Loughborough Road Station.

We undertook, on behalf of the London Baptist Association, to carry out the erection of a chapel in the Wandsworth Road. Our illness has delayed the work, but as soon as we can obtain the land we hope to see the builders at work. The Association finds £1,000, and we should like to spend £2,000, in order that there may be no debt. We are thankful that we have already received some help. Our dear dying brother and deacon, Mr. Cook, has sent £5; Mrs. Kelsall, of Rochdale, £50; and we have a few small sums. We will not say that this is but a small part of the whole, but that it is a first instalment. Our crowded city needs hundreds of earnest preachers, and these must have houses to preach in.

The walls of a new chapel in Cornwall Road, Brixton, for the use of our friend Mr. Asquith, are rapidly rising. The princely liberality of a brother in Christ carries out this good work. The Lord reward him.

The recognition of Mr. George Knight, from the Pastors' College, as pastor of the Baptist Church at Lowestoft, has recently been held under very favourable circumstances. On Sunday, July 9th, two sermons were preached by Mr. G. Rogers. On the following Tuesday, after a public Tea-meeting, in the School-room, Mr. Rogers presided at a public Service in the chapel. Mr. J. Sage offered prayer; Mr. J. B. Blackmore, a retired pastor of the church, stated the circumstances which had led to the invitation of Mr. Knight to the pastorate. Mr. Knight then gave an account of his conversion to God, his call to the ministry, his reasons for accepting the call from that church, and his views of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel. The ordination prayer was offered by Mr. C. Daniel, of Sonnerleyton. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers; and a charge to the church by Mr. J. Vincent, of Yarmouth. Mr. Welton, of Thetford, and Mr. Swindell, of Lowestoft, also took part in the service. The attendance was

good, and the services were very interesting and profitable.

Pastor J. Blake has resigned the pastorate at Downham Road, Dalston, and accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Beccles. Since he has been in Beccles the work of God has revived, the prayer-

meetings are excellent, the congregations very large, and many are waiting to join the church. We wish our esteemed friend abundant success.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—June 26th, sixteen; June 29th, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th, 1871, to July 19th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss S. Hadland	1	1	0	C. H., 24	1	0	0
Mr. Bowker's Class	22	0	0	J. H. M.	0	10	0
Mrs. T.	50	0	0	Mr. Chew	2	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Dyke	0	2	0	Mrs. Jane David	50	0	0
Mr. Goldston	2	0	0	Mrs. Wilkinon	1	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0	Mr. H. Speight	1	10	0
Mrs. Simmonds	0	4	0	Mrs. Hull	0	10	0
Mrs. Blair	10	0	0	Mr. A. Sinclair	1	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0	Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Charlotte Ware	0	7	6	Miss M. E. Hadland	0	10	0
E. Mc P.	0	7	6	Mrs. Powney	0	5	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	5	9	Mr. Kent	1	0	0
Proceeds of Excursion, Mr. Bowker's Class	3	11	6	Mr. Wyles, per Rev. A. McKinley	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	10	0	Mrs. Sarah Taylor	5	0	0
W. A.	5	0	0	Mr. T. Blake, for Buildings	1	1	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	2	6	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, June 25	33	5	8
Mrs. Stocks	2	2	0	July	2	40	0
Psalm xvi. 2 and 3	2	0	0	"	"	34	1
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0	"	"	16	130
E. G.	1	0	0	"	"	3	3
Mrs. C. H. Price	0	10	0				
							£118 11 9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th, to July 19th, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Carwardine	0	2	0	Miss Maxwell	0	10	0
Miss S. Hadland	1	1	0	C. H., 24	1	0	0
A. B. C.	0	0	3	Mrs. Parsons, per Mr. G. B. Simpson	1	1	0
Anonymous, per Rev. E. Blewitt	2	2	0	Mr. Smithers, ditto	1	1	0
Mr. H. Speight	0	9	0	R. M.	0	2	0
James i. 27	5	0	0	G. M. R.	0	10	0
Mrs. T.	50	0	0	Mr. J. Hector	1	10	0
Miss Moore	0	3	0	A Shropshire Friend	0	10	0
Mr. Beadle	0	2	6	E. N.	0	10	0
A Friend	1	0	0	W. A.	1	0	0
Miss Peckham	0	5	0	A Thankoffering	0	10	0
Mr. Goldston	3	0	0	Mr. W. Paterson	0	5	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0	Luke x. 2	1	0	0
Mr. Underwood	2	0	0	Mr. Salmon	0	2	6
Every little helps	0	1	4	A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
Mrs. Glennan	2	0	0	A Friend	0	2	6
A Constant Reader	0	6	0	Mrs. Pansfield	0	3	10
Mrs. Abbott	1	9	6	A Friend, Lower Holloway, per M. G. Duncan	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. Fidge	4	6	0	Mrs. Dines	0	4	10
Mrs. Kelsall	50	0	0	E. G.	1	0	0
E. Mc P.	0	7	6	Mrs. Robertshaw	0	12	6
A Country Minister	0	3	0	Mr. Ford	0	5	0
S. H.	0	2	6	Mr. E. B. Sargeant	0	10	0
Sabbath Class, per Mr. A. Walker, Carnoustie	0	15	6	Willy, Freddy, Gerty, and Lilly	0	5	0
Mrs. C. H. Price	0	10	0	J. H. M.	1	0	0
W. J. B.	1	1	0	Mr. J. Fuller	0	10	3
Mrs. Vynne	0	11	0	Mrs. Bellamy	0	10	0
S. L.	0	10	0	Mr. Chew	2	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0	R. W. M.	2	0	0
Mr. P. H. Gutheridge, Junr.	4	0	0	Mr. Buckmaster	0	12	0
Mrs. Laing	1	2	6	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	11	4
Children's Meeting, Broughty Ferry	1	5	0	Annual Subscriptions:—			
M. W. Benest	0	6	0	Mr. J. Smith, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Houghton	20	0	0	Mr. Parkinson	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. W. Farnell	1	0	0	Sought Out	0	2	6
Mrs. Green	5	0	0	Not Forsaken	0	2	6
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0				
Mrs. Shelley	1	1	0				
Mr. Webster	5	0	0				
							£208 15 10

Presents for the Orphanage.—One Van of Firewood, A Friend; Two Hundred Bricks, Mr. Murrell; A Set of Fixtures for the Surgery in the New Infirmary, Mr. Hill; Eighty Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; Ten Sacks of Potatoes and Five Dozen Cabbages, Mr. Woodnutt; One Box of Eggs, Mr. Potier; A Parcel of Socks, etc., from the Whytes Causeway Week Evening School, Kirkcaldy.

Golden Lane Mission.

Mr. W. J. Orsman, 153, Downham Road, London, thankfully acknowledges the following donations received from March to July 20th.—

GENERAL FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. White	2	0	0	Lady Blanche Balfour	50	0	0
Mrs. Batten	0	10	0	M. G. Balfour	2	0	0
W. Lussell	5	0	0	E. M. Balfour	5	0	0
"Harry"	5	2	0	B. Pritchett	1	1	0
Mrs. Van Hagen	10	0	0	Mr. & Mrs. Bowen	1	1	0
Mrs. Purchell	0	5	0	Henry Welch	5	0	0
Rev. A. Tessier	1	0	0	S. L. A.	0	19	0
R. Field	0	5	0	J. D.	0	10	0
P. J. Whytt	3	0	0	Mrs. Morecroft	0	10	0
Miss Buris	0	5	0	Mr. Haldane	2	0	0
A. E. Dowley	0	4	6	Miss Christie	1	10	0
"A Lady," per Earl of S...	10	0	0	Mr. Atkins, per J. G. G.	10	0	0
J. P. Bacon	10	0	0	H. White	2	10	0
R. P. P.	2	0	0	Collected by G. K. at the Open-Air			
E. Booth	1	5	0	Services, Royal Exchange	0	17	0
E. Pealey	0	10	0	J. N. Naylor	1	1	0
Mrs. E. H. Stark	1	0	0	Mrs. Lillycrop	0	5	0
Miss Whitridge	1	0	0	J. Bennett	2	0	0
"A Friend," per Dr. Brock	23	0	0	H. C. Stuart	1	0	0
Miss Gardner	5	0	0	E. K.	5	0	0
Meard's Court Sunday School	0	10	0	E. H., per Mr. Penman	0	5	0
Miss Patty Vickress	1	1	0	W. Elliott	0	10	0
T. Comerford	0	9	0	"A dying gift" per T. G.	5	0	0
Miss Hart	0	10	0	*Misses Johnson	1	1	0
Mrs. Morgan	0	10	0	Mrs. Caffin (for sick)	1	0	0
Per Mrs. Stark	0	13	6	Mr. J. Wilson	10	0	0
Mr. James Duncan	5	0	0	G. W. Wood	1	1	0
*Miss Morley	1	0	0	Teachers at Carmel Chapel, Woolwich	2	8	3

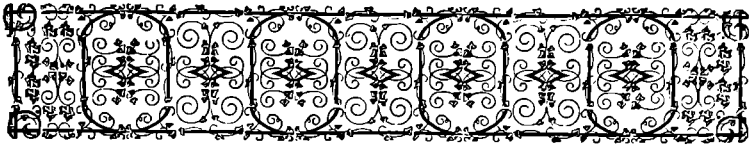
NEW BUILDING FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Emery	10	0	0	Miss Langton	5	0	0
Ed. Agate	4	0	0	Mrs. Bourn	0	10	0
Mr. Harding	0	10	0	Per W. Sales	2	12	6
Miss Bassett	4	0	0	J. Griffiths	2	0	0
Miss Barron	4	0	0	Mrs. Money	10	0	0
"A Lady"	45	0	0	The Misses Johnson	4	4	0
Dowager Lady Buxton	10	0	0	J. Harding	0	12	9
Mrs. W. G. Gibson	30	0	0	Mrs. Bendwell	2	0	0
Thankoffering from Baptist Church,				Mr. Heath	0	10	0
Prince Edward's Island	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
T. F. G. D.	1	0	0	Mrs. Rutherford	1	0	0
Miss Morley	1	0	0	W. A.	2	10	0
E. A. B.	0	5	0	Mrs. Hinton	0	2	6

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions—	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Bishop	4	0	0	Mrs. Blair	10	0	0
J. R. Phillips, Esq.	1	1	0	E. Mc P.	0	5	0
Mr. E. T. Page	0	5	0	W. A.	2	10	0
W. B. Wearing, Esq., North Wilts Dis-				Mrs. Hinton	0	2	6
trict	7	0	0	Mr. J. Houghton	5	0	0
S. Clarke, Esq., Eythorne District (quar.)	7	10	0	Mr. Chew	1	0	0
R. Hedley, Esq., Bishop Auckland, "	7	10	0				
Mr. A. Boot	1	1	0				
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	7	10	0				
							£54 14 6

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sum be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post-Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1871.

The Pastor's Wife.

A TRUE NARRATIVE. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY
MARY WEITBRECHT.

INTRODUCTION.

“**W**HO through faith obtained promises.” Such was the apostle’s assertion; and his day did not close the long list of saints, faithful and true, who took God at his word, and gained glorious though noiseless victories by clinging to the covenant of truth, which cannot be broken. Among the poor and hidden ones of earth, these grand witnessses to God’s faithfulness have often dwelt apart. Now and then one shines out in public life to make the world wonder and ask, as of old they did, about the Master, “Whence hath this man these things?” The following pages contain a narrative of facts, which to some may seem too strange, and to others too insignificant, to be worthy of record. But to such as believe that God takes the truth concealed from the wise of this world, and reveals it to babes and simple folk, the story will bring a message of encouragement and good cheer.

Only a few years ago there lived in a remote village in the south of Germany a humble and devoted woman, the whole course of whose history bore thrilling testimony to the might which still clings to living faith. In order to trace the motive power of her life to its source, we must, after the fashion of German biographers, wander back among the chronicles of her family.

About one hundred years ago, any one chancing to find himself upon the dusty high road between the villages of Kornwestheim and Neünchingen, in the early afternoon of a summer Sabbath, would have come upon a large concourse of country people, briskly trudging along in the hot sunshine: youths and maidens, old men and staid peasant matrons—in fact, a walking congregation—and in their midst an earnest, holy messenger of Christ, who was their pastor. After attending morning worship, and the subsequent catechistical service, in their own village, these hard-featured sons and daughters of toil would cheerfully set out in the wake of their valued minister, to go and listen to his sermon in the far-off parish church of his father-in-law, Flattich, a distance of several miles. The congregation at Neünchingen had meanwhile assembled, and often sang through several of the heart-stirring German chorals while awaiting their favourite preacher.

This pastor Hahn is described to us as a man of great devotion and power, exerting a remarkable influence both in and out of the pulpit. It was not his clear and well-developed method of thought, nor the gift of eloquence, although he possessed this in a marked degree, that made the common people throng after him and listen so gladly and intently to the word of life from his lips. A dignified appearance, added to these talents, no doubt gave weight to his discourse; but that which made him mighty to sound forth the love and glory of our Lord and of his Christ, was the grace of the Holy Spirit, “the author and giver of life.” “As he stood before us,” said a competent judge, in later years to his grandson, “his face almost transfigured with its expression of high, unearthly light, we no longer felt as if listening to a mere man. Our hearts heard the voice of one whom God had entrusted with a message straight from his own presence.” Great was the joy spread abroad in a place when the news reached it that Pastor Hahn was coming to preach. The tidings travelled like wildfire, and everyone crowded to listen and share the blessing.

It was the influence of men such as this, that effectually counteracted the flood of Rationalistic free thinking, which threatened to destroy the spiritual life of Germany in the last century.

This is the account which reaches us of the father of Beaté Paulus, a woman who proved not unworthy of her saintly parentage. The holy reverence in which she held his memory may be gathered from an oft-repeated saying of her own children, when they noticed the eager delight with which, on a free Sunday hour, she pored over the rich legacy of Hahn’s manuscript sermons. “Mother,” the little ones would *naively* exclaim, “the first seat in your heart is the dear Saviour’s, but the very next is kept for your blessed father!”

It is one of these children who, in graphic language, gives us the details of his mother’s bright career; and as far as may be, we will adhere to the words in which he tells them.*

* It may be well to anticipate the surprise that some portions of the story may elicit from English readers, by reminding them of the almost patriarchal simplicity and primitive manners of the country of which Madame Paulus was a native. [Württemberg, a small kingdom in South Germany.] The position of woman there differs widely from that which she occupies with us, while, at the same time, it is quite usual to find high intellectual culture co-existing with modes of life which to us seem almost uncivilised in their severe hardihood.

CHAPTER I.—THE PARENTS.

It would hardly be easy to find a married pair differing so widely from each other as did our father and mother. The latter, being a daughter and granddaughter of men alike noted for piety and originality of mind, felt at home in a sphere of thought, dealing with subjects of revealed truth, and a higher life of communion with God, together with the practice of Christian charity. My father, on the other hand, belonged to a family some of whose members had attained to worldly distinction, one of them being a noted Rationalist, hence his interest lay chiefly in intellectual and scientific research, and the enjoyment of social intercourse. Notwithstanding this marked dissimilarity, our parents were united in hearty affection, and mutual admiration and respect characterised their relations. Although differing from the views held by his wife, our father regarded her convictions as sacred, and venerated in her a high spiritual life in which he was not a sharer. Thus, as a child I remember his calling me to a window to witness two pious clergymen approaching our parsonage. "Look, little Philip," said he, "there are two servants of God." When, in the course of subsequent conversation, they asked him whether any pietists lived in the parish; "Certainly, and not a few," was his prompt reply. Surprised, they enquired the number. "Thirty," he said; and noticing their wondering looks, added playfully, "Well, you see, there is my wife, who counts for twenty-four in her own person, and six other women hold with her heart and soul!"

For ten years our parents had thus lived very happily together, and were now located at Ostelsheim, a village near Caln, in the Black Forest, where my father's genial temper, united with his wife's loving-kindness, had won the hearts of the simple peasants around them. The exceptionally fine vintage of the year 1811 had filled our country with rejoicings, and it was in the midst of this pleasant excitement that our mother sickened, and was soon prostrated by nervous fever. In the middle of one night our father hurriedly sent for his brother, a physician in practice at Stuttgart; for our village doctor began to despair of coping with the disease. Our uncle came in haste, bringing with him a female cousin, who found plenty of work in nursing, and the care of six small children under the age of ten. No one besides was in the house except our old grandmother, and the offers of help made by kind but inexperienced neighbours availed little. Uncle Carl startled our poor father terribly by declaring that recovery would be possible only in one such case out of a hundred; and consternation spread through the village with the sad tidings of our impending loss, for her constant sympathy and kindness had endeared the sufferer to a surprising extent. Our grandmother alone remained calm and collected amid the general lamentation. For long ago she had passed through God's school of sorrow, in the early death of her husband and three highly talented children, just reaching maturity. Under such circumstances she had learned to sacrifice her own will to one higher and divine.

The illness had now lasted for a week, and we were anxiously awaiting the crisis. Vainly the little children gathered round the sick bed, entreating their mother in imploring tones not to go away and leave

them. Increasing weakness showed us that death was rapidly approaching, and mournfully our grandmother commenced the sad though needful preparations for the end. By degrees the room became crowded with villagers, who, having heard the rumour of her expected death, longed to have a farewell word from her lips. With his face hidden in his hands, our father stood by the side of his wife in dumb anguish; behind crowded the children, sobbing and wringing their little hands in terror, and a helpless longing to hold back the parting spirit. It was a touching sight, and many tears were shed by those who looked upon it. Only one soul in all that company was calm, and did not weep: that was the mother herself; for she believed that all her toil was over, and being ready to die, nothing remained for her but to say "Good-bye." So she fixed her fading eyes once more upon her husband, and drawing him to her with trembling hands, kissed him as for the last time. She beckoned the children to her side, and caressed them fondly. Finally, making a sign to those around her, she gave her hand to each in turn, and then in a faint voice murmured, "My hour is come. I have reached the goal. Has it not been worth a struggle of some thirty years down here to win ages of immortal glory?" Her tired eyes now closed, and she entered upon the final conflict. That was a moment of strange and holy significance to all of us. At this hour of utter helplessness, when we had come to feel that any power which might raise her would be simply miraculous, a great inexpressible sighing, or rather a groaning, which no words could utter, ascended up to God from out of the hearts gathered round that lowly bed. Suddenly our father roused himself as if from a dream, and signing to the children to follow, left the chamber of mourning. Enquiring looks accompanied the band on their way upstairs, the little ones thronging like sheep behind a shepherd, not knowing whither they went. Quickly opening his study door, he marshalled them round the table, and bade them kneel, himself taking the central place. Then drawing off the customary little velvet cap from his head, and with folded hands, he prayed that, although he did not deserve the mercy, God would take pity upon him and his children, and leave them the mother whom they so sorely needed. Down upon our knees, we children felt a mysterious thrill pass through us. It seemed as if we had been admitted within the high sanctuary before the throne of the everlasting Father. A vivid expectancy had taken the place of tears, when, with a glance of deep tenderness, our father said, "Now, children, let us go back." And out we stepped again in his wake, down into the silent chamber where many still stood waiting; and as we entered they looked up at us wonderingly, as if they would have asked whether we had gotten a glimpse into the high places of him whose seat is above the clouds, in whose hands are poised the mystic balances that weigh out life and death. Again we resumed our posts of watching; but who can picture what was going on within our hearts? for into them had entered a calm, deep and still, like the calm of eternity. No movement or grief was visible now; all the company seemed to be holding their breath. Only our eyes were active still, and they remain fixed upon that colourless face on the pillow, and fixed indeed with such intensity, as if our gaze could draw her back to this life of ours.

It was not long before, suddenly opening her eyes, already closed, as it seemed in the death sleep, she spoke almost inaudibly: "Let the people all go. I shall not die."

The room was noiselessly emptied of its occupants, and from that hour she gradually began to recover. Before long, she related the following incidents:—"I stood at the very door of eternity, and saw my brothers who had come to fetch me, and was rejoicing greatly at the thought of our eternal union. All at once it occurred to me that if my life on earth could be of further service to my children, I wished God might restore it, and immediately it was impressed upon me that he would do so."

The illness lasted eleven weeks longer, but we felt happy all the time in the quiet confidence that God had given our beloved mother back to us. What God had given us in her, and with her, we little thought. The future was to reveal it.

CHAPTER II.—THE LADS.

According to the normal order of things, a man finds his course in life marked out for him among public and professional duties, while the sphere of woman is limited to domestic occupations, and the care and training of families. Nowadays this system is overturned in many cases where, as the saying goes, "The man cooks, and the wife dictates;" but in our house, the ancient fashion prevailed in full force, and my father in no wise troubled himself. As to the internal economy or the children's education, all these matters lay exclusively in his wife's jurisdiction; so much so, indeed, that with her mother's help, she was obliged even to give the lads the grounding of their classical education. It was well for us that circumstances had fitted her for the post of teacher. In her youth our grandmother had studied with her father's pupils, until she could have passed the university entrance examinations with greater ease than any of them; and as our mother's education had been equally thorough, she was quite at home among both Greek and Latin classics. Only that, being obliged at the same time to conduct the household arrangements of a large family, the methods of teaching she was often forced to adopt differed so widely from those of a well-ordered school, that a professional pedagogue might have wrung his hands in horror at witnessing them! It would sometimes happen, for instance, that whilst she stood busily engaged at the washing-tub, we boys formed a circle round her, and jumping up and down, in measured steps, recited, or rather sang through the Latin declensions. She could seldom find quiet time for Bible history lessons in the day, so that this branch of study was mostly postponed until we lay in our beds in the evening. Then, sitting beside us, she would picture Bible scenes in such vivid colours, that we were completely fascinated. When she did not appear quickly on these occasions, we used to lie waiting in the greatest impatience, crying in a shrill chorus from time to time, "Mother, come, tell us! tell us!" When, very tired, she occasionally herself lay down to rest, while narrating; but if she showed any symptoms of falling asleep and ceasing her tale, the little voices roused her with the ever-recurring question, "What then, mother?" Once,

feeling worn out, she was thus resting, while recounting the conversation of Jesus with Nicodemus, and every moment seemed on the point of dropping off into slumber, so that the chorus of our voices sounded incessantly in urging her on. At length, quite overcome with drowsiness, she made one strong, final effort to rouse her drooping faculties, and took up our question. "And then the Saviour said, 'O Nicodemus . . . you might just as well have come in the day-time!'" At which assertion, we became aware that it was best to give up our delightful story for the time being, and let her rest in peace.

These lessons went on for awhile, but she soon saw very well that it was impossible for our education to flourish under such circumstances, and that we must be put into a proper school if we were to get forward in earnest. Our father, looking upon his very narrow means, would not hear of such a thing, and gave it as his opinion that an honest shoemaker was better off than a poor parson; and that unless one had means to educate the lads, it was much better to put them to a respectable trade.

Our mother, however, could not see the force of these arguments, and finally resolved to place her sons at school, trusting that God would help her to provide means to carry them through a regular course of study. The two eldest, aged eleven and twelve, were thus despatched to Leonberg, where, through the influence of a friend, who was glad to make some return for kindness our mother had once shown him, they gained admittance into a good and cheap boarding house. Our father, however, refused to contribute anything towards the expense incurred, and though only a small sum was required, the responsibility of providing it weighed heavily upon our mother. She could only obtain it by selling the produce of some fields attached to the parsonage, the management of which had always been entirely left to her. Now, therefore, she made it her great object skilfully to husband these resources. She rarely hired labourers, but did the greater part of the field work herself, with the help of her daughters. At the same time, whilst continuing to supply the table as usual for my father, she and the children ate their frugal meals with the servants, their unvarying bill of fare being—soup for breakfast, vegetables and dumplings for dinner, and sour milk with potatoes for supper. Meat was a luxury produced only on Sundays and rare occasions. By means of such severe economy, she actually succeeded in supplying the requisite funds, though not always quite regularly. Now and then, blight, drought, or other trials of that sort disturbed the order of things; then distress prevailed, and good counsel would have been precious, had we known where to go for it.

On one occasion, shortly before harvest, the fields stood thick with corn, and our mother had already calculated that their produce would suffice to meet all claims for the year. She was standing at the window one day, casting the matter over in her mind with great satisfaction, when her attention was suddenly caught by some heavy black clouds with white border, drifting hurriedly across the summer sky. "It is a hail-storm!" she exclaimed, in dismay, and quickly throwing up the window, and leaning out, her eyes rested upon a frightful mass of wild storm cloud, covering the western horizon, and approaching with rapid fury.

"O God!" she cried, "there comes an awful tempest, and what *is* to become of my corn!" The black masses rolled nearer and nearer, while the ominous rushing movement that precedes a storm began to rock the sultry air, and the dreaded hailstones fell with violence. Half beside herself with anxiety about those fields lying at the eastern end of the valley, she now lifted her hands heavenward, and wringing them in terror, cried: "Dear Father in heaven, what art thou doing? Thou knowest I cannot manage to pay for my boys at school, without the produce of those fields! O turn thy hand, and do not let the hail blast my hopes!" Scarcely, however, had these words crossed her lips, when she started, for it seemed to her as if a voice had whispered in her ear: "Is my arm shortened that it cannot save thee in other ways?" Abashed, she shrank into a quiet corner, and there entreated God to forgive her want of faith. In the meantime the storm passed; and now various neighbours hurried in, proclaiming "that the whole valley lay thickly covered with hailstones down to the very edge of the parsonage fields, but the latter had been quite spared." The storm had reached their border, and then suddenly taken another direction into the next valley. Moreover, that the whole village was in amazement, declaring that God had wrought a miracle for the sake of our mother, whom he loved.

She listened, silently adoring the goodness of the Lord, and vowing that henceforth her confidence should be only in him.

CHAPTER III.—THE PLACE ABOVE THE TRAP-DOOR.

There is a story of a famous astronomer, who once predicted fine weather for a particular day on which he invited some guests to a garden party. When they had assembled it began to rain, and his friends remarking upon the failure of his expectations, he rejoined: "I may make an almanac, but our Lord God makes the weather."

We could all tell instances of the differing of our heavenly Father's thoughts from ours, as testified by an old adage: "None can climb into God's cabinet." At times, the variations between his plans and ours are so startling, that his ways proclaim themselves as "not only wonderful, but past finding out."

Five of my mother's six boys had by this time been placed in different schools, and it may be imagined that the task of providing for them almost outstripped her powers. Thus it came to pass that the demand for the various payments had been several times repeated. The burden of care was of itself enough for our mother, but it became intolerable when accompanied by the incessant reproaches of her husband, who would say: "There, you see! I always told you that you were attempting impossible things. You would take your own way, sending out one lad after another, and now your selfwill is going to bring disgrace upon us." In the face of this accusation, our mother boldly stood by her assertion, that God would never leave her in trouble, and she expected him to help very soon. These discussions always ended by our father giving way, with the words: "Well, we shall see, '*tempus docebit.*'" Things were in this uncomfortable state, when, as he was one day sitting alone in his study, lost in thought, a knock at the door announced

the entrance of the postman, bringing three letters from the different towns where the boys were boarding. Each of them contained the same message, which was, that unless the dues could be settled at once, the lads would be dismissed. Our father read the letters with growing excitement, and spread them out upon the table to show his wife, who had barely crossed the threshold, when he cried: "There, look at them, and pay our debts with your faith! I have no money, nor can I tell where to go for any." Seizing the papers, she rapidly scanned them with a very grave face, but then answered, firmly: "It is all right; the business shall be settled. For he who says: 'The silver and the gold is mine,' will find it an easy thing to provide these sums." Saying which, she hastily left the room. Our father readily supposed she intended making her way to a certain rich friend who had helped us before. He was mistaken, for this time her steps turned in a different direction. We had in the parsonage an upper loft, shut off by a trap-door from the lower one, and over this door it was that she now knelt down, and began to deal with him in whose strength she had undertaken the work of her children's education. She spread before him those letters from the study table, and told him of her husband's half-scolding taunt. She also reminded him how her life had been redeemed from the very gates of death for the children's sake, and then declared that she could not believe that he meant to forsake her at this juncture: she was willing to be the second whom he might forsake, but she was determined not to be the first.

In the meanwhile, her husband waited downstairs, and night came on; but she did not appear. Supper was ready, but she stayed in the loft. Then the eldest girl—her namesake, Beaté—ran up to call her; but the answer was: "Take your supper without me; it is not time yet for me to eat." Late in the evening, the little messenger was again despatched, but returned with the reply: "Go to bed. The time has not come for me to rest." A third time, at breakfast next morning, the girl called her mother. "Leave me alone," she said; "I do not need breakfast; when I am ready, I shall come." Thus the hours sped, and downstairs her husband and children began to feel frightened, not daring, however, to disturb her any more. At last the door opened, and she entered, her face beaming with wonderful light. The little daughter thought something extraordinary must have happened, and running to her mother with open arms, asked eagerly, "What is it? Did an angel from heaven bring the money?" "No, my child," was the smiling answer; "but now I am sure that it will come." She had hardly spoken, when a maid, in peasant costume, entered, saying, "Good morning, madam. The master of the 'Linden Inn' sends to ask if you can spare the time to see him." "Ah, I know what he wants," answered our mother. "My best regards, and I will come at once." Whereupon, she started, and mine host, looking out of the window, saw her from afar, and came forward to welcome her with the words, "Oh, madam, how glad I am you have come!" Then leading her into his back parlour, he said, "I cannot tell how it is, but the whole of this last night I could not sleep for thinking of you. For some time I have had several hundred gulden lying in that chest, and all night long I was haunted by the thought that you needed this money, and that I ought to give it you. If that

be the case, there it is, take it, and do not trouble about repaying me. Should you be able to make it up again, well and good, if not, never mind." On this, my mother said, "Yes, I do most certainly need it, my kind friend; all last night I too was awake, crying to God for help. Yesterday there came three letters, telling us that all our boys would be dismissed unless the money for their board is cleared at once." "*Is it really so!*" exclaimed the innkeeper, who was a noble hearted and spiritual Christian man. "How strange and wonderful! Now I am doubly glad I asked you to come!" Then, opening the chest, he produced three weighty packets, and handed them to her with a prayer that God's blessing might rest upon the gift. She accepted it with the simple words, "May God in blessing make up to you this service of Christian sympathy; for you have acted as the steward of One who has promised not even to leave the giving of a cup of cold water unrewarded."

Husband and children were eagerly awaiting her at home, and those three dismal letters still lay open on the table, when the mother, who had quitted that study in such deep emotion the day before, stepped up to her husband, radiant with joy. On each letter she laid a roll of money, and then cried, "Look, there it is! And now believe that faith in God is no empty idea."

(To be continued).

Does Sin Wear Out?

BY G. ROGERS.

THIS question has been suggested by the modern advocacy of the limited duration of punishment for sin, and consequently the limited duration of its guilt. In other words, sin is supposed from its own nature to be perishable, and in time to wear itself out. On no other principle could the annihilation of the sinner take place. Soon as the period of the termination of existence arrives, sin is reduced to the lowest point in which it can exist in a conscious being; and certainly must be far less than when the term of suffering began; and consequently must have gone through a process of gradual decay. The question here is not concerning the immortality of the soul itself, but concerning the immortality of sin. If sin be beyond the decaying influence of time, so must the sinner be, for there is the same reason for its hold upon the sinner at the remotest period of existence as at first. Sin itself therefore is supposed by the limited theory of punishment to be subject to decay, and to wear itself out. But can sin wear out?

Combinations of matter wear out. All metals wear out by use. Granite rocks are worn by the action of surrounding elements. The waters wear away the stones. All material things are subject to decay. In those forms of matter in which provision is made for continual waste, as in vegetable and mere animal life, the tendency to dissolution ultimately prevails. Every plant and animal has its term of existence, at the close of which it yields to its own diminished powers. The

human frame, even in its present state of continual waste and reproduction, could not be designed for immortality. Flesh and blood could not, at any time or under any circumstances, inherit the kingdom of heaven. An immortal body would have been the reward alike of innocence, as it now is of faith in a risen and glorified Lord. All this, however, relates to forms of matter, and not to matter itself. In the midst of incessant changes, we have no evidence that atoms themselves become less, or are subject to decay. We say not that they are indestructible, but that they are not known to be destroyed.

Vegetable life may be arrested in its progress, but would never wear itself out. It has the power of animating matter, and assimilating it to itself for the production of a certain result; but, instead of forfeiting its own life, it imparts it to other seeds of the same kind; in some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred-fold. One grain of wheat transmits its life to numerous others, and each one of these in turn to as many more, and those to others in endless succession. Thus God gave "the herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit whose seed was in itself, after his kind." In this instance, the effect appears to be greater than the cause, inasmuch as each of the new seeds produced possesses exactly the same kind and degree of vitality as the one parent seed. If vegetable life does not of itself wear out, how much less the soul of man.

The same may be affirmed of animal life. Animals convey their own life with its peculiar instincts to others, and though they die, the life that is in them is not of necessity exhausted, but, uninjured by wear and tear, may be reproduced in an interminable series of other forms. The natural life of all such is singularly derived from the life of their first parent. The different identities here, as in plants and animals, do not affect the present enquiry, which relates simply to the tendency of life itself to wear itself out.

We enquire next: Does mind naturally wear itself out? It is in continual exercise in all men, and in some to an incalculable extent; but does it become enfeebled in itself, and diminished by the greatest use? We have every reason to suppose that in proportion to its exercise its real strength is increased. The whole symptoms of decay are from the physical organisation, through which alone in its present condition it can act. How do we know this? From the fact of its incapacity for vigorous action in certain bodily infirmities, and the restoration of its full vigour when the bodily infirmity is gone; and from the fact of frequent occurrence of a lucid interval immediately prior to dissolution, in which the whole strength of intellect has returned.

We enquire now: Is there decay in the *moral* world? Do moral principles wear out? Are good and evil subject to the ravages of time, or are they independent of them? Dependent upon times and circumstances they may be for their acts; but is the moral character of those acts limited to the time of their commission? Is the good or evil limited to the act, or is it not rather independent of it, of which the act is but the sign? If the moral character of the act survives the act itself, is that too subject to decline only by a more gradual process? Does time, in fact, diminish the guilt of sin? We speak of a fault committed by another some years ago as less condemnatory than if it

had been of recent occurrence; not because it is less criminal in itself, but because we hope it may have been repented of and forgiven. Time has a softening influence upon men, which applies not to God. His law takes no account of time in its demands. It is not intensified by haste, nor tempered by delay. Neither is the responsibility of moral agents diminished by delay. Sin, therefore, as a moral act cannot wear out. It cannot wear out in this life, while its judgment lingers and its damnation slumbers; neither can it wear itself out hereafter, or be consumed in its own fires. If sin wears out in its punishment, it must be either in its own nature or in the mind of God respecting it. If in its own nature, no new sins must be committed during that punishment, and the punishment itself must be expiatory of former transgressions; both of which are contrary to reason and to the Scriptures. There is no reason to suppose that punishment alters the disposition to sin against God any more than to sin against man. The same disposition to sin, as a rule, remains during its punishment. Suffering for sin does not lessen the moral tendency to sin. It has often increased it. If sin be the transgression of the law, and the whole law is included in love to God with all the heart, and love to others as to ourselves, it is impossible to suppose that any other than a sinful disposition can remain in the midst of judicial suffering. The supposition that punishment is expiatory is equally untenable. No man expiates the crime morally for which he has suffered the whole penalty of the law in human society. There can be no merit in that which he was compelled to endure. The sole merit is in the law by which the penalty was enforced. Expiatory sufferings must be voluntarily endured; and to speak of merit in that which is extorted from a rebellious will, is manifestly absurd.

As sin cannot wear out in its own nature, neither can it wear out in the mind of God respecting it. So long as it continues the same, it must be looked upon by him with the same detestation, and receive from him the same tokens of his displeasure. Time with him is of no account in estimating the guilt of sin, except as its evil consequences become more apparent to others. No sin is lessened by the remotest distance of time. In this respect, one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. If the demerit of sin can wear out, why not the merit of obedience too? Both are moral principles, and they are the counterpart of each other. What then becomes of un-sinning angels? The merit of their obedience dies out at the same time as the demerit of those that had sinned. Limit the hold of the moral law upon the one, and you limit its hold upon the other. If sin be less punished, righteousness must be less rewarded.

Further, if sin wears out, redemption from sin must wear out too; the grace of redemption, the price of redemption, the glory of redemption, must all wear out in time; inasmuch as the value of redemption consists in the character and duration of that from which it redeems. When the period arrives at which sin would have worn itself out, redemption from sin must cease, and redemption from annihilation must be all that remains. As annihilation is less than living only to be intensely miserable, the redemption must be less, and must be decreased in its value from the very moment that it began. According to this theory, the glory of the Lamb in the midst of the throne must gradually

fade away; the obligations of the redeemed to it must become less and less; their songs, instead of rising in fervour, must become less rapturous and triumphant; and redemption from sin and hell must become in the end a thing of the past. The most glorious of the Divine works in its principal effects would, in time, become completely worn out.

Have we any instance in which sin can be discovered to be wearing out, or its own nature to fail? There is one at least in which no wearing out has yet been detected. We refer to the first and consequently the oldest sin in the world. It was for one sin of our first parent that man was turned out of Paradise, and the whole race lost its innocence, and became subject to sin and death. We do not conclude that his other sins had this effect. All is to be attributed to that one sin. What now has been its effect? Has it lost any of its power? Have there been any symptoms of its decay? Has man become less corrupt in his origin than he was at first? Is there less of the old Adam in his infancy, and greater natural tendencies to good? Has there been any marked diminution in the effect of original sin? What! not after the wear and tear of six thousand years upon the whole race of man? Not the least perceptible difference as yet? Then, how long would it be before the least symptom of decay would appear? How long before an evident diminution would take place? How long before its influence would be entirely exhausted? If one sin brings before us such effects, undiminished by extent or time, when would the whole sins of one man be worn out, or exhibit the least symptom of decay? Yet the new theory is that sin will wear itself out. Do material atoms wear out? Does life in plants and animals wear itself out? Does mind literally wear out? Does crime against human laws ever wear out? Has the oldest sin known on the earth shown the least symptom of wearing out? Where then are the evidences that sin, in every man and in the whole creation, will in due time wear itself out? This may be beautiful in theory, but, we fear, this is all that can be said on its behalf.

"God's Almoners—the Widows and the Poor."

"I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee."—God to Elijah.

I HAVE not been so much surprised at the wonderful blessing which has rested upon the Pastors' College, since the following fact gave me an insight into the characters and motives of some, at least, of its supporters. At the time of which I write, I was superintendent of a Sunday-school in a densely populated district of South London. One Lord's-day afternoon I observed that two little boys, among our most regular scholars, looked pale and sad. Though poorly clad, their faces and their pinafores were scrupulously clean. On enquiring the cause of their dejected looks, Johnny, the elder boy, would give no answer, but some big tears would force their way. Wishing to get at the facts, I asked the younger boy if they had had dinner that day? Looking up into my face with his large blue eyes, somewhat inflamed with the "hearty cry" he had been quietly having at home, Freddy said, "No, sir. Father's dead, and mother has been so ill last week she could not

work at the mangle, and grandmother is very ill at home, too; and there are five of us; but, please, sir, mother asked us not to tell any one." In a few minutes the teachers had enabled me to run round with twelve or fourteen shillings to the widowed mother. I found her very weak, from toil and insufficient food; but in so peaceful a frame of mind as to surprise me. When I handed her our little timely aid, she said, "Ah, sir, I cannot decline it; though having been better off" (which I knew was true), "it comes hard to be dependent upon others. Yet this is evidently a direct gift from God in answer to our prayers. Oh! I knew he was only keeping us waiting a little longer than usual, to try our faith; but I was sure the promise would come true somehow. I will tell you why I felt so sure. A week or two back I was ill, just in this way, and when Saturday night came, we had just sixpence left, and nothing in the house to eat. Some money was owing to me, but it was now eleven o'clock, and nothing had come in. My faith in my heavenly Father had been sustained well up till eleven o'clock; but then I was obliged to go into the yard and give way to my feelings, so that my aged mother and the children might not see me weep. When I came back, my eldest boy, Johnny, said, 'Mother, have you been telling God about us?' I said, 'I feel as if I can't pray, my dear.' 'Then, I will for you,' he said. So we all knelt down there, almost in the dark, and he prayed, 'O Lord, thou canst do everything; please make this sixpence we have left into half-a-crown, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!' When we rose, I said, 'Now, Johnny, go to the baker's at the top of the court, and get a loaf with the sixpence.' I ought to tell you," she said, "that this shop is kept by a man notorious for wickedness, bad temper, and foul language. Often he has called me 'Methodist,' canting hypocrite, and has made coarse jokes about my poverty. Well, as soon as Johnny got into the shop (it was between eleven and twelve o'clock) the baker bawled out, 'Jack, what's mother got in the cupboard?' My boy's heart was too full to speak, so he covered his face with his hands. But the baker said, 'Now then, none o' that. Hold up your pinafore!' And reaching down as much stale bread as John could carry home, he returned the sixpence, and sent him away. With that sixpence, we got a mouthful of nice meat for granny and me. So you see, sir, I've been thinking, that if God can feed his children by the hands of the godless, like this, it would be shockingly sinful to distrust him any more." I told her that her simple narrative had touched my heart, and asked where she had learned to trust a reconciled God in that way. (At that time I knew little about the Tabernacle, its pastor, or the College.) This "widow indeed" replied, "I have learned to be truly independent from the words, and far more from the acts, of my dear pastor. Have you not heard how the College for young ministers is supported?" she asked. I said I had not. "Why," she said, "it is all kept going by faith and prayer; and oh, sir, I count it no small privilege to put my trifle into the College box whenever I can get to the house of God, because I feel that I am living just as the College lives, and I wish in this way to tell my God what confidence I have in his word." This statement made me curious to enquire about the Pastors' College, and I soon became acquainted with the details of its strange and momentous history. I began to expect great things from young men who were

learning practical theology, from week to week, by sheer dependence upon the Shepherd of Israel, and towards whose education and maintenance the "widow's mite" had been given. How sacred a feeling, how great a responsibility, to be supported by money given by such persons in such a way! Was it to be wondered at, when God told me to go and work in his vineyard in the special way of preaching the gospel, that of all the Colleges I should desire most to become a student of this one?

Now that an effort is being made to get suitable and healthy buildings for this noble work of training ministers, I feel called upon to plead with the Lord's poor, as well as with his more affluent stewards, to give their prayerful and faithful offerings to this object. Ye widows, ye orphans, ye very poor ones, who are the Lord's, remember us, and let your littles come weighted with faith, and golden with prayer. I covet that you should have your share in the new College buildings which are to be erected. I have long perceived that God cuts off none of his children entirely from the luxury of contributing to his cause.

Edinburgh.

WM. CHRISTOPHER BUNNING.

Want of Naturalness in Preaching.

SYDNEY SMITH tells us:—"I went, for the first time in my life, some years ago, to stay at a very grand and beautiful place in the country, where the grounds are said to be laid out with consummate taste. For the first three or four days I was perfectly enchanted; it seemed something so much better than nature that I really began to wish the earth had been laid out according to the latest principles of improvement. . . . In three days' time I was tired to death: a thistle, a nettle, a heap of dead bushes—anything that wore the appearance of accident and want of intention—was quite a relief. I used to escape from the made grounds, and walk upon an adjacent goose common, where the cart-ruts, gravel-pits, bumps, irregularities, coarse ungentlemanlike grass, and all the varieties produced by neglect, were a thousand times more gratifying than the monotony of beauties the result of design, and crowded into narrow confines."

Now, this is precisely the result produced upon most hearers by a too elaborate style of preaching. At first it astonishes, amazes, and delights; but in the long run it palls upon the mind, and even wearies the ear. The high art displayed in sentences, polished into perfect smoothness, is certainly very wonderful, but it ere long becomes very wearisome. Men cannot for ever look at fireworks, nor pass their days among artificial flowers. The preaching which maintains its attractiveness year after year is after the order of nature, original, unaffected, and full of spontaneous bursts which the laws of rhetoric would scarcely justify. Homely illustrations, a touch of quaintness, a fulness of heart, thorough naturalness, and outspoken manliness are among the elements which compose a ministry which will wear, and be as interesting at the end of twenty years as at first. Of the refined politeness of a drawing-room most people have enough in a single evening; to continue such a manner

of intercourse for a week would be intolerable ; but the familiar communion of the family never tires, home's genuine and spontaneous fellowship grows dearer ever year. The parallel holds good between the deliverances of a grandiloquous elocution and the utterances of a warm heart. The Primitive Methodist being asked to return thanks after dining with the squire, thanked God that he did not have such a good dinner every day, or he should soon be ill ; and when we have occasionally listened to some great achievement of rhetoric, we have felt the same grateful sentiment rising to our lip. A whipped cream or a sillabub is an excellent thing occasionally, but it is very easy to grow tired of both of them, while bread and cheese or some such homely fare can be eaten year after year with a relish. If it be natural to a man to be very elegant and rhetorical, let him be so : flamingoes and giraffes are as God made them, and therefore their long legs are the correct thing ; but let no man imitate the proficient in an elevated style, for geese and sheep would be monstrous if perched on high. To be sublime is one thing, to be ridiculous is only a step removed ; but it is another matter. Many in labouring to escape rusticity have fallen into fastidiousness, and so into utter feebleness. It may be that to recover their strength they will have to breathe their native air, and return to that natural style from which they have so laboriously departed.

C. H. S.

“ And it was so.”

A DISCOURSE. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“ And it was so.”—Genesis i. 7.

YOU will find these words six times upon the first page of revelation. God spake and said, “ Let there be a firmament : ” “ and it was so.” He said, “ Let the dry land appear,” “ and it was so.” He bade the earth bring forth grass, “ and it was so.” He ordained the sun and moon for lights in the firmament of heaven, “ and it was so.” Whatever it was that he willed, he did but speak the word, “ and it was so.” In no single case was there a failure. There was not even a hesitation, a pause, or a demand for a more powerful agency than the divine word. In each case, Jehovah spake, “ and it was so.” Nor is this first week of creation the only instance of the kind, for in no case has the word of God fallen to the ground ; whether of promise or of threatening, the word has been confirmed and fulfilled. “ As it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be, world without end ; ” whatsoever the mighty God decrees, foretells, declares, or promises, shall ere long come to pass.

I shall ask you to accompany me in a mental voyage down the stream of history, to show that this has been the case as far as all history is concerned up till now. “ *And it was so.* ” The Lord's will has been law ; his word has been followed by fact. *Dictum factum*, as the Latins say. We shall then endeavour to show that, with an immutable God, it will be so continually in the great and in the small, in the affairs of the world, and in our own personal matters. What God hath

promised shall come to pass, and at the winding-up of all history, it shall be said, "God said this, and that, and it was so."

We stand at the fountain-head of human history, and hear the Lord declare to our parents, that in the day in which they should break his commands and eat of the forbidden fruit, they should surely die, "*and it was so.*" They died that moment. That spiritual death, which was the great and essential part of the sentence, was there and then fulfilled. The likeness and image of God was broken in them immediately, and we are dead in trespasses and in sins by reason of their death. He warned them also, when his wrath as it were glanced aslant from them to smite the soil on which they stood, that the earth should bring forth thorns and thistles to them, and that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, and truly it has been so. The earth has yielded her harvests, but she has produced her thorns and briars also; and though the curse of labour has become a blessing, yet man's toil and woman's travail vindicate the divine veracity.

When all flesh had corrupted its way, God repented that he had made man, and sent his servant Noah as a preacher of righteousness to threaten a universal flood. It did not appear very probable that the dense population of the earth could all be swept away, and that the billows should rear their proud heads above the mountains; but it turned out that Noah was no fool, and his prophecy was no raving. God had said the world should be drowned, "*and it was so.*" The sluices of the great deep beneath were drawn up, the cataracts of heaven descended, and none escaped, save the few, that is eight, whom God enclosed within the ark.

A little farther on, the Lord appeared to his servant Abraham, and told him that the wickedness of Sodom had been so great that the cry had gone up even to his throne; and the Lord communicated to his servant that he would go and see if it was altogether according to the cry thereof; and if so, Sodom should be destroyed. Abraham pleaded, and his intercession almost prevailed; but as no righteous salt was found in the filthy cities of the plain, it was doomed to perish. They had given themselves to strange flesh, and a strange judgment must therefore come upon them. Hell must fall out of heaven upon such abominable offenders: "*and it was so,*" for when the morning dawned, Sodom was utterly consumed, and the smoke thereof went up to heaven.

You know how God kept his covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who were strangers with him, dwelling in tents, looking for a better city, that is, a heavenly. Whatever promise was made to the patriarchs was fulfilled to the letter: in all respects "*it was so.*" When they went down into Egypt, God declared that after four hundred years he would bring them hence; and though the tribes appeared to be naturalised in Egypt, and were rooted to the soil, yet God would bring them forth; and though Pharaoh took strong measures, and thought to hold them fast, yet God had said that they should come out with a high hand, and an outstretched arm: "*and it was so.*" Let the wonders which he wrought on the fields of Zoan, the plagues which overthrew the sons of Ham; let the going forth out of Egypt, and the terrors of, the Red Sea, when the depths covered all the chivalry of Egypt, let these remind you that, as God had spoken, so it was. Pharaoh was hardened

but he was not able to resist the Almighty will : he stands for ever in history as a memorial that none shall harden himself against the Most High and prosper, for the Lord doeth as he wills in heaven and in earth, and in all deep places. Hath he said, and shall he not do it ? "Is anything too hard for the Lord ?"

I should not weary you, I think, if I were to dwell a little while upon the promise that God gave to Israel that he would lead the tribes through the wilderness, and surely bring them to their inheritance. It appeared very unlikely that they would enter into Canaan, when for forty weary years they wandered in the pathless wilderness ; yet the Jordan was crossed in due season, and Jericho was taken. He said they should every man possess his portion, and each tribe its lot : "*and it was so.*" The Canaanites dwelt in cities that were walled up to heaven, and they dashed into the battle in chariots of iron, yet were they overcome, for God had said it : "*and it was so.*" He cast out the heathen, and planted the vine which he had brought out of Egypt ; he overthrew Og and Sihon, "and gave their land for an heritage, for his mercy endureth for ever." Many a time after Israel had been settled in the land did they provoke the Lord to jealousy, so that he sent prophet after prophet, and their message was, "If ye thus sin against the Lord ye shall be given into the hands of your enemies : " "*and it was so.*" But when they were sorely smitten they repented, and they cried unto God, and he had pity upon them ; and then he sent another of his servants with a gentle message, saying, "Turn unto me, and repent, and I will deliver you : " "*and it was so.*" In every case he kept his word, whether for chastening them or delivering them. Evermore was he faithful. When, in the later period of their history, Sennacherib blasphemed the Lord, his servant Hezekiah took the cruel letter of Rab-shakeh and laid it before the Lord in the temple, and cried mightily unto him ; and Isaiah came with the promise, "He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it." Who could put the hook into the nose of that leviathan ? Who could turn him back by the way that he came ? The Lord had said it should be done, "*and it was so ;*" for that night the destroying angel went through the host of the Assyrians, and there fell of corpses on the plain so many as the leaves of autumn. Hath God promised to rescue his children ? Then be assured that, however numerous their foes, his word shall not fail. Then came that dark day when Israel and Judah were threatened with captivity in a strange land. They sinned, and lo ! "*it was so.*" They were exiled far away. By the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept ; they wept when they remembered Zion ; but there came a promise to them—a promise which they had left all unread and forgotten in their sacred books, that after the lapse of seventy weeks they should return again, and once more see the land of their fathers : "*and it was so.*" God raised up for them a friend, and a helper, and the captives came back again to their land.

Let us quote the grandest instance of all. The Lord promised, immediately after the Fall, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. That promise had been succeeded by many others, and those in Israel who knew the Lord waited for the coming of the deliverer. The promise tarried long. Day and night devout men cried unto God,

for their patience was sorely tried, yet they confidently expected the messenger of God who would suddenly come in his temple; and when the fulness of time was come, "*it was so.*" The everlasting God was found tabernacling among men, and they "beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." It was the master-promise of all—the promise of the greatest gift that God has bestowed upon mankind, and that promise was kept, kept to the letter, and to the hour. He had said it should be, "*and it was so,*" though it was a wonder beyond all wonder.

We might pursue our theme, and show you that as far as past events have gone, God's word has been verified. But now, though we keep to history, we shall leave the large volume of the public records, and ask you to take down from its shelf that little diary of yours, the pocket-book of your own life's story, and there observe how God's word has been true. You remember in your youth the warnings that you received, when you were told that the ways of sin might be pleasantness at the first, but would end in sorrow. You were told that the cup might sparkle at the brim, but the dregs thereof were full of bitterness. Did you test that statement in the days of your early manhood? Ah! then I know you cannot deny that it was as God had declared. He said, "The wages of sin is death," "*and it was so.*" He said it would be bitterness in the end thereof, "*and it was so.*" He told you that the fascinations of sins were as destructive as they were alluring, and truly "*it was so.*" If you have tasted that the Lord is gracious, you will blush as you answer the question, "What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?" It fell on a day, as God would have it, that your eyes were opened to see your lost estate, and there was a voice which spoke in the gospel, and said, "If thou wilt return unto me, return; only confess the transgressions that thou hast sinned against me, and I will forgive thee. Come and put thy trust in my Son, and thy iniquity shall be blotted out like a cloud—thy transgressions like a thick cloud." You came to Jesus led by sovereign grace. You washed in the fountain of his blood, guided to it by the Holy Spirit. What is your testimony? You were promised salvation, pardon, peace. My testimony is, "*and it was so;*" is not that yours also? O the joy of believing in Jesus! O the bliss of casting one's self into the Father's arms, and pleading the merits of the Only Begotten! There is a peace of God that passeth all understanding which comes to our faith when we exercise it upon Christ. Peace was promised, "*and it was so.*" Since the time when you believed in Jesus you have had many wants both spiritual and temporal; but he has promised, "No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly." What say you, brethren and sisters? Your needs have come, have the supplies come also? I am sure you will say "*it was so*"—strangely so—but always so. As my day my strength has been. The shoes of iron and of brass have had rough usage, but they have not worn out. The all-sufficient God has proved that his grace is all-sufficient for us. Our personal history bears witness that, with regard to the providence of God, and to the supplies of his grace, he said he would grant us enough, "*and it was so.*" He told you that when you believed in his word he would hear your prayers. Three times he put it in varied form, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek

and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.” Brethren, you have been to the mercy-seat, and tried whether God hears prayer, and it has been so—he did hear prayer. We believed his word, and in due time our faith has been turned to sight, and the promise has been fulfilled. We have read in God’s Word that he would sanctify our trials to us, and that “all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose;” what, then, is my witness, after having been week after week, and even month after month, racked with pain, and laid low with sickness, what have these things been to me? Have they worked my good? Do they bring forth the comfortable fruits of righteousness? My truthful witness is, “*and it was so.*” I feel persuaded that every Christian shall have to say of his afflictions that they have been blessed to him: “Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word,” said one of old, and many in these modern times can say the same. “It is good for me that I have been afflicted;” the Lord said it would be, “*and it was so.*”

Up to this hour it has always been true with regard to us, his people, that what the Lord has said he has surely performed. We can—

“Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.”

Let me remind you that our history is only the common experience of all God’s people, and if there be anything uncommon in the stories of the saints, then there is only a more than usually clear confirmation of the truth. Look at the martyrs, they suffered what we can scarcely bear to read of, yet the Lord said he would be with them: “and it was so.” They wore the chain for Christ’s sake, and he promised to be their companion: “and it was so.” They went to the stake or bowed their head to the axe, and they were promised that even to the end he would be with them: “*and it was so.*” Right along, through all the history of the church militant, and I might also ask the confirmation of the church triumphant too, the saints declare that “it was so.” Christ hath kept his word to the letter. Not one good thing hath failed of all that he ever promised to his people.

And now, having taken this very brief run through history, let me ask you to follow me when I say that as it has been in the past so it will be. It is always good reasoning when we are dealing with God to infer the future from the past: “Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.” Having the same God and the same promises, we may expect ever to see the same results. As for the future, a large part of Scripture is as yet unfulfilled. Many persons try to interpret it, but the man is not born who can explain the Revelation; yet whatever God has there declared, will be explained by providence. God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain. Whatever he hath there promised, it shall be said of it by-and-by: “*and it was so.*” We learn that there is to be a wide spread of the gospel: “Surely all flesh shall see the salvation of God;” Ethiopia shall stretch out her arms to Christ; be assured that it shall so be. Let the missionary toil on, and the devil rage on if he will—the devil shall

be disappointed, and the servant of God shall have his desire. God will honour his church, when she has faith enough to believe in his promises. There is to be in the fulness of time a second coming of the Lord Jesus. He who went up from Olivet left this as his promise, that in the same manner as he went up into heaven, he would return again. He shall surely come. Virgin souls who are awake, and watching for the midnight cry, will hear it ere long. And when he cometh, the dead in Christ shall rise; there shall be a resurrection of the just at his appearing. So he hath promised; and "blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power." There are no bonds of death that can hold the saints in their graves when the Lord descends; at the sound of the archangel's trumpet, God has said they shall rise, "and it shall be so." They shall every one of them return from the land of the enemy. And then the glory—the Millennial splendour—we will not explain it, but we know that it is promised, and whatever has been declared shall surely be; the saints shall possess the kingdom, and shall reign with Christ. And heaven and the glory-land, and the eternal future, where the ever blessed God shall reveal himself unto his servants, and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads: every golden word, every sapphire sentence which glows and sparkles with the glory of the Most High, and the loving-kindness of the Infinite—all shall be fulfilled: it shall be said of the whole, "and it was so." Ay! and the dread future of the lost—those awful words that tell of fires that burn, and yet do not consume; and of a wrath that slays, and yet men live beneath its power, verily, verily, these shall all be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one word that God hath spoken shall fail. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal." Of doom or of glory, of promise or of threatening, it shall be said, "*and it was so.*" And when the end shall come, and Christ shall deliver up the kingdom to God even the Father, and the drama of history shall be ended, and the curtain shall drop, and God shall be all in all, all shall be summed up in this sentence, "He spake and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast: he said it, '*and it was so.*'"

I desire, dear brethren and sisters, for your consolation, to bring this truth home to yourselves, if the Spirit of God will enable me. "It was so"—this *has been* true—it *shall be* so to you. God's promises shall all be kept *to you* personally. God will fulfil his word to you in every letter. Observe, there will occur cases in which there will be no visible help toward the fulfilment of the divine promise, and no tendencies that way; but, if God has pledged his word, he will keep it. Note well, that in the erection of the world, there was nothing to help God. With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him? When he began to fit up the world for man, and to furnish the house which he had made in the beginning, there was darkness, and that was no aid; there was chaos, and that was no help. Now you are troubled at the present time; your condition is one of confusion, disorder, darkness, you see nothing that could make God's promise to come true, not a finger to help, no one even to wish well to you. Never mind, God wants no helper; he works gloriously alone. See how the earth stands. What hangeth it on? He hangeth the earth upon nothing. Look

at the un-pillared arch above it. There are no buttresses, no supports, no props to the sky, yet it has not fallen, and it never will. “Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength;” and if he has given you a promise, and you have laid hold upon it, though nothing should appear to aid its fulfilment, yet it shall be fulfilled; you will have to write, “and it was so.”

Yes, and this shall be the case, though many circumstances tend the other way. When there seems to be a conflict against God—not only no help, but much resistance; do not thou fear. What matters it to God? Though all the men on earth and all the devils in hell were against him, what mattereth it? Though heaps of chaff contend against the wind, what mattereth it to the tempest? They shall be whirled along in its fury. What if the wax defy the flame—it shall but melt in the fervent heat? If all the world and all hell should declare that God will not keep his promise, yet he will perform it; and we shall have to say, “it was so.” No opposition can stay the Lord. But you may say, “This cannot be true, surely, in my case. I could have believed it on a great scale, but for myself!” Ah! doth God speak truth in great things and lie in little ones? Wilt thou blaspheme the Most High by imagining that in public acts of royalty he is true, but in the private deeds of his family he is false? What would be a worse imputation against a man? Who shall throw such a charge upon the eternal God? The Lord promised his servant Elijah to take care of him: did he not make the ravens feed him? Did he not send him to the widow of Sarepta, and multiply her meal and her oil? He was as true to him in the raven’s matter, and in the handful of meal matter, as when in the business of the great rain he bowed his head between his knees on Carmel, and saw at length the heavens covered with clouds and the land deluged with showers. God will keep his word in little things to you. Do not imagine that he forgets your mean affairs. The hairs of your head are numbered. A sparrow lights not on the ground without your Father. Are you not better than the sparrows which are sold at three for two farthings in the market? Will you not rest in your Father’s care, and believe that his promise shall be fulfilled? “Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure; thou shalt dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.”

God’s word stands true, even when our unworthiness is in the way. I know you have fancied, “If I were a great saint, God would surely keep his word to me, but I being a very grievous sinner, how shall he be gracious to me?” And dost thou think that God is good and truthful only to the good and true? Wouldst thou be so thyself? Surely we must deal honestly with all men, whosoever they may be. Their character is no excuse for our marring our own reputation. And so, poor sinner, if thou come to God, he will not cheat thee, and say, “I said, ‘If thou confess thy sin thou shalt have mercy;’ but I did not mean it for such an one as thou art.” No, Christ has said, “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;” and if thou come, though thou be the blackest sinner out of hell, yet Christ shall be true to thee; for it is not *thy* character, but *his* character, that is to be considered in the promise. Even if we believe not, he abides faithful: he cannot deny himself.

Yes, and his promise comes true, and we have to say of it, "*and it was so*," even in cases of our own confessed incapacity to receive it. Take the case of Abraham, for that is typical of many others in this respect; he had the promise of a son and heir, and though as for his own body, it was as dead, and Sarah was well stricken in years; Abraham did not consider himself or Sarah, but believed the promise, and in the fulness of time, there was the sound of laughter in the tent, for Isaac was born. We err when we become so depressed by our own incapacity as to conceive doubts of God's faithfulness. The Lord gives the promise that the barren woman shall keep house, *and it is so*. Our desert-hearts shall have the blessing; it shall drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills shall rejoice on every side. Our weakness shall not hinder the divine promise. He is able to bless us even when we feel only fit to be cursed. Oh, empty one, God can fill you! O dried branch and withered tree, thou that standest like an oak, smitten by lightning, only fit for the burning, the Lord, the everlasting God can quicken thee, and put fresh sap in thee, and make thy branch to bud again to the glory of his holy name. He promises, and if thou believest, thou shalt have to say, "*and it was so*."

It will be thus right on to the end of the chapter. A few days ago I stood by the side of a dear departing brother, who feebly lifted his hands from the bed, and said just these few words: "Christ, Christ, Christ is all." And then he said, as I bade him good-bye, "We shall meet in heaven. I shall go there soon and you will follow; but I hope it will be a long while before you do." I asked him whether that was quite a benediction, and he said, "You know what I mean. The church needs you." About half-past five this afternoon, he who rejoiced that he would soon be in heaven entered within the gate of pearl. He had served us well as a deacon of this church, and now he sees the face of the ever blessed. He believed while here on earth that it was bliss to be with Christ, and he finds it so; he is saying, "The half has not been told me." Well, well, whether we live to old age, or depart in mid-life, or die in early youth, what matters it. We shall find that passing across the river is delightful when at eventide it is light. And O the glory of the everlasting daybreak! The splendour of the sun that goeth no more down! O the bliss of beholding saints and angels, and seeing the king in his beauty! The messengers of God said that heaven is blessed, and it is so—it is so. They said, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," and it is so.

I would leave a thought with those who are exercised with doubts and fears about the Lord's sure mercies. It is a very hard thing that we should doubt our God, but we do; and therefore let us shoot arrows at unbelief. Note well, that when God spake in the creation, "*and it was so*," there was only his *power* concerned. Supposing he had spoken, and it had not been so; then the only result would have been that God was proved not to be omnipotent. But his might did not fail him; his glorious attribute of power showed its majesty, and what the Lord spake was accomplished. Yet in this instance only one attribute was at stake. Now, when you consider one of God's promises recorded in the Bible, there is more than one attribute engaged for its fulfilment; there are two at least, for there is the divine *truth* at stake as

well as the divine power. If he said it should be, and it is not, it is either that he would not or he could not; if he could not, then his power has failed; but if he would not when he promised, then his truth is forfeited. We have, therefore, a double hold when dealing with covenant promises, and may rest in two immutable things wherein it is impossible for God to lie. But sometimes in certain promises even more is observable, for instance, you who have known the Lord these ten or twenty years, have been helped hitherto; and suppose the Lord were to fail you now, then not only are his power and his truth compromised, but his *immutability also*, since he would then have changed, and would no longer be the same God to-day as he was yesterday. Three attributes are leagued upon your side; you have three sacred pledges. Frequently also you have God's *wisdom* brought into the affair in hand. You have been in great difficulty, and you have seen no means of escape; but you have laid the case before God, and left it there; he has promised that he will “deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.” He has also said, “Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee;” now, if he does not deliver and sustain, there are four attributes at stake. His power—can he do it? His truth—will he keep his promise? His immutability—has he changed? His wisdom—can he find a way of escape? Frequently, my brethren, the Lord's *honour* is also brought into the field in addition to the other attributes. You recollect how Moses put it when the Lord said, “Let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them; and that I may consume them.” Then Moses said, “Wherefore should the Egyptians speak, and say, for mischief did he bring them out, to slay them in the mountains, and to consume them from the face of the earth?” See, too, how Joshua uses the same argument with the Lord: “The Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it: and what wilt thou do unto thy great name?” O that is grand pleading—that is grand pleading! Now if the Lord has brought you into deep waters, and you have put your trust in him, and said, “I know that he will deliver me,” if he does not do so, the enemy will say, “It is a vain thing to trust in God, for the Lord does not preserve his people.” His honour is at stake; and, ah, he is a jealous God. He will rouse himself, and go forth like a man of war to show himself strong in the behalf of them that trust in him. In addition to all this, divine *love* is included in the issue. How did Moses put it? The people said, “Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?” And Moses argued it thus—“Didst thou bring all these people out that they might die in the wilderness.” Hast thou no love? Wilt thou be cruel to the sons of men? Even thus may we plead with the benevolence and pity of the Lord. “Will the Lord cast off for ever? Will he be favourable no more?”

“And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?”

Is it so that he has taught me to long after the sweetness of his grace, and yet will he deny it to me? Does the Lord tantalise men in this way? I could have been happy enough in my poor ignorant way as a sinner.

but now that I have been made to taste of higher and sweeter things, I shall be doubly wretched, if I may not enjoy them. If he makes men hunger and thirst, and then does not feed them, he is not a God of love. But he is a God of love, and therefore he cannot treat his servants so. You remember Luther used to say that when he saw that God was in his quarrel, he always felt safe. "Thine honour is at stake," he would say, "and it is no business of Luther's: it is God's business when God's gospel is concerned." Every attribute is pledged as a guarantee that every promise shall be kept. Here faith may gather strength, and rest assured that the covenant is sure in every jot and tittle. If one child of God who has put his trust in Jesus should perish, the everlasting *covenant of grace* would have failed, for it is a part of its stipulations. "A new heart also will I give you, and a right spirit will I put within you. From all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." And if I have come to Jesus, and rested in him, and after all, do not find salvation and eternal life, then the covenant has become a dead letter. This it never shall be. "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." He will not suffer his promise to fail.

Last word of all, remember that the very *blood of Christ* is at stake in the matter of God's promise. If a poor guilty sinner shall come and rest in Jesus, and yet is not saved, then Jesus Christ is grievously dishonoured—he has shed his blood in vain. Shall they perish on whom his blood is sprinkled? Is the fountain, after all its boasted efficacy, become a mockery? Is there no power in the atonement of Jesus to cleanse the guilty? Ah, beloved, he said it would cleanse, and it was so, it is so, and it shall be so for evermore. They who rest in Christ shall not perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of his hand. Each one of us, as we arrive in heaven, shall add our testimony to the general verdict of all the saints, and say, "*it was so.*" He said it, and he fulfilled it: glory be unto his name! If any soul comes to Jesus at this hour, he shall find eternal life. "He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved." Such is the gospel. The Lord grant his great blessing. Amen.

Be Short.

LONG visits, long stories, long essays, long exhortations, and long prayers, seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can bear things that are dull, if they are only short. We can endure many an ache and ill, if it is over soon; while even pleasure grows insipid, and pain intolerable, if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. In making a statement, lop off branches; stick to the main facts in your case. If you pray, ask for what you believe you will receive, and get through; if you speak, tell your message and hold your peace; if you write, boil down two sentences into one, and three words into two. Always when practicable avoid lengthiness—learn to be short.

Pastor Gledner and the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

ONE of the most interesting questions of the present day is—What occupations shall, or shall not, be open to women? Among our lively, enterprising Transatlantic cousins, the discussion has become quite hot and angry, and judging from the many American religious papers we habitually scan, the “Woman’s Question” must be the most popular topic of debate in that land. In our own country there is less disposition than ever to exclude ladies from suitable employments. The old and bitter condemnation—

“Men have many faults; women only two:
Whate’er they say is wrong, and wrong whate’er they do”—

although expressive of more than the sourest misanthrope ever sincerely believed, may embody a prejudice which is surely being rooted out of the minds of most people. Women are now being employed in a variety of occupations, more or less suited to their tastes and gifts, from which they were until recently excluded; and new openings are being constantly made, and new schemes adopted by which they may suitably win their daily bread. Hundreds are in training as nurses who may be qualified to act under any emergency, in lieu of the incompetent and ignorant women who have so greatly tried the patience and temper of heads of families. One of these training institutions comprehends all these objects:—“To present to the public, under medical supervision, a class of nurses fit for every emergency connected with the sick room, medically and surgically; to bring together highly respectable nurses for the lying-in chamber; to facilitate the acquisition of wet nurses of good constitution, and those who are adapted for the bringing up of infants who may be deprived of maternal care. A separate department, to consist of fever nurses, who undertake the management of all contagious diseases; male and female attendants to be provided for chronic invalids—those addicted to habits of intemperance, or suffering from any temporary aberration of intellect; and lastly, a communication to be carried out between nurses arriving from India and the Colonies, in order to provide families with proper attendants for distant voyages.” There is another, and a somewhat different institution in Tottenham, very largely supported by Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., which has for its object the training of females for nursing the sick and for general mission work. This institution is one of several for a like purpose, which are imitations of the Deaconesses Home in Germany, of the rise and progress of which we are about to inform the reader. This, we may say, has been the parent of many other institutions of a like character, and was started to do something more than find suitable employment for women. It is essentially evangelistic in its work, and took its rise in the feeling that Christian women were best qualified for the task thus assigned to them; and that

on no account should the dangerous asceticism of the Roman Catholic community be imitated. There is, therefore, nothing of a conventual nature about the institution, although exception may be taken to some of its rules.

It is only seven years ago since the founder of this institution departed this life, although his project assumed a practical form more than a quarter of a century ago. Theodore Fliedner, "restorer of the apostolical order of deaconess," was born in the little village of Epstein, which is situate about ten or twelve miles from Wiesbaden. He was the son of a Lutheran minister, who died of fever just after the battle of Leipsig, leaving his widow with eleven children wholly unprovided for. Theodore and his brother, who were to be "the supports of the family," were but children, and had not received the necessary education to fit them for life. Notwithstanding the turmoil into which the country was thrown, some friends who had received much kindness from the deceased pastor, assisted the distressed widow, and Theodore was sent to a grammar-school. Here, however, he had to earn his bread, and to employ his spare hours in such occupations as making his own bed, cutting up fire-wood, mending his clothes, and it is said that when his knees were coming through his trousers, he sewed up the hole with white thread, and resorted to the ink bottle to hide the defect. When at the University at Giessen, he had to endure not a few hardships, but he managed to live upon the proceeds of writings which he copied, and gained his dinners in various houses in return for the lessons he gave there. This failing him, he would dine on such simple fare as brown bread and plums. German Rationalism was very prevalent at Giessen, and nearly all the professors denied the divinity of our Lord, the authenticity of the narratives of his miracles, and of his resurrection. Fliedner, fortunately, did not fall into these prevalent heresies, although he was ignorant of the nature of true, evangelical religion. Throughout this time we find him admiring the lives and works of philanthropists and practical Christians who had struck out for themselves varied paths of usefulness. His heart was full of hope that he might one day be as useful to his fellow creatures as some of the illustrious men the record of whose labours he was never tired of reading. He preached for the first time at Göttingen, not without the feeling that he was destitute of a something without which no man should assume the office of Christian teacher. Slowly, however, he began to discover "the truth as it is in Jesus," and gained new light upon the essentials of our most holy faith. One anecdote is told of this period of his life, which is worth giving, inasmuch (according to his own confession), it taught him not only a lesson of humility, but also impressed him with the importance of "the simple truth and saving power of a real Scriptural faith." He had been preaching at Cologne for a high dignitary of the Lutheran church, Dr. Kraffe—a man evidently of simple faith and childlike simplicity of character. As they left the church, Kraffe asked the young preacher if he did not feel very nervous as he went up the pulpit stairs. Fliedner replied that he had no fear of anything, inasmuch as he had committed his sermon by heart, and was not likely to break down. To this the practised preacher replied that he could not speak with so much assurance for himself, as however carefully he had

prepared his discourse, the sense of awe he experienced in entering the pulpit impelled him to sigh to his Master for special help—help that had never been refused him. Doubtless the opportunities he had to converse with a minister of such great attainments and sincere humility were not neglected; certain it is the young man learnt the difficult art of self-examination—and the discipline the better fitted him for the work of pastor, which he was now about to undertake in an obscure village on the Rhine—the scene of his future labours—labours that have rendered his name illustrious in the annals of Christian workers.

The little Protestant community at Kaiserswerth was very poor. It could only offer him 180 thalers (about £27) a year; but he joyfully accepted their unanimous invitation as a direct call from God, and proceeded at once to enter upon a number of duties with much zeal. Small as was the congregation, he found an abundance of work to do in interesting himself in the schools, visiting the sick, relieving the wants of the poor, and teaching them habits of prudence and forethought, providing work for the indigent, and writing letters for the ignorant. In addition to these congenial employments, he opened a grammar school, that his miserable pittance might be somewhat increased; and having done so, he assisted his mother by sharing his humble home with his two younger brothers and a grown-up sister. The latter proved an admirable housekeeper and assistant, rendering the parsonage more comfortable, and adding to the boys' classes a much-needed sewing class for girls. A great and almost overwhelming distress overtook the young pastor in his first year of office. An important firm of velvet manufacturers, who had not only founded the little church, but also paid the chief part of the pastor's salary, failed. The workpeople were consequently thrown out of employment, and great distress abounded. To remain under such circumstances seemed almost impossible—it was little short of starvation. The choice of two other and better appointments was before him, and one of these might have afforded him an excellent opportunity of escaping from the difficulty. But Fliedner was made of brave stuff: to quit his flock at such a time was he felt the work of a hireling. He decided to remain among those to whom he was much attached, and depend upon his school for support. This spirit of self-sacrifice produced a similar feeling in the people, who denied themselves that church and school might be kept open. Still the pinch must have been severely felt, and it was with considerable difficulty that the school was kept open. He decided upon setting out on a pilgrimage to several German cities, among the wealthy congregations of which he might obtain pecuniary help for his church. Such was his assiduity, and such the liberal response made to his appeal, that by the end of the first week he raised a sum equal to £180, and within a few weeks sufficient money was obtained to relieve the buildings of their heavy debt. He felt, however, that this was not enough, and that the permanence of the work would be better secured by collecting a sufficient sum to constitute an endowment, that the modest income of pastor and schoolmaster might be insured. Who that knows what are the discomforts of collecting for churches will not sympathise with the hard-working anxious pastor on such a disagreeable errand! Happily, however, both in Holland and in

England, he met with encouraging success, and learnt many lessons that benefited him, and were the germs of future triumphs.

Returning to his people, he entered upon his pastoral and other duties with redoubled zeal. Energy was perhaps his chief characteristic. He seized hold of any and every opportunity for Christian service. Prayer-meetings, psalmody classes, Sunday-schools and Bible classes, young men's and temperance societies, with a number of other efforts in connection with his congregation, were insufficient for him. He undertook a laudable work which others had greatly neglected, namely, visitation of the prisons. The time was peculiarly favourable to such a work. The German prisons never needed it more than then; they were dens of vice and corruption. We read that the prisoners were crammed together in narrow dirty cells, "often in damp cellars without light or air; boys who had fallen into crime from thoughtlessness were mixed up with hoary cunning sinners; young girls with the most corrupt old women." Guilty, innocent, and untried persons were huddled together indiscriminately; but little occupation was found for them; their educational and religious interests were neglected, and vice and ignorance consequently flourished. The places where crimes were punished proved to be the places where crime was fostered and taught. Fliedner desired to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the prisoners, and applied to the magistrates to be imprisoned for a few weeks. This was not permitted, but he was allowed to preach in the gaol at Dusseldorf on the Sabbath afternoon. For three years, until a chaplain was appointed, he walked six miles to perform this work; and he also visited all the prisons of the Rhenish provinces in turn, and having accumulated a number of painful facts, laid them before the public. This led to the formation of the first Prisoners' Society in Germany, and to other movements for the religious and moral benefit of the criminal classes. Having married a suitable lady, whose zeal was about equal with his own, he was prepared to open the first asylum for released female prisoners. This was the first of the charitable institutions of Kaiserswerth, and it commenced in the humblest way, with only one inmate, who was "almost spoilt with over-care and indulgence." In the course of time, five out of ten women whom he received gave evidence of true repentance and conversion, and from that day to the present the institution has been the means of bringing the gospel home to several hundreds of women, many of whom were abandoned criminals.

All these efforts were, however, but preliminary to that which has made the name of Pastor Fliedner so renowned. It is not claimed for him that he was the first to suggest the revival of the order of Deaconesses, but that he took the first steps towards this object. "The state of the sick poor," he tells us, "had long weighed on our hearts. How often had I seen them fading away like autumn leaves, in their unhealthy rooms, lonely and ill-cared for, physically and spiritually, utterly neglected!" Many cities he found to be destitute of hospitals, and where hospitals existed, the nursing was execrable. "The medical staff," he says, "complained bitterly of the hireling attendants, of their carelessness by day and by night, of their drunkenness and other immoralities." Little thought was given to their spiritual needs. "In the pious old days chapels had always formed a part of such institutions,

especially in the Netherlands, where the Protestant hospitals bore the beautiful name of God's houses, because it was felt that God was especially visiting their inmates to draw them more closely to himself. Such spiritual care, however, had now almost entirely ceased. Did not such abuses cry to heaven against us? Did not that terrible saying of our Lord apply to us, 'I was sick, and ye visited me not?' Looking upon the wars of 1813—15, he recalled to memory the many deeds of self-sacrifice performed by women in the military hospitals; and the pre-eminent qualifications which godly women have for the work of ministering to the suffering, combined with the fact that the early church had appointed deaconesses for such purposes, led him to the determination to institute an order of women who should be trained for the care of the sick, the destitute, and the criminal. His wife, he says, was not only of the same mind, but of greater courage. "But could our little Kaiserswerth be the right place for a Protestant deaconess house, for the training of Protestant deaconesses; a place where the large majority of the population were Roman Catholics, where there could not even be sick persons enough to furnish a proper training school, and so poor that it could not undertake even partially to defray the great expenses of such an institution?" Furthermore, he doubted his own fitness for a work needing so much experience. However, as none of his clerical brethren would undertake it, he secured the largest and finest house in the village, although he had no money in hand. This came in answer to prayer and work, and the first deaconess was soon after appointed. This was Gertrude Reichardt, the daughter of a medical man, and a young woman of tried Christian excellence. Opposition of various kinds was at first experienced, and it was feared that the end of the movement would be the setting up of nuns and convents in the Protestant church. As the institution became known, these fears were exchanged for expressions of sympathy, and those who doubted whether the scheme was practicable, gladly helped it forward, when they found how simply and effectively the work was carried on. The first sick patient proved to be a Roman Catholic maidservant, and others soon found their way to the hospital. The work grew, money came in from rich and from poor, it received the favour and support of royalty, candidates for the office of deaconess presented themselves, and there was no lack of patients. New fields of labour frequently opened themselves, and indeed the work rapidly increased. In 1842 there were more than two hundred beds, generally full, and forty resident sisters, while others were employed elsewhere.

Briefly stated, the method of working is as follows. A board is appointed, by whom all matters of property are managed, the chaplain and the superintendent elected. Fliedner himself, however, actually governed the whole institution, and this he did with remarkable ability and success. The sisters have a vote in the election of the head matrons, and on the admission of new deaconesses. Candidates must be between eighteen and forty, of earnest religious character, possessed of right motives, cheerful in temperament, fairly educated, and of domestic habits. They have to undergo a period of probation and instruction, varying from six months to two years. "During the first year the sister receives board and lodging, but provides her own pocket-money

and clothes, except the caps, collars, and aprons, which are given her by the institution and mark her as one of its inmates. In the second year she also receives clothes and pocket-money. When she is considered by the 'inspector' and superintendent suitable for the office of deaconess, she is proposed at a meeting of the sisters, and when accepted, she is consecrated to her work by a short service in the chapel, followed by the Holy Communion. She takes no vow of any kind, but engages herself to the institution as deaconess for five years, at the end of which time she has the option of leaving or renewing her engagement.* The probationers do the house-work, men are employed in the male wards, the sisters take their meals together, meet for morning and evening worship, and for a quiet half hour of meditation in the afternoon. There are special meetings and services, when the sisters confer together on their work. There is no attempt at seclusion from the world, and the younger deaconesses sometimes leave the institution to marry. Three months' notice only is given, so that entire freedom is granted to all the members of the sisterhood.

A number of useful arrangements were made in connection with the institution; an old mill was purchased for a granary and an ice-house, and baths were erected for the convalescent; separate wards were erected for patients suffering from infectious diseases, a dispensary, a bakehouse, farm buildings, and a variety of other details of the work were instituted, the money always coming in at the right moment. Sometimes pecuniary cares pressed rather heavily; but in moments of urgency the money came. The whole history of the movement is full of interesting details, and had we space we might devote several pages to them. We can only add that the number of deaconesses has increased so greatly that in 1866 they amounted to four hundred and ninety-one. The majority were, of course, scattered throughout different parts of Germany, managing hospitals, poor houses, and schools, serving as matrons of prisons, and superintending in some places charitable institutions. And not in Germany alone are these sisters of mercy to be found. In Constantinople and Pesth, in Florence, in the United States, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and elsewhere, their services have been required in orphanages, schools, and hospitals. In times of pestilence and war, their services have been in great request, and the demand for them has been greater than the institution could supply. And their work has been greatly owned and blessed of God.

In a future number we hope to show what has been attempted in a similar direction in this country, and for this purpose we intend visiting one of the institutions that have a similar purpose in view.

* "Life of Pastor Flicdner, of Kaiserswerth." Translated from the German. By Catherine Winkworth. Editor's Preface, p. 10.

The Poor of St. Giles's.

A SOMEWHAT new order of literature has received considerable impetus of late. Following in the wake of the older and larger societies, the various missionary efforts for the poor and degraded of London are yearly presenting the public with detailed reports of what is done for those who are "out of the way." In the majority of instances, the first published report has been of humble pretensions, mostly consisting of a very brief but compendious statement of work that has been attempted, amidst great discouragement, but with an earnest desire for ultimate success. The publication of this report has made the Christian public acquainted with the objects of the mission, and with the character of the agency employed; and money, solicited and unsolicited, has flowed into the needy and perhaps exhausted exchequer. As a result, more work has been attempted, more suitable premises hired, and greater help rendered to the deserving sick-poor. The next annual report has therefore a fuller tale to tell, and it is only fair to acknowledge that, as a rule, the tale is simply and fairly related. A discerning public at once sees that the money already given to the enterprise has been well and wisely laid out. Scrupulous care has been taken of every pound, and the most critical could not fairly find fault with the way in which the sums have been disbursed. The mission itself is assuming proportions greater than was originally contemplated, and not unnaturally there comes the fear—a fear which sometimes distresses the voluntary evangelist—lest the liberality of good men and women should not continue, and some at least of the healthy and growing branches of the work should, as a consequence, be lopped off. This fear incites the mind to try a vigorous appeal,—an appeal very dangerous to write, for the temptation to present the needs of the district and the character of the mission in too glowing colours is very strong. An effort is made to produce a telling report, and the effort leads to failure. The assumption of the literary style by those unaccustomed to the pen, is a fatal mistake; the unadorned facts given in a few words without flourish of trumpets, or notes of exclamation and admiration, constitute the best appeal which an honest evangelist can make to a liberal public.

A curious chapter might be written on the types of persons who most largely support individual missions. In it might figure very prominently the good but self-opinionated colonel or general who grows bilious at the sight of a white necktie, and dyspeptic at the mere mention of an ordained ministry, but becomes amiable at the thought of that self-constituted and self-contained chaos which includes the upper room where he joins other congenial and ungenial spirits in demonstrating to all who are within the pale how "deeply taught" he is in the prophetic writings. We like the spirit with which he gives to mission enterprises much better than either his amusingly ingenious theories and dogmatical interpretations of the apocalypse, or the manner in which he convinces all but his own admirers that theology is not his forte. Quite as prominently might figure in the said chapter, the large but useful denomination of spinsterdom. It has too long been the fashion to raise the smile at the expense of spinster aunts;

we thank God for them. With more time to devote to good purposes than godly mothers who must stay at home, "minding house," can have, they are energetic in various kinds of service, and not the least of these is that of assisting by their purse and their presence the mission works of the Church. Christians unattached, for reasons reasonable and unreasonable, help to swell up the subscribers' lists; while donors who give anonymously for self-protection, and persons who manifest their sectarian bias by contributing only to unsectarian institutions, are often warm-hearted supporters of this particular branch of Christian work.

The continuance of this patronage depends very largely upon the continuance of the annual reports. Annual public meetings are not helpful, and we hope they may not become fashionable among evangelistic institutions. Many subscribe after having visited the scene of operations to see for themselves that which has been achieved. Undoubtedly this is the wisest way; we would that it were universally adopted, not alone for the sake of withholding encouragement where it is ill-deserved, and where reports are "cooked," and the good done is slender, but also that *personal*, prayerful sympathy might be shown to the really worthy labourer, for this he needs no less than pecuniary help. This personal visitation in many cases is simply impossible, and reports, therefore, become a necessity. We fail to see the necessity, however, of such voluminous productions as are issued by some worthy brethren. By that mysterious literary process vulgarly known as "boiling down," all that is given in some reports of over one hundred pages might be put into twenty, and that with advantage both to readers and to the mission.

This remark, however, does not apply to the reports issued by Mr. Hatton in connection with the work in St. Giles's.* The first consists of sixteen modest pages, and the second of thirty-two, the fourth attaining somewhat larger proportions. The growth of this enterprise is exceedingly interesting. We have before given a sketch of its origin, and of a visit paid to the hall in which the work is carried on.† Since then it has pleased God so abundantly to bless the services conducted by this earnest evangelist that the small church has become a large one, and instead of ninety members it now numbers nearly three hundred. This is surprising progress, and none the less so when it is remembered how seemingly difficult it is to evangelise St. Giles's. Less difficult than is generally believed, it must be, or there are manifestly some extraordinary powers in the man who has been made so useful. Truth is, the secret is not far to seek. The man and the people suit each other. A loving grasp of essential truth, a pleasing mode of address, a warm heart, and an earnest purpose, combined with business dexterity and unwearied perseverance, and a pursuance resolute and unfaltering of the one thing upon which the heart has been set, are qualifications by whomsoever possessed, that must be rewarded by spiritual success. It must not be supposed that by the "poor of St. Giles's" we necessarily intend the criminal classes. That there are many such, and that these are reached

* Reports of Twelve Months' Christian Work amongst the Poor of St. Giles's, under the superintendence of Mr. George Hatton. 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870.

† See "The Sword and the Trowel" vol., 1867, p. 392.

by the agencies put in operation is indisputable. But the majority are of the class recognised as "down in luck." Earning a scanty livelihood in a variety of ways unknown to the upper classes, with more children to keep than means will allow, their poverty when in work is sad, and in slack seasons it is distressing. Add to this the love of drink, which increases their misery and deepens their poverty, and you have all the elements for a picture of the loose and unsatisfactory lives which so many of the people of this district live. Among these persons the visitors, who average thirty-five each Sabbath, labour, visiting on that day 170 houses, containing 605 rooms, and there reading the Scriptures and conversing upon the need of salvation. How much the success of the work has been due to this house-to-house visitation cannot be told. Its necessity has been amply demonstrated, as also has been its feasibility. "The poor," says the superintendent of this working band, "are invariably glad of the visit, receiving them in most cases very kindly, and many pleasing instances have come to light of the confidence placed by them in the friends who come to see them, thus showing that so far they have gained the love and esteem of the people, a most essential feature, without which no good can possibly be accomplished." Instances are given of what a cheerful practical sympathy with such sorrowful and troubled ones can do for their relief. Not among the honest indigent folk alone are the visitors welcome and useful. Houses inhabited by degraded girls, and lodging-houses that shelter vagabonds and confirmed paupers and beggars, are visited for a like purpose. Eight years ago, the superintendent, Mr. Küster, tells us, when first he visited the kitchens of the low lodging-houses, the sights that met his eye were most sickening. "On entering, the men would be found either at card playing, dominoes, tossing, or fighting, and, in fact, engaged in anything and everything that was debauching and devilish. To be heard was almost an impossibility, and it appeared then almost to be hoping against hope to look for a change; but what seemed impossible with men has become possible with God, and after years of patient waiting, watching, and prayer, we have been permitted to see the gradually leavening effects of the gospel. Four of our brethren are regularly engaged in the work now, and are looked upon by the men as their real friends and advisers, and in any matter of difficulty or trouble they are consulted, and their advice is valued. The kitchens present an entirely changed aspect in many places; some few of the men we may speak about with some measure of confidence, as children of God, with their light shining. Regularly the Scriptures are read and explained, a hymn sung, and prayer offered, and during the whole time the attention of the men is most marked, and we have reason to expect an ingathering of souls for Christ from these changed homes of the working men of the district." A very great work of philanthropy may be done in connection with this department of Christian effort. Cases have not been few in which young men who, as apprentices, fell into paths of dishonesty, and were compelled to herd with men of deeper criminality in these dens, have received the necessary encouragement and help to commence life again respectably. Raised out of their degradation, they have sought with untiring energy to succeed as honest men; and these, when brought to a saving knowledge of the gospel, have been

among the most solicitous for the moral and religious welfare of others. If Mr. Hatton and his friends can carry out their cherished design to found a home where these men may temporarily lodge until they can better their position, not a little good will be done. Many might be saved from a criminal career.

In addition to this house-to-house visitation by unpaid helpers, a Bible-woman is engaged among the poor women and girls of the neighbourhood. Her diary gives many details of her work, and indicates its failures and successes. Among profane and scoffing characters she has laboured; and permanent good has been done. The agencies at work for the social and religious benefit of the poor are multifarious. Chief of these is the soup-kitchen—an institution that flourishes on a large scale, for which separate appeals are made to the general public. Special precautions are used against imposture. "Our friends, the Sunday-afternoon visitors, have been increasingly careful in their distribution of tickets for soup amongst the poor on their several districts, and have endeavoured, as far as possible, to guard against imposition and pauperism, by constant visitation and watchful enquiry into the circumstances and condition of those that are thus relieved. But I have no hesitation in affirming, that a vast amount of good has been done in rendering temporary help to hundreds of really deserving families, who have been suffering from long continued lack of honest employment and other circumstances over which they have no control. Several hundreds of tickets for bread, meat, coal, and grocery, principally in cases of sickness, have also been granted, with money gifts in exceptional cases, for the purchase of clothing, tools, stock-in-trade, &c." There are also the usual free teas, and Christmas dinners, and summer excursions—all large concerns, and none unimportant. The summer holiday-rambles in the green fields, and the cheap trip to the sea-side, are occasions never to be forgotten among those who are doomed to dwell in the attics and cellars of this crowded district. We are pleased to observe that an earnest friend of the mission, Dr. Ellis, of Finsbury Place, without charge of any kind, gives medical advice and help to those who may be suffering from disease, and who are unable to obtain proper medical assistance. One such gentleman at each of the London mission halls, for the poorest of the poor, would be of great assistance to the deserving and afflicted. The growing popularity of the Penny Savings' Bank is an encouraging sign of improvement in the social habits of St. Giles's. £188 11s. 9d., which, as Mr. Hatton observes, would have gone into the pockets of the publicans, were deposited last year in weekly instalments; and the result has been evidenced in cleaner and better attire, in improved homes, and in habits of frugality.

If any of our readers would witness a peculiarly gratifying scene, we would advise them to pay a visit to King-street Hall on a Sabbath evening. They should be present before the hour of seven has struck, or they might find some difficulty in securing comfortable accommodation, for empty seats are the rare exception. "If our Mission Hall," says the last report, "was twice its present size, it would be readily filled at once from the neighbourhood, for never were the inhabitants of St. Giles's more willing to listen to the simple story of the cross than

at present." Would that this could be said of the classes above them, and of the fashionable sinners who are far better disposed towards the three-volume novel than towards the glorious gospel of the blessed God. St. Giles's, with its crowded mission halls, listening to the Word of truth as spoken by Mr. M'Crece and Mr. Hatton, reads a much-needed lesson to the inhabitants of much more reputable districts. If we mistake not, the appearance of King-street Hall, at the Wednesday evening's service, might put to the blush many Christian churches in the metropolis and elsewhere. Of the five hundred persons who crowd the building on the Sabbath evening, a large majority are respectable in appearance. It was not always so with them. Two, three, four years ago, many were ill-clad, and far from being as cleanly as they are now. But the gospel has changed their lives. Drink has been surrendered. The public-house is not patronised; the pawnshop is not visited—the Penny Savings' Bank is now their "uncle." You see the change in their countenances, in the character of their attire; you might see it in their homes. They have risen in the scale of being. Some are even moved with the new conviction that they need not live in vain, and are attempting to do good to others. This indeed is "the Lord's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

One Sunday evening, a female helper was engaged in inviting strollers and others to attend the service in the hall, when she observed a poor sailor just about to step into a low gin palace. She addressed him, and he stepped back from the entrance and listened, somewhat surprised that he should be spoken to at all. After considerable persuasion, he was induced, on the condition that she gave him a penny for tobacco, to listen to the preacher at the hall. While there he felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and longed to get out of a place so little to his tastes. He stayed on however; but angrily vowed that he would never visit the building again; and yet during the week his heart was sorrowful, and his mind filled with the gloomiest apprehensions of the future. What was to be done? Next Sabbath evening should be spent at the gin palace. Nothing should prevent that. And yet something did prevent; for he was met by the district visitor on the road to the house of drink, and was again urged and urged repeatedly with argument after argument to hear once more the gospel. It was well he did attend the service, as the sequel will show. The following letter was written during the same night, and on Monday morning he had joined his ship. We give the letter *verbatim et literatim*:—

"Mondy Morning 3 klok.

Dere Sur,—Plese to exuse this i send, i ham of to morrow 5, But cant go till i tel you wat God as don for me by you and a Dere Woman that tocked me to your place too Sundays. Bles her she did beg me and i did say very Bad things to her i went the first time to hav a game, But o Sur the way you spoke stopt me, i culd not say a word to upsit any Body, the woman kept her Eye on me Sharp. i hav bin a dridful Man for 55 years, i have gone in the Brod Way all my life, But i was stoptd that nite, what i would give to have got out But Bless god he old me fast what a week i had you cant tel. the Dere Woman told me she wold pray for me and she must hav done so. i thout i wold slip her Sunday but some thing said to me go the same way i was going to the bad house to drink and jone in at the Bad things, but i mit her and she tookd me in to your place. Bles the Lord, i can Say Sur, that i no and fele that

my Saviour died and Lives for me. O Sur i felt in a dredful Way but al in a momint i could se that my Sins wher put away and I culd joy. i wished i could se you at that time the Lord Bles you Both and her Dere Child to that gived me her Bible, it will be my frind and mate when i am on the Wide Sea. tis just 3 and i go at 5 to Liverpool to join ship we are bound for Valperrasa if the Lord in his mercy brings me Back i hope to see you both again. i will pray for you ever i Live ples Sur will you ples tel the dere Woman what as bin done for me, i will tel you. she wares glases and is in Black she dos sit rite up in front of you she told she did alway sit thare she as a litel girl and she gived me her Beble and Litel Boke god bless you all. i hope to se you al again Do pray for me, my time is up, i could get no paper But this. tel the Woman to go on, thare are many more lik me, i no Sur they cant say no to her, she will Be Blessed for it. god Bless you all. J. L."

The conversion was sudden, and some doubts might, not unnaturally be raised as to its genuineness. This case, however, presents a warning to those who are suspicious of *all* such rapid changes. We have seen the manuscripts—almost unintelligible some of them are—of letters that he afterwards wrote to the lady who had been so very useful to him, and our space would not be unworthily occupied were we to quote from them. But enough. No more letters will the poor old sailor write. News has just arrived of his death—a death as sudden as was his conversion. The sailors and the captain on board speak highly of his conduct, and the genuineness of his piety was so noticeable that no one could fail to see it. His influence, it is believed, has been of lasting blessing to others on board the vessel; and his death, of an apoplectic fit, has been greatly mourned. Even an angel might envy—if envy be possible in such a case—the usefulness of the woman who would not take "No" for an answer on that last Sabbath night that poor Jack spent in England.

The young men of our churches should profit by Mr. Hatton's example. Eleven years ago he was a member of Mr. Brock's church in Bloomsbury—no small privilege for a young man, he is to-day the pastor of a church which the Lord has gathered by his means. To Dr. Brock he owes not a little, and Bloomsbury with its pastor—may its pastor long survive in vigour!—need not be ashamed of the young man whom it encouraged, as it has encouraged many others, to labour for the Lord. How much does London need the earnest and intelligent services of zealous and gracious young men.

Why was Christ Tempted?

THE reasons why our Saviour was tempted were not the same for which his members are tempted; for they are tempted,—1. Sometimes to humble them, and that they may not, after great revelations and consolations, be exalted above measure. So Paul. 2. To make them see that their strength is not of nor from themselves. 3. To purify and cleanse them. For none of all these reasons was our Saviour tempted: but, 1. That he might be touched with, and bear all our infirmities that were without sin. 2. That he might overcome Satan in all his ways, and vanquish him at every weapon. 3. That no man, be he never so holy, may think himself free, but expect and provide for temptation. 4. As for caution so for comfort, that no man may judge himself out of God's favour because he hath grievous temptations. 5. That he might show us by his example how to demean ourselves in, and how to overcome temptations.—*Thomas White, B.L.*

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LXIV.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician. *The leader of the choir, for the time-being, is charged with this song. It were well if the chief musicians of all our congregations estimated their duty at its due solemnity, for it is no mean thing to be called to lead the sacred song of God's people, and the responsibility is by no means light.*

A Psalm of David.—*His life was one of conflict, and very seldom does he finish a Psalm without mentioning his enemies; in this instance his thoughts are wholly occupied with prayer against them.*

DIVISION.—From 1—6 he describes the cruelty and craftiness of his foes, and from 7—10 he prophesies their overthrow.

EXPOSITION.

HEAR my voice, O God, in my prayer: preserve my life from fear of the enemy.

2 Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked; from the insurrection of the workers of iniquity:

3 Who whet their tongue like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words:

4 That they may shoot in secret at the perfect: suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not.

5 They encourage themselves in an evil matter: they commune of laying snares privily; they say, Who shall see them?

6 They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search: both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart, is deep.

1. "*Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer.*" It often helps devotion if we are able to use the voice and speak audibly; but even mental prayer has a voice with God which he will hear. We do not read that Moses had spoken with his lips at the Red Sea, and yet the Lord said to him, "Why criest thou unto me?" Prayers which are unheard on earth may be among the best heard in heaven. It is our duty to note how constantly David turns to prayer; it is his battleaxe and weapon of war; he uses it under every pressure, whether of inward sin or outward wrath, foreign invasion or domestic rebellion. We shall act wisely if we make prayer, to God our first and best trusted resource in every hour of need. "*Preserve my life from fear of the enemy.*" From harm and dread of harm protect me; or it may be read as an expression of his assurance that it would be so; "from fear of the foe thou wilt preserve me." With all our sacrifices of prayer we should offer the salt of faith.

2. "*Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked.*" From their hidden snares hide me. Circumvent their counsels; let their secrets be met by thy secret providence, their counsels of malice by thy counsels of love. "*From the insurrection of the workers of iniquity.*" When their secret counsels break forth into clamorous tumults, be thou still my preserver. When they think evil, let thy divine thoughts defeat them; and when they do evil, let thy powerful justice overthrow them: in both cases let me be out of reach of their cruel hand, and even out of sight of their evil eye. It is a good thing to conquer malicious foes, but a better thing still to be screened from all conflict with them, by being hidden from the strife. The Lord knows how to give his people peace, and when he wills to make quiet, he is more than a match for

all disturbers, and can defeat alike their deep-laid plots and their overt hostilities.

3. "*Who whet their tongue like a sword.*" Slander has ever been the master weapon of the good man's enemies, and great is the care of the malicious to use it effectively. As warriors grind their swords, to give them an edge which will cut deep and wound desperately, so do the unscrupulous invent falsehoods which shall be calculated to inflict pain, to stab the reputation, to kill the honour of the righteous. What is there which an evil tongue will not say? What misery will it not labour to inflict? "*And bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words.*" Far off they dart their calumnies, as archers shoot their poisoned arrows. They studiously and with force prepare their speech as bended bows, and then with cool, deliberate aim, they let fly the shaft which they have dipped in bitterness. To sting, to inflict anguish, to destroy, is their one design. Insult, sarcasm, taunting defiance, nicknaming, all these were practised among Orientals as a kind of art; and if in these Western regions, with more refined manners, we are less addicted to the use of rough abuse, it is yet to be feared that the less apparent venom of the tongue inflicts none the less poignant pain. However, in all cases let us fly to the Lord for help. David had but the one resource of prayer against the twofold weapons of the wicked, for defence against sword or arrow he used the one defence of faith in God.

4. "*That they may shoot in secret at the perfect.*" They lie in ambush, with bows ready bent to aim a coward's shaft at the upright man. Sincere and upright conduct will not secure us from the assaults of slander. The devil shot at our Lord himself, and we may rest assured he has a fiery dart in reserve for us; He was absolutely perfect, we are only so in a relative sense, hence in us there is fuel for fiery darts to kindle on. Observe the meanness of malicious men; they will not accept fair combat, they shun the open field, and skulk in the bushes, lying in ambush against those who are not so acquainted with deceit as to suspect their treachery, and are too manly to imitate their despicable modes of warfare. "*Suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not.*" To secrecy they add suddenness. They give their unsuspecting victim no chance of defending himself; they pounce on him like a wild beast leaping on its prey. They lay their plans so warily that they fear no detection. We have seen in daily life the arrow of calumny wounding its victim sorely; and yet we have not been able to discover the quarter from which the weapon was shot, nor to detect the hand which forged the arrowhead, or tinged it with the poison. Is it possible for justice to invent a punishment sufficiently severe to meet the case of the dastard who defiles my good name, and remains himself in concealment. An open liar is an angel compared with this demon. Vipers and cobras are harmless and amiable creatures compared with such a reptile. The devil himself might blush at being the father of so base an offspring.

5. "*They encourage themselves in an evil matter.*" Good men are frequently discouraged, and not unfrequently discourage one another, but the children of darkness are wise in their generation and keep their spirits up, and each one has a cheering word to say to his fellow villain. Anything by which they can strengthen each other's hands in their one common design they resort to; their hearts are thoroughly in their black work. "*They commune of laying snares privily.*" Laying their heads together they count and recount their various devices, so as to come at some new and masterly device. They know the benefit of co-operation, and are not sparing in it; they pour their experience into one common fund, they teach each other fresh methods. "*They say, Who shall see them?*" So sedulously do they mask their attacks, that they defy discovery; their pitfalls are too well hidden, and themselves too carefully concealed to be found out. So they think, but they forget the all-seeing eye, and the all-discovering hand, which are ever close at hand. Great plots are usually laid bare. As in the Gunpowder Plot, there is usually a breakdown somewhere or other;

among the conspirators themselves truth finds an ally, or the stones of the field cry out against them. Let no Christian be in bondage through fear of deep-laid Jesuitical schemes, for surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, nor divination against Israel, the toils of the net are broken, the arrows of the bow are snapped, the devices of the wicked are foiled. Therefore, fear not, ye tremblers; for the Lord is at your right hand, and ye shall not be hurt of the enemy.

6. "*They search out iniquities.*" Diligently they consider, invent, devise, and seek for wicked plans to wreak their malice. These are no common villains, but explorers in iniquity, inventors and concoctors of evil. Sad indeed it is that to ruin a good man the evil-disposed will often show as much avidity as if they were searching after treasure. The Inquisition could display instruments of torture, revealing as much skill as the machinery of our modern exhibitions. The deep places of history, manifesting most the skill of the human mind, are those in which revenge has arranged diplomacy, and used intrigue to compass its diabolical purposes. "*They accomplish a diligent search.*" Their design is perfected, consummated, and brought into working order. They cry "Eureka;" they have sought and found the sure method of vengeance. Exquisite are the refinements of malice! hell's craft furnishes inspiration to the *artistes* who fashion deceit. Earth and the places under it are ransacked for the *materiel* of war, and profound skill turns all to account. "*Both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart, is deep.*" No superficial wit is theirs; but sagacity, sharpened by practice and keen hatred. Wicked men have frequently the craft to hasten slowly, to please in order to ruin, to flatter that ere long they may devour, to bow the knee that they may ultimately crush beneath their foot. He who deals with the serpent's seed has good need of the wisdom which is from above: the generation of vipers twist and turn, wind and wriggle, yet evermore they are set upon their purpose, and go the nearest way to it when they wander round about. Alas! how dangerous is the believer's condition, and how readily may he be overcome if left to himself. This is the complaint of reason and the moan of unbelief. When faith comes in, we see that even in all this the saints are still secure, for they are all in the hands of God.

7 But God shall shoot at them *with* an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded.

8 So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves: all that see them shall flee away.

9 And all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God; for they shall wisely consider of his doing.

10 The righteous shall be glad in the LORD, and shall trust in him; and all the upright in heart shall glory.

7. "*But God shall shoot at them with an arrow.*" They shot, and shall be shot. A greater archer than they are shall take sure aim at their hearts. One of his arrows shall be enough, for he never misses his aim. The Lord turns the tables on his adversaries, and defeats them at their own weapons. "*Suddenly shall they be wounded.*" They were looking to surprise the saint, but, lo! they are taken at unawares themselves; they desired to inflict deadly wounds, and are smitten themselves with wounds which none can heal. While they were bending their bows, the great Lord had prepared his bow already, and he let slip the shaft when least they looked for such an unsparing messenger of justice. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." The righteous need not learn the arts of self-defence or of attack, their avengement is in better hands than their own.

8. "*So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves.*" Their slander shall recoil. Their curses shall come home to roost. Their tongue shall cut their throats. It was both sword, and bow and arrow; it shall be

turned against them, and bring home to them full punishment. "All that see them shall flee away." Afraid, both of them and their overthrow, their former friends shall give them wide space, lest they perish with them. Who cares to go near to Herod when the worms are eating him? or to be in the same chariot with Pharaoh when the waves roar round him? Those who crowded around a powerful persecutor, and cringed at his feet, are among the first to desert him in the day of wrath. Woe unto you, ye liars! Who will desire fellowship with you in your seething lake of fire?

9. "And all men shall fear." They shall be filled with awe by the just judgments of God, as the Canaanites were by the overthrow of Pharaoh at the Red Sea. Those who might have been bold in sin shall be made to tremble and to stand in awe of the righteous Judge. "And shall declare the work of God." It shall become the subject of general conversation. So strange, so pointed, so terrible shall be the Lord's overthrow of the malicious, that it shall be spoken of in all companies. They sinned secretly, but their punishment shall be wrought before the face of the sun. "For they shall wisely consider of his doing." The judgments of God are frequently so clear and manifest that men cannot mis-read them, and if they have any thought at all, they must extract the true teaching from them. Some of the divine judgments are a great deep, but in the case of malicious persecutors the matter is plain enough, and the most illiterate can understand.

10. "The righteous shall be glad in the Lord." Admiring his justice and fully acquiescing in its displays, they shall also rejoice at the rescue of injured innocence, but their joy shall not be selfish or sensual, but altogether in reference to the Lord. "And shall trust in him." Their observation of providence shall increase their faith; since he who fulfils his threatenings will not forget his promises. "And all the upright in heart shall glory." The victory of the oppressed shall be the victory of all upright men; the whole host of the elect shall rejoice in the triumph of virtue. While strangers fear, the children are glad in view of their Father's power and justice. That which alarms the evil, cheers the good. Lord God of mercy, grant to us to be preserved from all our enemies, and saved in thy Son with an everlasting salvation.

I am Waiting.

"Now, Lord, what wait I for?"—Psalm xxxix. 7.

I AM waiting for the answer
To many an earnest prayer.
Long have I watched and waited,
And still will linger there.
Thine hand, it is not shortened,
Nor heavy is thine ear,
I know the answer's coming,
And wait, and do not fear.

I am waiting for the moving
Of the fiery pillar bright,
And I dare not take one footstep
Without its guiding light.
Thy Providence has led me
In all my wanderings past:
That Providence will lead me,
E'en to the very last.

I am waiting for the triumph
Of the right o'er sin and wrong,
Which the "saints beneath the altar"
Have waited for so long.

Soon is that triumph coming,
 Soon shall the conflict cease,
 And war, and war's dark rumours,
 Shall end in lasting peace.

I am waiting till the darkness
 Shall all have cleared away.
 The night, it has been dreary ;
 Bright, bright will be the day.
 "As they that watch for morning,"
 Have I waited lone and long ;
 And now I see the dawning,
 And my heart breaks forth in song.

I am waiting for the coming
 Of the glorious King of Kings ;
 Who, in his march of conquest,
 Both joy and "healing" brings.
 O come, then, blessed Saviour,
 Thine is the right to reign ;
 Desire of all the nations,
 O come to earth again.

I am waiting for the summons
 Of the Bridegroom drawing near,
 And I stand with loins well girded,
 And watch till he appear.
 Soon, soon "these eyes shall see him"—
 Soon shall I hear his voice :
 With such a blissful prospect
 I cannot but rejoice.

I am waiting for the opening
 Of the pearly, crystal gates,
 Of Jerusalem, the golden ;
 For that my spirit waits.
 I long to hear the welcome—
 "Ye blessed, enter in ;
 Rest, weary ones, for ever
 From toil, and pain, and sin."

J. OSWALD JACKSON.

Dr. Adam Clarke's Wife.

IN Solomon's portraiture of the virtuous, or excellent woman, there is no line more important than that which declares, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." The Divinely appointed unity of husband and wife supposes and requires the most perfect fidelity and confidence on the part of both. The lack of this destroys the preciousness and peace of domestic life. Many a time the wife has found her fond hopes blighted by a breach of confidence on the part of the husband; and many a husband fears to confide the weighty and important cares and secrets of his life to the custody of the woman of his choice, because she has proved herself untrustworthy, and has wrought evil by divulging those things which had been committed to her confidence.

The evil arising from this is great, and especially so in the case of ministers of the gospel. Their position makes them acquainted with many things which are communicated in the sacredness of the strictest confidence; and many a time, such matters, revealed to a wife, have been divulged by her, to the ruin of the most important interests.

A bright example of wifely fidelity is found in Mary Cooke, the wife of the learned Adam Clarke, to whom, at the age of eighteen, she was married "in the Lord," the 17th of April, 1778.

Before their marriage he referred to his ecclesiastical relations, and his liability to be sent wherever the Conference might please, and enquired if she would go with him whithersoever he should be sent. She answered, "Yes. If I take you, I take you as a minister of Christ, and shall go with you to the ends of the earth." At another time she wrote, "Some propose your being sent to America, or the West Indies; but if the glory of God actuate the proposal, if the good of souls be the motive thereto, should they send you to China or Japan, I should be afraid to persuade you against going. I would rather say, 'Go, Adam, and thy God be with thee. Thy Mary will also go with thee, if she may. Go, and forget all but to win souls for glory.'"

Dr. Clarke's perfect trust in his wife is seen by his comment on Micah vii. 5. "Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide: keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom." Upon which he comments thus:—

"On this passage, in the year 1798, I find I have written as follows:— 'Trust ye not in a *friend*.' Several of those whom I have delighted to call by that name, have deceived me: 'Put ye not confidence in a *guide*.' Had I followed some of these, I should have gone to perdition. 'Keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom.' My *wife alone never deceived me*, It is now twenty-seven years since, and I find no cause to alter what I then wrote."

A pleasing circumstance occurred at one of the Conferences, where it was announced that a subject was about to be introduced, which the members were not to disclose even to their wives. Instantly Clarke was seen trying to slip out of the room, when a voice was heard:—

"Dr. Clarke is about to leave the Conference."

"You must not go out, Dr. Clarke," said the President.

"I must, sir," was the reply.

"You must not, Dr. Clarke."

"I *will*, sir."

More peremptorily the president exclaimed, "You must not!" to which Dr. Clarke replied:—

"You state, sir, that we are not to tell our wives the subject that is about to be brought forward. I want to hear nothing that I cannot tell my wife. I tell her everything. Those who have talkative wives may refrain from telling them; but *mine is not such*. What is deposited with her is kept safely."

"Very good, Doctor," said the President, "you may stop, as your wife can keep a secret."

Happy would it be for many a minister of Christ, if such a testimony could be borne concerning the companion of his life.

Women have busy minds, and need to be employed. And if no little world of love and joy binds them to their family and their home; if no divine purpose of holy ministration directs and holds them in their stedfast course, they learn not only to be "idle, but *tattlers* also, *speaking the things which they ought not*." This was woman's besetment in Paul's day, when she was left to waste her powers and energies unemployed. The remedy was pointed out by the apostle: "I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully." 1 Tim. v. 13, 14.

Mary Clarke had business enough without gadding and tattling. Blessed with the love of her noble husband, and her twelve lovely children, she found better occupation than gabbling, or gossiping, hunting for scandal, or busying herself with other people's matters.

The love she bore to her six sons and six daughters would astonish many of those who are "without natural affection," in these last perilous days. She once wrote: "My dear little ones engross by far the largest portion of my time;

and the pleasing satisfaction which results from nursing them is my greatest reward. Next to my husband, I view them as the most precious boon of heaven; and I do heartily love them as the gift of God. Neither can you, I am sure, conceive the tender feelings of a mother's breast. I would not be without these children for all the earth could offer." To one of her sons, she wrote the following instructive words:—

"Do nothing carelessly, and then, I venture to say, that with the ability you have, you will do most things well. Be exact in all you do, nor let the least matter pass you unexamined. In your reading, too, investigate your subject, and be not satisfied with skimming on the surface of things, nor make an attempt to grasp the whole, without attending to every *part* in order. Paying attention to particulars, as well as to generalities, will by degrees give you a habit of mental observation, while at the same time, it will deepen your knowledge. But endeavour to gain heavenly wisdom. Do not forget to bear your needs and your heart in private before God, that he may grant you his grace, and direct all your future path in life."

H. L. HASTINGS, Boston.

Reviews.

Words of Consolation, Pardon, and Hope: a Manual for the Tried and Sorrowful; consisting of Short Appeals, Scripture Readings, Prayers, and Hymns. By the Author of "Homely Readings." William Macintosh.

WE are never much in love with books which contain forms of prayer, but we feel bound to say that this is a very suitable manual for the poor and sick. It is thoroughly evangelical, earnest, and faithful; and as to the style, it has the great merit of being simple without being dull. Here and there we think truth is badly put, as, for instance, when the author says, "Unbelief is the only sin which the gospel does not meet. For this it has no cure. 'Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.'" We know what the writer means, but he does not express himself properly, and so seems to teach error. Thanks be unto God even unbelief can be forgiven and overcome.

The Mansions, Halls, and Palaces of Heaven: or, Glimpses of the Spirit-land, under the Similitude of a Vision. By ROBERT SEAGER. James Clarke and Co.

HIGH-SOUNDING nonsense. When the author had dreamed his dream, the best thing he could have done was to have forgotten it as soon as ever he awoke to consciousness. We have seldom met with writing so fantastic, visionary, and unprofitable.

Fables Grave and Gay. Invented by R. ANDREW GRIFFIN. Passmore & Alabaster. Price 1s.

MR. GRIFFIN'S Fables have greatly amused us. They are exceedingly clever and, as the title truly puts it, are both "grave and gay." He is sarcastic, and very bold, cutting right and left. Manliness and originality are apparent every where, and humour and wit are abundant. We are not sure of the practical usefulness of some of these fables, but they are sure to be popular. The very cover of the book ought to sell many thousands. For an hour's recreation, and as a pinch of salt, this curious book is well worth the shilling charged for it.

Things to come, Practically Considered.

By WILLIAM REID, of Lothian Road, United Presbyterian Church, Edinburgh. William Oliphant & Co.

WE do not accept Mr. Reid's anti-millennarian views; but, apart from this, we are much pleased to have the whole subject of the future brought forward so succinctly and instructively in so small a compass. Dreams and old wives' fables make up the staple of most modern books on the future, but this is composed of solid and sober teaching. We wish Mr. Reid would reconsider the pre-millennial question; but whatever a minister's views on that point, he will be all the richer for possessing this excellent work.

"*The Gates Ajar*," critically examined by a Dean. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

"GATES AJAR" seems to be in a fair way of getting its due share of criticism. We are glad to see a Dean so thoroughly demolish the baseless fabric which has charmed so many vain imaginations. The critic says of "Gates Ajar," "It is simply a second-rate sensational novel, professedly of a religious character, but betraying so much positive error, and treating serious subjects in such a flip-pant, unhallowed strain, that no small amount of Christian charity is required to avoid the conclusion, that 'an enemy hath done this!'"

The Day of Bereavement, its Lessons and its Consolations. By GEORGE W. MYLNE. Nisbet & Co.

THE author attempts to give comfort under bereavement to those who have not found the consolations of grace, and therefore he is by his own plan debarred from using those strong and precious cordials which are the solace of the Lord's tried ones. The result is disappointing, but the book may be useful.

Ready for Work: or, Hints on the Preparation of Bible Lessons. By WM. H. GROSER. Sunday School Union.

A THOROUGHLY practical book. Its precepts and examples are alike excellent. Superintendents should see that it goes the round of the Teachers' Book Society, and teachers who can afford it should purchase a copy for themselves. Some of the specimen lessons are of a high order, though they are not all of equal merit.

Men worth Imitating; or, Brief Sketches of Noble Lives. By W. H. GROSER. Sunday School Union.

DODDRIDGE, Bellot, Caxton, Dollond, Mugridge, Bewick, Linnæus, Paley, Locke, George Wilson, Samuel Drew, Adam Clarke—rather an odd assortment for a series; but Mr. Groser gets something attractive and edifying for the youngsters out of them all, and the whole together make capital reading. The Sunday School Union is rich in possessing such a helper as Mr. Groser, who writes better each time he uses his pen. The present book is prettily bound, plentifully illustrated, and in every way to be commended.

Bright Rays for Dark Days, caught from the Sun of Righteousness. Religious Tract Society.

WE do not like the title; it verges on the ridiculous. The matter is excellent, edifying, and consolatory. Some of the names of God are enlarged upon as sources of encouragement and comfort. Excellent milk for babes and cordial for fainting ones.

Life and Travels of George Whitfield. By JAMES P. GLEDSTONE. Longman, Green, & Co.

ONE of the fullest and best lives of this marvellous preacher that we have ever seen. We never tire of re-reading the main incidents, or the fullest details of his wonderful career. Oh, for a hundred such to-day! We want more of his class, and long for the time when the church shall again be blessed with another revival and the conversion of multitudes of souls. We question if the writer altogether understands the deep soul anguish of a true-hearted preacher, or fully agrees with Whitfield's Scripture views as to the "wrath to come."—B.

Heart Whispers, in Poems and Prose. By A. S. ORMSBY. Yapp & Hawkins, Welbeck Street.

A BEAUTIFUL and spiritual book. The prose is excellent, but smells a little *Plymouth-brotherly*: the poetry is so good that we wish it had been only a little better, and then much of it would have risen to the first degree. The author is often very careless as to the length of his lines and the accuracy of his rhymes. If it were not for these faults his versification would be far above mediocrity.

Family Prayers for Four Weeks. Edited by JOHN HALL, D.D., New York. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

WE do not believe in printed prayers, but if people will have them, our friend, Dr. Hall, can write as well as anybody what nobody ought to write at all. Our Lord has given us a noble copy to imitate, and has promised us his Spirit to help us; let us, then, try to speak with God in such words as our heart feels and his Spirit suggests.

My Summer in a Garden. By C. D. WABNER. With an introduction by Henry Ward Beecher. Sampson Low.

ONE of the wittiest books of the year: full of flashing merry fancies. It will amuse the leisure hours of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic. Here is an extract upon hens and children in relation to gardens.

"I like neighbours, and I like chickens; but I do not think they ought to be united near a garden. Neighbours' hens in your garden are an annoyance. Even if they d d not scratch up the corn, and peck the strawberries, and eat the tomatoes, it is not pleasant to see them straddling about in their jerky, high-stepping, speculative manner, picking inquisitively here and there. It is of no use to tell the neighbour that his hens eat your tomatoes. It makes no impression on him, for the tomatoes are not his. The best way is to casually remark to him that he has a fine lot of chickens, pretty well grown, and that you like spring chickens broiled. He will take them away at once. The neighbours' small children are also out of place in your garden in strawberry and currant time. I hope I appreciate the value of children. We should soon come to nothing without them, though the Shakers have the best gardens in the world. Without them the common school would languish. But the problem is, what to do with them in a garden. For they are not good to eat, and there is a law against making away with them. The law is not very well enforced, it is true; for people do thin them out with constant dosing, paregoric, and soothing syrups, and scanty clothing. But I for one feel that it would not be right, aside from the law, to take the life even of the smallest child, for the sake of a little fruit, more or less, in the garden. I may be wrong, but these are my sentiments, and I am not ashamed of them. When we come, as Bryant says in his 'Iliad,' to leave the circus of this life, and join that innumerable caravan which moves, it will be some satisfaction to us that we have never, in the way of gardening, disposed of even the humblest child unnecessarily. My plan would be to put them into Sunday-schools more thoroughly, and to give the Sunday-schools an agricultural turn, teaching the children the sacredness of neighbours' vegetables. I think that our Sunday-schools do not sufficiently impress upon children the danger, from snakes and otherwise, of going into the neighbours' gardens."

The Fool's Gospel. Elliot Stock.

A VERY correct title, but we shall not exchange the doctrine of Substitution for this or any other "*fool's gospel*."

Priestcraft in some of its manifestations, past and present, dragged before the mirror of the New Testament. An outline for Lecturers. By STEPHEN SECUNDUS. Price 4d. William Freeman, 102, Fleet Street.

STEPHEN SECUNDUS will not in all probability die by stoning, he is more likely to smash others with the stones he hurls. In righteous indignation he pours contempt upon sacerdotism wherever he finds it, whether its president resides at Rome or Canterbury. We do not agree with quite all he has to say, but as a whole it has our heartiest commendation; as an outspoken, vigorous, common-sense utterance of necessary truth. The Popery of the Anglican church has increased, is increasing, and ought to be abated.

The Gospel Church delineated from the New Testament. By HENRY WEBB. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

WE differ so greatly from the author on many points that it would be idle to attempt a review of his work. He has evidently expended much labour and research upon it, and, therefore, those who desire to know all theories of church organisation will read this work with interest.

The Angel's Song: a Sermon preached in the Baptist Chapel, Grand Cay, Turk's Island, before the Turk's Island Lodge of Freemasons. By their Brother the elected Chaplain. W. H. Collingridge.

WE had no idea that our brother Pegg had entered the mysterious brotherhood and become chaplain to a lodge. In any case we hold him in the highest love and respect. As for the sermon—well, it has gospel in it, and freemasonry also, and is a remarkable discourse in its way, but that way is out of the usual way of gospel ministry.

Man's Future in God's Word. By W. COLLINGWOOD. Yapp and Hawkins, 70, Welbeck Street. Price 6d.

THIS pamphlet is calculated to be of much service. It is a brief but able defence of the doctrine of everlasting punishment. We are glad that so many and such excellent treatises on this subject are forthcoming.

The Christian Psalmist: a collection of Tunes, Chorales, &c. Sunday School Union.

WE hear this successor to the Old Union Tune-Book very highly spoken of, but do not feel able to form a judgment till we have tried the novelties of the book in the congregation: of course much is old and beyond criticism. We are very heretical in our views as to congregational singing. We confess without shame that we remember with regret the old-fashioned repeats which stirred our soul and gave us time to relish the words. How our musical friends will hold up their hands at such old-fashioned and shocking taste. The modern rattlers, which run through the tune in one rush of infantile sing-song, are all the fashion, and we are sorry they are. Old Cranbrook excites more real praise in the Tabernacle than half the churchified monotones.

Henry's Outlines of Scripture History.
Henry's Outlines of Science. By JOSEPH FERNANDEZ, LL.D. Charles Bean, 81, New North Road, Hoxton.

ALL the educational books of this author are valuable, and our readers who want such works will do well to secure these useful Outlines. They are full, clear, and interesting. Already have they gained a large circulation, and they will be yet more used as they become more fully known.—B.

The Soul and its Difficulties; a Word to the Anxious. By H. W. SOLTAU. Yapp & Hawkins.

A LITTLE book which has no doubt been extensively useful to awakened souls. We should not handle every difficulty quite in Mr. Soltan's way, but for all this his work is one calculated to be of immense service in loosing the captives.

Memoranda.

THE Editor has now quite recovered, but is still weak and not able to work up to his usual point. Friends will please accept this intimation and refrain from asking us to preach. As we must refuse, it will spare both them and us the time occupied in writing needless letters, if they will note this.

In the Orphanage we are greatly favoured by God in the matter of health. Only one child has had the small pox, and from other epidemics we have been free.

Our highly esteemed deacon, Mr. Thomas Cook, has fallen asleep. He was one who feared God above many; a spiritually minded, solid, and stable Christian. A severe illness which occurred to him some time ago exercised upon him a manifestly ripening influence, and he rose from his bed weak in body but strong in grace. He enjoyed constant peace; doubts were slain by full assurance, a deep calm remained within. Years ago in our younger days, this dear brother was made pre-eminently useful in the great enterprize of building the Tabernacle, and by his means great help was brought to us. His heart was wholly in the work, and that heart was a warm and gracious one. We know well the spot where this devout Deacon knelt with his Pastor, all alone, amid the materials of the unfinished Tabernacle to implore a blessing upon those who should

worship within those walls. It was dark, and none saw or heard the two brethren save the angels and their Lord, but who could desire a better consecration for any house of prayer than the secret pleadings of a godly man! His beloved wife is richly sustained; the Lord be very gracious to her; and his children are following in the good old way which their father loved. Farewell, brother beloved, the Lord fill up the gap thy departure has made.

Mr. Blewett, of Westbury Leigh, would be glad to remove to another sphere. He is a worthy brother, and we recommend vacant churches to write to him.

We have received most pleasing tidings from our late student, Mr. W. McKinney, who has accepted a pastorate in the United States, with most encouraging prospects.

A goodly company of young men have been received into the College this term, and more have the promise of admission in October, if the Lord will. We ask earnest prayer that all these men may become faithful and useful ministers of the cross of Christ.

Our friend, Mr. Hillier, of South Shields, we beg his pardon, Dr. Hillier, for he is a Doctor of Music and deserves the title, for he is a sort of condensed band of music, opened his new Tabernacle on July 23rd., with sermons, and on the following Monday with a public meeting. A noble array of

Stockwell Orphanage.

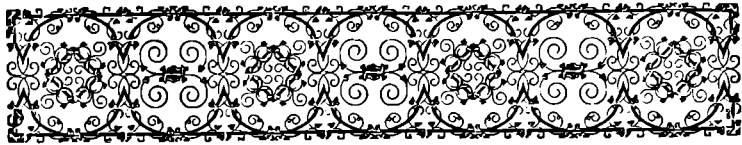
Statement of Receipts from July 20th, to August 19th, 1871.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
E. J. W. A. ...	0 1 0	J. A. M. ...	6 10 0
James and Louisa ...	0 2 6	A Widow's Mite ...	0 10 0
M. A. M. ...	0 1 6	Mr. T. Paterson ...	1 0 0
Mr. Charles Gordon ...	1 0 0	Mr. W. Davison ...	0 4 9
A Friend in Yorkshire ...	5 0 0	W. F. S. ...	0 10 0
Peter ...	5 0 0	A Clapham Omnibus Driver ...	0 10 0
Salisbury ...	0 10 0	Robert, John, Maggie & James Brockie	1 0 0
Mrs. Cheyne ...	5 0 0	A Thankoffering, Wantage ...	1 1 0
Mr. Shaw ...	0 2 0	Miss Peckham ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Harris ...	0 5 0	Mr. T. Trotman ...	5 0 0
Mr. C. Norton ...	5 0 0	A Constant Reader ...	0 6 0
A Well Wisher ...	0 10 0	Mr. Arthur, Beechworth, Australia ...	2 0 0
Mr. James Hendry ...	1 0 0	Mrs. B. Clayton ...	10 0 0
Mrs. Craigie ...	1 0 0	E. K. ...	1 0 0
Dr. Beilby ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Spedding ...	1 0 0
Mr. E. Davies ...	0 10 0	A Friend ...	0 7 6
Contents of a Forfeit Box in a Young		A Friend ...	0 7 6
Ladies School ...	0 7 6	A Reader ...	1 0 0
W. W. ...	0 1 0	Lilly Blair ...	0 2 0
Mrs. S. C. ...	20 0 0	Mr. Beavan, per Rev. E. Blewitt ...	0 10 0
A Friend, Towcester ...	0 5 0	Mrs. Booth ...	1 0 0
Mr. J. Robson, New Zealand ...	3 0 0	Boys Collecting Cards :-	
Mrs. Pidgeon ...	5 0 0	F. Apled ...	0 3 6
A Widow's Mite ...	1 1 0	T. Dixon ...	0 5 0
Mr. J. Scott ...	10 0 0	James Dunn ...	0 3 0
Mrs. Bickmore ...	10 0 0	E. Evans ...	0 2 6
Mr. Allan King ...	5 0 0	J. Farley ...	0 4 0
Mr. D. Church ...	10 10 0	H. Harper ...	0 3 9
Mr. Jupe, per Rev. E. Blewitt ...	5 0 0	W. Hobson ...	0 8
Mr. P. Bainbridge ...	0 10 0	A. Sharpe ...	0 5 0
Miss Swain ...	2 0 0	H. Warman ...	0 10 1 8 3
Mrs. Purylove ...	0 10 0	In College Box ...	0 10 0
Miss Fitzgerald ...	0 6 0	Mr. J. Young ...	2 0 0
Mrs. Baker ...	0 6 0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates ...	1 13 11
Mrs. Smeed ...	0 8 0	Annual Subscriptions :-	
Mrs. Davis ...	0 12 6	Mr. Palmer ...	50 0 0
Miss Buxton ...	2 0 0	Mr. G. Fitch ...	1 1 0
A Friend ...	2 0 0		
Mr. Edwards ...	1 0 0		
Mrs. Gee ...	1 0 0		
Mr. J. B. Brown ...	0 16 0		
			£192 11 2

Presents for the Orphanage.—25 Reading Books, Dr. Unwin; 8 Shirts, Sarah; 100 Pairs of Socks, Misses Bourdon Sanderson; 6 School Desks, Mr. Higgs; 6 Tin Cans, Mr. Vickery; 3 Sacks of Broad Beans, Mr. Woodnutt.

College Buildings Fund.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. Knott ...	1 0 0	Belfast ...	1 1 0
Mrs. Knighton ...	1 0 0	Mr. J. Bennie ...	0 5 0
Mr. Tubby ...	5 0 0	Mrs. Bickmore ...	20 0 0
A Friend ...	500 0 0	Mr. Butterworth ...	1 1 0
T. N. ...	10 0 0	Mr. J. George and Friends ...	5 5 0
Mr. W. Powell ...	1 1 0	Mr. J. C. Grimes ...	1 1 0
Mr. Hunt ...	1 1 0	Mrs. Hughes ...	1 1 0
Mr. R. Keevil ...	1 1 0	Mrs. Bickmore ...	1 1 0
Mr. E. Morgan ...	1 1 0	Mr. S. Spurgeon ...	1 1 0
Mr. Sadler ...	1 1 0	Mr. T. Blake ...	1 1 0
Dr. Beilby ...	1 0 0	Mr. F. Pool ...	1 0 0
Mr. B. B. Andrews ...	1 0 0	Mr. Comerford ...	1 1 0
Mr. R. Hughes ...	1 1 0	A Widow's Mite, Fisher's Row ...	1 1 0
Blessings received ...	0 5 0	Mrs. B. Clayton ...	20 0 0
A. B. C. ...	1 1 0	A Friend, Worcester ...	1 1 0
Y. E. ...	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Stott ...	2 2 0
T. G. ...	1 1 0	V. W., Sunderland ...	1 0 0
A Friend at Briery Bank ...	1 0 0	Mr. Booth ...	1 0 0
A Sailor ...	1 1 0		
Mr. J. E. Hodge ...	1 1 0		
Mrs. Aldons ...	1 1 0		
			£593 19 0



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER 1, 1871.

The Pastor's Wife.

A TRUE NARRATIVE. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY
MARY WEITBRECHT.

CHAPTER IV.—EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BEFORE continuing a series of instances which show how God honoured the firm though humble faith of this gifted woman, a slight sketch of her every day life will not fail to interest our readers. We resume the narrative of her son. As, except on rare occasions, our father left the whole task of family discipline to our mother's care, she often found difficulty in rendering herself mistress of the responsible position she was forced to occupy, especially as, far from being model children, we boys were high spirited, mischievous urchins. According to her usual plan, however, she committed all her ways to the Lord, and then, instead of desponding at the thought of all she could *not* do, set cheerily to work, determined to perform faithfully whatever lay in her power. Her first principle in education was to establish a marked distinction between mere failings and actual sins, and while we were promptly reproved, and even punished for disorder, heedlessness, or unpunctuality, it was done in the way of discipline; but, whenever an instance of deceit, ingratitude, or unkindness came to light, the whole character of her dealing was altered. It seemed to us that she then assumed the attitude and voice of one of God's priests or prophets of the olden time; deep solemnity accompanied her words, so that as she represented the heinous nature of our offence, we felt them pierce our very joints and marrow, conveying such a terrible sense of guilt, that we hardly knew

how to bear it, and would have preferred ten beatings to one such "sermon," as we called it.

A strong influence was exerted by her plan of telling us Bible stories at night. We looked forward with longing to these delightful hours, and listened entranced to her vivid picturing, which resulted in giving us an intimate acquaintance with Scripture, so that in subsequent public examinations, I, for my part, far outstripped all competitors in this branch, and astonished the examiners themselves.

But the most mighty secret power she gained over us by the force of a holy life. We could not help seeing how free it was from all worldly principle, vanity, self-indulgence, or avarice. So simple and frugal were her personal habits that even in after years, when we tried to persuade her, for the sake of health, to take more care of herself, the invariable reply would be, "Leave me the food and clothes I am used to: they will do well enough for this world. All the ease I might enjoy here would fail to satisfy me after all. There would always be something wanting still. So I will be content, and wait till I get over yonder, where we shall wear garments which will never grow old, and our hunger and thirst will be satisfied for ever." Daily we saw her gaze directed above to the things which are eternal. Her one aim was to sacrifice herself, in order by love to serve others, and to act for eternity. All the striking proofs of blessing, strewn like stars across the dark night of her earthly struggle, show how God owned this singleness of purpose.

No sooner were we lads away from home, than, instead of joining the ranks of the steady and orderly, we made common cause with the most mischievous and daring among our schoolfellows, and it might have seemed as if all home training had gone for nothing; but the seed so deeply sown in our hearts was only buried, not lost; and at last maintained its principle of life in the face of adverse influences. At the age of fifteen, I was at the Seminary of Maulbronn, and belonged to the most merry fun-loving set of boys there, when one day there arose amongst us a great talk about pietism; some arguing in its favour, and others against it. At last I spoke out boldly, and said, "I don't know much about it, but they say my mother is a pietist. If that is true, and if the others are like her, I can only say pietism is *real* goodness, and the straightway to heaven! After what I have seen and gone through at home, I am so sure about it that I shall never be able to doubt the reality of it." "Well, then," rejoined a schoolfellow, "why ever are you what you are? Why don't you set up for a pietist yourself, without more ado?" "You are right," I answered; "but you see, what has not happened yet, may come to pass some day, and it shall, too!"

Some years later, several of us were visiting our uncle, a rationalist professor at Heidelberg. Knowing our mother's principles, he was curious to find out how far they had taken root in our minds, and often tried to perplex us with religious inquiries. Sister Beaté was the grand champion of our party. He would ask her, "Come now, tell me, what do you take God to be? Is not God the universal principle of goodness?" "No," she promptly answered, "God is the Good One" (not a vague principle but a person). My brother, who was studying medicine

he advised to direct his attention to the secrets of nature, which he declared would solve the mystery of many miracles. For instance, he surmised it would be very possible to discover some subtle tincture which might impart to water the colour and flavour of wine, and such means had probably been used by our Lord at the marriage feast of Cana. "No, indeed," my brother answered sturdily, "such tinctures as Jesus used are not to be found here among men; they are above in the hand of him who created the whole world out of nothing." At length, laying by his weapons, our uncle was fain to confess, "Well, after all, you are your mother's own children."

A few years later, suddenly, as in the spring-time, the seed that had long lain sleeping in our hearts having taken root, sprang up vigorously. Before the eldest of us had left the University, we had each and all made a free individual choice to walk with our mother in the narrow way which leads to life eternal.

One of her most common practices in daily life was to direct our attention to the parables God has laid up in every page of his wonderful book of nature. In the garden, the field, and the house, she reminded us in a few simple words of these lessons. The weeds, the green trees, the blights on our plants, as well as our daily tasks and interests, were all examined, and the hidden meaning and type in each clearly noted with a freshness and originality that marked them forcibly upon our memories. Sometimes, without any seeming reason, she would tell us many of the wise, happy thoughts, with which her mind seemed to overflow; it was the lips running over, out of "the fulness of the heart."

Coming home one day from an expedition, in which she had vainly attempted to borrow a sum of money for the pressing claims of her son's education, Beaté met her, and imagined from her cheerful looks that the money had been forthcoming, for she had left home sad and downcast. "No," said she, "but God has comforted me." As I turned away sorrowfully after being refused, I felt so weak and wretched, that I could hardly go on. All at once, there came into my mind that verse in the story of Abraham and Isaac, "And they went both of them together." Then I thought—"these words were not put into the Bible without a reason, especially as they are twice repeated. Gen. xxii. 6, 8. God saw what was passing in the heart of Abraham, as he climbed that mountain with his son. And, indeed, it is evident that Abraham's distress had then reached the highest pitch. He was to sacrifice the life of his only son. With me, the question relates, not to the temporal but to the spiritual life of my six boys; for that will be endangered if their studies are given up. But now, I am sure God sees it, and has noted it in his book, and this comforts me." The sense of consolation was so lively and strong within her, that for weeks after she called the attention of everyone she met to this passage, adding, "Thus we often have to go a weary pilgrimage; but God sees it. He knows how our hearts are feeling, and writes it in his book."

Another time, she had a letter from a beloved and honoured uncle, in which he reproached her bitterly for persisting in the education of the boys, when she had not sufficient means to carry it out. This grieved her so deeply, that she became quite ill, took to her bed, and could do nothing but weep. Her daughter wondered to see her so unnerved,

because, in a general way, she troubled herself little as to other people's opinions, and often used to say, "Never mind, I can wait until God justifies me." Now, however, she exclaimed, "If it only were some one else, I should not care. But this uncle is just the one friend I need, who has always stood by me till now!" No comfort seemed to find its way to her heart, till the next morning, when rising again calm and happy, she told Beaté, "I have examined myself as to whether there is any truth in what they say—that pride and self-will have been actuating me; but it is not so. My reason for persevering with the boys is, the good of their souls. All persons, especially young ones, must have some ruling interest and enjoyment in life. If our lads cannot pursue the studies they care for, they will soon find out other pleasures—those of sense, and they will quickly lead them into sin. Besides, now I see them twice a year, I am able to exert a strong influence over them still; whereas, if they left home to learn a trade, they would be taken quite out of my power. Then again, I should be positively ashamed to meet my father in heaven, unless I had done everything in my power to raise and ennoble my children both in body and soul. He denied himself so sternly in order to bring us up to a good standing, and how could I look into his face with joy, if I had failed in forwarding the best interests of his grandchildren? I know I am justified before God, so now I can feel quiet, for the Bible says, 'If a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.'"

Scarcely ten years had gone by, before all her friends, and this uncle most especially, were ready to own and honour the triumph of her faith, so that she could remind us of this occasion, with the words, "Did I not say so? God keeps all his promises. Every jot and tittle is fulfilled to those whose ways please him."

Little time had she for reading, even the Bible; and yet, although perfectly simple and unaffected in her discourse, which was peculiarly free from religious phraseology, her daily life was a clear and constant witness against worldliness of form or practice. Each morning she awoke with some text or holy verse upon her mind, and this she appropriated as a subject and motto for the day, and it furnished her with light, strength, and spiritual food.

Once, in going a journey, instead of taking the comfortable place behind, she insisted on sitting in front of the small conveyance in which a farmer was driving her. Years afterward, the man would speak of that drive, and the long talk that lasted through it. "It was the most delightful journey I ever went in my life," said the honest fellow—a firm friend of my mother's; "it was a distance of thirty-six miles, but the time passed like nothing, and I could hardly believe my eyes when we reached the end." It was her daily verse that furnished the whole topic of this conversation.

CHAPTER V.—KING WILLIAM.

By the time our father had held the living of Thalheim nearly ten years, and we were in the midst of our school career, a letter from the Royal Consistory was one day brought to our house, and plunged both our parents into deep anxiety. On his presentation to the living, it

had been considered too valuable for a man of his age, and the Consistory therefore requested him to contribute annually a certain portion of the stipend towards a fund for the amelioration of poorer livings. On the plea of his large family, he petitioned against this order, and receiving no reply or further official application, he concluded that the matter had been decided in his favour. And now, after all these years, the whole arrears were suddenly claimed, with a sharp reprimand for past neglect of payment.

On the ground of recent losses through hail, our father excused himself from immediate compliance, and obtained a remission of half the debt. But a year's respite soon passed by, and a crisis of care and distress approached. Day by day, our mother grew more oppressed as the term of payment drew on apace. Just then, we received a visit from a clergyman, an intimate friend, who, struck by our mother's evident and unusual sadness, ventured to ask its cause. She told him her tale of care, and he at once saw well that any further petition on our father's part would be quite out of place. At the same time, he advised her to apply, not to the Council, but direct to the king himself, who was known and beloved as a true father of his country, with an open ear for all who were oppressed. Between them, our friend and herself, they at once composed a letter, fully stating the facts of the case, together with all circumstances calculated to work upon the sympathies of a feeling heart. This petition was dispatched to a cousin of our mother's, then in attendance upon the young Crown Prince, with a request that it might be presented, if possible, with a word of recommendation. At the time the letter reached the palace, the little prince lay ill, and his disease was taking a dangerous type, so that the good cousin hardly knew how to proceed, and for some time carried the papers about, waiting for a favourable moment. One day, as she was watching by the bedside of the royal child, the king and queen came in to visit him. The little fellow lying weak and ill in his cot, stretched out his arms with joy at the sight of his father, who gently clasped the boy, and drew him to his heart. In the meantime, our cousin handed the papers to the queen, who, glancing them over, and becoming interested and touched, handed them to her husband. He scanned the writing, and then read the whole attentively; after which, taking out a pencil, he wrote underneath, "I undertake to defray the whole debt out of my private purse." At the same time, he ordered this message to be sent by express post to the pastor's wife at Thalheim. Night had come on by the time the royal courier reached Tuttlingen, our nearest town; but, according to the strict order, a postilion mounted immediately to carry the dispatch to its destination. Day had not broken, when he came galloping up our village street blowing from his post horn a blast so shrill and clear, that all the good neighbours awoke, stretched their wondering heads out of their respective windows, and asked what could be the matter? At length the horse halted beneath the parsonage walls. Our mother was up and ready to hear the errand of the postilion, who handed her over his message, and she, hastening into the house, read the cheering answer to her prayer. With folded hands and tears of joy, she cried: "Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself. One day an innkeeper is thy paymaster, and

another, a king 'by the grace of God!' Oh, repay our sovereign for this, his goodness to us, and bless him in soul and body, in time and eternity, thou King of kings. Amen."

CHAPTER VI.—THE NEIGHBOURS, AND OUR MOTHER'S WORK
AMONG THEM.

The scene of our mother's most prolonged activity was the before-mentioned village of Thalheim, lying in a narrow valley of a district commonly called the "Baar," part of the mountainous Black Forest. Its inhabitants are distinguished by peculiarities both of costume and character. Their strong and handsome physical development is united to the free simple manners and marked individualities of race only observable among Highlanders. The power of custom exercises a singular force over the minds and actions of these primitive folks. It may indeed be described as the strongest moral or spiritual influence in the whole region. In their eyes, it seems a great enormity to make light of their traditional notions of propriety, and the mighty law of "custom" is incongruously dragged forward upon all occasions, often even to pronounce upon matters of the most serious nature. Once, in remonstrating with a naughty maid, my mother asked her, how, in following her evil courses, could she ever expect to get to heaven? "Why not, I should like to know?" cried the girl in surprise. "Upon what do you found your hopes?" said my mother. "Oh, Frau Pfarrer!" rejoined the damsel with much assurance, "it is the custom with us for people to go to heaven! You see, heaven was made for us—not for the animals."

The dialect of the Baar is harsh and odd, somewhat resembling the Swiss patois, but possessing a quaint force and drollery of its own. The costume of the place is still more singular, and might seem almost to date back to primeval ages. A woman's head-gear consists of two caps, one black and tight fitting, drawn down in front to meet the eyebrows, the other of fur, which is worn the whole year round. Two long plaits of hair hang down the back, reaching far towards the ground. A black jacket, drawn back in front, exposes a lace vest surmounted by white. Round the waist is passed a thick, sausage-shaped roll, from under which emerges the skirt, starched stiffly into innumerable tiny folds. Broad, flat shoes, and red woollen hose complete this strange attire, which altogether weighs twenty pounds, and costs from £3 to £4. The wedding costume, or hippé, as it is called, generally lasts a woman her lifetime. A very curious effect is produced in the village church, by the sight of the whole female population, down to the smallest girl, dressed in this way and ranged in long rows. Without this traditional costume, however, none of them would set foot in church.

On one occasion, my mother went round the whole village, vainly trying to hunt up such a dress for a poor unthrifty woman, who had confessed to her with shame and contrition, that she dared not show herself for want of a "hippé." In every house she was met by the contemptuous reply, "If she were not a lazy wench, she would have her dress all right enough."

At length, in the cottage of a charcoal burner, the quest proved successful, for his wife, though very poor, immediately discovered that she possessed an extra "hippé," which she freely offered. Deeply touched by this generous kindness, and in the name of him who said, "I was naked, and ye clothed me," our mother accepted the gift. She also formed a very hearty friendship with this charcoal burner's wife, who was a most interesting woman, and possessed mental capacity and refinement of a high order, together with a frank affectionate disposition. Her active sympathy and love were often found a source of real comfort to us.

It was on the new-year's eve of 1820, that as our mother sat reviewing her past life, it occurred to her that the store of her father's sermons, hitherto read alone, might be made the means of wide-spread blessing, if a few of the neighbours could be assembled to listen to them in the parlour of her above-mentioned friend. The plan was promptly adopted, and henceforth a company of peasant women met regularly, and listened with much enjoyment. The spiritual life of her friend especially seemed to receive a marked impulse, so that our mother exclaimed in delight, "One actually *sees* her grow!" The good woman, on her part, seemed to become more glad-hearted every day, as she sat mending the garments of her large family during the reading, and often declared, "It is only since 'the mother'* came among us that I have found out what I really am and possess; the more I get to know God's word, the more I hunger and thirst after it." Her cordial affection to our mother increased in the meantime, and if ever she noticed the parsonage lights burning late at night, she would come running over and say, "I dont know how it is, madame, but I cannot sleep when I know that you are up and busy." And then, actively taking part in any business that was on hand, she remained till all was finished. Some years later, this faithful woman died in my mother's arms, and often, in speaking of her, she would declare that in the resurrection of the just, the charcoal burner's wife would be distinguished and honoured as the model of a Christian neighbour.

On leaving home, the ancient Greek colonists were always supplied with holy fire from their country's hearth, in order to keep up the glow of patriotism in their hearts, and show their connection with their native land. Surely we ought in the same way to supply our children—those colonists whom we send out in the far country of the future—with a holy flame of truth and light, such as is furnished for us in the word of God. This was an idea which forced itself very strongly upon our mother's mind, and caused her to adopt a plan originated by our grandmother. This was, to assemble the village children, and by the aid of a large coloured picture book, to relate Scripture stories to them in a lively and impressive manner. Every Sunday afternoon she started out, the book under her arm, and going from house to house, gathered round her everywhere a crowd of eager listeners. When she quitted one cottage, the children, intent on hearing more of her attractive stories, ran along by her side into the next. It was a curious sight, this wandering Sunday-school, such as has rarely been seen; the

* Throughout the whole village Madame Paulus was always called "the mother."

shepherd in the midst of the flock, the crook being replaced by the famous picture book—her sign of office; and as she passed up the street, her narrative was often continued for the benefit of apt scholars. This method of teaching embraced one grand advantage, inasmuch as each visit gave opportunity of bearing the truth to the grown-up as well as the younger members of every family; and many a good seed was thus cast by the wayside, and we can see here how ingenious in its resources is the constraining love of Christ, the love that seeks and saves. But our mother's most practical and efficient labour was one unseen by others, for it was accomplished when all around her were at rest. By the time night had set in, and her daily household toil was ended, her great night work began. For then she entered into communion with a higher world, and like Jacob, wrestled with God in prayer, for special blessings upon her family and friends, our parish, and all her other interests. This was done with so much constancy and regularity, that at least two nights in each week were thus spent. When, in later days, we begged that she would allow herself more rest, she always said, "I will rest in eternity; now, I have no time. I have to pray so much for the king and prince, the ministers and counsellors, the consistory, universities, seminaries, and schools, besides my own family, that I seem never to have finished."

Her cabinet of business for this spiritual work was a little corner beside the stove in her room, and there she spent countless nights, kneeling or stretched upon the floor, yet never growing weary.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BROKEN HOME.

It is one thing when a ship is tossing on mid-ocean, and has all sorts of shoals, quicksands, and tempests before it; but it is quite another, when most of the weary way lies behind, and the shores of the country whither it is bound begin to loom in view. This was the state of things in our house ten years after our mother had begun her task of educating us. Two of the elder ones were already at college, while another was supporting himself by his profession, and contributing part of his earnings to help the younger members.

Our father had at length reconciled himself to the order of things, and delighted in showing off the attainments of his three tall lads among our friendly neighbours. It gratified him for people to notice the very apparent signs of chemical industry on William's "working hands," as he always called them; and whenever Philip, the theologian, came home, he had to preach, catechise, and visit; while Fritz, the medical student, tried his hand at writing prescriptions of medicines, which were to cure the various ailments of the sick villagers. Not our father alone, but all the people of the neighbourhood sympathised in our enterprises, and rejoiced at our culture and progress, for everyone knew that the pastor had no private property, and the fact of his sons receiving professional educations was a puzzle to many. Once, a kind professor expressed his surprise to me upon this point. So I told him our secret, which was, that our mother, who managed the whole affair, had the help and support of Some One who bears the wonderful key which fits and opens all the cash-boxes of earth.

But although our poor mother had struggled through many difficulties and sorrows, the worst still awaited her. The experience of life had greatly altered my father's opinions, and instead of holding his former rationalistic views, he now owned a lively Christian faith. About this time, the presentiment of his approaching removal to a higher life seemed forcibly impressed on his mind, so that one day, calling his daughter to him, he said, "Beaté, my time for remaining with you is short; I shall be suddenly struck by the hand of death, and I wish you to promise, that when you see me lying at the last extremity, you will whisper in my ear the name of Jesus, for I want to go through the dark valley carrying that name within my soul." The child gave her word, little thinking how soon she would be called upon to fulfil it. Very shortly our father sickened, and at once sank into such weakness that all were greatly alarmed, and before his absent children could be summoned, he died. When Beaté whispered the Saviour's name in his ear, during the last moments, his glazed eyes once more lighted up in grateful love, and then closed for ever. A large concourse of friends met to celebrate the funeral, among them many neighbouring clergymen. One of these had dreaded meeting our mother, for he thought that the ruin of all her hopes in this sudden stroke would have crushed her into despair. Throughout the mournful service he watched her closely, but to his surprise she appeared calm and at rest. At the close, he could not refrain from expressing his wonder. "What does it mean?" he asked; "all the plans and the joy of your life are swept away, and yet you are composed and cheerful." "Ah, dear friend," she replied, with a beaming face, "I certainly was almost distracted as I started to walk in that sad procession to-day, with my nine orphan children, especially when we stood in church, and I looked upon the coffin with which all my hopes for this life were to be buried. At that moment it was midnight in my soul. I saw no star in heaven, and no path on earth." Then I lifted up my eyes to him, who up to this time had been my only hope and refuge, and begged for one beam of his eternal love to shine into my beclouded heart. Suddenly, it was as if a voice cried in my ear, 'Be still, and take no care; henceforth God alone will provide for you and your children. It shall be just as it was when he took Moses away, and the children of Israel had scarcely reached the borders of the promised land. He saw fit to bring his people into Canaan without the help of their old leader, so that every one might see it was all his work. So he will now do with you.' In listening to these words my heart grew light, and I answered, 'If that is so, I am content, and even the dark path shall be a joyful way to me.' Do you see," she concluded, "it is this that strengthens me. I know he is faithful and keeps all his promises."

(To be continued.)

Among the Rookeries of Smithfield.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

AT Six o'clock one summer's evening, with the winds high, and the drizzling rain cheerlessly descending, two persons, strangers to each other, were sauntering along Clerkenwell Green, and met by previous appointment, opposite the well-known Middlesex Sessions' House, whose principal front, stately and classic, frowns heavily upon the notorious scenes so constantly witnessed in its van. The one man was of middle-height, broad-shouldered, of wiry and well-knit frame, swarthy in complexion, with a dark piercing eye, quick in movement, strong in character,—evidently the kind of man to endure much, do much, persevere in much, with a stout resolute will that might be feared, and with a genial smile that must be winsome. His companion was—but description here would profit little.

“Mr. Catlin?” enquiringly observed the person whose business it was to enquire, as he held up a green-covered report in the author's line of vision.

“That is my name” replied the writer of the said green book.

“We have met, sir,” he continued, “in front of a place where we are accustomed to sad sights. You'd think the Devil was indeed active were you to witness some of the scenes that go on here. The prevalence of crime is awful. And then we have to contend against most able adversaries. There (pointing to a truck that lay before him) is my preaching stand on these summer evenings. We have a banner on which is inscribed some suitable text,—I am a great believer in God's simple word—and this attracts people's attention. Just in front of me, against the lamp-post, the Irish Fenians prate sedition; and over yonder, there will be thousands listening to the blasphemous utterances of some infidel speaker. *There, sir!*—the place has become a perfect bear-garden,” as, indeed, reporters in daily and other papers have repeatedly tried to show the public. Political demonstrations, with banners bright and banners dim (the furbished up remnants of ancient agitations), with brass bands that provide music as vulgar and as showy as the vulgarest democracy could well desire, with mottoes good and mottoes vicious, to which interpretations many and diverse might be given, have their rendezvous here. The veriest riff-raff assemble in the northern part of this greenless Green, with the discontented and irreligious, to prove to all the world how great is human folly in denying the existence of a God whom they cannot tolerate—although, (wonder of wonders!) he can tolerate them. Here the high-priests of atheism and of “the Everlasting No” set up their altars, and before their teaching, hundreds of empty and bewildered heads bow with slavish adulation. Here, also, other high-priests in language more or less temperate, but with purpose high and practical, advocate the good temperance cause. And, amid all the hubbub caused by this much, and for the most part, indifferent speaking, the earnest and humble teacher of religious beliefs, destined to out-live the formulas of all the other speakers, utters his word of

warning, reproof, and invitation. It requires some bravery to do this amid such a Babel of discordant and conflicting sounds.

"We have not much to talk of," sadly observed this missionary to his interested companion, "in the way of actual result, but those who have been converted are trophies of grace."

"And do they still remain with you, and live consistently with their professions?"

"They do, and are of not a little service on such occasions as out-door preaching."

And these out-of-door efforts are among the best for securing the attention of working people, who rarely, if ever, see the inside of either church, chapel, or mission-room. In summer there is but little disposition on the part of the denizens of this district to attend an ordinary religious service, however attractive or well adapted to their intelligences. In winter evenings, the commodious hall adjoining is well filled. This building, arranged to hold about four hundred persons, is a light and cheerful structure, situated in a mean alley, in the centre of a population sadly needing the gospel. Standing in one of its upper rooms, Mr. Catlin, pointing out to the visitor a corner spot in the yard beneath, observed:—

"Over there, about three years ago, one Sunday afternoon, a friend connected with us stood up to conduct an open-air service. The Irish, at that time, were very embittered against us, and they drove the preacher clean out of the alley. The next Sunday a big brawny blacksmith attempted to preach, and, will you believe it, they came out of the public-house, seized him by the collar and trouser, and flung him into the main street. Well, the next week, I went to Mr. — who lives in the alley, and asked him to allow me to stand by his door and preach on the Sunday afternoon. Mr. — was a strong, bad fellow, a very terror to the neighbourhood; but he consented, and on the Sunday he told the Irish and the costermongers, who were ready to drive us away, that I was a good sort of fellow and wanted to do them good, and they musn't interfere with me. And there was no real interruption, although the excitement was intense. You see that public-house on the side of the court?"

"I do. It is shut up, terribly dilapidated, and quite a broken-down concern, I should say," was the rejoinder.

"Well, sir, that old beer-house was once a famous resort for prize-fighters, dog-fanciers, and cock-fighters. They kept a rat-pit, which was much patronized. The publican did a very large trade. At the time we commenced preaching at the corner of the alley, we ordinarily met at Union Hall, a small room that had become much too small for our purpose. We prayed the Lord to open a way for us, and to provide both the means and the place. Just then, a German manufacturer offered us the hall in which we now worship for missionary purposes, at an easy rent, and Mr. John Chubb (Chubb's locks are not unknown), hearing of our need of school accommodation, offered us, rent-free, for that purpose, the present three-storied building (which adjoins, and is now part of, the hall). Upon this very site stood for centuries 'The Old White Horse' public-house. Well now, this looks very much like the hand of the Lord. But this is not all. Early last year, the land-

lady of the 'Old Red Lion' before you, who had repeatedly heard our addresses in front of her beer-house, was ill, and in deep distress of mind respecting her soul. She sent for me, and I went. I found that she had, in early life, been trained in virtue and piety, but through marrying an unconverted man, had gradually sunk into her then condition. She bitterly repented of her sins, and some of her last words—for she did not live long—were to this effect, 'Oh that I had never seen London. I am indeed sorry that I have been engaged in such an unlawful wicked trade as this, and I wish that God would allow me just strength enough to come into the Mission Hall for once, to tell my neighbours so.' She never came into the Hall, but many of her neighbours saw her happy end, and were affected by it. The people around here know that her case was genuine. I often mention it, and as an instance of the power of God's grace, it is well received."

"But how is it the place is shut up and in such a state of distress?"

"It isn't wanted now—the last man who had it was a sporting chap, but he couldn't succeed in it. And now they say the place is haunted; the skittle alley is in ruins. Oh, if the Lord would but grant the means, I would secure it at once, and open it as a cheap dining-house for working folks, which would be a great boon to the half-starved."

After surveying the premises, and learning the nature of the operations carried on therein—which particulars shall be duly given in another paper—the writer accompanied the missionary on a few domiciliary visits. These visits are the life of his mission. It is *the* work which the evangelist deems most important, and from the doing of which he reaps most reward. There may be in such a district, so closely packed, so deeply sunk, too much preaching, but too much of the kind of visitation he makes, there cannot well be. Never before have we been so strongly convinced of the need for this description of effort in such haunts of poverty and vice. "What," asked a Church of England clergyman of Mr. Catlin, "what is the Church to do to get at the people? they won't come to the Church." "Then," was the wise reply, "the Church must come to the people." It is in the spirit of this conviction that the missionary toils, and pages of this magazine might be profitably filled with the results which accrue from these domiciliary visits.

In every court and alley we threaded, were children. There were swarms of dirty, half-starved, half-nude juveniles; you could fill a dozen or two mission halls with these alone. Everywhere the missionary was recognized. There was scarcely a child who did not call out "Mr. Catlin." Astonishingly popular with the children is this good man, himself the father of seven. They left their play and ran after him. They capered before him with joy, asked questions, listened to his cheery words, smiled when he smiled, laughed when he joked, did as he bade them, and were as happy and as bright as sunbeams. His name was lisped, whispered, sung, shouted; his praises they celebrated with childish glee. They were as familiar as they pleased, and as respectful as you would desire. It was indeed a gladsome scene—his very presence, so pleasant were the associations that it brought to their infantile memories, made them merry. There was one group of dull-looking girls, seated in a circle, in one of the alleys, whose countenances brightened up wonderfully at his approach. "Ah, my

dears, what are you doing together?" "Playing, sir, at cob," quickly responded one little girl of about eight summers, who deemed herself honoured in being the first to reply to the questioner. "Cob, I've never heard of that"—a confession of ignorance truly pitiable in both of us, and for us, doubtless, great commiseration was felt. It looked like a game at marbles, but marbles being above their means, they made shift with bits of coal, with which they grimed their hands and blackened their faces. We saw other faces worse disfigured; they were older children, upon whom vices and moral plagues and fevers had wrought a saddening change. And a fate as pitiable awaits the younger girls, innocently playing at "cob."

"The whole of this alley," observed Mr. Catlin, as we walked down one of these fever-haunts, "is inhabited by the poorest and lowest class of Irish, nearly every one of them Roman Catholics. And yet, I can enter all their homes and converse with them."

"What, on religious matters?"

"Yes."

"How is that?"

"The children!" was the significant reply. "We look after the children—feed them, never trouble our minds whether they belong to Roman Catholic or Protestant parents. If they are half-starved, it is enough for us."

We had now arrived in a main thoroughfare, leading to the Meat Market. Working clerks and city shop girls were hastening to the adjoining Underground Railway, for their homes. Who would have thought that so much misery lay couched behind this open thoroughfare, in narrow dark alleys, and miserable holes called by a prodigious stretch of charity "homes?"

"Can you conceive of a court being here," asked our friend, as we looked at the doors and shutters and shops of one of the leading streets. We looked and could see none. We looked again, and with a like result. There were, however, to our surprise, two—one small but thickly inhabited, the other important and densely crowded. The first one was dismal indeed. The houses were built of wood, and the wood was begrimed with soot—the windows were few and dark, there were no signs of life, all presented a scene of dreary desolation—

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

Inhabitants here—in this dreary haunt of excommunicated spirits? Yes, many, although their voices seem hushed as the grave, and only the sound of the mournful wind is heard. We saw, at the head of the court, the curiously spelt announcement, written as if by some shaky hand that feared the approach of the bailiff, "A room on the first *flour* to let"—the only sign of life, strange to say, in that wretchedly dark den.

The other court was as lively as the smaller one was dull. Women, the wives of costermongers, shabbily attired and wearing, as is their wont, all their personal effects in the shape of gold rings, five and six in number, on one finger—oh vulgarest of vulgarisms!—were seated

on the broken-down doorsteps, while the Irish women were peeping from the windows above ; and the men and hobbledchoys were gazing suspiciously upon the new-comers as they passed through the well-filled place, avoiding heaps of refuse on one side and barrows on the other. At the corner, we halted at a common lodging-house, into the chief room of which we entered, and were bidden to be seated. The landlady, a very agreeable but poor person, was at all times glad to see the missionary, enquired after his daughters, spoke affectionately of his late loss—the loss of a wife of whose labours in this benighted district so many of the poor speak eloquently—and deplored with sorrow the interruption which the missionary had received while preaching on the preceding evening in the open court, from a drunken but otherwise good-natured fellow. An old, blind woman, and a younger lodger, made up the number who reside in this, the best apartment. “Although you are blind, my friend,” said Mr. Catlin, addressing himself to the poor afflicted woman, “I hope you can see a Saviour, and can trust him.” She believed, she hoped she could, and from other words we found that piety dwelt in this abode. “Shall we pray together?” “Oh, do, sir.” And on the bare floor, in that poor lodging house the voice of earnest supplication went up to a prayer-inspiring God for the conversion of those who were under that roof. Deeper and heartier responses we never heard; and thankfulness for the visit was evidently sincere. “May we go down-stairs,” enquired the missionary—more as a matter of politeness than of necessity, for none are more welcome than he. Down stairs meant the large kitchen, where the poor working men lodgers sit and drink, and cook, and rest. Four men of the artizan class were seated there, and treated us with respect. Poor fellows. They spoke rationally—they only wanted honest labour.

“What are you, sir, by trade?” we respectfully asked of an intelligent looking man, who sat moodily on the bench before us.

“I am in the building line, sir.”

“There is a good deal of building about, is there not?”

“Yes, sir, very fair, but for every vacancy there are three applicants, and to get a regular or a good job is all a chance.”

This is the kind of mechanic of whom many have been sent out to Canada, through Mr. Catlin's persevering appeals. But why should we send away our best-skilled men, when we really need them at home; and why send our lazy, incompetent refuse when even Botany Bay will not care for them?

“Chaps,” said Mr. Catlin, “we intend soon to re-open our hall, after cleansing; and if the Lord sends the money, we shall give a free tea to one thousand persons during a week of special services—will you come? And don't forget what I have often told you. We all hope to be happy and to have a friend in Jesus. But we must all be born again; there is no hope of our gaining heaven unless our characters are changed, is there?”

“None,” replied the mechanic whom I had previously addressed; “no sir, none,” he repeated with much thoughtful solemnity of manner.

The next house we visited, was a private dwelling. We stumbled up the dark, rickety, yielding staircase, and tapped at the door of a first-floor room. Here was an elderly man lying seriously ill of diarrhœa

and physical exhaustion. His wife, seventy-two years of age, whose education had been superior to most of the working poor, tended him, and she was assisted by two other women. This one dilapidated room contained their all. There was no appearance of comfort, although there were signs of better days in the old worn-out furniture that had evidently been saved from the pawnshop.

"The doctor has been to-day," said the poor wife, "and he says it is diarrhœa; but it's more than that. He's been in a bad way for some time past. His work has been very little—a few jobs now and then, which he has been only too ready to do, but they have made him ill."

"How is that?" was the somewhat natural enquiry.

"Well, sir, for some months past, he has got a little money by waking up people early in the morning for the market. At two o'clock he goes in one direction; at three, in another; at half-past, some distance off, at four and then at half-past, and five; and, because he wants to fulfil these jobs, he has been very wakeful, and therefore not had his right sleep."

"Have you put your trust in the Saviour?" kindly enquired the missionary of the sick man.

"Oh, yes, sir, I trust him with my soul."

"Ah, but you're a sinner; how about your sins?"

"Yes, sir, my sins—my sins," said the old man with energy, "I leave with my Saviour."

"He is no scholar," remarked his wife apologetically to me, "although we have had advantages in by-gone days. I don't want to talk about my troubles—God has been very good to me in them all; and you know, Mr. Catlin, I don't want to plead my poverty. But I know my heart is broken—broken." And the poor woman let the tear flow that would not keep in.

"What troubles me, too, so greatly," she continued, "is to hear such evil words and witness such sinful sights as we do here. Drunkenness and swearing downstairs, and some men still drunk upstairs, and my poor husband lying here."

Just then a person came into the room, and begged Mr. Catlin to step into the next court to see a dying woman. There was no hope for her recovery, dropsy had set in. She lived upstairs in a house too dilapidated downstairs for human habitation, in a court that few but those accustomed to the immediate district would discover, and into which few would probably care to venture.

The next case was unique. It was that of an old widow lady of the great age of *ninety-five*, bed-ridden, the daughter of a clergyman complicated, in some way, in the Cato-street conspiracy. She was brought up most respectably, received an adequate education, and was possessed of excellent gifts of mind. Until within the last year or so, she was able to repeat much solid poetry, and to open up the stores of her reading of past years. From various causes she sank so low in circumstances that without help she could not rise again—as is the case with so many of the very poor here; and that help not being forthcoming, her poverty became so extreme that she lacked needful warmth and food. A literary gentleman who was taken to visit her was so struck with her natural gifts, and so moved by her great need, as to make her a small

weekly allowance, which will at least prevent her from absolute starvation. "Come and see her," said Mr. Catlin, "you will be surprised to find how near she seems to live to God; she lives more in heaven than on earth." And we found that the character of her conversation, so devout and so expectant, savoured much of the higher life of communion. In that mean, half-empty room, the abode of want and suffering, there was an enraptured spirit, full of Christ, and of hope of eternal bliss.

Her language was that of a highly educated person, and it was savoury with gratitude. The bliss of soon being in another and brighter world; the deep sorrow of being surrounded by sin in this; the contrition of a heart that had duly estimated its own unworthiness; the anxiety for the highest welfare of those ignorant of God; these were the characteristics of her excellent conversation. As we left the room, and the house, we thought much of her words and of the work which had brought us into connection with those words of ripened piety.

"Would you like to see other instances of God's work here?" we were asked.

"Thank you, not now." Would that the Christian public had seen what we have already witnessed. Here is a man working night and day among a poverty-stricken people, receiving but a small income and content with this, troubled sometimes for pecuniary means for carrying on all his organisations, with a district untouched by any other missionary, needing, craving, praying for money wherewith to secure an assistant missionary, to visit every one of these wretched homes—homes that may become, as we have seen, the abodes of godliness—but the help so much desired has not yet come. It should come.

Let the writer indulge in an application. He claims for Mr. Catlin no supreme gifts for usefulness; there is no assumption of such gifts. He goes among the poor, the outcast, does not hesitate to be familiar with them, becomes indeed one in sympathy with them, does not live much above them; yet hearts that are obdurate yield to his hearty grasp of the hand and gentle utterance, and feel that in touching them, he is like his Master who did not hesitate to put forth his hand to touch the ghastly withered skin of the leper, from whom all elseshrunk as from a plague. Such oneness with the poorest and the most degraded cannot be lost upon them.

"The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost."

On the Religion of Childhood.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH, OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

THOSE who discredit child-piety are influenced by one of two errors ; either that which denies the possibility of early conversion, or that which demands of children the exhibition of an adult piety. There are those who discredit child-piety altogether, and there are others, who, believing in its possibility, fix the standard too high for a child to reach.

The Pharisaic scepticism, which denies to children the possibility of conversion, has taken a deeper root than we have been wont to imagine, and has exerted a powerful influence upon the minds of many adult Christians. If it is not avowed as a formal article in their creed, the belief is acted upon, that, in the common order of things, children will grow up in the neglect of religion, until they attain the riper judgment of mature years. They would be shocked to hear it avowed that there is nothing in the word of God, nothing in the nature of the case, why children should not become, in very early life, the recipients of divine grace, and, under the fostering influence of Christian nurture, become true disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. No doubt these good people imagine they have Scripture warrant for their incredulity, for they refer you at once to the hackneyed text—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days," not forgetting to emphasise the latter clause, "*after many days.*" That the Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," does not modify their judgment, nor enlarge their charity ; that he pointed adults to little children, as the best exponents of Christianity, is a fact they ignore altogether ; that he urged the assimilation of his followers to the spirit of a little child, as proving their moral fitness for the kingdom of God, is an argument they fail to appreciate. Now this is very lamentable, and indicates one of the worst features of organised Christianity in its modern development. In the early church it would seem that believing children had a definite place ; for they were not only recognised as members of the Christian family, but as constituents of the Church of God. Church fellowship was not considered to carry with it a qualification for church government, but the privilege of Christian worship and spiritual nurture and oversight. The modern assumption that church membership necessarily involves a voice in church rule has tended to narrow the door of admission to the exclusion of children. Now-a-days, if children are admitted to the house of prayer at all, they are generally relegated to the duller corners of the back seats, and doomed to sit motionless upon hard benches, too high to permit their little feet to touch the ground. Of the prayer and sermon, in which they are seldom taken into account, they can hear but little, and understand less. The attitude of many churches in this respect is most reprehensible, for it is an absolute and wilful departure from apostolic precedent, and discredits the love and grace of that Spirit who touched the hearts of Samuel and Timothy in the first budding of their early childhood. The doctrine is not of Christ that "the plastic nature of childhood must first be hardened into stone, and stiffened into enmity towards God and duty, before it can become a

candidate for Christian character." The good and gracious Shepherd never designed that the lambs should be exposed to rude storms and pitiless blasts, before they are eligible for admission to his peaceful fold. Would that every adult Christian, especially Pastors, Parents, and Teachers, had escaped the thralldom of this pernicious error, and expected the children of their charge to become converted and to develop a Christian character, under the influence of pious teaching and holy example, through the blessing of the Spirit of God, just as in a congenial soil, and under the fertilizing influences of sun and shower, we expect the tender plant to burst into blossom, enchanting the eye with its loveliness, and perfuming the air with its refreshing fragrance. If we would lead but one child to the tender embrace of the loving Saviour, we must get rid of the very last remnant of that spirit of scepticism, which refuses to believe in the possibility of child-piety.

But do not misunderstand me to teach that we have only to develop a latent goodness in the hearts of children to make them Christians, or to ignore the necessity of the work of the Holy Spirit to regenerate the heart. "Evil is bound up in the heart of a child," and "Salvation is of the Lord." I simply contend that there is no necessity for the change from nature to grace to be delayed till adult years. I claim the *possibility* of our children growing up, like Samuel and Timothy, in the fear and love of God, and never owing allegiance to the enemy of souls. If the possibility is not realised, let us not take refuge in the unrevealed decrees of divine sovereignty, but charge the failure upon ourselves for our want of faith and holy zeal.

But there is a second error into which many have fallen, as influential in its operation, and as pernicious in its effects, as the former. They believe in the possibility of youthful conversion, but they demand the exhibition of an adult piety. Now, as you cannot put an old head upon young shoulders without caricaturing humanity, so you cannot extort an adult Christian experience from a child without producing a miserable distortion of Christianity. Everything is beautiful in its season, and the artless piety of early childhood is beautiful, if we had the spirit of a little child to discern and appreciate it. I pity those who fail to discover the piety of a child because, according to their chronology, it has come too soon; and I feel a supreme contempt for those who ignore it altogether, because it is not exaggerated into an artificial unreality. It is monstrous to expect a child to be other than childlike, because he has become a Christian. A Christian boy might shock the Puritanical notions of his Pharisaic seniors were he to be detected climbing a tree, leaping a ditch, or playing at marbles; and a Christian girl might provoke the frowns of some antiquated, maidenly aunt were she to confess a love for dolls and skipping ropes, or a romp on the lawn; but they might be good Christians notwithstanding. A man does not forfeit his claim to the title of Christian by his attention to business; neither does a child by his devotion to his games. The transition from the family altar to the counting house or the shop is not more violent to an adult than the return to play is to a Christian boy. Why, then, should a love of play be regarded as unworthy a Christian boy, while devotion to business is not thought to be unbecoming in an adult professor? It is a dangerous expedient to frown down the love of play in a child,

because he has professed to love the Lord Jesus Christ. The rigid austerities of mediæval professors are revolting in an adult, and to impose them upon a child is to dishonour God, and rob childhood of its chief charms. The body is redeemed, and to affect to despise it, is to dishonour the temple of the Holy Ghost. Every manly exercise, which promotes the culture and development of the body, is essentially Christian. The sickly pietism, which lives a dreamy existence, is a burlesque of humanity and a dishonour to the Creator. Until we escape the pernicious influence of those juvenile tales, whose heroes are all made to forswear play and find their chief exercise in dry reading, the church will languish for want of men of the true type. If our children are weaklings, our men will be dwarfs. If we rear the young as hot-house plants, we unfit them for the severer atmosphere of the outer world, and thus hinder their usefulness. Work is worship to an adult Christian, and so may play be to a child.

A child may be a true Christian without being able to fix the precise moment when his heart was made obedient to the gospel of God; but, how many little ones have been frowned back, because they were not conscious of the first pulsations of the divine life within their souls. The rude treatment which many have received at the hands of those, who claim to be the representatives of him who was gentleness incarnate, has chilled the ardour of their youthful desires, and sown the first seeds of a godless Scepticism. Many a youthful Timothy has been ignored by the elder children of the Lord's family, because the hour of his spiritual birth was not duly registered. Existence is a sufficient proof of birth; and, the faintest indications of the divine life in the soul should be held to prove that a child has been born again. As we do not discredit the shining of the sun when, from his meridian altitude, he flings a halo of golden glory over the charming landscape, even though we cannot fix the precise moment when the first ray of light shot across the horizon; neither should we refuse to believe that the Sun of righteousness is shining in the soul, because we are unable to decide when the gloom of nature's darkness first began to yield to his rising beams. Of all tests applied to ascertain the genuineness of child-piety, the chronological is one of the worst.

If a chronological test is bad, so also is a doctrinal one. Christianity is more a thing of the heart than the head, and this is especially the case with children. We dare not adjudge a man to be a Christian by the dogmas he believes, for he may credit all the doctrines of revelation from justification by faith downward, and yet never attain that spirit of trustfulness by which we repose for salvation in the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Too many have overlooked this, and have been content to urge the acceptance of the articles of a creed as the crucial test of Christianity. The established church of our country rests upon this rotten foundation, and has no surer guarantee of her speedy downfall. It is not what is believed, but the person in whom faith finds a resting place, which decides the question of the soul's salvation. Christ is "the way," not all the catechisms ever constructed by the profoundest assembly of divines; Christ is "the truth," not all the creeds ever elaborated in the crucible of polemics; Christ is "the life," not all the jargon faiths of schismatic Christendom. To

embrace Christ by a living faith and a loving heart, is to find the way, know the truth, and receive the life. The filmy veil of our orthodox creed may hide the Saviour from the soul, as well as the dense screen of utter disbelief; and, the formulated articles of a creed may constitute a winding sheet to enshroud a dead soul. Oh, it is not the assent of the intellect to systematised theology, but the conscious repose of the soul in the divine Redeemer, which should guide us in our verdict as to who is on the Lord's side. Do not, then, offend the little ones of Christ, who believe in him, simply because their knowledge is defective, or their creed imperfect. The promise is, "If any one will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." A correct creed will shape itself to the mind in the conscious submission to the Father's will.

Once more, a child may be a true Christian, and yet have very crude notions of morality, and may often be betrayed into actions other than virtuous. Much that is to be condemned in an adult with the sternest judgment, in children only calls for the gentlest rebuke and the mildest remonstrance. As an occasional act of disobedience in a child does not argue a want of filial love, neither does a culpable action constitute a sufficient proof of the absence of love to the Saviour. But, if a child is overtaken in a fault, how often is it made a fresh occasion for urging the necessity of a new heart, as if there were no work of grace in the erring one already. If those who judge so harshly were subjected to the same treatment, how often would they require a new heart? How many conversions would they need in a day? There are many who would declare a boy unworthy the title of Christian, were he to be detected in taking advantage of his mother's absence to test the quality of the jam in a newly opened jar, and yet the same people never suspect their own Christianity, notwithstanding their confessions in the prayer-meeting that they have violated the entire decalogue. While this utter want of charity blinds the judgment, we do not wonder at the failure to recognise the true features of child-piety.

It is unsatisfactory to test a child's piety by requiring him to tell his experience. The heart of a child may be beating in full sympathy with the heart of the loving Saviour, and the dear little one be altogether unable to describe its pulsations. A child in good health is conscious of joyous existence, although he cannot tell you how he feels; and, if he is a Christian, he may be conscious of an altered condition of soul, but fail to describe it. To demand of such a child a description of his experience is to throw him into a state of utter bewilderment, and discourage the hope that he is a Christian at all. The effect of this test is often most injurious, for it keeps the soul from the true ground of peace. Remember, it is not by prying into our hearts, and gazing upon the sad picture there discernable, that we grow in grace; but, by "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." If our Christianity is to be judged by our ever-varying experiences, we shall never believe ourselves to be Christians two days in succession. Let us not impose upon children a test which breaks down in the case of adults. As well might we refuse to recognise our children as our own offspring, unless they could pass an examination in human physiology, as to ignore a Christian child who is ignorant of his spiritual anatomy.

Another false test often applied to ascertain a child's piety, grows out of the sickly sentimentality which regards Christianity not so much as a preparation for life as for death. "Are you prepared to die?" "Would not you like to die and leave this naughty world?" are questions which, if answered in the affirmative, are accepted as evidence of conversion. Now there is nothing to correspond to this in the New Testament. We become Christians to live well; and if, in right living, death comes, we are prepared to die. Christianity is an armour in which to fight the battle of life, certain of the issue; not a back door by which we are to slink away, and escape the conflict. If a child is in health, life to him is a glorious reality; and, the best evidence of his piety is, not the expression of the morbid wish to get out of the world as soon as possible, but the desire to live a long and useful life.

But do not misunderstand me to teach that, while we must allow the naturalness of play to children, we are to expect to find nothing but levity and frivolity in them—that, while we do not insist upon the moment being recorded when conversion occurred, we do not expect any evidence of conversion whatsoever—that, while we do not demand that the children should be well read theologians, that we would have them grow up ignorant of the truths of Christianity—that, while we do not regard them as incapable of error, we would tolerate anything like wilful naughtiness—that, while we do not expect them to discourse upon their spiritual anatomy, we are never to hear the testimony of their lips to the preciousness of the Saviour—and lastly, that, while we do not regard the desire to get out of the world as an evidence of grace, we discourage holy longings for the better land. My aim is to show that the false application of tests has led many to overlook real piety in little children. I would say to all who are brought into relation to children, do not expect too much from them. If you see them trying to repress an evil temper, and mourning over a departure from the truth: if the sight of vice is repulsive to them, and the sight of suffering touches the chords of sympathy: if they love to hear the story of the Cross, and find delight in prayer, be satisfied for the present. Their frail natures, under ordinary circumstances, are capable of little more. Theirs can be but the twilight of experience, at best; you must not anticipate the light of the noonday sun. The faintest germs of the new life can never perish. They may be cramped and overlaid by the rubbish of worldliness, but the dew of God's grace shall water them, the quickening beams of his Spirit shall shine upon them; and, by and by, the full-blown flower of Christian character shall appear: for "those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God."

Prayer.

IT is worse to be heart-tied than tongue-tied in prayer; it is better to be restrained in expression than in feeling. If there be much of heart, it matters not how little there be of art in prayer; for what some men admire most, God least regards, viz: volubility of tongue, variety of expression, and ready utterance.

A heart without words is better than words without a heart—*Ralph Venning.*

The Primitive Church of Ireland.

IT is pleasant to believe that better days are in store for Ireland, whose hope, like that of France, lies in the gospel; for, assuredly, nothing short of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ will ever quell the angry and wicked passions, which yet estrange the Irish population from those who would fain be friendly and act handsomely. While the follies of departed generations continue to yield bitter fruits, few Englishmen, we suppose, are prepared to claim all the virtue for their own side, by denying that, in the past, Ireland has been badly governed and hardly used. Unjust laws, with monstrous penalties, have been enacted; and a dominant church, enforcing its tithes by the authority of the state, has until lately aided popery in tightening its hold on the benighted inhabitants. But Ireland's cloud of affliction has had a silver lining. Let us look for an auspicious future, and work to usher in the good times England is anxious to see, and willing to hasten by any reasonable sacrifice.

Here a certain legend will scarcely be out of place. According to an ancient chronicler, the virgin Brigid had the bad manners to fall asleep during a sermon of Saint Patrick; but, losing the discourse, she dreamed a very remarkable dream. She looked up and behold four ploughs were ploughing the whole of Ireland, while accompanying them there went sowers, who threw their seed over the broad extent of the country. The seed sprung up and brought forth fruit immediately, and rivers of milk flowed along the furrows. The sowers were clad in white garments, and altogether this was a pleasant sight. Anon, the sleeper again looked up, and behold other ploughmen and sowers were observed to be abroad. These, however, were ill looking, and they were arrayed in black garments. Their mission seemed to be one of desolation. With their rough shears they destroyed the good crops, threw tares about the desecrated land, and the flowing milk was suddenly superseded by muddy water. Troubled by this surprising vision, the virgin applied to Patrick for an interpretation, and received this answer: "We are the good ploughers, for we open the hearts of men with the four ploughs of the gospel, and we sow the word of God, and from us flow the rivers of Christian faith. But, at the end of the world, there shall come evil teachers, conspiring with evil men, who shall overturn our doctrine and seduce almost all men."

If this dream really occurred to the virgin Brigid, it has been strangely verified in the subsequent history of her native country. Time was when true religion found a home in Ireland, until the land might have been called the spiritual lighthouse of Europe. The faith took deep root in the affections of the people, and though there may have been much of mere profession—as when clans became nominally Christian by order of a chieftain—Ireland's early professors were zealous believers, and her primitive Church was pre-eminently a missionary institution. She rejoiced in possessing bishops and presbyters; the former being hard-working ecclesiastics without dioceses, and the latter ordinary

pastors. Then the unsettled state of society suggested the expediency of establishing religious foundations, usually called monasteries, but which, more correctly, were colleges. They were the only shelter from the rough outer world, where piety and learning could be properly cultivated.

Ireland, as a favourite seat of the ancient Church, during seven hundred years, bore the name of Scotia ; and, during the early centuries, no traces are discoverable of the Romish corruptions subsequently introduced. She was then not only the Emerald Isle, but a garden of the Church ; now, alas ! (to quote the language of one who wrote thirty years ago) "Ireland is a garden, where what was originally good has run to rampant mischief, only bearing abundant tokens that it needs but to be pruned and trained to become again most innocently lovely."

The chilling blight of Romish influence soon unsettled the primitive Irish Church. After the first ages of purity and progress had passed away, some dreary years of suffering and of decline in faith succeeded before the conquest of the country by the Normans. At the Conquest, the attendants of William the First parcelled out the land, and, in course of time, these lords became heads of clans, and, as such, exercised a mighty influence over the rude population. Before very long, the invading families were thoroughly acclimatised, and both in speech and social customs were found to be entirely Irish ; and, recognising the authority of their chief, the Irish of a given district were ever ready to fight in his quarrels, regarding the head of a tribe as a paternal ruler, and themselves as members of his family. These chieftains or feudal lords were of course the owners of the soil ; but, instead of letting farms in the manner now usual, they imposed on their dependants a sort of tax, varying in amount with their annual expenditure. This custom was retained long after the Reformation made a change of procedure desirable : so that, when in the days of James the First an alteration was effected, it was welcomed by no party concerned—neither by chiefs nor people. Reform had become highly necessary, but the clumsy hand of a Stuart government could not be expected to show any tact in administering it. A gradual and judicious reform would have been accepted by all parties ; James only succeeded in producing confusion and inconvenience. At any rate, by authority of law, rent as now understood was substituted, for the feudal tax, and being abruptly introduced, it bred nothing but disaster. Chieftains surrendered their ancient privileges without persuading the people to conform to the new code ; and the fact that neither lords nor people understood the language of the country, whence emanated the new ideas which troubled them, contributed not a little to the confusion. Thus did absenteeism originate in Ireland. The landowners, growing poor, sought relief by looking for occupations in other lands ; while the tenants they left behind, being but ill-reconciled to the new laws, were coerced into a show of obedience. Here then was a rupture calculated to widen the breach already existing between the two countries. The feuds in the nation prior to this date were chiefly religious in their origin. "The Danish Bishops of Waterford and Dublin," says Dr. Todd, "in the eleventh century, had received consecration from the See of Canterbury,

entirely ignoring the Irish Church and the successors of St. Patrick. From that time there were two churches in Ireland."

The deeper we go into Irish history, the more does it become manifest that Rome has been the primary and continual cause of the ill-feeling springing up between the Green Isle and England. The papacy was the original power which stirred up the evil passions of the people. It was the pope who first bestowed Ireland on Henry the Second, at a time when preaching Christianity meant diffusing among the people exalted notions of the priesthood, and of the dignity of the Bishop of Rome. Then was it that the ultra Romanists, in their pride of office and prestige, began to despise the old landmarks of the Irish Church, and to oppose themselves to its interests. These men, with their sympathisers of the English Pale, opened up disputes which time has never healed.

It will scarcely be denied that Ireland has been badly used; nor that the English government, from a very early period, has managed to keep alive a spirit of animosity between the races, though happily this has nearly passed away. Our fathers got into the habit of treating the Irish as humble dependants, rather than as a part of their own empire. The infamous statute of Kilkenny, for example, in 1367, made it high treason for settlers of the English Pale to adopt Irish customs. By speaking Celtic, or by wearing the national costume, a British citizen risked the confiscation of his property. The Saxon farmer might not condescend to take in to graze the cattle of his Irish neighbour; nor could a native of the soil inherit any ecclesiastical cure. The Irish were not eligible to enter the religious houses their own piety and industry had founded, and their lives appear to have been counted of less value than those of brutes. Such were the circumstances which originally begot estrangement between two peoples, whose interest it is to live in harmonious friendship.

Thus the friends of Ireland may remember that, even prior to the Reformation, there were two distinct antagonistic churches in the country. The English Pale, as the dominant power, became intensely popish, and her priests completely ignored the more ancient and more pure communion of the native Celts. Hence the pope, as an hereditary enemy of Ireland, still remains true to his colours; for, as his influence was of old used to curse and to oppress, he curses and oppresses still. The abominations committed by a government, subject to the Romish Church, engendered a deeply-rooted hatred to England and to the English rule; and, on this account, the Reformation was unsuccessful in Ireland: Offered to a conquered race by their ancient foes, it was contemptuously rejected. The Reformation necessarily transformed the pope into an enemy of England, and thus he rose in the affections of the Irish.

That the papacy is a system devoid of principle, history has shown again and again. It could glory in maintaining an iniquitous alliance with England to the oppression of the weaker kingdom, so long as England honoured her chief idol, the pope; but when Britain awoke in the light of the Reformation, and refused the degrading thralldom, then Rome could turn and caress the wretched people she had lately aided to despoil. As much as possible Ireland was made an instrument to perplex and punish England, and foreign firebrands of all schools there found

a home, and a convenient theatre for exercising their arts, till laws absurdly severe were passed to check the evils they did not fail to increase.

The history of Christianity in Ireland tells strongly against the papacy, and is worthy of careful study for that reason. If we go back to the beginning, we shall find the life of her evangelist, Patrick, contradicting the pretensions of Rome, and testifying against her teaching. The apostle of Ireland and the planter of its primitive church, and whom posterity recognises as SAINT PATRICK, like too many others of his class, has been claimed by Rome as one of her great missionaries. But as Patrick laboured before Rome rose in ascendancy, and before her corruptions in their full enormity blighted the church, he is no more to be counted one of her heroes than are Columba and the Culdees. Nevertheless, monachism, which has been busy with Patrick's life, would have us believe that he was an emissary of Rome, when he had nothing to do with Rome; and would set him down as one commissioned by the pope or chief bishop, and instructed in his oracles, when the old missionary only recognised the divine call, looked to no other authority than God's word, and confessed his ignorance of the world's knowledge. Patrick told a very simple story; too simple indeed for the taste of monks who flourished in subsequent ages, and accordingly they have embellished the relation with a due proportion of fiction. In his own estimation, he was a simple uneducated man, touched with love to Christ and zeal in his cause, and was, as such, one whom heaven had commissioned to throw "the evangelic net." In this character he landed in Ireland, and sought to bring into the gospel fold the chieftains and their semi-barbarous clans. So fearful was he of being misapprehended, that he circulated a confession or pastoral letter, in vindication of himself against the charge of corruption made by certain persons, wherein, with true modesty, he urges that the blessing attending his efforts sufficiently proved the validity of his calling. Such an unadorned story, without some borrowed colouring, was doubtless intolerable to Romish apologists, already somewhat troubled at the rude style of Patrick's Latin. It was incredible that an unlearned man could preach the gospel with power and success: even if true, it would be inconvenient for the people to possess such a history. All was amended till the itinerant missionary was transformed into a popish saint, and his life and work confounded with another person of the same name, who seems to have been commissioned by Rome.

Patrick's family occupied a position of influence and respectability for those times—but the place of his birth is not known, some accounts making him a native of Boulogne, and others of North Britain. Though a deacon, his father was also a magistrate of some importance. Thus the family held an honourable station; but "Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and least of all the faithful," as he calls himself, sacrificed alluring worldly prospects for the sake of the gospel. Where he was exactly located in early youth is not known, this much only being plain,—he was seized, with many other youths in his sixteenth year, and carried off by savage heathen pirates, who, on landing in Ireland, sold him into slavery.

The events in the life of a great evangelist, like the holy Patrick, are

valuable as indicating the condition and customs of contemporary society: and we prize the record, because it reveals the anti-papal character of the church of those days. Patrick's experience in this early period of his history not only shows his freedom from saint and virgin worship, but it also certifies that no such idolatry was known to his immediate followers.

On landing in Ireland, the missionary found only a wretched life before him. His food was coarse, his lodging that of a cow-herd, and his employment feeding cattle. Fortunately these troubles exercised a salutary religious effect on his broken spirit; for, when life went hardest, the young Christian sought closer communion with heaven, and being much given to prayer, he found retirement in any convenient shelter afforded by the woods and fields. His experience was truly a severe discipline, till, in the midst of the horrid slavery he dreamed he should soon be released; and like some others of its class, the dream appears to have been the cause of its own fulfilment. Encouraged by the night vision, Patrick fled from his servitude of six years, "in the power of the Lord who directed my way for good," as he himself says in his Confession. Roaming about the coast after escaping, the fugitive met with a vessel, which, as we suppose, carried him back to the north of Britain, or wherever his home was situated. The people with whom he journeyed were only slightly above those he had left, and his intercourse with them was equally unedifying. After being three days at sea, the party landed and wandered for a month in a desert, on a short allowance of food. The "desert" is supposed to be identical with a tract in the north of Scotland, which, in the winter season of that rude age, may have appeared like a desert to the wanderer. "Turn ye in faith to my Lord God," cried Patrick to his followers, when all were threatened with starvation, "to whom nothing is impossible, and he will send you food, for he has abundance everywhere." Meeting with a drove of pigs, they had food enough for the time being; but, on another occasion, when invited to eat with the company, Patrick declined, fearing they had thanked an idol for the feast. He passed sixty days with these rough sailors, and then, as he tells us, "the Lord delivered me from their hands." On escaping from his deliverers, Patrick returned to his native district, and was joyfully received by friends at home, who, however, strongly urged that he should "not expose himself to fresh dangers"—an expression from which we may infer that his relatives sought to repress his missionary aspirations.

It was at this time, and as a young man of twenty-two, that Patrick conceived the idea of undertaking a Christian mission to the Irish, whose fierce and dark heathenism he had had so singular an opportunity of witnessing. This was a noble manner of returning good for evil, worthy even of the apostolic era. As a captive he had observed the people's need, and now he would fain return and instruct them in the oracles he found so precious to his own soul. The usual additions by the monks to this part of the history—of an angel appearing to him, of a pilgrimage to Rome completed before sailing for Ireland, and, of a commission from "Pope Celestine"—are rhetorically ornamental, but have the disadvantage of being untrue. Though no angel appeared, the future missionary was in a condition of mind bordering on

enthusiasm, and he dreamed a dream, which by way of embellishment to their legends, monkish pens have appropriated as so much material out of which (their) angels are made. In the stillness of night and during sleep, Patrick thought he saw a man approaching from Ireland, and bearing letters, while in the back-ground voices, mingling with the roar of the ocean, prayed him to settle in Scotia and preach the gospel. When he awoke, being "greatly pricked in heart," his previously formed resolution to go on the contemplated mission was mightily strengthened. At a subsequent time, he dreamed that Christ spoke to him, and, says he, "I awoke rejoicing." He was a young enthusiast whose zeal was all for Christ, and the things he relates come naturally from one of his temperament and piety. Nevertheless, so long as we keep to Patrick's own account, "there is no incredible or absurd miracle;" as Dr. Todd remarks: "He believed, no doubt, that his call was supernatural, and that he had seen visions and dreamed dreams. But other well-meaning and excellent men, in all ages of the church, have in like manner imagined themselves to have had visions of this kind, and to have been the recipients of immediate revelations."

On finally resolving to undertake what appeared so forlorn a mission, other trials than hardships in prospective awaited the missionary. His plans were opposed by friends at home, who naturally used their influence against his forsaking good prospects for the sake of benefiting barbarians, who had only used him ill. But Patrick, in the true spirit of Christ, had counted the cost and would make the sacrifice. He would not be hindered, though, as he saw, he must go "without honour" and "without a name." He tells us, "I gave thanks to him who hath comforted me in all things, and did not hinder me from the journey I had resolved upon, nor from my labour which I had dedicated to my Lord Christ."

The account of Patrick's mission in Ireland is unfortunately almost hopelessly involved in Romish absurdities and monkish legends, which, as the inventions of later ages, need not to be chronicled here. He landed in or about the year 440, and was immediately rewarded with a fair measure of success. He built churches and appointed presbyters or pastors, and visited the courts of the petty kings, his aim being to reach the chiefs or heads of clans; after the conversion of whom, the people would be more disposed to listen to his message. Though unsuccessful in his efforts to convert the semi-savage king Loaghaire and his son Lugaidh, two daughters of the former are mentioned as having died happily in Christ, while a son of the king of Leinster accepted the faith. The institution of clanship remained intact when Patrick travelled over Ireland; and, by a cautious procedure, he showed how well he understood the nature of the work to be done. He knew perfectly well that the outworks of paganism could not be carried by surprise; and, consequently, it was his constant anxiety to reach the chiefs, whom the people usually showed a readiness to follow; and, when a tribe thus nominally embraced Christianity, it was comparatively easy to prosecute the work in earnest.

Itinerating in Ireland fourteen hundred years ago was not without its adventures, and sometimes these wore a dangerous complexion.

It was Patrick's custom to be driven over the country by a faithful servant, about whom a striking story is told, which possibly includes some grains of truth. It appears that the people of one district were addicted to the worship of a certain pillar set up on a plain, and as the most effective and shortest argument on the side of righteousness seemed to be the one of throwing the column down, Patrick adopted that summary procedure, but not without exciting the rage of a native chief, who vowed revenge. One day, when Patrick was passing through this dangerous country, Oran, his servant, suspecting mischief, insisted on changing places with his master, for the purpose of baffling any lurking enemy. The servant, mistaken for his master, was shot dead, while the intended victim escaped unscathed.

The accounts which have descended to us of the founding of what is now the cathedral church of Armagh, after being judiciously sifted, show the simple earnestness and the evangelistic zeal of Patrick. One day, on passing by this spot, he readily discerned the eligible situation of the hill, whence the cathedral now raises its towers, for the site of a college similar to others established in the country. The missionary straightway begged the land of "a certain rich and honourable man . . . whose name was Daire." Not caring to surrender to strangers so important a military position, Daire offered another site, which, being accepted, became the home of the primitive church of the district. This was a very simple business. A gift for Christ was asked and gratefully appropriated. We look in vain for any of those grand attendant circumstances with which Rome too commonly clothes similar transactions. The evangelist dealt in no imposing ceremonies. The highest object he had in view was the conversion of neighbouring tribes. "Patrick is represented as asking from the chieftain Daire a place for the exercise of or practice of religion only," says the authority already quoted; "nothing is said of an episcopal see or diocese, much less of a primacy. All that was demanded was a place or site for such buildings as might suffice for the residence of a religious society. The religious life, and the worship of God, were all that Patrick had in view."

In connection with this subject, it is impossible to measure the amount of good effected by Patrick's exertions; but, whatever may have been his success or otherwise, his achievements are doubtless overcoloured by the old chroniclers. The vast number of conversions accredited to this man's preaching must be taken in a merely nominal sense. To conquer the old Adam in ancient Ireland was quite as difficult as it still remains; but were we to accept partial testimony, we should believe that the new faith suddenly burst forth like the verdure of an Arctic summer. This is not likely, though it is almost certain that the gospel achieved mighty triumphs. The dangers of the missionaries must not be forgotten. Going forth on a hazardous mission, in the midst of a country such as Ireland then was, Patrick appears to have aroused many enemies. As just related, his attendant fell a martyr to the cause; and, as regards the person of the missionary himself, the Druids, who still lurked in Ireland, thirsted for his blood. On account of their savage or uncivilized surroundings, many of the Christian stations were fortified. Others were situated near forts, and places naturally pro-

tected were preferred to sites open and exposed. And, moreover, notwithstanding all his self-denying labour and loving solicitude, the message Patrick carried was, by some tribes, entirely rejected.

It is quite refreshing, in such a philosophic age as our own, to turn to Patrick and his simple but arduous work, and to find him exercising unwavering faith in the efficacy of prayer. On all hands he banded the faithful together in religious societies—an effective method of encouraging learning and piety in a barbaric age. The institution of clanship was imitated by the church, and it is the belief of some writers, that in so rude a state of society the church could not have been preserved in strength by any other means. This was not monkery, for the several communities did not exclude women. On being converted to Christ, many persons desired to find a shelter from the corrupting influences of the heathen world, such a shelter Patrick provided for them in the houses of his brotherhoods.

Ireland justly rejoices in the memory of her first and greatest missionary. Patrick had many of the qualities of a great man, and he was free from the idolatry and false doctrine which have brought shame on the Romish Church. He died sometime during the last decade of the fifth century, but the exact year is unknown. The dates vary from 491 to 493.

“On the whole,” says Dr. Todd, “the biographers of St. Patrick, notwithstanding the admixture of much fable, have undoubtedly portrayed in his character the features of a great and judicious missionary. He seems to have made himself ‘all things,’ in accordance with the apostolic injunction, to the rude and barbarous tribes of Ireland. He dealt tenderly with their usages and prejudices. Although, he sometimes felt it necessary to overturn their idols, and on some occasions risked his life, he was guilty of no offensive or unnecessary iconoclasm. A native himself of another country, he adopted the language of the Irish tribes, and conformed to their political institutions. By his judicious management, the Christianity which he founded became self-supporting, at least it was endowed by the Chieftains without any foreign aid. It was supplied with priests and prelates by the people themselves; and its fruits were soon seen in that wonderful stream of zealous missionaries, the glory of the Irish Church, who went forth in the sixth and seventh centuries to evangelize the barbarians of central Europe. In a word, the example and success of St. Patrick have bequeathed to us this lesson, that the great object of the missionary bishop should be to establish among the heathen the true and unceasing worship of God’s church, and to supply that church with a native ministry.”

Before leaving this subject, we may just observe that it remains to be clearly proved what order of government was set up by the ancient Church of Ireland. Some writers think it was in a measure presbyterian; others argue that it was episcopal. If it was an episcopacy, it was an episcopacy widely differing from the modern *régime* going under that name. Bishops flourished in remarkable numbers; for, says St. Bernard, “almost every church had its separate bishop.” It would be absurd to infer that these men performed functions corresponding to the office of modern prelates. There existed no archiepiscopal rule, and the heads of religious communities, like the one at Iona, were superior in

power to the so-called bishops. Indeed, it seems probable that such a thing as a modern diocese was unknown in the ancient Church of Ireland. We even read of a hundred bishops living together in one house; and, though called bishops, they were in reality working missionaries, and cultivators of learning and piety. But seeless bishops were not peculiar to Ireland; for, in the eastern and western division of the church, they were common phenomena, until set aside by the arrogance of persons occupying high places, whose power had its root in the growing corruptions of the times.

G. H. PIKE.

A Visit to Christ's Hospital.

BEING A SHORT SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted. Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses. He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions. Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing."—Psalm cvii. 17—22.

IT is a very profitable thing to visit an hospital. The sight of others' sickness tends to make us grateful for our own health, and it is a great thing to be kept in a thankful frame of mind, for ingratitude is a spiritual disease, injurious to every power of the soul. An hospital inspection will also teach us compassion, and that is of great service. Anything that softens the heart is valuable. Above all things, in these days, we should strive against the petrifying influences which surround us. It is not easy for a man, who has constantly enjoyed good health and prosperity, to sympathize with the poor and the suffering. Even our great High Priest, who is full of compassion, learned it by carrying our sorrows in his own person. To see the sufferings of the afflicted, in many cases, would be enough to move a stone, and if we go to the hospital and come back with a tenderer heart, we shall have found it a sanatorium to ourselves. I purpose, at this time, to take you to an hospital. It shall not be one of those noble institutions so pleasingly plentiful around the Tabernacle; but we will take you to Christ's Hospital, or, as the French would call it, the *Hotel de Dieu*, and we shall conduct you through the wards for a few minutes, trusting that while you view them, if you are yourself healed, you may feel gratitude that you have been delivered from spiritual sicknesses, and an intense compassion for those who still pine and languish. May we become like our Saviour, who wept over Jerusalem with eyes which were no strangers to compassion's floods: may we view the most guilty and impenitent with yearning hearts, and grieve with mingled hope and anxiety over those who are under the sound of the gospel, and so are more especially patients in the Hospital of God.

We will go at once with the psalmist to the wards of spiritual sickness.

And, first, we have set out before us THE NAMES AND CHARACTERS OF THE PATIENTS. You see, in this hospital, written up over the head of every couch the name of the patient and his disease, and you are amazed to find that all the inmates belong to one family, and, singularly enough, are all called by one name, and that name is very far from being a reputable one. It is a title that nobody covets and that many persons would be very indignant to have applied to them—"Fool." All who are sick in God's hospital are fools, without exception, for this reason, that all sinners are fools. Often, in scripture, when David means the wicked, he says, "the foolish;" and, in this he makes no mistake, for sin is folly. Sin is foolish, clearly, because it is a setting-up of our weakness in opposition to omnipotence. Every wise man, if he must fight, will choose a combatant against whom he may have a chance of success, but he who wars with the Most High commits as gross a folly as when the moth contends with the flame, or the dry grass of the prairie challenges the fire. There is no hope for thee, O sinful man, of becoming a victor in the struggle. How unwise thou art to take up the weapons of rebellion! And the folly is aggravated, because the person who is opposed is one so infinitely good that opposition to him is violence to everything that is just, beneficial, and commendable. God is love: shall I resist the infinitely loving? He scatters blessings: wherefore should I be his foe! If his commandments were grievous, if his ways were ways of misery and his paths were paths of woe, I might have some pretence of an excuse for resisting his will. But O my God, so good, so kind, so boundless in grace, 'tis folly, as well as wickedness, to be thine enemy. Besides this, the laws of God are so supremely beneficial to ourselves, that we are our own enemies when we rebel. God's laws are danger signals. As sometimes on the ice those who care for human life put up "*Danger*" here and there, and leave all that is safe for all who choose to traverse it, so God has left us free to enjoy everything that is safe for us, and has only forbidden us that which is to our own hurt. If there be a law which forbids me to put my hand into the fire, it is a pity I should need such a law, but a thousand pities more if I think that law a hardship. The commands of God do but forbid us to injure ourselves. To keep them is to keep ourselves in holy happiness; to break them is to bring evil of all kinds upon ourselves in soul and body. Why should I violate a law, which if I were perfect I should myself have made, or myself have kept finding it in force. Why need I rebel against that which is never exacting, never oppressive, but always conducive to my own highest welfare, The sinner is a fool, because he is told in God's word that the path of evil will lead to destruction, and yet he pursues it with the secret hope that in his case the damage will not be very great. He has been warned that sin is like a cup frothing with a foam of sweetness, but concealing death and hell in its dregs; yet each sinner, as he takes the cup, fascinated by the first drop, believes, that to him, the poisonous draught will not be fatal. How many have fondly hoped that God would lie unto men, and would not fulfill his threatenings! Yet, be assured, every sin shall have its recompense of reward; God is just and will by no means spare the guilty. Even in this life many are feeling in their bones the consequences of their youthful lusts; they will carry

to their graves the scars of their transgressions. In hell, alas, there are millions who for ever prove that sin is an awful and an undying evil, an infinite curse which hath destroyed them for ever and ever. The sinner is a fool, because, while he doubts the truthfulness of God, as to the punishment of sin, he has the conceit to imagine that transgression will even yield him pleasure. God saith it shall be bitterness: the sinner denies the bitterness, and affirms that it shall be sweetness. O fool to seek pleasure in sin! Go rake the charnel to find an immortal soul; go walk into the secret springs of the sea to find the source of flame. It is not there. Thou canst never find bliss in rebellion. Hundreds of thousands before thee have gone upon this search and have all been disappointed; he is indeed a fool who must needs rush headlong in this useless chase, and perish as the result. The sinner is a fool—a great fool—to remain as he is in danger of the wrath of God. To abide at ease in imminent peril and scorn the way of escape, to love the world and loathe the Saviour, to set the present fleeting life above the eternal future, to choose the sand of the desert and forego the jewels of heaven; all this is folly, in the highest conceivable degree.

Though sinners are fools, yet there are fools of all sorts. Some are learned fools. Unconverted men, whatever they know, are only educated fools. Between the ignorant man who cannot read a letter and the learned man who is apt in all knowledge there is small difference, if they are both ignorant of Christ; indeed, the scholar's folly is in this case the greater of the two. The learned fool generally proves himself the worst of fools, for he invents theories which would be ridiculed if they could be understood, and he brings forth speculations which, if they were judged by common sense, and men were not turned into idiotic worshippers of imaginary authority, would be scouted from the universe with a hiss of derision. There are fools in colleges and fools in cottages.

There are also reckless fools and reckoning fools. Some sin with both hands greedily; "A short life and a merry one" is their motto; while the so-called "prudent" fools live more slowly, but still live not for God. These last, with hungry greed for wealth, will often hoard up gold as if it were true treasure, and as if anything worth the retaining were to be found beneath the moon. Your "prudent," "respectable" sinner will find himself just as much lost as your reckless prodigal. They must all alike seek and find the Saviour, or be guilty of gross folly. So, alas! there are old fools as well as young ones. There are those who after an experience of sin burn their fingers at it still. The burnt child dreads the fire, but the burnt sinner lovingly plays with his sin again. Hear hairs ought to be a crown of glory, but too often they are fool's caps. There are young sinners who waste the prime of life when the dew is on their spirit, and neglect to give their strength to God, and so miss the early joy of religion, which is the sweetest, and makes all the rest of life the sweeter: these are fools. But what is he who hath one foot hanging over the mouth of hell, and yet continues without God and without Christ, a trifle with eternity?

I have spoken thus upon the name of those who enter God's hospital; permit me to add that all who go there and are cured agree that this name is correct. Saved souls are made to feel that they are

naturally fools; and, indeed, it is one stage in the cure when men are able to spell their own name, and when they are willing to write it in capital letters and say, "That is mine! If there is no other man in this world who is a fool, I am. I have played the fool before the living God." This confession is true, for what madness it is to play the fool before the Eternal One, with your own soul as the subject of the foolery? When men make sport, they generally do it with trifling things. A man who plays the fool, and puts on a cap and bells, is wise in comparison with him who sports with his God, his soul, heaven, and eternity. This is folly beyond all folly. Yet the sinner, when he is taken into God's hospital, will be made to feel that he has been such a fool, and that his folly is folly with an emphasis. He will confess that Christ must be made unto him wisdom, for he himself by nature was born a fool, has lived a fool, and will die a fool, unless the infinite mercy of God shall interpose.

Now, for a minute, let us notice THE CAUSE OF THEIR PAINS AND AFFLICTIONS. "Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted." The physician usually tries to find out the root and cause of the disease he has to deal with. Now, those souls that are brought into grief for sin, those who are smarting through the providential dealings of God, through the strikings of conscience, or the smitings of the Holy Spirit, are here taught that the source of their sorrow is their sin. These sins are mentioned in the text in the plural. "Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities." How many have our sins been! Who shall count them? Let him tell the hairs of his head first. Sins are various, and are therefore called "transgressions and iniquities." We do not all sin alike, nor does any one man sin alike at all times. We commit sins of word, thought, deed, against God, against men, against our bodies, against our souls, against the gospel, against the law, against the week-day duties, against the Sabbath privileges—sins of all sorts, and these all lie at the root of our sorrows. Our sins also are aggravated; not content with transgression, we have added iniquities to it. No one is more greedy than a sinner, but he is greedy after his own destruction. He is never content with revolting: he must rebel yet more and more. As when a stone is rolled downhill its pace is accelerated the further it goes, so with the sinner, he goes from bad to worse.

Perhaps I speak to some who have lately come into God's hospital. I will suppose a case. You are poor, very poor, but your poverty is the fruit of your profligate habits. Poverty is often directly traceable to drunkenness, laziness, or dishonesty. All poverty does not come from that. Blessed be God there are thousands of the poor who are the excellent of the earth, and a great many of them are serving God right nobly; but I am now speaking of certain cases, and probably you know of such yourselves, where, because of their transgression and iniquities, men are brought to want. There will come to me sometimes a person who was in good circumstances a few years ago, who is now without anything but the clothes he tries to stand upright in, and his wretchedness is entirely owing to his playing the prodigal. He is one of those whom I trust God may yet take into his hospital. At times the disease breaks out in another sort of misery. Some sins bring into the flesh itself

pains which are anticipatory of hell; yet, even these persons may be taken into the hospital of God, though they are afflicted, to their shame, through gross transgression. Oh, how many there are in this great City of London of men and women who dare not tell their condition, but whose story is a terrible one indeed, as God reads it. Oh that he may have pity upon them, and take them into his lazar house, and heal them yet through his abundant grace!

In more numerous cases the misery brought by sin is mental. Many are brought by sin very low, even to despair. Conscience pricks them; fears of death and hell haunt them. I do remember well when I was in this way myself; when I, poor fool, because of my transgression and my iniquities was sorely bowed in spirit. By day I thought of the punishment of my sin; by night I dreamed of it. I woke in the morning with a burden on my heart—a burden which I could neither carry nor shake off, and sin was at the bottom of my sorrow. My sin, my sin, my sin, this was my constant plague. I was in my youth and in the hey-day of my spirit; I had all earthly comforts, and I had friends to cheer me, but they were all as nothing. I would seek solitary places to search the Scriptures, and to read such books as "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted" and "Alleyne's Alarm," feeling my soul ploughed more and more, as though the law, with its ten great black horses was dragging the plough up and down my soul, breaking, crushing, furrowing my heart, and all for sin. Let me tell you, though we read of the cruelties of the Inquisition, and the sufferings which the martyrs have borne from cruel men, no racks, nor firepans, nor other instruments of torture can make a man so wretched as his own conscience when he is stretched upon its rack. Here, then, we see both the fools and the cause of their disease.

Now, let us notice THE PROGRESS OF THE DISEASE. It is said that "their soul abhorreth all manner of meat," like persons who have lost their appetite, and can eat nothing; "and they draw near unto the gates of death," they are given over and nearly dead.

These words may reach some whose disease of sin has developed itself in fearful sorrow, so that they are now unable to find comfort in anything. You used to enjoy the theatre; you went lately, but you were wretched there. You used to be a wit in society, and set the table on a roar with your jokes; you cannot joke now. They say you are melancholy, but you know what they do not know, for a secret arrow rankles in your bosom. You go to a place of worship, but you find no comfort even there. The manner of meat that is served to God's saints is not suitable to you. You cry, "Alas, I am not worthy of it." Whenever you hear a thundering sermon against the ungodly, you feel, "Ah, that is me!" but, when it comes to "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," you conclude, "Ah, that is not for me." Even if it be an invitation to the sinner, you say, "But I do not feel myself a sinner. I am not such an one as may come to Christ. Surely I am a castaway." Your soul abhorreth all manner of meat, even that out of God's kitchen. Not only are you dissatisfied with the world's dainties, but the marrow and fatness of Christ himself you cannot relish. Many of us have been in this way before you. The text adds, "They draw nigh unto the gates of death." The soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and feels that it cannot

bear up much longer. I remember using those words of Job once in the bitterness of my spirit, "My soul chooseth strangling rather than life;" for, oh the wretchedness of a sin-burdened soul is intolerable. All do not suffer like strong convictions, but in some it bows the strong man almost to the grave. Perhaps, my friend, you see no hope whatever; you are ready to say, "There cannot be hope for me. I have made a covenant with death and a league with hell; I am past hope. There were, years ago, opportunities for me, and I was near unto the kingdom; but, like the man who put his hand to the plough and looked back, I have proved myself unworthy." Troubled heart, I am sent with a message for you: "Thus saith the Lord, your covenant with death is broken and your league with hell is disannulled. The prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive shall be delivered." You may abhor the very meat that would restore you to strength, but he who understands the human heart knows how to give you better tastes and cure these evil whims; he knows how to bring you up from the gates of death to the gates of heaven. Thus we see how terribly the mischief progresses.

But now the disease takes a turn. Our fourth point is THE INTERPOSITION OF THE PHYSICIAN. "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses. He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions." The Good Physician is the true healer. Observe, *when* the physician comes in—when "they cry unto the Lord in their trouble." When they cry, the physician has come. I will not say that he has come because they cry; that would be true, but there is deeper truth still—they cried because he came. For, whenever a soul truly cries unto God, God has already blessed it by enabling it to cry. Thou wouldst never have begun to pray, if the Lord had not taught thee. God is visiting a soul, and healing it, when it has enough faith in God to cast itself, with a cry, upon his mercy. I cannot hope that there is a work of grace in thee yet, till I know thou prayest. Ananias would not have believed Paul converted, had not it been said, "Behold he prayeth!" Note the kind of prayer here: it was not taken out of a book, and it was not a fine prayer in language, whether extempore or pre-composed: it was a *cry*. You do not need to shew your children how to cry: it is the first thing a new-born child does. It wants no schoolmaster to teach it that art. Our School Boards have a great deal to teach the children of London, but they need never have a department for instruction in crying. A spiritual cry is the call of the new-born nature expressing conscious need. "How shall I pray?" says one. Pour thy heart out, brother. Turn the vessel upside down, and let it run out to the last dreg, as best it can. "But I cannot pray," says one. Tell the Lord you cannot pray, and ask him to help you to pray, and you have prayed already. "Oh, but I don't feel as I should!" Then confess to the Lord your sinful insensibility, and ask him to make your heart tender, and you are already in a measure softened. Those who say, "I don't feel as I should," are very often those who feel most. Whether it be so or no, cry. If thou art a sin-sick soul, thou canst do nothing towards thy own healing, but this—thou canst cry. He who hears thy cries will know what they mean. When the surgeon goes to the battle-field after a

conflict, he is guided to his compassionate work by the groans of the wounded. When he hears a soldier's cry, he does not enquire, "Was that a Frenchman or a German, and what does he mean?" A cry is good French, and excellent German too; it is part of the universal tongue. The surgeon understands it, and looks for the sick man. And, whatever language, O sinner, thou usest, uncouth or refined, if it be the language of thy heart, God understands thee without an interpreter.

Note well, that as we have seen when the physician interposed, we shall see next *what he did*. He saved them out of their distresses, and delivered them from their destructions. Oh, the infinite mercy of God! He reveals to the heart pardon for all sin; and, by his Spirit's power, removes all our weaknesses. I tell thee, soul, though thou be at death's door at this moment, God can even now gloriously deliver thee. It would be a wonder if your poor burdened spirit should within this hour leap for joy, and yet, if the Lord visit thee, thou wilt do so. I fall back upon my own recollection: my escape from despondency was instantaneous. I did but believe Jesus Christ's word, and rest upon his sacrifice, and the night of my heart was over: the darkness had passed, and the true light had shone. In some parts of the world there are not long twilights before the break of day, but the sun leaps up in a moment: the darkness flies, and the light reigns; so is it with many of the Lord's redeemed, as in a moment their ashes are exchanged for beauty, and their spirit of heaviness for the garments of praise. Faith is the great transformer. Wilt thou cast thyself now, whether thou live or die, upon the precious blood and merits of the Saviour Jesus Christ? Wilt thou come and rest thy soul on the Son of God? If thou dost so, thou art saved: thy sins which are many are now forgiven thee. As of old, the Egyptians were drowned in a moment in the Red Sea—the depths had covered them, there was not one of them left; so, the moment thou believest, thou hast lifted a mightier rod than that of Moses, and the sea of the atoning blood, in the fulness of its strength, has gone over the heads of all thine enemies: thy sins are drowned in Jesus' blood. Oh, what joy is this, when, in answer to a cry, God delivers us from our present distresses and our future destructions!

But how is this effected? The psalmist saith, "He sent his word and healed them." "*His word*." How God ennobles language when he uses it! That word "*word*" is uplifted in Scripture into the foremost place, and put on a level with the Godhead. "**THE WORD.**" It indicates a God-like personage, for, in the beginning was the Word; nay, it denotes God himself, for, the Word was God. Our hope is in the Word—the incarnate *Logos*, the eternal Word. In some aspects our salvation comes to us entirely through the sending of that Word to be made flesh, and to dwell among us. He is our saving health, by his stripes we are healed. But here the expression is best understood of the gospel, which is the word of God. Often the reading of the Scriptures proves the means of healing troubled souls; or, else, that same word is made effectual when spoken from a loving heart with a living lip. What might there is in the plain preaching of the gospel! No power in all the world can match it. They tell us, now-a-days, that the nation will go over to Rome, and the gospel candle will be blown out. I am not a believer in these alarming prophecies; I neither

believe in the Battle of Dorking, nor in the victory of Pius the Ninth. Leave us our Bibles, our pulpits, and our God, and we shall win the victory yet. Oh, if all ministers preached the gospel plainly, without aiming at rhetoric and high flights of oratory, what great triumphs would follow? How sharp would the gospel sword be if men would but pull it out of those fine ornamental, but useless, scabbards! When the Lord enables his servants to put plain gospel truth into language that will strike and stick, be understood and retained, it heals sick souls, that else might have lain fainting long! Still the word of God in the Bible and the word of God preached cannot heal the soul unless God *send it* in the most emphatic sense. "*He sent his Word.*" When the eternal Spirit brings home the word with power, what a word it is! Then the miracles of grace wrought within us are such as to astonish friends and confound foes. May the Lord, even now, send his word to each sinner, and it will be his salvation. "Hear, and your soul shall live." Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God, and faith brings with it all that the soul requires. When we have faith, we are linked with Christ; and so our salvation is ensured.

That brings us to the last point—THE CONSEQUENT CONDUCT OF THOSE WHO WERE HEALED. First, *they praised God for his goodness.* What rare praise a soul offers when it is brought out of prison! The sweetest music ever heard on earth is found in those new songs which celebrate our late deliverance from the horrible pit and the miry clay. Did you ever keep a linnet in a cage and then bethink yourself that it was hard to rob it of its liberty? Did you take it out into the garden and open the cage door? Oh! but if you could have heard it sing when it had fairly escaped the cage where it had been so long, you would have heard the best linnet music in all the wood. When a poor soul breaks forth from the dungeon of despair, set free by God, what songs it pours forth! God loves to hear such music. Note that word of his, "I remember thee, the love of thine espousal, when thou wentest after me into the wilderness." God loves the warm-hearted praises of newly emancipated souls; and he will get some out of you, dear friend, if you are set free at this hour.

Notice that these healed ones praised God especially *for his goodness.* It was great goodness that such as they were should be saved. So near death's door and yet saved! They wondered at his mercy and sang of "his wonderful works to the children of men." It is wonderful that such as we were should be redeemed from our iniquities; but, our Redeemer's name is called Wonderful, and he delights in showing forth the riches of his grace.

Observe that, in their praises, they ascribe all to God: they praise "*him for his wonderful work.*" Salvation is God's work, from beginning to end. Their song is moreover comprehensive, and they adore the Lord for his love to others as well as to themselves; they praise him "for his wonderful works to the children of men."

Forget not that they added to this praise *sacrifice*: "Let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving." What shall be the sacrifices of a sinner delivered from going down into the pit? Shall he bring a bullock that hath horns and hoofs? Nay, let him bring his heart; let him offer himself, his time, his talents, his body, his soul, his substance. Let him exclaim, "Let my Lord take all, seeing he hath saved my soul." Will

you not lay yourselves out for him who laid himself out for you? If he has bought you with a price, confess that you are altogether his. Of your substance give to his cause as he prospers you; prove that you are really his by your generosity towards his church and his poor.

In addition to sacrifice, the healed ones began to offer songs, for it was to be a "*sacrifice of thanksgiving*." May those of you who are pardoned sing more than is customary now-a-days. May we, each one of us, who have been delivered from going down to the pit, enter into the choir of God's praising ones, vocally singing as often as we can, and in our hearts always chanting his praise.

Once more, the grateful ones were to add to their gifts and psalms a *declaration of joy* at what God had done for them. "Let them declare his works with rejoicing." Ye who are pardoned should tell the church of the Lord's mercy to you. Let his people know that God is discovering his hidden ones. Come and tell the minister. Nothing gladdens him so much as to know that souls are brought to Jesus by his means. This is our reward. Ye are our crown of rejoicing, ye saved ones. I can truly say, I never have such joy as when I receive letters from persons, or hear from them personally the good news, "I heard you on such-and-such a night, and found peace;" or, "I read your sermon, and God blessed it to my soul." There is not a true minister of Christ but would willingly lay himself down to die, if he could thereby see multitudes saved from eternal wrath. We live for this. If we miss this, our life is a failure. What is the use of a minister unless he brings souls to God? For this we would yearn over you, and draw near unto God in secret, that he would be pleased in mercy to deliver you. But, surely, if you are converted, you should not conceal the fact. It is an unkind action for any person who has received life from the dead, through any instrumentality, to deny the worker the consolation of hearing that he has been made useful; for the servant of God has many discouragements, and he is himself readily cast down, and the gratitude of those who are saved is one of the appointed cordials for his heavy heart. There is no refreshment like it. May God grant you grace to declare his love, for our sake, for the church's sake, and, indeed, for the world's sake. Let the sinner know that you have found mercy, perhaps it will induce him to seek also. Many a physician has gained his practice by one patient telling others of his cure. Tell your neighbours that you have been to the hospital of Jesus, and been restored, though you hated all manner of meat, and drew near to the gates of death; and, may be, a poor soul, just in the same condition as yourself, will say, "This is a message from God to me." Above all, publish abroad the Lord's goodness, for Jesus' sake. He deserves your honour. Will you receive his blessing, and then like the nine lepers give him no praise? Will you be like the woman in the crowd, who was healed by touching the hem of his garment, and then would fain have slipped away? If so, I pray that the Master may say, "Somebody hath touched me," and may you be compelled to tell us all the truth, and say, "I was sore sick in soul, but I touched thee, O my blessed Lord, and I am saved, and to the praise of the glory of thy grace I will tell it; I will tell it, though devils should hear me; I will tell it, and make the world ring with it, according to my ability, to the praise and glory of thy saving grace."

“Waiting for the Verdict.”—“The Acquittal.”

BY JOHN ALDIS, JUN.

Romans viii. 33-34.

I WAS much impressed by two companion paintings in the International Exhibition, entitled respectively “Waiting for the Verdict,” and “The Acquittal.”* A young man has been tried for some great crime. Counsel have been heard on both sides: witnesses have been called and examined: the judge has summed up; and the jury have retired to deliberate upon their verdict. The first picture portrays the agonizing suspense of his relatives whilst “waiting for the verdict.” The jury bring in the verdict, “Not Guilty.” The young man is acquitted; and, released from the prisoner’s dock, he joins his family, from whom he has been forcibly separated. The second picture shows us the joyful meeting, when the suspense is removed by “the acquittal.”

The family evidently belongs to the peasant class; but is of the virtuous, thrifty, and more intelligent type of that class. The scene is laid in a room adjoining the Court, with the dark oak panelling common in such places. Whilst waiting for the verdict, we can look along a passage to the right of the picture; and, through the open door at the end, we can dimly see the court sitting. There, on a high seat, presides the judge in his scarlet robes, and beneath him are the lawyers writing, or hurrying to and fro, looking silent and wise: but we can see nothing of the prisoner. Recalling our eye into the room, it first rests on the prisoner’s wife, who is sitting in the centre. She is neatly and modestly dressed, is young, of interesting features, and at a glance we take her for a woman both virtuous and intelligent. And there she sits, her hands compressed on her knee, her face burdened with intense anxiety, waiting in agonizing yet tearless suspense. Her little boy in wondering sorrow lies at her feet. Behind her stands an artless maiden looking towards the court; and, when we see the prisoner, we at once tell from the likeness that she is his sister. His aged mother stands to the left, with her neat attire, comfortable bonnet, and clean cap, sorrowful, yet calm in the consciousness of uprightness. She holds his babe, her grandchild, in her arms. At the left sits the grey-headed father, burying his face in his hands; for he has less fortitude to bear the dishonour and the pain than the mother has. The faithful dog crouches sadly by his side. The whole picture is so touching, and withal so true, that one can almost weep in sympathy.

But now the prisoner is acquitted and has entered the room. His wife flies to his embrace, flings her arms about his neck, and looks up into his countenance. He is her husband once more; and all reproach and suspicion are removed: and, as we look at him, we feel sure the jury were right; he is not guilty certainly. Her face is the same face, but oh, how changed since last we looked upon her! The suspense is gone, and now her eyes are red with weeping welcome tears of relief and joy. The aged mother looks with glad satisfaction on her son, but with no wild ecstasy; for she felt sure it would be so. The aged father stands behind, rubbing his hands, in conversation with the lawyer, whom he is thanking heartily for his able advocacy of the case. The little ones, who could not understand the sorrow, share the joy. The sister in her glee is mechanically tying on the boy’s hat: even the dog fawns upon his master with evident delight; and the neighbours in the street wait to see them pass out, or to welcome them home. So much of human happiness depends upon the verdict, “Guilty” or “Not Guilty:” such majesty encircles law, such solemnity is there even in earthly courts of justice, that the bare recital often stirs our hearts’ depths. The sight of these pictures led me to think of

* By the late A. Solomon. They were also contained in the Exhibition of 1862.

the saints waiting for their verdict from the Supreme Judge, and of the saints assured of their acquittal from on high. And how much more deeply should our hearts be stirred about the heavenly verdict than about the earthly verdict—a verdict to be pronounced in the high court of heaven, not on our relatives only, but on ourselves. With what intense anxiety should we be found "waiting for the verdict," if we know not yet how we stand in God's sight! And what joy should swell our hearts if we have heard for ourselves this acquittal: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

Let us look at THE SAINTS WAITING FOR THE VERDICT. Paul betrays neither suspense nor fear, for he knows that he has his acquittal, but there was a time when even he was "waiting for the verdict." When the Lord arraigned him on the road to Damascus as a persecutor, and sent him to spend three days in the city in blindness (fit emblem of the darkness of his soul), think you not that then he waited for the verdict of the Lord, who had appeared to him, with far intenser eagerness than afterwards he waited for the verdict of Nero, at whose bar he was cited to appear? Those of my readers who are now at peace with God, consciously justified, were once "waiting for the verdict," not knowing whether condemnation or acquittal were before them. Like Paul, we can laugh at the accusers when the favourable issue has been attained, but while the matter hangs in suspense, we cannot think so lightly of them. Many accuse us and try to condemn us.

Worldly men often accuse the saints falsely. Said the Psalmist, "They laid to my charge things that I knew not." It is not pleasant to have our motives or our conduct maligned; but it need not much trouble us. For we know that the judgment of God is according to truth, and all lying accusations will only rebound and wound our accusers.

But there are others whose evidence is far more formidable. "Who is he that condemneth?" Why, God's holy *law* does; condemns us utterly for every action of our life, and condemns us almost as sternly for our deeds of supposed righteousness, as for our manifest sins. When we hear the pleading of this counsel for the prosecution, and find how strong a case he makes out, we may fear the judgment will go against us.

"In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn,
Is all the law can do."

"Who is he that condemneth?" Well, *conscience* doth, and "if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things." We know that in ourselves we have no valid plea wherefore the sentence of condemnation should not be pronounced. And even after we have received our acquittal, conscience often lays many and grievous things to our charge; and, when faith is weak, we find no arguments to rebut the charges—we fear we shall be condemned after all.

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Why, *the devil*, the accuser of the brethren does. And the worst of it is, the liar from the beginning speaks truth on these occasions. Joshua stands before the Angel, and Satan stands at his right hand to resist him. He accuses him among other things of having filthy garments on; and poor Joshua says not a word in reply, for he knows that it is all perfectly true. Apollyon accuses Christian of unfaithfulness. "Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off. Thou didst sinfully sleep, and lose thy choice things. Thou wast also almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions. And when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest and dost." And the good man was

constrained to admit “all this is true, and much more which thou hast left out.” And with such a malicious, subtle, mighty, and withal truthful witness against us, did not faith come in, we might indeed despair.

We once were “waiting for the verdict” with sorrowful suspense, till “the acquittal” was brought to our hearts: “There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.”

Some perhaps have “waited for the verdict” to be pronounced upon another. They have been intimately acquainted with, and intensely interested in, the spiritual crisis in some relative or friend; even as the wife in the painting waited for certainty as to her husband’s fate. How such longed that he might find mercy of the Lord! How they rejoiced when he obtained it, even as that father and mother rejoiced over their acquitted son.

Perhaps some of my readers are now “waiting for the verdict.” Let me ask who is your counsel? Are you pleading your cause yourself? If so, you will fail. But if you have given it into Christ’s hands, who never yet refused a client, though he could pay no retaining fee, should you wait in sorrow for a season, you will in due time have your acquittal.

Alas! many wait listlessly for the Divine verdict. In the newspapers we sometimes read: “The prisoner manifested the greatest indifference during the trial, and was scarcely moved when the sentence was pronounced against him.” Hardened wretch! we exclaim, and feel sure that such a one was justly condemned. Are you indifferent as to what sentence is passed upon you in the high court of heaven? What character does such carelessness betray? What will your sentence be? None have so great cause with agony to wait for the verdict, as those who are waiting with unconcern.

But turn now to THE SAINTS’ ACQUITTAL. Matthew Henry says; “If ever Paul rode in a triumphal chariot on this side heaven, here it was; with such a holy height and bravery of spirit, with such a fluency and copiousness of expression, doth he here comfort himself and all the people of God, upon the consideration of these privileges.” And herein he follows the example of Christ, who said in prophecy, “He is near that justifieth me; who will contend with me? let us stand together, who is mine adversary? let him come near to me. Behold, the Lord God will help me; who is he that shall condemn me? lo, they all shall wax old as a garment; the moth shall eat them up.” (Isaiah l. 8-9.)

There are many things that urge our conviction, witnesses both powerful and truthful. But Paul is convinced that, whatever may be laid to our charge, whoever may condemn, there are sufficient valid pleas to move in arrest of judgment, to insure that the verdict “Not Guilty” shall be pronounced. Six arguments are put forward by the Apostle, to shew that the saints will not be condemned.

God chose them. “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s *elect*?” When Joshua clothed with filthy garments was accused, this was the plea wherewith the Angel of the Covenant defended him: “The Lord rebuke thee O Satan; even the Lord that hath *chosen* Jerusalem, rebuke thee.” So, those whom the Lord chose with a full knowledge of all that could be said against them, he certainly will not condemn. In the previous verses, we have an unbroken chain, and no power can break it. Whom he foreknew he predestinated, called, justified, and glorified.

God justifies them. Men may justify themselves, or the wicked may justify them; and yet they may be under condemnation. But if God justify them, they must be exonerated. For God is himself the Plaintiff; if he be satisfied, none need complain. He is King; and there is no power to execute any sentence apart from his mandate. He is the Supreme Law-giver and Judge; if the highest court acquits, in no lower court can any appeal be lodged against the decision. And God’s judgments are according to truth: if he justifies, they are justified indeed. He has justified them in his ancient purpose. He does justify them actually when they believe. He will publicly pronounce their acquittal at the great judgment day.

Christ died for them. Hence we see how the just God can justify them though ungodly. He can be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. The law, the devil, their consciences truly accuse them, and sternly condemn them; but this answers all, Christ died. He hath paid their debt, endured their curse, carried away their sin.

Christ rose for them. "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" His rising proved the acceptance of his person, the efficacy of his death; so that special emphasis is laid by the Apostle on the resurrection, "*yea rather, that is risen again.*"

Christ is exalted for them. "Who is even at the right hand of God." He is not only accepted, but is exalted to dignity and honour. Plainly, then, he is mighty to save.

Christ pleads for them. "Who also maketh intercession for us." Our Advocate possesses all wisdom, has our cause so at heart that he lived and died for his clients, and with untiring diligence he will watch our case. Therefore

"Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail."

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." In the picture, the grey-headed father heartily thanks the counsel. We, too, will thank our Advocate, now and evermore. Thus, if we are humble believers in Jesus, we may be confident, for God chose us, and he justifies us. Christ died for us, rose for us, triumphs for us, and pleads for us. Who, then, shall accuse us? Who can condemn?

"Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

He lives! He lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love."

Spasmodic Workers.

THEY are like the steam-engine before Watt took it in hand. Watt was not the inventor of that marvellous machine, but he might as well have been, for any good it did before his time. Not that it "would not go," it went often most unexpectedly, and in most eccentric ways. The fault was that it worked by fits and starts, and the reason was that while Newcomen, its inventor, had discovered how to make the piston *rise* in the cylinder, he did not know how to send it *down* again. It had to drop when the steam which sent it up had condensed; and in order to produce condensation more quickly, he managed to inject cold water into the cylinder, while the piston was up, which of course brought it down more quickly than it went up; but this process had another effect, viz., that of cooling the cylinder; and, then, there had to be a fresh heating of the cylinder before the piston would rise again. So the thing went on, the engine suddenly starting off, and then feeling the cold water, as

suddenly stopping, or only going so long as the momentum of its first impulse lasted. Of course there was no work got out of a machine like that.

There are plenty of human engines after the Newcomen model. Fire their zeal by a rousing sermon, and they are off before you can say Jack Robinson; but, suddenly, they stop: they have felt the cold water, and oh! what a "warming up" it takes to get them "off again." It is astonishing to see how they subside, how they fail you when you are depending on them most.

Mr. Watt found out the remedy for the spasmodic engine, and it was this:—He first attached a side pipe to the cylinder into which the steam might escape, and then be condensed, without cooling the cylinder. Then he brought to bear upon the piston a second pressure from above, thus working it by a double process, viz., power from below and power from above. In this way we got the real working engine, and all its splendid achievements followed.

My fitful friend! it is not that you have no zeal; you have too much at times. You need a reserve pipe. You boil over, and put your own fire out. You start with too much energy at first, and then there's no time to get up steam again before you stop. Now, let me advise you. Put the *rein on before* you start, mature your plans, look a-head, see all the difficulties before you begin: expect the cold water too (for lots of engines work in the wet). It is the unexpectedness of difficulty that brings you to a standstill; but, if you foresee it, you will say, when it comes, "Ah! yes, I've been looking out for you, I'm ready, you can't cool me, I've got my waterproof on." So on you go steadily and perseveringly doing real work. Then may I add that while there must be the under-pressure, the strength of body, the willingness, the common sense, and all that belonging to yourself, you must also have the power from above, the love of Christ constraining you, the energizing influence of the Holy Spirit, which not only enables you to work with grand results, but gives you work that which nothing else can give it, acceptance in the sight of the great Framers of us all.

A DEACON.

Baptist Country Mission.

AMONG the many useful institutions which find their centre at the Tabernacle is one called the Baptist Country Mission. We have marked its rise and progress with the utmost pleasure. We have scores of young men of fiery zeal who need opportunities to speak for Jesus; on the other hand, hundreds of dark villages need just such burning and shining lights; this Society endeavours to bring the two together. With very small funds as yet available the work has been contracted, but with larger means it could be at once extended; the expenses are simply those incurred in the hire of rooms and in travelling; all the labour is gratuitous. The Society has a station at Sutton Valence, in a hall now far too small. A barn at Tiptree, Essex, is used for a like purpose. The open air is our friends' principal field of labour, and they maintain preaching under the arch of heaven at Forest Hill, Tooting, Mary Cray, and other villages of Kent and Surrey. As there are 96 members of the Association pledged to active service, and as their esteemed leaders, Elders Bowker and White, are men of warm and earnest hearts, we expect great things from this squadron of the Tabernacle host. We pray that the Association may be enriched with all grace, and crowned with success. Friends who wish to encourage a really useful and increasingly hopeful agency, can send any sums to us, and we will see them rightly applied. We look on this Society and our Evangelists' Association as a sort of militia, efficiently supplementing the work of the College trained bands.—C. H. S.

Reviews.

[MR. ORMSBY requests us to say that the work entitled *Heart Poems* is not written by himself, but by his daughter. We apologise for the mistake.]

OUR usual Penny Almanack is now ready, and we hope it will be as much approved of as its predecessors have been. We have also, with no small labour, written an Almanack for the walls, which is called John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack. Our friends tell us that it will have an unprecedented sale, and we only hope it may, but not to the detriment of the older one. They are quite distinct things, and very different in all respects, except that they are by the same author, cost the same price—one penny, and can be had of the same publishers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster.

Circular Letter on Eternal Punishment, by the Suffolk and Norfolk Association of Particular Baptist Churches. Rees & Co., Butter Market, Ipswich.

WE congratulate the Suffolk churches upon the issue of this excellent letter, or treatise. We perceive that a thousand copies have been printed, but we hope the type is standing, and that ten thousand will be circulated.

The Tabernacle and its Priests and Services described and considered in relation to Christ and the Church. By WM. BROWN. Edinburgh: Wm. Olyphant & Co.

WORKS upon this subject are now very numerous, and this will hold a worthy place among them. The illustrations are tolerably numerous and costly, but some of them are very ugly, the cherubim look like very fat boys with baskets on their backs, and one of the lavers much resembles a primeval pump. Despite these blemishes, it is a good book.

A Memoir of Jane Walker, of Islip; also, Letters and an Obituary. Oxford: to be had of J. Pembrey, 3 Clifton Villas, Cowley Road.

AN edifying memoir of a humble and gracious cottager, whose faith and experience rendered her a remarkable instance of divine grace. The late Mr. J. C. Philpot, and brethren of his communion, knew and esteemed her. To many the record will be encouraging.

Kidnapping in the South Seas: being a narrative of three months' cruise of H. M. S. "Rosario." By Captain GEORGE PALMER, R.N., F.R.G.S. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

EVERY philanthropist should make himself acquainted with the nefarious traffic in human flesh, which under various disguises is being carried on beneath the British flag. Captain Palmer has done good service to humanity by detailing what he has seen and heard. Surely our government will not long wink at this abomination.

Christian Economy: an Occasional Review. Stevenson, Paternoster Row.

IN a wide world there is room for all sorts of opinions, and verily the opinions are numerous enough to need a wide world. According to this occasional reviewer, our churches have been too aggressive, and preaching has been thought too much of. We once knew a person who thought bread to be very indigestible, and another who always took salt instead of sugar in his tea: nobody was much the better or the worse for these eccentricities.

The Temperance Alphabet for Bands of Hope. Tweedie: 337, Strand.

TASTEFUL, but ghastly. Pictures after the style of Cruikshank (a long way after), demons, angels, bottles, murders, and all in a coloured border of deadly nightshade. The poetry may be judged of by letter A:—

"A stands for Alcohol! What is this? you enquire:
'Tis the demon of drink! the spirit of fire!
Alas! the poor drunkard has known to his cost,
This curse to the living, this knell of the lost."

This may impress and probably frighten some youthful minds: the aim is laudable. *The snakes* are on every page, and seem to be fond of coiling round bottles with the corks in; we think they are more likely to be there when the corks are out.

Augustine's City of God. Translated by Rev. MARCUS DODS, M.A. Volumes I. and II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street.

RIGHT welcome to scholars will be the issue of this world-famous work of one of nature's princes and the church's saints. Augustine is evermore a master, and has probably influenced the Christian church more than any other uninspired man; Calvin, indeed, is *Augustine redioivus*, and though far clearer in the gospel, was but one of those scholars who, while surpassing their master, owe to him the skill by which they do so. The *City of God*, though over-estimated by some and depreciated by others, has, by its long-continued popularity, raised itself beyond criticism. Much of it is of necessity obsolete, except as history; but there is a residuum of thought which remains living and quickening, and will do so to the end of time. All agree that it is the life-work, the masterpiece of a great mind, produced during his maturest years, and touching upon the weightiest subjects. We hope there is enough of Christian scholarship in the country to remunerate the Messrs. Clark for a somewhat venturesome enterprise. They have already earned the gratitude of all theologians by innumerable excellent publications, and this will increase the debt greatly. It will be the best way of informing our readers as to the contents of the volumes, if we give Augustine's own account of the work.

"Rome having been stormed and sacked by the Goths under Alaric their king, the worshippers of false gods, or pagans, as we commonly call them, made an attempt to attribute this calamity to the Christ religion, and began to blaspheme the true God with more than their wonted bitterness and acerbity. It was this which kindled my zeal for the house of God, and prompted me to undertake the defence of the *City of God* against the charges and misrepresentations of its assailants. This work was in my hands for several years, owing to the interruptions occasioned by many other affairs which had a prior claim to my attention, and which I could not defer. However, this great undertaking was at last completed in twenty-two books. Of these, the first five refute those who fancy that the polytheistic worship is necessary in order to secure worldly prosperity, and that all these overwhelming calamities have befallen us in consequence of its

prohibition. In the following five books, I address myself to those who admit that such calamities have at all times attended, and will at all times attend, the human race, and that they constantly recur in forms more or less disastrous, varying only in the scenes, occasions, and persons on whom they light; but, while admitting this, maintain that the worship of the gods is advantageous for the life to come. In these ten books, then, I refute these two opinions, which are as groundless as they are antagonistic to the Christian religion.

"But that no one might have occasion to say, that, though I had refuted the tenets of other men, I had omitted to establish my own, I devote to this object the second part of this work, which comprises twelve books, although I have not scrupled as occasion offered, either to advance my own opinions in the first ten books, or to demolish the arguments of my opponents in the last twelve. Of these twelve books, the first four contain an account of the origin of these two cities—the *City of God*, and the city of the world. The second four treat of their history or progress; the third and last four, of their deserved destinies. And so, though all these twenty-two books refer to both cities, yet I have named them after the better city, and called them *The City of God*."

The Messrs. Clark are issuing Augustine's works at a subscription price of four volumes for a guinea, paid in advance; but to non-subscribers each volume will be charged 10s. 6d.

Reflections for the Times; or, a Lay Sermon in Verse. Glasgow: T. Murray.

NEAT binding, large type, little matter, tolerably correct rhyme, no poetry, and some reason. The cluster may be judged by this one grape:—

"Alas the church, the world's true salt,
Has lost the living savour;
Its 'evil eye' can see no fault
In its most foul behaviour.
It welcomes with a smiling face
The genuine believer,
Yet is as ready to embrace
The manifest deceiver."

WE are happy that the church here condemned is not one with which we claim membership.

Spiritual Life not a Ceremonial Rite.
London: J. Gadsby, Bouverie Street.

A PLAIN and godly expansion of the title it bears.

Christian Stewardship: Reminiscences of the Life and Labours of the late Henry Craigie, W.S., Edinburgh.
By the Rev. W. Watson, Langholme.
Edinburgh: John Menzies & Co.

WE regret that we did not personally know this princely man, though we must have seen him if the portrait does not mislead us. He appears to have been the generous helper of every holy and philanthropic work. He gave not only liberally as to amount, but as to

denominations. He must have been a very happy man; for our observation tells us that the bliss of doing good is the nearest approach to heavenly felicity this side the stars. If the publication of these reminiscences should stir up others of Edinburgh's princely men it will be well; and London, too, would be the better for more such. We bless God for those around us who are of like spirit with Mr. Craigie, and we thank them very heartily.

Memoranda.

WE had a splendid gathering of friends at the Orphanage on September 20th, which produced about £500 for our funds. To all we tender our deepest thanks. Everybody was earnest in helping. To the speakers, collectors, keepers of the bazaar and refreshment stalls, and indeed to everybody we are deeply indebted.

The College meeting, September 7th, was one of the most successful ever held. The students spoke to the delight of all the numerous audience. God is with us of a truth.

An earnest feeling is stirring the hearts of devout men at the Tabernacle. Prayer is being incessantly offered for a great revival of religion, and we trust this is the precursor of coming blessing. Will all friends of the gospel join with us?

Several correspondents write to us in reference to the heterodoxy of the *Christian World* newspaper. To them all, we would distinctly say, that no one is more grieved at the fact than we are, but we have not even the remotest share in the conduct of the paper, or any sort of connection with it. We have always wished the paper well, and are sorry that it takes the course it does, but, having no *locus standi* in reference to its management, we must refer our correspondents to the editor of the paper.

Our friends at Alfred Place Chapel, Old Kent Road, having elected as their pastor, Mr. Collins, late one of our elders, held a very interesting meeting to celebrate his recognition, August 28th. We hope this struggling but useful interest will greatly revive under our esteemed friend's ministry. The place has been repaired and decorated.

Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. G. Stanley, at Whitstable, in Kent, were held on Thursday, August the 31st. At the afternoon service, Mr. J. Crofts, of St. Peter's, read the Scriptures and prayed. Mr. Stanley then gave a brief

account of his conversion, his call to the ministry, and reasons for accepting the invitation to Whitstable. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. Tea was provided in the School-room of the Congregational Chapel, which was kindly lent for the occasion, at which about 160 persons attended. At the evening meeting, at which Mr. Rogers presided, Mr. Burton, of Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn, gave an address to the church. Addresses were then given by Mr. M'Kinley, of Chatham; Mr. Pring, a Primitive Methodist; Mr. Keys, and Mr. Crofts. The services excited considerable interest in the town, and it may be hoped will prove a lasting benefit.

On Tuesday, September the 12th, services were held in commemoration of the settlement of Mr. W. Mummery, as pastor of the Baptist Church at Eynsford, in Kent. In the afternoon, Mr. Rogers, of Peckham, son of a former pastor of the church, presided. Mr. Denter, of Meopham, read and prayed. Mr. F. Hearn read a statement on behalf of the church. Mr. Mummery gave a most appropriate address upon the occasion. Special prayer for the pastor was offered by Mr. G. Wyard. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College; and to the church, by Mr. Wigner. At the evening meeting Mr. Rogers presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. Constable, of Sevenoaks. Addresses were then delivered by Mr. Collins, of Penge; Mr. M'Kinley, of Chatham; Mr. Benskin, of Princes Risborough; Mr. Wilkins, of Leighton Buzzard; and Mr. Jackson, of Sevenoaks. The meetings were well attended; several had come from a considerable distance, and all were much interested in the proceedings.

We are unable, from pressure of matter, to give more notes. Suffice it that we believe the work prospers in many directions.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, to September 20th, 1871.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
A Friend, per Mr. Whittet	0 5 0	Mr. T. C. Page	2 2 0
Mr. J. Short	5 5 0	R. P.	10 0 0
Mr. S. Willson	1 1 0	S. A. S.	5 0 0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2 0 0	Mr. William Glanville	0 10 0
A Reader of Baptist Messenger	5 0 0	Mr. T. Bannatyne	1 1 0
Mr. Carr	0 10 6	A Widow's Mite, per Mr. J. F. Blyth	20 0 0
Miss Carter	1 1 0	Mr. T. Gregory	1 0 0
Miss Robertson	50 0 0	Mrs. S. Clifton	0 5 0
Forfarshire	1 0 0	Captain Breakenridge	10 0 0
S. S. S., a Thankoffering	1 0 0	Mr. Passmore	20 0 0
From Wotton-under-Edge... ..	5 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Aug. 20 38 1 6	
Mr. W. Carey Pitt	0 10 0	" " " " " " " " " " " "	27 50 3 10
Mr. E. Williams	1 1 0	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Sept. 3 38 1 6
Mr. W. Llanvapley	0 10 0	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" 10 45 13 4
Mrs. Ward, Slawston—a Thank-offering for the conversion of a son, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	5 0 0	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" 17 60 4 6
Mr. Dransfield	2 2 0		£383 2 2

College Buildings Fund.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. Frearson	1 1 0	A Friend at Communion	1 1 0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1 0 0	Mr. T. Paterson	1 0 0
Rev. G. H. Rouse	1 1 0	Mrs. R. Gladstone—a Thank-offering	2 0 0
W. D.	3 0 0		£12 7 6
Mr. G. Whightman	0 2 6		
A Reader, Streatham Common	1 1 0		
Mr. C. Jago	1 1 0		

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, to September 20th, 1871.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
W. A. M.	0 3 6	Mrs. Cooper	0 4 6
F. E. Clapham	0 10 0	Mrs. P. Wright	1 0 0
Mr. R. J. Foster	2 0 0	A Reader of "Sword and Trowel," per Mr. Wells, Orpington	2 16 6
Mr. S. Willson	1 1 0	Per Mr. J. T. Dunn:—	
— Banbridge	0 2 6	Mr. Ward	1 15 6
A Thankoffering, E. D. and L. Hubbard	1 0 0	Mr. Joseph Ward	0 10 0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2 0 0	A Widow's Mite	0 10 0
E. S.	1 0 0	Miss Fearman	0 5 0
Miss Carter	1 1 0	Miss Ann Morris	0 1 0
Mr. C. H. Price—a Thankoffering	1 1 0		3 1 6
A Sermon Reader, Berkumpstead	0 5 0	S. A. S.	5 0 0
T. D. W.	0 1 0	Baptist Church, Riddings, per Rev. W. Crick	3 0 6
Mr. A. Paterson	5 0 0	Mrs. Evans	0 10 0
Mr. William Mayo	0 5 0	Mrs. S. Williams	1 0 0
A Thankoffering from a Sermon Reader	1 0 0	Mr. J. Given	2 0 0
Romans vi. 7 and 8	2 0 0	Miss Lucy Best	1 0 0
A Reader, Wickham	0 5 0	Mrs. Cook	3 0 0
A Thankoffering for continued prosperity from a Domestic Servant	10 0 0	Mrs. Mary Ewart	1 1 0
A Friend	0 2 6	Mrs. Mary Fulcher	20 0 0
G. Y. P. H. C.	0 2 6	Mr. E. Denner	0 10 0
From Wotton-under-edge	5 0 0	Mrs. Bellamy	1 0 0
Miss Harriet Billiter	0 10 0	Mrs. Harris	0 5 0
A Friend, Kelso	0 10 0	Mr. James Lang	1 0 0
Mr. R. Pinkstone's Class	1 1 0	Mr. G. Warters	0 10 0
Mr. J. Dew	1 0 0	Mrs. Camps	1 0 0
Mrs. Lofthouse	0 10 0	Mrs. Camps' Family	0 7 0
Mrs. Chapman	0 3 0	Mrs. S. Gibson	0 10 0
A Friend, per Mr. Ellidsen	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Hudgell	2 0 0
E. R.	0 5 0		



THE


SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER 1, 1871.

The Pastor's Wife.

A TRUE NARRATIVE. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY
MARY WEITBRECHT.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE NEW HOME AND OUR FIRST VACATION THERE.

“UR faithful Lord has taken the rudder of your little craft into his own hands, and he will pilot it on safely to the haven.” It was with this conviction firmly fastened in her heart that our mother entered the narrow path of widowhood. She knew little of the trials and lessons which awaited her in it. The last days of our life in the old homestead at Thalheim were hastening to a close, and there was barely time to put matters into the order necessitated by altered circumstances. Our mother's future dwelling was to be in the house of a widowed aunt at Neünchingen, where a humble lodging had been offered her; and, although it seemed hardly possible to find space for herself and four children in the two or three little rooms placed at her disposal, still, in the absence of pecuniary means, she gratefully took advantage of our relative's kindness. The expenses of removal exceeded her calculations, and left her in possession of only a few gulden. It was thus necessary to save every farthing, and she therefore decided to walk nine miles of the journey. The last night was watched through at the parsonage, now bare of all furniture, and a few sympathising friends shared our vigil; at three in the morning we were to start, but, before that time, such heavy rain began, that we wondered whether it would be possible to get out, and yet a post chaise was awaiting us nine miles off, at six a.m. At this juncture, a ponderous double-teamed waggon rumbled

up the road and halted at our door. It belonged to a peasant, who had intended driving a load of corn to some distance, but, seeing the rain, had postponed his business to be able to offer us his services, "so that no one might ever say, that the villagers of Thalheim had let their pastor's widow walk out of their village, in such a drenching storm of rain."

Our party safely reached their new abode, having half-way overtaken the carrier in charge of our furniture who had, oddly enough, forgotten where he was to take it, and was asking all the people along the road whether they could tell him!

Our arrangements in the new quarters were the *ne plus ultra* of simplicity, yet the whole party soon came to feel happy in spite of inconveniences. Not only our aunt, and the landlord, who lived in respective flats of the same house, but the whole village beside seemed intent on showing kindness to the grand-daughter of their former beloved pastor Flattich. Indeed, they had always done the same, for when as children we visited at Münchingen, the rich peasants used to insist on giving us presents, and often accompanied us miles on our homeward way, carrying our knapsacks. Indeed, some years before, when I had entered the seminary at Maulbronn, the wife of a farmer at Neünchingen sent an order to an acquaintance living near me, to furnish me with a large bowl of bread and milk every morning for lunch, at her expense. I did not know how this daily meal fell to my share, but it caused great satisfaction both to myself and the various friends who help me dispatch it. This is only one instance of the affection of these peasants for the memory of their old pastor, after a lapse of forty years from his death. Indeed, to this day, the mention of his name quickens the beat of those warm faithful hearts.

Soon after the arrival at Neünchingen, three of the boys came home for their vacation. The small parlour scarcely sufficed to hold us all, but the great joy of being together again was not disturbed by the narrow limits of our dwelling. A fresh trouble, however, and one which could not be so easily past over, now made itself felt. Our funds had come to an end, and the store of household provisions melted away perceptibly, so that one evening there was nothing for it, but for us all to go to bed fasting. This was too much for our mother, and she said, "Am I to have my children here, and not even be able to give them food! God cannot mean this to be so!" And, without more ado, she threw herself on the ground beside the stove, and wrestled in earnest prayer the whole night through, and when we entered the next morning, there she still lay. We tried to raise her, and said, "Dear mother, let us breakfast. Even, if there is no earthly food provided, we still have the bread which is come down from heaven, the Word of God. We will gather round that and enjoy it." But our words availed nothing, she still lay, while we seated ourselves, opened our Bibles, read, sang, and prayed. Hardly had we said "Amen," when a well dressed, veiled lady entered, after knocking, and begged to speak to our sister in private. Beaté led her to an attic, apologising for having no other place of reception. And then the lady, the widow of a professor from the neighbouring village of Koruthal, explained herself thus: "I cannot think what has come over me this morning. I woke at six

o'clock with the words in my ear, 'Get up and take something out of your purse to Madame Paulus, at Neünchingen.' I demurred, never having heard that she was in need of money; but the same impression repeated itself upon my mind continually, and each time in a more lively manner: until at last, in despair of getting any peace, I yielded. So I come begging you to accept this sum, although I do not know whether you want it or not." With grateful joy, Beaté took the little packet of coin, and after our visitor had gone, came down triumphantly holding it in her hands, whilst she cried, "Now, mother, rise! Our distress is over. God has sent a widow from Koruthal to bring you this help!"

CHAPTER IX.—THE RENT.

It is well known that the human heart is something like a stringed instrument, with a wonderful variety of chords: some deep, harsh, and powerful; others quite tremulous and delicate. In the feminine temperament, the latter are occasionally developed to an extent almost incredible and quite unattainable to the other sex. One of these tender chords in my mother's disposition was that of gratitude. If a way of showing her warm appreciation of any act of kindness could be possibly devised, no pains or exertion in carrying it out were taken into account. Thus, when I first went to school, we had a cousin, who, on finding that I could not be lodged in the preceptor's house, took me into his own, and always treated me with the greatest kindness. Some years after, he became a candidate for a civil post, and begged us to use our influence on his behalf. Straightway, our mother left all her own work, and, starting out, called on all the voters of the neighbourhood, not resting until they promised their support to our friend, and, in consequence of these vigorous exertions, he gained the appointment. The delicacy of our mother's gratitude was peculiarly manifested towards our kind aunt, who at the cost of much self-denial had made room for our party in her house. The trifling rent due for our rooms was rigorously put by and paid to the day, for our relative, as we well knew, had only enough property to render her barely independent.

Once more our vacation came round, and we were all united at home. This time food was forthcoming, but, on the other hand, the approaching rent-day ever weighed heavily on our family purse—light as ever—and on my poor mother's mind. Each day she grew more heavy-hearted, often saying that the money *must* be paid in time, for she knew our aunt depended on it. The term had actually arrived, when she gathered us round her one morning, saying, "Come, let us ask God to step into our midst, and take this matter into his own hands." She then uttered this prayer: "Faithful Saviour! Thou knowest this is the rent-day. Once, when thou didst need tribute money, a fish out of the sea was sent to bring it. Wilt thou let me remain in debt for my rent? I cannot believe it, for in the great ocean of thy creation there are still many thousand fishes who might bring the money I need. Wherefore, I beg thee not to leave me in perplexity, but come and help!"

We gathered round, listening, and felt strangely moved, especially we students from the University, whose heads were full of the immu-

tability of Nature's laws, and the impossibility of any deviation from its rules, with many similar wise notions.

"God's clock goes slowly, but correctly," says the proverb, and we were about to discover this truth. We separated; our mother and the girls busied themselves about the house, while we boys gathered in a confidential chat, all the while entertaining a sort of secret curiosity as to whether any results would follow that prayer. As the morning hours slipped by, we almost decided to give up our watch. Shortly before noon, however, we were roused by a knock which heralded the entrance of the village pastor, a former friend of our father's, for whose sake he had always taken a hearty interest in our welfare. To our surprise, he had on his clerical robes. "Ah," said he, in answer to our enquiring looks, "I will soon tell you why I come thus. On my way to the prayer-meeting at church, I was met by the postman, bearing a packet from the Dean at Leonberg. I opened it on entering the vestry, and found a note, directing that the enclosed grant of money should be placed in the hands of Madame Paulus, being adjudged her from a charitable fund."

The pastor went on to say, that he could not tell through whose influence the grant had been accorded, having himself played no part in the matter. "But," he added, "as I knew the gift would be welcome, I could not help running in with it on my way home, so as to share your joy." At this moment our mother entered the room, and the good man asked whether she could say how that grant was adjudged to her. "I forwarded a petition, sir," she replied; "not to the dean, however, or indeed to any man at all, but to him whose cabinet of exchange is established on high." The kind pastor was visibly moved, and, as for us, the tears stood in our eyes, and we all confessed that we had to-day gained a lesson worth many hundreds of our university lectures.

CHAPTER X.—AT SCHOOL, AND "GOING HOME!"

Time passed quickly. Of our mother's eldest sons, one had now become doctor at Koruthal, and taken her and our sisters to live with him. Another assumed the direction of a chemical establishment at the same place, and a third had gone as tutor into Switzerland, where a proposal was made that he should undertake the superintendence of a seminary for boys at Koruthal. This offer was accepted, as it presented a prospect of allowing the whole family to take part in the work, and thus accomplish a worthy task. My mother, especially, consented with joy to the plan, as she had always taken peculiar interest in training the young.

After vainly waiting several months for pupils, the number of boys suddenly multiplied to such an extent that our house became too small to hold them, whilst insuperable difficulties seemed to stand in the way of building another. Just at this juncture, when our way seemed hedged up on every side, a call reached us to found a similar institution near Ludwigsburg. We agreed, and were able to enter our new home with eighty pupils in three months. The numbers shortly increased to more than a hundred. Over all these boys our mother watched with lively interest. Almost every evening she might be found in one or

other of the school-rooms, playing chess with the lads, or relating some story with a graphic power that drew crowds around her. On these occasions she sat among them, surrounded by the smallest ones, the remainder ranging themselves in an outer circle, while those who could not see her would climb on chairs and tables, so that any one entering the room, at first perceived only a towering throng of boys, and it required minute inspection before the mother could be discovered buried in their midst. She also often attended at their out-door games and exercises, where her presence was hailed with delight. Frequently, she undertook walking tours of several days, on which she was accompanied by ten or twelve of the pupils, and those accounted themselves highly favoured who were allowed to join her party, for her spirits were so gay and mirthful that she imparted interest and life to all her surroundings. The whole school called her *mother*, and such indeed she proved in tender love to all, both in good days and bad. Thus life passed on for several years, and so it happened that, one peculiarly cold winter, the boys conceived the idea of building a snow fortress, which was to be assaulted and stormed. The day for this display had arrived, and the school was divided into two parties, the defenders and besiegers. The latter were to be declared victorious, so soon as they should have placed their flag upon the high tower crowning the white edifice. Our mother, who took an active interest in these arrangements, espoused the cause of the assailants, whom she furnished with snowballs, cheering them to press on bravely and sturdily, never pausing till their colours waved from the summit. "See," she cried, "that is just how it is with us! Each human heart is a fortress, which has been taken possession of by enemies—low, unworthy passions and vices; the grand point is for us to struggle without ceasing, till the flag of a better purpose—a new life—waves from the citadel."

The struggle was a lengthy one that day, and untiringly she furnished the snowy weapons of warfare, until at length the end was gained; the besiegers made good their position, and planted their triumphal standard aloft, when loud shouts of victory rent the air, and seemed as if they would never cease.

But, our good mother had been in the cold too long, and the consequence was a violent chill, which developed into feverish symptoms the next day. She attached no importance to this indisposition, and, on being asked by our doctor whether she expected to recover, merrily answered him in the Latin words, "*Spero quod*," "I hope so." When left alone with her children, she added, "This is sent to try your faith. If you pray earnestly and believingly, I shall soon be well." We did all we could, but the illness continued to gain ground, and caused us fresh anxiety every day. In the course of the fourth night she cried suddenly, "Children, you must pray earnestly—*much more* earnestly. Kneel down together, and ask God's help." This we did in loud tones, but she exclaimed, "You do not understand." And raising herself, she folded her trembling hands, and said: "Lord, thou knowest that I have not finished a great deal of the work which was begun on my knees there, in the corner by the stove; therefore, I beg that my life may be somewhat lengthened. Once, when thy servant Joshua could not complete his day's work, thou didst, at his prayer, stop the course of

sun and moon, those great heavenly bodies : so it must be only an easy thing for thee to make my small body healthy and strong again, and give me time for what remains for me to do !” The words were hardly out of her lips, when she sank into a calm, deep slumber. We had long vainly hoped for this, and could not but trust that it might prove a favourable crisis in the malady, and that her prayer had been answered in peace. But, upon awakening the next morning, after several hours of quiet rest, she uttered the words, “Glory already ! Children, it is ordered otherwise than we thought : I am going home ! Come, we will once more celebrate the feast of our Saviour’s dying love together.”

We did so, and, afterwards, each of our number received her farewell kiss. Then she sank into the weakness of death, and slowly but gently the bands of earth were unloosed, and in unbroken, heavenly peace, her spirit passed away from this lower life. Our feelings, as we watched her entrance into glory, may be expressed in the words :—

“It is not exile, rest on high ;
It is not sadness, peace from strife ;
To fall asleep is not to die :
To dwell with Christ is better life.”

CONCLUSION.

So closes the story of the life-work of one of the holiest, most energetic, and most faithful of women, whose ruling characteristic was self-forgetting devotedness and fervent love. To her we may truly apply the words of Solomon, the wise King : “Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.” Need we wonder to be told that her children and her children’s children rise up and call her blessed ?

The little country in South Germany which gave her birth, though numbering but a million of people in her day, has sent out a large proportion of that noble army of foreign evangelists whose deeds of undying fame have rendered our age memorable. The peasants, who drank in spiritual life from such men as her father, have given their hardy bodies and strong powerful minds, after due preparation, to go forth to many a dark region, there to sow broadcast the seed of that living word which had taken root among them, in the retirement of their secluded villages ; and many a humble mother’s heart in that primitive country has bounded with joy at the report of victories won for Jesus by her son, in the far-off field of his toil and conflict.

The children of Madame Paulus have all lived lives of Christian activity and usefulness, and the institution founded by them at the Salon, Ludwigsburg, and still carried on by members of the same family, receives large numbers of pupils from all parts of Europe and the missionary field, who there enjoy the privileges of a simple and thorough Christian education. In carrying on this blessed and successful work, we may truly declare that one and all of the descendants of Madame Paulus prove the truth of her happy creed :—

“He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.”

“Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous, and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart.”

Advanced Thinkers.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME animals make up for their natural weakness by their activity and audacity; they are typical of a certain order of men. Assumption goes a long way with many, and, when pretensions are vociferously made and incessantly intruded, they always secure a measure of belief. Men who affect to be of dignified rank, and superior family, and who, therefore, hold their heads high above the *canaille*, manage to secure a measure of homage from those who cannot see beneath the surface. There has by degrees risen up in this country a coterie, more than ordinarily pretentious, whose favourite cant is made up of such terms as these: "liberal views," "men of high culture," "persons of enlarged minds and cultivated intellects," "bonds of dogmatism and the slavery of creeds," "modern thought," and so on. That these gentlemen are not so thoroughly educated as they fancy themselves to be, is clear from their incessant boasts of their culture; that they are not free, is shrewdly guessed from their loud brags of liberty; and that they are not liberal, but intolerant to the last degree, is evident, from their superciliousness towards those poor simpletons who abide by the old faith. Jews in old times called Gentiles dogs, and Mahometans cursed unbelievers roundly; but we question whether any men, in any age, have manifested such contempt of others as is constantly evinced towards the orthodox by the modern school of "cultured intellects." Let half a word of protest be uttered by a man who believes firmly in something, and holds by a defined doctrine, and the thunders of liberality bellow forth against the bigot. Steeped up to their very throats in that bigotry for liberality, which, of all others, is the most ferocious form of intolerance, they sneer with the contempt of affected learning at the idiots who contend for "a narrow Puritanism," and express a patronising hope that the benighted adherents of "a half-enlightened creed" may learn more of "that charity which thinketh no evil." To contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints is to them an offence against the enlightenment of the nineteenth century; but, to vamp old, worn-out heresies, and pass them off for deep thinking, is to secure a high position among minds "emancipated from the fetters of traditional beliefs."

Manliness and moral courage are the attributes in which they consider themselves to excel, and they are constantly asserting that hundreds of ministers see with them, but dare not enunciate their views, and so continue to preach one thing and believe another. It may be so here and there, and the more is the cause for sorrow; but we are not sure of the statement, for the accusers themselves may, after all, fancy that they see in others what is really in themselves. The glass in their own houses should forbid their throwing stones. If they were straightforward themselves, they might call others to account; but, in too many cases, their own policy savours of the serpent in a very high degree. The charge could not be fairly brought against all, but it can be proven against many, that they have fought the battles of liberality,

not with the broad sword of honest men, but with the cloak and dagger of assassins. They have occupied positions which could not be reconciled with their beliefs, and have clung to them with all the tenacity with which limpets adhere to rocks. Their testimony has, in some cases, been rendered evidently worthless, from the fact that with all their outcry against orthodoxy, they did their best to eat the bread of the orthodox, and would still have continued to profess, and yet to assail, orthodox opinions, had they been permitted to do so. Whether this is honest is doubtful : that it is not manly is certain.

These gentlemen of culture have certainly adopted peculiar tactics. The misbelievers and unbelievers of former ages withdrew themselves from churches as soon as they found that they could not honestly endorse their fundamental articles; but these abide by the stuff, and great is their indignation at the existence of the creeds which render their position morally dubious. Churches have no right to believe anything; comprehensiveness is the only virtue of a denomination; precise definitions are a sin, and fundamental doctrines are a myth: this is the notion of "our foremost men." For earnest people to band themselves together to propagate what they hold to be the very truth of God, is in their eyes the miserable endeavour of bigots to stem the torrent of modern thought; for zealous Christians to contribute of their substance for the erection of a house, in which only the truths most surely believed among them shall be inculcated, is treason against liberality; while the attempt to secure our pulpits against downright error, is a mischievous piece of persecution to be resented by all "intellectual" men. The proper course, according to their "broad views," would be to leave doctrines to the dunces who care for them. Truths there are none, but only opinions; and, therefore, cultivated ministers should be left free to trample on the most cherished beliefs, to insult convictions, no matter how long experience may have matured them, and to teach anything, everything, or nothing, as their own culture, or the current of enlightened thought may direct them. If certain old fogies object to this, let them turn out of the buildings they have erected, or subside into silence under a due sense of their inferiority.

It appears to be, now-a-days, a doubtful question whether Christian men have a right to be quite sure of anything. The Jesuit argument that some learned doctor or other has taught a certain doctrine, and that, therefore, it has some probability, is now practically prevalent. He who teaches an extravagant error is a fine, generous spirit; and, therefore, to condemn his teaching is perilous, and will certainly produce an outcry against your bigotry. Where the atonement is virtually denied, it is said that the preacher is a very clever man, and exceedingly good; and, therefore, even to whisper that he is unsound is libellous: we are assured that it would be far better to honour him for his courage in scorning to be hampered by conventional expressions. Besides, it is only his way of putting it, and the radical idea is discoverable by cultured minds. As to other doctrines, they are regarded as too trivial to be worthy of controversy, the most of them being superseded by the advancement of science and other forms of progressive enlightenment.

The right to doubt is claimed clamorously, but the right to believe is

not conceded. The modern gospel runs thus : " He that believes nothing and doubts everything shall be saved." Room must be provided for every form of scepticism ; but, for old-fashioned faith, a manger in a stable is too commodious. Magnified greatly is the so-called " honest doubter," but the man who holds tenaciously by ancient forms of faith is among " men of culture " voted by acclamation a fool. Hence, it becomes a sacred duty of the advanced thinker to sneer at the man of the creed, a duty which is in most cases fully discharged ; and, moreover, it is equally imperative upon him to enter the synagogue of bigots, as though he were of their way of thinking, and in their very midst inveigh against their superstition, their ignorant contentedness with worm-eaten dogmas, and generally to disturb and overturn their order of things. What if they have confessions of faith ? They have no right to accept them, and, therefore, let them be held up to ridicule. Men, now-a-days, occupy pulpits with the tacit understanding that they will uphold certain doctrines, and from those very pulpits they assail the faith they are pledged to defend. The plan is not to secede, but to operate from within, to worry, to insinuate, to infect. Within the walls of Troy, one Greek is worth half Agamemnon's host ; let, then, the wooden horse of liberality be introduced by force or art, as best may serve the occasion. Talking evermore right boastfully of their candour and hatred of the hollowness of creeds, &c., they will remain members of churches long after they have renounced the basis of union upon which these churches are constituted. Yes, and worse ; the moment they are reminded of their inconsistency they whine about being persecuted, and imagine themselves to be martyrs. If a person, holding radical sentiments, insisted upon being a member of a Conservative club, he would meet with small sympathy if the members would not allow him to remain among them, and use their organisation as a means for overthrowing their cherished principles. It is a flagrant violation of liberty of conscience when a man intrudes himself into a church with which he does not agree, and demands to be allowed to remain there, and undermine its principles. Conscience he evidently has none himself, or he would not ignore his own principles by becoming an integral part of a body holding tenets which he despises ; but he ought to have some honour in him as a man, and act honestly, even to the bigots whom he so greatly pities, by warring with them in fair and open battle. If a Calvinist should join a community like the Wesleyans, and should claim a right to teach Calvinism from their platforms, his expulsion would be a vindication, and not a violation, of liberty. If it be demanded that in such matters we respect the man's independence of thought, we reply that we respect it so much that we would not allow him to fetter it by a false profession, but we do not respect it to such a degree that we would permit him to ride rough shod over all others, and render the very existence of organised Christianity impossible. We would not limit the rights of the lowest ruffian, but if he claims to enter our bed-chamber the case is altered ; by his summary expulsion we may injure his highly-cultured feelings and damage his broad views, but we claim in his ejection to be advocating, rather than abridging, the rights of man. Conscience, indeed ! What means it in the mouth of a man who attacks the creed of a church and yet persists in continuing in it ? He would blush to use the term conscience if he

had any. for he is insulting the conscience of all the true members by his impertinent intrusion. Our pity is reserved for the honest people who have the pain and trouble of ejecting the disturber : with the ejected one, we have no sympathy; he had no business there, and, had he been-a true man, he would not have desired to remain, nor would he even have submitted to do so had he been solicited.

This is most illiberal talk in the judgment of our liberal friends, and they will rail at it in their usual liberal manner; it is, however, plain common sense, as all can see but those who are wilfully blind. While we are upon the point, it may be well to enquire into the character of the liberality which is, now-a-days, so much vaunted. What is it that these men would have us handle so liberally? Is it something which is our own, and left at our disposal? If so, let generosity be the rule. But no, it is God's truth which we are thus to deal with, the gospel which he has put us in trust with, and for which we shall have to render account. The steward who defrauded his lord was liberal; so was the thief who shared the plunder with his accomplice; and so were those in the Proverbs, who said, "let us all have one purse." If truth were ours, absolutely; if we created it, and had no responsibilities in reference to it, we might consider broad-church proposals; but, the gospel is the Lord's own, and we are only stewards of the manifold grace of God, and of stewards it is not so much required that they be liberal, but that they be found faithful. Moreover, this form of charity is both useless and dangerous. *Useless*, evidently, because all the agreements and unions and compromises beneath the moon can never make an error a truth, nor shift the boundary-line of God's gospel a single inch. If we basely merge one part of Scriptural teaching for the sake of charity, it is not, therefore, really merged, it will bide its time, and demand its due with terrible reprisals for our injustice towards it; for half the sorrows of the church arise from smothered truths. False doctrine is not rendered innocuous by its being winked at. God hates it whatever glosses we may put upon it; no lie is of the truth, and no charity can make it so. Either a dogma is right or wrong, it cannot be indifferent. Conferences have been held of late between Baptists and Pædobaptists, in which there has been most oily talk of mutual concessions, one is to give up this and the other that. The fit description of such transactions is mutual, or rather united, treason to God. Will the word of God shift as these conspirators give and take? Are we, after all, our own law-makers; and is there no rule of Christ extant? Is every man to do as seemeth good in his own eyes? If we, on the one side, set up immersion on our own authority, and they, on the other side, bring forward the infant on their own account, we may both very wisely drop our peculiarities, for they are of man only, and, therefore, of superstition. But, if either side can find support in God's word, woe to it if it plays false to the will of the Great Head. We quote this merely as an illustration; and, as it concerns minor matters, it the more clearly sets forth the emphatic stress which we would lay upon loyalty to truth in the weightier matters of our great Master's law. The rule of Christians is not the flickering glimmer of opinion, but the fixed law of the statute book; it is rebellion, black as the sin of witchcraft, for a man to know the law, and talk of conceding the point.

In the name of the Eternal King, who is this liberal conceder, or, rather, this profane defrauder of the Lord, that he should even imagine such a thing in his heart ?

Nor is it less important to remember that trifling with truth is to the last degree *dangerous*. No error can be imbibed without injury, nor propagated without sin. The utmost charity cannot convert another gospel into the gospel of Jesus Christ, nor deprive it of its deluding and destroying influence. There is no ground for imagining that an untruth, honestly believed, is in the least changed in its character by the sincerity of the receiver; nor may we dream that the highest culture renders a departure from revealed truth less evil in the sight of God. If you give the sick man a deadly poison instead of a healing medicine, neither your broad views of chemistry, nor his enlightened judgment upon anatomy, will prevent the drug from acting after its own nature. It may be said that the parallel does not hold, and that error is not deadly, but here we yield not, no, not for an hour. Paul pronounced a curse upon any man or angel who should preach another gospel, and he would not have done so, if other gospels were harmless. It is not so long ago that men need forget it, that the blight of Unitarian and other lax opinions withered the very soul of the Dissenting Churches; and that spirit has only to be again rampant, to repeat its mischief. Instances, grievous to our inmost heart, rise up before our memory at this moment of men seduced from their first love, and drawn aside from their fathers' gospel, who only meant to gather one tempting flower upon the brink of the precipice of error, but fell, never to be restored. No fiction do we write, as we bear record of those we have known, who first forsook the good old paths of doctrine, then the ways of evangelic usefulness, and then the enclosures of morality. In all cases, the poison has not so openly developed itself, but we fear the inner ruin has been quite as complete. In the case of public teachers, cases are not hard to find where little by little men have advanced beyond their "*honest doubt*," into utter blasphemy. One notorious instance will occur to all of a man, who, having ignored the creed of his church, and, indeed, all lines of fixed belief, has become the very beacon of Christendom, from the astounding nature of the blasphemy which he pours forth. In him, as a caricature of advanced thought, it is probable that we have a more telling likeness of the real evil, than we could by any other means have obtained. It may be that Providence has allowed him to proceed to the utmost lengths, that the church might see whereto the much-vaunted intellectual school would carry us.

We are not believers in stereotyped phraseology, nor do we desire to see the reign of a stagnant uniformity; but, at this present, the perils of the church lie in another direction. The stringency of little Bethel, whatever may have been its faults, has no power to work the mischief which is now engendered by the confusion of the latitudinarian Babel. To us, at any rate, the signs of the times portend no danger greater than that which can arise from landmarks removed, ramparts thrown down, foundations shaken, and doctrinal chaos paramount.

We have written this much, because silence is reckoned as consent, and pride unrebuked lifts up its horn on high, and becomes more insolent still. Let our opponents cease, if they can, to sneer at Puritans

whose learning and piety were incomparably superior to their own ; and, let them remember that the names, which have adorned the school of orthodoxy, are illustrious enough to render scorn of their opinions, rather a mark of imbecility than of intellect. To differ is one thing, but to despise is another. If they will not be right, at least, let them be civil : if they prefer to be neither, let them not imagine that the whole world is gone after them. Their forces are not so potent as they dream, the old faith is rooted deep in the minds of tens of thousands, and it will renew its youth, when the present phase of error shall be only a memory, and barely that.

The Gospel of the Devil.

A SKELETON SERMON. BY T. MARSHALL.

“Ye shall not surely die.”—Genesis iii. 4.

DOCTRINE.—GOD WILL NOT PUNISH SIN IN THE WAY HE SAYS HE WILL.

I.—*What the Devil's Gospel is.*

1. He has a Gospel.
2. It is an ancient Gospel.
3. It is a plausible Gospel.
4. It is a lying Gospel.

II.—*What it does.*

1. Comforts the wicked.
2. Encourages men in their sins.
3. Hinders men from repentance.

III.—*What it leads to.*

1. Suspicion of God's character.
2. Transgression of God's law.
3. Dislike of God's presence.

IV.—*What it ends in.*

1. Separation from God.
2. Shameful nakedness.
3. Irremediable misery.

BELIEVE IT NOT.

Cheap Charity.

A TRAVELLER was once passing through Piedmont at a time when chestnuts were ripe. It happened that there was a plentiful harvest that year. So abundant, indeed, was the crop, that nuts literally paved the orchard grounds, and the farmers hardly knew what to do with them. Our wayfarer, coming to a low wall skirting a garden where a farmer and his men were busy loading, stopped to look at the operation. Upon this, the farmer, plunging his hands into a large basket and bringing up a quantity of nuts, cried, "Take some, friend." Whether it was through modesty, or want of appetite, or from some other cause, our friend did not seem inclined for the nuts. Whereupon the farmer cried out, "Don't be afraid, stranger; you are quite welcome to them. There are nuts for men, nuts for women, nuts for children, and nuts for cats and dogs this year; and, if you don't take them, they'll probably be thrown to the pigs!" Now, whether our traveller was won over to partake of this freely offered feast, or whether, departing unfed, he marvelled at the wonderful benevolence of the man, he does not inform us. There may, however, be some reader saying, "This was in Piedmont, you see; those poor people living in popish darkness don't know any better, but of course that was no hospitality." Stop a bit, friend, let us see whether there may not be something akin to it nearer home. You are a lady, we will suppose, tolerably well-to-do. You have a good house, and lack nothing to make it comfortable. You "look well to the ways of your household, and eat not the bread of idleness." Walking around some day to see that all is going on right, you step into the kitchen. Suddenly, your olfactory nerves are assailed by a disagreeable odour. Sniffing and searching, you follow your nose, and come to the pantry; and there upon a high shelf you discover the offender in the shape of a mutton bone with a few ounces of meat upon it. You bring it to light, sniff at it again, and bah! it is odious. "Mary," you call; "Mary!" But Mary is upstairs making the beds. "Mary! come down, I want you. What is this doing here, making such a smell?" Of course, Mary doesn't know. It was sweet enough when she put it there. "It's bad enough now," you reply, "but it is a pity to waste it. Here, Mary, put on your bonnet and take it to Nancy Needham down the lane." Then conscience gives a little twinge, and you smell at it once more, saying, "It is not so far gone after all; she'll be glad enough to eat it, poor woman." So, having sent off the bone, you wipe your hands with a towel, lest there might be an odour of the mutton on it, and stroke yourself down with "Blessed is he that considereth the poor;" and straightway go and sit down to a warm dinner of roast duck and green peas.

And that is your charity, is it! Away with such abominable benevolence. Call that charity? Ay, cheap and dirty charity, say I, making the poor and needy the receptacles of your refuse.

Sometimes I pass waste lands, whereon speculating builders intend to erect "ginger-bread houses" for the benefit of the working classes! These spots being full of pit-holes and used-up quarries, the owners stick up signboards, painted, "Rubbish may be shot here." So do some people

look upon the poor. They think they were made to be receptacles of all manner of "leavings;" and, moreover, expect them thankfully to accept whatsoever their "benefactors" don't want themselves. This may be a *convenience* to the said benefactors, but, if they put down such donations under the head of charity, may the Lord open their eyes to see that they have placed them in the wrong column, and move them not to do so any more.

Had my lady above referred to sent the duck and green peas to poor Nancy, and sat down to pick the bone "that was not so bad after all" herself (would it do her any more harm than it would Nancy?), it might have been counted as something—an "odour of a sweet-smelling savour" perchance—but sending the bone was quite the other thing.

Once more, and to the other sex this time. You have been to your business, squared up your accounts, put all right and straight, seen that the balance at your banker's is on the right side of the book, and, having looked after your own affairs in all ways you can think of, you take the 'bus and arrive safely home to tea. After that, you have a long evening before you. You remember that friend Brown promised to come and play you a game of chess at seven; but it wants a full hour of seven yet, and being a man to whom it is misery to be idle, the getting over of that hour is now your special trouble. It will be as long as two if you don't do something. Ah! you remember now. Your wife told you this morning about a poor old man in the village who was dying, and that nobody seemed to go near him; and what a pity it was for him to die thus. Happy relief! Just the thing! You'll go. Why should you not? God has blessed and prospered you in business, and, so far as you know, you've done your duty in looking after it. Why should you not give a little of your time to his cause? Why not, indeed? especially as you do not know what else to do with it. So, off you go, and administer such consolation to the dying man as one in your frame of mind is likely to give, taking care when you meet friend Brown to say what you have done, and drawing from him that bit of soft soap, "It's very good of you." Very good, indeed! Wonderfully self-sacrificing, that killing of a troublesome hour.

Brethren and sisters, are these acts like unto his "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor"? Who, though Lord of all, was content to be without a place whereon to lay his head? Who, though a beggar of water at the well of Samaria, was moved with compassion for the multitude, and fed them bountifully? Who, having no need to work, yet felt constrained to be about his Father's business, counting it, in fact, his meat and drink; and who walked up and down the roads of Palestine till he was well nigh worn out, that he might preach to perishing sinners the glad tidings of redemption. Oh! in the light of such a life, how poor are our *best* services for God: how miserably poor, then, our reluctant, time-killing services, and our services to suit our own convenience, must be.

Followers of the self-denying Christ, do something that will cost you something—make self-sacrifices—put yourselves to trouble and inconvenience—spend precious hours at his work. Search for opportunities of doing it, let your works praise him: for then, and then only, will you show that you have been baptised with his Spirit, and that you are his followers in *deed* as well as in word.

A DEACON.

Evangelism in Cow Cross.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

“COWE CROSSE” was in olden time a leafy lane, leading from London to the spot where, near a spring of water, the Clerks of the City were wont to exhibit their dramatic representations: hence the designation, “Clerkenwell.” Old Stowe, whose pages, read in the present day, are as interesting as a romance, tells us that “on the left-hand side of St. John Street lieth a lane, called Cow Cross, of a Cross sometime standing there.” It is many years ago since the last vestige of the country was removed from this central spot in the great metropolis. The old wooden, ramshackle dwellings to be found in some of the many yards of this unwholesome district reveal its antiquity. And, if modern improvements, markets, and railways have swept away many of the piggeries which were an eyesore and a disgrace to civilisation, it has left behind many of the old haunts of poverty and crime. Not that the district is wholly given up to squalor and dirt. The sensational sketches which have recently been provided for the delectation of a curious public are a little overdrawn. We have seen worse dwellings—let some portions of proud Edinburgh bear the unenviable palm—and more degraded beings are located elsewhere than you will now find in Cow Cross. Very largely has the criminal element been deleted; and the majority of the inhabitants consists of the poorest street bread-winners and the pickers-up of the by-ends of trade. Still, wretched poverty and shameless degradation are too fully represented here. The great curse of places like these, that have not been wholly improved off the face of the earth, is overcrowding. Our labouring poor have suffered severe hardships from modern improvements. Live near the scene of their toil they must; rob them of their homes, they are compelled to herd the more closely together. The family that once luxuriated in two small rooms that were barely sufficient for the preservation of decency, is now huddled into one room in a dilapidated house, crowded with families large and small. Who is to blame for this? the colony of families thus brought together, or the legalised system which has driven them into these hotbeds of fever and disease? And might not the Peabody trustees look a little lower down in the social scale for channels for the inflowing of that good man’s gifts and legacies to the London poor? Might they not greatly raise the condition of many honest but deplorably poor people living now in these overcrowded dwellings, by affording them that superior accommodation which it was, as we thought, the intent of the generous donor to give the suffering poor, at a rent not exceeding that which they already pay? Our city missionaries could find scores of families of probity and untarnished honour who would thank the hand that helped them out of the dens which they now inhabit, and for which they pay dearly in money and in loss of moral tone and physical vigour. At present, we have in Cow Cross a state of things which the Earl of Shaftesbury once described, in the House of Lords, in the following terms:—“In sixteen courts, there, I found one hundred and seventy-three houses, having five hundred and eighty-six rooms in

all, and in them five hundred and eighty-six families: the number of persons was three thousand seven hundred and fifty-four, being an average of six and a half persons to a room. The rooms were from fifteen feet by twelve, to nine by nine. They were low, dark, dismal, and dirty; so low, indeed, that it was with great difficulty I could stand upright in them, and, when I extended my arms, I could nearly touch the walls on either side with my fingers'-ends. In these rooms I found five, six, seven, eight, and even nine persons living. Depend upon it, that while they are left in their present state, and exposed to all the detestable circumstances that surround them, the efforts of the clergyman and the missionary will be in vain. You undo with one hand the work of the other. It is a Penelope's web, woven in the morning, but unravelled at night."

It is estimated that during the last seven years one-half of the district has been pulled down. It was just prior to these extensive demolitions that Mr. Catlin, then employed by the London City Mission, was appointed to work in Cow Cross. The district had at that time a most unsavoury repute. Three missionaries in succession had subjected themselves to charges which required their removal, and the low-lived denizens of Jack Ketch's Warren were, as a consequence, greatly embittered against all mission agents. Considerable difficulty had been found by the committee in finding a man who would venture into such haunts; and the experience of Mr. Catlin was certainly distressing enough to cause him speedily to shake the dust from off his shoes, and leave the place in disgust and despair. He was at once insulted by the ungenerous and cowardly Irish. He was subjected to provoking chaff, to allusions unpleasant and provoking; children mocked and women pelted; brave navvies at work upon the Metropolitan Railway—then in progress—put down their pickaxes and spades to roar with delight over the doings of a drunken virago, who dragged the poor missionary, with almost Herculean force, in the mire and mud. "Such fun," the boys and girls of Turnmill Street and its nest of courts had never had before, and all gratis. To them it was as good as a theatrical spectacle at a penny gaff. Mr. Catlin is wiry and strong, braver than his persecutors, and, as events proved, more determined and persevering. These obstacles he felt might yet be removed, and the time come when those who scouted would gladly receive him. At least, they must not be feared: the inhabitants must see that he meant to succeed. Thus, when he was warned by a shopkeeper not to go into a certain gateway, which led to a slaughter-house, because "a gentleman went in the other day to offer the butcher's men a tract, and they actually poured a pail of blood over his head and shoulders," he, *of course*, went in at once. When Sunday came, he took his stand in Turnmill Street, and began speaking "all the words of this life" to the people. Turnmill Street at this time presented a spectacle almost unique, we should think, in London on a Sunday evening: donkey-riding, pigeon-flying, dog-fighting, tossing, and betting—the two latter pursuits being, as we have observed, very common in many districts in the metropolis—attracted together large crowds of costermongers and navvies, with their uproarious and uncomely consorts. As soon as the preacher commenced his proceedings, over one hundred women and girls joined hand-in-hand,

provokingly singing, with much glee, something to this effect: "Open the gates as wide as high, and let King George and I come by." This entertainment was provided, with much satisfaction to all but the missionary, on the following Sabbath. Of course, he had to succumb. What could he do against one hundred voices—such voices, too; so loud, so shrill? He rather prided himself upon his excellent voice—and that alone ought to have won the attention of the coster fraternity, who are great connoisseurs in voices—but, as he amusingly observes, one hundred to one was a little too much. One evening, however, in desperation, he climbed up a lamp-post after it was dark, "and there, hanging by one arm, held his Bible with the other, and read by the light of the lamp, to his astonished audience, the thirty-third chapter of the book of the Prophet Ezekiel." The duty of the watchman was faithfully discharged that night. The awful, admonitory words were read with feeling: "O wicked man, thou shalt surely die . . . If he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity . . . But if the wicked turn from his wickedness, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall live thereby." And we may imagine how a loud voice, full of passion and earnestness, would cause the invitation to roll forth: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" This extraordinary proceeding tamed the lion-like opposition of the confederates below, and the scene is profitably remembered by many to this day. A poor man afterwards offered the use of his humble room for a week-night service, and this was accepted, and good followed. The next summer a tradesman's wife, Mr. Catlin says, "just looked in, and her heart was so touched at the crowded and heated state of the room, that, after consulting her husband, they generously fitted up a coach-house at 54, Turnmill Street, not only rent free, but gas and fire in addition, for Gospel preaching." This proved to be *the* tide in the affairs of the mission, which led on to a happy future. The gospel was proclaimed. converts were given, district visitors were appointed, and the courts and alleys that had scouted the idea of missionary enterprise gladly and thankfully received the men who had been moved to speak to them of Christ. The open-air preaching on Clerkenwell Green, to which reference was made in our article last month, was greatly blessed, and we read in last year's report, "that most of the helpers associated together in the work of the Cow Cross Mission have been brought to the Lord in Clerkenwell Green. More than four-score letters have been received from persons who have got blessing to their souls at this particular place, and among them some who have confessed that they were amongst the vilest of the vile."

Mr. Catlin is no longer connected with the London City Mission, having thrown himself upon the generosity of the Christian public for support—a course that has not been without anxieties, which have sometimes been depressing. There is a rule of the City Mission which reads thus:—"The missionaries are most carefully to avoid the giving of temporal relief, as not their department of Christian effort, and as most materially interfering with the integrity of their special work." This rule, in its relation to a class of men who have but little organizational

power, is, on the whole, wise; and we fail to see how a society could act otherwise that has to avoid giving offence to the clergy, so proverbially sensitive about relief undertaken by all outsiders, sectarian or unsectarian, and Nonconformist ministers, who would not support it if it truckled to the exclusiveness and bigotry of the Episcopal clergy. The rule is less blameworthy than others which cramp the action of missionaries in more important matters. Mr. Catlin honestly confesses, as the result of a twenty-one years' evangelistic career in the metropolis, that temporal relief, unless judiciously given, is sure to breed hypocrisy, and cannot really help the work of a city missionary. But he felt the rule irksome; and, as Providence was leading him into paths requiring efforts disallowed by the society he had served so well, he relinquished his connection with it. We suppose this was done to the regret of the society, inasmuch as we have before us a copy of a letter written by the secretary, in which the following honourable mention of their late missionary's work is made:—"Mr. Catlin was most earnest and indefatigable in his endeavours to bring them (the low class inhabiting Cow Cross) under the influence of the gospel. He succeeded in a remarkable manner in getting them to hear the gospel, and in associating them to benefit each other. There is every reason to believe that some of them were brought under the salutary and transforming power of the grace of the gospel. He left the service of the mission in consequence of his finding its rules and regulations too restricted."

Results proved the wisdom of the step thus taken. A section of the Cow Cross district in which Mr. Catlin had laboured was given up to the City Mission, who appointed an agent to visit the poor of such unattractive courts as Frying-pan Alley, Rose Alley, Bit Alley, and Turnmill Street—the old Jack Ketch's Warren. Mr. Catlin's district is much larger, and comprises between four and five thousand souls, who but for his efforts would be without a missionary or male Scripture reader. It is this district which we essayed to describe in our article on "The Rookeries of Smithfield." Some time after, the present mission premises were secured, and they have just been cleansed and improved. Here, during the month in which we are writing, a series of highly successful services are being held, at which preachers of all denominations, who know how to arrest the attention of the poorest and most illiterate, have presented the gospel to the inhabitants. Mr. Catlin conducts his mission as all such works should be conducted—by means of a committee, a treasurer producing a balance-sheet and paying stipends. Mr. Alex. Rivington, 52, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, is the treasurer. The receipts reported last year amount to £498 4s., of which £104 8s. 7d. were consumed in rent, taxes, alterations, &c., only £140 12s. 6½d. being expended on "salaries to missionaries, school governess, temporary helpers in visiting, &c."—a sum incredibly small. The remainder of the receipts was devoted to relief to poor families, and soup and dinners to the destitute.

A separate fund was opened to enable honest working men, who failed of employment in this country, to emigrate. The cruel necessity for some such movement—a movement very warmly supported by Christian gentlemen—may be learned from the following fact, only one of many: An advertisement appeared in a newspaper for "A jobbing

man, one who understands painting and whitewashing preferred, and to make himself generally useful about a small property." A poor man went after the work, and found, at eight o'clock in the morning, a dozen men in the shop, and about one hundred outside; and the master has since stated that he received 670 letters by post in one day making application for the vacancy. An urgent letter was written to the Government for assistance in the work of sending worthy artisans to the Colonies, but help was refused. The British and Colonial Emigration Fund, however, came to the rescue, and, as a consequence, 262 persons have been assisted out to Canada, or seventy-six families, forty-eight single men, one single woman. Mr. Catlin accompanied 136 of his emigrants to Canada and the States, and his experiences are very fully recorded in a lengthy report, which is, on the whole, very interesting reading.

With regard to the spiritual results of the work, much might be written. We give a selection from a number of cases we have noted, premising that they are not recorded here because they have in them any of the elements of sensationalism. We have as little love as any for the parading of cases of converted prize-fighters, burglars, and vagabonds; and, did we wish to cultivate the spirit of the elder brother in the parable, might disbelieve them all. But we have yet to learn that the grace of God is confined to the respectable and cultivated, and we know that illustrious displays of the power of that grace have been found among the criminal classes, as well as among those who affect a sneer for such "brands plucked from the burning." We rejoice, and will rejoice, that these enterprises for the moral reformation and the spiritual restoration of the degraded have resulted in the ingathering of the lowest sot that ever stumbled into the gutter, and the vilest hag that ever walked in rags, and the meanest wretch that was ever lodged within prison walls. Here, at least, in Cow Cross is an earnest and intelligent labourer who can point out cases of men and women rescued from infamy who now shine as lights in the world; restored thieves who are now being trusted with money and jewellery; reclaimed drunkards who never touch the inebriating cup; pure-living men and women who, though once unclean, would regard their old sinful pleasures as the undiluted wretchedness of hell. Let scoffers laugh, while these thus live! But in the name of Him who rejoices over the lost sheep, let Christians join in the glad acclaim which greets these restored ones to the fold of heaven.

The Power of a Tract.—At a week-night service, an old man arose, and made the following extraordinary confession: "Most of you people present know me well. I have been for twenty-six years clerk and sexton of this very parish, and have heard thousands of sermons in the church a few doors off. I was the founder of the Day and Sunday Schools, yet never knew myself as a lost sinner till I came to these meetings. Will you not pray for me? I want to be saved. It was a tract given me by that dear soul (pointing to Mrs. Catlin, now deceased) that first arrested my serious attention." The old man continued attending the services, and at length found "peace in believing."

A Reclaimed Thief.—A prominent helper in the mission has been in several London prisons. Brought up in the streets, inured to hardships

peculiar to the poorest of the City Arabs, he suffered much in early youth from want of sufficient food and clothing, and sleeping in holes and corners, doorsteps, carts, outhouses. He was, after living in crime, one of a gang of tossers in Rose Alley. "You know," he says "that the police don't care to come up there to interfere: yet Mr. Catlin used to come there every Sunday afternoon in the summer time singing and preaching away right in among them." He dates his conviction of sin to an address delivered on one of these occasions. "I tried," he tells us, "to shake it off, but couldn't; so the next Sunday our dear brother C— was in London, and he and a lot of preachers had a whole day's service on Clerkenwell Green. Ah, that was a day! They brought the seats out of the hall. Oh, to see the people! And the banners with Scripture texts on them. Well, I stuck there all that day, and there on the spot, I know the place, I was converted to God."

A Drunken Sweep.—Mr. Catlin relates the following curious story: "A drunken sweep was sifting cinders in an underground cellar, near Clerkenwell Green, when I took a leap, there being neither ladder or steps; unfortunately I alighted in the middle of a heap of soot, which nearly cost me my life. 'You must think something o' me to come down here arter me.' 'Yes, my friend, but what must God think of you to give Jesus to die for you.' He acknowledged that he spent more money in drink during a year than I received in salary as an agent of the London City Mission, and that he had not been sober once during six years. Some months after this, in an adjoining alley, a ruffian, known as 'the bear,' tried to make a big dog fly at me; it was raining hard at the time, so I gladly accepted an invitation to enter the abode of the poor sweep, and found him an anxious enquirer after salvation. He became a true believer, and died a happy and triumphant death."

A Peep-Show Man.—The other week, a man who teaches in the Sunday-school related the circumstances of his life in Mr. Catlin's mission-room in such a way as to cause, so I am informed, most thrilling interest. As soon as he could walk he lost his mother. To escape the ill-treatment of a brutal father he went to drown himself in a pond at Paddington. A working man, however, rescued him from an untimely grave, and took him home, and then with him to work. Happily, if it had ended here it would have been well; but he also took the lad to public-houses, where he was accustomed to sit and booze. By-and-by, he attached himself to a circus, where he was employed, among other things, to chalk the feet of the horse-riders, and ultimately he became a performer himself. The man has travelled in many distant lands, passed through a variety of changes, has upon him the scars of many accidents and hair-breadth escapes of life. Last of all, he came back to England, and stood in the streets with a penny peep-show. He could spin a long yarn, and could also exhibit wounds received in Paris during the Revolution. His first religious impression was at an exhibition of dissolving views shown by Mr. Catlin in the Baptist meeting-room, Red Lion Street. Since then he has commended himself greatly by his piety and religious earnestness. Outside the mission hall he has put up a large transparency, with the words "Cow Cross Mission—Jesus only." Inside the hall, over the platform, he has put a scroll, with the words, in crimson and silver, "Jesus only: Behold he cometh with clouds, and

every eye shall see him." And as a testimony of respect to the memory of Mrs. Catlin, of whose indefatigable and self-denying labours in this district the poor are very eloquent, he has prepared a mourning tablet for the interior of the hall.

"A *Beershop Landlady*, in the parish of Clerkenwell, whose drawing-room was made into a rat-pit, finished a sentence for me, on one occasion in a remarkable manner. A number of 'the fancy' were in front of the bar; I was reading from the Scriptures, 'And as it is appointed unto men once to die,' when the woman cried out in solemn earnestness, 'But after death the judgment.' That place has been closed for two years."

Mr. Catlin, in one of his published tracts, gives some awful cases of "swearers' prayers answered in judgment," one of which we quote:—"A drover, much addicted to swearing, one day fell, and injured his right arm, so that it had to be taken off, at which he cursed and swore. Then he cursed his left arm, and wished it might 'rot.' Abscesses came, which caused him much pain, but *he only cursed the more*. He had frequent quarrels with his paramour on account of his drunken habits. I was passing their door one day, when he said, 'If I get drunk again, I hope I may break my — neck.' He got drunk the next day, fell downstairs, dislocated his neck, and was carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he died in dreadful agony, both of body and of mind."

One of the means adopted to promulgate the gospel is by the publication of an amateur magazine, which serves as a record of the work done. Sometimes there is a little lively local gossip, rough and homely—a little coarse sometimes—such as the following, with which we conclude:—

"THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

"'Use a Prayer-book,' says one; 'It's only a machine,' says another; 'Sprinkle yer babbies,' says one cove; 'Wait till they grows up, and then dip 'em,' says another.

"One says, 'I'm a Churchman;' another, 'I'm a Dissenter;' one's for the 'True Church;' one's for the 'High Church;' one's for the 'Low Church;' and another for the 'Broad.' Some's Roman Catholic, and some's Protestant; but I can't find any o' these names in the Bible, an' I know us working people are getting disgusted with it. The scramble is to get the people into their places of worship. I don't say there is no church; but there's such a lot of scaffolding in the way, it shuts it out of sight. I wouldn't say throw away all your money because of these thousands of counterfeit two-shilling pieces that the smashers has got into circulation. If you was ill, you wouldn't say, 'No doctor for me,' because they say some are 'hydropathists,' and some are 'homœopathists,' and some are 'allopathists.' There is a heaven, but I don't think anybody ever got there by chance. And I wouldn't be such a fool as the countryman, with his thousand pound cheque, in the Mile End Road, enquiring the way to the Bank. One told him to go through Fenchurch Street; another said Aldgate; another spoke of Gracechurch Street. 'Hang me if I think yer got any bank at all.' And the yow-yow grinned and destroyed his cheque, gets into a down train on the Great Eastern, and back he goes to his native place in Suffolk. Wasn't he a great fool? He was so, and that is what I call giving yer the 'straight tip,' from yours obediently,

"JOHN BLUNT."

St. Brelade's Bay.

A GOSSIP BY C. H. SPURGEON.

NEVER dispute about scenery. Besides, the old rule which warns you against arguing upon matters of taste, there is the other, that it is better not to compare things which were not meant for comparison. We were one day at the Plemont Caves, and the next in St. Brelade's Bay: the first, rugged and grand beyond description; the second, fair and beautiful. The question as to which was the finer scenery was suggested, but was dismissed as not a topic to be tolerated by sensible people. Each was, in its own way, surpassing; contrast was conspicuous, but comparison was absurd. You cannot take the fields all flower-bedecked, and the waves flashing and for ever changing, and the clouds fleecy, grey, or blazing with the red sunset, and say of them, "Here we have positive, comparative, and superlative." No, they are each and all superlative. God's works are all beautiful in their season, all masterpieces; there is nothing second rate among them. Jersey may glory in Plemont and its other rugged headlands, and it may equally rejoice in the more quiet beauty of the bays of which St. Brelade's is the type.

The propensity to compare is frequently indulged in equally foolish and far more injurious ways. It cuts us to the heart when we hear excellent ministers decried, because they are not like certain others. Persons will actually discuss the graded rank and comparative merit of Punshon and Binney, Landells and Brock, forgetting that the men are different persons, and no more to be placed as first, second, third, and fourth, than cowslips and oysters, gazelles and dolphins. You cannot logically institute comparisons where they do not hold. Rugged Cephas has his place and order, and he is neither better nor worse, higher nor lower in value, than polished Apollos. No one enquires which is the more useful—a needle or a pin, a spade or a hoe, a waggou or a plough: they are designed for different ends, and answer them well; but they could not exchange places without serious detriment to their usefulness. It is true that A excels in argumentative power; let him argue, then, for he was made on purpose to convince men's reasons; but, because B's style is more expository, do not despise him, for he was sent not to reason, but to teach. If all the members of the mystical body had the same office and gift, what a wretched malformation it would be; it would hardly be so good as that, for it would not be a formation at all. If all ears, mouths, hands, and feet were turned into eyes, who would hear, eat, grasp, or move? A church with a Luther in every pulpit would be all fist; and, with a Calvin to fill every pastorate, she would be all skull. Blessed be God for one Robert Hall, but let the man be whipped who tries in his own person to make a second. Rowland Hill is admirable for once, but it is quite as well that the mould was broken. There is a great run just now for little Robertsons of Brighton, but there will soon be a glut in the market.

Why not appreciate the good in all true preachers of the gospel, and glorify God in each of them? Never let us say, "This is my man and there is no other equal to him." It may be that our favourite is the most notable in his own peculiar order; but, then, other orders of men

are needed and fulfil an equally important function. The sublime and commanding style of Isaiah should not put us out of patience with the plaintive tones of Jeremiah, nor with the homeliness of Hosea, or the abruptness of Haggai.

So much for moralizing on that point; we must make a halt, dismount, and come to closer quarters with this bay of St. Brelade.

What is to be seen? The guide-book tells of "a delicious little cove, with fantastic rocks and recesses, known as the Creux Fantomes, or Fairy Caves." Come along, worthy comrades, we will explore them first of all, and rest afterwards in some cool grot, where neither shall the sun light on us nor any heat. Shall we enquire the way? It may be as well; for where these fairy dwellings are, we are only vaguely informed: they lie somewhere on the western side, but a mile or two more or less makes a difference to a limping traveller. Does anybody know of these wonders? It seems not. We get information at last about these "unknown, mysterious caves, and secret haunts," but then we learn, also, that "there is no practicable way to them." Not the first things which we have desired to look into which have been beyond our reach. It is disappointing though! Instructive, at least, suggestive also. There are unapproachable men as well as caves. How many preachers have affected mystery and educated themselves into obscurity. They have become, by laborious art, little else than spiritual painted windows, which admit only a dim religious light. Few have the presumption to try to understand them. They do not claim to be infallible; but none would question their right, if they styled themselves "incomprehensible." Their thoughts may be as wonderful as these Creux Fantomes; but, alas, there is no path to their meaning which an ordinary understanding can follow. Their jargon, it is to be hoped, is to themselves its own exceeding great reward; to others, it is sound and nothing more.

Adieu, then, to the fairies. Let us examine some more ordinary and accessible places. Here is the ancient church. Who was this Saint Brelade? Was he any relation of Ingoldsby's renowned St. Medard, who was so remarkably hard and solid about the parietal bone that his pate was not crushed even when the arch enemy of all saints hurled at it the weight of a great, big stone? We hope he was not at all of that breed, for we are not partial to those of whom the witty satirist sings:—

"St. Medard, he was a holy man,
A holy man I ween was he,
And even by day,
When he went up to pray,
He would light up a candle that all might see!"

Well, well, what matters who the good soul was? here is his church, and a native ready to open the churchyard gate. Here on the left of the entrance is a good notion, a money-box for the poor, with an inscription in French. "Jesus, étant assis vis-à-vis du tronc, regardait comment le peuple mettait de l'argent dans le tronc." Mark xi. 41. A text even more suitable in French than in its English form: "Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury." With that text before their eyes, surely many

professing Christians would contribute more, and in a better spirit. We should be ashamed to give grudgingly, if we felt sure that Jesus saw. This Scripture needs to be put up over weekly offering boxes, for it is generally neglected in the reading, all persons being in a hurry to get to the widow's mites. With all due respect to that most admirable widow, we are afraid that she has innocently been a shield for covetous hypocrites. Rich men contribute a guinea to some enterprize requiring tens of thousands, and they modestly say, "Put it down as the widow's mite." My dear sir, it was in the plural, two mites, so please make it two guineas, so as to be accurate in number, at any rate: and then remember, that she gave all her living, and you defraud the woman if you call your donation by her name, and yet do not give a tenth nor a hundredth; nay, perhaps not even a thousandth part of your substance to the Lord. It were to be wished that some minute subscribers out of magnificent incomes would become "widow's indeed;" or, at least, give "widow's mites" in deed and of a truth.

The church—we are in it now—is a plain, decent, Christian place of worship, thoroughly well whitewashed. Capital stuff that lime-white to kill the Tractarian bug or worm, a pest very discernible in many of our parish churches, and about as destructive as the white ant in India. Churchwardens could not do better than try a coat of lime, at the same time remembering that the insect will cling to altar cloths, processional banners, or any other old rags which may be cumbering the place. If crosses, holy candle-sticks, censers, and other trumpery to which these creatures attach themselves could be removed, it would be well; but we beg the purifiers not to carry these implements anywhere near Dissenting chapels for fear the plague should spread there also. If a gracious providence should command a mighty strong east, west, north, or south wind to take away these creatures, we should greatly rejoice, for they cover the face of the earth, so that the land is darkened.

There were other evidences of purity in St Brelade's church, besides the fair white upon its walls. There stood a plain communion table, with four legs, simple and unadorned, and over it, as usual, were the apostles' creed, Lord's prayer, and decalogue. No frippery here. Moreover, there were suitable texts above and below each of these inscriptions; and we specially marked that over the creed were these words: "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved," with this most appropriate text, by way of interpreter, beneath: "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." We commend these parallel Scriptures to the careful and prayerful consideration of all readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*.

In the grave yard were the hillocks and stones which memorialise not only the rude forefathers of the hamlet, but many from far and near, who came to Jersey, saw, and died. Inscriptions there were, English and French, a few in unmitigated doggerel, and many more of the usual rhymes of the sort, to which Pope's criticism might be applied:—

"Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
 In the next line 'it whispers through the trees;'
 If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
 The reader's threatened, not in vain, with 'sleep.'"

There surely should be some censorship of churchyard poetry, which might be elevating in sentiment and expression, but is too often neither. We were fortunate enough, however, to stumble on one epitaph which we copied eagerly, for it seemed to us, in its way, to be quite a gem :—

“ Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
 Not cast away, but brought to anchor here ;
 Storms had o'erwhelmed him, but the conscious wave
 Repented, and resign'd him to the grave.
 In harbour, safe from shipwreck now he lies
 Till Time's last signal blazes through the skies ;
 Refitted in a moment, then shall he
 Sail from this port, on an eternal sea.”

The Eton boy's lines upon “ The Conscious Water,” which “ saw its God, and blushed,” were evidently in the versifier's mind in line three ; and the ring of some of the expressions reminds us much of Watts' Lyrics.

We looked into the very ancient building called the “ Chapelle des Pecheurs,” or Fisherman's Chapel, and marked the rude frescoes, now happily passing away into well deserved decay. What men of taste can see in the worse than childish daubs of the mediæval times, we know not ; they are not merely grotesque, but comic, and in many cases revolting and blasphemous. Venerate the old if you will ; but let old idols, and abominations, “ portrayed upon the wall round about,” be devoured as speedily as possible by the salutary tooth of time. We should like half-an-hour with a stout hammer and a ladder in several of our parish churches ; and we would leave behind us improvements in architecture worthy of imitation by future architects.

“ Reformations which another,
 Hating much the Popish reign—
 Some faint, evangelic brother,
 Seeing, might take heart again.”

We, certainly, did not cross the Channel to spend our time inside a vaulty and dilapidated building, so away to the sea. What a splendid plain of sand ; but see how it is stirred and moved by the wind. Such fine particles, in such constant motion, will assuredly blind us. Let us make a rush through it for the rocks, and then we can sit by the side of Mr. Disraeli's melancholy ocean ; or, what Pollok calls, the “ tremendous sea.” Judge our surprise when we find that the raging sandstorm reaches no higher than our knees, and all above is clear enough. Odd, very odd, to be beaten about the ancles by a torrent of blowing particles ; and up here, in the region of breathing and seeing, to be serenity itself. If our daily trials could be kept under foot in the same manner, how happily might we live. The things of earth are too inconsiderable to be allowed to rise breast high. “ Let not your heart be troubled.”

Out on the rocks, we enjoy the breeze and the view ; and, looking back on the bay of St. Brelade, half envy the cottagers whose profound quiet is unmolested by the shriek of locomotives, the roll of cabs, and the discord of barrel organs. By us, the blue wave must be left for the black fog, and the yellow sands for the dingy bricks ; but there are

souls to be won by thousands amid the millions of London, and, therefore, we will return to duty with willing step. With all the advantages of a country life—and they are many and great—the active servant of God will prefer the town, because there he sows in wider fields, and hopes for larger harvests. Dr. Guthrie once said, “I bless God for cities;” and he rightly called them “the active centres of almost all church and state reforms, and the cradles of human liberty.” We, also, bless God for cities, for there the willing crowds hang on the preacher’s lips, there the laborious church is gathered, the student trained, the evangelist tutored, the mind inflamed by contact with mind, and the pulse of godliness quickened. We pronounce Raleigh’s blessing on the country :

“Blest silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth’s best nursery.”

But, we choose to spend our days where larger human harvests, white for the sickle, wait for the reaper’s coming.

Fragments.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIES, OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE FOURTEENTH OF JOHN.

WHAT a book would be the history of this chapter! It has entered many a prison, where men have lain rotting for conscience sake, and for the love of Christ: it has gone in like a sunbeam, changed the prison into a temporary heaven, and lined the fetters with silk. Many a saint, of whom the world was not worthy, has it prepared for the flames of martyrdom, girding them as with a robe of asbestos, so that they went fireproof to the flames. It has stood by many a dying bed, and spoken its inimitable consolations, casting the gleam of its lamp down the valley of the shadow of death. It has been a boat in which men have crossed the dark river—angel-wings on which they have soared to heaven. It has sat down by the side of little children, and thrown around their spirit its strange and lovely spell, till their hearts throbbed with a holy love to the Saviour. It has gone to the aged slave, after the day’s labour under the sun and the lash, and poured balm into his stripes, and opened his eyes to descry the land of liberty afar. It has wiped the tears from the face of the young widow, has assuaged the mother’s grief, when else she had wept her soul away into the grave of her little one. How many eyes have gazed upon it till they have gleamed with the light of glory?—how many reverent heads have bowed down over it?—how many tears have fallen on it: tears of love, hope, and joy—tears of glad surprise as they who shed them found themselves, after all, not comfortless? How many times has the book been pressed to the heart as the upturned face glanced heavenward its adoration for so priceless a treasure?

The Fourteenth of John is the angel of the Bible. It is the Barnabas,

the son of consolation. Many a Hagar has it pointed to the fountain of living water. To many a disappointed Elijah it has spoken with the still small voice—to many a disturbed Paul has it whispered, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Blessed be Christ for the Fourteenth of John!

CHRISTIAN JOY.

"THE joy of the Lord is your strength," said Nehemiah. No life can be a strong life which has not joy. Morbid melancholy is ever feeble. The joyous Christian can do more than the desponding one. The lad that whistles at his work does not one whit the less: the girl that sings her way to school gets there sooner than her weeping sister, and accomplishes more when there. Depend upon it, the more of God's music in our hearts, the more heartily shall we march to the battle. Joy is the soul of life: it exhilarates the whole being, it sets the lazy blood throbbing and pulsating through the vessels, and quickens the limbs to action. A Christian's joy should not depend on circumstances. A surrounding God is the Christian's circumstance; and God is always God. Let the world reel, let sickness fill me with pain, death take all dear to me, still thou, O God, art mine, and I can and will rejoice. "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee!" The Christian's joy should be lark and nightingale in one, to sing while the light of prosperity shines in the heavens, and still to sing when night has hung abroad his sable mourning, and put all other birds to silence. Do you rejoice in the summer? Any foolish gnat can do that. Rejoice in the winter also. Your stream flows from a fountain which can never freeze. "Be glad, then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God."

NO CONDEMNATION.

WHEN a man enters into Christ, the bells for ever, henceforth, ring "No Condemnation." He sees around him no more prison walls; prison bars no longer obstruct the light; nor clanking prison chains confine his limbs. He no longer looks at the face of a condemning judge, nor feels himself surrounded by a solemn court, nor hears the sentence echoing from his conscience. He has escaped all these. The judge is become a Father, the chains have dropped at his feet; the prison is no more. He stands at liberty and breathes free air, and walks and leaps for joy. No condemnation! leaps through his soul like a life stream; it sings to his heart like a refrain from the golden harps above, and he stands a citizen of heaven, a child of God, ransomed, released, acquitted, saying, "I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord." Not every one knows what these two words mean. Imagine them sounded out by a herald in the market-place. One listens a moment and goes on with his business. Another looks up from his pleasure and smiles at the unmeaning sound. Another hears not at all. But the words go echoing into the court-house. "No condemnation." Now! quick! Look at the expression on the face of the prisoner at the bar. He understands them! They are heard along the stony passages of the prison, and how silence listens breathless! the prisoners understand them.

Men being condemned! men condemned already! these are the men to understand the sweetness of acquittal; and, though the words to others are just two words and nothing more, to these they are words which have heaven in their very sound. Suppose I sound them out in this place, at this hour: "No condemnation." I watch the faces. "No condemnation." There is one who knows not what it means. "It thundered," and he thinks no more. There is another; an anxious face. There was a transient gleam. "An angel spoke," and the face is dark again. Ah! dear soul; thinkest thou that wish of thine to be free from thy sins so Utopian? Thinkest thou all news of pardon to be but the distant sigh of an angel's compassion; that thou shalt be ever wept over, but never rejoiced over? I see other faces; they are bright and remain bright. They have a settled peace. "It is the Father's voice," say they. "This voice is for our sakes." O ye blessed souls, ye are in Christ Jesus, and ye recognise, as Christ did, what the Father says. Ye have learnt the language of heaven, and ye can interpret to your joy those two words of most celestial meaning.

The Elijah of the Alps.

[FIRST PAPER.]

THE story of the Swiss Reformation presents many attractive, if not romantic features. It is marked by peculiarities second only in interest to the history of the struggle for a regenerated church in Germany. Both nations had one purpose to gain, but the Swiss Reformation was not a feeble copy of the German. "The tree," says D'Aubigné, "transplanted into Switzerland, without having taken deep root, would soon have been torn up by the vigorous hand that was ere long about to seize upon it. The regeneration of Christianity in these mountains proceeded from forces peculiar to the Helvetic church, and received an organisation in conformity with the ecclesiastical and political condition of that country. By this very originality it communicated a particular energy to the principles of the Reformation, of much greater consequence to the common cause than a servile uniformity."

The most prominent agents in the Swiss Reformation were Frenchmen, and their energy and persistency and apostolic fervour wrought wonders. Chief of these was William Farel, who has been honoured with various designations, but with none more appropriate than that which constitutes the heading of our paper. His life has appeared in many forms unknown to English readers, and has been presented to them in several works which have gained a large sale in this country.* Farel's life and work were such as to win for him the title, from Calvin, of "Father of the Church at Geneva." Admired by his friends, he was no less feared by his foes, while even they could not withhold from him the honour and regard he deserved.

He was born in the picturesque village of Fareau, at the foot of the Bayard mountain, in the year 1489. The Waldensian preachers had lifted up their voices in the rugged district by which the mountain was surrounded; and their proclamation of the simple tidings of a gospel which had been so greatly obscured by a superstitious and fallen church, had surprised and charmed many of the villagers. Their message, if it came to the ears of Farel's

* D'Aubigné's graphic account in his *History of the Reformation*, vol. iv. (Oliver and Boyd's ed.), and Blackburn's admirable compilation (Oliphant & Co.), are extremely fascinating.

parents at all, did not lead to any change of belief; the chains which had so long bound them to the traditions of the Romish church were not easily snapped. They and their young son William were the earnest devotees of Popery, and perhaps the son excelled them, for he was declared to be more popish than the Pope. Enthusiasm, hardihood, daring, were the chief characteristics of his youth. All regarded him as destined to become a cavalier, and his father urged him to take up the sword-hilt, for in due time he would become a valorous knight and bravely defend the Pope. But Farel had other ambitions. He desired to become a scholar. What a sad disgrace to the family to choose learning when a military career might bring glory! He was unmoved by persuasions, however; and difficulties were to the village lad but as stepping-stones to the attainment of what his heart desired. Having acquired all the knowledge which was there afforded, he left his native village for the University of Paris. Here was the supposed centre of all learning; and here theology in all its branches might be acquired, provided the Bible were excluded. The monks had declared that the New Testament was a dangerous book; and one had the honesty to contend that "religion is ruined if you permit the study of Greek and Hebrew." "Greek," said one, who of course knew it thoroughly, "is a new and recently invented language, and we must be upon our guard against it. As for Hebrew, my dear brethren, it is certain that all who learn it immediately become Jews." These theological scholars gloried in their ignorance of Scripture; they remind us of the boastings of a wooden-headed Plymouth brother who rejoiced in that he was quite ignorant of book learning; indeed, he was thankful for it. "What!" said his friend, "are you thankful for your ignorance?" "Yes, sir, I am." "Then," was the wise answer, "you have much to be thankful for."

It was in the Paris University that Farel met one of the most learned and remarkable scholars of the age—James Lefevre, a man of humble parentage, of mean appearance, who had struggled from obscurity into fame. He had curiosity and daring enough to pry into such vulgar things as Bible Greek and Hebrew, and held that such acquirements were superior even to the classics. Notwithstanding this heresy, he did not lose favour with his students. He saw the errors of the church in which he still remained, and indeed was a Reformer five years before Luther nailed his theses to the door of Wittemberg church. The same year in which Farel went to the University saw Luther on his pilgrimage to Rome: the one went to learn the way of truth, the other to witness the abominations of the seat of error. Farel had not long been under the influence of the famous doctor ere his mind began to question the dogmas which he had held. It was an awful season of doubt with him. He had so fully believed in the traditions and rites of the Romish church, that to break loose from them, or even to question their divine authority, was painful. He shrank from further investigation, and devoted himself to fasting and to practising austerities. This was in a monastery of Carthusian monks, planted in a forest near Paris. "I was wholly employed," he afterwards wrote, "day and night, in serving the devil, after the fashion of that man of sin, the Pope. I had my Pantheon in my heart, and such a troop of mediators, saviours, and gods, that I might well have passed for a papal register." He did not, however, stay here long, but returned to the city. Here, in the University, astonished auditories listened to new and perilous teaching. Lefevre was openly throwing overboard the marvellous tales of monks, and the paltry fables of saints, and announcing that justification was to be had alone through Jesus Christ. The authority of Rome as the infallible teacher was disavowed; the Word of God was exalted, and acts of superstition and lying legends were denounced. Light began to dawn on young Farel's mind. The holy cross which he had worshipped in his boyhood, because it was part of the original cross on which the Saviour died, was of quite different wood from that of Paris which he had adored, about which the same incredible story was told. This disgusted him; even monks were untruthful, and the departed saints, whose sanctity had been so highly

extolled by the Romish church, might have been as bad as they. He searched into the secrets of the Bible, and in reading it discarded all the false interpretations of the church. He studied the history of the primitive church, and discovered how greatly that of which he was a member had fallen from the simplicity of the faith. It is not easy for us in these days of a multitude of churches to realise the position of him who threw off, in silence, the allegiance of the only outward church. Protestantism had not yet organized itself; the Protestant, therefore, who wished to worship God publicly, must do so in the Papal churches, protesting almost at every step. The host, images, confessionals, altars, pictures, crosses, absurd emblems, gorgeous vestments, had been stripped of their charms; and now, Farel, at the age of thirty, disregards them all that he may worship God the Spirit in spirit and in truth. He quits the communion altogether, and girds himself for the approaching conflict with the powers that once had bound him.

Farel had gathered around him a number of Bible Christians, whose conduct and conversation were closely watched by the secret police. Although not a preacher, Farel openly identified himself with those who had passed through that magic operation, by which the gift of prophesying is supposed to be conveyed by bishops in lawn to young sprigs in black, namely, ordination, and he boldly encouraged them to preach the gospel. They did so, and thereby aroused the intense hatred of the priests and the priest-ridden. The king appointed a commission to enquire into the heresies complained of, and persecution followed. Farel left for Metz, where it is believed he remained for a few months, prior to returning to his home in Switzerland.

A live apostate was a curious and an unwelcome sight for his parents and brothers. They could hardly believe that he would escape the indignation of the church, and they were almost afraid to shelter so dangerous a heretic in their humble but orthodox home. But Farel sought their conversion, and his eloquence won them. Successful at home, he sought to be no less so among those who lived in the hamlets around. The priests condemned him because he had not been ordained, and his views because they were scriptural. Those views, however, spread. First an educated and wealthy Frenchman, then a really ordained preacher, accepted the gospel with joy, and began at once to communicate it to others. Farel, who was so well acquainted with the country of his youth, could visit the most secluded village homes, preach the gospel, and hide himself in the forests or caves he knew so well.

It was in 1527 that Farel appears more distinctively as a Reformer. An exile from France, he entered a small town in Roman Switzerland as a schoolmaster, and under the assumed name of Ursinus, a plan he adopted and defended on the ground that he might "by pious frauds circumvent the old serpent that was hissing around him." After school hours he devoted himself to the further study of the Scriptures in the original language, and taught quietly for a few months those who might be disposed to listen. One day, however, he threw off all disguises, and appeared before the townsmen of Aigle as "William Farel, minister of the word of God." His name was known to them as the dangerous heretic who was so formidable in France, to whom so many had looked as the probable leader of the French Reformation. He had been commissioned by the Council of Berne to preach to the inhabitants of this little town. "The arm of the civil magistrate," D'Aubigné observes, "by thus mingling in religious affairs, served only to increase the irritation of men's minds. The rich and lazy incumbents, the poor and ignorant curates, were the first to cry out. 'If this man,' said they, 'one to another, continues preaching, it is all over with our benefices.'" Farel proceeded arduously to prove that the croakers were right. The local authorities took the side of the priests; they sought to starve him out or send him away. The Bernese lords, however, issued a new decree, expressing their displeasure at the interdiction "of the very learned Farel from the propagation of the Divine word," and ordering the officers of State to allow him to teach the people. The said people, headed by the bailiff, revolted. Shouts

were heard of "No more submission to Berne," "Down with Farel," and Farel found it prudent to leave the town for a few days. He proceeded to Lausanne, a beautiful city marred by the corruption of the drunken, dissolute, devil-depraved canons and priests who infested it. A viler set of men than these it would be impossible to have found; they are described as debauchees, drunken, common blackguards, whose deeds were such as to bring them under the contempt of every moral and peaceable citizen. Farel felt powerless to contend against such a ribald crew; he, therefore, sought to gain over to the truth of God a very devout and learned chaplain, named Natalio Galeotto, but failed. He then had a singular encounter with a mendicant friar, who, fearful of attacking the Reformer at Aigle, abused him in an adjoining village. "It is the devil himself," said he, "who preaches by the mouth of the minister, and all those who listen to him will be damned." Returning to Aigle, who should he encounter but Farel himself. Farel asked him why he had spoken so outrageously against him and his teaching, and demanded proof that he misled the people, adding that he was where he was certain to meet with justice. The monk shrank cowardly from dispute; he sought to get away from Farel's quivering glances, but could not shake off the bold Reformer. "Prove what you have said?" and the people who had gathered around the disputants echoed the request. The monk grew enraged, and an uproar ensued, which resulted in the appearance of the magistrate, who locked up both the friar and Farel—"one in one tower, and one in another." Before the court of magistrates the Reformer explained how he had been treated by the friar, and what he had said respecting his doctrines. The friar was silent. His adversary was more than a match for him. He feared the defeat which he had courted, and finding his cause too weak for defence, he begged for forgiveness. "Magister," said he to Farel, "what I preached against you was founded on false reports. I have found you to be a good man, and your doctrine good, and I am prepared to recall my words." "My friend," was Farel's gentle reply, "do not ask forgiveness of me, for I am a poor sinner like other men, putting my trust not in my own righteousness, but in the death of Jesus." The magistrate told the friar to hear Farel preach on the Sabbath. "If he appears to you to preach the truth, you shall confess it openly before all; if not, you will declare your opinion." But, before the Sabbath came, the monk had quietly departed from the place.

This event, which it is not incorrect to say was a "contest between truth and error," helped onward the movement which had commenced in favour of pure religion. The friar was signally defeated, the Reformer won the day. Then followed a violent storm which threatened to destroy the good that had been done. Farel's preaching provoked bitterly the antagonism of the priests and the various agents of the Papacy, who had come with the intention of silencing the dangerous preacher. He was ready to argue with them, but they were above argument. They excited the people to opposition, and riots followed. While Farel was preaching in the church, a tumultuous crowd gathered outside, and compelled him to leave off his sermon. A meeting of the four parishes was called; two decided for the Reform; one left the matter with the wives of the peasants, who, under priestly influence, rushed upon Farel and beat him with their flogging-clubs; and the fourth parish put itself into the attitude of resistance. The mountaineers were determined in their opposition, and the persecution was very discouraging. And yet at Aigle and Bex the gospel won its way to the hearts of many, who heard the preacher and his co-labourers gladly. The ungodly character of the priests opened the way for purer teaching; and the senators of the Swiss canton of Berne felt that the people must not be left in the hands of those who were ruining their souls. Farel was commissioned by them to preach in Berne and Friburg, and the respective governments of these two cantons granted the required permission. But all was not plain sailing yet. Farel had to leave several places in consequence of the opposition of priests and people. At Morat, many heard him out of curiosity and to make merry, who were arrested by the truths taught and ultimately won over to their

reception. Not far from this place was one of the most impregnable fortresses of Popery, and here Farel attempted to bring the gospel. The earldom of Neuchâtel was Romish to the core: the higher clergy were rich and influential; the people were ignorant, superstitious, and warlike, and the authorities were all against any innovation in religion. To preach in such a district was a bold undertaking. In one village Farel mounted a stone, and preached in the open air to a large number, who wondered greatly at his boldness. The government, of course, opposed the movement: the priests were enraged; and many of the inhabitants were but ill-pleased. Others, however, heard with delight the doctrines of grace, and the soldiers who had been with the Bernese soldiers and had been pleased with the Reform movement, listened with delight, and defended the brave preacher. He speedily became popular with the "common people." His powerful addresses touched their hearts. When some ruffians, urged by the monks, offered to beat out his brains or to drown him, he was befriended. There were favourable signs, therefore, of the progress of the gospel here. Prohibited from preaching in the churches, he gladly spoke even in the bitter winter in the public squares and at the gates. The people endured the biting cold to hear him, and the priests gnashed in vain. "The Word of God," we read, "carried the town, as it were, at the first assault; and, throwing down the devices Rome had taken ages to compose, established itself in triumph on the ruins of human traditions. Farel saw in imagination Jesus Christ himself walking in spirit through the midst of this crowd, opening the eyes of the blind, softening the hard heart, and working miracles, so that scarcely had he returned to his humble residence before he wrote to his friends with a heart full of emotion: 'Render thanks with me to the Father of mercies, in that he has shown his favour to those bowed down by a weighty tyranny;' and, falling on his knees, he worshipped God." In the midst of these scenes, the dissolute priests and their friends were not inactive. The governor had been appealed to, and to escape his power, Farel was compelled to leave for Aigle, which he did not without considerable difficulty. He afterwards went to other mountainous districts, and on one occasion walked into a parish church, while the priest was saying mass, stepped into the pulpit, and began to preach a sermon that proved so arousing as to lead the people to demolish the Romish images on the spot, and to pull down the altar, from which the priest had just fled in dismay. Popery received a blow that day from which it failed to recover, and Protestantism became the accepted religion of the people.

Farel was of a very impetuous temperament, and prudence cannot justify all the steps he took to carry out the purpose so dear to his heart. He evidently felt that so decided an evil as Popery needed the application of unusual remedies. In some cases he flung himself into difficulty. In 1530, the Bernese soldiers, who, while defending the city of Geneva from the army of Savoy, burnt a large quantity of images which they had taken from the Dominican church, waited for the return of Farel to Neuchâtel to commence a disturbance. The Reformer appeared in the middle of the year, and the young men placarded the streets with the words, "All those who say mass are robbers, murderers, and seducers of the people." The placards produced great excitement. Headed by the canons of the cathedral, a large number of persons, armed with clubs and swords, marched through the city, tore down all the placards, and cited Farel before the courts for libel.

"I confess," was Farel's answer, "the fact of the placards, but I am justified in what I have done. Where can be found more horrible murderers than these misleaders, who sell paradise, and thus nullify the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ? I will prove my assertion by the gospel."

"The common law of Neuchâtel," loudly replied the priests, who were looking for pecuniary damages from the defendant, "and not the gospel, is in question here. Where are the witnesses?"

"Here," answered Farel, as he opened the Scriptures, "here are witnesses enough in this holy word."

And he persisted in quoting from the Scriptures in support of the charges made against the canons, that the perplexed court resolved to lay the case before the council of Besançon. Meanwhile, Farel preached in the streets, and one day the people around him opened the doors of an hospital chapel, and literally forced him into the pulpit. Surveying his audience from that position, he observed, "As Christ was born in a manger at Bethlehem, so this hospital, this abode of the sick and the poor, is to-day become his birthplace in the town of Neufchâtel." And, in the spirit of John Knox, the iconoclast seized some painted and carved images and threw them down, breaking them in pieces. Not unnaturally, the Romanists sought the protection of the civil power. The appeal did not serve their cause. The governor was in a difficulty; the Princess Joan was in Paris otherwise engaged than in troubling about religious disputes, and the people were in earnest. They begged the priests to give up the mass, but "by the mass" they would not. The magistrates were disposed to grant the cathedral to the Reformers, and Farel grew bold when he knew this. "Will you not," said he, in preaching to the people, "honour the gospel as much as the other party does the mass? If this superstitious act is performed in the high church, shall not the gospel be preached there also?" The people responded, "To the church, to the church!" and hurrying Farel along, they climbed the steep street of the castle, forced their way past all the canons and priests, opened the gates of the "Church of Our Lady," pushed aside the canons and their followers, and placed the preacher in the pulpit. The gospel, they argued, had, according to the ruling of the magistrates, a right there, and "it appeared to them a very good matter to take down the altars and have preaching there." The whole thing so far was done without any riotous display; no insulting words were addressed to the priests, and though the people were determined, they were respectful. Farel preached a sermon that told powerfully upon the assembly; the hearts of many were deeply moved, souls were converted, and cries were heard on every hand, "We will follow the evangelical religion, both we and our children, and in it we will live and die." Believing that the example of the pious king Josiah should be imitated, they demolished the idols, and to the horror of the Romanists, not one was spared. It was here they got riotous and rude, and the cleansing of the Augean stable was not done without deeds which cannot be approved. The governor was powerless to control the people. The Reformation was installed in the hearts of the people.

Pernicious Literature.

AN OCCASIONAL PAPER OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY OF
SCOTLAND.

IT is well known that the Press is very busy in these days, sending forth its tens and hundreds of thousands of edifying publications. It is less known that Satan and his emissaries are employing the Press and the arts of the engraver and photographer to a fearful extent, and with alarming success, to ruin the souls of men. To throw some light on this subject, and to lead to anxious thought and earnest dealing with this gigantic evil is the purpose of this paper.

The cheap pernicious literature of the day appears in various forms. Intended especially for Sunday reading, several weekly newspapers are published at a penny, with an immense amount of reading, and giving much prominence and fulness of detail to all trials before the Police and Divorce Courts, and to all cases of licentiousness and crime. There are also dozens of penny and half-penny magazines and serials issued weekly, and penny novels. Of these publications, the contents, with few exceptions, are highly sensational, and often made up of tales of intrigue, burglary, seduction, murder, and every species of

crime, which the writer invests with a variety of attractions. The criminal appears as a hero to be admired, he outwits the police and escapes with impunity, and lives merrily and in plenty without the drudgery of daily toil. Then the engraver employs his art to picture vividly what the pen has described, and thus greatly augments the mischief wrought by a corrupt press, whose issues are almost always profusely and strikingly illustrated.

These publications are sold in immense quantities not only in London and other large cities, but over the whole country. Their circulation is believed to extend to two or three hundred thousand weekly, and a variety of devices is employed to increase their circulation. Sometimes No. 2 is given gratis with No. 1, and a large picture with the twentieth number. Lotteries are also established in connection with them. Purchasers receive cheques entitling them to a chance of obtaining a watch or pencil-case, or other article, as a prize. And as a penny stamp must be sent in for each registration, and the purchasers are so numerous, the proprietors, while thus increasing their sale, probably suffer no loss by this arrangement.

Photography is also largely employed now, but with more secrecy, to debase and corrupt the minds of our population. Photographs and stereoscopic slides, both native and foreign, licentious and obscene in the highest degree, are largely and widely circulated. Agents travel from town to town to promote their sale. Female pedlars seek customers among servants and women of the lower orders. Catalogues full of vile details, or disgusting titles, are sent over the country. Specimens of these have been forwarded to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, from members of the universities, heads of families, and chaplains in the army and navy. And the last and most atrocious novelty of this kind is the issue of a circular illustrated with miniature photographs of larger obscenities, which are to be forwarded on application.

Who can calculate the amount of evil that is wrought by these vile productions, sent in shoals over the land by the printer and the artist? They are creating a distaste to all sober and profitable reading, stimulating the worst passions of our nature, familiarising the mind with crime, and inciting to its commission; and they are exercising a most exciting and corrupting influence on the young, both male and female, for whom many of them are specially intended. The danger to our nation from this cause has indeed become so manifest and so formidable, that the editors of the leading newspapers, as well as some well-known philanthropists, have felt constrained to raise an alarm, and call on our legislators, the clergy, and the Christian community, carefully to consider this growing evil, and use every means to check it. The *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Star*, the *Daily News*, and other papers, have depicted in the strongest terms the dangers that threaten our country through the debasing influences of a cheap and unprincipled press. The Earl of Shaftesbury has again and again raised his warning voice, and said that he had been amazed and alarmed beyond expression to find such an amount of noxious literature in circulation, and the fatal effects produced by it. The Chaplain of Newgate Prison, who is so familiar with all phases of crime, has expressed his surprise at finding recently among the Newgate prisoners so many lads of refined features, well clothed, well educated, and who seem to have had comfortable homes and religious instruction: and he tells us that, on further enquiry, he discovered that all these lads, *without one exception*, had been in the habit of reading these cheap periodicals, which are now published for the alleged instruction and amusement of the youth of both sexes. The Chaplain of the Middlesex House of Detention has borne the same testimony. And many instances are on record, in which criminals, who have lost their liberty or their lives on account of their crimes, have acknowledged that it was by this means they were first led astray.

Such are the sad facts regarding our cheap popular literature and its results. The important enquiry remains—What measures can we adopt to counteract and supplant it, and save the people from its soul-destroying influence? For years

the penalties of the law have from time to time been inflicted on some of the more gross offenders. The Society for the Suppression of Vice, availing itself of the powers conferred by Lord Campbell's Act, has repeatedly succeeded in obtaining convictions. And the extent to which the iniquitous traffic has been carried on may be inferred from the fact, that "this Society, since its formation, has been enabled to secure the delivery and destruction of 129,681 obscene prints, 16,220 books illustrated with obscene engravings, five tons of letterpress of the same character in sheets, large quantities of infidel and blasphemous publications, 16,005 sheets of obscene songs, etc.; 5,503 obscene cards, snuff-boxes, etc.: 844 engraved copper plates, 428 lithographic stones, 95 wood blocks, 11 printing presses, 28 cwt. of type, including stereotype of several entire works of the grossest immorality." But it is manifest that the law supplies no adequate remedy for this evil, and cannot check or diminish it to any great extent. Much of the exciting and mischievous literature of the day cannot be reached by its enactments, and even when it comes within the scope of legal penalty, it has been found very difficult to obtain convictions. And when the delinquent escapes conviction, or when the term of his punishment expires, he, having found his vile trade so profitable, resumes it with fresh zeal, and increased secrecy and caution. Then the expense of prosecution is so great—each case costing on an average £60—a Society with limited funds is constrained to restrict its operations according to the means at its disposal.

It is satisfactory to know that, within the last few years, a large addition has been made to the number of cheap periodicals and serials of a wholesome and edifying kind. Some dozens of these are now to be had, written in the most attractive style, varied and interesting in their contents, illustrated with superior and suitable engravings, and adapted to all classes and ages of readers. So that if we can succeed in introducing these into families, direct their attention to them, and commend them to their perusal, we may hope to see injurious publications to a considerable extent supplanted. Much has no doubt been done with this view by the Pure Literature Society, and other Associations, by Book-agencies, by Colporteurs, and by spontaneous individual effort in many localities. But how much remains to be done, and how much more would be done, if the Christian Church were duly impressed with the deadly influences of a corrupt press on the minds and hearts of our people. It is not only sowing tares; it is scattering poison among the community, and it is training and multiplying criminals to an alarming extent. And how to deal most effectually with this evil is one of the most important and urgent inquiries that can occupy the thoughts of the Christian philanthropist at the present time.

About sixteen years ago, this question was very anxiously and prayerfully considered by the Directors of the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland, when it was discovered by them that vast quantities of pernicious literature were in circulation among the working classes. And it was resolved as an antidote to employ a few pious men as Colporteurs by way of experiment, to go from house to house with a variety of the best and cheapest religious publications, to show them to the people, and use every legitimate means to induce them to buy them. This agency soon became popular and successful beyond all expectation. From year to year the Society's Colporteurs increased in number, and now about 170 are employed, who are spread over all the counties of Scotland and the north of England.*

The labours of Colporteurs are specially fitted to counteract and supplant injurious literature, which is often bought by the people, not from preference, but because none better is thrown in their way. It is amongst the masses who read little, if at all, and where reading is usually confined to what is secular or injurious, that the visits of the Colporteur are chiefly made. He calls on every family that will admit him, leaves a tract, exhibits the varied and attractive

* Our own Society at the Tabernacle is small indeed, and we do not know how to make it stronger, but we would gladly see it merged in some larger effort, and only wish some efficient person were moved to set on foot a great Colportage Society for England.—C. H. S.

contents of his pack, seeks to interest them in his stock, and very often succeeds in inducing them to commence their dealings with him by buying some little religious periodical, which is in most cases read and valued. From month to month his visits are repeated and become ever more welcome. The interest in literature increases through his district. Subscribers for periodicals multiply till they are numbered by hundreds. The habit of reading is formed, and a taste for profitable reading. A demand for books as well as for small publications is created, and the Colporteur does not labour long in his district till the sale of pure literature has become tenfold greater than it was before, and chiefly among those who rarely frequented the shop of the bookseller. By such an agency the ground is preoccupied, where noxious literature has not yet found access. If it has, the Colporteur systematically and perseveringly employs the means most fitted to supersede it, and which have often succeeded in excluding bad publications from families which formerly received them. Indeed, the whole tendency of the agency is to raise the people above low and vicious tastes, and to promote their intelligence, morality, and spiritual improvement. For the Colporteur not only supplies them with wholesome literature, but by his prayers, his friendly intercourse, his profitable conversation, and his Christian example, exercises continuously an edifying and elevating influence on the families of his district, and is a valuable auxiliary both to minister and missionary.

There are still many parts of Scotland not yet occupied by Colporteurs, and the assistance of Christian brethren is earnestly invited, that the Directors of the Society may be enabled to go forward and possess them; and, whenever thirty pounds a-year are guaranteed, they undertake to maintain an agency in any district that may be selected. Our own Society acts upon the same plan. There is certainly no evangelical work on which this sum can be more profitably spent, and how easily might it be raised, if a few friends interested in the spiritual welfare of a locality would co-operate for this purpose.

On Teaching Temperance in Elementary Schools.

BY W. R. SELWAY, ESQ., SCIENTIFIC LECTURER TO THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.*

IF an apology were needed for bringing before an Education Section of the Social Science Congress the subject of the teaching of temperance in elementary and other schools, it would be found in the circumstance that the duty of the schoolmaster is now, fortunately, regarded as being something more than is comprised in imparting instruction in the art of writing, the structure of language, or in the power of arithmetical computation.

The teacher who most fully meets the requirements of the day, is one who not only possesses the requisite moral force, but actually exerts it in training his or her pupils in those habits of thought and correct action, which may enable the child to more fitly take its place in the social scheme, and in after days to discharge the duties of life with benefit to itself as well as to those with whom it may be brought into contact;—these correct habits not only comprising truth-speaking, and acting, and what are usually known as moral duties, but a due regard to the laws affecting the physical welfare of the body, and those sanitary arrangements which lie within the reach of every enlightened citizen, and upon the due observance of which so much of the health of mankind depends.

It will also, doubtless, be admitted that an important part of school-training should be to throw around the young the shield of warning, both by precept

* Read at the Social Science Congress held at Leeds, 9th October, 1871.

and example, against everything which is either in itself an evil, or which, being innocent, may under some circumstances become the parent or fruitful source of mischief and crime.

The intelligent teacher of children will have no difficulty in discovering amid the social customs by which he is surrounded, very much that it would be most desirable the men and women of the future should be taught to avoid and warned against encouraging; knowing, as teachers so well do, indeed, as every reflecting person knows, that the habits and impressions formed or received in early life, are almost indelibly stamped upon the mind; to be eradicated in after life with great difficulty, even if they can then be removed, or overcome at the expense of great mental pain and anxiety.

This country of ours is at this time suffering from an evil which may be truly characterised as appalling—the fearfully prolific parent of much poverty, physical degeneration and suffering, pauperism, immorality and crime; an evil which, although terribly influencing mind and morals, is purely physical in its origin, and is entirely within human control. The source of by far the greater proportion of this evil, if we may rely upon the entirely disinterested evidence of judges upon the bench, magistrates, coroners, medical men whose labours lie mostly among the poor, city and other missionaries, members of Boards of Guardians, indeed, of all who mingle much with the masses of the people, is to be found in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors—a practice which, although it may not be in itself condemned as immoral, yet, from the physical nature of the intoxicant, is sure to have a greater and more injurious effect upon the nervous organisation of some than it may have upon others.

The evils arising from intemperance, which itself follows the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors, have become so apparent and so sad as to excite the commiseration of all thoughtful well-wishers of the people; and statesmen, as well as divines and philanthropists, are awaking to the necessity of enacting laws, and of providing, if possible, safeguards to restrain or prevent the continuance of the ravages of this habit.

It would appear that one of the safest and wisest courses in relation to this matter would be to prevent the habit of using these drinks from being formed (which it is certain could easily be done), by training the young of both sexes to abstain from them; nor do we see that any valid objection can be raised to this course, as whatever opinions may be held as to the advisability, or otherwise, of persons in adult age relinquishing their use, who may have for many years been accustomed to them, and with whom the habit may have become second nature; there are, it is believed, very few who will not readily admit that children would, from every point of view, be at least as healthy and well without these drinks as with them.

The testimony of eminent medical practitioners to the opinion, that to persons in health the use of intoxicating liquors is altogether unnecessary, is borne out not only by large numbers who have, after arriving at years of maturity, given up the habits of a lifetime; but by multitudes of persons of both sexes, who have never been supplied with them as beverages, and who have grown up from the cradle to adult age, continuing with perfect health and safety the custom of abstinence in which they have been reared.

The opinion of those best qualified to form a correct opinion upon a question of dietetics has been, therefore, so far confirmed by an experience extending over so wide an area, as well as such a lengthened period of time, as to dispel any fear which might be entertained as to the perfect safety to the health of children of rejecting the drinks in question; indeed, a teacher who should make enquiries, as he ought, in order fully to appreciate the importance of the subject, would not fail to discover that total abstinence has now been so extensively practised, and for so great a number of years, that the statistics of life assurance show (other things being equal) the human body to enjoy greater immunity from sickness, and to have a longer average duration of life, when it is not subject to the influence of intoxicating liquors.

The importance of making young persons acquainted with the elements of human physiology, and the laws relating to the physical well-being of the race, has long been felt; and many enlightened and ardent physicians, and others, have frequently urged that these subjects should form part of the regular course of instruction in all our schools. Here and there a schoolmaster, more than usually active in his profession, and feeling that no portion of his tuition is second in importance to this, has given lessons upon it, but the efforts have been comparatively feeble and the result consequently small. It is earnestly to be hoped that the important deputation of the Council of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which a few months since had an interview with the Vice-President of the Council, for the purpose of urging the advisability of including elementary natural science among the subjects for which payments are to be made, under the authority of the revised code, will have succeeded in making such an impression upon that minister, as that ere long, in all schools which receive Government assistance, the principles and application of natural science may be taught; and that every school board in the kingdom will also provide for the same kind of tuition. The editor of the *Lancet* exclaims, "What an amount of suffering might be saved or mitigated if the most elementary laws of physiology were generally known and acted upon by the next generation of men and women!" How true this is will be at once appreciated by those who reflect upon the great amount, according to the statistical teaching of the Registrar-General, of physical suffering and premature death which spring from preventible causes, due not only to the want of general sanitary arrangements, but to the gross ignorance of the people, who do not understand the importance of such arrangements when provided by the authorities, or sufficiently appreciate the necessity of putting into practice the most elementary scientific truths regarding air, light, water, warmth, and the preparation and use of pure and wholesome food.

As upon the due observance of the laws of Hygiene so much of the comfort and happiness, and, it may be, morals of the people largely depend, too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of teachers affording this instruction by means of short and simple lessons or lectures; and when this shall be done, the relation of intoxicating liquor to the body must take its due place in the round of instruction. As the teacher would necessarily explain the action of the atmosphere upon the lungs, and its result in the circulation of the blood; the important function of the skin, and the necessity for cleanliness and frequent ablution; so would he explain the expenditure of force in the motion of the body and its parts, and the need of food to renew the energy from time to time; and would explain the delicate organization of the nervous system and brain, showing the rapid and direct action which spirit always exerts upon them, taking care at the same time to show that the same intoxicating principle exists in fermented drinks as well as fortified wines and distilled spirits. He would, of course, necessarily warn his pupils against their effects, and it would be of the utmost importance to their young minds that he should force home the lesson by exhorting them to avoid the risks, which so frequently follow upon their use, by abstaining from them altogether.

The mischiefs following the use of strong drink are so great, that no one will question the importance of lessening the consumption of it. It swallows up the earnings of the labourer and artisan, and too often prevents him from obtaining a due and sufficient supply of wholesome and nutritious food for the sustenance of his own strength, and for that of those dependent upon him; hence a large proportion of the weak and ill-nurtured children, who speedily succumb under attacks of epidemic and other diseases, and thus the death-rate of the country is raised in no slight degree by the quantity of beer which is imbibed in it.

It is not an entirely hopeless task to win *men* from their pernicious habits, as is proved by the results of the self-denying labours of numerous warm-hearted men and women who devote much time to their reclamation; but, how

much better would it be for the State, if the money uselessly expended upon these drinks was diverted into channels of industry, and laid out in the purchase of good food, upon articles of clothing, for books, or in paying for the education of children: all of which advantages and many more would necessarily follow, were the children of the present generation trained so as to ensure their being sober men and women.

It is scarcely necessary, although to prevent misapprehension, we may here stop to remark, that it is by no means intended to be implied that all children who may drink intoxicating liquors as their daily beverage will grow up to become intemperate men and women; but, we think it cannot be too often insisted upon, that drunkenness is of slow growth, no human being probably ever having become drunk on the first occasion of taking the drink. Very many of the youths of the day will, we do not for a moment doubt, even should the habits of their father be perpetuated in them, grow up and worthily fill their several stations in life; yet it is not to be denied, and should not for a moment be shut out from observation, that if the present state of things continues, the intemperate drinkers of to-day will be replaced by those who are now innocent of the slightest suspicion of taint in this matter, and the experience of the past warrants the assertion that very many of these will by imperceptible stages, more or less slowly as the habit fastens upon them, fall into the condition of the intemperate.

To prevent this sad calamity of any one healthy, vigorous, and joyous because innocent child, becoming the miserable, dejected, trembling, wretched, and unhappy being, known as a drunkard, is surely worthy of the efforts of every lover of his kind, and especially of those who will, to a very great extent, stand *in loco parentis* to a large number of the children who, by the compulsory powers of the Elementary Education Act, will be taken from the streets, or from their worthless parents, and forced to observe the discipline, and receive, as far as possible, the tuition of the school.

That it is possible to convey to children such instruction in this matter as will enable them to see the evils of intemperance, and the advantages of temperance, their young and susceptible natures leave no doubt. No training is so successful as that begun soon, and no example is so forcible as that which is placed before them in early life, by those whom they respect for their knowledge, and love for their goodness. The vast numbers of children and youths joined together, to strengthen each other in resisting a common habit, in the innumerable Bands of Hope scattered throughout the country, abundantly prove that the question is not only capable of being understood, but that the practice may be followed without inconvenience, or rather with positive pleasure, and with benefit to young people.

The teachers of elementary schools will, in the course of their duties, have frequent occasion, while explaining the doctrines of social economies, to show that money expended in the purchase of articles which fulfil no useful purpose is so much capital diverted from productive channels, and that even if it be conceded that intoxicating liquors are luxuries which mankind are entitled to use as a solace or enjoyment, yet the expenditure for them in this country is so out of proportion to that for any other single class of productions, that the economist cannot but regard with dismay the amount of the earnings of the people which are absorbed by these so-called luxuries. And the teacher who would show his pupils the right method of disbursing the wages he may hereafter receive for his labour, must surely feel the importance of teaching that this is a head of expenditure which ought to be restrained within the narrowest limits, and that it would be still better if it should form no part whatever of the many demands which must be met from his earnings. If further it can be shown that these drinks are dangerous luxuries, having a manifest tendency to lead those who take them to an increasing indulgence, which, in a large number of instances, culminates in drunkenness and its concomitant crimes and evils, then it becomes the duty of all instructors of the young, not only to urge them to

take care of their earnings, but to warn them of the consequences which it is more than probable will follow if they form and continue the habit of taking these drinks.

The subject, it will be seen, is of wide application, comprising sanitary or dietetic relations, the repression of crime and violence, the right use of money, the moral training of the young, and, it may be added, intellectual power, inasmuch as it requires no inconsiderable amount of decision or force of character to be enabled to resist the influence of a very prevalent custom, and the too often injudicious—although it may be well meant—recommendation of friends or companions not to be singular, but to do as others are doing: such friends forgetting that while singularity is not excellence, excellence is frequently singular.

It remains only to be said, that it is not desired or meant to be suggested, that temperance teaching should be instituted as a separate branch of tuition in elementary schools, but only that managers of schools of all grades, and for both sexes, should see to it, that the teachers have such an enlightened appreciation of the importance of this subject as to be both able and at all times ready, in giving general and collective lessons in those branches of ethics or physics to which the matter properly attaches, to add words of instruction, counsel, or warning, as the occasion may be seen to demand.

It is to be hoped, further, that in preparing future editions of reading-lesson books, the editors will eliminate from them the erroneous matter pertaining to the production and action of intoxicating drinks which too many of them yet contain, notwithstanding much improvement which has of late years taken place; also, that those school-books may have introduced into them sounder scientific knowledge in relation to these drinks, and by apt illustration, by narrative and incident, awaken the interest of the pupil in reference to a matter which must be regarded as of the first importance to the future physical and moral development of the English people.

Reviews.

Truths versus Shadows; or, the Real and the False. By F. R. WARING. John B. Day, Savoy Street, Strand.

THIS work is dedicated "to all the sons and daughters of men;" but we are fearful that only a slender proportion will come to know of the honour conferred upon them. The book is far too bulky for an average son or daughter of man to get through; five hundred and twenty-three pages of rather small type and condensed matter will require more time and thought than the majority of the race will be willing or able to give. We feel very great sympathy with the design of our author, and thank him for his endeavours; it is time that the scepticism of science should be exposed. Men with a mere smattering of knowledge—for the wisest have no more—set up to judge the infallible word, and to cast doubt upon the teachings

of God himself: such would-be-wise men deserve to receive, in themselves, all the ridicule and contempt which they would fain cast on revelation. Our author, therefore, has small blame from us when we find him scorning the scorners; but still, to most readers there will appear to be a considerable degree of incongruity between his subject and his style. In a pamphlet, we tolerate the lighter artillery of humour, if we do not even admire it; but, in a great work like the present, jokes are not looked for, and to many will seem out of place. The work is a repertoire of striking things; some so striking that they ought to have been struck out altogether. It will be useful to those who know how to use it. The popular controversialist may derive great advantage from a judicious reading of the volume.

Aphorisms from the Poets. Second Edition, enlarged. Price 1s. 6d. Mary S. Rickerby, 4A, Walbrook, E.C.

A VERY useful collection of weighty sentences. The author has evidently used much care, in order to quote accurately and arrange appropriately. To the author and the preacher this compilation will be very serviceable. "He who never quotes will never be quoted," but he who quotes much, needs at his elbow just such a little prompter as this work. We place it among our literary tools with respectful thanks.

For Ever; an Essay on Eternal Punishment. By Rev. M. RANGLES. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster Row.

To all who are troubled upon this important question we recommend a perusal of this Essay. Notwithstanding the advantage given to the holders of the short punishment theory, by having the run of the Christian World paper, and by their triumphant conquest of a certain eloquent doctor, we are convinced that their cause has not advanced, and that the attention drawn to the subject has served to establish more firmly than ever the old orthodox faith.

Antidote against the Unscriptural and Unscientific Tendency of Modern Geology. By PATRICK McFARLANE, Esq., L.M.V.I. Passmore and Alabaster.

THE author is determinately opposed to the teaching of Hugh Miller and others, and abhors what he believes to be the erratic and God-honouring speculations of modern geology. We are not qualified to give a verdict; but it is clear that our author is very reverent to Scripture, very firm, and very much in earnest. We should think his work would be interesting to all who care about geology, whether they agree with him or not. Here and there he gives us a good story, as, for instance, upon page 360—"A religious Dublin newspaper, the *Statesman and Record*, always took an active part in these discussions, on the anti-geological side; and boldly affirmed, as in a number now before me, that geology had the devil for its author!!" We have read of an Irish-

man, who, while in court on one occasion, came out with some rash expression, for which, on being brought to task, he apologised by saying 'he *thought* so and so.' 'You may *think* what you please,' said the judge, 'but do not so express yourself again.' 'I may think what I please, may I?' enquired Paddy. 'Yes.' 'Then I think your honour is a great rogue.' Let us, in the other case, whatever our *thoughts* may be regarding the truth of the statement of the Dublin newspaper, in the meantime, confine ourselves, a little more strictly than our Hibernian friend, to the true import of the judge's caution."

Poems, Essays, and Sketches. By JANET HAMILTON. (Selections from her two first volumes). Glasgow: James Maclehose.

THIS is no ordinary volume of rhymes. A poetess is before us, who writes with a purpose and to good purpose. Mrs. Hamilton is not unknown to fame, and has no need of our commendations. Her genius has surmounted great difficulties, and enabled her, as the shoemaker's wife, to emulate, and even to excel, the daughters of learning and queens of wealth. Best of all, the grace of God has made her muse always pure, so that no line of hers will ever pollute, and many will instruct and elevate. May the latter days of this sweet singer among the lowly be bright with the dawning of the everlasting day.

Lucy, the Light Bearer. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. Religious Tract Society.

A story for girls, which might have for its motto, "I will save you, and ye shall be a blessing." It shows how a little maid, in very difficult circumstances, may greatly glorify God, and influence others for good.

Scripture Object Lessons and Outline Teaching for Sunday Schools. By Rev. H. C. McCook. Shaw and Co.

WE have often tried the system here more fully developed with the best results. By all means, let teachers give object lessons as often as they can. The black board, chalks, and crayons should be in use in every school. We earnestly urge every teacher to read this book and make much use of it. It is invaluable.

Stories of Old England. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. Second Series. Religious Tract Society.

WE were pleased with the former series, and can speak very favourably of the present. Boys will, by reading these stories, get an accurate idea of the manners of the age between the wars of the Roses and Charles I. These are not idle tales, but facts truly represented.

The Celebrated Coalheaver: or, Reminiscences of the Rev. William Huntington, S.S. By EBENEZER HOOPER. Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street.

A CHATTY, gossipy book upon one who had, and still has, both ardent friends and fierce detractors. This collection of original anecdotes, letters, and remarks is entirely new, and to some persons will be exceedingly interesting. The compiler is a grandson of three of Huntington's most intimate friends and correspondents; and has thus possessed peculiar facilities for gathering up the odds and ends of the renowned coalheaver's remarkable history. We know the editor and esteem him much. All unsophisticated personal stories attract readers. Boswell's Johnson is a stupid book, and yet the very model for a biographer; and, in the present case, incidents of the most common-place order are recorded, and yet our curiosity led us to read the book right through from beginning to end. The engraved portrait is capital; and the spirit displayed by the editor is admirable. On the whole, we do not think so well of Huntington as we did before perusing this highly impartial compilation; he would certainly be a very sad example at home, if the plate-breaking stories are accurate. Two of the incidents here recited may serve as specimens of the rest.

"Mr. Eedes, of Ramsgate, was in much distress of soul, under conviction of sin, and had found relief in reading some of Mr. H.'s books, which had fallen into his hands. He there saw his case entered into, and felt a strong persuasion that, if ever he could hear the writer preach, it would be the means, by God's blessing, of his deliverance from trouble. In those days, travelling was difficult and tedious, and not easy for him to leave home. However, at length he was able, with this object in view, to undertake the journey. He arrived at Providence Chapel as soon as the doors were opened, one Lord's-day morning, when he went in, and took a

front seat in the gallery, near the pulpit. A pew opener informed him that the seat belonged to a family who usually attended, and therefore he must not remain, and they would find him another; but he positively refused to move, and told her that, 'For many years he had longed for the opportunity of hearing Mr. H., and had at last come over seventy miles for the purpose, and being there, he would not be turned out, either by men or Devils!' The pew opener, astonished at his earnestness and determination, explained to the family on their arrival, and he was not disturbed. He heard that morning with deep feeling, having, indeed, 'an ear to hear' what God had to speak to him, by his servant; and, to the joy of his heart, found his expectations granted, his prayers answered, and his soul set at liberty, so that he went home rejoicing in God his Saviour. The change was as manifest to his family; depression was turned to peace and gladness, that they also could testify to the mercy he had found. He lived a consistent Christian life for many years, a firm adherent to the Truth of God's distinguishing grace, and as might be expected, an attached disciple of Mr. H. This happy result was not more than a fulfilment of the promise in Jer. xxix. 13: 'Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.'"

"A young man from Lincolnshire, named John Blinkhorn, during a visit to London, was much best under Mr. H.'s ministry, who took much interest in him, and allowed him several interviews. After taking leave to return home, he found to his regret that he had neglected to name a subject that had been much on his mind, and resolved to make an effort, by using the only opportunity left, to obtain Mr. H.'s views for his guidance. Accordingly he walked to Cricklewood, a distance of six or seven miles, but unfortunately it was Saturday, a day on which he would not see visitors, so he was refused. Apologising for his importunity, he sent word that if Mr. H. would kindly see him *this once*, he would detain him with *but one question*, which he was anxious to submit. Mr. H. still refused, on the ground that others might claim the same breach of his rule, but offered to send a reply by the footman, to whom, as a confidential servant, he might entrust his enquiry. 'Well, then,' said Mr. B. 'Will you say that I have been much exercised about Baptism, and how sorry I am that I did not ask Mr. H. his opinion; but, being so desirous to know, as I shall have no other opportunity, I have come upon purpose to ask.' The young man left and returned with this excellent and memorable answer, well deserving the consideration of all other enquirers on this subject: 'That if he wished to know his mind, he had only to go home and read carefully the eighth chapter of the Acts, where he would find enough to satisfy him, or any one else, on that matter.' Mr. B. returned his respects and thanks."

Pentecost; or, the Revival of the Work of God. By the Rev. GEORGE WILKINSON, of Chelmsford. Morgan and Chase.

THIS is a prize essay, and, unlike the usual productions of that class, it is really able, and in itself worthy of publication. It is a stimulating and encouraging treatise, but, at the same time, judicious and practical. Lovers of revivals—and it is to be hoped that all readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* are such—should read and circulate this excellent essay.

Groom's Dictation and Orthographical Exercises. Tacey, City Road.

THESE are cards which illustrate the diversity of spelling and meaning in words of similar pronunciation. Sentences are given with blanks into which the proper word is to be placed by the pupil. There is no novelty in these exercises, but from their form they would be very handy, we should think, in a school.

Bypaths of Baptist History, a collection of interesting, instructive, and curious information, not generally known, concerning the Baptist Denomination. By Rev. J. J. GOADBY. Elliot Stock.

WE admire the good sense with which Mr. Goadby has selected all the interesting incidents, and left out the dull details. If this book does not interest a reader, we give him up; he must surely be as ignorant as the writer in the last *Westminster Review*, who evidently knew more about pewter pots than Baptists.

Homo versus Darwin: a Judicial Examination of Statements recently published by Mr. Darwin regarding "The Descent of Man." Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A POPULAR exposure of the fallacies of Darwin. So long as weak minds obsequiously bow before the Baal theories of the hour, there will be need of Elijahs to mock them. Here wit and argument are blended. We have, as a frontispiece, the portrait of an Ascidian tadpole—one of our very remote ancestors, according to Mr. Darwin; and, further on, the carte de visite of one of our nearest allies, Mr. Gorilla, is politely presented to us. We are informed that

the writer is an acquaintance of ours, but we are unable to guess who among our friends can have perpetrated such a capital book. The authorship remains to us a mystery, but the work speaks for itself. We wish Mr. Darwin could induce the earthworms which mar our lawn to develop into oysters, for now the blackbirds alone devour them, and then we should have a share of the spoilers.

Breaking the Rules, a Tale of School-boy Life. By Mrs. H. B. PAULL. Sunday School Union.

AN attractive juvenile book written in the very best spirit. When we were at school, we did not meet with boys exactly of this cut, nor with such a master either. We fancy that few ladies know much about the way in which boys in real life quarrel, and, afterwards, make up their disagreements; they do not manage matters usually after the manner of this book, but go on rather more in the anyhow style. What they ought to be is one thing, and what they are is another.

Warburton's Shakespeare Copy Books for Schools. Arranged by C. C. WARBURTON. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

IT was a most sensible idea to place strong nervous sentences, from great masters, before the pupil's eye, instead of the meaningless lines so long in vogue. "Beauty commands esteem" has been copied long enough, let it give place to "Brevity is the soul of wit." We are not sure that we should have selected Shakespeare as the quarry from whence to fetch the material for boys' copy books; at any rate, Cowper, Young, and other poets might be treated in a similar way, and so the same admirable notion would be adapted to a wider range of tastes.

Digging a Grave with a Wine-Glass. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. Partridge & Co.

SO far as a cause can be served by sensational fiction this story is calculated to aid that of total abstinence. It aims at exhibiting the progress and fatal effects of the drinking which is, alas! so common among respectable females. Any effort to arrest this most horrible evil is most laudable.

Of *Nurse Ellerton*, published by the same house, much the same may be said.

The Relationships which bar Marriage, considered Scripturally, Socially, and Historically, being a respectful Address to the Nonconformist Ministers of England from the Ministers of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

AN address bearing the honoured names of Candlish, Duff, Buchanan, Brown, Guthrie, &c., deserves—and, doubtless, will receive—the attention of those to whom it is presented. Personally, we differ from these esteemed brethren, but we are open to conviction, and will give the paper a *candid* reading. This is the more easy for us, as our beloved wife has no sister, and our judgment will therefore be impartial.

Within the Gates; or, Glimpses of the Glorified Life. By G. D. EVANS, of Grove Road Chapel, Victoria Park. Elliot Stock.

WE rejoiced when we received this volume, for it proves that out of our college, as out of Issachar, shall come "those that handle the pen." The title is well chosen, and will attract many readers; the subject is surpassing in interest, and the manner and matter of the writer are both excellent. We hope our friend will meet with a generous reception from the Christian public, in making this, his second venture. The dedication to his most worthy and earnest mother—one of the most useful of the members of our Tabernacle—reflects honour upon the son.

Hymns for the Blind. By WILLIAM M'COMB. Third Edition. Belfast.

WE do not observe any publisher's name to this sweet little bundle of original hymns. They are full of the

gospel, and truly poetical. We feel sure that our dear Christian friends from whom the sunlight is hidden would delight to sing them. Many of them whom we know are beyond others happy in the enjoyment of the inner light which has glory without glare. We give two of the sixteen hymns as specimens of the rest:—

"They tell us that the stars are bright
Which glisten in the sky;
But vain they shed their heavenly light
Upon the sightless eye.

They tell us of the tints of morn—
Hues of the purple west,
The blossom of the snowy thorn,
The ocean's sparkling breast.

The sun that ushers in the day—
The moon so fair and clear—
Shed not upon our eyes a ray
To lighten or to cheer!

But he who made the sun and moon—
Earth, ocean, air, and sky—
Hath poured upon our clouded noon
The Day-spring from on high.

Our hands can read, our fingers trace
The page of truth and love;
And thus we joyfully embrace
The message from above.

Then let us willingly record
His praise, who maketh known
To our benighted hearts his word,
And seals it as his own."

"Jesus source of light and knowledge,
Thou canst open up a way;
Turn the darkest night to brightness,
Brighten up the darkest day.

What are scales upon the eyeballs
To the darkness of the mind;
Living far from Christ is blindness,
Near him, eye-sight to the blind.

Life is death when far from Jesus;
Death is life when he is near;
From our path averting danger,
From our smitten eye the tear."

Memoranda.

ON Tuesday, October 10th, recognition services were held in connection with the settlement of Mr. H. W. Taylor, as pastor of the Baptist Church at Markyate Street, Herts. At the afternoon meeting Mr. B. Davies, of Greenwich, presided; Mr. H. Dunnington, of Redbourne, read the Scriptures and prayed. One of the deacons stated the circumstances which induced the

church to give Mr. Taylor a unanimous invitation to the pastorate. Mr. Taylor then gave a very satisfactory and impressive statement of his experience and the doctrines he intended to preach. Special prayer was then offered on his behalf by Mr. Genders, of Luton; and the charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College. Mr. Richardson,

Independent Minister at Redbourne, closed the service. A public tea-meeting, very numerously attended, was held in the School-room of the Wesleyan Chapel. A meeting was again held in the Baptist Chapel, at which Mr. Fergusson, English tutor at the Tabernacle College, presided. Mr. A. Walker, of Houghton Regis, prayed; Mr. Gracey, the classical tutor of the College, addressed the church. After which addresses were given by Mr. D. Gould, of Dunstable; Mr. C. Trafford, Wesleyan; Mr. Rogers, Mr. Tansley, Mr. Walker, Mr. Genders, Mr. Amos, Mr. Dunnington, and Mr. Taylor. It is fifty-eight years ago since a similar service was held in that chapel. The chapel was well filled at both services; many having attended from the neighbouring towns, and several from Greenwich, where Mr. Taylor was well known. Under Mr. Taylor's ministry there has been a considerable revival; inasmuch, that a commencement of efforts has been made to raise a larger and more commodious place of worship.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. J. C. Forth, as pastor of the church at Wicksworth, Derbyshire, were held on Friday, the 22nd, and Lord's-day, the 24th, ult. On the Friday, tea was provided in the school-room; after which a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. G. A. Young. After the Chairman had stated the steps which had led to the invitation being given, the pastor gave a short account of his conversion, call to the ministry, and the considerations which had led him to accept the oversight of that particular church. Mr. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, delivered the charge to the pastor, in which he showed the encouragement afforded to the humble, diligent, and devoted preacher of the gospel to seek and to expect divine assistance in his work. Mr. C. A. Davis, of Chesterfield, and Mr. W. Young, Independent Minister, of Wicksworth, cordially welcomed the pastor to the vicinity; and E. H. Jackson, Ripley, delivered an address on "Nonconformity." A few supplementary words from Mr. Rogers on the duties of church members to their pastor brought the proceedings to a close.

We are pleased to observe that the Baptist Church in West Retford, Yorkshire, under the care of Mr. J. J. Dalton, have commenced a new chapel. The foundation stone was generously laid by the Mayor, who is also a Churchwarden. Our friends need liberal and present aid, for the sum as yet raised is small in proportion to the cost. We beg to recommend the case.

The friends at Tunbridge are on the move for building a chapel, but are greatly in need

of help. All the Kent Baptists ought to help. We will gladly receive any help which may be forwarded.

The church at Totteridge Road, Enfield Highway, is building a chapel; but we fear they will be in great difficulty unless they receive speedy help. They are a very diligent and earnest people, but the Enfield Gun Works are not now in full operation; and, hence, their wages are lessened, and power to give decreased. It is a case for prompt assistance. All the London churches should put their shoulders to the wheel.

A friend in Edinburgh sends us generous aid to the Orphanage from his stewardship account. Should not all Christians keep such an account? Is not the tenth, at the very least, the Lord's?

We have been cheered several times this month by the gift of small sums (in one case one shilling), with the intimation that our sermons have been blessed to the salvation of the giver.

Mr. Taylor, of Burnley, writes:—"I feel with others that the Orphanage under your care should be well supported. I have named the matter to a number of friends here, shopkeepers and other tradespeople, and am glad to say that they willingly agree to contribute small articles of wearing apparel, etc., for the boys, which I will send to you in a few days.

"I think I shall be able to send you pretty near as follows:—100 pairs of stockings, a few pairs of shoes and clogs, and a lot of ties and comforters for their necks; a few hundred yards of cotton; one friend will give a box of tea; I hope to send you at Christmas the 100 pounds of honey as before.

"If friends in other towns would take the matter up in this way, great help might be given to you.

"You are at liberty to make any use of this idea in any of your announcements in the Press."—J. T.

By last mail we learn that Mr. G. P. Lush, who studied under Mr. Ness during his stay in Australia, has been recognised as pastor of the Baptist Church in St. Kilda, an important and flourishing suburb of Melbourne.

Mr. T. Davis, another of Mr. Ness's students, is pastor of the church in the adjoining suburb of Prahran, amongst a numerous and intelligent population. He and his charge continue to enjoy steady prosperity.

The project of a girls' Orphanage is taking a more fixed shape. We endeavoured last month to buy some ground, but the price given by others was exorbitant. It may be that Providence means us to wait till some wealthy donor has

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mr. R. E. Sears	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Kelsey	...	0	10	0
Every Little Helps	...	0	2	4	Mr. Baber	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Wippl	...	0	19	11	Mrs. Brown	...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Hall	...	0	10	0	Mr. W. A. Butterworth	...	1	1	0
For Mr. E. Davies	...	0	9	0	Collected by the late Mrs. Daintree	...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Messer	...	1	1	0	A Reader of Sermons, B.D.	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Gardiner	...	1	10	0	H. D. P.	...	0	2	6
S. C. C. Monghan	...	2	0	0	Mrs. Stevenson	...	2	10	0
Mr. T. Wilson	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Tunstall	...	0	16	0
A Scottish Shepherd	...	2	10	0	Miss S. Pulham	...	0	11	6
Two Friends in Buttersea	...	0	10	0	Master Simpson	...	0	6	9
M. J. A.	...	0	10	0	Pupils of Finsbury College	...	1	8	0
Mr. W. Jones	...	0	10	0	Master Spurgeon, Malden	...	0	11	0
A Reader of Sermons, Stirling	...	0	10	0	Miss Taylor	...	1	10	1
" " New Deer, Aber-					J. B., Hereford	...	0	5	0
deenshire	...	0	5	0	A Grimby Methodist	...	0	2	6
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	...	10	10	0	A Friend, per Mr. Groombridge	...	5	0	0
Mrs. Tanner	...	0	3	0	Mrs. Penaluna	...	0	10	0
Warrington	...	0	10	0	Miss Smithies	...	0	10	6
A Thankoffering, Market Harboro'	...	0	10	0	A Highland Girl	...	0	2	0
Kettering	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Allan	...	2	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Scruby	...	2	0	0	Mr. Foster	...	0	10	6
A Sermon Reader, Perth	...	0	2	0	Miss Smith	...	1	0	0
A Friend and Reader of Sermons	...	5	0	0	Mrs. P. A. Phillips	...	1	0	0
A Friend, by Mrs. Hurst	...	1	0	0	Miss Darkin	...	0	6	9
A Domestic Servant	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Braginton	...	0	1	11
Miss Maria Gooding	...	1	5	0	Miss A. McLellen	...	0	5	0
Mrs Stocks	...	0	6	11	Mr. J. Hall	...	0	3	9
S. N.	...	0	1	0	Mr. J. Campbell	...	0	11	3
A Friend, Dunstable	...	0	10	0	Mr. W. A. Long	...	5	0	0
" A Scotch Friend from a Balance at					Mr. F. T. Tucker	...	0	10	0
Credit of a Stewardship Account	...	10	0	0	A Sermon Reader	...	10	0	0
Mr. T. Crocker, South Australia	...	2	10	0	Mr. J. Harvey	...	1	1	0
A. Z.	...	1	0	0	Annual Subscriptions:—				
Two Friends, South Wales	...	10	0	0	Per Lady Burgoyne	...	6	15	0
Miss Broughton	...	0	10	0	Mr. John Skiuuer	...	1	1	0
W. Raphoe	...	1	0	0	Per F. R. T. :—				
Mrs. R. Adams	...	0	10	0	Mr. Lockett	...	0	5	0
A. G. P.	...	0	5	0	Mr. Tidmarsh	...	0	5	0
S. H.	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Tidmarsh	...	0	5	0
A Reader of Sermons, Dumfries	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Gibson	...	0	5	0
A Country Minister	...	0	3	0	Mr. Underwood	...	0	5	0
A Family of Seven, Sittingbourne	...	1	15	0	Miss Winckworth	...	0	5	0
Mr. Woodman	...	1	0	0	Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, per				
Mr. Pedley	...	1	1	0	Mr. Charlesworth:—				
Mr. Tapscott	...	1	1	0	Amey, H.	...	0	7	6
Mrs. Lascells	...	1	1	0	Abbey, J.	...	0	5	4
M. D. S.	...	0	8	6	Ayres, A.	...	0	9	2
A Sermon Reader, Buckingham-					Brick, Ed.	...	0	1	6
shire	...	0	1	0	Boraston, J.	...	0	5	4
A. S.	...	0	1	0	Ball, C.	...	0	1	10
Irviae	...	1	0	0	Brownlie, W.	...	0	2	8
Mr. King	...	0	5	0	Bourne, A.	...	0	1	6
Mr. Turner	...	0	10	0	Brazendale, J. C.	...	0	2	6
Miss Duncombe	...	0	5	0	Brooker, H.	...	0	1	3
Rev. G. Cobb	...	0	5	0	Bramble, H.	...	0	3	4
Mr. Lamb	...	0	5	0	Bruchlacher	...	0	1	2
J. and M. C.	...	3	0	0	Baker, J.	...	0	8	6
Mr. H. Lever	...	0	5	0	Barclay, H.	...	0	5	4
A Widow	...	1	0	0	Bailey, C.	...	0	3	4
Mrs. R. Taylor	...	2	10	0	Bligh, F.	...	0	2	0
Mrs. R. Willcox	...	0	10	0	Carter, R.	...	0	4	10
W. J. B.	...	1	0	0	Court, R.	...	0	1	6
Mr. Angus	...	5	0	0	Cox, Charles	...	0	3	0
Mrs. Whittemore	...	0	10	0	Charlesworth, Anne	...	0	2	1
Mrs. Sarah Gibson	...	0	10	0	Cork, H. L.	...	0	2	0
A Reader of Sermons, Kingussie	...	0	10	0	Cole, G.	...	0	5	2
Mrs. M. Woodhams	...	0	5	0	Cockerton, T.	...	0	3	0
Mr. H. Pledge	...	1	0	0	Day, Alf	...	0	4	2
Mrs. Legge	...	0	16	6	Davis, J. R.	...	0	3	0
Mrs. Barnes	...	1	1	0	Digby, C.	...	0	4	4
Mr. C. Cracknell, per Mr. Greenwood	...	2	0	0	Dunn, John	...	0	4	0
Miss Fells	...	0	5	0	Dean, G.	...	0	5	4
Mrs. Armitage	...	0	10	0	Dixon, Thos.	...	0	0	8
Miss Maxwell	...	0	10	0	Evans, T.	...	0	3	0
Mr. Ford	...	0	5	0	Ehlers, R.	...	0	4	4
Miss Bull	...	0	10	0	Emmett, G.	...	0	4	0
Mrs. Dring	...	1	2	7	Evans, E. E.	...	0	6	4
Mr. Stevens	...	0	5	0	Edmunds, B.	...	0	1	6
Mr. Chew	...	5	0	0	Fanner, W.	...	0	5	0
Arthur, Ada, Walter and Edward	...	2	2	0	Forness, E.	...	0	3	4
Mr. A. Searle	...	1	0	0	Gatten, G.	...	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Green, G.	0	3	0
Glassbower, F.	0	8	0
Hodge, James ...	0	5	0
Hart, F.	0	6	0
Harper ...	0	5	0
Hedges, W.	0	5	6
Harrowing, Thos.	0	3	0
Heath, A.	0	2	0
Horley, B.	0	5	6
Herricoff, T.	0	0	11
Hitchcox, S.	0	3	0
Jacobs, E.	0	5	4
Jones, Alfred ...	0	5	4
Jones, Arthur ...	0	5	0
Kentfield, E.	0	3	6
Ladds, F. G.	0	5	10
Latimer, R. S.	0	4	6
Manheco, S. H.	0	6	2
Maynard, John ...	0	0	11
Morphew, A.	0	0	7
Mee, S. Morley ...	0	5	4
May, George ...	0	2	3
Martin, Frederick	0	3	2
Nicole, E.	0	5	0
Osman, J.	0	5	4
Passingham, J. C.	0	6	0
Paice, F.	0	4	0
Peck, G.	0	4	8
Pasbler, W. A.	0	5	0
Phipps, H.	0	4	9
Parsons, J.	0	0	10
Rogers, W.	0	2	0
Randall, W. F. ...	0	3	0
Reed, J.	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Richardson, A. ...	0	1	2
Roberts, Jns.	0	4	8
Simmons, C. H. ...	0	5	4
Simpson, Jos. ...	0	3	10
Smith, Harry ...	0	5	4
Sims, B.	0	5	0
Simms, Miss ...	1	0	0
Schneider, F.	0	5	2
Stratford, J. W. ...	0	5	4
Saunders, D.	0	0	8
Skeats, W.	0	0	2
Simmonds, J.	0	4	4
Smith, R.	0	2	0
Tiddy, E.	0	3	1
Thornton, H. C. ...	0	5	4
Vickery, T.	0	2	6
Verrall, Alice ...	0	2	1
Walker, Charles ...	0	5	6
Wilkinson, W. ...	0	0	6
Wells, W.	0	2	0
Walbank, W.	0	3	2
Walton, H.	0	2	7
White, W.	0	3	6
Wheeler, W.	0	5	4
Wood, T.	0	3	4
White, A. W.	0	5	4
Walker, D.	0	6	4
			19 6 1
			£293 11 7

Errors in last month's list:—Charles E. Meads should be Charles Edwards; Mr. W. Huntley should be Mr. W. J. Palmer; Mr. J. Lang should be Mr. J. Long.

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—A Small Cask of Sugar and a Case of Arrowroot, Anon; 12½ Eggs, H. Ward; A Sack of Flour, C. Russell; A cwt. of Onions, a cwt. of Carrots, and 2 dozen Cabbages, Mr. Lamb; A Pig (weighing 8 Stone) and 6 Sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Priest; 9½ dozen of Brushes and 4 dozen Brooms, a Friend; a Cheese, Mr. Bate.

For the Lord's work, at Mr. Spurgeon's discretion, the late Miss Mary Mathewson, per J. M. Mc Bain, Esq. 25 0 0

College Buildings Fund.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Friend B.	100	0	0	J. M. N. R.	0	5	0
A Constant Reader, Tweedside	0	10	0	Mr. J. Dodwell ...	0	1	0
Mr. A. Keith ...	0	7	6	Mrs. Best ...	0	1	0

Golden Lane Mission.

Mr. W. J. Orsman, 75, Oakley Road, London, N., acknowledges with many thanks the following donations:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Forster ...	0	10	0	Mrs. & Miss Bagster ...	0	10	0
Captain Brenkenridge ...	2	0	0	A Reader of the "Sword and Trowel,"			
Mr. J. G. Prior ...	0	10	0	Dumfries ...	1	0	0
Irvine ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Road ...	1	0	0
Miss A. McLellen ...	0	5	0	D. Heelas, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hull ...	0	3	9	A Lady from Harrogate ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Campbell ...	0	11	3	M. O. S. ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. Coles ...	0	5	0	C. Gatliff, Esq. ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Davis ...	0	5	0	Miss Gairdner ...	2	0	0
"Harry" ...	1	5	8				

Also Parcels from Mrs. Doggett, Miss L. Hockley, Rev. G. H. Penny, G. H. Mason, and Mrs. Davis.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Passmore ...	10	0	0	Mrs. Alice Gee ...	1	0	0
P. W. A. ...	5	0	0	Mr. T. Crocker ...	2	10	0
Mr. W. Davison ...	0	1	11	J. H. ...	0	5	0
A Thankoffering, Wantage	0	10	0	Eythorne District, per S. Clark, Esq.,			
				quarterly ...	7	10	0



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER 1, 1871.

*Billy Bray, the Bible Christian.**

BY THE EDITOR.



HE grace of God does not obliterate the peculiarities of nature. It weakens, and ultimately destroys, our depraved propensities; but the merely human elements in us it preserves in all their individuality, consecrating but not effacing them. Originality is rather an embellishment than a disfigurement of true religion; though formalists have in all ages aimed at lifting all up or beating all down to a common level, it is a most fortunate circumstance that they have not succeeded, for had they done so the elect family would have lost much of its beauty, and more of its strength. If when the living creatures in Noah's day entered the ark, they had all, straightway, become of one species—all cattle for instance—the result would have been destructive to the perfect chain of life, injurious to mankind, and, what is far more important, derogatory to the wisdom of the Most High: we ought not, therefore, to expect men when they enter the ark of salvation, to lose their natural distinctions and peculiarities, and become all tame and monotonous repetitions of one model.

Many, however, who are prepared to tolerate, and even to admire considerable diversities of character, have yet, unconsciously to them-

* For this paper we are indebted to a little book entitled "The King's Son, or a memoir of Billy Bray. Compiled from his own Memoranda by F. W. Bourne." It may be had by order of all booksellers; and is published at the Bible Christian Book Room, 57, Fairbank Street, East Road. It is full of anecdotes, and is written in a most commendable spirit.

selves, laid down in their own minds very fixed and definite limits within which those diversities shall range. So far they are still looking for a measure of uniformity, and will probably require several more or less violent wrenches of their propriety before they will be able to comprehend within the circle of their sympathy sundry eccentric and erratic forms of genuine spiritual life, which, nevertheless, have had their uses, and have brought no small glory to God. We are most of us somewhat tolerant of well-educated eccentrics, we almost reverence the oddities of genius, but we are squeamish if we see singularities combined with ignorance, and idiosyncrasies prominent in men who cannot even spell the word. What in a gentleman would be a peculiarity, is reckoned in a poor man to be an absurdity. Such slaves are most men to kid gloves and good balances at the banker's, that they toady to aristocratic whims, and even affect to admire in my Lord Havethcash that which would disgust them in poor Tom Honesty. This partiality of judgment, in a measure, affects even Christians, who, beyond all other men, are bound to judge things by their own intrinsic value, and not according to the false glitter of position and wealth. We claim for uneducated Christian men as wide a range for their originality as would be allowed them if they were the well-instructed sons of the rich; we would not have a shrewd saying decried because it is ungrammatical; nor a fervent, spiritual utterance ridiculed because it is roughly expressed. Consider the man as he is; make allowances for educational disadvantages, for circumstances, and for companionships, and do not turn away with contempt from that which, in the sight of God, may be infinitely more precious than all the refinements and delicacies so dear to pompous imbecility.

With this long-winded preface, we beg to introduce to our esteemed readers the life of Mr. William Bray, of Cornwall, for several years a local preacher among the Bryanites, or Bible Christians: we beg his pardon for calling him by a name which he never used, and introduce him a second time, with due accuracy, as Billy Bray. This worthy was once a drunken and lascivious miner, running to excess of riot, but grace made him an intensely earnest and decided follower of the Lord Jesus. His conversion was very marked, and was attended with those violent struggles of conscience which frequently attend that great change in strong-minded and passionate natures. After many resolves and failures, he was deeply impressed by reading Bunyan's "Visions of Heaven and Hell." In that book he met with a passage, in which two lost souls in hell are represented as cursing each other for being the author of each other's misery; and Bray at once thought of a certain Sam Coad, to whom he was much attached, and the question pierced his very heart: "Shall Sam Coad and I, who like each other so much, torment each other in hell?" "From that time, November, 1823, he had a strong desire to be a better man. He had married some time before; his wife had been converted when young, but had gone back from the right path before marriage. But the remembrance of what she had enjoyed was very sweet, and yet very bitter. She told her husband that 'no tongue could tell what they enjoy who serve the Lord.' 'Why don't you begin again?' was his pertinent enquiry; adding, 'for then I may begin too.' He was ashamed to fall on his knees before his wife,

'for the devil had such a hold of him;' but he knew it was his duty to pray for mercy. He went to bed without bending his knees in prayer; but about three o'clock he awoke, and, thinking that if he waited until his wife was converted, that he might never be saved, he jumped out of bed, and *got on his knees for the first time*, and forty years afterwards he could joyfully boast that he had never once since been ashamed to pray.

"When Sunday morning came it was very wet; the Bible Christians had a class-meeting a mile from his house; he went to the place, but because it was wet none came. This had an unfavourable effect on his mind, and his first thought was, 'If a little rain will keep the people away from the house of God, I shall not join here.' This hasty decision was soon reversed, for Billy was a consistent member with the Bible Christians for more than forty years, and died in communion with the people of his early choice."

His actual obtaining of peace brought the tears into our eyes as we read it, and made us remember a lad who, more than twenty years ago, found the Lord in a somewhat similar style; it also reminded us of George Fox the Quaker, and John Bunyan the Baptist, when undergoing a similar change. Children of God are born very much alike: their divergencies usually arise as a matter of after years; in their regeneration, as in their prayers, they appear as one. When Bray found no one at the meeting, he went home, and spent the day in reading his Bible and the hymn-book, and in prayer to God. "He was assailed by the fierce temptation 'that he would never find mercy;' but with the promise, 'Seek and ye shall find,' he quenched this fiery dart of the wicked one, and in due time he learned, by blessed experience, that the promise was *true*. Monday forenoon was spent in the same manner. In the afternoon he had to go to the mine, but 'all the while I was working I was crying to the Lord for mercy.' His sad state moved his fellow-workmen to pity; he 'was not like Billy Bray,' they said. Why? Because he had been used to tell lies to make them laugh, and now he was determined to serve the Lord. No relief came, and he went home, 'asking for mercy all the way.' It was then eleven o'clock at night, but the first thing he did was to go upstairs and fall upon his knees, and entreat God to have mercy on him. Everything else was forgotten in the intensity of his desire that the Lord would speak peace to his soul. After a while he went to bed, but not to sleep. All the forenoon of the next day he spent in crying for mercy, food being almost left untasted, and conversation with his 'partner' at the mine in the afternoon having almost ceased. That day passed away, and nearly the whole night he spent upon his knees. The enemy 'thrust at him sore,' but 'I was glad,' he says, 'that I had begun to seek the Lord, for I felt *I would rather be crying for mercy than living in sin.*' On the next day he had 'almost laid hold of the blessing,' but the time came for him to go to the mine (two o'clock in the afternoon). The devil strongly tempted him, while at his work, that he would never find mercy; 'but I said to him, "Thou art a liar, devil," and as soon as I said so, I felt the weight gone from my mind, and I could praise the Lord, but not with that liberty I could afterwards. So I called to my comrades, "I am not so happy as some, but sooner than

I would go back to sin again, I would be put in that 'plat'* there, and burned to death." When he had got home on former nights he had cared nothing about supper, his anguish of soul was so great; and this night he did not, because a hope had sprung up in his heart, and with it a determination to press right into the kingdom of heaven. To his chamber he again repaired. Beautifully simple and touching are his own words:—"I said to the Lord, "Thou hast said, *They that ask shall receive, they that seek shall find, and to them that knock the door shall be opened,* and I have faith to believe it." In an instant the Lord made me so happy that I cannot express what I felt. I shouted for joy. I praised God with my whole heart for what he had done for a poor sinner like me: for I could say, the Lord hath pardoned all my sins. I think this was in November, 1823, but what day of the month I do not know. I remember this, that everything looked new to me; the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a man in a new world. I spent the greater part of my time in praising the Lord. I could say with Isaiah, "O Lord, I will praise thee, for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me;" or, like David, "The Lord hath brought me up out of a horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto my God." I was a new man altogether. I told all I met what the Lord had done for my soul. I have heard some say that they have had hard work to get away from their companions, but I had hard work to find them soon enough to tell them what the Lord had done for me. Some said I was mad; and others that they should get me back again next pay-day. But, praise the Lord, it is now more than forty years ago, and they have not got me yet. They said I was a *mad*-man, but they meant I was a *glad* man, and, glory be to God! I have been glad ever since."

No sooner was Billy saved himself than he began at once looking after others. He prayed for his work-mates, and saw several brought to Jesus in answer to his prayer. His was a simple faith; he believed in the reality of prayer, and meant to be heard, and expected to be answered whenever he supplicated for the souls of his comrades. He was a live man, not a dummy. In his own simple style he did all that he did with vigour, physical vigour being quite conspicuous enough in his shouting and leaping for joy. "He tells us, soon after his conversion, 'I was very happy in my *work*, and could leap and dance for joy under ground as well as on the surface. My comrades used to tell me that was no religion, dancing, shouting, and making so much "to-do." But I was born in the *fire*, and could not live in the *smoke*. They said there was no need to leap, and dance, and make so much noise, for the Lord was not deaf, and he knows our hearts. And I would reply, but you must know that the devil is not deaf either, and yet his servants make a great noise. The devil would rather see us doubting than hear us shouting.'" Does the reader wince? Why should not Billy Bray shout as well as the saints in the Psalms? and why should he not dance before the Lord, if he felt inclined to do so, with so good an example as David before him? Why should we play the part of Michal? True,

* An open space near the shaft of a mine.

neither the writer nor his readers will probably become shouters or jumpers; but, for the life of us, we cannot see why natural expressions of holy joy in rough pitmen should not be quite as acceptable with God as the more silent and decorous modes of thanksgiving adopted by more refined converts. The deadly decorum which represses all the ebullitions of unsophisticated nature is none of our favourites. We have half a mind to give a leap or two ourselves, or shout "Glory, glory!" just to show how heartily we despise the stiffness of unregenerate gentility, which has stolen the name of propriety.

"Bray began publicly to exhort men to repent, and turn to God, about a year after his conversion. Towards the end of 1824 his name was put on the Local Preachers' Plan, and his labours were much blessed in the conversion of souls. He did not commonly select a text, as is the general habit of preachers, but he usually began his addresses by reciting a verse of a hymn, a little of his own experience, or some telling anecdote. But he had the happy art of pleasing and profiting the people, so that persons of all ages, the young as much as the old, of all classes, the rich as much as the poor, and of all characters, the worldly as much as the pious, flocked to hear him, and he retained his popularity until the last. Perhaps no preacher in Cornwall ever acquired more extensive or more lasting renown, and the announcement of his name as a speaker at a missionary meeting, or any anniversary or special occasion, was a sufficient attraction, whoever might or might not be present else. Sometimes his illustrations and appeals made a powerful impression. I remember once hearing him speak with great effect to a large congregation, principally miners. In that neighbourhood there were two mines, one very prosperous, and the other quite the reverse, for the work was hard and the wages low. He represented himself as working at *that* mine, but on the 'pay-day' going to the prosperous one for his wages. But had he not been at work at the other mine? the manager inquired. He had, but he liked the wages at the good mine the best. He pleaded very earnestly, but in vain. He was dismissed at last with the remark, from which there was no appeal, that he must come there to work if he came there for his wages. And then he turned upon the congregation, and the effect was almost irresistible, that they must serve Christ here if they would share his glory hereafter, but if they would serve the devil now, to him they must go for their wages by-and-by. A very homely illustration certainly, but one that convinced the understanding and subdued the hearts of his hearers.

"There was great excitement and much apparent confusion in some of his meetings, more than sufficient to shock the prejudices of highly-sensitive or refined, or over-fastidious persons. Some even who had the fullest confidence and warmest affection for Billy could not enjoy some of the outward manifestations they occasionally witnessed to the extent that he himself did, or persons of similar temperament. Billy could not tolerate 'deadness,' as he expressively called it, either in a professing Christian or in a meeting. He had a deeper sympathy with persons singing, or shouting, or leaping for joy, than he had with

'The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.'

His life, though not without its trials, must have been a remarkably happy one. Mr. Gilbert says of him, on one occasion, "When Billy was about to leave, in company with a youth who had come with him, he said, 'Johnny and I, we'll make the valleys ring with our singing and praising as we go home!' I said, 'Then you are a singer, Billy,' 'O yes, bless the Lord! I can sing. My heavenly Father likes to hear me sing, I can't sing so sweetly as some, but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who sing better than I can. My Father likes to hear the *crow* as well as the *nightingale*, for he made them both.'" When much opposed and persecuted for singing so much, he would exclaim, "If they were to put me into a barrel, *I would shout glory through the bung-hole!*"

Methodism is the mother church of Cornwall, and Bray was a genuine though uncultivated child of her heart. As John Wesley always associated the grace of God with the penny a week, so Bray's religion was not all shouting; it had an eminently practical turn in many directions. Billy was quite a mighty chapel builder; he began by getting a piece of freehold from his mother, which he cleared with his own hands, and then proceeded to dig out the foundations of a chapel which was to be called *Bethel*. Under great discouragements, both from friends and foes, mostly, however, from the first, he actually built the place, working at it himself, and at the same time begging stone, begging timber, and begging money to pay the workmen. His little all he gave, and moved all around, who had anything to spare, to give likewise. On-lookers thought Billy to be silly, and called him so; but, as he well remarked, "Wise men could not have preached in the chapel if silly Billy had not built it." Almost as soon as one building was finished, he was moved to commence another. It was much needed, and many talked about it, but nobody had the heart to begin it but Billy Bray. He begged the land, borrowed a horse and cart of the giver; and then after doing his own hard day's work underground in the pit, and providing for five small children, he and his son worked at raising stone and building the walls; frequently working twenty hours of the twenty-four. He had a hard struggle over this second chapel; but his own account is best. "When our chapel was up about to the door-head, the devil said to me, 'They are all gone and left you and the chapel, and I would go and leave the place too.' Then I said, 'Devil, doesn't thee know me better than that; by the help of the Lord I will have the chapel up, or lose my skin on the down.' So the devil said no more to me on that subject. Sometimes I had blisters on my hands, and they have been very sore. But I felt I did not mind that, for if the chapel should stand one hundred years, and if one soul were converted in it every year, *that* would be a hundred souls, and that would pay me well if I got to heaven, for they that 'turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.' So I thought I should be rich enough when I got there. The chapel was finished after a time; and the opening day came. We had preaching, but the preacher was a wise man, and a dead man. I believe there was not much good done that day, for it was a very dead time with the preacher and people; for he had a great deal of *grammar*, and but little of *Father*. 'It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord.'

If it was by wisdom or might, I should have but a small part, for my might is little and my wisdom less. Thanks be to God, the work is his, and he can work by whomsoever he pleases. The second Sunday after the chapel was opened I was 'planned' there. I said to the people, 'You know I did not work here about this chapel in order to fill my pocket, but for the good of the neighbours, and the good of souls; and souls I must have, and souls I will have.' The Lord blessed us in a wonderful manner. Two women cried to the Lord for mercy; and when I saw that, I said, 'Now the chapel is paid for already.' The good Lord went on to work there; and the society soon went up from fifteen members to thirty. You see how good the Lord is to me; I spoke for one soul a year, and he gave me fifteen souls the first year. Bless and praise his holy name, for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever, for one soul is worth a thousand worlds. Our little chapel had three windows, one on one side, and two on the other; the old devil, who does not like chapels, put his servants, by way of reproach, to call our chapel *Three-Eyes*. But, blessed be God, since then, the chapel has become too small for the place; and it has been enlarged; now there are six windows instead of three; and they may call the chapel *Six-Eyes* if they will. For, glory be to God, many that have been converted there are now in heaven. And, when we get there, we will praise him with all our might; and *he shall never hear the last of it.*"

No sooner was this second house finished, than he began a third and larger one, and in this enterprise his talent for collecting, as well as his zeal in giving and working, were well displayed. He had high—and as we believe proper—ideas of his mission, in gathering in the subscriptions of the Lord's stewards. "A friend who was with Billy on a begging expedition, suggested, as they were coming near a gentleman's house, and Billy was evidently making for the front door, that it would be better if they went to the back door. 'No,' said Billy, 'I am the son of a King, and I shall go frontways.'" "At one time, at a missionary meeting, he seemed quite vexed because there was something said in the report about money received for 'rags and bones.' And when he rose to address the meeting he said: 'I don't think it is right supporting the Lord's cause with old rags and bones. The Lord deserves the best, and ought to have the best.'" Well done, Billy! This is right good, and sound divinity.

Simple souls like Billy, with all their happiness, have also their trials. His true life unto God observed the molesting influence of the evil spirit, and he viewed him in much the same realistic manner as Martin Luther had done before him. "King of the Blacks," was his common name for the arch-enemy. "The devil knows where I live," was a common saying of Billy's, in answer to remarks of persons that he knew but little or nothing of trial and temptation. He was tempted, so he said, to do many bad things, to swear, to tell lies, etc., and sometimes to end his life by throwing himself down the "shaft" of a mine. But he told the tempter, "*old smully-face*," as he called him, to do this himself, and see how he would like it.

This cool way of ridiculing the fiend reminds us of a story of the Puritan times. We will give it as we find it. "Mr. White, of Dorchester, being a member of the Assembly of Divines, was appointed minister

of Lambeth, but, for the present, could get no convenient house to dwell in, but one that was possessed by the devil. This he took; and, not long after, his maid, sitting up late, the devil appeared to her; whereupon, in a great fright, she ran up to tell her master. He bid her go to bed, saying, she was well served for sitting up so late. Presently after, the devil appeared to Mr. White himself, standing at his bed's feet; to whom Mr. White said, 'If thou hast nothing else to do, thou mayest stand there still, and I will betake myself to rest;' and, accordingly, composing himself to sleep, the devil vanished." A little of this coolness would soon end the nonsense of impostors, and would probably be the best treatment for the fallen angel himself, if he did literally appear.

While upon this subject, we are tempted to quote Mr. Bourne again, especially as the passage shows Billy Bray to the life. "We may give two or three incidents, as they show not only the eccentricity, but also the force of his genius. He thus repelled the tempter, when he suggested that he would not go to heaven when he died: 'Hast thee got a little "lew" place for me in hell where I could sing thee a song? *Thee cus'n't burn me, devil. There's no grease in me*;'* or, 'If thee shouldst get me, I should vex thee a lot, for I should bring Jesus with me. I never go anywhere without he. I should raise such a peal about thy ears as thee hasn't heard for this two-seven years. I should do nothing but sing and tell about Jesus.' If the temptation was that he was a fool to go to preach, as he would never get anything for it, the answer was, 'Not so big a fool as thee art, for once thee was in a good situation, and did not know how to keep it.' When his crop of potatoes failed, while his neighbours had plenty, the temptation was, 'What a God thine is! He gives others plenty of potatoes and you none. I would not serve such a God as that.' Billy's reply was, '*Then I would*, for this shows that my heavenly Father is omnipotent, and that he can give potatoes or take them away!' and the devil left at once, and, as Billy said, '*without having the manners to say good morning*.' It is long long ago since Satan asked the Almighty, 'Doth Job fear God for nought?' craftily insinuating that there was no disinterested virtue, and that God had only to touch what Job had, and he would curse him to his face. But Christians love God for what he is, and not for profit or reward; and they love holiness, not only because it is happiness, but because it is his image who is to them "the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." It is a miserable, shallow philosophy to suppose that the Lord rewards those who are poor in spirit, and pure in heart, and patient under suffering, with mere earthly good, or that their trust, and love, and devotion, and service, can be alienated by any sorrows and evils he permits to come upon them.

Billy, too, knew how to fight the devil and his agents with their own weapons. Returning late from a revival meeting, on a dark night in a lonely road, 'certain lewd fellows of the baser sort,' tried to frighten him by making all sorts of unearthly sounds; but he went singing on his way. At last one of them said, in the most terrible tones, 'But I'm the devil up here in the hedge, Billy Bray.' 'Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!'

* He doubtless meant that his sin had been fully pardoned.

said Billy, 'I did not know thee "wust" so far away as that.' To use Billy's own expression, 'What could the devil do with such as he?'"

This good man's heart and soul were in all that he did, and to him things were as the Book of God describes them. We do not suppose that we should have agreed with his theology; but we sympathise with his experience, and admire his holy childlikeness. We feel obliged to Mr. Bourne for telling the simple, unvarnished tale, and only hope our borrowing from him, may, like the bees who suck the flowers, do no hurt to his book. We expect that our readers will get it for themselves, and exhaust the edition. They will find a good deal which they will not endorse, but much more that they will read with interest, and we trust with profit. We shall not tell more of his life and death, but close with an incident which we admire beyond everything else in the book, for we believe in the Holy Ghost moving preachers, and would gladly be silent if we did not feel his power.

"One of the most blessed results of his deep piety was his *unfeigned humility*, and his *continual sense of dependence upon God*. The Lord's servants without the Lord's presence are weak like other men, like Samson, when he lost his locks. Here is one experience of Billy's: 'When I was in the St. Neot's Circuit, I was on the plan; and I remember that one Sunday I was planned at Redgate, and there was a chapel full of people, and the Lord gave me great power and liberty in speaking; but all at once the Lord took away his Spirit from me, so that I could not speak a word: and this might have been the best sermon that some of them ever heard. What! you say, and looking like a fool and not able to speak? Yes, for it was not long before I said, I am glad I am stopped, and that for *three* reasons. And the first is, To humble my soul, and make me feel more dependent on my Lord, to think more fully of the Lord, and less of myself. The next reason is, To convince you that are ungodly, for you say we can speak what we have a mind to, without the Lord as well as with him; but you cannot say so now, for you hear how I was speaking, but when the Lord took away his Spirit I could not say another word; without my Lord I could do nothing. And the third reason is, That some of you young men who are standing here may be called to stand in the pulpit some day as I am; and the Lord may take his Spirit from you as he has from me, and then you might say, it is no good for me to try to preach or exhort, for I was stopped the last time I tried to preach, and I shall preach no more. But now you can say, I saw poor old Billy Bray stopped once like me, and he did not mind it, and told the people that he was glad his Lord had stopped him, and Billy Bray's Lord is my Lord, and I am glad he stopped me too, for if I can benefit the people, and glorify God, *that* is what I want. I then spoke a great while, and told the people what the Lord gave me to say.'"

Phrenology.

BY G. ROGERS.

OUR attention has been drawn to this subject by a volume* which has recently been sent us, in which many notable characters are criticised. Phrenology is not opposed to theology, but in harmony with it. Samuel, the prophet, was in a measure guided by it. "He looked on Eliab, and said, surely the Lord's anointed is before him." There was a kingly aspect in his forehead, and a royal majesty in his whole frame. "But the Lord said unto Samuel, look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Samuel is not reproved for judging by the outward appearance, which is common to men; but is to be guided in this instance by Him who looketh at the heart. Where no special revelation is given, the outward appearance is often our only guide. When we are told, "There is no respect of persons with God," the literal meaning is, there is no judging men by their faces or external developments; but with men it is natural thus to judge each other. Here it is that Phrenology comes to our aid; and as too much has been said of it in one direction, and too little in another, we shall endeavour to point out the path of safety between them.

There is a reason for every thing, and, consequently, a reason why every animal, and every plant, and every grain of sand differs from every other of the same kind. Individuality implies peculiarity. This peculiarity is not for the sake of difference merely, but is essential to every individual thing. Thus men differ. It is not for the sake of difference merely that their faces, and hands, and figures are not alike, but it is the outgrowth of their own individualities in the circumstances in which they have been placed. If heads differ as well as arms and legs they come under the same law. Animals differ most in the formation of the head, which, as they improve in instinct, approximates to the human form. In the formation of the head men differ most from each other. The face unites similarity with dissimilarity to an interminable degree, so that each one resembles the whole, and yet is distinct from every other. The other parts of the head have the same individual peculiarities. As the seat of the intellectual and moral, as well as of the animal being, individuality in every respect is here most prominently displayed.

There is a natural and irresistible tendency in men to form some judgment of each other by external appearance. That this tendency may be regulated and improved by considering the laws upon which it is founded, and comparing them with their practical results, is but affirming of them what may be affirmed of every other natural tendency of our being. All men are phrenologists whether they will or not. They are insensibly influenced by it every day of their lives, and as unconsciously have an influence upon others. Many acts, upon which

* Phrenology and how to use it in analyzing character. By Nicolas Morgan-Longmans, Green, and Co. 1871.

the whole future life has depended, have had no higher origin than the promptings of a first appearance. Each one's looks and tones of voice are involuntarily adapted to the appearance of the person addressed. It is not upon the fact of phrenology, therefore, that thoughtful and candid men will differ, but upon the extent of its sphere, upon the reliance to be placed upon its independent testimony, and upon the degree in which it may be profitably investigated. Some shrink from it, under the apprehension that it involves a physical necessity for moral actions; others regard it as serviceable in a certain limited degree for the correction of first impressions; and, others, fearless of all consequences, reduce it to a science, and profess to apply it to great practical use.

The fear of encouraging error should not deter us from the investigation of truth. Truth in every conflict must ultimately prevail. If revelation has appeared at any time to be at variance with the discoveries of science, further investigation has invariably proved it to be in harmony with it. That men differ in their natural temperament, their moral dispositions, and their intellectual powers, and that they differ also in the circumstances under which their several faculties are developed, is true, apart from the manifestations of those qualities which phrenology professes to have discovered. The facts are the same in whatever way they may be made known. Phrenology teaches that the mind acts immediately upon the brain; that the faculties of the mind have their corresponding parts in the brain upon which they separately act; that according to the strength of the faculty is the size of its particular portion of the brain; that as the mind is one, and all its faculties are in a measure concerned in the exercise of each one, so the whole brain partakes of the excitement produced in any particular part, and especially those parts which are most contiguous to the centre of excitement; and that the size of the quantity of brain in any part may be ascertained by a corresponding size in the outer covering of the brain. Thus the external development is the effect of the inner portion of the brain, and that is the effect of the corresponding faculty of the mind. Phrenology, therefore, is not the cause of the different powers and dispositions of men, but the effect. The skull does not form the brain, and the brain the mind, but they act in the inverted order. The mental rules the physical. If physical necessity for good or evil arises, it must be from mental and moral causes. Voluntary acts by habit become involuntary. Upon this principle, the correspondence of the size and shape of the head of man, with his mental and moral peculiarities, may be easily accounted for. The physical excitement of any part of the brain, to satisfy the demands of the mind in that particular direction, would naturally draw the vital forces to that spot, by which both the brain and its integuments would be strengthened and enlarged, much as the muscles of the arm are enlarged and strengthened by use. Instances have been known, even, in which certain faculties of the mind, after lying dormant for years, have been suddenly stimulated into action, and corresponding developments in the head have gradually appeared.

The moral philosophy of Mr. Morgan's book must not be judged by his introductory remarks. He commences with an allusion to the

different dispositions of Cain and Abel, in which he says, Cain's disposition "excited in him a fit of frenzy, and gave predominating sway to destructive passion, to which Abel fell the victim." This looks as though Cain had been necessitated by his natural disposition to kill his brother, and the fit of frenzy it produced had diminished his responsibility. Cain's disposition, without doubt, was owing far more to moral than to physical causes. There was nothing to produce frenzy, or to interfere with calm deliberation. This is the only indication of a physical necessity for moral actions in the whole volume. The "Science of Phrenology," we are told, "does not teach that particular actions can be predicated, nor does it teach that any person must necessarily act in a certain manner. It teaches that talents, dispositions, capacities, and adaptability, or non-adaptability alone can be inferred from the form of the head." The author strictly adheres to the bounds he thus prescribes. He has evidently every qualification for the undertaking that natural talent, patient study, and long and careful practice could impart. He is neither a novice nor an enthusiast. Some may wonder that such a variety of literary and scientific endowments should find in such a theme an appropriate sphere. The talent which has already been expended upon this subject raises it above censure, and claims for it respect and esteem. That which is the result of long and patient observation, and of deep scientific research, is not to be set aside by the opinions of those who have given no attention to the subject. Such novices in the science are almost sure to bring it into disrepute. The rules here laid down for judging, comparing, and combining the different organs, so as to ensure the proper estimate of the extent of each faculty in relation to the whole, disarm mere pretenders, and leave the art of judging characters from this source in the hands of a favoured few. Our author has introduced many portraits into his volume, with explanations of the conformity of the exterior shape of the head, with their acknowledged mental or moral superiorities. He makes allusions to others whose busts are not given. In general his descriptions are impartial, but not so his allusion to Mr. Spurgeon. We are informed of one Thomas Williamson, who has a large development of the organ of self-esteem, and who manifests the faculty in extraordinary vigour. "He has recently published his autobiography, in 18 pages, in which the pronoun I appears 433 times. It is large in professor A——, and the smile of self-satisfaction which the bust represents, shows the faculty to be energetic. Carlyle also has it large, and his writings abound with passages indicative of self-complacency, and the high estimation in which he regards himself; although his large moral powers subdue its activity, and his massive intellect naturally begets admiration. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is another example of the correspondence between a large development and manifestation of self-esteem." This last is evidently a mere conjecture, and such as one who judges upon mere human principles was likely to make. The supposed manifestation has led to the supposed development, whereas neither one nor the other has the prominence assigned it. Little knowledge of Phrenology is required to perceive that there is no remarkable excess of this organ in the general outline, and it is still less evident in its actual manifestation. Where are the 18 pages of his writing in which the pronoun I occurs 433 times,

as in one of these examples of self-esteem? Where the smile of self-satisfaction which is found in a second? And where the passages abounding with self-complacency which are found in a third? Yet of these, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is said to be another example. Supposing self-esteem had been remarkably prominent in Mr. Spurgeon, it might be so powerfully counter-balanced by benevolence, veneration, conscientiousness, and other faculties, that it would be absolutely needful for the regulation and strength of the whole. In Carlyle, we are told, self-esteem is subdued in its activity by large moral powers, but Mr. Spurgeon is left to his one organ of self-esteem. The author is evidently a greater admirer of Mr. Carlyle than of Mr. Spurgeon. We complain not of this, but of the unfair comparison between them. Had his own organ of benevolence been a little larger, Mr. Spurgeon's organ of self-esteem would have been seen to be a little less.

The subject of this book has its instructions. That every one has his own particular propensity in which he is greatest, and in the exercise of which he will be most beneficial to others, is well known; and whatever may help him to the discovery of that faculty, or confirm it by natural laws, may do him good service. It is most desirable that young persons, about to choose their employments in life, should know the direction and amount of their adaptation to the different callings that are likely to come in their way; and, though mental habits and experience may have already done much for this purpose, the testimony of Phrenology is not to be despised; since if it points out any natural barrier in the way, it must be regarded as almost insuperable. Phrenology teaches that man is formed for one end, that he is great in proportion as his powers are concentrated upon one object, and chiefly as his animal are subservient to his intellectual, and his intellectual to his moral powers. It teaches that an undue exercise of any single faculty exhausts its own function in the brain, and exposes the other faculties to enervation by disease; that the balance of powers must be maintained for the health of both body and mind; and that the exercise of one faculty becomes a rest to another, and especially when most distant in their sphere of action in the brain. "Every mental and physical organ of man," we are reminded, "has its use in its own sphere of action; and it is only by the proper exercise of our faculties that health can be obtained, and the largest amount of pleasure commensurate therewith can be enjoyed. The Creator was not wasteful of his resources in forming the greatest of his productions, and made no unnecessary appendage; and he designed that no faculty should remain in idleness, except at the expense of our present comfort and the general weal." The following remarks are still more worthy of the attention of the studious. "Persistent mental effort in one direction wearies the faculties engaged, and rest is found in change of subject. Not unfrequently is the system enfeebled, and severe nervous prostration produced, by concentrated application in one line of thought, and tone and energy are recovered by change of topic. The health of students is maintained and protected from premature exhaustion by the diversified nature of their studies, bringing into operation the whole of the intellectual faculties in succession, and allowing those exercised regular intervals of rest. It is on this principle that religious exercises are

beneficial to health. That the daily and habitual practice of pure religion is conducive to health, is a fact patent to all correct observers, and which did not escape the notice of the Rev. John Wesley." The effect of morning and evening devotions, as here suggested, upon the application of the mind to the ordinary duties of life, is both physically and morally beneficial. The sabbath is not less needful to preserve the balance of the physical and moral powers. The greater the change of subject, the more perfect is the rest. Upon the same principle social pleasure is a rest from solemn studies and pursuits.

There is one more lesson which Phrenology may teach us; and that is, to make some charitable allowance for the faults of others to which they are constitutionally prone. They who pass the severest censure upon them, will generally be found to have the least constitutional tendency in that direction, though not less liable to transgress in another way. "If any man be overtaken with a fault, ye which are spiritual," whose higher propensities are more fully developed, "restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted" to that to which thou art most naturally inclined. Phrenology commends virtue, and while it teaches charity, offers no apology for crime. Its perfect model is of the highest moral and religious kind.

Medical Evangelists and Cholera Scenes.

THE importance of an acquaintance with medical and surgical art, on the part of a missionary to the heathen, has never been more fully demonstrated than by a report, recently to hand, of the South Travancore Medical Mission, in connection with the foreign missions of our Congregational brethren. Last year was a season of sore trial in Travancore. Thousands died from famine and pestilence, and the sad story of loss to the mission of a native medical evangelist, adds to the general gloom of the report. Happily there are bright rays of light here and there—hopeful indications of the triumph of the gospel over the grossest superstition. Here is a beautiful instance. One day a rich native was brought into one of the society's hospitals, suffering from typhoid fever. He had been treated, or illtreated, by the native physicians—a class of men woefully incapable—and their quackeries produced the usual results: the patient grew worse. He was told that since the disease had been inflicted upon him by evil spirits, he should present his offerings to the devils. This was done, fowls and goats being sacrificed to superstition. At last he was conveyed to the evangelist's hospital, and at the end of twenty-one days he left fully recovered. Being a wealthy and influential man, he was visited while in hospital by a number of relatives and friends. We read that on the second day, fifteen persons of both sexes called upon him. Here was an opportunity to preach Christ, the healer of souls. It may have been that they had never before heard the good story of his love; but for this occasion they might not have been brought under a missionary's influence. "I took advantage," writes the medical missionary, "of the opportunity; and,

while they sat in a circle round his bed, I spoke to them of Jesus, and told them the glad tidings of his salvation. They all listened very attentively, and seemed much interested. I asked them if they clearly understood me. 'Oh, yes,' several of them answered, 'go on, please.' Then the patient, raising himself a little, said, with a low voice, 'Iya (sir), until now we have worshipped devils, and idols of earth, stone, wood, and brass, as you have just said. We have hitherto very strictly and ungrudgingly made our offerings and fulfilled our vows. Kinsmen and friends, answer the question which has just been asked—*What doth it profit?* As for me, and, I trust I may say, as for you too, my people, we, with all our heart, wish henceforth to worship the one living and true God, to have him and him only as our God. Iya,' he continued, 'we wish to begin now; let us all humbly worship the Lord now, in the sick-room here.'" This remarkable turn to the proceedings filled the heart of the missionary with joy, and it was with additional gratitude to God that he found the whole company responding. The Scriptures were read and explained, and all knelt down and prayer was offered for their salvation. That the desire for increased knowledge of Christ was not transient, appears from the fact that when the patient left the missionary's charge, the latter was urged to conduct service at the rich man's house on the Sabbath morning. To his delight, he found the man and his neighbours there; and, after worship, they all accompanied him to the house of God.

Such cases as these are great encouragements to those who labour in the missionary field. And they are much needed; for, in addition to the ordinary obstacles attending their work, they have to bear with the peculiar prejudices and superstitions of the native heathen. About the middle of the year, cholera broke out; and the popular belief was that this foul epidemic was imported by the English when they conquered the country. "When the English pulled down the pagoda at Secrangapuram, the goddess, on quitting her temple, let loose Usika Davi, the propagator of pestilence, whom, until then, she had held captive beneath her feet. There are, however, descriptions of the disease by different native authors who lived long before the invasion of Travancore." The popular impression that cholera is due to the malignancy of some fever-propagating devil and his black band, is deepened by the curious fact that persons who are attacked with the disease on a dark or cloudy night rarely recover; and the knowledge of this fact operates in keeping the natives indoors after sunset. The havoc which this fearful scourge has made has been most alarming; and the missionaries mourn over the loss of not fewer than five hundred of their adherents. The death of a native medical evangelist of much promise, surrounded by his patients, was a great disaster. His last report gives an incident which evidently solemnized his mind, and brought him to think of his own end. A lady escaped, with her children, a companion, and two nurses, from the district in which she resided, from fear of the cholera, but she had hardly arrived at Santhapuram when one of the nurses fell sick and died. One of the children was also taken ill, and during the night the mother was seized. The good native brother found her, to his deep grief, hopelessly ill. A telegram came to say that her husband, whom she had left behind, was dying. "My heart," said the late

missionary, "was like to break, as message after message came from her husband wishing to see his wife, and the poor wife calling for her husband in a heart-rending manner. Her last moments I can never forget: she was quite conscious to the last, and no one had as yet spoken to her of Jesus. I thought that being East Indian, and I only a native, they might think it presumption in me to do so, but the Lord helped me. About three o'clock in the gloomy night, I said to her, 'Dear lady, I have done for you all I possibly can; I do not think you will recover; your husband is very dear to you, but you cannot see him. I hope you have heard of one who loves you more than husband or child can: I mean Jesus Christ the Saviour?' She looked up at once, and nodded her head. 'If you have heard of him, but have not yet found him as your Saviour, then please, dear lady, seek to know him now—confess your sins to God, and ask forgiveness for Jesus' sake, and he will forgive you.'" After this, adds the writer, she lay composed, breathing now and then a prayer, and just before her death, cried out, "My Saviour—O my Saviour!"

The report of the English missionary speaks highly of the ability and skill of the native medical gentleman whom he has trained for this service: and it is only reasonable to suppose that, among so grossly superstitious a people as the Hindoos, the employment of such an agency must go far to dissipate their absurd fancies respecting Englishmen, and win them to the truth, which these natives are evidently so well qualified to teach. The record of their earnestness in presenting the gospel to the deluded heathens, in evangelising towns and villages every Sabbath, and in curing all kinds of distempers, is one full of instruction.

Our readers will be glad to hear that one of the students of the Tabernacle College hopes to qualify himself as a medical student, that he may go among the heathen wherever the Lord may lead him. We hope to find him funds for this enterprise.

Open-air Preaching.

THE practice of open-air preaching is as old as the objections alleged against it. Noah, the earliest open-air preacher of whom we have any record, was, perhaps, the least successful of any; and all that this "preacher of righteousness" accomplished in his scoffing and wicked age was to become a testimony against it. A more unbelieving audience, and, perhaps, a more critical, no open-air preacher ever had. Other preachers in streets and rural scenes are noticed in the Scriptures: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth." The prophet's lamentation and utterances were not always acceptable to a people as sensitive of rebuke as they were susceptible of the very evils needing the stern reproof. The preacher's warnings and threatenings, as we know, often produced great, and sometimes immediate results. Jonah, who shrank so fretfully and cowardly from going through the almost incredibly long city of Nineveh, with the message of woe, so aroused the people to a sense of their

danger, that they repented, and the threatened punishment was averted. Jesus Christ was not only a travelling, but an open-air preacher: his choicest discourses were delivered in the streets and suburbs of the cities through which he journeyed in his noble errand of "doing good." His sermons are fragrant with thoughts and illustrations derived from the scenes of nature. Preaching from the fishing-vessel off the beach of the Sea of Gennesareth, the waving corn furnished him with images; and the birds flying overhead, or the fishermen on the lake, or the "lilies of the fields," or the city set on a hill, with other points of the glowing landscape, were introduced into the addresses of him who "spake as never man spake." The apostles probably taught oftener in the open-air, by the river-side, "where prayer was wont to be made," than in houses; and we read that "they went forth and preached *everywhere*, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following."

This primitive mode of evangelisation was adopted largely by the early Christians, and even by the Church of Rome before it was corrupted. It was thus that Christianity spread. Before the emissaries of Rome had arrived to force the Britons to yield themselves to their superstitions, a pure and simple faith was taught. Thus St. Patrick and his missionaries in Iona promulgated the good tidings of salvation in Ireland.

The Lollards were earnest open-air preachers, often delivering their souls to a few godly or enquiring villagers in the night, reading by torchlight, or trusting to the light of the genial moon for protection from their persecutors. When religion was at a low ebb, street preaching was but rarely resorted to; and when a new spring-tide of piety blessed the land, forthwith open-air services were resumed. Throughout the length and breadth of this happy isle, the voices of Whitefield and Wesley, with their earnest followers, were heard, and thus a revival of godliness was the result. So it came to pass that open-air preaching was regarded as the peculiar product of Methodism, and many hoped and believed that both would die out together. Were it agreeable with our present plan, many thrilling instances might be quoted from the biographies of these active revival preachers of the success attendant upon preaching the gospel in the market-places and on the commons of England. Villagers, low sunk in ignorance and the grossest vice, were arrested by the plain, vigorous appeals of these evangelists, and brought, with passionate anxiety, to solicit guidance to the cross. Worship in private houses followed, and churches being gathered, conventicles suited to the requirements and the pecuniary position of the new converts were erected. Large assemblies of men and women were held in many of the squares of the metropolis and other great cities, and, although the opposition offered was frequently discouraging, thousands were awakened, and places of worship were built and filled.

The fervour of this great tide of excitement having somewhat subsided, there was less street preaching. It is true that the churches and chapels had not lost their congregations, nor had all zeal for God departed. Still, there was less attention than formerly to this important mode of evangelisation; and, as a consequence, perhaps, the churches had less hold upon the masses. The practice must have

fallen greatly into disuetude, or people would not have regarded street preaching as a nuisance, and street preachers as fanatics of the vulgarest type. Thirty years ago, abuse was heaped upon such men, and probably the field was almost entirely left to those who had stronger lungs than judgment. More competent laymen, however, joined the bands of earnest preachers; ministers began, although slowly, to countenance the movement, and it was found that crowds could be attracted by these means. The feeling that the tone of street preaching should be raised was very creditable in those who entered this field of labour. The agency strengthened and improved, strange to say it became for a time quite popular; and the world ecclesiastical was startled one fine day to find that even the Bishop of London, Dr. Tait, had ventured, lawnless and staffless, to preach to the people out-of-doors. On Sunday afternoons, crowds of persons, many of whom were of the very class for whom such services are designed, flocked around some Church or Non-conformist minister, or some unaccredited preacher, to hear a very simple but effective discourse. Alas, that infidels, secularists, and the advocates of superstition and false notions became busy, and sought to destroy the good that had been done. Many of the prominent spots where street preaching had been greatly blessed, soon became renowned for acrimonious disputation. Controversialists drew swords in the Parks, and fierce wordy battles were the result. Some places we remember well as theological bear-gardens. Happily, although the Parks were closed against Christian as well as infidel teachers, street preaching was not stopped. Young men who had gained a hearing in the less prominent parts of the metropolis, retained these advantages. Those who had once been treated with contumely, began to be regarded with respect and sympathy. The poor and illiterate liked their unassuming manners and plain talk, were won by their kindly smile, and pleased with the hearty grasp of the horny hand.

We are not sure that, in London at least, open-air preaching is in as good repute now as then. The fault is not in the classes of the community for whom such services are more especially designed. Thousands of mechanics labour all day in the open-air, and are more disposed to be out of doors in fine weather than to be engaged in indoor occupations. The majority of the poorer classes in our thickly populated cities are more comfortable out of their rooms than when in them. Unfitted for intellectual pursuits, and, perhaps, strangers to the luxury of a good book, they fall asleep when sitting still; or, tired of "pottering about" the rooms which need but little of their attention, they saunter out into the open-air to interest themselves in the many incidents of street-life. Persuade them to attend our ordinary religious services, and the charms that quiet our souls fill them with unrest; while the incitements to spiritual thought to us so gladdening, only yield them despondency, or provoke them to thoughtless indifference. Our enjoyments will be their disappointments; our delights, their disgust. Entice them into mission-rooms, and if the preacher be attractive and earnest, they may be interested, perhaps for the while delighted to excitement; but, if he be violently eccentric, or a vulgar Boanerges, the probabilities are that the working man will have his good sense insulted, or his risible faculties unduly excited. Clearly there must be

some strong inducement to lead him to attend, with regularity, special in-door services. He is too full of trivial excuses for us deliberately to add to the stock: and mere talkers, whose agreement with Mrs. Poyser's aphorism, "There's no pleasure in living if you are to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel," leads them to inflict indescribable pains upon their too patient hearers, only repel those who might be allured. Unfortunately, this type of evangelists is too often regarded, by the labouring classes, as representative of the whole; and we would strongly urge upon our capable brethren, suffering under the imputation of being classed with such rude thinkers and chatterers, the task of convincing the poor to the contrary, by going where they are, and speaking to them in the streets, and so winning them to the regular services of the mission-room. A simple, fervent preacher, with homely genius, smart and cheerful, cannot fail in gathering together larger numbers to hear the gospel out-of-doors than within. Our variable climate does not keep in-doors thousands of persons who would not regard this as an objection to open-air efforts, any more than the Easterns would object to such gatherings where sun-strokes are not uncommon, and tempests occasionally rage.

Into whatever disrepute open-air preaching may have fallen, not a little of the blame must rest upon the injudicious agents by whom it has been carried on. Twaddle, whether found in the four million sermons said to be annually delivered within walls in England, or in the street lectures of incompetent men, or the idle talk of private life, must be a nuisance. There may be, as Matthew Henry so well observes, in well-doing an over-doing, and such over-doing as may prove undoing. It is a grievous mistake to suppose no qualifications are necessary for open-air preaching. We need not curb the enthusiasm of young men disposed to encounter all the difficulties of arduous Christian service, but to enlighten their minds upon the nature of these difficulties, and to improve the character of their voluntary service, are benefits to themselves, and to the cause of piety. Any organisations that seek these ends have our hearty sympathy. The church of the Tabernacle, by the means of its Evening Classes and Evangelists' Association, has contributed not a little, we think, in improving the gifts of many young men who have preached in different parts of South London.

A useful society, not so well known as it deserves, has prosecuted this work with considerable energy. We refer to the Open-air Mission—"an Unsectarian Lay Association," as it calls itself—formed for the purpose of calling out and qualifying, as far as may be, Christian men of zeal and native ability as open-air preachers. The society has an active secretary who, it is only fair to say, is the soul of the mission, and an honorary secretary, who has acquired not only a unique popularity for "paddling his own canoe," but also a high reputation for Christian and philanthropic zeal. Both gentlemen are open-air preachers of great ability, and are well fitted to train and give direction to the young men who constitute the members of the mission. The way in which young men are thus trained is mainly by monthly conferences, at which special addresses by ministers and gentlemen of all denominations are given, and discussions held. These addresses are theological, exegetical, and practical, and cover a wide field of useful knowledge.

The attendance varies from eighty to one hundred and eighty young men, who are thus brought into sympathy and acquaintance, and the gatherings are highly valued. The society is fully aware of the difficulty of its undertaking. "There are two difficulties in this matter," says its last report. "One is, to convince unsuitable men that street-preaching is not their vocation; and the other is, to convince suitable men that they possess the needed qualifications, and so ought to use them with vigour. If more of the latter men would undertake the work, fewer of the former kind would continue to do it." This testimony is true; but sometimes it happens that the most unpromising material will ultimately yield the richest ore.

The instructions given to open-air preachers are unexceptionable. They are advised to work together, and, as much as possible, regularly with the same group, of which there should be a leader, whose wisdom and piety mark him out for that purpose. They are desired not to speak out-of-doors on controverted themes, but to expound those cardinal gospel truths upon which all evangelical Christians are agreed. The warmest Calvinist would hardly preach the doctrine of election in the streets, probably on the ground that it would be casting a scriptural pearl before swine; and yet we have heard of some very elect souls standing considerably within five miles of the Euston Road teaching most offensively the caricature of that doctrine, and warning men that, unless they were foreordained for salvation, they had been foredetermined for damnation. So, perhaps, a warning such as that given by the Open-air Mission is not altogether unneeded. Reverence in expression, and the avoidance of a trifling style of speech, are inculcated; and adaptation to the kind of audience is recommended. This latter point, indeed, is important, inasmuch as out-door congregations are not unlike in-door assemblies in regard to their diversities. "Do not attempt fine language or artificial manners; but speak in a natural tone, and explain, and persuade." The great fault of street preachers, perhaps, has been a want of condescension to explain what they mean: the theological terms of the study are not understood by the mixed audiences of the streets. Even the phrase "only believe" needs explanation: what are we to believe, and how? And the persuasive tone is more useful than the declamatory. If men's hearts are to be reached, their intellects must be persuaded; and to persuade it is not necessary to shout, but to reason: the reasoning faculties, not the lungs, are the needed weapons. "Shouting and ridiculous gestures" are, we are glad to see, in the *index expurgatorius* of the Open-air Mission. So also are services at late hours, vulgar tunes, and noisy singing, and resistance of the police; and the following instructions are equally wise:—Speak courteously, both in preaching and in speaking to individuals; (to which we would add, keep your temper, and be gentlemanly to opponents, retorting only in such ways as Mr. Gladstone did at Blackheath, and as Mr. Cobden did when addressing vast concourses of people. The half-playful and half-serious allusion to the obstreperous is the most effectual safeguard against abuse and interruption, and gives you a position of superiority which an ill-tempered reference will never win.) If a person wishes to debate, walk and talk with him, or arrange for a private conversation; for disputation in the streets brings evangelism into contempt.

Say what you have to say as briefly as possible (a very difficult rule, almost as hard as the next): Give place to brethren who can speak better than yourself. (We do not know why this should be hard, either. We remember having something to do with organising some bands of street preachers at the Tabernacle, and found more young men willing to take second than first place, while some were proud to be permitted only to start the tunes or stand by the side of the speaker to give him confidence.) "Let your open-air work be as much as possible in connection with in-door services; and announce such services to your audiences, that you may follow up cases where hearers become interested in the truths of the gospel. Do not attempt to make open-air preaching so much a service of worship as an evangelistic effort to bring thoughtless and careless persons to give heed to the things of God. Never thrust tracts at persons, but offer them politely to all who may be willing to accept them. When the open-air service is finished, do not remain gossiping."

Mr. Macgregor has written a penny pamphlet on the lessons to be derived from the work of fourteen years' services held in connection with this mission, in which certain facts are stated which should be known by our readers. He observes with truth, that whereas fifty years ago, the majority in any assembly out of doors were scoffers or indifferent, now "those predominate who are willing to weigh the words of any man who speaks soberly, and who, by his tone and manner, shows that he is really in earnest." As a proof of this, it is mentioned that not one service in fifty is interrupted; not one in a hundred is stopped by opposition. Fair-play is only denied in the lowest haunts of Popery and crime, and from the former quarter there is less justice than from the latter. "If the people be willing," says Mr. Macgregor, "think how many there are of them! In the 338 public-houses of Marylebone, there were, one Sunday evening, twice as many persons as in the 49 chapels and churches of the district. Now where are all these when the churches, and chapels, and even the gin-shops are closed? By the well-advised closing of the public-houses, the people are more than ever thrown into the streets on Sunday. They find a substitute for rum and gin by an increased consumption of fruit and shell-fish, and the sweetmeat-shops are driving a large and growing trade. But the talk and the news of the gin-palace are now suddenly wanting on the Sabbath; and thus again have the people more leisure to listen."

The reports of the evangelists who preach in the metropolis are a proof of the value of the work. The places they occupy are prominent, and for the most part open thoroughfares. One auxiliary reports a number of conversions, and mentions the case of a notorious infidel lecturer, who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of members of the association; he is now a ragged school teacher, and intends as boldly to defend the faith, as formerly he had boldly denied it. The Royal Exchange offers an admirable and central position for these services; and they are made the more attractive by the occasional help rendered by our friend Mr. Orsman's well trained choral classes—for Golden Lane, has learned even to sing some of the choruses from the "Messiah." We find that the city missionary

of the district superintends the meetings, and is assisted by ministers and laymen, five or six taking part each Sunday. Last year seventy persons—forty-one men and twenty-nine women—professed decision for Christ; during the season 175 addresses were given to an average congregation of 280 persons. Mr. George Holland, who carries on a mission work in George-yard, Whitechapel, writes:—"During the season we hold from 150 to 200 services. Our plan is to carry the Gospel into the courts, alleys, and back streets, as masses of the people who live there never leave their places of abode on the Lord's day. One of our stations is a large square court, where from twenty to thirty people sit at their windows, besides persons from the neighbouring lodging houses, who form a group of attentive hearers. Another station is a large court-way, where there is a large lodging house. Here the people bring out forms and stools and a few chairs, so that sometimes as many as fifty have been seated, while others stand around the preacher. A third station is the top of George Yard, where sometimes we have a crowd of two hundred persons. Including tract distributors about thirty people are engaged in this work. Some now engaged in preaching formerly lived in the neighbourhood. Among the converts two are now Scripture readers, a third is the superintendent of a large Sunday school. Others are heard of in distant lands engaged in preaching the gospel." This report is but a fair sample of others.

But it is not alone in the metropolis that the Open-air Mission labours and stimulates others to labour. In many of the rural districts, among those who will not attend church, and dare not attend chapel, a good work is done. In some such parts of Surrey, we have known them to be greatly useful, and to be the means of awakening attention and concern among the poor. In large towns, and even in the two university cities, successful religious services have been conducted. Our space will not admit of lengthy quotation from the reports, but the following is so unique and admirable that we gladly give it. "I left Plymouth last August," writes Mr. Vicary, "in the yacht belonging to Colonel Onslow, it being placed at my disposal for Evangelistic purposes, by the Colonel, who accompanied me. We put into Fowey, Palruan, Falmouth, Newlyn, and Penzance. At each port we held large interesting open-air meetings when the weather was favourable; otherwise we preached in the chapels and Bethels. The Colonel spoke at most of the meetings. Our method of informing the inhabitants was to send round the crier, bidding him to call out, 'Good news! Good news!' and then name the time and place of meetings. Hundreds would flock together, and on several occasions many were broken down, weeping aloud in the open air. At Newlyn especially we had a glorious time. I took my stand near the beach on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. About one hundred and fifty fishermen and their wives assembled. The scene was most enchanting: as the beautiful Mount's Bay lay open in front, and the blue sky overhead, with the town of Penzance on my left, I was forcibly reminded of him who by Gennesareth's lake taught the people from a fisherman's boat." Speaking of Plymouth itself, Mr. Vicary says:—"My American organ has rendered me great service here during the summer—calling together congregations of hundreds in a very few moments, which, before my song is ended, have swelled up

to a thousand. During my last tour I had an organette with me as being more portable."

Special services are held at races, fairs, and other large gatherings. This work, it is admitted, is of a most trying nature. At Charlton Pleasure Fair, amidst the reign of universal hubbub, tracts were distributed by twenty missionaries, and addresses given as opportunity afforded. Preaching at races must be even worse—for the attendants at pleasure fairs are, however foolish and degraded, better to deal with than the blasphemous and vulgar men who are connected with the turf. The women who go for pleasure are often bitterly opposed to the preachers. One woman is reported to have said that she hated to go to such places now, "for all pleasure was marred by a parcel of tub-thumpers," by which classical expression she meant the open-air preachers. "She could go to no place, but they were sure to be there, and shoving tracts down people's throats. When people came out for pleasure they meant pleasure, and when they meant to be religious they went to church." "But," she cried, "such creatures as you are, with your tracts, mar everybody's pleasure. I hate the very sight of you; and if I had my way, I would have you, and all like you, locked up." "Horses are in my line," said one man to whom a tract had been offered, "I know of nothing but horses. I was brought up to it, I've lived in it, and I shall stick to it. *That* is your business, and *this* is mine. My wife goes to church, and I send my children to school; but I never go to church myself; it is not in my line." Thus this respectable looking and well-attired man manifested an ignorance about religion as gross as that of the lowest costermongers of Golden Lane and White-chapel, who have the vague impression that religion was never designed for any "in their line." Perhaps the editorial note appended to a report of the races, in a certain local newspaper, gives evidence of much the same kind of ignorance—a note calling the preachers, "Pharisaical humbugs," with "indecent bills," and concluding thus:—"It is a pity these fellows are not made to earn a shilling a day more respectably; and it speaks well for the good-natured tolerance of those going to the races that they did not duck them in the adjacent ditches." Even, however, in this most uncongenial field, some good fruit has been gathered; and a testimony against sin and for righteousness has been delivered, which read in the light of the judgment to come will sufficiently justify the accused.

It is only needful to add, that the income of this little society was only £722 last year, and that was £70 more than in any previous year; but that so much work would not be done at so small a cost, were it not for the liberal grants of tracts, &c., from societies, publishers, and individuals. We conclude with the following summary, for the year 1870-71:—

No. of Auxiliaries	12
„ Members	154
„ Conferences held by the Mission, and its branches	36
„ Races visited 77, fairs visited 48, other special gatherings, 34	159
„ Tracts distributed (being 266,020 more than the previous year)	777,045

EDWARD LEACH.

Of the Adornment of a Christian.

BY KIRCHENPROPST CASPERS.*

“Jesus thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.”

ZINZENDORF.

WE may form some faint idea of the exceeding fairness of the believing soul, when we regard the beauties of nature. How beautiful is the blue vault of heaven! The sun gives it splendour by day, and the moon and the stars render it glorious by night. The Lord says: “Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father” (Matt. xiii. 43); and again: “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever” (Dan. xii. 3). If the inanimate sun and stars are so fair, how glorious must be the living stars, the living suns, namely, the justified in heaven!

The soul of the believer is already in possession of a beauty which resembles the beauty of our Jesus, though it remains veiled until Christ, who is our life, shall appear. Then shall we also be revealed “with him in glory” (Col. iii. 3, 4).

All things in nature were created by the word of God (Gen. i. 1). But when he created man, he “breathed into his nostrils the breath of life” (Gen. ii. 7). God made with his hand no flower, no tree; the earth brought forth these at his command (Gen. i. 11). But he fashioned man with his own hand, and with his own Spirit he gave him life, “and man became a living soul.” Therefore, how much more beautiful must be the soul of man than are the trees and flowers of the field! For Jesus has washed away the sin of the fall with his own blood, and has not only restored the soul to what she was on the sixth day of creation, but has given her a resemblance to himself in his glory.

The beauty of the soul is nought but power and divine life, is nothing less than Christ in his suffering beauty. This beauty is the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ, as described in the Revelation of St. John: “What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And he said to me, These are they which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb” (Rev. vii. 13, 14).

In heaven the righteousness of Jesus will become visible as the soul’s ornament and robe of honour. “From the head even to the sole of the foot righteousness covers her.” This glorious dress secures the soul from the anger and punishment of God, and gives her his grace and mercy. No angel ever appears so beautiful as does the forgiven child of God, clothed in the robe of Christ’s righteousness. The angels have not the righteousness of the God-man; they have

* “The Footsteps of Christ.” Translated from the German of A. Caspers, Church Provost and Chief Pastor at Husum. By Adelaide E. Redham. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1871.

not put on Christ as we have (Gal. iii. 27). The unfallen angels shine in the beauty of created innocence and righteousness, which is the beauty of the creature: the redeemed are bright in the righteousness of the Creator, the righteousness of God their Saviour; and they are therefore fairer in their adornment than the angels are in theirs. This robe of righteousness is the hidden treasure and ornament of the soul; and it is just as much in the soul as it veils and covers her. It is more delicate and dazzling than are the rays of the sun, and it has also more warmth than they have; for it is light from the eternal Sun of grace, Christ on the cross.

He who puts on Christ, receives the crown of eternal life (1 Cor. ix. 25). The crown of Jesus was a crown of thorns. Because he bore this for us, we, for his sake, receive the unfading crown of honour (1 Pet. v. 4). The more the crown presses, and the more its thorns pierce our head, the more surely can we know that it is the crown of eternal life. The way to the kingdom of God leads the Christian through much tribulation (Acts xiv. 22). The heaviest sorrow is sorrow for sin; and our most blessed sorrow is to weep in love and loving yearning for Jesus. Bitter times are the times of persecution, and yet they are also blessed, for we are permitted to suffer for the eternal Friend of our soul.

The tears of repentance and of love's ardent longing for Jesus are pearls in the crown of eternal life. That they may become this, the Lord counts them up, and collects them (Ps. lvi. 8).

The crown of life which is worn by the believing soul appears outwardly as though it were nought but Christ's crown of thorns. But when he, the chief shepherd, shall appear, then shall it shine forth as a crown of glory (1 Pet. v. 4; 2 Tim. iv. 8), which the righteousness of Jesus has provided; then shall it appear in splendour, never again to be dimmed by our tears and sighs.

What is the hidden crown of life? Jesus Christ himself. The crown is the sign of victory. Christ is our victory over self, Satan, and the world (1 Cor. xv. 57). The crown is a proof and a sign of honour. Christ is our honour. During our earthly pilgrimage no one beholds our crown of victory and honour but God; and the believing soul rejoices that it is so, and that it is hidden from the world, even as a treasure which safely rests under lock and key. The victory and the honour of victory—both are secured to the Christian.

Over the crown the Christian wears the helmet of salvation (Eph. vi. 17; 1 Thess. v. 8). This covers the crown, so that he appears not as a crowned victor, but as a combatant. As long as the helmet of salvation covers the head, so long the crown of life sits securely. But should the helmet fall off, then the crown will fall off too; should the helmet of salvation be thrown away, the crown will be thrown away also. Should the Christian permit himself to be induced by the enemy of his soul to throw off the helmet, in order, perhaps, to be for a moment free from the burden of the conflict, or in order that the world, which torments him, may not recognise him as a warrior of Christ,* he

* This to our mind is a very muddled statement, but the author means rightly enough. If we did cast away faith, we should perish; but, blessed be God! the life within is living and incorruptible, and abideth for ever.—C. H. S.

may thereby lose the crown; for his soul's enemy will surely take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded.

Salvation is the forgiveness of sins. This forgiveness we have in the blood of Jesus. Therefore, Jesus is our salvation; therefore, he is our helmet of salvation; for "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12). In him is salvation.

Over his robe of honour the Christian wears the armour which covers his breast. The apostle says: "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil" (Eph. vi. 11, 13). It is against the arrows of the evil one, which convey into our soul blasphemous and self-destroying thoughts, that this armour is designed to protect us.

"The Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John iii. 8), and thus deprive him of his might. Christ has triumphed over Satan, and over Satan's might (Col. ii. 15). Satan loses his power over us and his right to us, when we are released from sin, that is, when our sins are forgiven us (1 John i. 7). Christ is the propitiation for our sins (1 John ii. 2), and the vanquisher of Satan. Christ is our armour.

In the hands of the believer flash sword and shield, the one in the right hand and the other in the left. The sword is the word of God (Eph. vi. 17); and it is sharper than any two-edged blade (Heb. iv. 12). Christ is the Word (John i. 1); and he is therefore the sword of the soul. The shield is Christ (Gen. xv. 1). The wounds which the sword of divine justice would have inflicted upon us sinners have been received by him. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. liii. 5).

"Armed with the terrors of his hell,
His darts the foe is aiming.
Firm and unmoved his thrusts repel,
Your faith in Christ proclaiming!
Salvation's helmet on your head,
Wield sword in fight so holy;
Hold fast the word, which light doth shed
On trusting souls and lowly,
That ye may conquerors be."

The bright armour of the soul is invisible. Christ also is invisible; but the world, overcome by faith, and fallen beneath the sword of the martyr's word, can perceive him. In the success of the divine word, in the protection which Jesus gives to his own against sin and temptation, in the invulnerableness of believers against Satan and his arrows, the world marks that the Christian wears an invisible armour. No one beholds on the Christian the heavenly robe of Christ's righteousness; but it shines forth in his word and walk. It is thus perceptible to the children of the world. This holy armour places the believing soul among the hosts of the Lord God of Sabaoth, and enables her, first, to fight against and to subdue self. He who uses this armour first against others, throws away his defence and weapons, and becomes a deserter to the multitude that is hostile to God. The soul lays aside her holy armour, when the flesh, subdued by repentance, decays in death. When

the soul puts off this body of the flesh, her holy robe of honour shines openly before the angels of God. It shall be also openly manifested before the whole world, when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, and shall give to our soul her glorified body.

The two ornaments of the soul (the dress and the armour), which we have been considering, are necessary to the children of God. All God's children, who are pilgrims, wear them until they enter into their heavenly rest. Then, they lay aside the armour; then, they walk clad in the pure robe of peace, which is the blood and righteousness of Christ.

Joseph's Cup which maketh Trial.

WORDS OF COMFORT FOR A SUFFERING MAN OF GOD.

“**G**OD be gracious unto thee, my son,” were the words of Joseph to his beloved brother Benjamin, and his “mess was five times so much as any of theirs”—and, doubtless, five times as delicate and as sweet. And yet to this beloved one was given the cup of trial. (Gen. xlv. 5—see margin.) And then the words of Joseph were: “The man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant” (verse 17). Thus the cup which maketh trial was eminently the cup of distinction. Benjamin was elect to service, and, **THEREFORE**, to trial. Let it never be forgotten that Joseph had drunk deep of this cup of trial before he gave it to his best-loved brother; and it had been most bitter in the mouth, but he had enjoyed the after sweetness; his sorrow had not given place to, but been turned into, joy. (John xvi. 20—22.) “All things work *together* (not separately in themselves) for good to them that love God, who are the called according to his purpose,” that purpose being “the praise of his glory.” (Rom. viii. 28; Eph. i. 12.)

Now, if we turn to Jeremiah, the weeping Prophet, we find in his hand “the cup which maketh trial,” for he was of the tribe of Benjamin (ch. i. 1). Anathoth was the sacerdotal city of the tribe of Benjamin. I will quote a verse or two which speak of the trials of this servant of God:—He had personal grief; “When I would comfort myself against sorrow, *my heart is faint in me*” (ch. viii. 18). “I have forsaken mine house, I have left mine heritage. . . . Mine heritage is unto me as a taloned bird” (margin) (ch. xii. 7—9). He felt a deep pastoral grief: “But if you will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride; and mine eye shall weep sore, and run down with tears, because the Lord's flock is carried away captive” (ch. xiii. 17). “Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast born me a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth! I have neither lent on usury, nor men have lent me on usury: yet every one of them doth curse me.” “Why is my pain *perpetual*, and my wound incurable, which refuseth to be healed? Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar, and as waters that fail?” (ch. xv. 10—18; see also ch. xx. 7—18).

Thus was intense and *varied* suffering the lot of this most highly-distinguished servant of God; for the man in whose sack is my cup, the silver cup, which maketh trial, *shall be my servant*.

The second instance, I would bring before you, is Paul of the tribe of Benjamin. A single quotation will suffice: "Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am more; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of *the Jews*, five times received I forty stripes, save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by *mine own countrymen*, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils *among false brethren*; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches. Who is weak? and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?" (2 Cor. xi. 23, 29.) Then we must add to this "a thorn in the flesh," possibly a false apostle. Yet Paul's faith survived it all!

Thus the cup of trial is peculiarly the cup of distinction, it marks the chosen servant of God. Jeremiah and Paul were to occupy a high place of honour—a prominent place in the living temple of the Lord; and, therefore, of necessity, they must be much cut, and chipped, and polished. In proportion to the value of the diamond will be the labour of the lapidary.

Dear suffering brother, as myself a sufferer, both as a father and a pastor, let me earnestly commend to you the words and example of the blessed Jesus: "The cup which *my Father* hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Then again, those notable words of Paul: "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of *the afflictions of Christ* in my flesh, for *his body's sake*, which is the church." Christ, as I was reminded the other day when speaking of my own trials, was not only in the furnace himself long ago, but is always *now* in it with *each* of his own people.

May the Lord help you to *roll* your burden, too heavy to lift and cast, upon Him.

H. W. FOSTER.

The Elijah of the Alps.

[SECOND PAPER.]

WE have already seen some evidence of Farel's restless spirit. The triumphs which had been achieved over Romanism by his zeal in preaching the gospel, led him to venture into other fastnesses of superstition which he might storm and make captive to the obedience of Christ. He selected the Val de Ruz and four other valleys, and commenced at one of the villages, where a Romish service was going on. Farel, armed with the authority of the Lords of Berne, entered the pulpit while the priest was at the altar and the choir were chanting the missal, and, much to the annoyance of the former, commenced preaching salvation by Jesus Christ. That the people should be disposed to listen with even earnest attention was more than the priests could endure. They ran into the towers, and rang the alarm bell so furiously that a number

of villagers made their appearance, and compelled the preacher and his associate to desist. They did so, and left the building, thankful that their lives had been preserved from the fury of the Papists. In the evening as they were returning to Neufchatel, they fared worse; for women, priests, and men assailed them with clubs and stones, and after almost beating the life out of them cast them into a miserable dungeon. Were it not for fear of the Lords of Berne, it is probable that the Lutherans would have been put to death; but they were released upon the demand of the townsmen of Neufchatel, after a short imprisonment, and, when they had recovered from their wounds, resumed once again, and with renewed ardour, their mission.

It was not to be expected, however, that the somewhat riotous procedure of the Lutherans to gain the pulpits of the Romanists, although shielded by authority, would besuffered to settle the matter. In proportion as the one party grew in zeal and boldness, the other developed all their muscular and scheming powers. They plotted a counter-revolution by which the Protestant pulpit might be overthrown and the worship of the host substituted. The priests were active in securing the sympathies of those who were still attached to old Romish practices. They visited the houses of the people, put up temporary altars in their homes, and secretly sought in every way to accomplish their purposes. But on the eve of carrying out of the plot, the burghers of Berne demanded of the governor that protection which was due to the evangelists whom they, as a civil power, had sent out. The result was that the conspiracy proved ineffectual, and the gospel was still preached in the town. In other places Farel met with the roughest usage: he was dragged out of pulpits, beaten severely, and stoned. In return for this the Reformers at Neufchatel went into one of the churches, and into an abbey—"a blissful nest of quarrelsome monks"—and destroyed their altars and images. It is evident that this strong and unjustifiable step would not have been taken were they not greatly incensed at the treatment of their favourite preacher, unlawfully received at the hands of the priests. They had a very rough and ready kind of argument to justify their extreme measures in this case. We, they argued, did not aim our blows at living men, but at unfeeling idols of wood and stone: our opponents strike at our preachers, we at their evil and debasing system. It requires two parties to make a quarrel, and if the Reformers were rash and iconoclastic, the Papists were subtle, cruel, and riotous.

Some of Farel's bitterest persecutors were won over to his cause. The wife of Lord Arnex, who had planned a conspiracy against the ill-used preacher and had beaten him in the street, and had filled the church with mischievous boys, who laid down and pretended to be asleep during the sermon, and then sprang up, howling with all their might—even this fair but determined opponent had been converted. So had her noble husband, and a number of other equally unlikely persons. Every one was astonished—could it be possible?

At Geneva, events were shaping themselves for the favourable reception of the gospel. Geneva, at this time, was Romish. Calvin had not yet left the errors in which he had been brought up. But dissatisfaction with Rome was spreading. Bible colporteurs were fanning the flame, and the Huguenots were demanding that the Genevans should be politically free. Some sturdy laymen, who had accepted the Bible as their sole religion, were vigorously opposing the teaching and the influence of the priests. There was an increasing party who were desirous that a Reformer should preach the gospel in the city or its suburbs. The granting of indulgences—twenty-nine livres for a false oath, and only about fifteen livres for a murder—opened the eyes of many inhabitants of the city; and the presentation, by those who had received the gospel, of free pardon by Jesus Christ still further prepared the way for the reformation in Geneva. And now the venturesome Farel, "the great missionary," appears on the scene. By some he was recognised as the scourge of the priests, by others as "a shabby little preacher." Many of the principal councillors and citizens heard him preach immediately upon his entrance into the city, and several were convinced.

The priests heard of it, and besought the women to interfere, and the latter obeyed. The senate discussed what was to be done with the preachers that had been sent by "my Lords of Berne." They were not anxious to offend the priests, still less to arouse the ire of "my Lords," and they decided to hear the preachers in the town hall. As Farel and Sauvier entered the senate chamber, every eye was fixed on "that man with keen look and red beard, who was setting all the country in a blaze, from the Alps to the Jura." They were charged with disturbing the world, with trumpeting rebellion, creating discord, fanning sedition, and so forth. "I am not a deluder," was Farel's proud reply. "I am not a trumpet of sedition, I simply proclaim the truth. I am ready to prove out of God's word that my doctrine is true, and not only to sacrifice my case, but to shed the last drop of my blood for it." And Farel's calm look betokened his sincerity; all saw that he was prepared to adventure all for the cause which he had espoused. The result of the examination was a dismissal, accompanied with the advice not to disturb the tranquility of the city.

There were others, however, who were determined that the city's peace should not be kept. These were the enraged priests. A plot was concerted to kill Farel. To argue with him was a roundabout method that was beneath contempt; the shorter plan was more effectual, and they were more conversant with the weapons which destroy than with those that convince. It was proposed to invite Farel and his companion to a debate in the vicar-general's house, where they might be either shot or stabbed to death. Suspicion prevailed among the Protestants that foul play was meant, so unreasonable did it appear that the priests should hold debate with those who decided every doctrine by the word of God. Two chief magistrates assured Farel that he would be protected from danger; and the preachers were, consequently, only too willing to have an opportunity afforded them of openly stating and defending the gospel of Christ. As yet the preachers did not anticipate danger, and, in dependence upon God, they set out for the Episcopal Council.

"Already," says one account, "was there a suspicious looking group in front of the Tour Perce. While the upper house of the clergy was sitting at the vicar's, the lower house had met in the streets. The armed curates and chaplains had watched the messengers going to the inn, and guessed what it meant. They gathered their followers, particularly the women and the rabble. When the three Genevans, with the three reformers, passed, they fell in the train. 'Look at the dogs,' said they, with coarse jeers and threats. There was danger on every hand. In the council and in the streets men had sworn Farel's death. At the door of the vicar's house the three reformers had to wait some time, for the two magistrates went in to ask another pledge of the council, that the ministers should be safe while they freely explained their doctrines. The pledge was given, and they entered and stood together before the imposing assembly, all in their sacerdotal robes." The debate seems to have been a farce. The priests did little else but abuse Farel, and by their offensive loquacity practically gave him no chance to speak. The noise was so great that his voice could not be heard. When the grand vicar had secured silence for a moment, Farel seized the opportunity to vindicate himself from the charges that had been brought against him. He was thereupon met with the cry, "Blasphemy." "To the Rhone, to the Rhone." "Kill him. It is better for this rascally Lutheran to die than to let him trouble all the people." The three Reformers were beaten and spat upon, and treated with violence, despite the protestations of the magistrates present. They withdrew while the council deliberated, and as Farel entered an adjoining gallery he observed a gun levelled at him. In an instant the priming flashed, but the load happily was not expelled. It is believed to have burst in the hand of the vicar's servant who had aimed it at the Reformer. Summoned into the room to hear the decision of the ecclesiastics, the grand vicar said, "William Farel, leave my presence and this house, and within six hours get you gone from the city with your two companions, under pain of the stake. And know that, if this sentence is not more severe, you must ascribe it

to our kindness, and to our respect for the Lords of Berne." Small respect could they have for these said lords, and their own kindness was cruel—was, indeed, as unacceptable as the treatment of the mob outside, who were lying in wait to silence Farel for ever. A Catholic lady wrote that "the worthy men," by which she meant the mob, were not satisfied to see the heretics alive, and one rushed forward at Farel with a sword "to run him through." He was, however, mercifully delivered out of their hands, and afterwards left Geneva, still believing that the wrath of man would yet be changed for praise to the God whose gospel of love he so earnestly preached. Geneva must yet be evangelised. What if it should ultimately become wholly Protestant!

He certainly had not given up all thoughts of winning over the Genevese to a purer faith. He proposed new plans to his friends by which this might be done. He selected a young man of piety and ardour, named Froment, whom he advised to begin, as he himself had begun, as a schoolmaster. Though hesitating at first, for the difficulties were apparently tremendous, Froment ultimately decided upon going to the city which had witnessed so great a tumult. He tried first to preach the gospel, but was not rewarded with any attention. At last, concluding that he could do better elsewhere, he decided upon journeying to another district: but when on the point of departure, he remembered how successful Farel had been at Aigle, under similarly trying circumstances, and he resolved to remain. He hired a room, and put up the following curious placard:—"A young man, just arrived in this city, engages to teach reading and writing in French, in one month, to all who will come to him, young and old, men and women, even such as have never been to school; and if they cannot read and write within the said month, he asks nothing for his trouble. He will be found at Boytet's Hall, near the Motard. Many diseases are also cured gratis." The children flocked to the school, heard the New Testament read and explained before they left, and told their parents all. Then the parents were interested, and their curiosity was excited. They went to hear the Bible read and expounded by the "schoolmaster who spoke French so well." Some came to cavil and to report to the priests; but many were so completely won that Froment soon found defenders as well as foes. He was called "a little fool," and his youth was despised; still, said his friends, "That fool can teach you to be wise." Converts were given the preacher, and these spread the good news. A lady of influence was among the number, and she became a most useful friend to the despised preachers, and the refugees were at all times welcome to her hospitable abode. At last, Froment was forbidden by the city council to preach, and was bitterly persecuted; yet the work proceeded, and believers multiplied.

A season of bitter suffering for Christ's sake followed; and would probably have brought the Huguenots to silence but for the interposition of the Lords of Berne, who remonstrated with some effect. A blustering priest offered to enter into discussion with any debaters the Lords of Berne might send. Hapless man; he knew not that Farel would be commissioned; so, regarding discretion as the better part of valour, he absconded. We need not enter into minute details of all that followed. Protestant Berne ultimately had its way, although things were done which savoured of the tactics of the Romish party, and were therefore unjustifiable. At last, the day came when the first Protestant sermon was delivered in a Genevan church, and one by one other churches were opened to the Reformers. Infamous plots were, however, concerted to destroy, by poison and otherwise, the lives of those who had thus turned the little world of Geneva upside down; the priests tried hard to recover lost ground, but they lost more each day; images were destroyed, and ultimately the councillors decided to abolish Popery and to establish Protestantism. Had they confined themselves to granting religious liberty to all parties, it would have been better; but they had not learned this wisdom. Protestantism was now completely enthroned in Geneva.

About this time, Farel was brought into contact with a mind of different cast

—Calvin, who had already acquired great repute by his celebrated “Institutes of the Christian Religion.” Farel, hearing of the visit of this great theologian, at once solicited his help. Calvin hesitated; he did not wish to bind himself to any one church. Farel’s reply was terrible, and was to Calvin as an awful threatening. “Now, I declare unto you,” said he, with almost prophetic voice, “in the name of the Almighty God—to you who only put forth your studies as a pretence—that if you will not help us to carry on the work of the Lord, the curse of God will rest upon you, for you will be seeking your own honour rather than that of Christ.” Calvin was, as he confesses, literally inspired with terror, and he was compelled to yield. It was well he did. The Genevese listened with profound admiration, and with increasing respect, to his sermons; and soon he was elected preacher and professor of theology. These two holy men worked together in unison, although Farel now and then offended the good taste of the more judicious and less excitable reformer. After a while, Farel settled in Neufchatel as pastor, and led a quieter life—a life, however, not without its vicissitudes; for in seeking to maintain godly discipline—a difficult thing in a State church—he was flung, once again, into turmoil. His opponents proved too strong for him; and so he was about to leave when the plague broke out. “The courage of Farel rose with the dangers of his situation. He acted the part of a pastor who had never been disowned by any of the people. He visited the sick every day, relieved the poor, and sought to win his enemies by kindness.” He was successful, and a few weeks after he was re-elected pastor for life. For twelve months he was absent from his people, fighting the battle of Protestantism against superstition and Popery in Metz and the Moselle; here he had to endure much from his enemies. It is said that his garments were a proof of the persecutions he had endured, as well as of his poverty and his disregard to dress.

Until his death, Farel laboured on with zeal and energy. It is marvellous how untiring were his efforts to propagate the gospel, and to encounter, with the sharp edge of his argument, the superstitious follies of Roman Catholicism. He outlived Calvin fifteen months—Calvin being the younger. At the ripe old age of seventy-six, this great evangelist, as D’Aubigné calls him, departed this life, leaving behind him a memory that the world will not willingly let die. He was buried in Neufchatel.

Farel was the terror of the sacerdotalist, and of all who hated the gospel of Jesus Christ; but he was also the joy of the church which he served. His oratory was powerful; Calvin felt its mighty influence and acknowledged that he had been enchained at Geneva by “those thunders of the word.” His constant activities and heated debates did not weaken his piety; he was strong in the presence of his foes, because he was strong in the room where he sought “power from on high.” That power came; it made his utterances almost prophetic, and gave them a fiery fervour which roused the antagonism of his foes, and won the enthusiasm of the people. His voice of thunder was needed; and God used it for his glory.

The Paris Baptist Chapel.

DEAR SIR,

It will gratify many of your readers to learn that the Baptist Church at Paris, with whom some of us have so often worshipped in the rooms at the Rue St. Roch and the Rue des Bons Enfants, are likely, at last, to have a commodious chapel of their own.

The English fund collected for this purpose some seven or eight years since, and of which our beloved brother, Sir Morton Peto, and I have been treasurers, proved to be totally inadequate even for the purchase of the land; and the

money has, therefore, been lying on deposit at Messrs. Barclay's bank. But, during the past autumn, a deputation has arrived from the American Missionary Union at Boston, who already contribute largely to the support of the pastor, empowered to take the necessary steps for the erection of a chapel, provided the sum already collected here could be made available for the purpose. And, as an earnest of their intentions, they sent over 10,000 dols., equal to about £2,000, to add to our amount. After friendly conferences with them, and communications with Paris, we received from the Church a formal request to transfer our fund to Dr. Murdock, the Secretary of the Union, and of course we did so at once. With these moneys, and with a further sum borrowed on the credit of the committee, Dr. M. has secured and paid for an eligible plot of ground, measuring about 45 feet 6 inches wide, 115 feet deep, or about 5,230 feet superficial; and he has obtained plans and estimates for a good chapel, to seat about 550 persons, and in which there will also be accommodation for the pastor's residence, and for schoolrooms, vestries, etc., etc.

The address is *No. 48, Rue de Lille*, near its intersection with the *Rue du Bac*, close to the southern quays and the bridges. The situation is very convenient for the members, and will be readily accessible to visitors.

Dr. Murdock has sailed for the United States, with the plan and estimates, and hopes to return in the spring with the necessary authority and funds to erect and open the chapel in the course of 1872.

When I have further particulars of his progress, I will ask your permission to lay it before your readers; but, in the meanwhile, as my official duties in connection with the undertaking have ended, I should like to make public the following brief summary of our accounts:—

PARIS BAPTIST CHAPEL FUND.

TREASURERS: *Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., and Mr. James Benham.*
SECRETARY: *Mr. John Neal.*

DR.	£	s.	d.	CR.	£	s.	d.
To amounts collected by Pastor Dez and others, 1863—1871	1,290	5	3	By expenses connected with English services during Exhibition	47	10	2
Deposit interest	223	1	0	Balance transferred to Dr. Murdock	1,465	16	1
	<u>£1,513</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>3</u>		<u>£1,513</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>3</u>

Yours, etc., etc.,

JAMES BENHAM.

50, Wigmore Street, W.
October, 1871.

[We most earnestly commend the case of our dear Paris brethren to the sympathy of the Lord's stewards. We have worshipped with them, and enjoyed their simple fervour. It was our privilege to help them during the siege, and their gratitude was touching. We have some funds for them, and will be glad to receive more. We hope to see them ere long, and carry help in our hand, if given us by God's people.—C. H. S.]

Memoranda.

We have been enabled to continue our ministry and other labours under very considerable difficulty from feeble health, and now, in order to gain rest and escape the fogs which close the year, we have felt bound to make a short sojourn in the warmer climate of the south of France. This number of our Magazine was, therefore, prepared earlier than usual, and the accounts do not run on so far as usual into the month.

We acknowledge with many thanks several small sums from working men, who have been led to help the Orphanage through reading John Ploughman's Almanack. One brother wants us to urge some hundreds of workers to send 2s. 6d. each, as he has done, and so increase the income. We thank him for his spontaneous liberality, and hope others will give as he has done out of care for the orphans. Of such givers, we will only say, "the more the merrier." Another sends half-a-crown, because he thinks the Almanack honestly worth that money: John Ploughman lifts his hat to that friend. Another generous friend feels sure that John Ploughman's Almanack will have a great sale, and encloses four guineas, as "an equivalent for 1,000 copies, towards the Stockwell Orphanage Funds, trusting that many of your readers may follow the example."

One of the most remarkable spectacles upon which our eye has ever rested was seen in the Tabernacle on the evening of Tuesday, November 7th, when the churches of the London Baptist Association met to celebrate the Lord's Supper. We believe that very little short of 2,500 persons must have communed; we wonder if ever before, in this country, so large a number of believers have sat down at the Lord's table at one time. Better, however, than the largeness of the number was the greatness of the blessing, for surely the Lord was there. The tokens of spiritual life in our churches, as brought out during this day of prayer, were most encouraging. Prayer-meetings were held all over London, and, so far as we can gather, they were all good meetings. In our own district, the two meetings in the Borough Road Chapel, at 6.30 and 11, were remarkable for spiritual fervour, as also was that at the Tabernacle at 4.

On the first Sabbath of the month of Nov., 45 persons were received into our fellowship, a sign of a gracious visitation from the Lord. We are praying much, and hoping confidently. A blessing has come, and is yet coming. Oh for a revival all over England!

The Rector of Newington thinks it wise

publicly to rejoice in his great success in attracting young men into the Anglican Establishment; he loudly crowed at the Church Congress, because he had done this under the very eaves of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Now, when we have received Episcopalians by the score into our church, we have been thankful, but have not felt inclined to publish the fact at our denominational meetings. However, if Mr. Maclagan feels it needful to boast, we hope it may be a relief to him. We are not aware of a single member of our church whom he has stolen from us, nor can we discover that a solitary young man has left us or is likely to do. When gentlemen make statements, we are inclined to raise the cry of "Name, name!" Some rejoice in unhatched chickens, and some go further and crow over unlaid eggs. On Monday evening, November 6, when in our Tabernacle, there were from ten to twelve hundred at a prayer-meeting; we sent a trustworthy friend to see how many responded to the tinkling bell of our parish church, and, counting priests and officials, male and female, there were only twenty-two persons present. Here is surely a case of "great boast, little roast." If we were Mr. Maclagan, we would not blow the trumpet just yet. However, it is a matter of taste; he may blow away as much as he likes, for it pleases him, and it does not harm us.

On the 17th we opened a new chapel in the Cornwall Road, Brixton. It is situated behind the houses, but it has a tower in the street, so as to catch the eye and intimate that a place of worship is near. Our excellent friend, Mr. Asquith, will, we hope, for many a day labour there with success.

Did we dream it? Hardly, for our eyes were wide open. But this was the fancy which passed before us. Christmas is coming, and there are those 200 boys at the Orphanage, what are we to do for them again? Last year we were among them, and it was a day indeed. A day of feasting, and romping, and general glee. We had a noble store of gifts, and we did them justice. Many kind friends contributed, and there was no complaining at our tables. Nothing was wasted, but everything was enjoyed. Now, within a month, Christmas will be here again. Suppose nothing should come,—no materials for plum-pudding, no oranges, no nuts! Poor boys! What a fall off since 1870! The chairman (C. H. S.) will hardly dare to show his face

among you ; and yet he will not desert you, but will come down and share the suet-pudding, or the porridge, or whatever happens to be served up that day ; and if we cannot feast, at least we will not fret. Do you think the friends will forget the orphans ? " Well," says old Father Doubtful, " perhaps they may." There's that rocking-horse for the sick boys in the infirmary, we asked for it publicly, and we half thought we should have received enough horses by this time to make up a sort of Croydon fair ; but, alas ! not one horse, bay or grey, black or chestnut, has come to the Orphanage door. Wonder whether it will come at Christmas with a load of Christmas-tree ornaments on its back ; perhaps it has been waiting to have the pack packed and strapped on. But, suppose our friends forget the orphans at Christmas. No, it cannot be. We shall have the headache if we dwell on the possibility of such a catastrophe. Our notion is, that when we come home from Nick, we shall be met by Mr. Charlesworth with the pleasing intimation that our friends have been more generous this year than ever, and that we shall not have to eat short-cake, or bread-and-pull-it, or roast nothing and no turnips for our Christmas dinner. You young ravens are always opening your insatiable mouths, and it takes a great many worms, or rather very much grub, to keep you going ; but do not be afraid, there are happy homes where the orphan child has many advocates, and you will not be forgotten. Our hopes are reviving, and our head does not ache any longer ; the sun of hope is shining, and our prospects have brightened. Father Christmas may come as speedily as he pleases, for generous hands will make his coming pleasant.

Our College has enjoyed the great treat

of lectures from Mr. Arthur Mursell, and Dr. Landels. It is most remarkable that, while the *Westminster Review* was announcing these brethren as our opponents, they were actually of their own free will serving us as friends. Mr. Mursell's lecture contained such scathing sarcasm upon the modern schools of thought, and such a defence of the old orthodox faith, as we have seldom, if ever, heard. None who heard it will ever forget it ; nor, so long as they love the truth, will they wish to do so. From Dr. Landels' lectures on *Baptist Heroes* the students are sure to derive great stimulus. If it be possible, we will give our readers some account of them, and we hope Dr. Landels will, in due time, issue them from the press.

Our Gaelic-speaking brother, Mr. Mc. Dougall, is happily settled at Blair Athole.

Mr. Young, formerly colporteur, and now student at our College, has accepted an invitation to Cranford, Middlesex.

We are pleased to see that Mr. Taylor and the Markyate Street friends are moving for a new chapel. They need it badly enough, and deserve to be assisted liberally.

Mr. Tansley, from our College, follows Mr. Irving at Melton Mowbray, while Mr. Irving will endeavour to build up the cause at Maidenhead, so zealously commenced by our student, Mr. Glanville.

We are glad to see that Mr. Malins has accepted an invitation to Marlbro' Crescent, Newcastle.

In Toronto, our friend, Mr. Dyke, is working away most happily.

Mr. H. Dunn, of Pudsey, has removed to Milnbridge.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon : Oct. 26th, Twenty ; Nov. 2nd, Eighteen.

Reviews.

OUR *Penny Almanack* is, we think, more highly spoken of this year than ever before. *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack* will, we trust, become a favourite, and be a help to the Orphanage. Both are published by Passmore & Alabaster. We are pushing on with Vol. III. of the *Treasury of David*, and we hope to have it ready in March. Friends who have not procured the former volumes will, we hope, do so.

Well, said Solomon, " Of making many books there is no end ;" and we will amend him and add, " Much reviewing

is a weariness of the flesh." Finding our table to be in distress through overloading, we will fish up a little lot of publications, and finish them off in the most rapid style we can, consistent with justice ; premising, however, that a short notice is by no means an evidence that the reviewer has been hasty or careless.

Here are three or four things about that very troublesome " Gates Ajar ;" it has made jar and jarring enough. *Watching at the Gates* (Partridge & Co.) replies to the " Gates Ajar ;"

What shall we say About the Gates Ajar (Elliot Stock) vindicates it against the "Antidote;" and *Faith or Fancy*, by E. S. JOHNSON (Elliot Stock), examines it and condemns it. The game is not worth the candle. It is hard to reason against dreams; as a fancy the book is pleasing, but when tried and tested by orthodox doctrine it is nowhere. Pamphleteers had better give over breaking this butterfly on the wheel.

MR. DICKINSON, of 59, Old Bailey, issues a new penny weekly newspaper, entitled the *Christian Age*. It is mainly made up of sermons by popular Americans, and will be very useful to preachers and teachers. We wish him every success, but are fearful that it will not pay unless it obtains a very large circulation. [Since writing the above, we have seen other numbers of the *Christian Age*, and cannot speak too highly of it. It has now become more generally interesting. We hope all Christian parents will become subscribers. This paper may be safely introduced into Christian families.]

Come to Jesus, by NEWMAN HALL (Nisbet & Co.), we are glad to see issued in a penny edition. It needs no other review but the mention of the fact that it has reached one million, five hundred and fifty-four thousand. *Will a Man Rob God?* by F. BARKER (Sutton: W. R. Church), is a short appeal for weekly storing; an admirable practice, and we think also an incumbent duty. *A Christian Woman* (Elliot Stock). In verse; pious. *The Claims of China*: by the Rev. A. WILLIAMSON, LL.D. (Oliphant & Co.). The writer has returned to his self-denying labours in China, but he did well to leave this stimulating publication behind him. It ought to be worth many men and much money to the Chinese Missions. It deserves a thoughtful perusal. Young men, here is a field of glory open to you. *Gospel Hall Hymn Book* (Elliot, White Hart Street, Strand). A popular collection, but hardly to our taste. We dare say it is adapted for assemblies of the rougher classes; and, therefore, cannot but wish it success, though we shall never be likely to use it ourselves. *The Children's London Hymn Book* (Shaw & Co.). Our friend, Mr. Hur-

ditch, has done his work well, and produced a very useful collection for children. There will soon be enough hymn books we should think. *The Watchman Tracts* (Yapp & Hawkins). Soundly evangelical, and somewhat catching; they are better than most tracts, but there is room for improvement in this class of literature. In general, tracts appear to be dipped in a strong solution of opium. *Philip Phillips' Singing Annual for Sabbath Schools, Vol. II.* (Sunday School Union). As a specimen of self-praise this tune book bears on its face the modest statement, "Every song a gem, and never before published." It may be so; our singing readers had better judge for themselves. We are glad to see such a book issued; it is fairly excellent, but neither as to the words nor the music could we quite endorse the blast from its own trumpet, which is given at the outset.

Spiritualism the Work of Demons, by Rev. JOHN JONES, Liverpool (Simpkin & Co.); and *Spiritualism Tried by the Word of God*, by J. B. McCURE (Robert Banks), are two denunciations of Spiritualism as the work of Demons. It may be so, but we think the Devil himself would be tired of such nonsense; we fancy the agencies employed are more earthly and silly. What devils can hope to achieve by making tables dance the polka, and fiddles scrape themselves, we cannot imagine. *Baptists in Error*; by Rev. J. T. LEE, of Luton. Weak; not even strong enough to be watery. *Law of Husband and Wife*; by PHILO-FAMILIAS (Hatton & Son). A humane defence of poor, oppressed husbands. This pamphlet might be issued by a Men's Rights Association; who will commence one? Does not somebody want a berth? He might vote himself into the secretaryship of this new society. *A Letter to the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown on the Sacrificial Substitution of the Lord Jesus Christ*; by JOSHUA WILSON (Hodder & Stoughton). Very kindly said, and very needful to be said. Mr. Wilson belongs to the despised minority who have not yet given up the fundamentals of the gospel. *The Name above Every Name*; by Mrs. CHARLES SHRIMPTON (Book Society). The various titles of our

Lord, in verse, in a pamphlet for two-pence. *The Years Before the Battle*; by a Wayside Observer (Elliot Stock). The nonsensical "Battle of Dorking," which was sent abroad to foment the war-spirit among us, has produced quite a literature. This is one of the best of such pamphlets, and well and seasonably rebukes the errors of the times—social, political, and religious. It is as much calculated to do good as the "Battle of Dorking" to do harm.

The Sunday School Teachers' Pocket-book. Sunday School Union.

INVALUABLE, indispensable. Well planned, well arranged, well got up.

THE Religious Tract Society issues two very excellent pocket-books, fit for presents, and very useful. For adults, *The Scripture Pocket Book*; and for the juveniles, *The Young People's Pocket Book*. Christians should patronize these in preference to the trashy productions of fashion.

[We have put together a selection of reasonable juvenile books, which now follow on.]

Old Merry's Annual. Hodder and Stoughton.

As bouncing in size, and gorgeous in array, as ever. It is a prime favourite with the boys.

The Wood Carvers. By the Author of "Geoffrey and His Prize Marrow." Religious Tract Society.

A book for the young, and for the cottager. The gospel runs through it like a silver thread.

Tales of the Northern Seas. Religious Tract Society.

AN exceedingly well-written book upon a most attractive subject. Just the sort of present for nephew Frank.

Life in the Desert, and Scenes in Jerusalem.

Two beautiful Panoramic series of pictures in colours, for sixpence each. Every child should have a copy. Thanks to the Tract Society for such publications.

Eva and Bertie; a Tale for Little Children. Religious Tract Society.

NICE type, short words, plain sentences, a simple story, and excellent moral lessons for the six-year-olds.

The Child's Own Magazine. Sunday School Union.

THE yearly volume is a very pleasant book for the little ones; out of so many pretty volumes we are almost as embarrassed as the ladies among the silk dresses at the drapers; we do not know which to choose.

[Here our juvenile list must close for this month.]

Divine Leadings. Nisbet and Co. A memoir and fragments. Most interesting to the immediate family circle.

Origin and History of the New Testament. By JAMES MARTIN, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

A most useful book, and one which has been long needed. It deserves to be a class-book in colleges, and to be earnestly studied by all who wish to know the eventful history of the New Testament. As the author well says, "The researches of a Tregelles are as full of interest as those of a Darwin, and the history of Tischendorf is as full of adventure as that of Sir Samuel Baker himself." Our learned brother, Mr. Martin, late of Nottingham, is now labouring in Melbourne, Australia; he is an honour to the Baptist denomination.

Flints, Fancies, and Facts; a Review of Sir C. Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," and similar works. By WILLIAM ROBINSON, of Cambridge. Longmans, Green and Co.

Mr. Robinson wields a ponderous hammer, and smashes flints and fancies with a right good will. His lithograph of a collection of supposed flint implements is sufficient to convince most men that to argue from them is folly. "Pecks of such fragments, the result of natural fracture, may be picked up in any flinty region." This pamphlet is a reprint from the London Quarterly.

Buying and Selling, and Getting Gain, a pastoral for the times. By J. BALDWIN BROWN. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS pastoral contains a faithful and solemn warning to rich men; but the preacher goes a long way round about before he gets at it. When we reached the central point of the sermon, we were glad that such monitions had been addressed to an age which so much needs them.

Kind Questions; or, Speaking the Truth in Love. By Rev. A. M. STALKER, of Houghton Street Chapel, Southport. Elliot Stock.

THESE are most excellent discourses. To us they appear to be among the most convincing we have ever read. We would not for ever be controverting upon Baptism, at the same time, woe unto the man who is silent, for our Lord winks not at those who neglect the least of his commands, and teach men so. The spirit and the reasoning of these sermons is all that could be wished. Would to God our Pædobaptist friends would reconsider the subject, purely in the light of Scripture, and the controversy would soon come to an end. The tracts can be had of Mr. Stock, at a moderate price, and ought to be largely distributed.

Heroes and Worthies: with Portraits. Religious Tract Society.

A DRAWING-ROOM-TABLE book. It brings the National Portrait Exhibition, or at least, a part of it, to every one's door. Here we have well-executed portraits of a score of the great ones of past ages, whose lives will exert a powerful influence upon all succeeding time. Wycliffe and Hugh Latimer lead the way; while good men, down to the date of Ken and Sir Matthew Hale, bring up the rear. Brief but comprehensive biographies accompany each engraving. We had not met before with the story of Sir Matthew Hale's peace under exciting circumstances:—"In the year 1666 the notion prevailed that the world would come to an end. At that time the Chief Baron was on the Western Circuit; and one day, when presiding upon the Bench, a storm arose, accompanied with thunder so loud and lightning so vivid and terrible, as to occasion a cry that the end predicted was come. Great consternation followed. The business of the Court was at once suspended. Most of those present, regardless of every secular concern, betook themselves to praying. Amidst this general confusion, the judge alone remained calm, and attended to the duties before him; thus making it evident, either that his knowledge placed him above the prevailing belief, or that

his faith in God was so simple and strong, that, if the world had really then come to an end, it would not have disturbed his composure."

Isoult Barry of Wynscote, her Diurnal Book. A tale of the Tudor times. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. Shaw and Co.

A MOST deserving volume, full of instruction as to the Reformation period, written with the attractiveness of a novel and the fidelity of history. Whenever a fictitious person is introduced, a foot note informs the reader of the fact,—a most happy and honest practice. It is emphatically a good book; our readers who purchase it will thank us for directing their attention to it. We cannot do less than commend it heartily. The State-paper office has existed to good purpose, since it has enabled the fair authoress to disinter such useful material from its loaded shelves.

Heart to Heart. Hymns by the Author of the "Old, Old Story." William Macintosh.

HYMNS, some of which are worthy to live in the psalmody of the church. The author's verses have the true poetic ring, and gracious tone. Take the following example.

"DRAW ME."

"O thou whom my soul loveth,
With true, though feeble, love,
I want to commune with Thee:
O draw my heart above!

Thou knowest that I cannot,
So much as wish for Thee,
Unless Thy Holy Spirit
Work mightily in me.

The voice of prayer within me,
Is paralysed and dumb,
The hand of faith is withered,
Until Thy Spirit come.

But now, my heart is thirsting,
And crying out for Thee!
O surely, Thine own Spirit
Has wrought this change in me.

Thou art the thing I long for!
My heart has fled above;
For Thou Thyself hast drawn me
With everlasting love.

O Thou whom my soul loveth,
Because Thou lovest me;
Thou drawest me so sweetly,
I must run after Thee!"

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th, to November 13th, 1871.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Isaiah xlii. 16.	0 10 0	Mrs. Boorne	1 0 0
Ebenezer	1 1 0	Mrs. Davies	1 1 0
Melton Mowbray	5 0 0	L. B.	0 10 0
H. E.	0 2 6	Mr. J. Simpson	1 1 0
N.	0 10 0	Mrs. Spurgeon	10 0 0
Elgin	5 0 0	Miss Pringle, per Rev. W. C. Banning	1 0 0
Hebrews iv. 14	0 5 0	Mrs. Ashby	1 11 0
Mr. Paterson	2 0 0	Mrs. Smith	0 13 4
Mrs. Aimers	1 0 0	Mrs. Webb	0 5 0
Mr. W. Seward	0 2 6	E. A. M.	0 5 0
Mr. Charles Gladish	1 10 0	Edwin Walter	0 2 6
A Thank Offering, Mr. Cockrell	3 0 0	Mrs. Spedding	0 10 0
Miss Spencer	1 1 0	Mr. S. Parker, per Mr. J. Mills	5 0 0
Mr. J. Hosie	0 12 6	Mr. W. H. Roberts	4 4 0
Mr. J. T. Nichley	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Cooper	0 12 0
Mr. Macdonald	1 0 0	Mrs. Murray	1 0 0
Mrs. Shaddock	1 0 0	Norwich	0 10 0
Messrs. William & Robert Salmond	5 0 0	A Friend, Clapham	0 1 0
Mrs. Jackson's Bible Class, Cambray, Cheltenham	5 0 0	C. S.	0 2 0
A Lady, per Mr. Galt	1 0 0	A Thank Offering from the Bible Class, Robinson Settlement, Warwick, Ont- ario	0 16 0
A Mother, Do.	0 5 0	Mrs. Miller	1 0 0
A Working Man, Hawarden	1 1 0	Collected by Miss A. Searle, and Miss Macdonald	0 10 0
A Mite for Orphans	0 1 0	Miss Pavey	1 0 0
Mr. S. Hallam	0 5 0	Mr. C. W. Pidduck	0 2 9
Norwich	0 10 0	J. E. Cardiff ...	0 10 6
Per Editor, "Christian World"	3 2 6	Mrs. Harris	0 5 0
Mrs. Mc'Kean	2 0 0	Z. Z.	0 10 0
Miss Burls	3 0 0	A. S. Hull	0 2 0
Mr. W. C. Little	1 0 0	Miss Meadows and Friends	0 10 6
A Bible Class Collection	0 16 0	A Father and Daughter, Aberdeen	1 4 0
W. T. A.	1 0 0	Mrs. Couttie	1 0 0
Matthew vi. 3.	0 2 6	Mr. W. Tabb	0 5 0
A Thank Offering	0 10 0	Mr. E. Burgess	2 0 0
Mr. H. Williams, Junr.	0 5 6	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1 4 11
Miss R. Hughes	1 0 0	Rev. C. Welton	0 2 6
E. N. Manchester	1 0 0	Book No. 822.	0 16 0
Ebenezer	1 1 0	Annual Subscriptions:—	
M. A. L.	0 10 0	Mrs. Paterson	1 0 0
Mrs. Lockwood	0 2 6	Mr. James Horton	1 1 0
Lillah	0 2 6	Mrs. People	1 0 0
Mr. H. G. Fisher	0 10 0	Contents of Box at Door of Baptist Chapel, at Warkworth	1 18 0
Miss F. B. Hall	1 10 0	(Entered in error to College last month)	
Miss McNaught, per Mr. Gunn	1 0 0		
T. J. H.	-1 0 0		
Mr. C. W. Dalton	5 0 0		
Rev. S. Bridge	0 10 0		
Mr. William Ranford	3 0 0		
Mr. G. Searwright	0 7 6		
			£112 3 6

College Buildings Fund.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
A Thank Offering, Mr. Cockrell	4 0 0		
Mr. Vickery	1 1 0		
Rev. C. Welton	0 2 6		

Colportage Association.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Donations.—		Collections at Haroldwood for October	0 17 1
Friend B.	50 0 0	Miss Burls	2 0 0
J. P. Bacon, Esq.,	5 0 0	Mrs. Harris	0 1 0
Subscriptions.—		Mr. W. Bamford	0 4 11
Mrs. Nesbitt	0 10 0	Part of Miscellaneous Collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle	15 0 0
Burnley District, per Rev. G. W. Oldring	5 0 0		
Shepper District, per Miss Bishop	7 15 0		
South Wilts District, per J. V. Toone, Esq.	12 0 0		
Mr. Frederick A. Jones, half-yearly	2 10 0		
Collected by Miss Ellis	1 7 0		
			£102 5 0

For the Gospel Mission to the Deaf and Dumb.—Miss Edwards ... 5 0 0